

## ADDRESS.

(Delivered at Osawatomic, Kansas, August 30, 1877, by John J. Ingalls upon the occasion of the dedication of a monument to the memory of John Brown and his associates.)

*Mr. President:* We have assembled to commemorate with solemn rites a sacred anniversary upon consecrated ground.

Reverent hands have summoned from the quarry and erected here this votive cenotaph, as a perpetual and enduring token and attestation of remembrance and honor for the heroic deeds of historic men. Labor has forgotten his task and Pleasure her solace, that this day may be devoted to patriotic meditation and the recollection of august events. The devotees of liberty have repaired hither, as pilgrims to their shrine, to dedicate by formal ceremony this monument as a definite assurance to all the generations of Kansas freemen who shall come after them, that upon this day they recalled with fervent gratitude the costly sacrifices of freedom's pioneers, and that upon this day they renewed and repeated their unalterable allegiance and loyalty to those ideas of truth and justice on which the State was builded, and for which these martyrs lived, and fought, and died.

Most nations have had pre-historic periods of fable and mystery. Their pregnancy and birth have been obscure. They have emerged from degraded and barbarous germination. The historian must vaguely or vainly conjecture why Rome was builded on her seven hills, or Athens on the Attic

peninsula. The origin even of the great nations of modern times is veiled in profoundest obscurity. Their annals recede through the twilight of legend and tradition, and are lost in darkness and silence. But it is not so in America. The whole fabric of our social and political system has been reared in an intense blaze of uninterrupted light. The sublime spectacle of the building of a nation has been disclosed to mankind.

In 1606 the territory in America claimed by England was divided into two parts by King James the First, called North and South Virginia, the former extending from the mouth of the Hudson to Newfoundland, and the other from the Potomac to Cape Fear. Two companies were immediately formed for the colonization of the country, and in 1607 the London company dispatched three ships laden with 105 emigrants, who, on the 13th of May, landed at Jamestown and founded the State of Virginia. Captain John Smith, who was the master spirit of the expedition and has left a history of the enterprise, says that these colonists were "unruly sparks packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home; poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, footmen, and such as were much fitter to spoil and ruin a commonwealth than to help to raise or maintain one." They were mostly worthless, profligate, and dissolute adventurers, having no definite objects but to discover gold-mines or find a passage to the South Sea. They lived improvidently in idleness, squandered their substance in rioting, and fell ready victims to the implacable savages by whom they were surrounded. They were governed by harsh laws, in whose enactment they had no voice, and for one hundred years were reinforced by convicted felons who were sold as servants to the planters, who also secured their wives by purchase, the average price being one hundred pounds of tobacco, at that

time worth about seventy-five dollars. In 1671, Sir William Berkeley, in his responses to questions submitted to him by the plantation committee of the Privy Council, gives a vivid picture of the State of Virginia at that time. He estimates the population at 40,000, including 2,000 black slaves and 6,000 Christian servants, of whom about 1,500 were yearly imported, chiefly convicts from the prisons of England. There were forty-eight parishes, and the clergy were well paid. "But," adds the Governor, "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!" The aspirations of this devout and lofty soul have been realized. God has kept them from both, and the history of that portion of America is a living commentary upon the value of a system which banishes the free school and repudiates the printing-press.

In 1620 the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth in North Virginia.

"A grateful posterity," says Bancroft, "has marked the rock which first received their footsteps. The consequences of that day are constantly unfolding themselves as time advances. It was the origin of New England; it was the planting of the New England institutions. Inquisitive historians have loved to mark every vestige of the Pilgrims; poets of the purest minds have commemorated their virtues; the noblest genius has been called into exercise to display their merits worthily, and to trace the consequences of their daring enterprise. As they landed, their institutions were already perfected. Democratic liberty and independent Christian worship at once existed in America."

For more than two centuries the colonies of North and South Virginia had unrestricted room for their expansion and development, and the results of their antagonistic ideas can be

scrutinized and contrasted. We know the moment when the Pilgrims perilously disembarked upon the sandy hem of the unoccupied continent. Hour by hour for two hundred and fifty-seven years we can trace the path of themselves and their posterity. Inch by inch we can follow their march through the forests, across the mountains and rivers and prairies from the Atlantic to the Pacific Sea. We know, for they have told us, the ideas, the purposes, the convictions, the hopes, the fears, of the founders of this Christian commonwealth. We observe the inconceivable energy with which the principles of those exiles have been disseminated, and the results which have followed their recognition as the foundation of a system of government; innumerable cities and habitations; deserts and wildernesses reclaimed from savage solitude; harbors and beacons to warn and shelter a vast commerce from the hazards of the deep; costly highways, bridges, canals, and railroads to facilitate interior intercourse; tranquil institutions; orderly methods for the administration of justice; education universally diffused; morality everywhere prevalent, and religion assuaging the inevitable griefs of this world with the hope of eternal reparation in that which is to come.

Attracted by the inducements of a civilization which elevates every citizen into absolute freedom; which emancipates him from the chains of customs, creeds, and sects; which stimulates industry by dignifying labor and generously rewarding toil; which opens the prizes of ambition to all; multitudes of the discontented and aspiring have thronged hither from other lands only to be fused and blended by the predominant force of the American idea into the homogeneous mass of the American people.

Since the Christian era all great political movements have had their impulse in religious sentiment. The national existence of the Jews has been preserved for two thousand years by the hope of a Messiah. The destiny of Europe, Asia, and Africa has been modified by the doctrines of Mohammed. The dogmas of Luther and Calvin gave the Commonwealth to England and the Puritan to America, and resulted for the first time in history in the adoption of the Golden Rule as a maxim of government, and of the Bible as the chief corner stone of the civil state.

As the Nation grew, two conflicting theories of the nature and objects of our political system gradually developed into increasing activity and contended for the mastery. Prudential considerations, the ambition of party leaders, the cowardice of emasculated statesmen, the cupidity of pusillanimous traders, deferred the crisis by compromises, patches, and plasters till the inevitable issue, long deferred, was precipitated upon the plains of Kansas, and that mortal duel began whose bloody deluge submerged half the continent beneath its crimson inundation.

Among those who signed the covenant in the cabin of the *Mayflower* was Peter Brown, an English carpenter, who died in 1633. Descended from him in the sixth generation was John Brown, born at Torrington, Connecticut, on the 9th of May, 1800. When five years of age, he was taken to Ohio. His youth was obscure and uneventful. He was a shepherd, a farmer, a tanner. At the age of eighteen he went to Massachusetts with the design of obtaining a collegiate education and entering the ministry, but was attacked with a disorder of the eyes, which compelled him to abandon this purpose and return to Ohio. In early manhood he was a surveyor, and

traversed the forests of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Later he was engaged in business for ten years in Pennsylvania, and afterwards in Ohio, as a tanner, as a cattle dealer, and speculator in real estate, till 1846, when he removed with his family to Springfield, Massachusetts, and dealt in wool as a commission merchant. In 1849 he went to North Elba, New York, where he lived upon a sterile rocky farm among the Adirondacks, and where his body now lies mouldering in the grave.

In 1854 four sons of John Brown joined the column of emigrants that marched to Kansas. They settled near Pottawatomie Creek, about eight miles from the spot where we now stand, and became apostles of the Puritan idea and missionaries of freedom. They were unarmed, but believed the State should be free. They were harassed, insulted, raided, and plundered by gangs of marauders, and at length wrote to their father to procure arms to enable them to protect their lives and property, and to bring them personally to Kansas.

The hour had struck. The long humble life of meditation was about to flower into immortal deeds. In the autumn of 1855, during the siege of Lawrence, the old man, with his four sons, appeared upon the field equipped for battle. A spectator says:

"They drove up in front of the Free State Hotel, standing in a small lumber wagon. To each of their persons was strapped a short, heavy broadsword. Each was supplied with a goodly number of fire-arms and revolvers, and poles were standing endwise around the wagon-box, with fixed bayonets pointing upwards. They looked really formidable, and were received with great *clat*."

But it soon became apparent that he was too sincere, too much in earnest, to be available. He refused to do anything but fight. His criticisms upon the political leaders were caustic and intolerable. He would do nothing because it was expe-

dient, but everything because it was right. He had no sympathy with those who wanted to make Kansas a free white State. He asserted the manhood of the negro with a vehemence that agitated the political cuncts of the period who were more anxious for place than for principle.

On the 4th of July, 1856, it seemed as if the subjugation of Kansas by the slave power was accomplished. The Missouri River, the great avenue of access to the Territory, was closed. Governor Shannon said, "The roads were literally strewed with dead bodies." The Free State citizens of Leavenworth were exiles; the principal towns of the Territory were in the hands of the enemy; and on this natal day of the Republic, at the command of a servile President, the Legislature was dispersed by United States troops, without a protest from that party which has recently stunned the public ear with denunciations of Federal interference in Louisiana and the insurgent States of the South.

Encamped in the timber that shadowed the banks of the Shunganunga, ready to attack the dragoons of Colonel Sumner upon that fatal day, lay old John Brown and his sons. Prudent counsels dissuaded him from violence, and they disappeared.

During the eventful months that succeeded the spirit of liberty revived. The insolent aggressions of the invading Missourians stimulated the Free State party to unexampled vigor. They assumed the offensive and a series of skirmishes ensued, in which John Brown and his sons were prominent participants. They were present at the engagements at Franklin, at Battle Mound, and at Sugar Creek, dispersing the marauders, killing some, and capturing many prisoners, together with supplies and munitions of war.

On the 17th of August the Missourians issued another proclamation calling upon the citizens of Lafayette County to meet at Lexington at 12 o'clock on the 20th of that month, with arms and provisions, to march into Kansas. In response to this appeal, a force of two thousand men, from the counties of Lafayette, Jackson, Johnson, Platte, Saline, Ray, Carroll, and Clay, assembled at the village of Santa Fé and invaded the Territory. This force was divided into two columns; one, under the command of Senator Atchison, marching to Bull Creek, and the other, under General Reid, advancing on Osawatomie. Reid's command numbered nearly 500 men. They were well supplied with small-arms and had several pieces of artillery. John Brown, like Cæsar, could not only plan campaigns and fight battles, but could write their history. He describes the battle of Osawatomie in the following graphic language:

"Early in the morning of the 30th of August the enemy's scouts approached to within one mile and a half of the western boundary of the town of Osawatomie. At this place my son Frederick K. (who was not attached to my force) had lodged with some four other young men from Lawrence and a young man named Garrison from Middle Creek.

"The scouts, led by a Pro-slavery preacher named White, shot my son dead in the road, whilst he—as I have since ascertained—supposed them to be friendly. At the same time they butchered Mr. Garrison, and badly mangled one of the young men from Lawrence, who came with my son, leaving him for dead.

"This was not far from sunrise. I had stopped during the night about two and one-half miles from them, and nearly one mile from Osawatomie. I had no organized force, but only some twelve or fifteen new recruits, who were ordered to leave their preparations for breakfast and follow me into the town as soon as this news was brought to me.

"As I had no means of learning correctly the force of the enemy, I placed twelve of the recruits in a log house, hoping we might be able to defend the town. I then gathered some fifteen more men together, whom we armed with guns, and we started in the direction of the enemy. After going a few rods, we could see them approaching the town in line of battle, about one-half mile off, upon a hill west of the village. I then gave up all idea of doing more than to annoy, from the timber near the town into

which we were all retreated, and which was filled with a thick growth of underbrush; but had no time to recall the twelve men in the log house, and so lost their assistance in the fight.

"At the point above named I met with Captain Cline, a very active young man, who had with him some twelve or fifteen mounted men, and persuaded him to go with us into the timber, on the southern shore of the Osage, or Marais des Cygnes, a little to the northwest from the village. Here the men, numbering no more than thirty in all, were directed to scatter and secrete themselves as well as they could, and await the approach of the enemy. This was done in full view of them (who must have seen the whole movement), and had to be done in the utmost haste. I believe Captain Cline and some of his men were not even dismounted in the fight, but cannot assert positively. When the left wing of the enemy had approached to within common rifle-shot, we commenced firing, and very soon threw the northern branch of the enemy's line into disorder. This continued some fifteen or twenty minutes, which gave us an uncommon opportunity to annoy them. Captain Cline and his men soon got out of ammunition, and retired across the river.

"After the enemy rallied, we kept up our fire, until, by the leaving of one and another, we had but six or seven left. We then retired across the river.

"We had one man killed — a Mr. Powers, from Captain Cline's company — in the night. One of my men — a Mr. Partridge — was shot in crossing the river. Two or three of the party, who took part in the fight, are yet missing, and may be lost or taken prisoners. Two were wounded, viz.: Dr. Updegraff and a Mr. Collis.

"I cannot speak in too high terms of them, and of many others I have not now time to mention.

"One of my best men, together with myself, was struck with a partially spent ball from the enemy, in the commencement of the fight, but we were only bruised. The loss I refer to is one of my missing men. The loss of the enemy, as we learn by the different statements of our own as well as their people, was some thirty-one or two killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. After burning the town to ashes, and killing a Mr. Williams they had taken, whom neither party claimed, they took a hasty leave, carrying their dead and wounded with them. They did not attempt to cross the river nor to search for us, and have not since returned to look over their work.

"I give this in great haste, in the midst of constant interruptions. My second son was with me in the fight, and escaped unharmed. This I mention for the benefit of his friends.

"Old preacher White, I hear, boasts of having killed my son. Of course he is a lion.  
 JOHN BROWN."

The battle of Osawatonic was the most brilliant and important episode in the Kansas war. It was the high divide of the contest. Its importance cannot be exaggerated. It was our Thermopylae, and John Brown was our Leonidas with his Spartan band. Thenceforward there was no sneer that the Abolitionists dared not fight. It was evident that somebody was in earnest. The numbers engaged were comparatively insignificant. No sonorous bulletins announced the result. There was little of the pride and pomp and circumstance of war. There were no nodding plumes, no haughty banners, no stirring blasts from the bugle calling the warriors to arms. But when Freedom recounts the sacrifices of her sons, she does not ask the number or rank of those who fell. Winkelried is as dear to her as Washington, and Osawatonic is as sacred as Bannockburn or Bunker Hill. At her behest to-day we reclaim from common dust the sacred ashes of the martyrs of Osawatonic. The sunshine of innumerable summers shall smile upon this consecrated sward. The hearts of the generations that follow us shall swell at the contemplation of their heroic self-devotion and guard with jealous care this sacred sepulchre.

"Nor shall their glory be forgot  
 While Fame her record keeps,  
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.  
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,  
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
 Can dim one ray of holy light  
 That gilds their glorious tomb."

After the battle of Osawatonic, John Brown spent some time in travelling through the Territory, and about the middle of September was in Topeka. On his return home he stopped at Lawrence for the Sabbath. During the day messengers

arrived from the south with the intelligence that Reid and Atchison with twenty-seven hundred men were approaching to destroy the city, which was unprotected by any organized force. The regiments which had previously been quartered there had been scattered in different localities, leaving not more than three hundred men in Lawrence fit for military duty. Early in the morning the flag on Blue Mound, eight miles to the southeast, was displayed at half-mast as a pre-concerted signal of great danger in that direction. Soon the ascending smoke of the burning dwellings at Franklin confirmed the apprehensions of the people. As soon as it was known that Captain Brown was in the city, he was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief. He immediately commenced his preparations for defense; manned the fortifications, and furnished every man who was destitute of a bayonet with a pitchfork as a substitute. Firing began about dusk and soon became general. A brass field-piece was brought to the front, but before it could be discharged, panic pervaded the ranks of pirates and they precipitately fled.

A very interesting letter from a correspondent who was the present on that day says:

"When late in the afternoon the Pro-slavery forces came marching in plain view, Brown made his appearance among the men, went from point to point where they were posted and gave them advice, prefacing what he said by very modestly remarking that he only spoke as a private person having no command, but as one having had some experience, which might warrant him in giving some advice on such an occasion. The effect of his advice was magical. It inspired all with courage and complete confidence. The spirited show of resistance checked the approach of the enemy and saved the town. I always thought the result was wholly attributable to the unassuming advice of John Brown."

Soon after the retreat of the Missourians from Lawrence, John Brown went East. He lay ill in Iowa for several weeks,

but reached Chicago in November, and early in 1857 arrived in Boston, where he endeavored to persuade the Legislature of Massachusetts to appropriate ten thousand dollars for the protection of Northern men in Kansas. He did not return till late in the year, having been unable to secure—as he pathetically said in his farewell "to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins"—"amid all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this heaven-exalted people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier." For several months he remained in the Territory, organizing his forces for the final crusade against slavery, in accordance with plans long entertained, and subsequently embodied in the Provisional Constitution framed at Chatham, Canada West, in May, 1858. The news of the brutal massacre of the Marais des Cygnes recalled him again to Kansas. Expecting a renewal of strife, he built fortifications on the Little Osage and Little Sugar Creeks, and prepared for war. Having remained so long on the defensive, he determined to invade Missouri, and thus stop the forays upon which the supporters of slavery had so long depended for help. In January, 1859, he wrote a letter regarding his operations in Missouri, which has become celebrated as "John Brown's Parallels." He says:

"TRADING POST, KANS., January, 1859.

"Gentlemen: You will greatly oblige a humble friend by allowing the use of your columns while I briefly state two parallels in my poor way.

"Not one year ago, eleven quiet citizens of this neighborhood, viz.: William Robinson, William Colpetzer, Amos Hall, Austin Hall, John Campbell, Asa Snyder, Thomas Stilwell, William Hairgrove, Asa Hairgrove, Patrick Ross and B. L. Reed, were gathered up from their work and their homes by an armed force under one Hamilton, and without trial or opportunity to speak in their own defense, were formed into line and all but one shot—five killed and five wounded. One fell unharmed, pretending to be dead. All were left for dead. The only crime charged against them was that of being Free State men. Now, I inquire, what action has

ever, since the occurrence in May last, been taken by either the President of the United States, the Governor of Missouri, the Governor of Kansas, or any of their tools, or by any Pro-slavery or Administration man, to ferret out and punish the perpetrators of this crime?

"Now for the other parallel: On Sunday, December 10, a negro man called Jim came over to the Osage settlement from Missouri, and stated that he, together with his wife, two children, and another negro man, was to be sold within a day or two, and begged for help to get away. On Monday (the following) night two small companies were made up to go to Missouri and forcibly liberate the five slaves, together with other slaves. One of these companies I assumed to direct. We proceeded to the place, surrounded the buildings, liberated the slaves, and also took certain property supposed to belong to the estate.

"We, however, learned before leaving that a portion of the articles we had taken belonged to a man living on the plantation as a tenant, and who was supposed to have no interest in the estate. We promptly returned to him all we had taken. We then went to another plantation, where we found five more slaves, took some property and two white men. We moved all slowly away into the Territory for some distance, and then sent the white men back, telling them to follow us as soon as they chose to do so. The other company freed one female slave, took some property, and, as I am informed, killed one white man, the master, who fought against the liberation.

"Now for a comparison: Eleven persons are forcibly restored to their natural and inalienable rights, with but one man killed, and 'all hell is stirred from beneath.' It is currently reported that the Governor of Missouri has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kansas for the delivery of all such as were concerned in the last named 'dreadful outrage.' The Marshal of Kansas is said to be collecting a *boyc* of Missouri (not Kansas) men at West Point in Missouri, a little town about ten miles distant, 'to enforce the laws.' All Pro-slavery, Conservative, Free State, and Dough-face men and Administration tools are filled with holy horror.

"Consider the two cases and the action of the Administration party.  
 "Respectfully yours, JOHN BROWN."

The result of this raid was marvelous. Bates and Vernon counties were denuded instantaneously of their slaves. Some were sold South, some fled into the Territory, and others were removed into the interior of the State. The Governor of Missouri offered \$3,000 reward for the arrest of John Brown, which the President supplemented by an additional inducement of

\$250, to which Brown retorted by offering \$2.50 for the delivery of James Buchanan to him in camp. He moved slowly northward with his four families of liberated slaves along the now abandoned line of the "Underground Railroad," reaching Holton in Jackson County late in January, pursued at a safe distance by a valorous squad of thirty heroes from Leecompton. Not feeling competent to cope with John Brown and his seven companions, they sent to Atchison for reinforcements, which soon arrived to the number of twelve, making a force of forty-two men opposed to eight. They made valiant preparations to attack the little garrison, but when the old man emerged from his log-cabin fortress and offered fight, they incontinently broke for the prairie, some who were dismounted seizing upon the tails of the horses to assist them in their headlong flight. Four generals of the Atchison brigade were captured, together with several horses. The captain detained his prisoners five days in captivity. Those who came to scoff remained to pray. He read the Bible to them, and compelled them to pray night and morning, ordering them to their knees with a cocked pistol in his hand. When he was ready to resume his march, he released them with his benediction, retaining their horses and overcoats for his negroes. They walked forty miles across the snowy prairie to Atchison, and the gallant episode was always known as the "Battle of the Spurs." I have talked with several of the survivors, and they all speak of John Brown in the highest terms of respect, as a brave and honest but misguided man. He reached Canada in March following, colonized his emigrants near Windsor, and returned to Kansas no more.

His subsequent career belongs to the history of the Nation. Out of the portentous and menacing cloud of anti-slavery sen-

timent that had long brooded with sullen discontent, a baleful meteor above the North, he sprang like a terrific thunderbolt, whose lurid glare illuminated the continent with its devastating flame, and whose reverberations among the splintered crags of Harper's Ferry were repeated on a thousand battlefields from Gettysburg to the Gulf.

He died as he had lived, a Puritan of the Puritans. There was no perturbation in his serene and steadfast soul. I know of no productions in literature more remarkable than his letters written in prison while he was under sentence of death.

The closing words of Socrates to his friends, before he drank the fatal hemlock, were these:

"It is now time that we depart, I to die, you to live; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all except the gods."

The noblest pagan of antiquity had courage, but not faith.

John Brown said:

"I can trust God with both the time and manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony for God and humanity with my blood will do vastly more toward advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote than all I have done in my life before."

"I cannot feel that God will suffer even the poorest service we may of us render Him or His cause to be lost or in vain."

"As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer will be lost to the cause of God or humanity, and before I began my work at Harper's Ferry I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly pay."

"Tell your father that I am quite cheerful; that I do not feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, chain, nor hang the soul!"

"I am endeavoring to get ready for another field of action, where no defeat befalls the truly brave."

"It is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of Nature, which all must. I feel myself to be unworthy of so great distinction."

"John Brown writes to his children to abhor with undying hatred also that sum of all villainy—slavery."

"I feel just as content to die for God's eternal truth and for suffering humanity on the scaffold as in any other way."

"I think I cannot now better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it, and in my death, I may do more than in my life."

"I do not believe I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and I should if I denied my principles against slavery."

What immortal and dauntless courage breathes in this procession of stately sentences; what fortitude; what patience; what faith; what radiant and eternal hope! Over his soul hovered the covenant of peace. He felt the lofty consciousness of

"Deeds that are royal in a land beyond kings' sceptres."

He trod the scaffold with the step of a conqueror, and the man whom Virginia executed as a felon Kansas to-day canonizes as a martyr.

Nothing is more difficult to analyze and detect than the secret of any man's power and influence upon his associates, his generation, and the ultimate destinies of mankind. Who can tell why the obscure Lincoln became the great leader of Northern sentiment instead of Seward or Chase, who had long been the prominent advocates of Republican ideas? Or why Grant led the loyal millions to victory instead of his predecessors, whose attainments and experience seemed equally qualified to insure success? We cannot find the meat on which our Cæsars feed. The men who succeed greatly are not those of whom success could be predicted. After we have weighed and measured a man, learned all his habits, his attainments, his capacities for speech, pleasure, business, accumulation, there is something in him that eludes our strictest scrutiny; that indefinable attribute which makes him what he is and distinguishes him from all his kind. It is sometimes said that circumstances make men, but the reverse is true: men make their circumstances. Opportunity occurs to all, but only one

seizes it. Some say that luck or chance favored the man who wins, but in the domain of law there are no accidents. Every man ultimately goes to his own place.

In attempting to estimate and comprehend the influence which John Brown exerted upon this age, we are perplexed by much that is anomalous and inexplicable. Many of his contemporaries, even those who sympathized with him in opinion, regarded him as a fanatic and madman—crazed by the death of his sons, and inspired by the fury of revenge. Emerson says the dreams of yesterday are to-day the deliberate conclusions of public opinion, and to-morrow the charter of nations. The Abolitionists of twenty years ago invented many schemes of emancipation. Some wanted to deport and colonize the negroes in Africa or the West India Islands; others thought the Nation should buy them of their owners and gradually elevate them to citizenship; but John Brown's plan, as developed in the Chatham Constitution, was to free them in the South and keep them there. The impracticable visionary schemer was wiser than the statesmen who derided him. The dream of 1858 was the accomplished fact of 1863. The theories of the enthusiast have been imbedded in the organic law of the Nation. He builded better than he knew.

The defects and infirmities of his nature rendered him more powerful in council and more formidable in action, because his few and narrow convictions irresistibly impelled him without interruption in the inevitable direction of their accomplishment. There was no diffusion in his career. He was not distracted by ambition, the love of wealth, the desire for ease and luxury, the attractions of books or art. He was cast in the rigid mold of the Pilgrims, from whom he descended. His soul was not decorated nor embellished, but was as severe as the

gaunt, grim, gray tenement which it inhabited. He was not hampered by personal necessities. His wants were few; his habits frugal and unostentatious, so that he moved without impediments.

In any age or country, or under any system where abuses existed that needed correction, he would have been a reformer in politics and a Puritan in religion. He would have gone with John Huss to the stake or with Sir Thomas More to the scaffold.

The convictions upon which he acted were not hasty, sudden, and transient, but deliberate and inflexible. He never hesitated. Delay did not baffle nor disconcert him, nor discomfiture render him despondent. His tenacity of purpose was inexorable, and seemed like an exterior power, rather than an impulse from within. As early as 1839, twenty years before his martyrdom, he formed the purpose which he never relinquished. Thenceforward every hour was devoted to measures for the destruction of slavery, either by action, by conversation, or by reflection. Those relations and possessions and pursuits which to most men are the chief objects of existence, home, friends, fortune, estate, power, to him were the most insignificant incidents. He regarded them as trivial, unimportant, and wholly subsidiary to the accomplishment of the great mission for which he had been sent upon this globe. His love of justice was an irresistible passion, and slavery the accident that summoned all his powers into dauntless and strenuous activity.

He believed there was no acquisition so splendid as moral purity; no possession nor inheritance so desirable as personal liberty; nothing on this earth nor in the world to come so valuable as the soul, whatever be the hue of its bodily habitation;

no impulse so lofty and heroic as an unconquerable purpose to love truth, and an invincible determination to obey God.

It is a prodigious task, Mr. President, to lift a man, a community, a race out of barbarism into civilization. Nor is the labor less difficult to keep them on the plane to which they have been elevated. The disposition is to relapse. The tendency is downward. Stop the machinery of courts, schools, and churches for a single generation, and society would crumble into ruin. It requires an active coalition of all the conservative elements in every age to prevent destructive organic changes; to preserve life, liberty, and property against the assaults of the indolent and vicious. If this is true of the material interests of mankind, where so many selfish inducements conspire to stimulate to the highest efforts, how much more arduous the endeavor to elevate a nation to a higher moral grade at the sacrifice of many acquisitions that are deemed desirable!

And yet no one can doubt that the general progress of the human race, morally, intellectually, and physically, has been upward. Through the long desolate track of history, through all the seemingly aimless struggles and random gropings, amid the turbulent chaos of wrong, injustice, crime, agony, disease, want, and wretchedness, the trepidation of the oppressed, the bloody exultations and triumphs of tyrants, the tendency has been toward the light. Out of every conflict some man, or sect, or nation has emerged with more privileges, enlarged opportunities, broader liberty, greater capacity for happiness.

I believe it is Carlyle who says that when any great change in human society or institutions is to be wrought, God raises up men to whom that change is made to appear as the one thing needful and absolutely indispensable. Scholars, orators, poets, philanthropists, play their parts; but the crisis comes through

some one whom the world regards as a fanatic or impostor, and whom the supporters of the system he assails crucify between thieves or gibbet as a felon.

It required generations to arouse the conscience of the American people to the enormous iniquity of African slavery. They admitted it was wrong; but they were politicians, and wanted office; they were merchants, and wanted tranquillity; they were manufacturers, and wanted cotton; they were laborers, and wanted bread; they were capitalists, and wanted peace. Had the abolition of slavery depended alone upon the efforts of Sumner, Chase, Seward, Phillips, and their associates, we should still be engaged in a windy war of wordy debate. It does not require much courage to talk against a wrong, nor does it hurt the wrong much to be talked against. Rhetoric is cheap. Mere abstract truth harms nobody. It is easy to be radical in a great office upon a liberal salary, and with a comfortable majority upon which to recline. The classical orators, the scholarly declaimers and essayists, performed their work. They furnished the formulas for popular use and expression; but old John Brown, with his pikes, did more in one brief hour to render slavery impossible than all the speech-makers and soothsayers had done in a quarter of a century, and he will be remembered when they and their works are lost in dusty oblivion. The man who is not afraid to die for an idea is its most convincing advocate.

Already those who were considered as the great intellectual leaders of opinion in this crusade are dead. I was presiding over the Senate when Sumner left the chamber for the last time in life, and I saw his remains borne from the Capitol, which had been the scene of his labors for nearly a quarter of a century. I was with Vice-President Wilson the day before he died, and

witnessed the unparalleled display that attended the funeral cortège as it moved through New York City on its way to his last resting-place in Massachusetts. I witnessed the administration of the second oath of office to President Grant by Chief Justice Chase, then a broken and disconsolate old man just lingering on the verge of dissolution. They are almost forgotten. Their names are no longer on the tongues of men. Their speeches have died out of popular remembrance. Seward yet lives by a fortunate phrase, "the irrepressible conflict," which was not his own except as an adopted foundling.

The student of the future will exhume their orations and arguments and state papers as a part of the subterranean history of the epoch. The antiquarian will dig up their remains from the alluvial drift of the period and construe their relations to the great events in which they were actors; but the three men who will loom forever against the horizon of time as the representative, conspicuous types of this era, like pyramids above the desert, or mountain peaks over the subordinate plains, are Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, and old John Brown of Osawatomic, and I am not sure that the last will not be first. He has a prodigious grip upon the public imagination. His example is bedded deep in the general conscience. There are more men in America to-day who can sing the John Brown song than any other hymn, unless it may be the long-meter "Old Hundred" Doxology. It is an immortal strain, and stirs the soul like the solemn diapason of an organ in the fretted vaults of a cathedral.

In the early days of the war I spent an autumn night in the camp of one of the most famous Kansas regiments. The tents were pitched upon the eastern slope of a grassy declivity that descended to the wooded margin of a slender stream, whose

meanderings were marked by an exhalation of blue haze that extended from horizon to horizon. The pensive splendor of a full moon illuminated the alien landscape with its melancholy glory as we sat around the glimmering embers and talked of the great problems of the tremendous conflict upon which we had entered. The murmurs of the camp had become almost inarticulate as night deepened, when suddenly a single distant voice broke upon the stillness with the inspiring words of that sublime martial psalm, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave!" A hundred voices spontaneously swelled the repetition of the refrain, and when the chorus was reached, it ascended in a vast volume of reverential exultation to heaven, solemn as death, grand with its majestic suggestions of immortality. It was a revelation and a prophecy, and I felt that a people which could adopt such an anthem as this for their war-song must march to victory.

During the past few years it has been my fortune to often travel through Maryland and Virginia, and I have never approached Harper's Ferry by day or night when old John Brown did not become the universal topic of conversation, and the bridge, the engine-house, and the ruined arsenal the objects of the most eager interest and scrutiny. Everyone feels that it is historic ground, and that here was struck the first deadly, earnest blow at African slavery. From the moment that shot was fired, talk, discussion, debate, were at an end. He who was not for slavery was against it. Gristle was replaced by bone. The North became vertebrated. The age of compromise and cartilage was over. Sentiments and emotions crystallized suddenly into stern convictions. Fear and rage fell upon the South, and from the Potomac to the Gulf

"The universal host up sent  
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

Seven years ago the mission of John Brown seemed to have been fully accomplished. The Declaration of Independence was no longer a lie. Slavery was destroyed, and its further existence inhibited by constitutional enactment. The freedmen by their sobriety, their obedience to law, their decorous demeanor, justified the temerity those who had dared to maintain that they possessed intelligence superior to beasts, and souls that were immortal. During centuries of brutal and degrading bondage, they had retained the typical characteristics of their race. Their virtues were their own; their vices were the offspring of the cruel system of which they had been the reluctant victims. Music and mirth enlivened the intervals of their unrequited toil. Loyalty and fidelity seemed the instincts of their nature. Patient of labor and obedient to law, they witnessed the prodigious accumulations derived from their unpaid industry without an effort to reclaim their own. Their local and personal attachments were intense. During the long moral combat that was the vestibule of the war they resisted the solicitations of those who believed that he who would be free himself must strike the blow, and continued faithful to the tyrants who had enslaved them. During the awful conflict that followed, when their emancipation became the integer, while their owners were doing desperate battle to rivet more firmly the fetters that bound them, they peacefully tilled the fields and served the families of their masters, waiting patiently for the hour of their deliverance to draw nigh. If they pillaged or plundered the estates that were in their charge, or insulted or wronged the helpless women and children

who were at their mercy, history has failed to record the deed. And when at last they emerged from the smoke and din and uproar upon the high plane of American citizenship, beneath the vindicated flag that is henceforth to be the symbol of the honor and the emblem of the glory of their country, they accepted the trusts and responsibilities with a tranquil and orderly dignity that has defeated the predictions and challenged the wonder of mankind.

They began to acquire homes and property. They filled savings banks with their earnings. They assumed definite domestic relations. They gathered about the schoolmaster and eagerly studied the alphabet, the primer, the Bible. Their instincts were more infallible than reason. They voted with their friends. The sudden and violent transition was accompanied by no social disturbance such as might reasonably have been anticipated. It was a terrible test of the elasticity of our political system. No such strain ever fell upon a nation before. Had the freedmen been disorderly and defiant, our institutions could not have survived the shock inflicted by the introduction of this tremendous element of uneducated suffrage.

The autonomy of the States had been restored. The pestilent heresy of State sovereignty had been recanted, and in its place appeared the true gospel of American nationality. The United States were at last a nation, and not a mere aggregation of detached and incoherent communities. The Nation existed, not at the pleasure of a State, nor of a majority of the States, nor of all the States, but by virtue of the will of a majority of all the people.

Citizenship was made a national attribute. Behind every citizen, white or black, at home or abroad, stood the Nation, a beneficent, potential energy, pledged to protect him in the full,

free, and quiet enjoyment and exercise of all the rights of citizenship. No man could be so humble, so obscure, so remote as to become an alien from its blessings. If his rights under the Constitution were infringed or abridged, and redress was refused by the local authorities, he could confidently apply to the Nation for restitution.

The war was really a great convention to amend the Constitution, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments were the result. The three ideas that they embody are universal freedom, national citizenship, and the indissoluble union of the States.

But all great moral movements have their oscillations. They reach a culminating point as a pendulum moves to the end of its arc, and then with constantly increasing velocity and momentum they sweep down the curve on the inevitable return from their remotest excursion. For the past seven years the path of the Nation has been downward. If either of the Amendments were submitted to the States to-day, I do not believe that one of them could receive the number of votes necessary for ratification. I doubt whether a State south of the Ohio River would vote for an Amendment declaring that the union of the States was perpetual and indissoluble. I have heard the declaration upon the floor of both houses of Congress, that the ratification of the three Amendments was procured by fraud and violence, and that they were not obligatory upon any State that chose to disregard them. It has become unpopular to speak of disloyalty and treason. The scars and uniform of the Union soldier are badges of dishonor and passports to contumely in many of the States. To rehearse their deeds and revere their valor is denounced as unprofitable sectionalism. Our exercises to-day will be char-

acterized as preaching the gospel of hate, fanning the embers of strife, and reviving the dead issues of the past. Public opinion has grown flabby. Forgetfulness is the supreme suggestion of statesmanship. Pacification is the watchword of the hour. A burglar can be pacified by delivering to him the contents of the bank vault and assuring him of immunity. A murderer can be pacified by entering a *nolle* and discharging him from prison. All criminals can be pacified by relinquishing to them the fruits of their crime. Hell would be quiet if the devil could secure the abrogation of the Moral Code and the absolute repeal of the Decalogue.

A school of political pigmies, whom Providence for some inscrutable purpose has placed in power, are endeavoring to pacify the country by debauching its convictions; by asserting that those who sought to overthrow and destroy the Government are more entitled to its favors than those who sacrificed all to uphold it; by attempting to obliterate the distinction between right and wrong and to repeal the laws of God. They are seeking to put the new wine of 1877 into the old bottles of 1860, with the probability of the ultimate loss of both receptacles and contents.

Reinforced by these perfidious allies under the delusive banners of peace, harmony, and reconciliation, the vanquished enemies of the Nation have been steadily and relentlessly pursuing their purposes to regain what they lost. They have falsified every pledge by which they secured their political restoration. They promised that education should be universal, but they refuse appropriations for the support of schools, burn school-houses, expel the teachers, and discharge the professors in their universities who believed in the preservation of the Union. They promised that suffrage should be protected,

freedom of speech and opinion maintained; equal rights enforced, and justice impartially administered. How these solemn covenants have been preserved, we know too well. Under the sheltering pretext of the sovereignty of the States, atrocious despotisms have been erected on the ruins of liberty. Popular majorities have been suppressed by the most revolting methods known to tyrants. But one political opinion is tolerated, and when the organization that entertains opposing views has been disbanded by carnage and terror, it is announced that, the causes which justified fraud and violence no longer existing, honest elections must be restored. Murder has become one of the political fine arts, and assassination a logical argument. Governors and sheriffs who conspire with mobs of felons and protect them from punishment are rewarded by renominations and recognized as leaders of the people; and while slavery is not restored by name, the freedmen are being rapidly reduced by indirect devices to a condition of servile dependence that has all the horrors of slavery with none of its alleviations. "Home rule" means the right to murder with impunity, and "local self-government" the right of a white minority to suppress a black majority by systematic violence and wholesale assassination. And when the beneficent intervention of the Nation is invoked in behalf of those whom it is bound by the most sacred obligations to protect, the appeal is denounced as an invasion of the rights of the States, because the wrongs are not affirmatively sanctioned and authorized by the constitutions and statutes of those States where it is admitted that they exist. The acts are excused upon the ground that they are committed by young, misguided, and passionate citizens, inflamed beyond endurance by the wrongs of which they have been the victims. Speechless submission to these

flagrant violations of the social compact is called pacification and harmony. Tacitus has fitly described this condition in a single sentence: "*Solitudinem faciunt et pacem appellant*"—"They make a desert and call it peace."

In a brief interval the forces which so nearly destroyed the Nation will resume its absolute control. They now have the House of Representatives, and in two years they will have the Senate by decisive majorities. Already the chieftains who led their legions with thundering menace against the Capitol sit beneath the shadow of its dome, and claim to be the sole guardians of constitutional liberty and the consistent advocates of the rights of the people. With every vestige of opposition crushed and trampled out of existence in half of the States of the Union, their ultimate success in securing the Executive seems hardly to admit of doubt. Few vestiges of our great conflict have been left, except its scars and its burdens, and if the Amendments are to be made inoperative, our Civil War will be justly stigmatized as the greatest crime of history.

For the lamentable condition of affairs in the South the inexplicable blunders of reconstruction are largely responsible. They turned society upside down. They arrayed the intelligence, the wealth, the land, the political skill, the traditions of the South against its numbers, its ignorance, and its degradation, and put the latter on top. The struggle for supremacy was inevitable, and could have but one issue. By means wholly obnoxious and detestable, brains won. By fair means or foul, they generally do. The lessons of history in this connection are monotonous, but the statesmen of 1868 had not read history, which is said to be philosophy teaching by example.

Their plan left but two courses open for those to whom they bequeathed the priceless legacy of their labors. The first was to prop up and sustain the unstable fabric which their wisdom had erected, by the continuous application of the national power. The other was to withdraw the Army and leave the whole subject to the local authorities, however inert, reluctant, or hostile they might be. In either event a contest was unavoidable. Under the first plan, the strife would be one of arms and force. Under the other, it would be a conflict of ideas, with the press, the school-book, and the pen as the weapons of the war.

The alternative has been chosen, and the selection is irrevocable. There can be no footsteps backward. It is idle to quarrel with the inevitable. What has been done we cannot undo. Statesmanship has no concern with the past except to learn its lessons. Recrimination and hostile criticism are worse than useless. We must act in the present and go forward to meet the future. However much some may regret what they conceive to be a surrender of principles, an abandonment of friends, a falsification of history, and a confession that a great office is held by successful fraud, the path of wisdom is plain. We must wait the result of the experiment. We must insist upon a rigid observance of the guaranties of freedom contained in the Constitution, and if they are violated, we must invoke that revolt of the national conscience which sooner or later is sure to come.

If there are those who believe that the issues whose discussion upon peaceful or bloody fields formed the annals of our first century are dead, I am not one of them. Our political history has always moved in periods defined by the conflict between State and national authority. The views entertained by the rival par-

ties that arose when the Constitution was framed, and that in fact existed under the old confederation, are the same views that have continued to exist, and which shall survive so long as our Government shall endure. Notwithstanding its supposed precision and its subjection to judicial interpretation—our Constitution has always been found to possess sufficient latent powers to make it progressive and adapt it to the needs and convictions of the Nation. But there is something more venerable than constitutions, more sacred than charters, and that is the rights for whose protection they are ordained; and when the provisions of our organic law ceased to express the purposes of the people, it was from time to time amended, and when its capacity for amendments by peaceful methods was exhausted, it was amended by the sword.

But no man is ever convinced by being overpowered. Force cannot extirpate ideas. They are immortal. Their vitality is inextinguishable. They cannot be annihilated. They may be for a time repressed, but they never die. War does not change the opinions of the victors nor the vanquished. It proves nothing, except which combatant has the deepest purse and the toughest muscle. Had the result of our conflict been reversed; had the Army of the Confederacy dictated the terms of peace from the Capitol; had the constitutional theory of Calhoun been forced upon the Nation; had slavery been made national, and the Georgia statesman fulfilled his threat to call the roll of his slaves in the shadow of Bunker Hill—I should never have believed that secession and slavery were right, nor that the patriot dead had died in vain; nor should I have ever ceased to aspire that all men might be free, and that a future day might dawn upon a redeemed and regenerated Republic. Many orators have declared, many papers have

stated, many conventions have resolved, that the ideas for which the South contended were settled by the war; but I have never heard the confession that they were wrong or without warrant in the Constitution. I should distrust the sincerity and suspect the ingenuousness of any intelligent Confederate who would say this.

It was not to be expected that the tremendous passions engendered by the Civil War, the trepidation of its fugitives, the thwarted ambitions of its leaders, and all the direful sequels of the most portentous tragedy of time, should instantaneously be quieted and disappear. History teaches no such lesson. The fluctuations of the storm-smitten sea do not subside till long after the violence of the tempest is spent. But it was not unreasonable to hope for a manly and vigorous effort to assuage the melancholy passions of the terrible epoch; to calm the exasperation of the thoughtless; to educate the masses of the people to obedience, order, and peace.

But as the revolted States have resumed their relations to the Government, the old leaders of opinion, the chiefs of the defeated armies, have been sent to both houses of Congress, and the sole test of political advancement is service in the Confederate Army. No Unionist, no conservative, no negro, ever has received or ever will receive the support of that party which has at last secured "a solid South." To revert once more to the supposition that the contest had resulted differently and that the North had been "reconstructed," what would have been the irresistible conclusion had men like Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Sheridan, and Sherman been sent to the Senate and House, and elected governors and officers of State? The deduction would have been reasonable at least, that memory survived, though hope might be dead.

Therefore, Mr. President, it is not singular that we are incredulous; that we demand something more than varnished and veneered professions; that we distrust handshakings and embraces, and languishing sentimentalism, and feel inclined to say: "Methinks the lady doth protest too much!" We are prompted to penetrate beneath the surface and inspect the social methods, the political agencies, the tendencies which mark the direction of the thought of the people and define the orbit of the popular will.

No, Mr. President, let us not deceive ourselves nor be deceived. There can be no truce between right and wrong. In the conflict of ideas there can be no armistice. The gigantic revolution through which we have passed did not arise upon a point of etiquette, and it cannot be ended by a polite apology. It was a great struggle between two hostile and enduring forces, which must continue until one or the other shall become displaced and expelled from our system of Government. It must go on either till the right of one man, or class, by violence or force, to prescribe the opinions, control the acts, and define the political relations of others is freely conceded, or until the right of every individual, however humble, to think, act, or vote in accordance with the suggestions of his own judgment and conscience under the law shall be absolutely unquestioned. So long as this right is denied or abridged under any pretext, or in any locality, North, South, East, or West, in the shadow of the mountains, in the great valley, or by the shore of gulf or sea, so long the conflict must last. It will never end till the unity and supremacy of the Nation is undisputed; till life is sacred and liberty secure; till the opportunities for knowledge are as universally diffused as the desire to know, and the pursuit of happiness as unlimited as the capacity to enjoy.

In view of these considerations, our exercises to-day have a profound significance. Her Territorial pupilage educated Kansas to freedom, and she has not forgotten that bloody tuition. Twenty-one years have elapsed since Garrison and his associates died that the State might be free. I see before me many who participated with them in those early contests, and who still stand as sleepless sentinels upon the watch-towers of liberty. The siren and seductive song of peace will not delude their vigilance nor lull them into security. The passions engendered in that epoch have subsided, but its lessons remain, and this monument which we dedicate is not alone a memento of the past, but it is an admonition for the present and the future. It announces that against all the blandishments of policy, the temptations of place, or profit, or expediency, we dedicate ourselves to assert and defend those vital principles of justice and rectitude which are the foundation not alone of all individual welfare, but of true national grandeur.

There is one further act of commemoration to complete the full recognition of the debt of gratitude we owe John Brown. The old hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington, which is consecrated by the genius, the wisdom, and the patriotism of the statesmen of the first century of American history, has been designated by Congress as a national gallery of statuary, to which each State is invited to contribute two bronze or marble statues of her citizens illustrious for their historic renown or from distinguished civic and military services. It will be long before this silent congregation is complete. With tardy footsteps they slowly ascend their pedestals; voiceless orators, whose stony eloquence will salute and inspire the generations of freemen to come; bronze warriors, whose unsheathed swords seem yet to direct the onset, and

whose command will pass from century to century, inspiring an unbroken line of heroes to guard with ceaseless care the heritage their valor won.

Kansas is yet in her youth. She has no associations that are venerable by age. All her dead have been the cotemporaries of those who yet live. The verdict of posterity can only be anticipated. But, like all communities, we have had our heroic era, and it has closed. It terminated with the war which began within our borders, and it deserves a national commemoration. I believe the concurring judgment of mankind would designate him as the conspicuous representative of this period in our history, and while his image yet exists in the memories of his cotemporaries, so that accurate portraiture is possible, I hope the people of Kansas will honor themselves by procuring his statue to be placed in this hall as a gift to the Nation. If the time has ever been when it would have been inappropriate, when it might have wounded the sensibility or moved the indignation of any of our brethren, it has passed away. We are conciliated and we have forgotten. We have found "the sweet oblivious antidote" for all our sorrows. If Kansas makes this tardy recognition of one of her noblest sons, Virginia can ill afford to remember that she hanged as a traitor the man whose cause the Nation espoused three years afterwards, and whose standard she seized from the gallows at Charlestown and bore in triumph to Appomattox Court-house.

Mr. President, my task is done. I am conscious how imperfectly and inadequately I have given expression to the suggestions of this memorable hour, but I feel that the communion of this auspicious day has not been in vain. We need to measure ourselves by heroic standards, lest we become dwarfed by inaction. We require the tonic and stimulus of great examples,

lest we become enervated by paltry considerations. We shall soon separate to meet no more. Let us bear away as we depart renewed resolves to devote ourselves to the preservation of the spirit and essence as well as the form of civil liberty. In a brief space we shall all be dispersed by death, and our homes, our fields, our possessions, our dignities, our duties will descend to our posterity. Let us bequeath to them unimpaired the priceless heritage which we have received from those who attested their faith with their lives. And if in the distant future the guarantees of constitutional liberty shall be assailed, and the patriot of another age turn for inspiration to this, he will find no grander example of heroic zeal and lofty self-devotion than "Old John Brown of Osawatomie."

"They never fail who die  
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;  
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
Eclipse and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others and conduct  
The world at last to *Freedom*."