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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! what happiness, what brightness,
In life's changing scenes appear,
When we meet kind words and actions,
And we feel they are sincere!
When the smiles of friendship greet us,
And we know that they are true,
What great charm hath this fair world
To offer me or you?

With the beaming sky above us,
And the lovely earth beneath,
With the music of the ocean,
And the flow'r-enamel'd heath;
With those beauteous scenes of nature,
What more cheering would you ask,
Than the glance that speaks affection,
From the heart without a mask?

For pure truth is such a jewel;
Oh! so precious and so rare,
That it seems a spark from heaven,
Seldom lent to mortal care;
When we meet it in earth's friendship,
Let us prize its holy might,
For it comes unto our spirits,
Like an angel winged with light.

SPEECH OF HON. THOMAS P. AKERS, OF MISSOURI,

In the House of Representatives, January 11, 1857, in reply to Hon. T. F. Bowie, of Maryland.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I had hoped—indeed, I may say, I had confidently expected—that the ordinary subjects of Congressional legislation would not be held in abeyance during the present short session of Congress, by the rehearsal of fanatical lectures on the ethics of slavery. I had hoped that the slavery agitation—that "ghost of Banquo" which has haunted these Halls so long—would suspend its disturbing and distracting influences; if not for all further time, at least until capital is needed for another Presidential campaign. I had hoped that now the election is over, the country would enjoy a season of repose—that members of all parties would meet here and cordially co-operate with each other in promoting the common interests of the nation.—The people throughout the land have entertained these hopes. They have looked to this session of Congress for something more substantial—of more real intrinsic worth, than mere electioneering speeches whose greatest merit consists in the faithfulness with which they reproduce the issues the arguments which have been met and answered during the recent campaign in almost every village and neighborhood of the land, and with which the people are quite as familiar as the honorable members who deliver them. Thus far, however, they have looked in vain!

What a spectacle do we of the American Congress this day present to the world!—Chosen and sent here to legislate for a people indisputably the most flourishing on the face of the globe; appointed to act as the immediate guardians of the most liberal government ever framed by the skill and wisdom of man; invested with the power of controlling its commerce, the great world-magnet which, if properly adjusted, would attract and draw to our shores a large share of the wealth of all nations; clothed with power and expressly commissioned to develop its agriculture, whose Titanic of enginery moves the whole vast machinery of our social and political affairs—occupying this high position, and invested with these noble trusts—we yet continue, from day to day, and from week to week, to thrust aside these great interests, to turn our backs upon them, and engage in a driveling discussion, which, we all know, can have no other effect than to widen the breach, and deepen the animosity, and embitter the strife between those sections of the Union which are now so unhappily and so defiantly arrayed, the one against the other.

The slavery agitation has become a sort of exclusive monopoly in both Houses of Congress. It seems to have acquired, possibly under the reign of "squatter sovereignty," a perpetual pre-emption right to this floor. And so it is, also, in the other end of the capitol. Neither here nor there can any other subject obtain a respectable hearing.

Near the close of the last session the wheels of the government were actually locked in order that agitation might have "Ample scope and verge enough."

When Congress adjourned, and the members went home to their constituents, they found the whole country convulsed with a tempest which they had called into being on the floor of this House, and a reckless fanaticism was fast guiding and deepening into public ruin. No part of the country was entirely exempt from the all-prevalent excitement. From North to South, from the rising to the setting sun—in every State of this great Confederacy—the slavery agitation simultaneously raged.

I have hoped that the storm, from its very violence, would have exhausted its fury during the Presidential campaign; but in this hope I have been most grossly disappointed. At the very threshold of the present session we found ourselves again beset by this intolerable nuisance. The presentation, by one of my colleagues, of the credentials of the Delegate from Kansas was embraced as a fit occasion for inaugurating anew the "reign of agitation." The President's Message added fire to fire. It furnished, in both Houses of Congress, fresh food for the scorn of the agitators. Thus far they have "fared sumptuously" upon it "every day." One-half of the present session is now past; and up to this good hour no measure of national interest—none of a private nature worth naming—has been presented or discussed.

The Private Calendar is full of touching appeals to the justice and magnanimity of the House in behalf of widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers have died in defence of the country; but the "still small voice" is scarcely heard above the din of the slavery agitation. The agricultural interests of the country especially of the great and growing State which I have the honor to represent in part, are asking for congressional legislation; but thus far they have made their appeal in vain. And thus it is also with the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country. The practical meaning of our action, faithfully rendered into plain and intelligible language, is precisely this; the plow may rust in the furrow, and the rich soil of this outspread continent—the most fertile that ever imbibed the rains, or basked in the sun showers of heaven—may cease to clothe itself with rolling harvest wealth; the flying shuttles of our growing manufactories may stop; those sea-going vessels of a world wide commerce may rot, and go down at their anchors; mines of mineral opulence pushing their rich galleries beneath the mountains may remain undeveloped; interests of all classes, constituting in their combined aggregate the very pabulum of the nation's life, ALL must stand aside until we shall have taxed the "slavery agitation," and obtain from it a sufficient revenue of political capital to return us to Congress. It is a *burning shame* that members should consume the time of the House, and waste money of the country, for purpose so selfish and so fraught with evil.

On yesterday, the previous question was demanded on the resolution to refer and print the message. This, I concluded, would terminate the pending discussion; and with this view I voted to sustain the demand, in the hope of terminating debate.

The previous question was sustained by a large majority. I rejoiced in the result. I supposed the debate was ended. I supposed the House would now go to work in earnest; that something would be done for the benefit of the nation. Indeed, I was expressing my gratification upon being delivered from this worrying discussion, when the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Bowie] rose in his place, and very unwisely, as I think, alike for himself, his party, and the country, reopened the debate before the Committee of the Whole. It was unwise for himself, because it places upon his shoulders the responsibility of a further waste of time and neglect of public interest. It was unwise for his party, because the unpardonable fraud which it practiced upon the people during the recent canvass—preaching slavery in the South and free Kansas in the North—using the *principle* of the Kansas-Nebraska bill as a shifting index to the diverse views of all localities—becomes more and more apparent in proportion as they attempt to conceal it. It was unwise for the country, because of the neglect of important interests and the positive evil involved in such discussion.

If our past experience did not demonstrate the utter futility, as absolute danger, involved in the slavery agitation, the reopening of this discussion on yesterday by the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Bowie] would not be wholly inexcusable. But our past experience is full of instruction in this regard, its lessons of warning are thick at round us. They lie on the surface of our history. Their manifest teaching is palpable to the eyes of all. Slavery agitation has always been, as it is now, a moving shell of mischiefs. And yet the gentleman from Maryland—regardless of past and present dangers, and reckless as to future results—launches us out again on the sea of "agitation," wild with tempest and covered with darkness.

Before proceeding any further in this immediate line of remark, I desire to review, very briefly, the speech of the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Bowie,] who addressed the committee on yesterday. In the opening of his speech he assails his able and accomplish colleague [Mr. Davis] for the utterance, in his speech before the House, of views at war with the best interests of the State he represents. He charges him, in the language of metaphor, with advocating a system of policy that will ultimately Free-soilize the State of Maryland. It would be easy, I imagine, to trace this wanton and unprovoked assault to its proper and legitimate source. This task I shall not now undertake. I merely throw out the hint that it is probably connected, in some way or other, with the merciless lacerations which the gentleman's party received, a few days since, at the hand of his colleague. The leaders of his [Mr. Bowie's] party, with all their characteristic astuteness, had carefully bridged over the wide gulf that divides its Northern and Southern factions. They had covered and concealed it, as they had supposed, not only from the casual observation of the masses of their own party, but from the keenest scrutiny of their opponents. Their work accomplished, they were mingling in friendly interchanges, cajoling each other, and laughing in their own sleeves at the complete success of their scheme. The gentleman's colleague had watched the construction of this bridge; and now, while the builders were quietly and contentedly surveying its skillful framery, he rose in his place, and at one fell blow, demolished the rickety structure. Its lumbering timbers, shattered and riven by the stroke, were precipitated into the depths below with a crash that is still resounding through the length and breadth of the land. This, in my opinion, is the real ground of the gentleman's unwarrantable assault.

The gentleman from Maryland, [Mr. Bowie] classes his colleague with Black Republicans, because of his [Mr. Davis] views on the Kansas-Nebraska act. Those views if I rightly understand them, relate more directly to the divers constructions put upon that act by Democrats, than to the act itself. The ground assumed by the gentleman's colleague was precisely this:—that if Southern men and their property are to be turned away from the common territory of the country, it is quite immaterial with them whether the power that does it resides in Congress or in a Territorial Legislature; that the power of exclusion may as well be intrusted to a body where the South is represented and her rights vindicated, as to a council of "*squatters*" where she is unrepresented, and there is no voice to defend her rights. Is that Black Republicanism? If so, there is a liberal supply of it in the South.

But the gentleman alleges that his colleague discovers a Free soil proclivity in attributing the existing agitation of slavery to the repeal of the Missouri compromise—Now what are the facts in the case? It is not my purpose to discuss, at length, the merits or demerits of that obsolete line. It has become, and, I trust will ever remain, a dead issue. But as the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Bowie] has discovered that it embodied the principle of the Wilmot proviso, and as he charges his colleague with Free soil proclivities for simply stating the results of its repeal, thereby avowing his belief, impliedly, at least, that its repeal was unwise and expedient, I desire to look a little into its history, and see whether others, as well as the gentleman's colleague, are not equally obnoxious to this grave and unenviable charge. Who was it, I demand, that erected the line, and who have been its eldest and most fearless defenders? Sir, they were Southern men.—Who defended this line when the State of Arkansas applied for admission into the Union as a State? They were Southern men. Who voted to extend the Compromise line to the Pacific coast? Open the journals of Congress, and read the names of the very *champions* of Southern rights.—Did they, by that vote, endorse the principles of the Wilmot proviso; and are we to regard them all as Free-soilers? Surely the gentleman will not have the hardihood to assert it. He will hardly have the daring effrontery to rise up in his place, and so insult the living, and reproach the patriotism of the illustrious dead. Sir, the Legislature of the State of Missouri, and a Democratic Legislature, declared by resolution that the peace, the permanency, and the safety of the Union depended on a strict adherence to the *principle* of the Compromise line, in its application to *all* the new territory acquired by purchase or otherwise. And it instructed its Senators, and requested its Representatives in Congress, to vote for the *further extension of that line*. But the gentleman insists that the *principle* of the Missouri compromise was the same as that of the Wilmot proviso. Does he mean to affirm that a Democratic Legislature, in a slave State, instructed the Senators of that State, and requested its Representatives in Congress to vote for the principle of the Wilmot proviso? Surely this is not his meaning, though it is a deduction from his premises. Sir, I fearlessly affirm—and I do it with the names and the votes before me—that from 1820 to 1854, a period of more than thirty years, Southern men defended and voted to sustain that line, while Northern men refused to recognise it, and voted against it. In 1854, the Democrats and Free-soilers changed sides. And now, because the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Davis] is unwilling to stultify himself, as his colleague [Mr. Bowie] has done, by whirling a political somerset, and planting himself in precisely the same position that Mr. Hale and his followers occupied before the Compromise line was repealed—because he denounces the "squatter sovereignty" of the Kansas-Nebraska act, and rebukes the unfairness of his political adversaries, as displayed in the recent canvass—because he believes and affirms that the existing agitation had its origin in that act—in short, because he refuses to accompany his colleague, and join the ranks of a party that carries the banner of "Buchanan and Breckinridge and slavery" in the South, and "Buchanan and Breckinridge and Free Kansas" in the North he is branded as a Black Republican, seeking to Free soilize the State of Maryland. The charge is a perfect mockery!

The statement of the gentleman's colleague [Mr. Davis] was simply one of fact. Who that has eyes to see and ears to hear can deny the existence of slavery agitation? Who that is capable of thought can fail to discover its source? And who that has courage and manliness enough to avow his honest convictions will hesitate a moment to speak out, as the member from Maryland had done, and vindicate the truth of history? I hesitate not to affirm that a chasm has been opened in the floor of this House which the hands of all the true patriots in the land may not be able to close. For two years I have watched the travelling edges of that gulf. Statesmen abroad have not been unobservant. Indeed, a member of the British parliament has actually fixed the day when its crumbling margin will undermine the institutions of our Government—when they and the great confederate temple itself will disclose their foundations to the world.

Sir, it is not a single cloud hanging on the horizon of Kansas, in which sleeps the bolts that shall shiver an oak here and another there, and scathe a few forest shrubs, that now rises upon the view of the nation. The storm is raging in every region of the North. The lightning gleams, in its passage from one cloud to another, as if the whole forest would be enkindled—as if the tempest, before purifying the atmosphere, would spread in eccentric desolation on every side.

Sir, the views of the gentleman's colleague [Mr. Davis] are, substantially, the views of a large majority of those whom I have the honor to represent. If he is a Black Republican so are they. I therefore, in the presence of this House, and in behalf of my constituents, hurl back into the teeth of their author the odious and slanderous epithets which he has seen fit to utter. I should lose the confidence of my constituents and richly deserve the loss—nay, I should lose my own self-respect, if I had not the courage to say precisely what I have said. My sense of justice would not allow me to say less; my limits forbid that I should say more.

I come now to what I shall call the *campaign* portion of the gentleman's speech.—I refer to that part of it in which his droll utterace, and droller gesticulation, indicated so clearly the oratory of the *stump*. In this connection he characterized the American party as proscriptive of foreigners.—Sir, in what sense is the policy of that proscriptive? What does it propose in reference to the foreigner, that partakes of the nature of proscription? You answer, "It withholds from him, for a time, the right of suffrage." And have not all parties, from the beginning of the Government, done precisely the same thing? We propose, as a party, nothing new in principle. The necessity of putting foreigners on a probation when they come to this county, is recognized by the existing laws of the land, and by the policy of all parties. We only ask to extend the term of probation. The difference between us and other parties, therefore, is a difference in regard to time, and is founded wholly in expediency. We say to the immigrant, "Sir, we are unwilling to invest you with the right of suffrage until you have learned to exercise it." We tell him that the machinery of our Government is delicate and complex in its structure—that its motions are regulated by the great balance wheel of free suffrage—and, therefore, that he should not touch it until he learns how to do so with safety. Otherwise we tell him he might disturb its equalibrium and unsettle its motions, in which event the innate powers of self-propulsion within the machinery of State would scatter its rolling and flying wheels in a thousand directions. We tell him he must not carry combustible material into the magazine until he learns where the train lies. Otherwise, he may set fire to the train, and the explosion may ruin both us and himself. Is there any proscription in this? If so, it is a proscription designed and adapted to protect the foreigner—a proscription that withholds from him only the means of his own ruin—that throws a wall of shields around both him and us, and keeps in check the horrors of mistrule and anarchy. If ours is a war upon the foreigner, it is one in which the vanquished will share the spoils with the victor.

But, to give every *conceivable* argument of our political opponents its appropriate place and weight, I will pause here a single moment, and examine the legal proscription of foreigners by the American party, in withholding from them the emoluments of office. This charge, based on the hypothesis last mentioned, scarcely rises to the rank of a sophistry. If a freeman may not prefer a native-born to a foreign-born citizen, and cast his vote accordingly, political liberty is a phantom, and free suffrage a mockery!

The error into which our political opponents have fallen is this: they fail to discriminate between *preferring* and *proscribing*—they attach to the former the odium that properly belongs to the latter; but they do so only in reference to the American party. They seem to regard it as perfectly legitimate and right that a Democrat should prefer to be ruled by Democrats; but if an American prefers to be ruled by Americans, and, in the exercise of free suffrage, votes accordingly his action is branded as proscription.

"Strange such difference there should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!"

But we Americans it is said, make the *accident of birth*, while Democrats make *harmony of views*, the basis of preference. This is simply untrue. It is untrue both as it relates to them, and as it relates to us. Where, I demand, is the boasted harmony of their views?—where the basis and groundwork of their agreement? Is it in the *principle* (?) of the Kansas-Nebraska act? Their own speeches, delivered on this floor during the present Congress, clearly demonstrate their diversity of opinion as to what that principle is. They differ from each other in regard to its meaning and practical working out, as widely and as radically as they do from the Republicans themselves. Some of them affirm that it clothes the Territorial Legislature with power to establish or exclude slavery *whilst a Territory*. Others, admitting that it gives the power, deny that the "squatters" have a right to exercise it until they come to form a State constitution. There are those again, who, strangely enough, insist that it gives the Territorial Legislature "no power whatever" over the subject of slavery, but that the power to establish or exclude it is inherent in the breast of the "squatter," and is, therefore, undervived. This diversity of opinion was well understood before the meeting of the Cincinnati Convention and yet there was no attempt on the part of that convention to define and fix its position.—It simply inserted in its platform the ambiguous and intangible expression—"the *principle* of the Kansas-Nebraska act"—leaving the contestants of every locality "perfectly free to frame their own" construction of its meaning, and "regulate" the mode of attack and defence "in their own way," subject only to such limitations as are imposed by the *accommodating principles* of the Democratic party. Harmonious Democracy! Its fittest symbol was seen, in vision, by the Prophet of Patmos, and is described in his gorgeous apocalypse as having "seven heads and ten horns."—The figure would be perfect if the "heads" were *legion*, and the "horns" of each *obliqued for battle* with all the rest.

But it is not true, in the sense alleged, that we of the American party make the accident of birth the ground of our preference. This is our position: that it would be wiser and safer—both for us and stranger who comes to live with us—to take charge of our own affairs, and govern our own household ourselves, than to give him the rein and trust to his uncertain and inexperienced guidance. We take it that the very existence of our government is endangered by an indiscriminate bestowment of office and suffrage upon the hundreds and thousands of foreigners who are annually thrown upon our shores.

It is not my purpose, in treating this branch of the subject, to worry the House and the country by rehearsing the tragic story of foreign crime, and foreign pauperism, and mobs and riots, and all that. The public mind is already well informed in reference to these matters. They each and all have an important bearing on the subject in hand, and the lesson of warning which they read to the nation should not be wholly disregarded. But our great danger, in my opinion, comes from an entirely different quarter—a quarter to which the public mind has not yet been fairly directed. I refer to the corrupting "*isms*" which are fast being foisted upon us by foreigners in the great cities of the land. These are the points on which we are most vulnerable.

The relation of our cities to the country at large is well understood. We know that they are centres of wealth; that they are centres of power; that they are the centres of intelligence; that they are the *great hearts* of the nation, which send out their pulsations to every part of it; so that what the cities are now, the country soon will be.

I have only space to mention two of these pestilent "*isms*"—one of them imported from France, and the other from Germany.

The French "*ism*" writes its creed in one sentence—"*Marriage is an unreasonable restraint, and ought to be abolished.*" This creed was inaugurated in the city of New York only a few years since, and now it counts its votaries by thousands. Its practical effect is to substitute for virtue the vagrancy of lust. It seeks to disband the family, to stop the warm beating of the heart, and quench the pure fires that burn upon its altar. Yes, the family! that sacred shrine of the pure and holy affections; that centre of attraction which holds back the heady and high minded, and whose cord draws out of the vortex the shipwrecked mariner, when the last strand of every other cable is parted; that verdant spot in life's dreary waste around which memory lingers—these political Vandals would desecrate and wither the foul breath of lewdness.

The other "*ism*" to which I refer, and which is brought here by immigrants from Germany, is *if possible*, still more terrific in its baneful tendency. I mean the demand which is made in the platform of principles published by the Free Germans of the city of Louisville, in 1854, "*That all laws for the observance of the Sibbath shall be repealed:*"

Sir, I regard our peaceful Sabbaths as the brightest, if not the only relics that have survived the general wreck of the fall. I look upon them as bivouacs "preparatory to the battle of the week," or rather as "beautiful islands" cast out by the hand of the Divine Benignity on the roaring and restless torrent of time, within whose quiet groves the voyager of life finds rest and refreshment, and from which he looks out at the rush and listens to the din of the eddying world around him. But these more than Goths would cover these beautiful islands with the mantle of desolation and death.

Abolish our Sabbaths, and you remove the most powerful restraints which hold back the impatient depravity of man. The repeal of all laws requiring its observance would be to us like the falling of the dam, and the unobstructed overwhelmings of the flood. The healthful tone of our morals would relax. The purity and virtue which form the foundations of public strength would perish. Vice and crime—long maddened by confinement, but now unchained—would less rend than *tear* the strength of the nation asunder. Insubordination, then anarchy, and then revolution, would follow each other in quick succession; and finally, after buffetting the waves until its energy and vigor are exhausted; the nation would seek repose in the calm of despotism.

In answer to all this, we are told that the American people will never consent to the repeal of their Sabbath laws. Our reply is, they have already consented. In the city of Saint Louis—the commercial metropolis of my own State—the present Board of Aldermen, consisting in part of Germans, did actually repeal the Sabbath laws a few months since, that were enacted by the American Board of Aldermen of last year.

Sir, in less than ten years, at the present ratio of immigration, and with the present facilities for acquiring suffrage, our large cities will be ruled by foreigners. And who can doubt that they will then finish, in other cities, what they have begun in the city of St. Louis?

You tell me that the number of foreigners is too insignificant to excite alarm—And this is precisely what was said in France of the infidel clubs of Voltaire.—"What can they do?" said the King, in the pride of his power. "What can they do?" said the nobility that surrounded the throne. Contemptible visionaries! "What can they do?" said the bishops, "against us who hold the conscience of the nation by the force of habit and by the terror of eternity?" And thus—while the leaven was fermenting, while the fever was rising, while the unquiet earth was heaving and the magazines of wo were filling up—the people were soothed to sleep. They were awakened only by the roar of revolution; and only in time to see the uncapping of that fearful volcano which rolled out a continuous sheet of desolation over all the land.

It is in vain that we rely for safety on the freedom and power of the government; for these, in the hands of a profligate suffrage, are the very attributes of our peril. Nor will it afford us protection from these monacing evils to close our eyes to the fact of their existence; for all history testifies that the danger of national ruin is augmented and rendered more inevitable, inversely, in proportion as the source of ruin, are less clearly discerned. Nor yet will it save us to have an aggregate majority on our side, for, as I have stated above, these evils assail us on our weak points and where we have not the majority. It must also be remembered that the alertness of minorities is quite as proverbial as the phlegmatic indolence of majorities—commonly the one gains and the other loses, until the majority changes sides. But a majority is not needed to destroy our government. A small number of madmen may wreck a ship in a storm. Ask history how the governments of antiquity were subverted. The answer is, in the general, "By the decay of virtue and the consequent growth of vice." It was this that destroyed the Grecian republic. It was this that touched with death the iron sinews and proud heart of the Roman Empire. It was this that broke down the ancient and illustrious kingdom of David and Solomon into a trembling dependency, which was finally subverted by the son of Vespasian, in the midst of boundless slaughter. It was this, in short, that ruined all the governments of ancient story. Such, at all events, is the teaching of history. And how does philosophy account for this uniform destiny? Let it speak for itself. Its utterance is clear and distinct. "Slowly," it informs us, "and reluctantly does human nature rise up from sloth and ignorance, and animalism: and many hands and constant effort are demanded to raise and hold up the sluggish mass: but a single hand may cut the cord and let it thunder back on destruction. A well tuned orchestra and a harmonious choir demand science and skill, but a fool may put the instruments out of order, and send out notes of discord. To bring a garden to its highest state of culture, taste and industry and experience must combine the discoveries of ages, but a herd of swine may destroy its beauties in an hour."

Finally, on this point, to throw into one sentence the cause and reason of our fears, as well as the distinctive ground upon which we base our preference of the native to the foreigner, I remark that it is infinitely easier to *pull down* than it is to *build up* a government; and while the foreigner is peculiarly qualified to achieve the former result, he is utterly unable to accomplish the latter.

We are not alarmists. We trust that our government will live, and rise to a glorious immortality; but if it is destined to fall on evil times and be ruined, then we desire, while the smoke of our burning ascends, and the fragments of our wreck are floating by, that our countrymen may know that we put forth our hands, in feebleness it may be, to arrest the evil. This is the position of the American party: and for this the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Bowie] brands it with proscription.

But it is more than time that I should turn to the last point in the gentleman's speech which I propose to notice. It is the charge of religious intolerance.

In submitting my views on this branch of the subject, it may not be improper to state that there are leading men in the American party who differ with me. Of this class I may mention my distinguished colleague (Mr. KENNETT) of the St. Louis district.—I will therefore be understood as only proposing to give my own construction as to its policy.

And here I must be permitted to express my regret that the gentleman saw fit to leave out the proof of his charge. I had heard it made on the stump, with apparent sincerity; but the proof has invariably been wanting. I had never expected to hear it in Congress unaccompanied with the proof. But I here affirm, that neither in the speeches which I heard during the canvass, nor in the gentleman's speech on yesterday, have I been able to discern even the trace of an argument in proof of the charge alleged. The truth is, there has been no attempt at argument, unless there is argument in abuse, or in drollery, or in swaggering gesticulation.

What do we say in our published platform of principles on the subject of religion? We say plainly and distinctly, "No religious intolerance." We did, I admit, in our first platform, express a determined resistance to the "aggressive policy" and "corrupt tendencies" of ecclesiastical domination, but we never have proposed, nor do we now propose, to interfere with any man's rights of conscience. We have said, and still say, that there shall be "No union of Church and State" in this country, for the Church has always been corrupted by the foul embrace. How was it affected when Constantine united its powers with those of the State? History symbolizes its spiritual condition by the apt and appropriate figure of a "whited sepulchre"—beautiful without, but within full of dead men's bones. How has it invariably been affected under similar circumstances, and how has it scourged the State for seeking and securing the unholy alliance? Look at Spain, groaning under the lash of the Church! Look at Galileo, whose genius it tortured on the rack! Look at Latimer and Ridley, whom it burned at the stake!—Look at the horrid inquisition, whose galling weight it dared to lay on the world!—Behold it wielding the axe, and wearing off its bloody edge in beheading men, because they dared to read their Bibles, and interpret its meaning for themselves! See it in Ireland, driving from the door of the starving peasant his only cow, and selling her for half her value to raise tithes for the support of a Protestant clergyman whom he never saw! And in addition to this, see the priests of his own church, as they meet him at the cradle, watch them, as with jibbering and even bared teeth and hungry stomach, they dog him through life to the grave: yes, and beyond the grave, with their demand for money! Hear them asking for money when the infant is baptized; here them asking for money when the boy is confirmed; hear them asking for money when he goes to confession; hear them asking for money, when they grant an indulgence; hear them asking for money when they visit the sick; hear them asking for money when they grant the benefit of extreme unction to the dying; hear them asking for money when they perform the last sad offices to the dead; and, finally, hear their heartless and conscienceless demands for money from the friends of the departed, until the monk and the mass have extracted his soul from purgatory! The voyage to Paradise by this expensive and circuitous mode of transit, becomes an intolerable burden; and it is made to pass round by the way of purgatory for no other conceivable purpose, that I can discern, than to justify their enormous exactions of *fees*. [Laughter.]

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