

astir, and on fire with the emulation of young republics; of subjecting it, through ages of household calm, to the sweet influences of Christianity, of culture, of the great, gentle, and sure reformer, time, that to enable us to do this, to enable us to grasp this boundless and ever-renewing harvest of philanthropy, it would have been a good bargain — that humanity herself would have approved it — to have bound ourselves never so much as to look across the line into the inclosure of Southern municipal slavery; certainly never to enter it; still less, still less to

“Pluck its berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter its leaves before the mellowing year.”

Until the accuser who charges him, now that he is in his grave, with “having sinned against his conscience,” will assert that the conscience of a public man may not, must not, be instructed by profound knowledge of the vast subject-matter with which public life is conversant — even as the conscience of the mariner may be and must be instructed by the knowledge of navigation; and that of the pilot by the knowledge of the depths and shallows of the coast; and that of the engineer of the boat and the train, by the knowledge of the capacities of his mechanism, to achieve a proposed velocity; and will assert that he is certain that the consummate science of our great statesman, *was felt by himself to prescribe to his morality* another conduct than that which he adopted, and that he thus consciously outraged that “sense of