

EULOGY,

OF THE LATE

HON. WM. JAY,

BY

FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

DELIVERED ON THE INVITATION OF THE

COLORED CITIZENS OF NEW YORK CITY,

IN

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

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EULOGY.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

We have assembled here this evening in meek and willing obedience to a very natural and very sacred feeling of the human heart. A sad and solemn event has touched all our sensibilities. The shock is, indeed, a severe and painful one; but the duty which it has devolved upon us, may be well and properly performed in a resigned and cheerful spirit. Deep as is our sense of the great loss which has befallen us, and our people generally, and much as the good causes to which our hearts are attached will suffer from this bereavement, we cannot and ought not speak or listen on this occasion, as a people suddenly overtaken and overwhelmed by an extraordinary calamity. Lament we may, and must, but not like those oppressed by a heavy and inconsolable grief. Where the full measure of human existence has been evenly filled up—where one has not been cut down and removed from us, in the midst of his years, with all life's plans and purposes suddenly arrested and broken off, wholly unfinished—where a beautiful and blameless life has been calmly and peacefully ended, amid all the sweet consolations of home, family and friends—where the loss of those who remain behind is the exceeding gain of him who has gone before—where sin, the malignant sting of death, has no power to wound the dead, and no poison to inflame the wounds of the living—there is left no permanent lodgment for pain and sorrow. Clouds and darkness may indeed gather over and around, but they cannot linger long about

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the grave of a truly good and great man. Even through the frowning gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, bright beams may be seen encircling, with mellow beauty and golden promise, a weeping sky! Smiling through their very tears, the heavens never look more steadfast and immovable, than when swept by the storm. As with the brave old overhanging firmament, calm and serene, so we may contemplate the event that brings us here to-night.

By virtue of his nobler endowments, his more subtle and tender relationships, reaching out in all directions, taking hold of the life that now is, and the life which is to come, man is ever exposed to wilder shocks of grief and sadder disappointments, than are beings of less sensitive and less intelligent attributes. Very great, and sometimes very appalling, are the sorrows and afflictions inseparable from human experience. They do, indeed, often come in like raging floods, resistless in their course, causing old foundations to crumble and fall, bearing away upon their turbid waters so many of the precious objects of affection, that in the moments of our extreme desolation, we would almost exchange our natures with the less endowed and apparently more happy order of life which surrounds us. To have the objects of our earnest love caught away from us forever—to see the majestic pillars of our strength and trust falling all around us—to watch with eager eyes the flickering lamps of our best and fondest hopes, one by one, as in solemn procession, going out in darkness, will sometimes make even the strong man to quiver with a sense of his loneliness and of his nothingness. The powers above and around him seem too much for him. He is hemmed in on every hand, and to himself he appears but as the small dust of the balance, at the mercy of every breeze.

But here, in the very hour of his extreme destitution, there is ample provision made for man. Religion and reason loom out of the howling wilderness of doubt and desolation. Each troubled soul may have his Mount Pisgah! Sublime heights are ever accessible! He who will may ascend and find all enemies, even death itself, the last enemy, beneath his feet.

From these lofty altitudes of thought and light, all earthly losses, sorrows, griefs, and afflictions, may be viewed with a tranquil heart and a hopeful spirit. The beneficent law of compensation operates here as elsewhere, fully vindicating the wisdom and the goodness of the great Creator of the Universe, in all His works and ways. Higher consolations, larger satisfactions in harmony with his more exalted nature, are provided for man. In the midst of all the ills which may beset him in this life, he may truthfully and gratefully exclaim: "There is a balm for every wound, and a cordial for every fear."

Among the deepest and most enduring foundations of unperverted human nature, far out of reach of the common and inevitable calamities of life, there lives and reigns the sentiment of religion—a sentiment which, in all the ages, the darkest and the rudest, not less than in the most enlightened and refined, has filled the world with wonders, and linked the loyal soul in reverence to the great source of eternal power and wisdom. By the proper cultivation of this sentiment, man has become illuminated with the holiest inspirations, and made himself equal to all the ills to which flesh is heir. Side by side with this great and all-controlling sentiment, and very nearly allied to it in character and modes of operation, the same in quality, only less in power and authority, there is another sentiment, which takes cognizance of all that is good and great, made concrete in the lives of individual men. As in respect to religion, so in respect to this, men have, in different ages, become fanatics and enthusiasts, stepping far beyond the bounds of reason, exalting absurdity into sense, the wildest folly into wisdom, and magnifying a worm of the dust into a God.

Nevertheless, by the proper exercise of this sentiment, it is permitted to the least and humblest of mankind, to hold honorable and ennobling converse with the purest and most exalted examples of human excellence. This high privilege, this sacred opportunity, is in a high degree ours this evening; for the man whose memory is to pass in review before us, has

made the wisest and best use of life, and will be recognized as a shining example to the human race.

Without any of the pomp and vain-glorious display with which the pride and magnificence of patriotism celebrate the virtues of the departed great men of the country, without ostentation or show, we have simply paused here for an hour—turned aside from the ordinary courses of our affairs—withdrawn from the brilliant festivals peculiar to this Anniversary Week—and have ventured, in the sacred names of Liberty and Humanity, to take respectful and grateful notice of the death of a person eminent in all the virtues that can adorn the character of a genuine philanthropist.

HONORABLE WILLIAM JAY is dead! Since our last Anniversaries in this city—in the objects of which he took so lively an interest—he has been summoned the way of all the earth! The broad, mysterious curtains, which separate the busy scenes of Time and Sense from the solemn and measureless plains of Eternity, have silently fallen between us and him. We shall no more see the fragile form of WILLIAM JAY upon the earth. His pale and benignant face, so well and gratefully remembered by most of us, has been veiled in death! We have often seen his countenance glow with fervor and spirituality as he sat in our meetings, cheering on the utterance of the great truths of Liberty and Humanity, which were ever dear to his warm and generous heart. But his place on the Abolition platform is now vacant. His beneficent mission among men is now completed. His good work on the earth is done, and he is gathered home to his exceeding great reward. His sleeping dust lies among the ancestral tombs of his great family, and ancient patrimonial trees now fling their plaintive shadows upon his new-made grave. His body, amid solemn ceremonies, has been committed to the dust from whence it was taken, and his immortal spirit has gone up to the God who gave it. In the death of WILLIAM JAY, the cause of Emancipation in the United States has lost one of its ablest and most effective advocates. Our peeled and woe-stricken people, both of the North and of the South,

have lost an invaluable friend. We have, as a people, too few real friends, even among our professed friends; and we have now lost one of the truest and best of that few. Some of the heaviest and bitterest reproaches under which we have been compelled to stagger, as a people, in this country, have come, unfortunately, from persons who affect to regard us as objects of compassion—men who actually trade in our sorrows, and live by our afflictions. All the more, on this account, we feel, and shall feel, the loss of our friend W^M. JAY. His friendship for us had its basis in principle. It was unaffected by the ebbs and flows of the national feelings, for or against us, and stood inflexibly and unalterably the same in every hour of trial.

In view of the mighty struggle for freedom in which we are now engaged, and the tremendous odds arrayed against us, every colored man, and every friend of the colored man, in this country, must deeply feel the great loss we have sustained in this death, and look around with anxious solicitude for the man who shall rise to fill the place now made vacant. With emphasis it may be said of him, he was our wise counsellor, our firm friend, and our liberal benefactor. Against the fierce onsets of popular abuse, he was our shield; against governmental intrigue and oppression, he was our learned, able, and faithful defender; against the crafty counsels of wickedness in high places, where mischief is framed by law, and sin is sanctioned and supported by religion, he was a perpetual and burning rebuke.

Poetry and eloquence will search in vain for nobler themes, with which to enlighten and inspire the minds of men, than those which form the basis of the character and history of WILLIAM JAY. All that is commanding in virtue—all that is exalted and sublime in piety—all that is disinterested in patriotism—all that is noble in philanthropy—all that will bear, like the unblenching marble, the searching judgments of after coming ages, in which all our works shall be tried as by fire, stand out gloriously in the life of WILLIAM JAY.

One qualification, which may serve me as an apology for venturing to speak in the name and memory of one so eminent

as our honored friend—a friend whose name must confer honor upon all who seek to honor it—this it is : In common with you, my friends, I wear the hated complexion which WM. JAY never hated. I have worn the galling chain which WM. JAY earnestly endeavored to break. I have felt the heavy lash, and experienced in my own person the cruel wrongs which caused his manly heart to melt in pity for the slave.

Who but the slave should lament, when the champion of the slave has fallen ! Who but the black man should weep, when the black man's friend is no more ! Who should rise to vindicate, honor, and bless the memory of WILLIAM JAY, if the colored people of this State and country may not properly do so ?

While other rights may be denied us—while other privileges may be withheld from us—while we may not share in the honor of building the tombs of other great men of the country, whose actions, so far as they touched us, tore open our wounds instead of healing them—surely, no man will shut against us the offices of love and gratitude in this special instance. All will admit that those who have witnessed the scenes, and have endured the hardships of Slavery, may be permitted to make some sign, however rude and awkward, in generous token of the love and gratitude with which the memory of WILLIAM JAY is cherished. It is meet that some broken accents, not less acceptable because broken, should rise from the sable ranks of untutored millions, as a testimonial to one who stood by us, and befriended us, in all the vicissitudes of our anomalous and forlorn condition. Of one thing we may feel assured : Whatever may be thought of our assembling here this evening, and whatever aversion it may excite here on the earth, that pure spirit which did not disdain us when in this world of pride and show, will from his celestial abode look down approvingly upon the humble offering we venture to bring to his memory. He who had respect for us among those who despised us ; he who bound up our wounds, when the Priest and the Levite had left us to die ; he who lifted us up when the church and State had

wantonly and maliciously trodden upon us—will not reject the only offering a fettered and enslaved people have to bring. The principles of Mr. JAY knew no selfish and partial limitations. They reached to the very *outer*-most boundaries of the outcast, embracing in their broad beneficence, the poorest, the rudest, and most neglected of men; and he may therefore fitly be the object of marked and decided expression of loving remembrance on our part.

The liberal press of the country, to which he was an able, learned, and voluminous contributor, often anonymously, and as often over his own signature, has taken respectful, lengthy and gratifying notice of the death of WILLIAM JAY. The legal profession, represented by the bar of Westchester county, where he lived and presided—where he was most intimately known as a man and as a minister of justice—has recorded its unhesitating testimony to his eminent worth, as a man, and as an upright judge. Religion, to which he was an unblemished honor through all the years of his life, has dropped its tear upon his sacred grave. Learning, not less than Law, has recognized with fitting tokens of bereavement the loss of one of its brightest ornaments. The cause of international Peace, to which Mr. JAY was deeply devoted, and for the promotion of which he labored with that skill, fidelity, and efficiency, which distinguished him in every department of reform that engaged his energies, has summoned the ancient prophet-like eloquence of GEORGE B. CHEEVER, to Boston, before the American Peace Society, of which Mr. JAY was long an honored President, to speak in memory of his good works in that department of Christian Philanthropy. Old personal friends, companions in the Christian reforms, to which he was earnestly attached, and for which he wrought with the pious zeal of a true Christian, have recorded in affectionate and most touching language, their sense of the beauty and excellence of his life and the great value of his friendship. The New York Historical Society, of which he was a member, describe him “accomplished as a scholar, eminent as a citizen, just as a Judge, candid and benevolent

as a man, and sincere as a Christian," and esteems his name among the most illustrious on its roll.

In this grateful procession, who can have a better right to join than we? In the great cause of universal freedom his name was a tower of strength, and his pen a two edged sword. His mightiest works were wrought for us. Our freedom, our elevation were special objects of his regard. We have a right to cherish his memory as a precious legacy. We may bind it upon the altars of our heart's best affections, and offer it the ever-increasing tribute of our respect and gratitude.

The name of WILLIAM JAY should hereafter be associated in our minds and hearts with the venerated names of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, THOMAS CLARKSON, and GRANVILLE SHARPE, the most illustrious friends of our people, who now rest from their labors. It was given unto CLARKSON and WILBERFORCE to remain long enough on the earth, to see the ripening fruits of their devoted labors. They were permitted to see the triumph of the great principles and measures which they with almost matchless perseverance pressed home upon the hearts of the British nation. They lived long enough to behold their beloved Britain a free country, the safe asylum of the enslaved of all lands, and of all colors. They saw the dark stain of human bondage washed out, and the moral sentiment of their country so purified that a slave cannot breath in England; and the whole policy of the British Government was changed in their very presence, and in direct and immediate response to their indefatigable exertions to bring about that very result. They saw the slaves emancipated. Their living ears caught the first glad shouts and songs of eight hundred thousand souls redeemed from slavery in the West Indies. Joyous anthems of Freedom, sweeping across the wild waves, and rising above the thunders of the mighty deep, brought joy to the hearts of the noble and aged emancipators, ere they quitted the shores of Time. They beheld, while yet in the flesh, the finger of God, writing their heavenly welcome upon discarded whips, severed chains and broken fetters—"Well done, good and faithful servants."

So, however, hath it not been with our great friend in America, whose character and labors, so beautifully resemble theirs. The toils of the seed time, but not the joys of the harvest, were his. He sowed in tears, but the golden sheaves of rejoicing have yet to be gathered into the garner of righteousness. Nevertheless, it was his great privilege to see after a long course of severe labor, patiently and cheerfully performed, the great cause of emancipation rapidly rising to power and importance in this country fully justifying his best hopes for its ultimate success. The important truths which he brought forward and illustrated, and enforced, by utterance and by action, and with marked fidelity, although yet falling on unwilling ears, have certainly rallied in their defence, a mighty host, whose advancing footsteps already rock the continent and fill the halls of American tyrants with alarm and terror, *and the huts of the slave with joy and hope.*

Though Mr. JAY saw with grief, as his pure spirit passed away from us, the slave still toiling in hateful chains, and the slave power madly intent upon the endless perpetuation of slavery, he evidently took with him to his blissful abode, the happy assurance that he had not labored for the honor of his country and the freedom of the slave in vain. Like another great Liberator, who was not permitted to see the full realization of his hopes, he endured as seeing him who is invisible! He died just as he had dared to live, a true man, and an honest Abolitionist. To the very last he remembered the American bondman as bound with him.

Happy and glorious is the lot of that man, who, when standing on the verge of the grave, winding up his affairs in this life, surveying the whole course of his career on the earth, can truthfully say, in full view of the past, and the great incoming future, I have no regrets for the uses to which I have put my time and talents.

I well remember, and shall never forget, the impression made upon my mind, by the declaration made to me on this point, by the good and great THOMAS CLARKSON. Standing

face to face with me, in his study at Playford Hall, erect, calm, and collected in the eighty-seventh year of his age, his long flowing silvery locks falling gracefully upon his shoulders, assured by his advanced age, and his gathering infirmities, that he was fast verging toward the tomb; he said, while holding my right hand firmly in his, "Go on, go on, in the good work, Mr. DOUGLASS; I have given sixty-seven years of my life to the Abolition cause, and if I had sixty-seven more, they should all be sacredly given to the same cause!" Mr. JAY has given proof of the same satisfaction with his anti-slavery life. He was as certain of the ultimate triumph of emancipation as he was of its righteousness, and he committed himself to its whole course without reserve and without qualification.

His last *will and testament* contains a lesson to our country and the world on this subject. That sacred document exposes anew the futility and the blasphemy of attempting to control and overawe a good man's conscience by the force and authority of inhuman and wicked laws.

Mr. JAY's example at this point stands alone, I think, in the history of American philanthropy. No American Christian or Abolitionist has left a better testimony for the truth, or a nobler defiance of wrong. You have heard of bequests to popular institutions, to churches, colleges, tract societies, missionary societies, and even to piles of stone in honor of the successful man-slayer, but never, I think, such a bequest as the following: "I bequeath to my son *one thousand dollars* to be applied by him at his discretion in promoting the safety and comfort of fugitive slaves." Here is not only a thoughtful concern for the most needy of all the poor of this land, but a burning protest and a sublime prophecy. It is a cutting rebuke to the present, and an appeal to the future by a righteous man looking steadfastly into the immeasurable continents of eternity, and winding up his affairs for his long journey, and unending home with God.

However, those who maintain the divine right of Christian white men to hunt down and to hold the black man in slav-

ery, may affect to regard this defiance of the fugitive slave statute, in the glorious coming future—when Doctors of Divinity shall find a better use for the Bible than in using it to prop up slavery, and a better employment for their time and talents than in finding analogies between Paul's Epistle to Philemon and the slave-catching bill of MILLARD FILLMORE, this act of Christian charity on the part of Mr. JAY, will be regarded as the crowning act, the most glorious climax to a great and benevolent life.

My friends, I can attempt here no general and detailed account of the life and the services of WILLIAM JAY. Only a few of the leading facts of his ample history can be properly noticed and compressed within the narrow limits suited to the present discourse, and to this occasion. The relation of Mr. JAY to any one of the good causes, to which he gave his sympathy and his earnest co-operation, if minutely and faithfully examined, would fill a volume. We can scarcely hope to bring him before you in more than one of these relations. His connection with the great cause of human freedom, is the most prominent, as it is the most significant and important feature of his life. It is the feature of the life and history of Mr. JAY which will longest keep his memory fresh and green, at home and abroad.

Mr. JAY was born in New York, on the 16th of June, 1789, and died at his home in Westchester county, on the 14th of October, 1858, having nearly filled up the scriptural measure of human life. He was the second son of JOHN JAY—a man whose name and fame stand worthily connected with those of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The father of our deceased friend was one of the most eminent men of his day, and ranked with such as Hancock, Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Franklin—the most renowned of all the American patriots. The history of JOHN JAY is in fact the history of the American Revolution, and of American Independence; as, indeed, it is also the history of Emancipation in this State. For the father, not less than the son, was an Abolitionist. Abolitionism seems hereditary in the family

—from father to son and from son to grand-son. In the darkest hours, and the deepest perils, which surrounded the American cause, and they were far more numerous and direful than many at this day suppose, JOHN JAY never wavered, JOHN JAY never doubted. It is, indeed, hard to say, in view of the slender margin between success and failure in that great undertaking, how the Revolution would have ended, whether independence itself would have been achieved had it lacked the support of JOHN JAY. Certain it is, that to his devotion, vigor, sagacity, address, unflinching industry and determination, the American people are to-day largely indebted for their freedom and independence. He served his country as few had the ability to serve it. His singular purity of character shed light and gave strength to the revolutionary cause.

At home and abroad, by his talents, by his learning, by his voice, and by his pen, in council, in the field; as a member of Congress, as a foreign minister, as Chief Justice of the United States, both before and after the Revolution, JOHN JAY won for himself a high place among the Patriots of the Revolution.

WILLIAM JAY was fortunate in being the son of such a father. A man so faithful to the impulses of true liberty, animated by the loftiest patriotism, was just the man to be scrupulously concerned for the proper education of his children; for love of family and love of country go hand in hand together. Ambition may, indeed, sometimes mask itself in the attractive forms of patriotism—but the genuine sentiment springs up in its fullness and purity only at the fire-side.

When but eleven years old, WILLIAM JAY was placed at Albany under the charge of Rev. Mr. ELLISON, an Oxford scholar noted for his strict discipline, and devotion to the classics. Here he, no doubt, acquired that habit of order and regularity of proceeding, for which he was ever afterwards remarkable, and to which, in part, may be ascribed the facility with which he accomplished any and every work undertaken by him.

Yale College, an institution already loaded down with

honors, has the great honor of completing the education of Mr. JAY. He entered Yale in 1804, and took his degree in 1807, having ranked throughout the course among the severest students.

Turning his attention to the law—of which in after-life, he became an able exponent of its highest attributes in its application to human rights—he was again placed at Albany, in the office of JOHN B. HENRY, an eminent lawyer, in that city of eminent lawyers.

Here Mr. JAY took the degree of Counsellor, but owing to failing health he abandoned the practice of the profession, and rejoined his father's family and assisted in the management of his estate at Bedford, which estate he inherited upon the death of his father, in 1829.

From this sacred old homestead, hallowed by glorious revolutionary memories—the scene of many an anxious consultation, in the troubled times that tried men's souls—the steady light of WILLIAM JAY's clear intellect has streamed out over the country and the world, blessing all it has touched.

While in Mr. HENRY's office, earnestly pursuing the study of the law, Mr. JAY wrote to his friend and class-mate, Mr. HENRY P. STRONG, who was then studying for the ministry, a letter which gives us a key to his own character and history :

“The pursuit,” writes Mr. JAY, “in which you are engaged, is the most important, and the most interesting that can occupy the attention of man. I have devoted myself to the law, to protect the weak from the power of the strong. To shield the poor from the oppression of the rich, is the part for which I am preparing myself. God grant that I may not labor in vain.”

Here is a noble and generous purpose declared, and I undertake to say that it has been as nobly and generously performed.

Fortunate in his parentage, fortunate in his education, fortunate in the choice of his profession, fortunate in all his early surroundings, Mr. JAY was not less fortunate in his marriage. In any condition of life, marriage is a matter of great moment. Even in private life, it may be the tide taken at the flood that leads on to fortune, or it may lead on to wreck and ruin.

But its power for good or for evil is increased in a ratio with the magnitude of a man's public sphere and duties.

Here it may be an exalted blessing, or a withering curse—it may bear us upward towards success, or cast us down to failure. In all his noble plans and purposes our departed friend had the good fortune to be seconded by his excellent wife—in whose character were harmoniously blended, like his own, all the Christian virtues.

Subsequent to his marriage, which took place in 1812, Mr. JAY was appointed first Judge of the County of Westchester, and was continued upon the bench by successive Governors, of opposite and conflicting politics, through all the varied contests and changes of parties, until the year 1843. Speaking of Mr. JAY, as a judge, the *Historical Magazine* remarks, that his charges to grand juries, commanded attention from his clear exposition of the law, without the slightest concession to the popular current of the day, and with careful regard to constitutional rights, morality and justice. All who know anything of Judge JAY will assent to the justice of this encomium.

Mr. JAY never sought office. He belonged to other and better days of the Republic—when other and better tastes prevailed in respect to holding civil office. General JACKSON, while President appointed him to an important Commissionership, but the office which had been unsought, was declined. Important Commissionerships are seldom declined in our day. With talents, learning, and ability, a man of his position and connections, with a different ambition might have risen to almost any station in the country, but he contented himself in his office of County Judge. In this office, which enabled him to be of immediate service to those of his fellow-citizens, who knew his character and uprightness best, he would have remained probably to the day of his death but for his anti-slavery sentiments and principles.

Having been successively commissioned by Governors TOMPKINS, CLINTON, MARCY, and VAN BUREN, Mr. JAY was superseded by Governor BOUCK, who had been elected in the

pro-slavery re-action which followed the retirement of Governor SEWARD from office. The removal of Judge JAY was notoriously in compliance with the demands of the pro-slavery press, urged on by the slave power of the nation. The circumstance at the time of its occurrence excited strong and decided disapproval in the county of Westchester. A letter addressed to Judge JAY by MINOT MITCHELL of White Plains, a gentleman who then stood at the head of the bar, expressed the unqualified regret and indignation of the people.

On some accounts, Mr. JAY's removal from the judgeship is to be regarded as fortunate. He was left all the more leisure to devote to the different objects of Christian benevolence which had already largely occupied his thoughts and feelings. The world is all the better for his removal from the bench. It was meant for evil, but it worked for good, for he could have scarcely found time to write so much and so efficiently had he continued to perform the duties of his judicial office.

In religion Mr. JAY was a low church Episcopalian, and though a devoted and conscientious churchman, he was singularly free from that self-righteous bigotry which can see and appreciate nothing as good, that does not bear the image and superscription of a particular religious denomination. His estimate of the tenets of other Christian denominations was like the man, broad, catholic, philosophical and liberal.

In politics he was like his honored father, a Federalist of the old school. Subsequently he acted with the Whig party, and finally with the Free Soil and Republican parties. Independent and honest, having no favors to ask of any party, his utterance of truth was never trammelled by his party connections. He was never prominent as a politician, and he was equally never of those who esteem themselves too righteous to take part in the government of their country.

The labors of Mr. JAY were very quietly performed. He was often found serving upon committees of religious, benevolent and scientific associations, giving them the great benefit of his presence, knowledge, experience and his wisdom ;

but he seldom appeared as a speaker before the public. While, however, he had no taste for the noise and ostentation of public assemblies, he did not despise those popular instrumentalities for flinging the great truths of liberty, virtue, and humanity among the people.

The very last time it was my privilege to see Judge JAY, was on one of those great public occasions four years ago. It was at that memorable meeting when CHARLES SUMNER, now suffering from assassin blows, (which may God heal,) was thrilling with his surpassing eloquence an audience of your most refined and cultivated citizens at Metropolitan Theatre. Judge JAY was there. He was there and on the platform. Among all the radiant faces, making up that grand and brilliant scene, there was not one which seemed more in sympathy with the great theme of the orator than his. It was a benediction to look upon that good man's face that night. I remember it as one of the most pleasing and imposing features of that great occasion.

But the crowded hall, the clash and glitter of public speech and debate were not the favorite surroundings of Judge JAY. He is not to be contemplated to the best advantage in that direction and amid such scenes. The slender frame and delicate health which led him to abandon the profession of the law, made him unsuited to the physical hardships and excitements incident to frequent attendance upon, and participation in the proceedings of public meetings.

The pen was the weapon of his choice, and the weapon of his power. His quiet study was the scene of his most efficient warfare with wrong. It was here that he met the dark legions of error, selfishness, sin, and moral death, as they sallied forth from the gloomy gates of hell and vanquished them. Slavery, intemperance, war, duelling, treachery, hypocrisy, wickedness in high places, in church and state, found in him a steady and uncompromising enemy, while nearly every good cause of his time received the aid of his countenance and co-operation. Mr. JAY's zeal and industry with his pen are proved by the great number and quality of his works. These

are his perpetual eulogy. Letters, essays, pamphlets, books, newspaper articles on a variety of subjects, mostly of immediate and of practical importance, and all looking to the establishment of just principles for the well government of society, flowed from his pen in rapid succession, and prove him to have been a man of immense industry and abundant mental resources. In this respect, Mr. JAY appears to very great advantage. The world may have many pleasing and gratifying spectacles to present us. We meet in life many noble examples, worthy of our study and of our imitation; but a man born to the inheritance of large wealth, able to draw around him all that the cultivated taste and the peculiar pride of riches can suggest as the luxuries and indulgences proper to opulence; relieved of the necessity of making any exertion to supply real or artificial wants; left wholly at leisure, having the option to work or play, to seek his own pleasure, or to do otherwise; such a man, thus favored, thus surrounded, and, *I may say, thus tempted*, all forgetful of himself, deaf to every selfish entreaty to ease and to idleness, deliberately choosing to devote himself to earnest, persevering, indefatigable labor, not to increase his own worldly gains, either in purse or in position, but with only the motive to add his mite to the welfare and happiness of his suffering fellowmen, is one of the most hopeful, gratifying and noble examples which in this selfish and ease-loving age and world, it is permitted mankind to behold. Precisely such an example has been given to the world in the life and in the works of WILLIAM JAY. Compared with such a life, how vastly inferior, in all the elements of true greatness, are the lives of most men to whom the world has accorded fame and greatness. Such a man has conquered himself, and is greater than him who has taken a city. Starting at the point where other men have usually ended their labors, he has gone forward and reached a point of excellence immeasurably beyond them. The man who makes great exertions to be rich, the man who will endure untold hardships and privations for the world's applause and honor, who seeks the bubble, reputation, in the

cannon's mouth, may, indeed, be a great man; but how small is such a man, when measured by the example of one who, though born to the inheritance of wealth, of ease, of leisure, and of a name already illustrious, instead of reposing on what is already attained, devotes all that he has and is to a cause of mercy and benevolence, which he well knows must direct against him the bitter hostility of power, the scorn of pride, and the vindictive frown of public opinion. The men are few who can stand this test of greatness. How few of the rich and mighty men of the land have even yet earnestly identified themselves with the Abolition cause, and given it the benefit of their manful exertions.

Abolitionists have been called men of one idea, but if Judge JAY shall be embraced in this charge, it must be confessed, upon a survey of his life and his labors, that his one idea was immensely comprehensive, and capable of manifold applications. Few men have taken a broader view of human life. Few men have better understood and better performed its various duties.

To Mr. JAY belongs the merit of not only studying many subjects, but also the merit of considering well whatever he considered at all. In 1826 he received a prize for an essay on the Sabbath, viewed as a civil institution; the year after he received another for an essay on the Sabbath viewed as a divine institution. In 1830 he was honored with a medal from the Savannah (Georgia) Anti-Duelling Society, for another essay upon the nefarious custom of duelling. In 1833 he published two octavo volumes, of the life and writings of his father, Chief Justice JAY. These volumes are among the most readable and reliable of any that treat of the early political history of this country.

He was a friend to the Bible, Tract, Peace, Temperance, Sunday School, Sabbath, Missionary and Educational causes. He was President of the Westchester Bible Society, and a Vice-President of the American Bible Society. His time, his money, and his talents were freely given in all these and other departments of benevolent effort. He was, how-

ever, by no means a worshipper of any particular organization or combination of men. He looked at such organizations in the broad, intense light of truth, and esteemed them simply as means to important ends. When any of them were guilty of substituting their dead forms for the living objects which brought them into being, as most of them were, he never hesitated to withdraw his countenance from them, and to expose and rebuke them with all faithfulness. The American Bible Society, Tract Society, Sunday School Union, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have all been subject to his public censure. His chief controversy with all these popular bodies was either their culpable indifference to the wrongs of the slave, or their directly aiding and abetting those who hold the slave in bondage. These bodies were, and are lamentably open to rebuke, both for sins of omission and for sins of commission. They are yet on the side of the oppressor, and deaf to the cries of the slave. He loved the great objects for which these various associations were combined, but was unwilling to build up with one hand and tear down with the other; and to him nothing beneath the sky was more sacred than the rights of the American slave. He was unwilling to subordinate this cause to any other, and much more unwilling to sustain those who were using their influence and position to put down that hated cause.

Judge JAY wrote voluminously on the whole subject of slavery. I will name only a few of his publications: "Letter to the Hon. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, respecting his declaration that he was not an Abolitionist, but an ardent friend of the Colonization Society"—"Examination of the Mosaic Laws of Servitude"—"Letter to the Committee chosen by the American Tract Society"—"Inquiry into the American Colonization and American Anti-Slavery Societies"—"A View of the Action of the Federal Government in behalf of Slavery"—"On the Condition of the Free People of Color in the United States"—"Address to the Friends of Constitutional Liberty on the Violation by the United States House of Representa-

tives of the Right of Petition"—"Introductory Remarks to the Reproof of the American Church, contained in the recent History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, by the Bishop of Oxford"—"A letter to the Right Rev. L. Silliman Ives, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of North Carolina"—"Address to the Inhabitants of New Mexico and California on the omission by Congress to provide them with Territorial Governments, and on the social and political evils of Slavery"—"A letter to Hon. William Nelson, Member of Congress, on Mr. Clay's Compromise"—"A letter to Hon. Samuel A. Elliott, Representative in Congress, in reply to his apology for voting for the Fugitive Slave Bill"—"An Address to the Anti-Slavery Christians of the United States, signed by a number of Clergymen and others"—"Letter to the Rev. R. S. Cook, Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society"—"Letter to Lewis Tappan, Esq., Treasurer of the American Missionary Association."

Mr. JAY was remarkable for his great readiness. He wrote precisely at the right time. No great occasion escaped him. He was ready for every emergency. Besides his public works, Mr. JAY wrote a great many private letters. He had a long list of correspondents. His anti-slavery relations alone gave him a great deal of this sort of occupation. His advice was constantly solicited by the leaders of the anti-slavery movement, and it was never withheld when it could be of service to the anti-slavery cause. Some idea can be formed of the extent of Judge JAY's anti-slavery correspondence, by the list of those with whom he was in most frequent communication.*

To form any just estimate of the character of a reformer, and to comprehend the value of his services, it is important to notice whether he embraced the cause early or late in the

* And first among these may be named, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, Rev. A. A. Phelps, Robert Vaux of Philadelphia, E. Wright, Jr., Joshua Leavitt, Samuel J. May, Reuben Crandell, Hon. James G. Birney, Theodore Sedgwick, Beriah Green, Gerrit Smith, John Scoble of England, Lydia Maria Child, Miss Grimke of South Carolina, Wm. Goodell, G. Bailey, Jr., Rev. Dr. Morrison of England, Gov. R. W. Habersham of Georgia, W.

morning, or at the eleventh hour, whether he bore the burthen in the scorching heat of the noon-day sun, or came only in the refreshing cool of the evening, when the heaviest work was already done, and the space between labor and reward reduced to the smallest possible point. To this inquiry the history of Mr. JAY answers very satisfactorily. He was not behind the chiefest apostle of *immediate* emancipation. He, himself was too noble to set up any claims as to priority in the assertion of the doctrine of modern Abolitionism. He never asked to be considered the originator of the anti-slavery movement; and yet impartial history will accord to WILLIAM JAY the credit of having affirmed all the leading principles of modern Abolitionism long before modern Abolitionism was recognized as a reformatory movement. There has been much said about "immediatism," as the peculiarity of the present movement, and when that principle was first applied to the abolition of slavery in this country. Some have attributed the doctrine to Mr. GARRISON, and insist upon denouncing, as traitors, all who deny this claim. The absurdity of this pretension on the one hand, and the folly and injustice of the denunciation on the other, have become equally apparent in looking at the letters and papers of WILLIAM JAY. Without, for a moment, wishing to call in question the eminent services which WM. LLOYD GARRISON rendered to the cause of abolition when organized a quarter of a century ago, it can be shown that the doctrine of immediate Abolitionism was affirmed by WM. JAY before Mr. GARRISON was so much as heard of in the anti-slavery cause. In 1819, Mr. JAY wrote to Hon. ELIAS BOUDINOT, as follows :

"I have no doubt that the laws of God, and as a necessary and inevitable

W. Anderson, Esq., of Jamaica, W. I., Joseph Sturge, Esq., of England, Hon. Jabez D. Hammond, Geo. W. Alexander of England, Hon. William Slade of Vermont, Hon. John Quincy Adams, Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Hon. S. P. Chase, Prof. C. D. Cleveland of Philadelphia, Thomas Clarkson of England, Sir W. Colebrook, Governor of New Brunswick, Hon. Charles Sumner, Chief Justice Hornblower of New Jersey, Hon. J. G. Palfrey, Hon. John P. Hale, besides more than an hundred others.

consequence, the true interests of our country, forbid the extension of slavery. If our country is ever to be redeemed from the curse of slavery, the present Congress must stand between the living and the dead, and stay the plague. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. If slavery once takes root on the other side of the Mississippi, it can never afterwards be exterminated, but will extend with the future western empire, poisoning the feelings of humanity, checking the growth of those principles of virtue and religion which constitute alike the security and happiness of civil society."

On the 22d of September, 1826, he wrote to Hon. Mr. **MINER** of the House of Representatives :

"Since I read the resolution introduced by you in relation to slavery in the District of Columbia, the subject has been scarcely absent from my mind, and the late imprisonment in Washington of a **CITIZEN** of this county, (Westchester county, N. Y.,) afforded an opportunity which I gladly embraced of obtaining an expression of public opinion. I do not entertain the slightest hope that our petition will be favorably received, nor the slightest apprehensions that the cause we espouse will not finally triumph. The history of the abolition of the slave trade teaches us the necessity of patient perseverance, and affords a pledge that perseverance will be ultimately crowned with success. We have nothing to fear, but much to hope from the violence and threats of our opponents. Apathy is the only obstacle we have reason to dread, and to remove this obstacle it is necessary that the attention of the public should be constantly directed to the subject. Every discussion in Congress in relation to slavery, no matter how great may be the majority against us, advances our cause. We shall rise more powerful from every defeat."

On the 4th of November, 1826, he writes to Mr. **THOMAS HALL** :

"In consequence of a resolution passed at a public meeting in this county, (a meeting called through Mr. Jay's efforts in relation to the arrest and imprisonment, at Washington, of Gilbert Horton, a free black man of Westchester,) a petition will be forwarded to Congress for the **IMMEDIATE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**. It is not easy to calculate the vast importance of the object of this petition. The District, it is true, is small, and the number of slaves to be emancipated comparatively few; but the moral influence of the measure will be felt on every plantation, and in every Legislature in the several States. It is an act which is required by our national character, as well as by humanity and religion. Congress possesses an undoubted constitutional right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and it is in the power of the free States to carry the measure."

Thus we see the criminal character of slavery declared, the non-extension of slavery insisted upon, the negro recognized

and called a citizen, and the immediate abolition of slavery demanded as early as 1819 and 1826, by WILLIAM JAY.

This was no sudden and temporary outburst of feeling against slavery, by Mr. JAY. Writing to Mr. CHAS. MINER, member of Congress, from Pennsylvania, who had introduced a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, he says:

“In our exertions to promote the welfare of our fellow men, we must, for our encouragement, recollect that we are not answerable for success. It is our duty to plant and water, while the conviction that it is God who giveth the increase, ought to teach us both confidence and resignation.”

Writing to Mr. MINER at another stage of the effort for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, Mr. JAY thus joyfully announces to his friend and co-worker, a position gained in the State of New York:

“My Dear Sir:—The mail this evening brings the news that resolutions instructing our Representatives in Congress to vote for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, have past our Assembly by a vote of 57 to 39. In the fullness of my heart, I thank God, and congratulate you on the result.”

It is worthy of remark that Mr. JAY takes no credit to himself for the passage of these resolutions in the Legislature of the State of New York. The truth is, however, that his exertions in procuring petitions, and by correspondence with influential men, such as Hon. WALKER TODD of the N. Y. Senate, and WM. L. STONE of the New York *Commercial*, had greatly aided to bring about the result, upon which, with a full heart, he thanks God, and congratulates his friend and co-worker for the abolition of slavery.

Like many other good men, (GERRIT SMITH among the number,) Mr. JAY at one time was disposed to co-operate with the American Colonization Society, that old enemy of the colored people of the U. S. It has always worn two faces—one a face of humanity, and the other a face of hatred—one was for the South, and the other was for the North, so as to deceive, if possible, the very elect. Mr. JAY was among the first of the North to get his own eyes open, and to open the

eyes of others, to real character of this malign and mischievous scheme. He had regarded it, as many others had done, as a means of doing away with slavery—the removal of them to Africa as fast as they should be emancipated, supplying a motive for emancipation. When he found that in this he was mistaken, and that, instead of furnishing a motive for emancipation, it only increased the motive for slaveholding; that, instead of supplying an assylum for the oppressed free colored people of this country, it promoted and encouraged their oppression, to get them to *consent* to leave the country—when, in a word, he found it to be an engine of wickedness, and not an instrument of mercy, he promptly exposed it as a hypocrite, a deceiver, and renounced it. As early as 1829, in answer to an invitation to assist a meeting of the Colonization Society, Mr. JAY wrote to Mr. STONE, saying:

“I confess, I entertain no hope that the efforts of the American Colonization Society will produce any direct and sensible diminution of the number of slaves in our country.”

This early expression of a want of confidence in the American Colonization Society, shows that Mr. JAY had not taken his views second hand, but had, for himself, thoroughly examined the claims of the Colonization scheme, and for himself had found it the stupendous sham which it was afterwards proved to be by overwhelming facts and arguments brought out three years afterwards in “*Garrison’s Thoughts*” on African Colonization.

At this point of time, the American Colonization Society ranked among the most popular institutions of the country. It combined the support of all classes, anti-slavery men and pro-slavery men, and enjoyed a monopoly of the pulpits North and South. Monthly sermons were preached in its favor by the pastors, and collections were taken up to aid in sending the negroes out of the country. The most distinguished divines, and the most influential statesmen, every where stood forth as its champions, regarding it as the ample

and all-sufficient answer to all inquiries concerning slavery, and concerning the free colored people of the United States. Hence, to dissent from it, and worse still, to oppose and attack it, was to unstop all the vials of concentrated wrath, and to bring down their malignant contents upon the naked heads of such offenders.

That all this had no terror for such a man as WILLIAM JAY, stands boldly out to his credit. He did not hesitate either to dissent from, to oppose or attack this popular Goliath. His "Inquiry into the character and tendency of the American Colonization and American Anti-Slavery Societies," is one of the most clear, searching and masterly publications now to be found upon the subject.

The next great work of Mr. JAY, was his views of the Federal Government. The facts and arguments brought forward in this work exerted an incalculable influence upon the public mind. It showed how completely the slaveholders had for years wielded the Federal Government to extend and strengthen slavery. It is a book of facts, and was a manual in the hands of anti-slavery agents all over the country, and is such still.

The subject of slavery is an exciting one. Oppression is apt to make even a wise man mad. The bare relation of master and slave, unaccompanied with its grocer manifestations of ignorance, depravity, cruelty and blood, shocks and stuns the mind by its enormity. O'CONNELL used to say, that when he first heard the idea of property in man, it sounded to him as if some one were stamping upon the grave of his mother. The very thought chills the blood in the veins of the strong man, and stirs a fever in the blood of age. The heart becomes sick, and the spirit frantic with horror over its brutal atrocities and crimes. In writing upon a system of such boundless and startling enormity, where the wildest fancy is over-matched by the terrible reality, it is not easy to steer clear of exaggeration in individual cases. Some extravagance may indeed be looked for and excused in

treating of such a subject, but such extravagance will be looked for in vain in the writings of Judge Jay on slavery.

As a writer, that can be said of him which can be said of but few reformatory writers in any age, he not only relied implicitly upon, and believed in the simple undistorted truth as the safest and best means of accomplishing his benevolent purposes, but was never, to the knowledge of any, tempted or driven by eager anxiety for immediate results into distortion or exaggeration. He had an earnest heart. It was always alive with the fires of justice and liberty; but with all, he possessed that accurate and well-balanced judgment which controlled and directed wisely and discreetly all his writings on the subject of slavery. No fact, no statement, of Judge JAY, how fiercely soever his opinions may have been combated, has ever been called in question.

His burning indignation which came down upon the proslavery wickedness of the nation like a mantle of unquenchable fire, was recognized as the natural product of his well-known love of justice. Those who contended with him, contended not against him, but against the truth, within which Mr. JAY was always fortified.

Some men rebuke sin with such manifest levity as only to amuse the sinner. Others denounce wrong as if exulting over the wrong doer, while others show their zeal for the truth by stretching it into falsehood and absurdity. All these will offend, disgust and drive the wrong doer from the teacher or reformer. He will say, your cause may be good, but you are not the man to advocate it. Mr. JAY's exemption from this sort of criticism did not arise out of any timidity either of character or manner; but it is to be traced to his scrupulous regard for truth, his entire and transparent honesty. When truth failed to produce conviction, he could bide his time without resorting to artifice. He ever scouted the doctrine of doing evil that good might come, and in the midst of all discouragements, he held that it is ours to plant and to water, but it is God who giveth the increase.

I am not of that sentimental school of moralists, who think

it right to speak only of the virtues of the dead. The power exerted by some men, after death, is far greater than in life, and it frequently happens that to expose the faults of departed great men, is a much higher and more commanding duty than to extol their virtues. Wrong and injustice to the living are remarkably disposed to conceal themselves from the light of truth, under the overshadowing examples of the great among the dead.

Examples of this sort are abundant in all the ages, and our own among the number. Thus, while JEFFERSON wrote that all men are created equal, and are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and while WASHINGTON fought for the principle which JEFFERSON wrote down, both JEFFERSON and WASHINGTON are to-day quoted in proof that colored people have no rights that white people are bound to respect. The fact that these great men were slaveholders, is triumphantly cited as sanctioning the idea of property in man.

Their anti-slavery declarations are less potent for good than their pro-slavery examples have been made for evil. From a careful survey of the life and works of Mr. JAY, no fear need be entertained that evil will get the advantage over good by means of his memory. If he had faults, they were to his whole character like the spots on the resplendent orb of day, not to be seen by the ordinary means of vision.

As we walk under the light of this glorious orb, never thinking of any possible speck upon its surface, but thanking God for the brilliant illumination, so let us accept gratefully the shining example of the late Honorable WILLIAM JAY. He has taught us the great purposes of life. He has taught us how to live; he has taught us how to die.

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WILBERFORCE.

PRESUMPTUOUS thought! thy Epitaph to write,
 Whose worth ten thousand thousand tongues proclaim—
 The bond—the free—all grades of men unite
 To hallow with one common voice thy name.
 In mercy's work unwearied passed thy life,
 While blushing senates heard thy truths in vain,
 Refused to quell the sanguinary strife
 That long had marked oppression's guilty reign:
 Millions shall bless thee for that fervent flame,
 Which freedom's troops so long in darkness led;
 But these should know from whence thine arrows came,
 That through th' oppressor's camp such terror spread—
Thou was a Christian! and thy Saviour's grace
 Tempered thy weapons with its wonted might;
 Hence all thy splendor—here thy resting place,
 Here learnt thy fingers to sustain the fight;
 Humility, thy watchword—Faith, thy shield—
 Grace, thy chief armour—Charity, thy breath:
 Scared at this phalanx, sophists quit the field,
 The conflict ending in the hydra's death!
 And thou hast lived to see the triumph won
 O'er wrongs at which humanity grew pale,
 Whilst yet more brightly glowed thy setting sun
 To see thy country's virtue thus prevail.
 And now thy earthly course has seen its end,
 Wealth—rank—and title guard thee to the tomb,
 But most thy glory is, that He—thy friend—
 Thy Saviour leads thee to an heavenly home;
 Proving that where He is—His saints shall come.

R. Y.

CLARKSON.

HAIL! veteran warrior in this righteous cause,
 To-day with pure delight thy breast beats high;
 Mercy to-day presides o'er Britain's laws,
 And slavery, vanquished, quits the field—to die.
 Long did the monster all thy toils defy,
 And long and warily thy grasp elude;
 But now behold the coward miscreant fly,
 Swift as the wicked when by none pursued,
 With hands too deeply in the negro's blood embrued.

Unequal was the combat whilst arrayed
 In hostile ranks the rich—the strong—the brave
 Their haughty front in contumely displayed
 Against the lowly suppliant negro slave.
 Then British justice slept, nor dared to save
 These helpless victims from their depth of woe ;
 Let them to sink beneath affliction's wave,
 The selfishness of man their curse to know,
 His lust of wealth and power blasting their hopes below.

But now—rejoice ! the darkness is dispelled,
 Thy prayer hath reached the mercy-seat on high ;
 This race, too long in wretched durance held,
 Are now redeemed to taste of liberty.
 No despot shall their equal rights deny—
 No price be set on flesh, and bones, and blood ;
 But in one bond of harmony and joy,
 All hands united for the social good—
 All hearts upraised to Him who in the breach hath stood.

It boots not that the false alarmists cry—
 “ Emancipation nameless horrors brings ;
 Let colonists forsake their homes, and die—
 Nor madly dare to change the course of things ! ”
 Fallacious pleaders ! know ye not the stings
 Inflicted on the master and the slave
 By that degrading, heartless scheme that wrings
 The negro's blood, and sinks him to the grave ?
 O ! seek no subterfuge, a scheme so vile to save.

E'en heathen moralists were wont to say,
 “ *Do justice*—though the heavens in fire dissolve.”
 And shall we, with more perfect light than they,
 This problem, long delayed, neglect to solve ?
 See nature in her grandest works involve
 Cities in ruined heaps—from dross to purge
 Her burning chaos, and the mass resolve ;
 So from the earth shall be expelled this scourge—
 To-day the slave doth from his suffering lot emerge !

And in the glorious deed, large is thy share—
 May thy “ reward in heaven ” as ample prove ;
 And there are they whose fervent humble prayer
 Hath oft been lifted to the Lord of love,

Who now the negro's bondage doth remove :
 These, too, have sought Oppression's hand to stay,
 And though, like thee, they have not boldly strove
 Through *all* the heat and burden of the day,
 They know the vineyard's Lord will their brief toil repay.

And there was too—a small intrepid band
 Of "Friends," regardless of their own repose,
 By whose unceasing zeal that flame was fanned
 That *now* on Freedom's altar brightly glows ;
 These hail with thee the sun which this day rose,
 The light of liberty and joy to shed,
 And the glad page of gospel truth disclose
 To those who erst in ignorance were dead,
 That they thro' grace may to the fount of truth be led.

Thus shall the hateful name of slave be lost,
 Whilst light from heaven God's image shall restore
 A Christian life—the negro's proudest boast ;
 His curse on "Christian" white men heard no more !
 May thoughts like these console thy evening hour—
 Reward thee for a life of toil and gloom—
 Thy soul, a monument of mercy's power,
 Redeemed to flourish in immortal bloom
 Through Him who died—yet rose in triumph o'er the tomb !

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