

command of a grandeur rarely bestowed on one so young, and never on one so undeserving, we thought the Nation had purchased his fidelity and secured the utmost exertion of his capacities. It was left to experience to prove how narrow these capacities were, and to develop that dogged conceit which has since made him impervious to remonstrance, oblivious to reproach, and insensible to criticism. His delay in the autumn of 1861, his cruelty in keeping his army in summer quarters all through the winter past, his imbecility in permitting the enemy to escape from Manassas, illustrating again before Yorktown, and on a scale surpassing belief before Richmond, his base ingratitude towards Pope, and the later development of the same tendencies, superadded to insubordination on the Upper Potomac, have all contributed to weaken and destroy our confidence, and convince us that, while his appointments were a mistake, his retention has been a crime.

In the progress of the war he has freely expressed his opinions, never from a personal consideration, but with reluctance, as a public duty. Their expression has subjected us to remonstrance, to censure, and occasionally to abuse. So did our arraignment—and we were the first to arraign them—of Stone and Buell, *et id hoc genus omne*. Public reprobation has overtaken them all. Our criticisms have been justified, and our predictions, as our readers will bear witness, have been fulfilled.

It only remains to purge the army of the Fitz-John Porters, Griffins, and others, and all those who make the present position of our national affairs a mockery, and the reform will be complete. Thank God, neither fools nor traitors have compassed the destruction of the nation notwithstanding they have brought it into imminent peril!

With the final removal of McClellan commences the earnest prosecution of the war. We shall no longer be compelled to ask—

“Have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmur of the Potomac’s wave?”
—Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Newspaper.

GENERAL MCLELLAN REMOVED.

It cannot be denied that Gen. McClellan has disappointed the hopes and just expectations of the people. For more than a year, he has had the command of one of the most appointed armies the world ever saw, and what has he accomplished? Let the present position of our national affairs answer. Giving him all due credit—and much is due him—for his skill in defensive operations, for his ability displayed in organizing his army, and for those qualities of mind and heart which have secured the love and respect of his troops, it yet remains true that his excessive caution and lack of demonstrative energy have proved his unfitness for the high position he has held. He has always failed to strike at the right moment. He allowed the enemy to steal away from Manassas when he was weak, and our army to be routed; he failed to improve the golden opportunity at Yorktown, and thus necessitated the disastrous campaign of the Peninsula, and he most inexplicably and mysteriously neglected to follow up the advantages gained on the bloody field of Antietam. Why the battle was not renewed on the following day, and the whole rebel army routed, as all authorities agree it might have been, has never been, and we fear never can be, satisfactorily explained.

We have never been of those, if such there be, who have desired the downfall of Gen. McClellan. We have believed in him, and earnestly desired to see him win all the laurels which victory could crown his brow. But we are free to confess that while we deeply regret the necessity, we cannot deny the justice of his removal. Others will think differently; many will charge his removal to unjust motives. But whatever may be our own opinions upon this matter, the true course for every patriot and well-wisher of his country to pursue is plainly apparent. It cannot be the part of a good citizen to make this event the occasion of intensifying political prejudices and hatred. One of our duties speaks of the stream of indignation from soldiers and people, which is to meet the ears of the President in consequence of this act. But we trust there is to be no attempt to encourage insubordination in the army. It is to be remembered that the power of appointing the commanders of our armies rests, according to the Constitution, with the President, and not with the soldiers. Neither is the fact of Gen. McClellan’s popularity with his troops any proof of his possessing the highest military qualities. The General who has gained the love of his troops has certainly secured one element of victory, but he may be lacking in other qualities essential to success. Nor are soldiers the best judges of a General’s military abilities. They move in the dark, they execute without understanding what has been planned, and love for the man easily becomes admiration for the General, even when the commander, to the eye of the more distant and impartial observer, has failed to display the qualities indispensable to success. But we have no fear for the loyalty of our brave troops. They will follow on to victory, and the able General upon whom the chief command has now devolved, and who has never yet been defeated. It is no time now to elevate any individual into an importance greater than the perils of the country. In the midst of this great struggle, we must not commit the suicidal act of turning our attention from the common enemy to engage in a bitter quarrel about the merits of an individual. Individuals may rise or fall, but the great cause of liberty and national unity must not be imperilled by factious adherence to their fortunes.—Portland Transcript.

GOOD NEWS.

The removal of Gen. McClellan, which has been long and anxiously looked for by nearly every one who was in favor of a vigorous and earnest prosecution of the war, is at last a fixed fact, and with this stumbling-block removed, it is probable that the last obstacle in the way of a general and decisive onset of our forces is out of the way, and we hope that the nation will soon see the war prosecuted in earnest, and with a view to hurt somebody. Our campaigns thus far have been almost entirely passive and failures, and with the most magnificent armies in the world, and the most able General upon whom we have accomplished nothing worthy of the gigantic efforts put forth by the people, owing to the imbecility or treachery of our leading Generals; and the consequence is that the people have almost entirely lost faith in the Administration, and well they might, with the meagre results accomplished by such powerful, disciplined and well-equipped forces. We have heard it often proclaimed that the Administration was fully alive to the necessity of a vigorous prosecution of the war; but the only satisfactory evidence we have thus far seen of such knowledge, is in the dismissal of Buell and McClellan, both of whom were retained months and months after they had demonstrated their utter incapacity to successfully lead our armies to battle.

If it indeed prove that the Administration is really alive to the necessity of speedy and decisive action, it will soon regain the confidence of the people, which has been well-nigh lost to them, owing to the dilatory and indecisive manner in which they have allowed the war to be prosecuted. We sincerely trust that our anticipations in regard to a change of views on the part of Government may not again be disappointed, as has been the case always heretofore, when a change of policy has been announced with a flourish of trumpets.—Freedom’s Champion, Atkinson, Kansas.

THE REMOVAL OF MCLELLAN.

The whole country will rejoice that, at last, McClellan is removed. By whatever standard he be measured, he is a failure, and one of the most costly ones that any country ever endured. He has been the evil genius of the war. Delay, indecision, hesitancy, defeat, have attended his footsteps. Placed at the head of the choicest armies of the Republic, afforded every possible facility for brilliant achievement, an accepted hero before he had fought a single great battle, and a predetermined Napoleon before winning any victories, he has most signally and miserably failed. Tens of thousands of our brave soldiers lie in their graves as the victims of his incompetency. Gloom and disaster have settled upon the country because of his incapacity. The rebellion, which, long ago, would have been crushed, had been the man for the place he was in, has grown into fearful proportions and gathered tremendous strength. No better example than he furnishes could be given of the terrible evils which an incompetent commander may inflict upon a great country. The President has at last been aroused to the absolute necessity of a change. He has been in-

dent, too lenient, to McClellan, and given him the amplest opportunity to achieve success. But it was not in the man. His military abilities have evidently been vastly overrated. For the General of a brigade or a division, under some great leader, he would probably do well; but he is not the man to wield such mighty arms, or direct such vast campaigns as characterise this war. But such military talents as he has, he has been crippled and hampered by his political ideas. He has had no heart in the war, and has conducted it as a democratic politician, rather than as a great General determined to crush the enemy. By a natural and unerring popular instinct, all the compromising, half-loyal elements of the North have gathered round him. His name was on the tongue of every democratic demagogue in the late political campaigns, from Maine to Kansas. His praises were chanted by the Woods, the Seymours, the Vallandighams, the Medears, and the whole chorus of pro-slavery demagogues. McClellan was their man. And he did them good service. His execrable method of making war disgusted and disheartened the country, and filled the mouths of democratic stump-speakers with denunciations against the Government for its imbecility and failure in the work of crushing the South. McClellan refused to move, or to fight, and democratic chieftains upon the Administration, and thus the thing has gone on until the Government stands itself, as the fruit of the McClellan policy, on the very verge of destruction.

We are glad that boldness and decision at last rule the hour, and that the President has taken the bull by the horns in dismissing this oft-demonstrated military incompetent. We hail it as a sign of happy augury for the future.—Lawrence (Kansas) Republican.

MCLELLAN’S DISLOYALTY.

The Chicago Tribune makes the following statement in regard to Gen. McClellan—

“As long as Gen. McClellan was at the head of the Army of the Potomac, our loyalty forbade that we should weaken the confidence of the country in the soldiers in him by the publication of the facts which have been long in our possession, and now that he has been displaced to make room for a better and more earnest man, there can be no objection to saying that when the war broke out, and before a Major-Generalship was tendered him by a too indulgent Government, he frequently and unreservedly expressed the opinion that the South was right and ought to succeed. We ourselves have read a letter from one of the most truthful and excellent gentlemen of Cincinnati, a frequent visitor to Gen. McClellan’s family, in which the charge of former disloyalty is made, and supported by proof that not the most ardent of McClellan’s worshippers could doubt. It is, in fact, notorious in Cincinnati, where his home was when he was called to a command, that the sympathies of the General were wholly in favor of the rebellion, and that he never used any care in concealing them from his associates, upon whose discretion he could depend. Many of these, while wondering at the revolution of opinion that impelled him to accept a commission when it was tendered to him by Mr. Lincoln, have never been at any loss to account for his failure to achieve success. We state nothing but facts.”

AN ORACULAR PRINCE.

If anything is wanted to add weight to the testimony of Prince de Joinville, in favor of McClellan, we have no doubt that it could be had for the asking. Any other prince, as ignorant of American affairs as he was, if taken into the tent, and placed on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, allowed to see only one side of the case, and to know nothing of the honorable, to hear no vigorous criticism, would perhaps do just what this fat and ruddy Frenchman has done—put McClellan’s side of the case quite as strongly and just as honestly as he has put it. But no testimony of that sort is worth a button. The General is to be judged, not by what a French Prince was told, what he saw, what he guessed, or what he thought, but by the results of his campaigns. What did he do? Did he, wielding the whole power of the Republic, beat the enemy at Manassas, a year ago, or did that enemy first humbug and then conquer him? Did he take Richmond by his Peninsula campaign? Did he beat and pursue the rebels on the Upper Potomac? These are the points of interest in the matter, not what his wandering scion of bastard royalty says or fails to say. These questions the President and Gen. Halleck, with the concurrence of the whole Cabinet, have decided. They know as much about it as any vagrant Johnny Crapeau, be he prince or peasant, and in their decision we are sure the country will be content to abide. So let the sympathizers howl! —Chicago Tribune.

General McClellan had no personal enemy in the whole North, when decked in stolen and borrowed renown from Western Virginia, he came down to assume the command of the Potomac. One shout of welcome, unwisely as we see it now, proclaimed him the young Napoleon, and passed him unchallenged to the highest place at the military council board.

Nor can he complain of a hasty verdict. The fidelity, and patience, and confidence with which loyal hearts followed him for months after thousands of hearts were sick with defeat, and a war that he had a fair trial, or only unfair trenching too dangerously upon the interests of the country. He had such an army as no earthly leader ever before looked upon. He had at his back the wealth and courage of a nation. He squandered, wasted, trifled, with all. The historian will set down his failures either to incapacity, cowardice, or treachery. He kept himself for months on the defensive, in the presence of an enemy less than one-third as strong as himself. With balloons, reconnoissances, daily occurrence, the enemy have come and gone undisturbed and at will. When apparently in his power he never struck them, or striking, forebore to crush. The net result of McClellan’s connection with the command of the Potomac is a gloomy budget of disappointment, anguish and shame, relieved by not a single victory. The graves of our brave soldiers have followed his imbecile marches, and mark where his camps for months have lain rusting in idleness. The indictment to be drawn against him will charge him with the ruin of the best army the world ever saw enrolled, the sore impertinence of the boldest cause in which sword was ever drawn. That indictment is not yet written. His crime against the republic is one that may have no mortal hearing, but it is none the less real. It is a mild punishment that tears from him the baton he has disgraced, but it saves the Government. Better days are dawning—yes, are here.—Ibid.

McClellan in the West. Our advices from Gen. Grant’s army at Holly Springs say that the news of the removal of McClellan was received by our soldiers there, and they were glad to hear of it with the greatest joy. “Now,” say the boys, “we see a prospect of a termination of the war, and of our return home!” The boys are right; and though they may not have very accurate notions of the particulars of McClellan’s failure, they have what Sherman’s friends claimed for him, “great instincts,” which in this case, as in most other cases, have not deceived them.—Ibid.

The Removal of Gen. McClellan. Gen. McClellan has at last been compelled to retire from a position in which he failed to meet the just demands of the Government and the people. No General ever entered the public service under happier auspices; with every needed aid at his command, with the superadded confidence of the army, the people and the administration,—and yet he failed to achieve any considerable degree of success. Month after month the country has patiently waited, and borne alike the solemn and the ludicrous, who sought to find in him a military and political idol, and the carping criticisms of those unskilled in the toils and trials of a soldier’s life, willing to give him every opportunity of proving that their early confidence had not been misplaced. But he has failed, and failed too at a time and in a cause in which success was a duty.—Dedham Gazette.

Several of the journals are lauding General McClellan for his manly conduct since his removal. All right, gentlemen! We give him all credit for his course. But was not Gen Fremont’s course equally as manly when he was removed from his command on the eve of battle? Yes, too many papers could not say a word in his favor, but spoke most contemptuously of him.—Boston Sentinel.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1862.

MR. G. W. P. BENTINCK, M. P., ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

In that department of pro-slavery infamy, on our first page, the “Refuge of Oppression,” we give, unbridled, a speech made by Mr. G. W. P. Bentinck, a member of the British Parliament, upon American affairs, delivered a few weeks ago before the Marshall Agricultural Association. It deserves a careful perusal as exhibiting, we are reluctantly constrained to believe, a widely prevalent feeling in England toward this country—a feeling adverse to the American Union and Government, and, consequently, favorable to the rebellion and Southern independence. It is a conglomerate of personal infatuation, undisciplined self-complacent rhapsody, impudent denials of the plainest truth, consummate ignorance of the matters treated upon, intense hostility to republican institutions, and ardent sympathy for the cause of the secessionists. If such a pretentious blockhead is deemed qualified to be a member of Parliament, what must be the character and condition of his constituents?

In the first place, he deems it necessary to begin by stating that no man in the kingdom loathes more sincerely than he does the institution of slavery; that he believes it to be barbarous, anti-Christian, every thing that is detestable. Yet he is wholly with you to the South, in no section of which, under secession control, could such a testimony be given against slavery, except at the peril, and, in all probability, the summary loss of life! What he found so easy to utter before the Marshall farmers, on British soil, let him, if he dare, attempt to utter in any part of that slaveholding confederacy whose independence he desires to see quickly recognized by England! He will be a lucky adventurer indeed, if he is ever again permitted to set his native land.

But it is to be neither uncharitable nor unskillful to declare that his anti-slavery profession is a sham, to be scouted with honest indignation; for the whole tenor of his bungling, disjointed, audacious harangue shows that he is an ingrained Tory, whose contempt for democratic equality of rights is as intense as his love of hereditary power is absolute, and who cares as little for the thraldom of the negroes in America as he does for the whistling of the wind. Were he at the South, the first thing he would do, as a speech-maker, would be to burn incense on the blood-reeking altar of slavery, to denounce abolitionism as the wildest fanaticism, and to extol the humanity of the traffickers in human flesh. This is apparent from the fact that he has the effrontery to tell the people of England, “You spent 20,000,000*l.* for the simple purpose of deteriorating the position of the slave whom you meant to benefit.” Is this Bentinck an Irishman, that he makes a purpose to deteriorate the slave tantamount to a purpose to benefit him?

Again—the hollowness of his anti-slavery protestation is manifest in his affected horror of mind in view of President Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation. “It would lead,” he says, “to a wholesale massacre of human beings, black and white, so extensive and so horrible that I will undertake to say there is nothing in the history of the known world which could be compared to it.” Contemtable dissembler! False and cowardly alarmist!

Next, with an assurance scarcely credible, he says: “I contend that the question of slavery has nothing whatever to do either with the feud which is now going on between the Northern and the Southern States, nor has nor ought it to have anything to do with the light in which that feud ought to be regarded by the people of this country.” He undertakes to prove this by declaring that, up to the time of the rebellion, the Northern States “upheld and maintained the institution of slavery.” This is true, so far as the pro-slavery guarantees of the Constitution are concerned; but this incidental support of slavery, reluctantly wrung out of the North in order to prevent national dismemberment, at last proved neither strong nor direct enough to answer the rapacious demands and growing necessities of the South. Hence, despairing of longer controlling the destiny of the country, and deeming it indispensable to her safety to establish a confederacy based upon slavery as its cornerstone, she perfidiously seceded from the Union, and declared war against the Federal Government.

This charge, that the Northern States “deny the black man the rights of a human being,” is grossly untrue; for in none of them is he or can he be held as a slave, if a resident therein. It is true, in some of them there are unjust enactments, by which he is politically proscribed, or forbidden to enter for settlement from abroad, but the passage of these is owing solely to that spirit of caste which is invariably engendered by slavery. These, however, are exceptional cases. In every New England State, except Connecticut, we believe, the black man is the equal of the white man before the laws and the Constitution, entitled to the same protection, enjoying the same political privileges, and eligible to any and every office in the gift of the people. In some other States, though disfranchised, he has according to him all the rights of a human being, as much as any non-voting laborer or operative in England.

He utters an untruth when he asserts that those who proscribe the black man at the North, or who are engaged in suppressing the rebellion, “now arrogate to themselves the title of Abolitionists.” That title comparatively few are even yet found willing to assume: the great mass of the people continue to reprobate it. To be sure, this is not to their credit; but it renders pointless the sneers and gibes of this English libeller.

He is equally disregarding of the truth in his unqualified declaration—“The men of the North are fighting, for what most men fight,—they are fighting for dollars.” Dollars! When did a people ever before make such liberal donations and large pecuniary sacrifices in the service of their country? Theirs is not a mercenary object, but a struggle in good faith to maintain free speech, a free press, and free institutions, against a treasonable slave oligarchy seeking to destroy them all. They are actuated neither by selfishness on the one hand, nor by vindictive spirit toward the South on the other, but by patriotic motives, a desire to promote and secure the general welfare, and true love of country.

But the climax of this Bentinck’s effrontery is reached in the assertion, that “the Southerner is fighting for that which is dearer than life—his liberty; he is fighting against one of the most grinding, one of the most galling, one of the most irritating attempts to establish a tyrannical government that ever disgraced the history of the world!”

No better reply to the blockheadism and mendacity of this speech of a Tory member of Parliament than the lucid, truthful, and admirable lecture of George Thompson, Esq., on the same subject, which may be found on the third page.

“WAR IN AMERICA.” We have copied, on our fourth page, a characteristic article with this title from the London Herald of Peace—characteristic, we say, for ever since the rebellion broke out, that journal has industriously and persistently assailed the American Government, President Lincoln, and the people of the North—placing the worst construction upon their purposes and acts, berating them for not allowing the rebellious South to have her own way and to do with them whatever she pleases, and exerting its influence to facilitate the dismemberment of this republic, with a zeal that must excite the wonder and admiration of Jefferson Davis and his perfidious, plundering, man-stealing, slavery-perpetuating crew. Such obliquity of vision and perverseness of understanding indicate anything rather than a candid and peaceful disposition.

LETTER FROM GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

JEFF. DAVIS’S EX-COACHMAN IN LONDON.

8 Clayton Place, Kensington Road, London, Nov. 7, 1862.

MY DEAR GARRISON—Very early yesterday morning, I was aroused from my bed by the announcement that an “American gentleman” had arrived, and was below. A letter, also, was handed to me. I got up, and read yours of the 23d October, introducing William A. Jackson, lately the coachman of the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis. For your sake, as well as for his own, I welcomed the fugitive from Virginia, and he was soon seated by a good fire in my study, relating to me, while he took his breakfast, his adventures, both as a slave and a freeman. From 8 A. M. till 2 P. M., I was engaged in taking notes of his history from his birth until his reaching my dwelling. While I was attending a public meeting in the evening, Jackson was in my study writing to you, and I enclose the result of his three hours’ cogitation. I shall do the best I can to obtain for him opportunities of addressing the people of this country. It has yet to be proved, whether there exists a sufficient amount of curiosity to draw the people out to hear him. He will, however, derive benefit from his sojourn here, and, if I may judge from what I have seen of him, there will be no lack of either capacity or disposition to improve his advantages. He will remain my guest for the present, and Mrs. Thompson, and my daughter Edith, will have sincere pleasure in being his preceptors. I will write you again respecting him, when his prospects here are more defined.

And now, when I say of the conflicts through which you are passing? What can I say of my own country, and the attitude which our journals and public men have assumed in reference to your great struggle! All through the contest, my sympathies have been with the true friends of liberty at the North. What I could do, I have done, to correct public sentiment. As far as my strength would permit me, I have written and spoken with a view to the enlightenment of the public mind on the real merits of the question at issue. Towards the close of last year, and at the beginning of the present, I delivered a large number of lectures in Lancashire and Yorkshire, including eight in the city of Manchester (six of which were in the Free Trade Hall). I also gave lectures in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere in Scotland. I formally proposed to the Union American in London, to give the whole of my time, gratuitously, to the work of agitation in this country, if they would raise a fund for the payment of the necessary expenses; but there was no response. But, alas! the only agency they employed was the London American, which has done far more harm than good to their cause, by being the vehicle for the venomous outpourings of G. F. Train, and the slanderous attacks upon the Abolitionists of their New York correspondent. Again—the Committee of the B. and F. Anti-Slavery Society has done nothing, and is only now thinking of saying a good word in behalf of the Proclamation. Thus, I have stood alone. The Star and Daily News have done good service among the daily London papers; and the Spectator and Dial, among the weekly journals, have promulgated sound views; but what are these among the multitude of papers that have gone wrong? The tenor of my public addresses may be judged of by a report of one of my recent lectures, which I enclose.

Ever most sincerely yours,
GEORGE THOMPSON.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM A. JACKSON.

LONDON, November 6, 1862.

MY EDITOR: DEAR SIR—I now take the friendly opportunity of writing to you. I know that you and the friends of liberty would like to know of my arrival in Europe. I haste to tell you. I come on my own responsibility, which you and the friends all know. I arrived in Liverpool on the 5th inst. at one o’clock, P. M., by the steamship City of New York, making the voyage eleven days and four hours. She brought over a good many passengers. They put off a good many at Queenstown—a good many of Irish—all of which were anxious to go home, and see their mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and some of their friends that had been sick and lame for years. But they never thought of them all till Father Abraham commenced drafting, and then they began to take off to Ireland, and think of their friends that had left behind! There was one who said, “Faith, I have a bounty, and I will go and see my father.”

I have often wondered why the Irish had such a prejudice against colored gentlemen and ladies. I saw colored ladies and gentlemen, because I am under the flag of Queen Victoria; because I know a colored man can come here, and in this land be free. Here you do not hear the word “nigger,” like you do among the low, degraded Irish of the North, who pretend to support the Constitution and the Union, and get their bounty, and go off till the war is over. Then they all will want to come back, and then they will talk about the Constitution bigger than George Francis Train. He had better not come over here where I am now. He might have to write his speech in a station-house here in London. If I had my way with him, and all such men as the Irish which I refer to, I would send them all to Central America, along with all the rebel prisoners, and make George Francis Train over them all.

I would write more about myself, but I have to think of those who are in bondage. As for me, do not be discouraged, for Jesus is my friend; he has given me grace to conquer, and will bear me safe through with all my undertaking, if I do not forget God; for I do believe when I forget God, I will certainly fall—I will be done forever. But I am happy to say to all my friends, I feel more like serving God than I ever did before. I feel that I will be sure to get along, if I look to God, and do not forget to pray; though I would rather be with the Union army, if I could help to kill some of the rebels, and my people all free. I have done all that I could to get a chance to go, before I left the United States, but the Government would not accept the regiment that Gov. Sprague was raising at Providence, Rhode Island, which I joined. But, nevertheless, I hope it will all come right by and by. I know my people will be free. I was offered the chance to go to Washington, the day that I arrived in New York from Boston to take the steamer; but then it was too late, for I had made my arrangements to sail for Europe. That being on a Friday, the steamer sailed on Saturday; therefore, I would not break my arrangements, because I think a man without his word of principle is nothing.

I have more to write, but it is getting late. I will always stand up for the Constitution and the Union as it ought to be.

Very respectfully yours,
WM. A. JACKSON,
Ex-Cochman of Jeff. Davis.

We give this epistle *verbatim* as written by this self-emancipated bondman, and trust that it will prove edifying to the rebel President in special, and the slaveholding traitors in general. It indicates a sudden and wonderful change in the condition of the writer—from a mere chattel in Richmond to a recognized freeman in London. Making his appearance there as “a swift witness” against slavery and the rebellion, we have no doubt he will do good service at this crisis.

B. GRATZ BROWN.

The name of this gentleman, now a resident of Missouri, and whose powerful support of the emancipation policy in that State is well known to us of the East, stands next on the list of lecturers in the Free Trade Hall of this city, for Tuesday evening, Dec. 2d.

For the benefit especially of such of our readers as are wont to attend those excellent lectures, we subjoin the following estimate of Mr. Brown from the St. Louis *News-Zeit*, of Oct. 19, a paper alike devoted to the good cause he has at heart—

“Rarely enough has a man without position acquired so decisive an influence on the politics of the day as Mr. B. Gratz Brown. We say this of our fellow-citizen with satisfaction and pride, though we are certainly no worshippers of Brown. On the contrary, since we happen to be speaking of him, let us say here, that we have scarcely had so much to take exception to in any one, as in this very man. ‘Noblesse oblige,’ says a French proverb, and its application belongs, if to any one, to our Gratz. For who, in these stormy days of general bewilderment, was summoned as he was, to take the helm of public affairs in St. Louis County? No one approached him in greatness of intellect, clearness of principle, pithy and convincing eloquence. . . . No one, especially, could with such playful ease vanquish Blair, whom he overtopped head and shoulders, as a leader of the people, a parliamentary speaker, a statesman, an economist, and a financier; in knowledge, heart, and every other respect. But then came in relationship and regard,—then came business, family, and care for the future between them. Yet is Gratz Brown a man of action, though his only title to the name of a leader of the people, and of the spirit of ideas. Yet is he now, as then, the great, the undisputed champion of the cause of emancipation. Yet often a word, hurled by him into the confusion, gives to the whole movement a new, or at least a steady direction, while it brings light to chaos. Such is B. Gratz Brown, with his brilliant, his grand, and deep shadows. He holds a proud place among us as an intellectual Titan. Who knows, though, whether a prouder, according to current ideas, is not reserved for him?”

We notice in a more recent number of the same newspaper, that the people of Missouri are beginning to consider whether the Senate of the United States is not that “prouder place reserved for him” by the State Legislature; apropos of which, the St. Joseph *Journal*, “a conservative sheet,” expresses itself as follows—

“B. Gratz Brown comes of a stock that richly counts in itself the stuff for a United States Senator. Such is B. Gratz Brown, with his brilliant, his grand, and deep shadows. He holds a proud place among us as an intellectual Titan. Who knows, though, whether a prouder, according to current ideas, is not reserved for him?”

Mr. Brown deserves, and we doubt not will secure, a large and appreciative audience, brought together not only in his honor, but for their own profit—w. r. o.

In consequence of pressing duties and engagements connected with the state of the emancipation cause in Missouri, Mr. Brown will not be able to speak at the Lyceum. Richard Basted has consented to take his place.

THE TWO CAPITALS.

REV. M. D. CONWAY gave his best and most telling lecture on the above subject, last Friday evening, at Lyceum Hall, Milford. The inclemency of the weather and had travelling curtailed the number of hearers. But those who faced the storm were amply repaid, and left the hall with more enthusiasm and satisfaction than we are wont to witness. According to my judgment, this is one of Mr. Conway’s best efforts—in its delivery, he is truly M. D. Conway—only a little more so.

There are several striking points which he puts with an original force, suited to the hour, and which fasten to the memory of the hearer. His scathing rebuke of the servile cry, that our present struggle is not a war for Emancipation, is capital, worth more than “two capitals,” unless they get rid of slavery. His reference to the precious saints of New York, under the leadership of Fernando Wood & Co. is rich and caustic. “These fellows,” says Mr. C., “are continually oscillating, like the pendulum of a clock, between Washington and the Penitentiary.” The classification of those represented by the President’s Proclamation—“hunkers, neutrals, and weak-kneed anti-thin-skinned Republicans,” as we Yankees say, hit the nail on the head.

Then there were pathetic and sympathetic power that reached the heart. Curses upon a system so foul and unnatural as American slavery were inwardly rising, as our friend narrated the paltry meanness of our Generals and others to the oppressed. The first of January, we were told, has hitherto been dominated by the slaves as the “heart-break day.” It is on this day, so pleasant to most of us in receiving and imparting tokens of affection and friendship, that the victims of oppression are assembled in shambles, to be let out, sold, and separated. No sun of brightness shines in their lonely path. But, thank God, Abraham Lincoln proposes to let in a little light on the next new year’s day! O, may it be to the suffering, tolling millions the coming of that glad hour for which they have so patiently waited, saying—“Am I not a man and a brother?”

I am glad to announce that Mr. Conway proposes to re-act the lecture on the Two Capitals, and bring it out under the significant title of the “National Equinox.” This lecture he will deliver at Milford, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th. No better service can be done the Anti-Slavery cause than for our friends in various places to secure his services.

G. W. S.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

If Mr. Phillips continue to make speeches, we beg him to consider that he may yet be the death of the editor of the Boston *Courier*, who, whenever Mr. P. gives utterance to his opinions, is sure to fall into spasms, froth at the mouth, convulsively roll up his eyes, and present a most agonized appearance. Here is what the truly patriotic, philosophical, statesman-like, and highly eloquent lecture delivered by Mr. Phillips at Music Hall, on the evening of the 10th inst., at the opening of the annual course instituted by the Mercantile Library Association, extorted from the forehead editor of the *Courier* the next morning:

“Wendell Phillips, last evening, in the Introductory Lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, raved, we learn, even more than he has done, and do not take the trouble to report the rantings of a mad man. But it is all the better that this set of hair-brained desperadoes should let out all their fury and folly; for so much the sooner will they come to the end of their rope. Mr. Sumner, who now attends upon their exercises to assure the public of the personal approbation of them, was ready, last night, with his expressions of hearty concurrence in the malignant extravagancies of his equally flighty associate; and no doubt is fool enough to imagine that he, and the fitting and fast-moving opportunity to teach them what they are, and what is the indignant will of an abused people.”

Seriously, it requires no brains to write columns of such low blackguardism as this. Not content with this vomit, however, this malignant *Therapist*, in a subsequent number, ejects the following—

“There is nothing surprising in the fact that a person like Wendell Phillips should talk treason, and the most absurd treason, too, so long as he has got an audience to hear him, and gets his pay for his treason; but it is amazing that men and women in decent stations in society should be willing to hear him, and should even buy the chance of listening to him. And yet, in this cultured city of Boston, they heard his bald-headed through, heard the Secretary of State and the hero to whom they owe their lives, and safety, by whomsoever it may be saved hereafter, called traitors, and we dare say, ‘wiped their mouths and said, we have done no evil.’”

How Mr. Phillips “raved,” what were the “malignant extravagancies” and “rantings of this madman,” the kind of “bald-headed” and “treason” in which he indulged, may be seen by a perusal of the reliable report of his lecture made by Mr. Yerrinton for the *Post*, and to be found on our fourth page. The *Courier* reviewer habitually mistakes disgusting billingsgate for smart criticism.

MR. FOSB’S REPORT AS AGENT.

Nov. 14, 1862.

DEAR MR. MAY—My last report of 4th October, I sent me at Peacham, Vermont. My next appointment was at Groton, Vt. On my arrival, I found the arrival of the previous evening. It was due four days earlier. The matter was referred to the Massachusetts minister, who, with friendly promptitude, gave the notice he could of the meeting. The evening was rainy. Nevertheless, a very good meeting came together, and gave me earnest attention.

The next day I went to Wells River. Judge Phelps gave me a hearty welcome to his home. I had long arranged that I should speak in the Orthodox meeting-house in the evening. The meeting was large and attentive, but I failed to inspire them with any like enthusiasm. The next morning, Judge Phelps’ widow called upon me, and said mine was the first Bible lesson lecture he had ever heard. He professed to be deeply interested, and made a donation to help me on my way.

My next appointment was at Topsham. Here I sides an old and faithful friend, Rev. N. R. Johnson. Of course, every thing was done according to good meeting. Owing to the fact that a number of our friends had gone to the war, and to the fact that the Congregational clergyman did not read the notice of the meeting was somewhat smaller than the one I held there a year ago. Still, it

