

TWO YEARS FROM FORT SUMTER.

Extract from an eloquent Discourse preached in the Unitarian Church at New Bedford, Sunday, April 12th, 1863, by Rev. W. J. FORTY.

The last two years have shown that the heroic virtues are not dead in our country. Scenes of the revolution, which we read with proud admiration, have been re-enacted before our very eyes by our own neighbors, and brothers, and sisters; nay, the national danger has brought forth deeds and sayings, from man and woman, worthy of the palmy days of heroic Rome.

Call not, then, these years the dark years of the Republic. Eight years ago, when we allowed the slave States to break a solemn compact, and to extend the empire of a territory from which it had been forever barred, or in 1850, when we consented by Congressional statute to stifle the natural instincts of humanity, and become slave-hunters for Southern plantations; or in 1845, when we agreed to a war of robbery against Mexico, that slavery might have more room; or in 1820, when by compromise, freedom was conceded, and in order to States was admitted to the Union, or at the very foundation of the government, when the seeds of compromise with that iniquity, whence all our national miseries have grown, were planted in the Constitution itself—then were days full of darkness and evil foreboding for the republic.

But the day when slavery itself destroyed all these compromises, and with suicidal hand annihilated all claims to national honor and glory, was henceforth left in order to save itself—the day when the North rose as one man to wrest the government from the grasp of rebellion, and, in so doing, to break in sunder the chains with which the slave power had kept not only the black man, but the whole country and all its interests in bondage—this is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

If this first high tide of patriotic ardor has since somewhat declined; if party rancor and wrangling have shown themselves again, and a malignant, unscrupulous opposition to the government has been organized; if selfish and incompetent men have floated into place; if there is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance. It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance. It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance. It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance. It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance. It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance. It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance. It is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawn of the era of our national deliverance.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in New York on Tuesday, May 12th, at the Church of the Puritans, and at the Cooper Institute. The first meeting took place at the Church of the Puritans, (Dr. Cheever's), commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. A very large and highly intelligent audience was in attendance, the church being entirely filled, and among them were many who, years ago, enlisted for the war, and have been spared to see the "beginning of the end" for which they have so long and so faithfully labored.

On the platform were seated the President of the Society, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Theodore D. Weld, Thomas Garrett, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Rev. John T. Sargent, Rev. Moses Thacher, Theodore Tilton, and others.

The exercises of the occasion commenced with the singing of a hymn, by a voluntary choir, under the direction of Prof. Stephen Lassar.

The President—in accordance with the usages of this Society, opportunity will now be given to any one who may feel moved to offer prayer to God in behalf of our sacred cause.

Rev. George Thayer, of Fitzburg, Mass., (known as the anti-tobacco preacher), then came to the platform, and prayed fervently for the Society, the Country, and the Cause of Freedom.

Another hymn was then sung—followed by the reading of portions of the eleventh and twelfth chapters of the Book of the prophet Jeremiah, by the President.

The Treasurer of the Society, (WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq.) being absent, his Annual Report was read by Mr. May, of Boston, as follows:—

Annual Account of the American Anti-Slavery Society from May 1, 1862, to May 1, 1863.

By balance from old account, \$3,237 93
By amount received from subscriptions to Standard, donations, and sales of publications, 6,614 00
\$9,851 93

To amount expended for publication of Standard, for Lecturing Agents, and for publishing pamphlets, 9,227 38
4,154 55
To balance new account, \$13,451 93

The President then read to the meeting an extended series of Resolutions, respecting the rebellion and the aspects of the Anti-Slavery cause. (These were published in the Liberator of last week.)

The President introduced, as the first speaker, the Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, of the Cove-nanter body of New York—a body which had stood like a religious Gibraltar against the wiles and temptations of the Slave Power, keeping its garments clean from the beginning.

THE SOCIETY ALSO ASSEMBLED IN THE EVENING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, AND WAS ADDRESS BY THEOPHORE TILTON.

The Society also assembled in the evening at the Cooper Institute, and was addressed by THEOPHORE TILTON, (whose excellent speech we give below), and WENDELL PHILLIPS; after which, the Hon. HENRY B. SWANWICK, in compliance with a call from the friends around him, made a stirring address. The Hutchinson Family (JOHN, HENRY, and VIOLA, assisted by Mrs. ABY PATTON) added much to the interest of the meeting by singing several touching and appropriate songs. Mrs. Patton's fine voice gave pleasure to the whole audience, but especially to hundreds of her old friends, whose hearts were stirred by memories of the time when she was the "bright particular star" of the unrivaled quartette first known as the "Hutchinson Family."

The Business meetings of the Society were held in the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday forenoon. But we must defer the remainder of the report till next week.

SPEECH OF THEOPHORE TILTON, Esq. Delivered at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the Cooper Institute, New York. TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 12.

MY FRIENDS—I bring you the negro! Not the slave—not the contraband—not the freedman—but the negro! You and I will not meet slavery in the future as we have met it in the past. The times have changed. Our attitude now toward that system is the attitude of St. Margaret in Raphael's picture—our feet are upon the Great Dragon, and the palm-branch of victory is in our hands. (Applause.)

The Cause which this May festival represents takes now a new phase. As the Journal of Commerce expresses it, "The opposition is no longer to the slave: it is to the negro." That is, there is a sworn enemy to the black man whether in his chains, or not—whether under the yoke, or free. Men dilk the color of his skin—so they lift their hands to smite his cheek. Our plans, therefore, is no longer for the slave. That argument has passed. It passed on the 1st of January. The needful plea now is for the negro. That necessity still remains. "The poor ye have always with you!"

Who, then, is the negro? What is his rank among men? Send me to search for the negro, and where will they look? They will look under their feet—for they keep him to trample on! Lift him up and ask, who he is? and what do men answer? An inferior man—a sunken humanity—a half-gifted child of God. A white man, looking down upon a negro, straightway lifts himself up an inch higher into a frown, and but sets as you will who are above the negro, I will tell you who are below him. The Esquimaux are below him. The Pacific Islanders are below him. The South American Tribes poleward from the L. Plata are below him. The ground castes of India are below him: Bachman says that the head of the Negro measures three square inches more than the head of the Hindoo. The natives of Van Diemen's land are below him. Is the negro's skull thick? The Van Diemen's Lander breaks fire-wood over his! He would do to be his own schoolmaster! (Laughter.)

I can count you twenty races of men—and as many editors of newspapers—who rank below the negro. (Laughter.) Ethnologists say that the classes of mankind are five—just a handful! You can count them on your thumb and fingers—like the five points of Calvinism. (Laughter.) Thus—Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American Indian, Malay. Now I put a question: would you exchange the negroes of the South for four million Malays? They are a nation of pilgrims: Ask San Francisco! Would you exchange them for four million Indians? Ask Minnesota, and read her answer in fire and massacre! So, out of the five classes of mankind, the negro is your second choice. You prefer him before three-fifths of all the world! You rank him second to the Caucasian. That is to say, you count him the best man in the world after yourself.

Of course, you would exchange the negroes for four million Caucasians. We have a Caucasian pride. But who are these typical Caucasians who have given their name to the best blood of the world? Who are these chief aristocrats of the earth? They borrow their name from Mount Caucasus—their supposed native seat. The books say that their women are like Venus—their men like Apollo—the finest known specimens of mankind. But Mr. Primrose says, "Handsome is that handsome does." Now, what have these handsome Caucasians done in the world? I mean the pure, original stock by the Black Sea—untainted by baser blood. They have accomplished nothing. They have originated no new idea. They have left no record in history. They have exerted no influence upon mankind. They are like the Adam of the Scriptures—the original Caucasian of the garden—who probably had a fine figure and a fair face, but who never said a single word, or thought a single thought, which God deemed worthy of record in the Scriptures after that time. Take the whole double tribe of original Caucasians—Georgians on one side, and Caucasians on the other—and compare them, for influence in the world, with our American negroes. I maintain that the slaves of the single State of South Carolina have done more useful work—have exerted themselves more lasting name in history—were exerting more influence upon their day and generation—shaking States, changing governments, settling ideas—than the whole tribe of original Caucasians who still look up to their native mountain-peak to receive the whiteness of its snows upon their cheeks! Caucasian! The beautiful name is as little account as the ugly-faced newspaper that steals in this city. (Laughter.)

Do you say the negro race is inferior? No man can yet pronounce that judgment safely. How will you compare races, to give each its due rank? There is but one just way. You must compare them in their failings, not in their beginnings—in their flower, not in their bud. Nations rise, wax strong, decline. Now, for instance, how will you estimate the rank of the great Roman people? By its beginnings! By its decline! By neither. You rank it at the height of its civilization—when it attained to jurisprudence, to statesmanship, to eloquence, to the beautiful arts. Otherwise, you rank it unjustly. The Germans, to-day, give philosophy to Europe; but you can count the years backwards when the Germans, now philosophers, were barbarians. Who could say, eight or nine centuries ago, what was to be the intellectual capacity of the French nation? So no man can now predict what is to be the intellectual destiny of the negro race. That race is yet so undeveloped—that destiny is yet so unfulfilled—that no man can say, and no wise man pretends to say, what the negro race is capable of being.

Inferior! What is human inferiority? Will you look at a child in his cradle and say, That is an inferior man! No. You wait for his growth—you judge him by his manhood. Will you look upon a race yet in its infancy, and say, That is an inferior race! No. The time has not yet come to judge that infant race; the time has not yet come to judge that infant race. These stormy times are yet only rocking its cradle in the tree-top, as in the nursery song. It may be that the negro race—on their native continent—in the long future—growing strong as other nations grow weak—holding the soil in one hand, and the sea in the other—may yet rise to be the dominant, superior race of the world. I do not say this will be so; but I say, no man can prove that this will not be so. You may read Fritchard and Pinkerton, and Marton, and Pickering, and Latham, and all the rest—the whole library of Ethnology—and in the confusion of knowledge, you will find one thing clear—and that is, science has not yet proved, in advance, that the negro race is not to be a high-cultured, dominant race—rulers of their own continent, and perhaps dictators to the world. No man can force the future of the world's history. Who knows but that some eminent man, in turn, to be come chief of the whole fire in power and civilization! Asia once entranced Europe, but Europe now out-

States as the basest despotism the sun ever shone upon; and I take nothing back that ever I said. When this government was, as it used to be, a slaveholding oligarchy; when such imbecile and heartless cravens as our Buchanan and your Pierce were used as nominal rulers; when its powers were used and abused by slaveholding, slave-breeding traitors, such as Jefferson Davis, and Howell Cobb, and Thiel Floyd, and Isaac Toucey; and when the old Jesuit Tanev was unshorn of his power as Chief Justice in his Temple of Justice; then, sir, I hated it with a wrath which words could not express, and I denounced it with all the bitterness of my indignant soul. (Applause.) My friends would urge me to moderate my tone, but it was impossible; out of the bitterness of the heart, the mouth would speak. I was a victim, stricken, degraded, injured, insulted in my person, in my family, in my friends, in my estate; I returned bitterness for bitterness, and scorn for scorn. I am the same man still, and I must be allowed, as some would say, though I do not, to err on the other extreme. I forget the past; joy fills my soul at the prospect of the future. I leave to others the needful duty of censure. But I hear some of my hearers saying, "It is too soon to begin to rejoice; don't hallow ill you are out of the woods; don't be too sure of the future—wait and see." No, sir, I will not wait—I cannot be mistaken. My instincts, in this matter at least, are unerring. The good time which has so long been coming is at hand. I feel it, I see it in the air, I read it in the signs of the times; I see it in the acts of Congress, in the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in its exclusion from the Territories, in solemn treaties for the effectual suppression of the infernal foreign slave trade, in the acknowledgment of the black republics of Hayti and Liberia. I see it in the new spirit that is in the army; I see it in the black regiment of South Carolina; (applause.) I see it in the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts; I see it in the order of Adjutant-General Thomas, forming a black brigade at Memphis; I see it, above all, and more than all, in the GLORIOUS AND IMMORTAL PROCLAMATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1863. (Cheers.) By that imperishable instrument, the three million of slaves in the rebel States are legally and irrevocably free! (In the opinion of Mr. Greeley of the Tribune to the contrary notwithstanding.) By that immortal document, all the remaining slaves of the country are in effect promised their freedom. In spirit and in purpose, thanks to Almighty God! this is no longer a slaveholding republic. The flat has gone forth which, when this rebellion is crushed—and it will be crushed as sure as there is a God in heaven—the flat has gone forth which, in the simple but beautiful language of the President, "will take all burdens from off all backs, and make every man a freeman."

Sir, this is a glorious contest. It is not simply and solely a fight about the black man. It is not merely a war between the North and the South. It is a war between freedom and despotism the world over. If this government had only the South to contend with, their work would be soon done. But it is with the South backed up by pro-slavery Europe and pro-slavery England, that this government has to contend. It is pro-slavery England that furnishes to the rebels the arms, ammunition, ships, encouragement and money with which to carry out the base slaveholding, slave-breeding conspiracy. I say pro-slavery England, for, Mr. Chairman, I need not tell you that there are two Englands—anti-slavery England that manumitted her 800,000 slaves, and the England that opposed, as long as there was any hope of success, that glorious act; the England that now speaks in our favor in the voice of John Bright and William E. Forster, and that noble man and unequalled orator, George Thompson, and the England which holds the reins of power in its hands, and uses that power, as far as it dares, to break down this government. Sir, the former England I honor and adore; the latter, the England which now uses and abuses the great power of that great country, I abhor and repudiate. When I was in England, many years ago, it was my good fortune to be introduced to Ireland's great Liberator, the eminent Daniel O'Connell. Before extending his hand to me, he said that "he would never take the hand of an American, unless he knew him to be an anti-slavery man." Thanking him for his noble resolution, and declaring myself at the same time to be an Abolitionist, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and shook it heartily. It was a striking circumstance, and left a deep impression upon my mind. Mr. Chairman, I am now prepared to practice the lesson I then learned. O'Connell has gone, and alas! his spirit has gone with him. The feeblest and bitterest enemies of freedom and the black man are countrymen of the great Liberator. If, hereafter, any one coming from Great Britain, be he Saxon or Celt, should seek an introduction to one so humble as myself, I think, before extending my hand, I would feel bound to say, "What sort of an Englishman or Irishman are you? Are you of the herd that support the slaveholding rebels, and that build Alabama corsairs and Florida pirates to prey on the commerce of Freedom? If you are, I will have nothing to do with you; I regard you as an enemy of God and of the human race. But if your sympathies are with struggling Freedom, and your hatred towards its enemies, then give me your hand."

THE SOCIETY ALSO ASSEMBLED IN THE EVENING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, AND WAS ADDRESS BY THEOPHORE TILTON.

The Society also assembled in the evening at the Cooper Institute, and was addressed by THEOPHORE TILTON, (whose excellent speech we give below), and WENDELL PHILLIPS; after which, the Hon. HENRY B. SWANWICK, in compliance with a call from the friends around him, made a stirring address. The Hutchinson Family (JOHN, HENRY, and VIOLA, assisted by Mrs. ABY PATTON) added much to the interest of the meeting by singing several touching and appropriate songs. Mrs. Patton's fine voice gave pleasure to the whole audience, but especially to hundreds of her old friends, whose hearts were stirred by memories of the time when she was the "bright particular star" of the unrivaled quartette first known as the "Hutchinson Family."

The Business meetings of the Society were held in the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday forenoon. But we must defer the remainder of the report till next week.

SPEECH OF THEOPHORE TILTON, Esq. Delivered at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the Cooper Institute, New York. TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 12.

MY FRIENDS—I bring you the negro! Not the slave—not the contraband—not the freedman—but the negro! You and I will not meet slavery in the future as we have met it in the past. The times have changed. Our attitude now toward that system is the attitude of St. Margaret in Raphael's picture—our feet are upon the Great Dragon, and the palm-branch of victory is in our hands. (Applause.)

The Cause which this May festival represents takes now a new phase. As the Journal of Commerce expresses it, "The opposition is no longer to the slave: it is to the negro." That is, there is a sworn enemy to the black man whether in his chains, or not—whether under the yoke, or free. Men dilk the color of his skin—so they lift their hands to smite his cheek. Our plans, therefore, is no longer for the slave. That argument has passed. It passed on the 1st of January. The needful plea now is for the negro. That necessity still remains. "The poor ye have always with you!"

Who, then, is the negro? What is his rank among men? Send me to search for the negro, and where will they look? They will look under their feet—for they keep him to trample on! Lift him up and ask, who he is? and what do men answer? An inferior man—a sunken humanity—a half-gifted child of God. A white man, looking down upon a negro, straightway lifts himself up an inch higher into a frown, and but sets as you will who are above the negro, I will tell you who are below him. The Esquimaux are below him. The Pacific Islanders are below him. The South American Tribes poleward from the L. Plata are below him. The ground castes of India are below him: Bachman says that the head of the Negro measures three square inches more than the head of the Hindoo. The natives of Van Diemen's land are below him. Is the negro's skull thick? The Van Diemen's Lander breaks fire-wood over his! He would do to be his own schoolmaster! (Laughter.)

I can count you twenty races of men—and as many editors of newspapers—who rank below the negro. (Laughter.) Ethnologists say that the classes of mankind are five—just a handful! You can count them on your thumb and fingers—like the five points of Calvinism. (Laughter.) Thus—Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American Indian, Malay. Now I put a question: would you exchange the negroes of the South for four million Malays? They are a nation of pilgrims: Ask San Francisco! Would you exchange them for four million Indians? Ask Minnesota, and read her answer in fire and massacre! So, out of the five classes of mankind, the negro is your second choice. You prefer him before three-fifths of all the world! You rank him second to the Caucasian. That is to say, you count him the best man in the world after yourself.

Of course, you would exchange the negroes for four million Caucasians. We have a Caucasian pride. But who are these typical Caucasians who have given their name to the best blood of the world? Who are these chief aristocrats of the earth? They borrow their name from Mount Caucasus—their supposed native seat. The books say that their women are like Venus—their men like Apollo—the finest known specimens of mankind. But Mr. Primrose says, "Handsome is that handsome does." Now, what have these handsome Caucasians done in the world? I mean the pure, original stock by the Black Sea—untainted by baser blood. They have accomplished nothing. They have originated no new idea. They have left no record in history. They have exerted no influence upon mankind. They are like the Adam of the Scriptures—the original Caucasian of the garden—who probably had a fine figure and a fair face, but who never said a single word, or thought a single thought, which God deemed worthy of record in the Scriptures after that time. Take the whole double tribe of original Caucasians—Georgians on one side, and Caucasians on the other—and compare them, for influence in the world, with our American negroes. I maintain that the slaves of the single State of South Carolina have done more useful work—have exerted themselves more lasting name in history—were exerting more influence upon their day and generation—shaking States, changing governments, settling ideas—than the whole tribe of original Caucasians who still look up to their native mountain-peak to receive the whiteness of its snows upon their cheeks! Caucasian! The beautiful name is as little account as the ugly-faced newspaper that steals in this city. (Laughter.)

Do you say the negro race is inferior? No man can yet pronounce that judgment safely. How will you compare races, to give each its due rank? There is but one just way. You must compare them in their failings, not in their beginnings—in their flower, not in their bud. Nations rise, wax strong, decline. Now, for instance, how will you estimate the rank of the great Roman people? By its beginnings! By its decline! By neither. You rank it at the height of its civilization—when it attained to jurisprudence, to statesmanship, to eloquence, to the beautiful arts. Otherwise, you rank it unjustly. The Germans, to-day, give philosophy to Europe; but you can count the years backwards when the Germans, now philosophers, were barbarians. Who could say, eight or nine centuries ago, what was to be the intellectual capacity of the French nation? So no man can now predict what is to be the intellectual destiny of the negro race. That race is yet so undeveloped—that destiny is yet so unfulfilled—that no man can say, and no wise man pretends to say, what the negro race is capable of being.

Inferior! What is human inferiority? Will you look at a child in his cradle and say, That is an inferior man! No. You wait for his growth—you judge him by his manhood. Will you look upon a race yet in its infancy, and say, That is an inferior race! No. The time has not yet come to judge that infant race; the time has not yet come to judge that infant race. These stormy times are yet only rocking its cradle in the tree-top, as in the nursery song. It may be that the negro race—on their native continent—in the long future—growing strong as other nations grow weak—holding the soil in one hand, and the sea in the other—may yet rise to be the dominant, superior race of the world. I do not say this will be so; but I say, no man can prove that this will not be so. You may read Fritchard and Pinkerton, and Marton, and Pickering, and Latham, and all the rest—the whole library of Ethnology—and in the confusion of knowledge, you will find one thing clear—and that is, science has not yet proved, in advance, that the negro race is not to be a high-cultured, dominant race—rulers of their own continent, and perhaps dictators to the world. No man can force the future of the world's history. Who knows but that some eminent man, in turn, to be come chief of the whole fire in power and civilization! Asia once entranced Europe, but Europe now out-

States as the basest despotism the sun ever shone upon; and I take nothing back that ever I said. When this government was, as it used to be, a slaveholding oligarchy; when such imbecile and heartless cravens as our Buchanan and your Pierce were used as nominal rulers; when its powers were used and abused by slaveholding, slave-breeding traitors, such as Jefferson Davis, and Howell Cobb, and Thiel Floyd, and Isaac Toucey; and when the old Jesuit Tanev was unshorn of his power as Chief Justice in his Temple of Justice; then, sir, I hated it with a wrath which words could not express, and I denounced it with all the bitterness of my indignant soul. (Applause.) My friends would urge me to moderate my tone, but it was impossible; out of the bitterness of the heart, the mouth would speak. I was a victim, stricken, degraded, injured, insulted in my person, in my family, in my friends, in my estate; I returned bitterness for bitterness, and scorn for scorn. I am the same man still, and I must be allowed, as some would say, though I do not, to err on the other extreme. I forget the past; joy fills my soul at the prospect of the future. I leave to others the needful duty of censure. But I hear some of my hearers saying, "It is too soon to begin to rejoice; don't hallow ill you are out of the woods; don't be too sure of the future—wait and see." No, sir, I will not wait—I cannot be mistaken. My instincts, in this matter at least, are unerring. The good time which has so long been coming is at hand. I feel it, I see it in the air, I read it in the signs of the times; I see it in the acts of Congress, in the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in its exclusion from the Territories, in solemn treaties for the effectual suppression of the infernal foreign slave trade, in the acknowledgment of the black republics of Hayti and Liberia. I see it in the new spirit that is in the army; I see it in the black regiment of South Carolina; (applause.) I see it in the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts; I see it in the order of Adjutant-General Thomas, forming a black brigade at Memphis; I see it, above all, and more than all, in the GLORIOUS AND IMMORTAL PROCLAMATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1863. (Cheers.) By that imperishable instrument, the three million of slaves in the rebel States are legally and irrevocably free! (In the opinion of Mr. Greeley of the Tribune to the contrary notwithstanding.) By that immortal document, all the remaining slaves of the country are in effect promised their freedom. In spirit and in purpose, thanks to Almighty God! this is no longer a slaveholding republic. The flat has gone forth which, when this rebellion is crushed—and it will be crushed as sure as there is a God in heaven—the flat has gone forth which, in the simple but beautiful language of the President, "will take all burdens from off all backs, and make every man a freeman."

Sir, this is a glorious contest. It is not simply and solely a fight about the black man. It is not merely a war between the North and the South. It is a war between freedom and despotism the world over. If this government had only the South to contend with, their work would be soon done. But it is with the South backed up by pro-slavery Europe and pro-slavery England, that this government has to contend. It is pro-slavery England that furnishes to the rebels the arms, ammunition, ships, encouragement and money with which to carry out the base slaveholding, slave-breeding conspiracy. I say pro-slavery England, for, Mr. Chairman, I need not tell you that there are two Englands—anti-slavery England that manumitted her 800,000 slaves, and the England that opposed, as long as there was any hope of success, that glorious act; the England that now speaks in our favor in the voice of John Bright and William E. Forster, and that noble man and unequalled orator, George Thompson, and the England which holds the reins of power in its hands, and uses that power, as far as it dares, to break down this government. Sir, the former England I honor and adore; the latter, the England which now uses and abuses the great power of that great country, I abhor and repudiate. When I was in England, many years ago, it was my good fortune to be introduced to Ireland's great Liberator, the eminent Daniel O'Connell. Before extending his hand to me, he said that "he would never take the hand of an American, unless he knew him to be an anti-slavery man." Thanking him for his noble resolution, and declaring myself at the same time to be an Abolitionist, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and shook it heartily. It was a striking circumstance, and left a deep impression upon my mind. Mr. Chairman, I am now prepared to practice the lesson I then learned. O'Connell has gone, and alas! his spirit has gone with him. The feeblest and bitterest enemies of freedom and the black man are countrymen of the great Liberator. If, hereafter, any one coming from Great Britain, be he Saxon or Celt, should seek an introduction to one so humble as myself, I think, before extending my hand, I would feel bound to say, "What sort of an Englishman or Irishman are you? Are you of the herd that support the slaveholding rebels, and that build Alabama corsairs and Florida pirates to prey on the commerce of Freedom? If you are, I will have nothing to do with you; I regard you as an enemy of God and of the human race. But if your sympathies are with struggling Freedom, and your hatred towards its enemies, then give me your hand."

THE SOCIETY ALSO ASSEMBLED IN THE EVENING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, AND WAS ADDRESS BY THEOPHORE TILTON.

The Society also assembled in the evening at the Cooper Institute, and was addressed by THEOPHORE TILTON, (whose excellent speech we give below), and WENDELL PHILLIPS; after which, the Hon. HENRY B. SWANWICK, in compliance with a call from the friends around him, made a stirring address. The Hutchinson Family (JOHN, HENRY, and VIOLA, assisted by Mrs. ABY PATTON) added much to the interest of the meeting by singing several touching and appropriate songs. Mrs. Patton's fine voice gave pleasure to the whole audience, but especially to hundreds of her old friends, whose hearts were stirred by memories of the time when she was the "bright particular star" of the unrivaled quartette first known as the "Hutchinson Family."

The Business meetings of the Society were held in the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday forenoon. But we must defer the remainder of the report till next week.

SPEECH OF THEOPHORE TILTON, Esq. Delivered at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the Cooper Institute, New York. TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 12.

MY FRIENDS—I bring you the negro! Not the slave—not the contraband—not the freedman—but the negro! You and I will not meet slavery in the future as we have met it in the past. The times have changed. Our attitude now toward that system is the attitude of St. Margaret in Raphael's picture—our feet are upon the Great Dragon, and the palm-branch of victory is in our hands. (Applause.)

The Cause which this May festival represents takes now a new phase. As the Journal of Commerce expresses it, "The opposition is no longer to the slave: it is to the negro." That is, there is a sworn enemy to the black man whether in his chains, or not—whether under the yoke, or free. Men dilk the color of his skin—so they lift their hands to smite his cheek. Our plans, therefore, is no longer for the slave. That argument has passed. It passed on the 1st of January. The needful plea now is for the negro. That necessity still remains. "The poor ye have always with you!"

Who, then, is the negro? What is his rank among men? Send me to search for the negro, and where will they look? They will look under their feet—for they keep him to trample on! Lift him up and ask, who he is? and what do men answer? An inferior man—a sunken humanity—a half-gifted child of God. A white man, looking down upon a negro, straightway lifts himself up an inch higher into a frown, and but sets as you will who are above the negro, I will tell you who are below him. The Esquimaux are below him. The Pacific Islanders are below him. The South American Tribes poleward from the L. Plata are below him. The ground castes of India are below him: Bachman says that the head of the Negro measures three square inches more than the head of the Hindoo. The natives of Van Diemen's land are below him. Is the negro's skull thick? The Van Diemen's Lander breaks fire-wood over his! He would do to be his own schoolmaster! (Laughter.)

I can count you twenty races of men—and as many editors of newspapers—who rank below the negro. (Laughter.) Ethnologists say that the classes of mankind are five—just a handful! You can count them on your thumb and fingers—like the five points of Calvinism. (Laughter.) Thus—Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American Indian, Malay. Now I put a question: would you exchange the negroes of the South for four million Malays? They are a nation of pilgrims: Ask San Francisco! Would you exchange them for four million Indians? Ask Minnesota, and read her answer in fire and massacre! So, out of the five classes of mankind, the negro is your second choice. You prefer him before three-fifths of all the world! You rank him second to the Caucasian. That is to say, you count him the best man in the world after yourself.

Of course, you would exchange the negroes for four million Caucasians. We have a Caucasian pride. But who are these typical Caucasians who have given their name to the best blood of the world? Who are these chief aristocrats of the earth? They borrow their name from Mount Caucasus—their supposed native seat. The books say that their women are like Venus—their men like Apollo—the finest known specimens of mankind. But Mr. Primrose says, "Handsome is that handsome does." Now, what have these handsome Caucasians done in the world? I mean the pure, original stock by the Black Sea—untainted by baser blood. They have accomplished nothing. They have originated no new idea. They have left no record in history. They have exerted no influence upon mankind. They are like the Adam of the Scriptures—the original Caucasian of the garden—who probably had a fine figure and a fair face, but who never said a single word, or thought a single thought, which God deemed worthy of record in the Scriptures after that time. Take the whole double tribe of original Caucasians—Georgians on one side, and Caucasians on the other—and compare them, for influence in the world, with our American negroes. I maintain that the slaves of the single State of South Carolina have done more useful work—have exerted themselves more lasting name in history—were exerting more influence upon their day and generation—shaking States, changing governments, settling ideas—than the whole tribe of original Caucasians who still look up to their native mountain-peak to receive the whiteness of its snows upon their cheeks! Caucasian! The beautiful name is as little account as the ugly-faced newspaper that steals in this city. (Laughter.)

Do you say the negro race is inferior? No man can yet pronounce that judgment safely. How will you compare races, to give each its due rank? There is but one just way. You must compare them in their failings, not in their beginnings—in their flower, not in their bud. Nations rise, wax strong, decline. Now, for instance, how will you estimate the rank of the great Roman people? By its beginnings! By its decline! By neither. You rank it at the height of its civilization—when it attained to jurisprudence, to statesmanship, to eloquence, to the beautiful arts. Otherwise, you rank it unjustly. The Germans, to-day, give philosophy to Europe; but you can count the years backwards when the Germans, now philosophers, were barbarians. Who could say, eight or nine centuries ago, what was to be the intellectual capacity of the French nation? So no man can now predict what is to be the intellectual destiny of the negro race. That race is yet so undeveloped—that destiny is yet so unfulfilled—that no man can say, and no wise man pretends to say, what the negro race is capable of being.

Inferior! What is human inferiority? Will you look at a child in his cradle and say, That is an inferior man! No. You wait for his growth—you judge him by his manhood. Will you look upon a race yet in its infancy, and say, That is an inferior race! No. The time has not yet come to judge that infant race; the time has not yet come to judge that infant race. These stormy times are yet only rocking its cradle in the tree-top, as in the nursery song. It may be that the negro race—on their native continent—in the long future—growing strong as other nations grow weak—holding the soil in one hand, and the sea in the other—may yet rise to be the dominant, superior race of the world. I do not say this will be so; but I say, no man can prove that this will not be so. You may read Fritchard and Pinkerton, and Marton, and Pickering, and Latham, and all the rest—the whole library of Ethnology—and in the confusion of knowledge, you will find one thing clear—and that is, science has not yet proved, in advance, that the negro race is not to be a high-cultured, dominant race—rulers of their own continent, and perhaps dictators to the world. No man can force the future of the world's history. Who knows but that some eminent man, in turn, to be come chief of the whole fire in power and civilization! Asia once entranced Europe, but Europe now out-

States as the basest despotism the sun ever shone upon; and I take nothing back that ever I said. When this government was, as it used to be, a slaveholding oligarchy; when such imbecile and heartless cravens as our Buchanan and your Pierce were used as nominal rulers; when its powers were used and abused by slaveholding, slave-breeding traitors, such as Jefferson Davis, and Howell Cobb, and Thiel Floyd, and Isaac Toucey; and when the old Jesuit Tanev was unshorn of his power as Chief Justice in his Temple of Justice; then, sir, I hated it with a wrath which words could not express, and I denounced it with all the bitterness of my indignant soul. (Applause.) My friends would urge me to moderate my tone, but it was impossible; out of the bitterness of the heart, the mouth would speak. I was a victim, stricken, degraded, injured, insulted in my person, in my family, in my friends, in my estate; I returned bitterness for bitterness, and scorn for scorn. I am the same man still, and I must be allowed, as some would say, though I do not, to err on the other extreme. I forget the past; joy fills my soul at the prospect of the future. I leave to others the needful duty of censure. But I hear some of my hearers saying, "It is too soon to begin to rejoice; don't hallow ill you are out of the woods; don't be too sure of the future—wait and see." No, sir, I will not wait—I cannot be mistaken. My instincts, in this matter at least, are unerring. The good time which has so long been coming is at hand. I feel it, I see it in the air, I read it in the signs of the times; I see it in the acts of Congress, in the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in its exclusion from the Territories, in solemn treaties for the effectual suppression of the infernal foreign slave trade, in

Otherwise, the negro will steal the white man's face.

You must do to him as he has done to you. You must do to him as he has done to you.

What is the object of this diversity? It is to show the world that the negro is a distinct nation.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

prante; that State of South Carolina shall be rebuilt upon a foundation of New England ideas.

This is something new in the world's history. A nation struggling for self-existence—that is, nothing new.

What, therefore, has been the struggle for liberty in the past? It has been the common people lifting up their hands.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellect. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason.

who was making a forced march to reach us, where we lay, and to lead him in. From what I saw of the proprietor of the house where General Howard stopped.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon—i. e., May 20—our Brigade, the 2d Brigade of the 2d Division, was taken off to form a junction with Gen. Birney's Division.

The cannoning and musketry, from daylight till between three and four o'clock, was incessant and fearful.

All accounts agree that Gen. Hooker showed himself at the head of the brave. It does not become me to speak as to the skill with which he handled his troops.

In connection with this expedition of our army Stoneman had gone down with his cavalry force to cut the railroad between Fredericksburg and Richmond.

The excellent reading matter with which I have been supplied this winter has been of infinite service to me.

I have just received a letter from Gen. Saxton, from which I am led to expect a captain's commission in one of the colored regiments of South Carolina.

Mr. Edward L. Pierce of Milton, recently government agent at Port Royal, S. C., addressed a large audience at the Tremont Temple, Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Educational Commission.

He remarked at the outset that two questions pre-occupied themselves in considering the subject, viz: will the freed blacks work for their living, and will they fight for their freedom?

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

The ranks of the 5th regiment having been filled, the presentation of regimental colors took place yesterday noon at their camp at Beavertown.

The ranks of the 5th regiment having been filled, the presentation of regimental colors took place yesterday noon at their camp at Beavertown.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

The ranks of the 5th regiment having been filled, the presentation of regimental colors took place yesterday noon at their camp at Beavertown.

The ranks of the 5th regiment having been filled, the presentation of regimental colors took place yesterday noon at their camp at Beavertown.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard.

WATCH MEETING—WAITING FOR THE HOUR—DECEMBER 31, 1862.

Mr. WILLIAM T. CARLTON, a meritorious artist of this city, has just completed an original sketch of a group of some thirty slave figures.

These figures are represented as anxiously waiting for the Proclamation which shall make them forever free.

The time selected is midnight—the central figure (a venerable presbyter or patriarch) holding in his right hand a watch, indicating five minutes of twelve—the proscribed hour!

It is a striking picture, artistically conceived and executed, to be carefully studied and analyzed, and replete with feeling and sentiment.

Photographic copies will be on sale Anniversary Week, at the usual places of sale of engraved photographs, and at the Anti-Slavery Office. Price \$1.00.

We hope it will find an extensive sale.

YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS. The Religious Society of Progressive Friends will hold the Eleventh Yearly Meeting at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., commencing on Fifth-day (Thursday), the 4th of Sixth month (June), 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing two or three days.

The Progressive Friends are not assembled upon any theological or ecclesiastical basis, but attracted by a common desire to promote their own moral and spiritual improvement, and to labor for the promotion among mankind of whatever things are just, beneficent and pure.

It is their aim to maintain freedom of inquiry, thought and speech; to be hospitable to new ideas, proving all things and holding fast that which is good; to deliver themselves and others from the besetting power of superstition, sectarianism and priestcraft; to open their hearts freely to all Divine and ennobling inspirations, giving heed to the spirit more than to the letter; and to exert their whole moral influence, as individuals and as an association, for the overthrow of every system of injustice and fraud, and the upholding of all that tends to promote the highest welfare of the human family.

MEASURES OF SUCCESS WHICH HAS ATTENDED OUR LABORS as a Religious Society during the last ten years, to say nothing of the great enjoyment we have had in them, encourages us to persevere in the good work.

And now when our country is involved in all the disasters and perils of a bloody struggle for the overthrow of slavery and the preservation of free institutions, the duty of laboring for the diffusion of the principles on which our association is founded seems more than ever imperative.

We therefore invite all who cherish those principles to meet and co-operate with us.

Oliver Johnson, Jennie K. Smith, William Barnard, Mary P. Wilson, Maria Agnew, Henry M. Smith, Dinah Mendenhall, Alfred H. Love, Mary Leary Barnard, Theodore Tilton, Sarah Cox, Hannah M. Barnard, Edwin H. Coates, Susanna P. Chambers, Allen Agnew, Annie M. Stambach, M. D.

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society will be held on Thursday Evening, May 26th, at 7 o'clock, in Tarkenton Temple. Speakers—Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York; Rev. Merrill Richardson, of Worcester; Rev. Gilbert Haven, of Malden. Singing by the choir of Rev. L. A. Grimes's church.

By the Secretary, HENRY T. CHEEVER.

INFIDEL CONVENTION. The Infidel Association of America will hold its Annual Convention on the day and evening of Wednesday, May 27th, 1863, at Mercantile Hall, Summer Street, Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Friends of the cause are respectfully invited to attend. Good speakers are expected.

Per order of the Executive Central Committee, J. M. BECKETT, Sec'y.

EMANCIPATION LEAGUE. There will be a public meeting of the League on Monday Afternoon, May 25, at 3 o'clock, at the Tremont Temple. The Secretary will present the operations of the Society since its organization, and addresses may be expected from Gen. A. J. Hamilton, of Texas; Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago; Wendell Phillips, Esq., and others. The public are respectfully invited to be present.

SLAVE CASE IN THE WASHINGTON SUPREME COURT.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—A fugitive slave case, pending in the Supreme Court for this district, excluding the case of Charles Carter, is now on the calendar.

It is a very glad to have this opportunity to thank the officers of the regiment for their untiring fidelity and devotion to their work from the very beginning.

Associate Justice Wylie said he issued the warrant by which the party was arrested, namely, a fugitive from Maryland, and put him in prison to await his return to his master.

Under the present Chief Justice of the District was the designated executive or ministerial officer. Apart from judicial conduct, he desired these to be further discussed. This was agreed to, and Wednesday next will be spent in the hearing of the case.

DEATH OF THE REBEL GENERAL JACKSON. A Richmond paper gives full accounts of the wounding, death, and funeral of Jackson, the former leaving no doubt that the wound was inflicted by a mistake of their own men.

PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO REGIMENT. Very cheering accounts continue to be received from the West. A letter from Helena, Ark., 25th ult., to the St. Louis Democrat, says:—

The most interesting subjects now, however, are the fall of Vicksburg and the organization of the 7th regiment. Of the former, there seems to be a better prospect than ever before; and the latter promises, with energy and tact, to be a signal success.

LETTER FROM REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

CAMP OF THE 8th MASS., NEAR AQUIA CREEK, (Va.) MAY 10th, 1863.

DEAR GARRISON—Two weeks ago, we received orders to march at daylight the next morning, with eight days' rations in our haversacks.

Our army then held a camp of perhaps ten miles in circuit, and ten miles from Fredericksburg. The shortest rest on the Rappahannock at the United States Ford, where three pontoon bridges were thrown across, over which supplies for the army were to be brought on pack mules.

On Saturday morning, May 24, I strolled down the plank road, and entered the house which General Howard had taken as his headquarters. While there, I heard the proprietor of the house expressing fear for his son, who had gone out the day before, and had not returned.

THE FREED BLACKS AT PORT ROYAL.

Mr. Edward L. Pierce of Milton, recently government agent at Port Royal, S. C., addressed a large audience at the Tremont Temple, Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Educational Commission.

He remarked at the outset that two questions pre-occupied themselves in considering the subject, viz: will the freed blacks work for their living, and will they fight for their freedom?

The condition of affairs in respect to the education and development of the negroes was represented as being very satisfactory, and much evidence was brought forward to establish this position, some of which, where exhibitions of negro literature and slave political economy were involved, were quite ludicrous.

Prof. William B. Rogers presided, and introduced the speaker in a feeling and impressive manner.

STOCK & EXCHANGE BROKER.

NO. 39 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I HAVE THIS DAY opened an office for the transaction of a general EXCHANGE and BANKING BUSINESS, and the sale of Bonds and other Securities on Commission.

Particular attention will be given to Government Securities, as the most reliable investment of money. Bonds and Stocks in general will be bought and sold. Dividends, Interests and Coupons will be collected and remitted.

Interest allowed on Deposits, and Loans negotiated. Special Collections made, and all business transacted in Cash and Currency bought. Foreign Exchange sold.

As I have a prompt and reliable correspondent in New York, connected with the Broker's Board, I can execute orders there with dispatch. Any business entrusted to me will be attended to promptly and faithfully.

Poetry.

EXTRACT FROM "THE SONG OF SLAVES."

Hang thy sword upon the wall,
And let it rust for shame;
There is no longer right or truth,
Nor honor in our name.

The Liberator.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHELDON.
A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

Never, in the history of any civilized nation, did
a year open with more discouraging, threatening as-
pect for the cause of civilization, than marked the ad-
vent of eighteen hundred sixty-one in the great

few—Recruited from what? And as hundreds of
thousands more forward in obedience to the new num-
bers, from a deeper stratum of thought and convic-
tion, the less decided but more encouraging wash-
word is given—Constitution—Union—Law.

REV. DR. CHEEVER
ON THE INSPIRATION AND INFALLIBILITY OF
THE SCRIPTURES.
CRITIQUE BY REV. L. A. SAWYER.

to produce Jesus Christ's testimony to prove a fact,
let him prove it; till it is proved, it is inadmis-
sible, it constitutes no part of the evidence on

From the London Patriot.
A MORAL.
Dr. Pusey sits in his Oxford chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air;

PHILADELPHIA: PUBLISHED BY J. W. MERRILL, No. 121 N. 2ND ST.
FOR THE PROPRIETOR, J. W. MERRILL, No. 121 N. 2ND ST.