

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, General Agent.
TERMS—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum in advance.
Five copies will be sent to one address for ten dollars, if payment be made in advance.
All communications to be made, and all letters relative to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed to the General Agent.

The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any of the contents of the paper, viz:—FRANCIS JACKSON, EDWARD QUINN, EMORY JACKSON, and WENDELL PIERCE.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.



NO UNION WITH SLAYERS
There is some excuse for a committee, when, under a general impression that the cause of the oppressed is at stake, they are hurried into a course of public measures, and are not able to give the same deliberation and care which they would give if they were not hurried.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

SENTIMENT AT THE SOUTH.
We find in the New Haven Register the following from a gentleman in Alabama to a family friend in New Haven. The author is a Union-loving, conservative man, though not a member of the Democratic party. Thousands of communications of the same purport are written by people at the South to their friends in the North. We reproduce the Alabama letter, because it is temperately written, and obviously states the facts:—

Ala., Oct. 24, 1860.
In days from this, the people of this county will be called on to decide whether the Government is to be maintained, or whether it should be dissolved.

Let there be one drop of Southern blood spilt, and our Southern States will be ready to avenge it. Months since, I thought there would be no withdrawing of any State until after some overt act by Lincoln and his Administration—but Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, South Carolina, and Florida, have withdrawn. Our State has passed a resolution that in the event of a Black Republican being elected Governor, and a large number of our representatives elect, are in favor of resistance! Most of our voters in the cotton States are of the same opinion.

South Carolina has passed a resolution that in the event of a Black Republican being elected Governor, and a large number of our representatives elect, are in favor of resistance! Most of our voters in the cotton States are of the same opinion.

South Carolina has passed a resolution that in the event of a Black Republican being elected Governor, and a large number of our representatives elect, are in favor of resistance! Most of our voters in the cotton States are of the same opinion.

South Carolina has passed a resolution that in the event of a Black Republican being elected Governor, and a large number of our representatives elect, are in favor of resistance! Most of our voters in the cotton States are of the same opinion.

past achievements, with our love of liberty and hatred of tyranny, and with the knowledge that we are contending for the safety of our homes and firesides, we can confidently appeal to the Disposer of all human events, and surely trust our cause in his keeping.

W. H. GIST.
ELEGANT EXTRACT.
The editor of the Democratic Platform published at Calhoun in Georgia, goes into extasies over a sentiment recently offered on a public occasion by a Democrat of Savannah—as follows:—

A GOLDEN SENTIMENT.—Write it upon pages of adamant, that the corroding tooth of time may never obliterate its legitimacy, in golden letters, that its purity may never be effaced nor obscured by the fire of fanaticism and ignorance—paint it upon the canvas of the blue vault of heaven—with a pencil of sunbeam, dipped in the colors of the rainbow!—forever proclaim it in the tones of loudest thunder—the never-dying truth contained in the sentiment expressed by Mayor Arnold, of Savannah, at the late annual parade of the Fire Department of that city:—"The element of Southern prosperity is African muscle, directed by Caucasian brains."

SELECTIONS.
From the Scotsman.
MISS REMOND IN EDINBURGH.
Last night, a public meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country.

The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country. The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country.

MISS REMOND IN EDINBURGH.
The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country. The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country.

MISS REMOND IN EDINBURGH.
The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country. The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country.

MISS REMOND IN EDINBURGH.
The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country. The meeting was held in Brighton Street, Glasgow, to hear a lecture on American Slavery, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of our country.

hishing; they might his away. He had read for the last few years a Presbyterian minister's periodical, published in Philadelphia, which announced every national sin, but had never put his finger on the master sin of slavery; but he saw in a sermon by a Presbyterian minister in New York, supporting the Fugitive Slave Law, which he had been bound to denounce; and that sermon contained, also, the statement that the writer believed that the reason why God overruled 'Assumption' was to show that Christianity was compatible with slavery.

From the Eastern Standard, Oct. 20th.
SLAVERY IN AMERICA.
A lecture on the above subject was delivered on Wednesday evening last, in the Baptist Chapel, Commercial Street, Whitechapel, by the Rev. Chas. Stovel.

FRATERNAL ADDRESS.
From the First Calvinistic Baptist Church in England to the Baptist Churches in the United States of America.
DEAR BRETHREN: Since the passing of your American Fugitive Slave Law, in 1850, more than one colored man in the United States has sought refuge in our communion.

DEAR BRETHREN: Since the passing of your American Fugitive Slave Law, in 1850, more than one colored man in the United States has sought refuge in our communion. We have heard of the names of fugitives, and we have seen their faces, and we have seen their hands.

DEAR BRETHREN: Since the passing of your American Fugitive Slave Law, in 1850, more than one colored man in the United States has sought refuge in our communion. We have heard of the names of fugitives, and we have seen their faces, and we have seen their hands.

DEAR BRETHREN: Since the passing of your American Fugitive Slave Law, in 1850, more than one colored man in the United States has sought refuge in our communion. We have heard of the names of fugitives, and we have seen their faces, and we have seen their hands.

DEAR BRETHREN: Since the passing of your American Fugitive Slave Law, in 1850, more than one colored man in the United States has sought refuge in our communion. We have heard of the names of fugitives, and we have seen their faces, and we have seen their hands.

hundred, Sept. 15, and was received by Mr. Giese and his family in the most hospitable manner. Mr. Giese, who is himself a slaveholder, recommended me to the Trustees of the Sumner Institute as a suitable person for Principal, and in a few weeks I was duly notified of my appointment. I entered upon my duties Thursday, Oct. 4, Friday morning I was summoned before Judge William H. Campbell, on the charge of being an Abolitionist, and was ordered to appear before the grand jury, who had come to incite the slaves to murder and rapine, upon the evidence of the following letter:—

To COL. RAYNER, Sheriff, near Sumnerville, Ala.:
Dear Sir.—Although personally unacquainted with you, I have been called on to furnish public information, to communicate certain facts, to your discretion, you may use as you think advisable.

Yesterday, in conversation with a gentleman, who had just arrived in our city by the steamer South Carolina, from Boston, we accidentally procured the following information:—
Our informant, a Northern man with Southern principles, related that on the voyage from Boston to Charleston, he had seen several fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives.

Our informant, a Northern man with Southern principles, related that on the voyage from Boston to Charleston, he had seen several fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives.

Our informant, a Northern man with Southern principles, related that on the voyage from Boston to Charleston, he had seen several fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives.

Our informant, a Northern man with Southern principles, related that on the voyage from Boston to Charleston, he had seen several fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives.

Our informant, a Northern man with Southern principles, related that on the voyage from Boston to Charleston, he had seen several fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives, and had seen the names of the fugitives.

been the means of bringing clean linen into fashion in a region where, according to my observation, it is seldom seen.

Finally they said, "If you will confirm the truth, that you came to stir up the slaves, and tell us who sent you, we will let you go free."

After a time I succeeded, God only knows how, in reaching the house of Mr. Giers.

That did not guarantee them equal rights—a donation to a Union that deprived them of their rights in the territories was unworthy of being maintained by them.

Whereas, in the late year existing and important election for President and Vice-President of the United States of America, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, purely sectional candidates, with sectional feelings, and avowed hostility to the institution of Slavery, in which we, as citizens of South Carolina, have been thoroughly identified and interested, have been elected to the highest offices in the gift of our American people;

Whereas, each election indicates to us that a majority of the Northern States endorse the doctrines enunciated and held by the Anti-Slavery party, through their leaders, Seward, Sumner, Greeley, Chase, and others—therefore, be it

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS. BOSTON, NOVEMBER 16, 1860.

SOUTHERN DESPOTISM. The election of the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, as the President of the United States, has opened upon the whole slaveholding South in a manner indicative of the torments of the damned.

Resolved, That, under these circumstances, our honor, our dignity, and our fidelity to our Southern homes and institutions, demand that we shall immediately withdraw our patronage from the Northern States and their institutions, and that we give from this time forward our support to our own section.

Resolved, That, under these circumstances, our honor, our dignity, and our fidelity to our Southern homes and institutions, demand that we shall immediately withdraw our patronage from the Northern States and their institutions, and that we give from this time forward our support to our own section.

Resolved, That, under these circumstances, our honor, our dignity, and our fidelity to our Southern homes and institutions, demand that we shall immediately withdraw our patronage from the Northern States and their institutions, and that we give from this time forward our support to our own section.

PROOFS OF CHRISTIAN DEPARTMENT.

With the action of the Church, always given by the Bible, it is necessary that we should be able to show that the principles of the Church are in accordance with the principles of Christianity.

The Church Anti-Slavery Society, which is the offspring of the same spirit, and has the same object in view, is a name of great honor.

Resolved, That the Foreign Slave Trade is to be deplored as a national crime and curse of enormous magnitude, and that its prevalence and alarming increase are the legitimate results of the sin of the nation in sanctioning and fostering slavery and the interstate slave trade in the States and Territories of the United States.

Resolved, That against this traffic as most inhuman and most iniquitous, and as not only a burning reproach upon Christianity, but a mighty obstacle in the way of the progress of the gospel in Africa, all Christians and religious bodies should bear a decided and uncompromising testimony.

LETTERS FROM MR. PILLSBURY.

Whether the East or West fall most in this particular, need not be asked. Nor should I be able or willing to answer.

Resolved, That the Foreign Slave Trade is to be deplored as a national crime and curse of enormous magnitude, and that its prevalence and alarming increase are the legitimate results of the sin of the nation in sanctioning and fostering slavery and the interstate slave trade in the States and Territories of the United States.

Resolved, That against this traffic as most inhuman and most iniquitous, and as not only a burning reproach upon Christianity, but a mighty obstacle in the way of the progress of the gospel in Africa, all Christians and religious bodies should bear a decided and uncompromising testimony.

Resolved, That against this traffic as most inhuman and most iniquitous, and as not only a burning reproach upon Christianity, but a mighty obstacle in the way of the progress of the gospel in Africa, all Christians and religious bodies should bear a decided and uncompromising testimony.

MRS. DALL'S FRATERNITY LECTURE.

The women of Boston, said Mrs. Dall, in advocating the cause known by the distasteful name of "Women's Rights," have chosen to confer their Civil Position.

Resolved, That the Foreign Slave Trade is to be deplored as a national crime and curse of enormous magnitude, and that its prevalence and alarming increase are the legitimate results of the sin of the nation in sanctioning and fostering slavery and the interstate slave trade in the States and Territories of the United States.

Resolved, That against this traffic as most inhuman and most iniquitous, and as not only a burning reproach upon Christianity, but a mighty obstacle in the way of the progress of the gospel in Africa, all Christians and religious bodies should bear a decided and uncompromising testimony.

Resolved, That against this traffic as most inhuman and most iniquitous, and as not only a burning reproach upon Christianity, but a mighty obstacle in the way of the progress of the gospel in Africa, all Christians and religious bodies should bear a decided and uncompromising testimony.

ACQUITTAL OF THE HITCHINGS.

The Charon correspondent of the Charleston Mercury under date of Oct. 23d, says, in reference to the trial of the two Abolitionists at Bennettsville.

The trial of the two Hitchings, father and son, came off, as in a former letter I mentioned it would, on Friday, the 19th inst.

THE SOUTHERN MEDICAL STUDENTS AGAIN.

The Southern Medical Students of the University in Fourteenth Street called to meet again last night, at the University Hall.

THE TEMPER OF NORTHERN MERCHANTILE CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter from a New York commercial firm, says the New York Evening Post, is addressed to one of its Southern customers.

NEW TRACTS.

Numbers 9, 10 and 11, of the New Series of Anti-Slavery Tracts, are now printed, and ready for sale and distribution at the Office, 221 Washington Street, Boston, and 4 Beekman Street, New York.

TESTIMONY OF THE COVENANTERS.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—Herewith I send you a series of resolutions passed last week by our Presbytery—i. e., the New York Presbytery of the Reformed Presbyterian (O. S. Covenanters) Church.

JUSTICE vs. COLORPHOBIA.

Superior Court, Rockwell, J. The case of Burton vs. Shibley, a colored barber in this city, and the defendant was the agent of the Thelberg at one of Thelberg's concerts, given in this city.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

New Music—just published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street.

FRATERNITY LECTURE.

AT THE THEATRE, NOV. 7.

WEDRILL PHILIPS UPON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

WEDRILL PHILIPS UPON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. LARKER AND GENTLEMAN: If the telegraph speaks truth...

Mr. Beward said, in 1850: 'You may play the Wilnot Provision in the Senate Chamber, and bury it beneath the Capitol to-day; the dead corpse, in complete steel, will haunt your legislative halls to-morrow.'

The battle has been a curious one, mixed and tossed in endless confusion. The combatants, in the onset, caught upon the weapons of their opponents, and dealt the deadliest blows at their own ranks.

The Democratic party, agitating fiercely to put down agitation, break at last into a general quarrel in their effort to keep the peace!

But the Bell-Everett party have been the comfort of the canvas—the sweet oil—the safety-valve—the locomotive buffer, which, when collision threatened, broke the blow, and the storm exploded in a laugh.

Now, Whately says there are two ways of being burned. The rash moth hurries into the flame, and is gone. The cautious, conservative horse, when his stable is on fire, stands stock still, and is burnt up all the same.

But the Republican has triumphed. (Loud applause.) The Democrat may forget his quarrel, and prepare to die with decency. For the Bell-Everett party, one egg has given a chicken. Mr. Appleton is elected. Beacon street and Ann street have fused. (Merriment.) As his constituents could not be admitted to Mr. Appleton's house—there not being police enough to watch them, great merriment—the speeches were made outside, and we got all the secrets. Mr. Stevenson thinks the election of Mr. Appleton 'the most important that has taken place since the adoption of the Constitution.'

Mr. Appleton has been elected. Beacon street and Ann street have fused. (Merriment.) As his constituents could not be admitted to Mr. Appleton's house—there not being police enough to watch them, great merriment—the speeches were made outside, and we got all the secrets. Mr. Stevenson thinks the election of Mr. Appleton 'the most important that has taken place since the adoption of the Constitution.'

At Rochester, he went on to paint the picture of our national wreck so darkly, that his own feelings led him, in conclusion, to declare that if the final battle goes against him, he will leave America, the dust of his feet, and find a more congenial home; for where liberty dwells, there is my country.

Do you think he should sit on jurists? Never. Do you think he should vote? Certainly not. Should he be considered a citizen? I tell you frankly, no.

Do you think that when the Declaration of Independence says 'All men are created equal,' it intends the political equality of blacks and whites? No, sir. If this 'idea that fills all generous minds' be equality, surely Mr. Lincoln's mind is as yet empty. If this is the only hope of our being able to achieve what our fathers failed to do—mount those Arab horses, Mr. Beward, and fly to the West!

What has he gained? Let us, ladies and gentlemen, who care nothing for men or for offices, whose only interest is justice and the great future of the republic, look round and weigh the spoils.

Everybody speculates, the pulpit affirms, the merchant guesses, and the circular press lays down the law. Why should not the Lyceum be in the fashion? To begin, then, at home. For the first time within my memory, we have got a man for Governor of Massachusetts, a frank, true, whole-souled, honest laborer. (Cheering.) That gain, alone, is worth all the labor. But the office is not the most important in the Commonwealth; only now and then it becomes commanding; in a sad Burns week, for instance, when Mr. Washburn was masquerading as Governor, and when, as Emerson said, 'if we had a man and not a cockade in the chair, something might be done' or later, when the present Chief Magistrate pushed Judge Loring, on false pretenses, from his stool.

Such occasions remind us we have a Governor. But in common times, the Chief Justiceship is far more commanding—the real Gibraltar of our State politics. John A. Andrew should have been Chief Justice. (Applause.) You remember they made the first William Pitt Earl of Chatham, and he went into eclipse in the House of Lords. Some one asked Chatham what had become of Pitt. 'He has had a fall up stairs,' was the answer. Governor Andrew or Judge Andrew sounds equally well. But I like the right man in the right place. The Chief Justiceship belongs to the party of progress. Their Sparta can point to many sons worthy of the place—Swallow, Hoar, Davis, or we might have offered another laurel for the brow of our great Senator, were it only to show him that the profession he once honored still remembers her true son. (Great applause.) The outgoing administration which entailed that office on talents, however respectable, that belong to the party of resistance, placed itself by the side of Arnold selling West Point to the British. Such an appointment was the Parthian arrow of a traitor and a snob.

Then we have Lincoln for President. (Applause)—a Whig—a revolutionary Whig—a freedom-loving Whig—a Whig in the sense that Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington were Whigs. How much is that worth? I said we had passed the Rubicon. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, borne in the arms of a people trodden into poverty and chains by an oligarchy of slaveholders, but that oligarchy proved too strong even for Caesar and his legions. Judged by its immediate success, Caesar's life was a failure, as much as John Brown's; the Empire rotted into the grave which slavery digs for all its victims. What better right have we to hope? Let us examine. The Republican party says now what Mr. Sumner said in 1852, that it 'kings no better sense, under the Constitution, than to bring back the government' to where it stood in 1789. That is done. The echo of cannon from ocean shore to the Rocky Mountains proclaims it accomplished.

How much is such success worth? I suppose you will not claim that Mr. Lincoln is better than Washington. As only Abolition telescopes have dared to discover any spots on that sun, certainly while Mr. Everett lives and the *Ledger* is printed, no one will presume to say there can be a better President than Washington. Indeed, Mr. Seward asks in great contempt of any man who undertakes to improve the Constitution. 'Are you more just than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?' Well, then, Washington, pursuing the very policy which Mr. Lincoln proposes to follow, launched the ship of State on seas white with the fervor of the revolutionary love of liberty, and made shipwreck. Every administration grew worse than its predecessor, and at last slavery, having wound its slimy way to the top of the Capitol.

'Stands hiding at the nobler man below.' The whole argument of the canvas has been, that the experiment of self-government under this Constitution, begun by the best of men, has been a failure. 'The country is wrecked; take us for pilots, or you are lost—has been the cry of the Republicans. Mr. Sumner has drawn the sad picture so well and so often that I need not attempt it. Our Presidents tools of the Slave Power—our army used to force slavery on our own Territories and neighboring nations—free speech punished with death in one half the Union, and met with insult and starvation in the other—the slave-trade re-opened—and our most distinguished scholar, telegraphing apologies when his son sits at school beside a colored boy, and explaining his own indiscreet freedom of speech as the sad result of anodynes—(applause)—surely Mr. Seward, seeing all this, was right in confessing, at Rochester, in 1858, 'thus far, our course has not been according to the humane hopes and expectations of our fathers.' And, in 1850, 'Not over the face of the whole world is there to be found one Representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery.' And again, in Kansas, a month ago—Our fathers thought slavery would cease before they were dead; but the people became demoralized; the way went back, back, back, until 1854, until all guarantees of freedom in every part of the United States were abandoned, and the flag of the United States was made the harbinger, not of freedom, but of Human Bondage.

At Rochester, he went on to paint the picture of our national wreck so darkly, that his own feelings led him, in conclusion, to declare that if the final battle goes against him, he will leave America, the dust of his feet, and find a more congenial home; for where liberty dwells, there is my country.

But Mr. Seward does that speech in hope—hope grounded on this, that the Republican party has arisen. 'It is a party of one idea; an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals, as they are all equal before the divine tribunal and laws. That is his rainbow of hope. It is a noble idea—equality before the law—a mark which an old Greek declared, two thousand years ago, distinguished freedom from barbarism. Mark it, and let us question Mr. Lincoln about it.'

Do you believe, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, that the negro is your political and social equal, or ought to be? Not a bit of it.

Do you believe he should sit on jurists? Never. Do you think he should vote? Certainly not. Should he be considered a citizen? I tell you frankly, no.

Do you think that when the Declaration of Independence says 'All men are created equal,' it intends the political equality of blacks and whites? No, sir. If this 'idea that fills all generous minds' be equality, surely Mr. Lincoln's mind is as yet empty. If this is the only hope of our being able to achieve what our fathers failed to do—mount those Arab horses, Mr. Beward, and fly to the West!

What has he gained? Let us, ladies and gentlemen, who care nothing for men or for offices, whose only interest is justice and the great future of the republic, look round and weigh the spoils.

Everybody speculates, the pulpit affirms, the merchant guesses, and the circular press lays down the law. Why should not the Lyceum be in the fashion? To begin, then, at home. For the first time within my memory, we have got a man for Governor of Massachusetts, a frank, true, whole-souled, honest laborer. (Cheering.) That gain, alone, is worth all the labor. But the office is not the most important in the Commonwealth; only now and then it becomes commanding; in a sad Burns week, for instance, when Mr. Washburn was masquerading as Governor, and when, as Emerson said, 'if we had a man and not a cockade in the chair, something might be done' or later, when the present Chief Magistrate pushed Judge Loring, on false pretenses, from his stool.

Such occasions remind us we have a Governor. But in common times, the Chief Justiceship is far more commanding—the real Gibraltar of our State politics. John A. Andrew should have been Chief Justice. (Applause.) You remember they made the first William Pitt Earl of Chatham, and he went into eclipse in the House of Lords. Some one asked Chatham what had become of Pitt. 'He has had a fall up stairs,' was the answer. Governor Andrew or Judge Andrew sounds equally well. But I like the right man in the right place. The Chief Justiceship belongs to the party of progress. Their Sparta can point to many sons worthy of the place—Swallow, Hoar, Davis, or we might have offered another laurel for the brow of our great Senator, were it only to show him that the profession he once honored still remembers her true son. (Great applause.) The outgoing administration which entailed that office on talents, however respectable, that belong to the party of resistance, placed itself by the side of Arnold selling West Point to the British. Such an appointment was the Parthian arrow of a traitor and a snob.

Then we have Lincoln for President. (Applause)—a Whig—a revolutionary Whig—a freedom-loving Whig—a Whig in the sense that Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington were Whigs. How much is that worth? I said we had passed the Rubicon. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, borne in the arms of a people trodden into poverty and chains by an oligarchy of slaveholders, but that oligarchy proved too strong even for Caesar and his legions. Judged by its immediate success, Caesar's life was a failure, as much as John Brown's; the Empire rotted into the grave which slavery digs for all its victims. What better right have we to hope? Let us examine. The Republican party says now what Mr. Sumner said in 1852, that it 'kings no better sense, under the Constitution, than to bring back the government' to where it stood in 1789. That is done. The echo of cannon from ocean shore to the Rocky Mountains proclaims it accomplished.

How much is such success worth? I suppose you will not claim that Mr. Lincoln is better than Washington. As only Abolition telescopes have dared to discover any spots on that sun, certainly while Mr. Everett lives and the *Ledger* is printed, no one will presume to say there can be a better President than Washington. Indeed, Mr. Seward asks in great contempt of any man who undertakes to improve the Constitution. 'Are you more just than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?' Well, then, Washington, pursuing the very policy which Mr. Lincoln proposes to follow, launched the ship of State on seas white with the fervor of the revolutionary love of liberty, and made shipwreck. Every administration grew worse than its predecessor, and at last slavery, having wound its slimy way to the top of the Capitol.

'Stands hiding at the nobler man below.' The whole argument of the canvas has been, that the experiment of self-government under this Constitution, begun by the best of men, has been a failure. 'The country is wrecked; take us for pilots, or you are lost—has been the cry of the Republicans. Mr. Sumner has drawn the sad picture so well and so often that I need not attempt it. Our Presidents tools of the Slave Power—our army used to force slavery on our own Territories and neighboring nations—free speech punished with death in one half the Union, and met with insult and starvation in the other—the slave-trade re-opened—and our most distinguished scholar, telegraphing apologies when his son sits at school beside a colored boy, and explaining his own indiscreet freedom of speech as the sad result of anodynes—(applause)—surely Mr. Seward, seeing all this, was right in confessing, at Rochester, in 1858, 'thus far, our course has not been according to the humane hopes and expectations of our fathers.' And, in 1850, 'Not over the face of the whole world is there to be found one Representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery.' And again, in Kansas, a month ago—Our fathers thought slavery would cease before they were dead; but the people became demoralized; the way went back, back, back, until 1854, until all guarantees of freedom in every part of the United States were abandoned, and the flag of the United States was made the harbinger, not of freedom, but of Human Bondage.

At Rochester, he went on to paint the picture of our national wreck so darkly, that his own feelings led him, in conclusion, to declare that if the final battle goes against him, he will leave America, the dust of his feet, and find a more congenial home; for where liberty dwells, there is my country.

But Mr. Seward does that speech in hope—hope grounded on this, that the Republican party has arisen. 'It is a party of one idea; an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals, as they are all equal before the divine tribunal and laws. That is his rainbow of hope. It is a noble idea—equality before the law—a mark which an old Greek declared, two thousand years ago, distinguished freedom from barbarism. Mark it, and let us question Mr. Lincoln about it.'

Do you believe, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, that the negro is your political and social equal, or ought to be? Not a bit of it.

Do you believe he should sit on jurists? Never. Do you think he should vote? Certainly not. Should he be considered a citizen? I tell you frankly, no.

Do you think that when the Declaration of Independence says 'All men are created equal,' it intends the political equality of blacks and whites? No, sir. If this 'idea that fills all generous minds' be equality, surely Mr. Lincoln's mind is as yet empty. If this is the only hope of our being able to achieve what our fathers failed to do—mount those Arab horses, Mr. Beward, and fly to the West!

What has he gained? Let us, ladies and gentlemen, who care nothing for men or for offices, whose only interest is justice and the great future of the republic, look round and weigh the spoils.

Everybody speculates, the pulpit affirms, the merchant guesses, and the circular press lays down the law. Why should not the Lyceum be in the fashion? To begin, then, at home. For the first time within my memory, we have got a man for Governor of Massachusetts, a frank, true, whole-souled, honest laborer. (Cheering.) That gain, alone, is worth all the labor. But the office is not the most important in the Commonwealth; only now and then it becomes commanding; in a sad Burns week, for instance, when Mr. Washburn was masquerading as Governor, and when, as Emerson said, 'if we had a man and not a cockade in the chair, something might be done' or later, when the present Chief Magistrate pushed Judge Loring, on false pretenses, from his stool.

Such occasions remind us we have a Governor. But in common times, the Chief Justiceship is far more commanding—the real Gibraltar of our State politics. John A. Andrew should have been Chief Justice. (Applause.) You remember they made the first William Pitt Earl of Chatham, and he went into eclipse in the House of Lords. Some one asked Chatham what had become of Pitt. 'He has had a fall up stairs,' was the answer. Governor Andrew or Judge Andrew sounds equally well. But I like the right man in the right place. The Chief Justiceship belongs to the party of progress. Their Sparta can point to many sons worthy of the place—Swallow, Hoar, Davis, or we might have offered another laurel for the brow of our great Senator, were it only to show him that the profession he once honored still remembers her true son. (Great applause.) The outgoing administration which entailed that office on talents, however respectable, that belong to the party of resistance, placed itself by the side of Arnold selling West Point to the British. Such an appointment was the Parthian arrow of a traitor and a snob.

Then we have Lincoln for President. (Applause)—a Whig—a revolutionary Whig—a freedom-loving Whig—a Whig in the sense that Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington were Whigs. How much is that worth? I said we had passed the Rubicon. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, borne in the arms of a people trodden into poverty and chains by an oligarchy of slaveholders, but that oligarchy proved too strong even for Caesar and his legions. Judged by its immediate success, Caesar's life was a failure, as much as John Brown's; the Empire rotted into the grave which slavery digs for all its victims. What better right have we to hope? Let us examine. The Republican party says now what Mr. Sumner said in 1852, that it 'kings no better sense, under the Constitution, than to bring back the government' to where it stood in 1789. That is done. The echo of cannon from ocean shore to the Rocky Mountains proclaims it accomplished.

How much is such success worth? I suppose you will not claim that Mr. Lincoln is better than Washington. As only Abolition telescopes have dared to discover any spots on that sun, certainly while Mr. Everett lives and the *Ledger* is printed, no one will presume to say there can be a better President than Washington. Indeed, Mr. Seward asks in great contempt of any man who undertakes to improve the Constitution. 'Are you more just than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?' Well, then, Washington, pursuing the very policy which Mr. Lincoln proposes to follow, launched the ship of State on seas white with the fervor of the revolutionary love of liberty, and made shipwreck. Every administration grew worse than its predecessor, and at last slavery, having wound its slimy way to the top of the Capitol.

'Stands hiding at the nobler man below.' The whole argument of the canvas has been, that the experiment of self-government under this Constitution, begun by the best of men, has been a failure. 'The country is wrecked; take us for pilots, or you are lost—has been the cry of the Republicans. Mr. Sumner has drawn the sad picture so well and so often that I need not attempt it. Our Presidents tools of the Slave Power—our army used to force slavery on our own Territories and neighboring nations—free speech punished with death in one half the Union, and met with insult and starvation in the other—the slave-trade re-opened—and our most distinguished scholar, telegraphing apologies when his son sits at school beside a colored boy, and explaining his own indiscreet freedom of speech as the sad result of anodynes—(applause)—surely Mr. Seward, seeing all this, was right in confessing, at Rochester, in 1858, 'thus far, our course has not been according to the humane hopes and expectations of our fathers.' And, in 1850, 'Not over the face of the whole world is there to be found one Representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery.' And again, in Kansas, a month ago—Our fathers thought slavery would cease before they were dead; but the people became demoralized; the way went back, back, back, until 1854, until all guarantees of freedom in every part of the United States were abandoned, and the flag of the United States was made the harbinger, not of freedom, but of Human Bondage.

At Rochester, he went on to paint the picture of our national wreck so darkly, that his own feelings led him, in conclusion, to declare that if the final battle goes against him, he will leave America, the dust of his feet, and find a more congenial home; for where liberty dwells, there is my country.

But Mr. Seward does that speech in hope—hope grounded on this, that the Republican party has arisen. 'It is a party of one idea; an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals, as they are all equal before the divine tribunal and laws. That is his rainbow of hope. It is a noble idea—equality before the law—a mark which an old Greek declared, two thousand years ago, distinguished freedom from barbarism. Mark it, and let us question Mr. Lincoln about it.'

Do you believe, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, that the negro is your political and social equal, or ought to be? Not a bit of it.

Do you believe he should sit on jurists? Never. Do you think he should vote? Certainly not. Should he be considered a citizen? I tell you frankly, no.

Do you think that when the Declaration of Independence says 'All men are created equal,' it intends the political equality of blacks and whites? No, sir. If this 'idea that fills all generous minds' be equality, surely Mr. Lincoln's mind is as yet empty. If this is the only hope of our being able to achieve what our fathers failed to do—mount those Arab horses, Mr. Beward, and fly to the West!

What has he gained? Let us, ladies and gentlemen, who care nothing for men or for offices, whose only interest is justice and the great future of the republic, look round and weigh the spoils.

Everybody speculates, the pulpit affirms, the merchant guesses, and the circular press lays down the law. Why should not the Lyceum be in the fashion? To begin, then, at home. For the first time within my memory, we have got a man for Governor of Massachusetts, a frank, true, whole-souled, honest laborer. (Cheering.) That gain, alone, is worth all the labor. But the office is not the most important in the Commonwealth; only now and then it becomes commanding; in a sad Burns week, for instance, when Mr. Washburn was masquerading as Governor, and when, as Emerson said, 'if we had a man and not a cockade in the chair, something might be done' or later, when the present Chief Magistrate pushed Judge Loring, on false pretenses, from his stool.

Such occasions remind us we have a Governor. But in common times, the Chief Justiceship is far more commanding—the real Gibraltar of our State politics. John A. Andrew should have been Chief Justice. (Applause.) You remember they made the first William Pitt Earl of Chatham, and he went into eclipse in the House of Lords. Some one asked Chatham what had become of Pitt. 'He has had a fall up stairs,' was the answer. Governor Andrew or Judge Andrew sounds equally well. But I like the right man in the right place. The Chief Justiceship belongs to the party of progress. Their Sparta can point to many sons worthy of the place—Swallow, Hoar, Davis, or we might have offered another laurel for the brow of our great Senator, were it only to show him that the profession he once honored still remembers her true son. (Great applause.) The outgoing administration which entailed that office on talents, however respectable, that belong to the party of resistance, placed itself by the side of Arnold selling West Point to the British. Such an appointment was the Parthian arrow of a traitor and a snob.

Then we have Lincoln for President. (Applause)—a Whig—a revolutionary Whig—a freedom-loving Whig—a Whig in the sense that Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington were Whigs. How much is that worth? I said we had passed the Rubicon. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, borne in the arms of a people trodden into poverty and chains by an oligarchy of slaveholders, but that oligarchy proved too strong even for Caesar and his legions. Judged by its immediate success, Caesar's life was a failure, as much as John Brown's; the Empire rotted into the grave which slavery digs for all its victims. What better right have we to hope? Let us examine. The Republican party says now what Mr. Sumner said in 1852, that it 'kings no better sense, under the Constitution, than to bring back the government' to where it stood in 1789. That is done. The echo of cannon from ocean shore to the Rocky Mountains proclaims it accomplished.

How much is such success worth? I suppose you will not claim that Mr. Lincoln is better than Washington. As only Abolition telescopes have dared to discover any spots on that sun, certainly while Mr. Everett lives and the *Ledger* is printed, no one will presume to say there can be a better President than Washington. Indeed, Mr. Seward asks in great contempt of any man who undertakes to improve the Constitution. 'Are you more just than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?' Well, then, Washington, pursuing the very policy which Mr. Lincoln proposes to follow, launched the ship of State on seas white with the fervor of the revolutionary love of liberty, and made shipwreck. Every administration grew worse than its predecessor, and at last slavery, having wound its slimy way to the top of the Capitol.

'Stands hiding at the nobler man below.' The whole argument of the canvas has been, that the experiment of self-government under this Constitution, begun by the best of men, has been a failure. 'The country is wrecked; take us for pilots, or you are lost—has been the cry of the Republicans. Mr. Sumner has drawn the sad picture so well and so often that I need not attempt it. Our Presidents tools of the Slave Power—our army used to force slavery on our own Territories and neighboring nations—free speech punished with death in one half the Union, and met with insult and starvation in the other—the slave-trade re-opened—and our most distinguished scholar, telegraphing apologies when his son sits at school beside a colored boy, and explaining his own indiscreet freedom of speech as the sad result of anodynes—(applause)—surely Mr. Seward, seeing all this, was right in confessing, at Rochester, in 1858, 'thus far, our course has not been according to the humane hopes and expectations of our fathers.' And, in 1850, 'Not over the face of the whole world is there to be found one Representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery.' And again, in Kansas, a month ago—Our fathers thought slavery would cease before they were dead; but the people became demoralized; the way went back, back, back, until 1854, until all guarantees of freedom in every part of the United States were abandoned, and the flag of the United States was made the harbinger, not of freedom, but of Human Bondage.

At Rochester, he went on to paint the picture of our national wreck so darkly, that his own feelings led him, in conclusion, to declare that if the final battle goes against him, he will leave America, the dust of his feet, and find a more congenial home; for where liberty dwells, there is my country.

But Mr. Seward does that speech in hope—hope grounded on this, that the Republican party has arisen. 'It is a party of one idea; an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals, as they are all equal before the divine tribunal and laws. That is his rainbow of hope. It is a noble idea—equality before the law—a mark which an old Greek declared, two thousand years ago, distinguished freedom from barbarism. Mark it, and let us question Mr. Lincoln about it.'

Do you believe, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, that the negro is your political and social equal, or ought to be? Not a bit of it.

Do you believe he should sit on jurists? Never. Do you think he should vote? Certainly not. Should he be considered a citizen? I tell you frankly, no.

Do you think that when the Declaration of Independence says 'All men are created equal,' it intends the political equality of blacks and whites? No, sir. If this 'idea that fills all generous minds' be equality, surely Mr. Lincoln's mind is as yet empty. If this is the only hope of our being able to achieve what our fathers failed to do—mount those Arab horses, Mr. Beward, and fly to the West!

What has he gained? Let us, ladies and gentlemen, who care nothing for men or for offices, whose only interest is justice and the great future of the republic, look round and weigh the spoils.

Everybody speculates, the pulpit affirms, the merchant guesses, and the circular press lays down the law. Why should not the Lyceum be in the fashion? To begin, then, at home. For the first time within my memory, we have got a man for Governor of Massachusetts, a frank, true, whole-souled, honest laborer. (Cheering.) That gain, alone, is worth all the labor. But the office is not the most important in the Commonwealth; only now and then it becomes commanding; in a sad Burns week, for instance, when Mr. Washburn was masquerading as Governor, and when, as Emerson said, 'if we had a man and not a cockade in the chair, something might be done' or later, when the present Chief Magistrate pushed Judge Loring, on false pretenses, from his stool.

Such occasions remind us we have a Governor. But in common times, the Chief Justiceship is far more commanding—the real Gibraltar of our State politics. John A. Andrew should have been Chief Justice. (Applause.) You remember they made the first William Pitt Earl of Chatham, and he went into eclipse in the House of Lords. Some one asked Chatham what had become of Pitt. 'He has had a fall up stairs,' was the answer. Governor Andrew or Judge Andrew sounds equally well. But I like the right man in the right place. The Chief Justiceship belongs to the party of progress. Their Sparta can point to many sons worthy of the place—Swallow, Hoar, Davis, or we might have offered another laurel for the brow of our great Senator, were it only to show him that the profession he once honored still remembers her true son. (Great applause.) The outgoing administration which entailed that office on talents, however respectable, that belong to the party of resistance, placed itself by the side of Arnold selling West Point to the British. Such an appointment was the Parthian arrow of a traitor and a snob.

Then we have Lincoln for President. (Applause)—a Whig—a revolutionary Whig—a freedom-loving Whig—a Whig in the sense that Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington were Whigs. How much is that worth? I said we had passed the Rubicon. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, borne in the arms of a people trodden into poverty and chains by an oligarchy of slaveholders, but that oligarchy proved too strong even for Caesar and his legions. Judged by its immediate success, Caesar's life was a failure, as much as John Brown's; the Empire rotted into the grave which slavery digs for all its victims. What better right have we to hope? Let us examine. The Republican party says now what Mr. Sumner said in 1852, that it 'kings no better sense, under the Constitution, than to bring back the government' to where it stood in 1789. That is done. The echo of cannon from ocean shore to the Rocky Mountains proclaims it accomplished.

How much is such success worth? I suppose you will not claim that Mr. Lincoln is better than Washington. As only Abolition telescopes have dared to discover any spots on that sun, certainly while Mr. Everett lives and the *Ledger* is printed, no one will presume to say there can be a better President than Washington. Indeed, Mr. Seward asks in great contempt of any man who undertakes to improve the Constitution. 'Are you more just than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?' Well, then, Washington, pursuing the very policy which Mr. Lincoln proposes to follow, launched the ship of State on seas white with the fervor of the revolutionary love of liberty, and made shipwreck. Every administration grew worse than its predecessor, and at last slavery, having wound its slimy way to the top of the Capitol.

'Stands hiding at the nobler man below.' The whole argument of the canvas has been, that the experiment of self-government under this Constitution, begun by the best of men, has been a failure. 'The country is wrecked; take us for pilots, or you are lost—has been the cry of the Republicans. Mr. Sumner has drawn the sad picture so well and so often that I need not attempt it. Our Presidents tools of the Slave Power—our army used to force slavery on our own Territories and neighboring nations—free speech punished with death in one half the Union, and met with insult and starvation in the other—the slave-trade re-opened—and our most distinguished scholar, telegraphing apologies when his son sits at school beside a colored boy, and explaining his own indiscreet freedom of speech as the sad result of anodynes—(applause)—surely Mr. Seward, seeing all this, was right in confessing, at Rochester, in 1858, 'thus far, our course has not been according to the humane hopes and expectations of our fathers.' And, in 1850, 'Not over the face of the whole world is there to be found one Representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery.' And again, in Kansas, a month ago—Our fathers thought slavery would cease before they were dead; but the people became demoralized; the way went back, back, back, until 1854, until all guarantees of freedom in every part of the United States were abandoned, and the flag of the United States was made the harbinger, not of freedom, but of Human Bondage.

At Rochester, he went on to paint the picture of our national wreck so darkly, that his own feelings led him, in conclusion, to declare that if the final battle goes against him, he will leave America, the dust of his feet, and find a more congenial home; for where liberty dwells, there is my country.

But Mr. Seward does that speech in hope—hope grounded on this, that the Republican party has arisen. 'It is a party of one idea; an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals, as they are all equal before the divine tribunal and laws. That is his rainbow of hope. It is a noble idea—equality before the law—a mark which an old Greek declared, two thousand years ago, distinguished freedom from barbarism. Mark it, and let us question Mr. Lincoln about it.'

Do you believe, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, that the negro is your political and social equal, or ought to be? Not a bit of it.

Do you believe he should sit on jurists? Never. Do you think he should vote? Certainly not. Should he be considered a citizen? I tell you frankly, no.

Do you think that when the Declaration of Independence says 'All men are created equal,' it intends the political equality of blacks and whites? No, sir. If this 'idea that fills all generous minds' be equality, surely Mr. Lincoln's mind is as yet empty. If this is the only hope of our being able to achieve what our fathers failed to do—mount those Arab horses, Mr. Beward, and fly to the West!