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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

Yoke of Oppression.

WENDELL PHILLIPS SPOUTING FOUL TREASON.

At the anniversary celebration of the emancipation of the slaves of the West Indies, held at Abington, Mass., Wendell Phillips, the corypheus of the abolition faction, delivered a speech which, in its abolitionian section, has outstripped anything he has ever uttered. It seems as if this bold man was exerting more audacious under the presidency with depositions. He threatens the chief magistracy; and if from the chair of the chief magistracy, with a short turn, Mr. Lincoln does not carry his threat into execution, it is possible he may carry his threat into execution.

He says, "The government fights to preserve slavery; and again, "As long as you keep the presidency, and again, "You make a little with the hand, and fill it with the other."

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We appealed to the patriotism of the people of the United States to carry out their resolutions, and that as soon as the...

What was the cause of this war? (A Voice—"Abolitionism.") You must have been told that, and you are not far from right. Slavery was just as much the cause of the war as the tea that was thrown out in Boston harbor was the cause of that war.

We have two things to do; first, to put down the rebellion, and next to punish the leaders. You must throw the Abolitionists out of your spots, and if you want to know an Abolitionist, look at the record of Congress.

I have already said that slavery was not the cause of the rebellion. Now, I am not here to defend that institution. I have been practicing for forty years, and all that I have made has been spent in clothing and feeding my niggers.

I call upon Colonel Richardson to tell you which had the greatest regard and concern, and which occupied the attention of the late Congress more, the negro or the nigger. Nine-tenths of the time of the session was occupied in reference to the interests of the negro race.

The President has now proclaimed the confiscation of property in eleven States, and some were disposed to insist that the proceeds should be applied to pay the debts due North, by the South.

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Selections.

DEMOCRATIC INVITATION TO COME IN AND BE KILLED.

A democratic journal, the Albany Argus, asks—"May we not all now stand on the platform of the Constitution and the Union? Will not those who have been so persistent in urging a Negro Emancipation crusade, consent to unite heartily with their fellow-citizens in restoring the Union as it was, and vindicating the authority of the Constitution as it is, and postponing, till after the rebellion is crushed, their favorite theories of Emancipation?"

There is something significant in the very form of the narrative. "And they laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." Luke xxiii. 26.

Asia accused and delivered him, in the person of the Jews; Europe judged and sentenced him, in the person of the Roman governor; and Africa came after him bearing his cross, in the person of Simon, the Cyrenian.

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SIMON, THE CYRENIAN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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SPEECH OF GEN. LEW. WALLACE.

A great war meeting was held in the Fifth street market space, Cincinnati, on the 31st ult.

In another mistake was, that we could conquer the rebellion by conciliation. Sir, the President desired his Generals and the soldiers when they marched into a rebel State, to be careful of the rights of the citizens, and to protect their property, irrespective of opinion.

How—how? I will tell you how, and the General proceeded to illustrate it. You are called upon to enlist. You stop and think; you say that you are a poor man, a mechanic, or a farmer; that you have a wife and family; that if you go, they will starve, and your farm or work-shop go to ruin.

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Poetry.

THE INQUIRY.

Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?—MATT. 11: 3.

The Liberator.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

At Island Grove, Abington, Mass.

SPEECH OF REV. J. SELLA MARTIN.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I shall not say much this morning, if anything, about the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies...

Now, we have good reason to look back, and see why these things have been hid from us. The first reason why they have been hid from us is because we have been the makers of States, and the destroyers of men.

In a foreign country. I saw one night at a great meeting—larger and more enthusiastic than I ever attended anywhere else—a noble man, of commanding presence, rise on the platform, and he commenced his oration somewhat in this manner: "When Christ was on the earth, they brought to him a piece of money, and he said—'Whose superscription is this?'"

They said—"Caesar's." "Render then unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." Then, said the speaker, "here is a black man; whose superscription is this? It is God's. Then render unto God the things which are God's."

Now, we have good reason to look back, and see why these things have been hid from us. The first reason why they have been hid from us is because we have been the makers of States, and the destroyers of men.

I said that we had been the makers of States and the destroyers of men. We ought not to forget that we have been the makers, not the creators, of States. The devil could not create man, but he could make a sinner of him.

The negro has been despised by us as a laborer, and what has God done? Made him the most powerful rebel against us. He is digging the trenches of the rebels and supplying them with food while they are fighting us.

Now, let us look forward. This is the second delivery of the law of the nation. You know the circumstances attending that. Moses delivered the law the second time, and went up into the mountain and died, because he was not capable of leading the children of Israel over the river.

over into the promised land, because our Moses is bound to the law. Well, you know what will happen. Either Moses personally will be set aside, or his spirit will be set aside, and our Joshua and Caleb—Fremont and Hunter—will lead the nation into the land of liberty.

Why has not McClellan moved? I believe it is political influence that has kept him from going on. The pro-slavery politicians said, "Let us keep him where he is while, and let us build up a party on his name."

Now, we need to stop and look this matter in the face, and discover what is absolutely needed. The negro has long been a shadow to this nation—no fault of the negro! Instead of a shadow, following you like a ghost, make him your friend and companion, walking by your side, and keeping step with you to the music of a Union with no slavery in it!

Let us follow out the policy of our enemies. We have been wonderfully polite in fighting these Southern slaveholders. We have sent our fathers, brothers, sons, to be murdered, and have said to them, "Don't hurt the rebels, if you can possibly help it!"

I know it is a great cross that we are called upon to bear, but shrinking from it will not help us to bear it. There was an old woman who had a very heavy cross, and she prayed very hard that the Lord would relieve her from it.

One other thing. An old man once said to his boy, "When you do a wrong act, drive a nail into that board." By and by the board was full, and then the old man said, "When you do a wrong act, draw one out."

Mr. President.—In the history of nations, there has been no deed of glory and renown that equals the act of the British Parliament, which made 800,000 human chattels free men, twenty-eight years ago this day.

know, come it will, and it will be blessed however it comes. How it ought to come we all know. It should come as an act of duty to that God who has said in all his scriptures, "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

Let us learn the signs of the times, and be guided by them. In this second delivery of the law, we learn that a commentary is needed. And what kind of a commentary is needed? We have had a commentary at Bull Run, which makes us understand that the law is a law of punishment—it is the infliction of God's terrible penalties for our sins.

Sir, thirty years ago, God put this question distinctly to the American people—Will you own the slave as your equal brother? I mean nothing miraculous. He spoke through your lips and pen, using, as he always does, the human soul for the expression of his will.

Just this is the controversy. Now, let us see how matters are getting on. We are determined; so is God. All addresses to our reason and conscience have failed. God sees that we can only be brought to acknowledge the manhood of the negro as the ox is dragged to the slaughter.

Mr. President, whatever has been the course of England in the past, however wrong she may be now in her relations to human rights, this first day of August is hers; so much is secure. It is "treasure laid up in heaven." Shall we ever have a first of August? Shall we sometime meet in this beautiful grove, and in other places of beauty all over the land, to hold jubilee over the deliverance of our forty hundred thousand slaves?

Mr. President, I invoke from the depths of my being the close of this murderous war. But, sir, mark me—never! never! never! till the God of Liberty sits enthroned the presiding genius of our loved, our native, our adopted land!

have emptied Richmond and all Virginia of its black slaves, and might have had them all within his grasp to dig or fight. He might have finished the war in a blaze of glory in a single, almost a bloodless campaign.

Mr. President, I say through you to all the people, God will be victor in this controversy, and the triumph on which God sets a great price we shall have to acknowledge in the person of every slave in the land.

A SLAVE-CATCHING GENERAL.

ROME, JULY 18, 1862.

To the Editor of the Ashtabula Sentinel: Enclosed you will find a letter dated June 22nd, in Tennessee, received by me from one John Brown's men, written since they have been under the slave-returning Brigadier-General Mitchell, which gives a sketch of Mitchell's ill success in his nefarious work.

By letters received since the enclosed, it appears that some fifty slaves are now in the Ashtabula camp, and not one sent back as yet, although slave-hunters are in and about the camp, although they say it is that our men must be abused and abused by slave-catching Generals, after Congress has declared that it is no part of the business of the soldier to return slaves?

All the troops here, unless it be the 24 Illinois Cavalry, agree with the Jayhawkers. Just they had the Jayhawkers to take the brunt of the fighting, and those who do not get into the front line are called upon to enter our camp to get slaves, as the "Jayhawkers" bear the name of making a success of their undertakings.

A few slaves came into camp last night, and probably will continue to come in, and I want to see the thing tested. Simms's negroes have all got employ as soldiers. Gen. Mitchell is one of the lowest of scoundrels, dirt-rotten, and I hear that he said, about the time he took command, that "he had got the soldiers just where he wanted them, and he should charge them there."

AN INHUMAN OUTRAGE.

There has been for some days a gentleman stopping at the Buckeye Hotel, in this city, wearing the uniform of a national soldier, and with one leg above the knee, whose whole appearance gave evidence of suffering and hardship such as is never experienced anywhere save at the hands of our noble miscreants whom Vallandigham delights to call his brethren. A friend of mine, in conversation with him a day or two ago, elicited his story, which was told in so quiet and so convincing a manner, and accompanied with so many names of persons and places, as to leave no doubt of its entire truthfulness. We propose to lay it before our readers, that they may reflect upon the chances they would run if they were in the engagement at Carlisle, Pa., where he received a wound in the fleshy part of his leg, and was taken prisoner. He was sent to a hospital with the rest of the wounded, his injury was attended by the usual medical treatment, and he was able to walk in a day or two, and to walk about a little. One day, three or four rebel surgeons, accompanied by John B. Floyd, entered the room where he was lying on a bed. Floyd, on observing him, made an inquiry, "How is this?" "I am getting better," he replied. One of the surgeons stepped up to him, took a pair of bandages in a brutally rough way, thereby opening the wound afresh, and inflicting torturing pain upon his unfortunate victim. On looking at the leg, the surgeons declared the leg must be amputated. The man expostulated, saying he was not to be amputated; he was getting well, and he was not to be amputated. The instrument used was a pair of shears, and the operation being performed with the slightest regard to his life or sufferings, he consumed nearly an hour. After this was done, he was left to himself for a day or two with the leg impaired and constitution broken. At the expiration of two or three days, his tormentors returned again accompanied by Floyd. The doctors of the amputated limb were again jerked out, and without examination or consultation, it was announced that it must be amputated again. He begged of them to kill him, but they would not do so. He was of no avail, however, and he was determined, and the amputation was performed. Floyd endorsed their course, saying, "G—d—n—him, cut off both his legs, and he will put him from fighting again."

LIBERTY'S CRUSADE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO GEN. JAMES H. LANE.

Nothing but War's red banner, Heavy, and dripping with blood; Rain, and black desolation, Where homes of beauty once stood!

From the Worcester Spy.

RECOMPENSE.

In earlier times of strife and wrong, God sent his vengeance from on high, Upon the plague-wind blowing long, Or lightning flashing through the sky.

GOD'S DAY IS NOT YET DONE.

No mighty hero, But comes by throes of mortal agony; No man-child among millions of the earth, Nor fleshly hapless in a stormy sea.