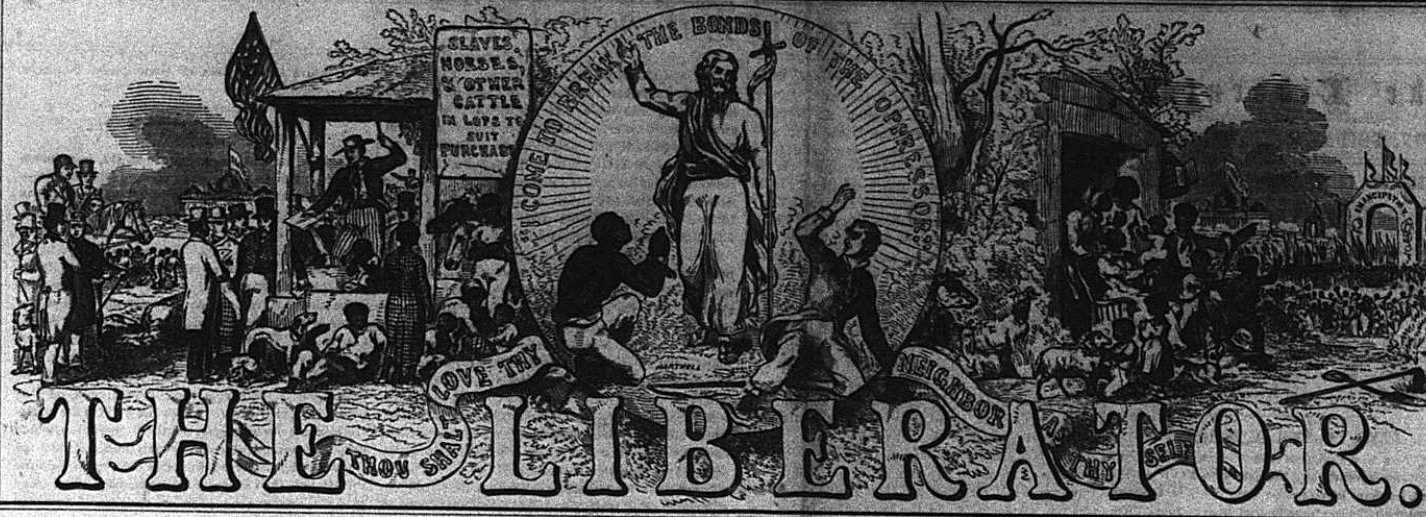


ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.



Refuge of Oppression.

THE EMANCIPATION LEAGUE.

The evening of to-day is to give us the address of Ex-Governor Boutwell...

Selections.

THE SHIP OF STATE BOUND FOR TARSHISH.

Extract from a Sermon, preached in the First Congregational Church in Sandwich, (Mass.) Nov. 21, 1861, by Rev. Henry Kimball.

THE EMANCIPATION LEAGUE.

The Emancipation League is now in full blast. The furnace is heated ten times hotter than ever...

GEN. BUTLER'S EXPEDITION—PROCLAMATION OF GEN. PHELPS.

General Butler's expedition has landed safely at Ship Island, Mississippi. Immediately after landing his command, Brigadier General Phelps...

THE HERALD AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.

"It is understood" said The Herald of a day or two ago, alluding to the lecture of Mr. Wendell Phillips...

SECRETARY SMITH.

If the sayings of the Hon. Mr. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, at the Prentice banquet, are correctly reported...

MR. SUMNER'S TRUE POSITION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1861. Prominent Senators and representatives in Congress are asserting their right and duty to consider everything and to discuss everything...

SELECTIONS.

Who is the Jonah that testifies to us of himself? I know that for my sake this great temple is upon a rock...

SELECTIONS.

Without any desire of my own, but contrary to my private inclination, I again find myself among you as a military officer of the Government...

SELECTIONS.

It is our conviction that monopolies are as destructive to the principles of Republican government; that slave labor is a monopoly which excludes free labor and competition...

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SELECTIONS.

In his recent letter to Fernando Wood, Caleb Cushing proclaims himself a proscriber for opinion's sake. This attempt at securing a martyr's claim for sympathy is worthy the impudence and unscrupulousness of the man...

is, and excluded from public station. They are very apt, of course, to think the country is going to the dogs, but some how or other the world gets along, and it is found that the progress of human events is very little dependent on individuals for its success.

Caleb Cushing is now in the position of the man upon whom he has delighted to heap odium, and whom he has virulently misrepresented for so many years. The anti-slavery men of the country have long been "prosecpions" according to Mr. Cushing's definition. They have enjoyed no office; they have been treated with malignancy and contempt by those who are now in treason against the nation and their sympathizers. But they have kept their souls in patience. They have labored year after year to effect a change in public opinion. They have not sought by revolution and treason to attain their ends, but have relied on free discussion and the influence of arguments addressed to the reason for ultimate success. At length they have succeeded. The reins of government have been placed in their hands. And ever since the democrats, especially those who have held fair offices, have been whining about "proscription" and complaining because they were at length compelled to relinquish the pleasant places they long enjoyed. Such conduct deprives them of all claims to sympathy. Their complaint is entirely false in point of fact, and it stirs our contempt to see men raising such lamentations over the loss of places. We have respect for one who bears defeat manfully, but only contempt for those who do nothing but whine and lament.

It is worth noting that Caleb's idea of "proscription" is precisely the same as that on which the Southern rebellion is founded. The South has controlled the government. The rebels who have been in the minority have passively submitted. But the moment that the nation turned, the South raises the cry of "proscription." It is excluded, it says, from its share in the administration of the government. It knows that the opinion that has brought about this change renders it hopeless that slavery shall ever again be the controlling power of the American republic. Not acknowledging the duty of the minority to submit, a duty and a practice, the violation of which is inconsistent with any established government, it takes up arms and seeks to overthrow the government which it can no longer administer. This is the legitimate result of the carrying out of this doctrine of proscription. Caleb Cushing shows, by enunciating it, that his principles and his sympathies are with the rebels of the slave States, and that he is unworthy of the slightest confidence or respect on the part of the people of the free States.—*New Bedford Standard.*

ELECTION OF MR. OPDYKE TO THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK.

As a Republican triumph, Mr. Opdyke's election has some importance, though not as significant as might have been wished. Still it is no unimportant thing for the reformers to have an opportunity of showing the value of their principles and principles by actual experience, and in contrast with those of their opponents. Mr. Opdyke, in answer to the attack made on him by the *New York Herald*, that he was an abolitionist of the Greeley, Cheever and Garrison stamp, said he was not an abolitionist, but that his opinions were correctly set forth by Judge Cowles at the ratification meeting. Though regretting that he should feel called upon to make this disavowal, we were somewhat relieved on referring to the Judge's speech. In it he remarks that although we are not fighting for the direct purpose of emancipating the slaves, he believed in using all the powers of the government and all that means it can command. He would use the slaves as quickly as he would use any other possession of the rebels; would properly wrest the slave from their hands, and use him to sustain and uphold our government.

"What—when this unholy war shall have brought to a close, and rebellion be made to hide its head in dishonor and in shame—what shall then be the condition of the slave who has helped to fight the battle of constitutional liberty, may be safely left, if government so decrees, to be determined by the exigency of then passing ages. They are the slaves who returned back against his will to bondage, neither George Opdyke, nor you, nor I believe. (Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.) 'Can't do it.' The inexorable logic of circumstances—the eternal laws of equity and justice, would forbid it. These are the views of George Opdyke. They are the views which the abolitionists must accept and acted upon by our governments, whether it be England or not to support their devoted army, or just to the slave. (Applause.) We would wage no war of emancipation as such, or for that sake. But while and as long as this rebellion rages, we will wrest from the rebels slave used and employed for the prosecution of treason, and use them, if need be, as fighting defenders of our constitutional liberty. (Great applause.) If, in thus using the slave to suppress treason, the necessary or inevitable result shall prove to be that slave's future freedom, treason, not loyalty, will be answered for the result. The motto of our country through this war will be 'Live as a slave will be the death of slavery perish' (applause); but never that other sentiment, which seems to run through the late speech of his competitor: 'Live slavery, though the Republic perish.'"

"This utterance from the lips of Abraham Lincoln would set the nation in an ecstasy of delight, and alter the whole policy of the war; would instantly restore Gen. Fremont to his rightful field, the western department, and empty Missouri of traitorous bands. This sentiment from the lips of Congress and the Commander-in-Chief would have set every slave in the rebel States free, and given us a jubilee more glorious than the one that we celebrated in Jewish history, on the double jubilee of a rebellion crushed, four millions of slaves forever freed, and a nation saved. This sentiment, now finding utterance in Congress and in the order of Secretary Seward to Gen. McClellan, inspires our hopes and fires our devotion to liberty and our land. May Mr. Opdyke never retract these sentiments, and show that he is no farther removed from the abolitionists.—*American Baptist.*

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE REBELS.

Some say the Abolitionists are as much to blame as the rebels. It is true, they have been for years warning the nation to put away her sin; without friends of freedom, there would be no opposition—of course not. This was the language of the Scribes and Pharisees of old; a pestilent fellow, a son of discord; away with him! crucify him! he it is that stirs up this trouble! What they said was true. If there had been no Jesus, there would have been no fuss at that time. Jesus and his agitating disciples were as necessary to stir up the row, as Judas and the chief priests; one is as famous as the other; yet history ascribes their guilt to the former revolutionaries. By their fruits ye shall know, which is to follow. Massachusetts, the hot-bed of Abolitionism, is the abode of the most intelligent, freest, happiest, and noblest men and women on the earth. Nowhere else are life, property, and personal security, so perfect.

South Carolina, the most perfect specimen of the Slave Power, where no Abolitionists have ever been produced, is, on the contrary, the abode of the vilest, most turbulent, meanest, and most offensive race in America.—*Old Soldier's Advocate, Cleveland.*

LOYAL SLAVEHOLDERS.

Great sacrifices must be made for their benefit; they are all-important in the eyes of many. Now, why should a slaveholder's property be any more sacred than a freeman's property? Every farm and every other species of property must suffer by this war; why not let its disadvantages and burdens fall on slaveholders just as much as others? What would you find a thorough abolitionist? We have heard of him, and of his little blackbirds, but we never could conceive of any man entertaining and aiding a system calculated to make men tyrants, and yet be a true friend to a Government based upon universal freedom. Our Government has sent thousands of arms to Kentucky and Missouri for the loyal citizens to defend themselves with; it is now well known that at least three-quarters of these very arms are in the hands of secessionists. Loyal slaveholders? Heaven save us from them! Every voluntary slaveholder will pitch where he can make the most out of his slaves. Such are like young hungry turkeys. Who has not observed a flock of loyal turkeys light on a fence; and observe with care to see on which side they find the most grass? Oh, what loyalty!—*Old Soldier's Advocate.*

As we go on, it is not likely that any competent defense. Philip Dorchester, Jr., a member of this staff, is preparing a series of papers for the *Atlantic Monthly*, giving a full history of the Missouri campaign. Mr. Dorchester is a writer of considerable ability, and personally conversant with Gen. Fremont's course in Missouri.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1861.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Though by the terms of the *Liberator*, payment for the paper should be made in advance, yet it has not only not been insisted upon, but an indulgence of thirteen months has hitherto been granted delinquent subscribers, before proceeding (always, of course, with great reluctance) to erase their names from the subscription list, in accordance with the *STANDARD RULE* laid down by the Financial Committee. But, in consequence of the generally depressed state of business, this indulgence will be extended from January 1, 1861, to April 1, 1862, in cases of necessity.

SEND IN THE PETITIONS!

Now that Congress is in session, and various propositions have already been submitted to it on the subject, let there be no unnecessary delay in forwarding emancipation petitions to that body. Send them directly to the proper Senators and Representatives from the various States and Districts. They will, of course, go free of postage. Already, large numbers, numerous signed, from various parts of the country, have been presented in both houses of Congress, and promptly referred to appropriate committees. The aggregate promises to be commanding. Send them in!

A petition for emancipation has been received at this office, headed by C. M. ALLEN, without the name of the town from which it came. Will any one give us the residence of the signers?

THE WAR.

LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ., AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

The large hall of the Cooper Institute, New York, was crowded on Thursday evening of last week, to listen to a lecture on the Rebellion by Wendell Phillips, of Boston. The rumors which had been afloat in the city—propagated by those who at heart favor the Rebels in their nefarious attempt at disrupting the Government—that a riot would ensue upon the appearance of Mr. Phillips, put the police upon their guard, and a strong detachment, under the supervision of Superintendent Kennedy, was within the body of the hall to quell any symptoms of disturbance. They were conspicuous at the entrances and in different parts of the hall. Two powerful metropolitans stood on the platform on each side of the speaker, and Mr. Kennedy, the superintendent of police, sat at one side.

Oliver Johnson called the meeting to order, and announced that Theodore Tilton would lecture in that hall on the next Wednesday evening, and that Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, would soon be invited to give the public his views of the war in this place. (Cries of "Bravo," and applause.)

Dr. H. A. Hart, of Dr. Cheever's church, introduced the speaker as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Wendell Phillips is a national man, and needs no introduction or eulogy from me. For more than a quarter of a century, he has stood up before the country as an able and eloquent expounder of great ethical principles. Unconnected with Church or State, yet a Christian and a patriot, he has devoted himself to the advocacy of the natural, political, and religious rights of man. [Applause.] Without omission from the nation, or authority from any ecclesiastical court, yet announced by God and inspired by his spirit, he has proclaimed essential, fundamental and eternal truths, which inspired priests and sages have repudiated and despised. Gifted with genius and fortune, and all the aids by which he might easily have attained the highest positions and offices in the nation, he has deliberately chosen to identify himself with the cause of a poor, oppressed and degraded race.

Wendell Phillips came on the stage amid loud applause, and when he rose, was received with three cheers. He said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It would be impossible for me to thank you for this welcome; you will allow me, therefore, not to attempt it, but to avail myself of your patience to speak to you, as I have been invited to do, upon the war.

I know, ladies and gentlemen, that actions—deeds, not words—are the fitting duty of the hour. Yet, still, cannot think in this day of ours, and it is only by putting thought behind arms that we render them worthy, in any degree, of the civilization of the nineteenth century. (Applause.) Besides, the Government has two-thirds of a million of soldiers, and it has ships sufficient for its purpose. The only question seems to be, what the Government is to do with these forces; in what path and how far it shall tread. You and I come here to-night, not to criticize, not to find fault with the Cabinet. We come here to recognize the fact, that in moments like these, the statesmanship of the Cabinet is but a pine shingle upon the rapids of Niagara, borne which way the great popular heart and the national purpose direct. It is in vain now, with these scenes about us, in this crisis, to endeavor to create public opinion; too late now to educate twenty millions of people. Our object now is to concentrate and to manifest, to make evident and to make intense, the matured purpose of the nation. We are to show the world, if it is indeed so, that democratic institutions are strong enough for such an hour as this. Very terrible as is the conspiracy, momentous as is the peril, democracy welcomes the struggle, (applause), confident that she stands like no delicately-poised throne in the old world, but, like the pyramid, on its broad base, able to be patient with national evils,—generously patient with the long forbearance of three generations,—and strong enough when, after that they reveal themselves in their own inevitable and hideous proportions, to pronounce and execute the unanimous verdict—Death! (Sensation.)

Now, gentlemen, it is in such a spirit, with such a purpose, that I come before you to-night to sustain this war. Whence came this war? You and I need not curiously investigate. While Mr. Everett on one side, and Mr. Sumner on the other, agree, you and I may take for granted the opinion of two such opposite statesmen—the result of the common sense of this side of the water and the other—that Slavery is the root of this war. (Applause.) I know some men have loved to trace it to disappointed ambition, to the success of the Republican party, convincing 300,000 nobles at the South, who have hitherto furnished as the most of the Presidents, Generals, Judges and Ambassadors we needed, that they would leave to stay at home, and that twenty millions of Northerners would take their share in public affairs. I do not think that cause equal to the result. Other

men before Jefferson Davis and Governor Wise have been disappointed of the Presidency. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Stephen A. Douglas were more than once disappointed, and yet who believes that either of these great men could have armed the North to avenge his wrongs? Why, then, should these pignons of the South be able to do what the giants I have named could never achieve? (Applause.) Simply because there is a radical difference between the two sections, and that difference is slavery. A party victory may have been the occasion of this outbreak. So a tea chest was the occasion of the Revolution, and it went to the bottom of Boston harbor on the night of the 16th of December, 1773; but that tea chest was not the cause of the Revolution, neither is Jefferson Davis the cause of the rebellion. (Applause and laughter.) If you will look upon the map, and notice that every slave State has joined or tried to join the rebellion, and no free State has done so, I think you will not doubt substantially the origin of this convulsion.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you know me—those of you who know me at all—simply as an Abolitionist. I am proud and glad that you should have known me as such. (Applause.) In the twenty-five years that are gone—I say it with no wish to offend any man before me—but in the quarter of a century that has passed, I could find no place where an American could stand with decent self-respect, except in constant, uncontrollable and loud protest against the sin of his native land. (Applause.) But, ladies and gentlemen, do not imagine that I come here to-night to speak simply and exclusively as an Abolitionist. My interest in this war, simply and exclusively as an Abolitionist, is about as much gone as yours in a novel when the hero has won the lady, and the marriage has been comfortably celebrated in the last chapter. (Laughter and applause.) I know the danger of political prophecy—a kaleidoscope of which not even a Yankee can guess the next combination,—but for this, I venture to offer my opinion, that on this continent, the system of domestic slavery has received its death-blow. (Loud and long-continued applause.) Let me tell you why I think so. Leaving out of view war with England, which I do not expect, there are but three paths out of this war. One is, the North conquers; the other is, the South conquers; and the third is, a compromise. Now, if the North conquers, or there be a compromise, one or the other of two things must come—either the old Constitution or a new one. I believe that, so far as the slavery clauses of the Constitution of '89 are concerned, it is dead. It seems to me impossible that the thrifty and pains-taking North, after keeping 600,000 men idle for two or three years, at the cost of two million dollars a day; after that flag lowered at Sumter; after Baker and Lyon and Ellsworth and Winthrop and Putnam and Wesselselt have given their lives to quell the rebellion; after our Massachusetts boys, hurrying from ploughed field and workshop to save the Capitol, have been foully murdered on the pavements of Baltimore,—I cannot believe in a North so lost, so craven, as to put back Slavery where it stood on the 4th of March last. (Cheers.) But if there be reconstruction without those slave clauses, then in a little while, longer or shorter, Slavery dies—indeed, on any other basis but the basis of '89, she has nothing else now to do but to die. On the contrary, if the South—or, I cannot say conquers; my lips will not form that word—but if she talk us into victory, the only way she can do it is to write Emancipation on her own banner, and thus bribe the friends of liberty in Europe to allow its aristocrats and traders to divide the majestic Republic whose growth and trade they fear and envy. Either way, the slave goes free. Unless England flings her fleets along the coast, the South can never spring into separate existence, except from the basis of negro freedom; and I, for one, cannot yet believe that the North will consent again to share his chains. Exclusively as an Abolitionist, therefore, I have little more interest in this war than the frontiersman's wife had in his struggle with the bear, when she didn't care which whined. (Laughter and applause.) But before I leave the Abolitionists, let me say one word. Some men say we are the cause of this war. Gentlemen, you do us too much honor! (Cheers and laughter.) If it be so, we have reason to be proud of it; for in my heart, as an American, I believe this war the most glorious of the Republic since '76. (Great applause.) The North, craven and contented until now, like Mammon, saw nothing even in heaven but the golden pavement; to-day she throws off her chains. We have a North, as Daniel Webster said. This is no epoch for nations to blush at. England might blush, in 1620, when Englishmen trembled at a fool's frowns, and were silent when James forbade them to think; but not in 1649, when an outraged people cut off his son's head. Massachusetts might have blushed a year or two ago when an insolent Virginian, standing on Bunker Hill, insulted the Commonwealth, and then dragged her citizens to Washington to tell him what they knew about John Brown; but she has no reason to blush to-day when she holds that same impudent Senator acknowledged felon in her prison fort. (Uproarious applause.) In my view, the bloodiest war ever waged is infinitely better than the happiest slavery that ever fattened men into obedience. (Cheers.) And yet I love peace. But it is real peace; not peace such as we have had; not peace that meant lynch law in the Carolinas and mob law in New York; not peace that meant chains around Boston Court-House, a gag on the lips of statesmen, and the slave sobbing himself to sleep in cages. No more such peace for me; no peace that is not born of justice, and does not recognize the rights of every race and every man. (Loud cheering.)

Some men say they would view this war as white men. I condescend to no such narrowness. I view it as an American citizen, proud to be the citizen of an empire that knows neither black nor white, neither Saxon nor Indian, but holds an equal sceptre over all. (Loud cheers.) If I am to love my country, it must be lovable; if I am to honor it, it must be worthy of respect. What is the function God gives us—what is the breadth of responsibility he lays upon us? An empire, the home of every race, every creed, every tongue, to whose citizens is committed, if not the only, then the grandest system of pure self-government. DeTocqueville tells us that all nations and all ages tend with inevitable certainty to this result, but he points out, as history does, this land as the Normal School of the Nations; set by God to try the experiment of popular education and popular government, to smooth all obstacles, discover all dangers, guard against all perils, facilitate the progress, help forward the hopes and the steps of the race. Let us see to it, that with such a crisis and such a past, neither the ignorance, nor the heedlessness, nor the cowardice of Americans forfeits this high honor, won for us by the toils of two generations, given to us by the blessing of Providence. It is as a citizen of the leading State of this Western continent, vast in territory, and yet its territory nothing compared with the grandeur of its past and the majesty of its future—it is as such a citizen, that I wish for one to find duty, express as an individual my opinion, and aid thereby the Cabinet in doing its duty under such responsibility. It does not lie in one man to ruin us, nor in one man to save us, nor in a dozen. It lies in the twenty millions, in the thirty millions, of thirty-four States.

Now, how do we stand? In a war—not only that, but a terrible war—not a war sprung from the caprice of a woman, the spite of a priest, the flickering ambition of a prince, as wars usually have; but a war inevitable; in one sense, nobody's fault; the inevitable result of past training, the conflict of ideas, millions of people grappling each others' throats, every soldier in each camp certain that he is fighting for an idea that holds the salvation of the world—every drop of his blood in earnest. Such a war finds no parallel nearer than that of the Catholic and Huguenot of France, or that of the Aristocrat and Republican in 1793, or Cromwell and the Irish, when victory meant extermination. Such is our war. I look upon it as the commencement of the great struggle upon the hidden aristocracy and the democracy of America. You are to say to-day whether it shall last ten years or seventy, and as usually has done. It resembles closely that struggle between aristocrat and democrat which began in France in 1790, and continues still. While it lasts, it will have the same effect on the nation as that war between the blind lady, represented by the Stuart family, and the free spirit of the English Constitution, which lasted from 1600 to 1760, and made England a second-rate power almost all that century.

Such is the era on which you are entering. I will not speak of war in itself—I have no time; I will not say with Napoleon that it is the practice of barbarians; I will not say that it is good. It is better than the past. A thing may be better, and yet not good. This war is better than the past, but there is not an element of good in it. I mean, there is nothing in it that we might not have gotten better, fuller and more perfectly in other ways. And yet it is better than the craven past, infinitely better than a peace which had pride for its father and subserviency for its mother. Neither will I speak of the cost of war, although you know that we never shall get out of this one without a debt of at least two or three thousand millions of dollars. For, if the prevalent theory prove correct, and the country comes together again on any thing like the old basis, we pay Jeff Davis's debts as well as our own. Neither will I remind you that debt is the natural disease of Republics, the first thing and the mightiest to undermine Government and corrupt the people. The great debt of England has kept her back in civil progress at least a hundred years. Neither will I remind you that when we go out of this war, we go out with an immense disbanded army, an intense military spirit embodied in two-thirds of a million of soldiers, the fruitful, the inevitable source of fresh debts and new wars; I pass by all that; yet lying within these causes are things enough to make the most sanguine friends of free institutions tremble for our future. I pass those by. But let me remind you of another tendency of the time. You know, for instance, that the writ of *habeas corpus*, by which Government is bound to render a reason to the Judiciary before it lays its hands upon a citizen, has been called the high-water mark of English liberty. The present Napoleon, in his treatise on the English Constitution, calls it the gem of English institutions. Lieber says that *habeas corpus*, free meetings like this, and a free press, are the three elements which distinguish liberty from despotism. All that Saxon blood has gained in the battles and toils of two hundred years are these three things. But to-day, Mr. Chairman, every one of these—*habeas corpus*, the right of free meeting and a free press—is annihilated in every square mile of the Republic. We live to-day, every one of us, under martial law. The Secretary of State puts into his basket, with a warrant as irresponsible as that of Louis, any man whom he pleases. And you know that neither press nor lips may venture to arraign the Government without being silenced. At this moment one thousand men, at least, are "battled" by an authority as despotic as that of Louis—three times as many as Eldon and George III. seized when they trembled for his throne. Mark me, I am not complaining. I do not say it is not necessary. It is necessary to do anything to save the ship. (Applause.) It is necessary to throw everything overboard in order that we may float. It is a mere question whether you prefer the despotism of Washington or that of Richmond. I prefer that of Washington. (Loud applause.) But, nevertheless, I point out to you this tendency because it is momentous in its significance. We are tending with rapid strides, you say inevitably—I do not deny it; necessarily—I do not question it; we are tending toward that strong Government which frightened Jefferson, toward that unlimited debt, that endless army. We have already those alien and seditious laws which, in 1798, wrecked the Federal party, and summoned the Democratic into existence. For the first time on this continent, we have passports, which even Louis Napoleon pronounces useless and ignominious. For the first time in our history, Government spies frequent our great cities. And this model of a Government, if you reconstruct it on the old basis, is to be handed into the keeping of whom? If, you compromise it by reconstruction, to whom are you to give these delicate and grave powers? To compromisers? To reconstruct this Government, and for twenty years you can never elect a Republican. Presidents must be so wholly without character or principle, that two angry parties, each hopeless of success, contemptuously tolerate each as neutrals. Now, I am not exaggerating the moment. It can parallel it entirely. It is the same position that England held in the times of Eldon and Fox, when Holcroft and Montgomery, the poet, Horne Tooke and Frost and Hardy went into dungeons, under laws that Pitt executed, and Burke praised—times when Fox said he despised of English liberty but for the power of insurrection—times which Sydney Smith said he remembered when no man was entitled to an opinion who had not £3,000 a year. Why? there is no right—do I exaggerate when I say that there is no single right—that Government is scrupulous and finds itself able to protect, except the right of a man to slaves! (Laughter.) Every other right has fallen now before the necessities of the hour.

Understand me, I do not complain of this state of things; but it is momentous. I only ask you that out of this peril you be sure to get something worthy of the crisis through which you have passed. No Government of free make could stand three such trials as this. I only point you the picture, in order, like Hotspur, to say, "Out of this nettle, danger, by you right eminently sure that you pluck the flower, safety." (Applause.) Standing in such a crisis, certainly it commands us that we should endeavor to find the root of the difficulty, and that now, once for all, we should put it beyond the possibility of troubling our peace again. We cannot afford, as Republicans, to run this risk. The vessel of state—her timbers are strained beyond almost the possibility of surviving. The tempest is one which it demands the warlike pilot to outlive. We cannot afford, thus warned, to omit anything which can save this ship of state from a second danger of the kind.

Well, what shall we do? The answer to that question comes partly from what we think has been the cause of this convulsion. Some men think—some of your editors think—many of ours, too—that this war is nothing but the disappointment of one or two thousand angered politicians, who have persuaded eight millions of Southerners, against their convictions, to take up arms and rush to the battle-field—no great compliment to Southern sense. (Laughter.) They think that if the Federal army could only appear in the midst of this demoralized mass, the eight millions will find out for the first time in their lives that they have got souls of their own, tell us so, and then we shall all be piloted back, float back, drift back into the good old times of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan. (Laughter.) Well, there is a measure of truth in that. I believe that if a year ago, when the thing first showed itself, Jefferson Davis, and Toombs, and Keith, and Wise, and the rest, had been hung for traitors at Washington, and a couple of frigates anchored at Charleston, another couple in Savannah, and half a dozen in New Orleans, with orders to shell the cities on the first note of resistance, there never would have been this outbreak—(applause)—nor would it have been postponed at least a dozen years; and if that interval had been used to get rid of slavery, we never should have heard of the convulsion. But you know we had nothing of the kind, and the consequence is, what? Why, the bewildered North has been summoned by every defeat, and every success, from its workshops and its factories, to gaze with half-opened eyes at the lurid features, until at last, divided, bewildered, confounded, as this 20,000,000 were, we have all of us fused into one idea, that the Union meant Justice—shall mean Justice—owns down to the Gulf, and we will have it. (Applause.) Well, what has taken place meanwhile at the South? Why, the same thing. The divided, bewildered South has been summoned also out of her divisions by every success and every defeat, (and she has had more of the first than we have,) and the consequence is that she, too, is

fused into a swelling sea of State pride, Northern hate—

"Unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit nor yield."

She is in earnest, every man, and she is as unanimous as the Colomes were in the Revolution.—In fact, the South recognizes more intelligently than we do the necessities of her position. I do not consider this a secession. It is no secession. I agree with Bishop General Polk—it is a conspiracy, not a secession. There is no wish, no intention, to go peaceably and unpermanently off. It is a conspiracy to make the Government do the will and accept the policy of the slaveholders. Its root is at the South, but it has many a branch in Wall street and in State street. (Cheers.) It is a conspiracy, and on one side is every man who still thinks that he steals a brother is a gentleman, and he that makes his living is not. (Applause.) It is the aristocratic element which survived the Constitution, which our fathers thought could be left under it, and the South to-day is forced into this war by the natural growth of the antagonistic principle. You may judge whatever submission and patience of Southern institutions you please, it is not enough. South Carolina said to Massachusetts in 1835, when Edward Everett was Governor, "Abolish free speech—it is a nuisance." She is right—from her standpoint it is. (Laughter.) That is, it is not possible to preserve the quiet of South Carolina consistently with free speech; but you know the story Walter Scott told of the Scotch lady, who said to her old butler, "Jock, you and I can't live under this roof." "And where does your honor think of going?" "No free speech says to South Carolina to-day. Now I say, you may pledge compromise, guarantee what you please. The South knows it is not your purpose—it is your character that she dreads. It is the nature of Northern institutions, the perilous freedom of discussion, the flavor of our ideas, the sight of our growth, the very neighborhood of such States, that constitutes the danger. It is like the two vases launched on the stormy sea. The iron said to the crockery, "I won't come near." "Thank you, thank you," said the weaker vessel; "there is as much danger in my coming near you." This the South feels; hence her determination; hence, indeed, the imperious necessity, that she should rule and shape our Government, or of sailing out of it. I do not mean that she plans to take possession of the North, and choose our Northern Mayors, though she has done that in Boston for the last dozen years, and here till this fall. But she conspires and aims to control just so much of our policy, trade, offices, presses, pulpits, cities, as is sufficient to ensure the undisturbed existence of slavery. She conspires with the full intent so to mould this Government as to keep it what it has been for thirty years, according to John Quincy Adams—a plot for the extension and perpetuation of slavery. As the world advances, fresh guarantees are demanded. The nineteenth century requires sterner gags than the eighteenth. Often as the peace of Virginia is in danger, you must be willing that a Virginia Mason shall drag your citizens to Washington, and imprison them at his pleasure. So long as Carolina needs it, you must submit that your ships be searched for dangerous passengers, and every Northern mail lynched. No more Kansas rebellions. It is a conflict between the two powers, Aristocracy and Democracy, which shall hold this belt of the continent. You may live here, New York men, but it must be in submission to such rules as the quiet of Carolina requires. That is the meaning of the oft-repeated threat to call the roll of one's slaves on Bunker Hill and dictate peace in Faneuil Hall. Now, in that fight, I go for the North, for the Union.

In order to make out this theory of "irrepressible conflict" it is not necessary to suppose that every Southerner hates every Northerner, (as the *Atlantic* urges.) But this much is true: some 300,000 slaveholders at the South, holding two thousand millions of so-called property in their hands, controlling the machinery of the seven million of poor whites into being their tools, into believing their interest is opposed to ours—this order of nobles, this privileged class, has been able for forty years to keep the Government in dread, dictate terms by threatening disunion, bring us to its verge at pieces, and now almost to break the Union in places. A power this consolidated, which has existed seventy years, setting up and pulling down parties, controlling the policy of the Government, and changing our religion, and is emboldened by uniform success, will not burst like a bubble in an hour. For all practical purposes, it is safe to speak of it as the South: no other South exists, or will exist, till our policy develops it into being. This is what I mean. An Aristocracy rooted in wealth, with its net-work spread over all social life, its poison penetrating every fibre of society, is the hardest possible evil to destroy. Its influence, *ZARATHO*, is often able to mock at Religion, Trade, Literature and Politics combined. One half the reason why Washington has been and is in peril—why every move is revealed and checked—*is*, that your President is unfashionable, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis is not. Unseen chains are sometimes stronger than those of iron, and heavier than those of gold.

It is not in the plots, it is in the inevitable character of the Northern States that the South sees her danger. And the struggle is between these two ideas. Our fathers, as I said, thought they could be left, one to outgrow the other. They took gunpowder, and a lighted match, forced them into a stalwart cannon, screwed down the muzzle, and thought they could secure peace. But it has resulted differently: the cannon has exploded, and we stand among fragments.

Now, some Republicans and some Democrats—not Butler, and Bryant, and Cochrane, and Cameron—not Boutwell, and Bancroft, and Dickinson, and others—but the old set (laughter)—the old set say to the Republicans, "Lay the pieces carefully together in their places; put the gunpowder and the match in again (laughter); say the Constitution backward instead of your prayers, and there will never be another rebellion!" (Cheers and laughter.) Now, I doubt it. (Cheers.) It seems to me that like causes will produce like effects. If the reason of the war is because we are two nations, then the cure must be to make us one nation, to remove that cause which divides us, to make our institutions homogeneous. If it were possible to subjugate the South and leave slavery where it is, where is the security that we should not have another war in ten years? Indeed, such a course invites another war, whenever demagogues please. I believe the policy of reconstruction is impossible. And if it were possible, it would be the greatest mistake that Northern men could commit.—(Cheers.) Peace with an unchanged Constitution would leave us to stand like Mexico, States married not matched; chained together, not melted into one; foreign nations aware of our hostility, and interfering to embroil, rob and control us. We should be what Greece was under the intrigues of Philip, and Germany when Louis XIV. was in fact her dictator. We may see our likeness in Austria, every freetrial province an addition of weakness; in Italy, twenty years ago, a lash of angry hounds. A Union with unwilling and subjugated States, smarting with defeat, and yet holding the powerful and dangerous element of slavery in it, and an army disbanded into laborers, for constant disturbance, would be a standing invitation to France and England to insult and dictate, to thwart our policy, demand changes in our laws, and trample on us continually.

Reconstruction is but another name for the submission of the North. It is her subjection under a mask. It is nothing but the confession of defeat. Every merchant, in such cases, puts every thing he has at the bidding of Wigfall and Toombs in every cross-road bar-room at the South. For, you see, never till now did anybody but a few Abolitionists believe that this nation could be marshaled one section against the other in arms. But the secret is out. The weak point is discovered. Why does the London press

lecture us like a schoolmaster his seven-years-old boy? Why does England use a tone such as she has not used for half a century in any power? Because she knows us as she knows Mexico, as all Europe knows Austria,—that we have the cancer concealed in our very veins. Slavery left where it is, after having created such a war as this, would leave our commerce and all our foreign relations at the mercy of any Kelt, Wigfall, Wise or Toombs. Any demagogue has only to stir up a pro-slavery crusade, point back to the safe experiment of 1861, and seal the passions of the aristocrats to cover the sea with privateers, put in jeopardy the trade of twenty States, plunge the country into millions of debt, send our stocks down fifty per cent, and cost thousands of lives. Reconstruction is but making chronic what now is transient. What that is, this week shows. What that is, we learn from the long England darts to assume toward this divided Republic. I do not believe reconstruction possible. I do not believe the cabinet intend it. True, I should care little if they did, since I believe the Administration can no more resist the progress of events than a spear of grass can retard the step of an avalanche. But if they do, allow me to say, for one, that every dollar spent in this war is worse than wasted, every life lost is a public murder, and that any statesman who leads these States faintly compared with which Arnold was a saint, and James Buchanan a public benefactor. (Slight disturbance in the rear part of the hall, cries of "Put him out," &c.) I said reconstruction is not possible. I do not believe it, for this reason: the moment these States begin to appear victorious, the moment our armies do anything that evinces final success, the wily statesmanship and unconquerable force of the South will write "Emancipation" on her banner, and welcome the protectorate of a European power. And if you read the European papers of to-day, you need not doubt that they will have it. Intelligent men agree that the North stands better with Palmerston for minister than she would with any minister likely to succeed him. And who is Palmerston? While he was Foreign Secretary, from 1848 to '61, the British press ridiculed every effort of the French Republic—sneered at Cavaignac and Ledru ROLLIN, Lamartine and Hugo—while they cheered Napoleon on to his usurpation, and Lord Normanby, then minister at Paris, the 3d of December grasped the hand still wet with the best blood of France, congratulating the Despot on his victory over the Reds, applying to the friends of Liberty the worst epithet that an Englishman knows. This last outrage led Palmerston to resign his place; but he rules to-day—though rebuked, not changed.

The value of the English news this week is the indication of the nation's mind. No one doubts now, that should the South emancipate, England would make haste to recognize and help her. In ordinary times, the government and aristocracy of England dread American example. They may well admire and envy the strength of our Government, when, instead of England's impressment and pinched lies, in six months, the English merchant is jealous of our growth; only the liberal middle classes really sympathize with us. When the other two classes are divided, this middle class rules. But now, Herod and Pilate are agreed. The aristocrat, who usually despises a trader, whether of Manchester or Liverpool, as the South does a negro, now is secessionist from sympathy as the trader is from interest. Such a union, no middle class can checkmate. The only danger of war with England is, that as soon as England declared war with us, she would recognize the Southern Confederacy, immediately just as she stands, slavery and all, as a military measure. As such, in the heat of passion, in the smoke of war, the English people, all of them, would allow such a recognition even of a slaveholding empire. Indeed, the only way, the only sure way, to break this Union, is to try to save it by *undoing* slavery. "Every moment," as Napoleon said, "is an opportunity for misfortune." Even if we have no war with England, let another eight or ten months be as little successful as the last, and Europe will acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, slavery and all, as a matter of course. War with England ensures disunion. When England declares war, she gives slavery a fresh lease of fifty years. Further, any approach toward victory on our part, without freeing the slave, gives him free to Davis. So far, the South is sure to succeed, either by victory or defeat, unless we anticipate her. We shall never conquer the South without her trying emancipation. Do you suppose that Davis, and Beauregard, and the rest, mean to exile, wandering contented in every great city of Europe, in order that they may maintain slavery and the Constitution of '89? They, like ourselves, will throw everything overboard before they will submit to defeat—defeat from Yankees. It is possible, therefore, that reconciliation is impossible, nor do I believe the Cabinet have any such hopes. Indeed, I do not know where they will find the evidence of any purpose in the Administration at Washington. (Hisses, cheers, and laughter.) If we look to the West, if we look to the Potomac, what is the policy? If, on the Potomac, with the aid of twenty Governors, you assemble an army, and do nothing but return fugitive slaves, that proves you competent and efficient. If, on the banks of the Mississippi, unarmed, the magic of your presence summons an army into existence, and you drive your enemy before you a hundred miles further than your second in command thought it possible for you to advance, that proves you incompetent, and entitles your second in command to succeed you. (Tremendous applause, and three cheers for Fremont.)

Looking in another direction, you see the Government announcing a policy in South Carolina. What is it? Well, Mr. Secretary Cameron says to the General in command there, "You are to welcome into your camp all comers; you are to organize them into squads and companies; use them in any way you please, but there is to be no general armistice." That is a very significant exception. You recollect in Charles Reade's novel, *Never too Late to Mend*, (a very good motto), the heroine flies to hide from her hero, announcing that she never shall see him again. Her letter says, "I will never see you again, Edward. You, of course, won't come to see me at Mrs. Young's, No. 126 Bond Street, (laughter), between 11 and 12 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon, because I shall see you." (Laughter.) So Mr. Cameron says there is to be no general armistice, but I suppose there is to be a very particular armistice. (Laughter.) But he goes on to add, This is no greater interference with the institutions of South Carolina than is necessary, than the war will cure. Does he mean he will give slaves back when the war is over? I don't know. All I know is, that the *Poit Royal* expedition proved one thing—it laid fever that ghost of an argument, that the blacks loved their masters—it settled forever the question whether the blacks were with us or with the South. My opinion is, that the blacks are the key of our position. (A voice—"That is it!") He that gets them wins, and he that loses them goes to the wall. (Applause.) Port Royal settled one thing—the blacks are with us, and not settled one thing—the blacks are with us, and not with the South. I know nothing more touching in dwell upon more fondly—I know no tribute to the Stars and Stripes more impressive, than that incident of the blacks coming to the water side with their little bundles, in that simple faith which had endured through the long night of so many bitter years. They preferred to be shot rather than be driven from the sight of that banner they had so long prayed to see. And if that was the result when nothing but General Sherman's equivocal proclamation was landed on the Carolinas, what should we have seen, if there had been 15,000 veterans with FAYSON, the statesman soldier of this war, at their head, (loud applause,) and over them the Stars and Stripes, gorgeous with the motto

Poetry.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL TO THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Starry banner! waving free,
Over land and over sea,
Proudly o'er the world you wave,

ANGELS OF EARTH.

There are angels, angels many,
Even now upon the earth,
Dark as it may seem to any

Of the dungeon, dread and fearful,
On the ponderous door they open,
To the wretch, in accents cheerful,

Over the couch of sickness bending,
When the leech's skill is vain,
Aid to fainting nature lending,

From the Anti-Tobacco Journal.
A TRAIT FOR OUR ARMY AND NAVY.
I'm beat! There, boys, I'll give it up,

WINTER.
Lo, Winter comes! and all his heralds blow
Their gusty trumpets, and his tents of snow

THE ANTHEM OF FREEDOM.
Like some old organ-pipe,
Solemn and grand,
The anthem of Freedom

The Liberator.

PROPHETIC COMMUNICATION.

W. L. GARRISON:
DEAR FRIEND:—The following prophetic communication, purporting to come from the spirit world,

THOMAS MCCLINTOCK.
Philadelphia, 10th mo. 30th, 1861.

MY DAUGHTER:—At the earnest desire of one who for his country contended while he inhabited the

Woe, woe to America! A woe is pronounced against her from heaven. She hath forsaken her God.

O, America! the magnitude of thy errors is as a mountain piled up to heaven. It shall be shaken by the mighty power of God.

EMANCIPATION LEAGUE.

FRIEND GARRISON:
We have organized an Emancipation League here, and the following persons have been chosen its officers.

At a meeting held by this League on Saturday evening, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be printed in the newspapers.

Resolved, That in the recent death of FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., of Boston, that city has lost one of its most upright, far-seeing, warm-hearted and noble-minded citizens.

We have associated ourselves together for the purpose of diffusing all the information possible pertinent to the crisis now upon us, and which we hope and trust will soon come to an end by the utter extinction of slavery.

SIDE GLANCES AT THE WAR.

"Watchman, what of the night?" How goes the conflict? Are we approaching the hour of emancipation, or are we rolling back into barbarism?

But there are side glances, which fall not to amuse and profit the "looker-on in Venice." How rapidly we seem to be advancing towards common sense and decency in our Christian treatment of each other!

It really, however, seems as if that a lesson so current in all the pages of the Testament can only be mastered in the school of war. A poor comment is here afforded to the labors of the thousand "legates from the skies," that Christian union should reveal itself

Another glance cheers us with the thought that geographical distinctions vanish away. A man's a man for his worth in duty. The spirit of caste is also contraband. The soldier does not hunt up the birthplace of his comrade to measure his worth.

THE BEAUFORT NEGROES.

We think that enough tears have been shed over the pilferings and other "outrages" of the negroes at Beaufort, who are said to have gutted some of their masters' houses after the latter had shot several of them, and deserted the rest.

It was supposed that Gen. Sherman went to South Carolina to fight the most desperate gang of pariahs that ever took up arms against their country. Secretary Cameron assures us that, to meet the peculiar exigencies of that latitude, he had given the commander of the expedition authority

One of the most remarkable features of the new life in South Carolina, as affected by the negroes, Black servants have been hired by many of the officers, as waiters, washermen and women.

At Beaufort, where not a few seemed sad at the pillaging that had occurred, yet even these declared they had long prayed for our coming. They laughed at the idea of our injuring them, which all declared their masters had endeavored to instill.

DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON. According to the report of the Chief Engineer of the Army—General Barnard—made to the Secretary of War, there are forty-eight defensive works around and in close vicinity to Washington, which amount to three hundred guns.

CHANGE IN A BRITISH ORGAN.

The British Review, which was formerly intensely hostile to our government, has lately turned the other way. It has an elaborate article, showing its mistake and folly of recession, which closes as follows:

"The Federal Union, let us add, as a concluding consideration for Southern politicians, has a potent voice in the politics of the world. It has lifted itself up against Great Britain; it has challenged France, and obtained its own terms; it has taught Austria to respect American citizens; it is quiet on a level with the Atlantic to the Pacific; thirty-one millions of strong and intelligent people constitute a great nation.

OUR MURKYO VICE PRESIDENT. The Memphis Avalanche has an article on the "murky" Vice President of the North. It remarks: "We have only been able to account for the remarkable lukewarmness of Hannibal Hamlin in regard to the Abolition war, by attributing it to the general distrust of Abolitionism entertained by his race."

Among the facts ascertained by our troops in their scouting expeditions from Fort Royal is the following: that the contrabands are far more numerous than has hitherto been believed. They exist in great numbers in every direction. On St. Helena Island alone, on the plantations of Jenkins and Coffin, about two thousand were employed; half or three-quarters of them are estimated, they were left by their masters; they also endeavor to dispose of it to parties of our troops who sometimes land there.

A letter from Hilton Head says the negroes who come in all express a desire to be free, and work for themselves. They all complain of harsh treatment by their masters. On Mr. Seabrook's plantation, a man has been beaten the master from almost every family, in the hope of inducing the rest to follow. On one plantation, a negro was found who had been shot, and left lying in the fire-place, nearly burnt to a cinder—a fact which rendered the story of the others highly probable.

A contraband at Beaufort thus describes the flight of the rebels: "First de Alabamians run, den de Georgia cavalry ever after dem, and dey didn't stop. De South Carolinians run, and lef de Dutch to be killed." The Germans manned their guns.

General Drayton, in a letter to the Governor of South Carolina, says the negroes are behaving well and while he admits that the negroes of a few plantations were insubordinate, he says: "I would respectfully advise that all planters and overseers, who are not mustered into service, and are owners or agents of property upon the main land, should be ordered to take the care of their negroes, and thus by their presence prevent a recurrence of that excitement among their people which has been due in a great measure to their absence."

SMALL HITS. Rev. Mr. Manning, in his lecture at Institute Hall, recently referred to Messrs. Mason and Sidel as Commodore Wilkes' "contrabands." He also referred to Mason as the vindictive persecutor of John Brown, and said, that while the gathering of "Freedom" were chanting on the Potomac, "John Brown's soul is marching on," he heard the Senator, under the shadow of Banker Hill, exclaim, "Warren, whines out, dolefully, 'O carry me back to Old Virginia.'"—Robbery Journal.

NEW ORLEANS. At this season of the year, was formerly the scene of joyous life, brilliant gaiety, large business, and a "Haiti" where merchants most do congregate from all parts of the world. Now its situation under the blight of secession is vividly depicted in the Albany Journal, with its lively description of the shipwreck of the steamer "Hesperus," wrecked on the river side—storehouses abandoned to the rats—shops closed on noonday Canal and St. Charles streets—the grass cropping from the cracks of the pavements. "Nothing" doing—"no" vegetation coming out—nothing having money—nothing paying his debts. And even the thing so aristocratically dear! Pork \$45 per barrel, and 45 cents per pound; bacon 50 and 40 cents per pound; and no potatoes in the market. In addition to this, the rampant drunkenness and licentiousness putting public decency to the rout—a hostile fleet a few hours distant, threatening to deny the fruits of treason ripened!

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