

ton's Administration, Sheridan cried out, "Doctor, the Thence fly from thee."—In pleasant allusion to Macbeth and Adam's first confession, the Scotch member in a familiar way occupied him...

THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

In the Boston Courier of yesterday morning, we find a communication, dated New York, addressed to the editor, and signed "Ringbolt." It is devoted to an animated account of the spirit and objects of the great Union meeting...

We are indebted to "Ringbolt," the New York correspondent of the Boston Courier, for two more great Constitutional principles. They are implied in the following paragraph of his letter:

"If Sumner is re-elected to the Senate, he may not find it convenient to pass through this city. That his name is odious, infamous, is not all—it is cursed and abominable! The blood of thousands sacrificed to his ambition and personal revenge cries to heaven against him; and if a Massachusetts Legislature can still support him by its vote, those who do so will deserve to lose their children at the altar of this Moloch."

The first sentence of this extract contains a threat, that if the State of Massachusetts presented to elect Charles Sumner to the Senate, he shall be executed as he passes through the city of New York. We do not, of course, see any impropriety in the fact that a Boston newspaper sees fit to publish, even in a communication, an assurance that New York will kill a Massachusetts senator, if he has the impertinence to come within her limits; for the Courier probably does it for the excellent purpose of saving Mr. Sumner's life, by warning the State Legislature beforehand of what will be the fate of its favorite, in case it insists in forcing honors upon him.

We have, therefore, in addition to the two interpretations of the Constitution furnished by Messrs. Wickliffe and Wood, the following by "Ringbolt": It is perfectly proper for one State to hang a regular, or assassinate in an irregular manner, a Senator of another State who is personally obnoxious to any citizen of the State through which he passes to take his seat in the Senate.

All persons who vote at elections have the right to get up an armed opposition to the Government they have failed to defeat at the polls.

A REBUKE TO TRAITOROUS DEMOCRACY.

The Tribune publishes the following letter from Mr. Richard Hooker, a well-known lawyer of New York, (who has always ranked himself with the Democratic party), declining to have his name connected with the Fernando Wood sedition movement:

To the Editor of the New York Tribune: In the report of the New York Express of a meeting held at the Cooper Institute, on the evening of July 1st, inst., in pursuance of a call to the "citizens of New York and vicinity, opposed to the further agitation of the negro question, and in favor of the restoration of the Union as it was, and the maintenance of the Constitution as it is," I find my name printed among the list of Vice Presidents.

Ordinarily, I would not deem such a matter of enough importance to require correction; but in times like these, the opinions and conduct of the humblest may have weight in giving direction to the sentiment and action of others.

I am in favor of the restoration of the Union as it was with this qualification: it shall be a Union in which the citizens of each State shall not only be entitled to have, but actually have, "all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," and in which a New Yorker shall not be in peril of an application of tar and feathers or hanging in Georgia or Alabama, if he intimates that slavery is not a divine institution.

lenable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." RICHARD BUSTED. No. 237 Broadway, New York, July 4, 1863.

NORTHERN SYMPATHY WITH THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.

There is strong evidence that the slaveholding conspirators against the liberties of the American people had expected essential aid from a certain class at the North; but the overwhelming uprising of freemen around the ensign of the republic drove the northern accomplices of the Southern despots into hiding-places, to escape the wrath of an indignant people. Whether the meeting got up in New York, on Tuesday evening, was composed mainly of such traitors, in disguise, we cannot say; but it is pretty evident that the doings of that meeting were such as men of necessary tendencies would naturally engage in.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders! BOSTON, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1863

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL SOCIETY, AT MUSIC HALL, JULY 6.

[PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORT BY JAS. M. W. YERBINGTON.]

We opened this house last fall in a season of great doubt, when the prospects of the nation lowered; we close it now for the summer, with a cloud resting on the future of the nation's effort. I propose to use the hour that you give me, to-day, in trying to find the reasons of this delay in what seems to me efficient action on the part of the Government.

When Fremont crossed the desert to San Francisco, to open the pathway of empire to the golden State, he selected winter, in order that he might know the utmost difficulties that the emigrant would encounter. When Fulton's steamboat first trod the waters of the Hudson, he selected the moment of utter difficulty, when the spectators doubted whether the wheel could move, to go below, rearrange the machinery, and make that efficient which at the moment promised to defeat the experiment.

Let us begin at the beginning. Every man has a right to a certain influence. Every man who thinks is bound to have an influence. I think he should not attempt to influence those about him somewhat, but he should remember the rule of Wilberforce, that a man is bound to exert all the influence that he can. He is not innocent if he leaves any single channel untouched.

I propose, therefore, to look for a moment into the machinery, and endeavor to define where the defect lies. I do not mean to belittle the religious and the intellectual influence of such an effort as this. The diocese of Theodore Parker extended to the Pacific. There are two kinds of influence: one, Chinese—a man makes his imitator exactly what he is, as the Chinese artist, taking a cracked plate for his model, reproduces the whole set with a crack. This is one kind of influence—the least valuable. The other is the influence of methods, ideas. A man creates those who follow, not his exact steps, but his method; who accepts not his results, but his principles of investigation, his fearlessness of examination, his boldness of attitude.

But still, there are four kinds of influence. There is the social, the intellectual, the religious, and the political. The social influence is that of a man of fascinating, keen, brilliant intellect, and fair position, gathers the suffrages that make him potent from every source, from every quarter. His acquaintances value him by the reputation that the broad surface of society renders to him. He is not potent because he is admired in Boston solely; the reflection of his New York, of his London, of his Philadelphia, of his Chicago acquaintance, adds to the weight of his social position. The complement which comes to a great speaker or to an independent man a thousand miles off, adds to the weight of his home land. So there is an intellectual influence. This pulpit is not potent merely because it collects two thousand men within these walls of a Sunday; it is because Music Hall, to the farthest West, is recognized as the spot where unpopular truth gets an utterance, where hunted freedom finds an altar. The South dreads it as the vanguard of New England fanaticism. Its influence is not local. Every one of you feels stronger to-day because you know that the eyes of twenty States are on you. So, take the Tribune. This Tribune is strong, not because

of its corps of editors, not for its ten or fifteen thousand New York subscribers, but because it moulds opinions in Minnesota; because, when Wade speaks, he speaks with a constituency which the New York Tribune has moulded to stand behind him. When Lovejoy enters Congress, the constituency that sends him there was created by the Evening Post and the New York Tribune. There is no locality, there is no hemming-in of geographical boundaries, there is no close corporation, in these things. Why do we listen to Horace Greely? We know that when he speaks, a hundred thousand men listen, and that on at least a hundred thousand hearts his words fall with the power of a leader. The majority do not love to lead; they love to follow. There are very few men who love the labor and responsibility of thought. The majority love to have their thinking done for them. In a moment of leisure, in the mere play conflict of society, they maintain an opinion; but in the critical moment, when action is to rest on intellect, when a step is to be taken as the result of logic, when a great nation's fate hangs on his rising right hand, every man shrinks from the responsibility. He says, "You lead—I follow." The majority love to follow. When such a man as Greeley speaks, why does the President go to hear him in Washington? Why does the Cabinet crowd the Smithsonian platform when he lectures, and leave Cheever and me unattended? Because, when he speaks, the great West listens, and on their hot hearts the trusted leader of the Republican sentiment pours the mature, the ripe conclusions which are to immediately result, or very soon to result, in national action. Such are the social, religious, and intellectual chiefs among us.

Now we come to politics—the close, direct influence on the nation's affairs. The political chief represents a geographical district. He is chosen solely by the votes of those who live, one may say, in sight of his house. Unlike the social, religious, and intellectual chiefs I have named, the political chief, by our present system of election, represents a cut and squared surface of population. Let me explain. Mr. Lincoln stands here to-day. Why? He is "Honest Abe"; he means to do his duty. I believe he honestly wishes that this convulsion shall result in the destruction of the slave system. (Applause.) But Mr. Lincoln is not a genius; he is not a leader. It is quite doubtful whether, under Democratic institutions, a leader ever can be President. It is quite doubtful, under Democratic institutions, whether leading minds ever can fill the great offices of State. They certainly never can under the present system. Mr. Lincoln is not a leader; he is a second-rate man; he rejoices in being a second-rate man. His theory of Democracy is, that he is the servant of the people, not the leader. Like the Indian trapper on the prairie, his keen ear listens to know what twenty million of people want him to do; what their conscious, matured, recognized principles to-day demand of him to do. He stands asking, "What do you mean I shall do?" Ericsson is a genius; and if the Union is saved, we owe it to John Ericsson, not to Abraham Lincoln (applause); for, without listening to anything but the inspiration of his own genius, he sees the want, measures the void, and fills it. He is a leader, not a follower. Lincoln, selected by the present method of Democratic election, as I am going to proceed to show you, cannot be anything but a servant. What does he want to-day? I am going to take it for granted that he is honest; I am going to take it for granted that the Cabinet which stands behind him, according to popular report, is more than that; it actually leads, the bulk of it, toward the purpose of letting this convulsion preserve the Union by the method of making it homogeneous—based it on freedom. (Applause.) But of course the Cabinet, and the President too, are only the servants of the people; they listen to Congress; they heed the official voice of the people. Let me go into that a moment. What is, at present, the official voice of America? Democracy means this—the government of the people. Democracy, in its noblest and highest sense, is the government by the present mind of all the people. We are at present pluming ourselves on an experiment of Democracy. Lord Brougham criticized us as demonstrating "the failure of Democracy"; but he knows nothing of that he is talking about, for we have never had a Democracy yet. Not only has the great Southern Oligarchy hitherto smothered the tendency toward Democracy in the Northern States, which it now threatens to annihilate, but we have never had a Democracy even here. Let me show you what I mean. I am going to speak to you of the rights of minorities. I am about to try to unfold to you, in half an hour, what Stuart Mill has been urging in England for twenty years—the rights of minorities; and to show you that, I think, here lies the obstacle to the success of the North in this struggle.

We say in Massachusetts that the people govern. What do we mean? When you resolve it into the fact, "the majority govern" is what the politician will tell you. We go to the polls, and out of a million of men, if there are 700,000 who think one way, and 300,000 who think another, the 300,000 must yield to the 700,000. That is the theory. Now look at the result. We will take 16,000 voters in a district; 7000 of them are Democrats, 8000 are Republicans. Many a district in this State is as closely contested as that. November approaches; the question is, "Whom shall we nominate?" Of those 8000 Republicans, 3000 are Abolitionists, with those 5000 who agree with Fremont, with Hunter, that the path out of this war is emancipation. The question comes, "Whom shall we nominate?" They say to themselves, "If we nominate such a man, when he is 5000 of our own party who are not ready for that problem; he never can be elected. Whom must we nominate? We must nominate a man on a level with the lowest tier of our own party. We must nominate a man whose declamatory opinions have never made an enemy. We must nominate a man whose radicalism has never been feared. We must nominate a man who believes the Lord Almighty owns the earth, but the Devil must not be deprived of his half of it just yet. (Laughter.) We must not go too far, not too far." And perhaps in that district there are 2000 liquor sellers. They say, "You must nominate a man, one of the other of you, who agrees with us; if you don't, we, the small minority of 2000, hold our votes irrespective of all opinions, pledged to this one interest." The consequence is, they nominate an eel; they nominate an artful dodger; they nominate a man who lives by whispering at Washington what it is death to him to have known at home; who is politically dead about the time he is equally well known in both places. He is elected. The 2000 radicals vote for him—he is the best they can get; the 5000 unpledged, neutral, non-committal, timid, cautious, hide-and-peek Republicans vote for him. Whom does he represent? He does not represent 7000 Democrats; he does not represent 3000 radicals. He represents 5000 men who were never guilty of an opinion. Five thousand men, then, out of the 16,000 in that district, are really represented. That is not a very near approach to the government of the "majority." One hundred such men go up to the Legislature. Now, I am not exaggerating matters; you know it is true. (Applause.) One hundred such men go up to the Legislature. Then comes up a test question—a stern, close, decisive measure. Sixty men vote for it; forty vote against it; it is carried. Now, how many men put that law on the Statute-book? Sixty voters, each one representing 5000 men. The whole hundred, according to my estimate, represent a million and a half; those sixty represent 300,000 men, and they govern. To-day, the grog-shops of Boston, that are open from Chelsea ferry to Roxbury line, choose your Mayor. To-day, the border States, the most selfish and the most timid in the country, govern the country, because this Administration fears opposition more than it values support. We are not under the government of the majority, or our method; we are under the government of the minority, necessarily; and, more than that, by the working of our machinery, we are under the government of a minority of dough-faces; a minority of men who do not offend anybody, whose

intellects are of the lowest type, whose moral convictions are at low tide. These are the men who elected Congressmen. Five Massachusetts members, elected by this method, voted down one of the best emancipation measures of the present Congress. Sumner and Wade and Lovejoy and Julian are but exceptional cases—"happy accidents," as Alexander the First was on the throne of Russia. "Happy accidents"; but the great majority of Congress represent each 5000 men without an opinion. President Lincoln to-day, when every hour is big with the fate of an empire, when every hour is risking the permanence of the Union, knows no other official representation of the popular sentiment of America than the Halls of Congress afford. The Halls of Congress, taking out those happy exceptions, by the very machinery of our Government, represent the dough-faces of the North—the men without an opinion. Does any man here wonder that President Lincoln does not lead? He has actually gone ahead of the official expression of the public sentiment of the North. His Border-State proclamation is an arrow's flight ahead of any official intimation to him of the public opinion of the North.

Now, dwelling a moment on our machinery, what is the remedy? Why, on Stuart Mill's plan, the remedy is in the minority being represented. That is, Boston is not to be obliged to choose, from its own citizens, a representative to Congress; Worcester is not to be confined, in choosing a representative, to her own inhabitants; but if 15,000 men in Massachusetts agree with Theodore Parker, in his lifetime, in opinion, they choose him, and send him to Congress. This is the plan, intended to furnish a Legislature that represents not a majority of the people as now, but the whole people. Then the majority of such representatives, who will really represent a majority of the whole people, speak for the nation and enact its laws. The plan is this. Having first settled who shall vote, suppose in any State there are two hundred thousand such voters, and the Legislature is to consist of fifty representatives. Each representative should stand for four thousand voters. Names should be announced, and then, all over the State, each man should vote according to a system whose details I will not here trouble you with; but whose result is, that no man enters the Legislature who has not received four thousand votes; and every voter would see in the Legislature a man he voted for. Four hundred such voters, scattered over such a State, could have thus sent Parker or Garrison to the Legislature twenty years ago; and such voters, for years unrepresented, because in a hopeless minority, would have had a voice for the last twenty years in the Legislature. No limit of locality, any more than in the Tribune, any more than in the social influence. If Massachusetts does not like Charles Sumner, a million of men the Union ever may send him into the Senate. It is no matter where the representative lives, it is no matter where the voter lives. Every man who goes into the House of Representatives, must represent the same number of votes. Whether he gets them from Boston or Syracuse, whether he gets them from Worcester or Syracuse, it is no matter. You and I might vote for Gerrit Smith. If there was any danger that Wade would not be re-elected, we might vote for him. If Caleb Cushing can get his number, he goes into Congress; if a radical reformer can get them, he goes into Congress. If there are thirty thousand men to-day who agree with Fremont, they send him to Congress; and if there are a million such, they send thirty representatives to Congress.

Common men often change a political idol; educated men rarely change an intellectual one. Senators and Representatives, elected for sake of their opinions by thoughtful, decided men all over the country, would certainly have the weight, and probably have the fixedness and independence, of members of a House of Lords; and thus, while approaching closer to the theory of Democracy, we should also secure one of the few benefits of a monarchy. Such a body of members would form, inside the Legislature, that base of resistance, that point d'appui, which is always needed in a Democracy to sustain an unpopular reform; which, with us, the Anti-Slavery cause has found for twenty years, in a body of men banished by their opinions and their conscientious scruples from the ballot-box; which the Temperance enterprise has been so often obliged to find only in hopeless minorities banished from all office.

As things now stand, outside pressure is the only method of reform. The Anti-Slavery enterprise began in 1831. What did we do? We confined ourselves to the trenches; we made our public opinion. The moment we got strong enough, we went to the doors of the Legislature. For fifteen years, we stood there. I remember it well. Not a voice inside those doors agreed with us. We appeared before committees, we circulated pamphlets, we laid a tract on the seat of every member; but no man inside ever spoke for us. We waited fifteen, seventeen, twenty years, before we got so superfluously strong that we could send a representative inside. Now, suppose Stuart Mill's method had governed here,—that every man who entered Congress must represent thirty thousand men who agreed with him; that any man, up to the number of three hundred, who could get thirty thousand men to agree with him, could go to Congress. Long ago, Theodore Parker could have got the broad surface of the Union, 30,000 voters to agree with him; and those great orations that were spoken from this desk from 1846 up to 1858 would have been spoken in Washington, with the whole nation for an audience. The sight of one such man, accepted by the people, would have changed the opinions of those "waiters on Providence," who always go with the strongest; and instead of standing to-day with a North unready for the conflict, we should have had the deliberations of the House of Representatives and the Senate, from 1845 to '61, educating the people to be ready for just such a crisis as this. Instead of an outside pressure, instead of a Congress to-day that represents the mass of no opinion, we should have a Congress that represents the utter and outside Democracy, and the utter and outside Garrisonianism, face to face on the floor of the Senate and the House. (Applause.) We need not say with De Tocqueville, "Every Government is always just as racially as the people will allow," but we may ask what sort of a Government have we a right to expect when the authoritative voice of the people reaches it only through such channels as I have described.

What does Mr. Lincoln need to-day? Mr. Davis of Kentucky, Mr. Holt of Kentucky, Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky, get up and say to him, "Advance one step in the direction of Hunter, and the Border States leave you." The Administration trembles, and holds back. A Republican rises. He remembers his constituency at home. Who sent him there? Why, men who are just saved from voting for Benjamin Thomas; men who are just saved from being deluded by the Boston Courier; men who are just saved from being carried away by the declamation of Mr. George T. Curtis. He says to himself, "I dare not put my foot down; I shall not be reflected." What is it necessary for Republicanism to say to a Cabinet that fears opposition more than it values support? It is necessary that it should say to them, "Gentlemen, you have had fourteen months' trial; you want 300,000 men to-day; you want \$150,000,000; you shall not have a man or a dollar until you proclaim a policy." (Applause.) The Border State men say, "Put your foot there, and we desert you"; and the 1,600,000 voters that put you into office say, "Forbear to put your foot there, and we desert you." (Applause.) The moment that word is uttered, the servants of the people, the Cabinet and the President, will have light laid in upon their minds as to the proper course to be pursued in this national emergency; but until then, the great mass of the national intellect which has been educated by this war, which has been educated by the twenty years previous, is not officially heard by the Government.

I said, we have no genius in the Government. I do not know a man, either in the army or in civil life, that can properly be considered a leader. They are

all servants of popular opinion. Perfectly proper: I am not here to find fault with them, lifted as they are to their places by the method which has prevailed hitherto. Democracy in Adams meant a very different thing. The people voted. You could not keep Demosthenes from the sight of the people. Any man might ascend the platform, which was called the Bema, and make his speech. If he could carry the convictions of the multitude with him, the mass voted, and it was war with Philip or peace, as the crowning genius of the hour could mould the people to the purpose. But when on the prairies of Missouri Fremont speaks the magic word which is strategy and statesmanship combined, red-tape snuffs him out, and sends him home to do nothing. Jealousy and timidity block his way, and the only mind which seems to have the flaming energy necessary for the crisis is put into the back rank, is overwayed and belated by the representatives of the middle class that crowd official houses. Fremont's name is almost the only one of romantic interest in our annals. Most of our statesmen have only a working-day fame—hard and cold. His life speaks to the heart. Fearless and poor, he springs even in youth to world-wide scientific renown; amid half-breath escapes and dangers more terrific than battle, his reckless daring opens to us a path over the continent—his soldierly skill and prompt decision give to the Union the golden State of the Pacific—always doing exactly the right thing, as if by inspiration, and always successful; a love match; untold wealth showered on him by happy accident; and then, born amid slavery, his name becomes to 1,200,000 sovereign ballots the representative of liberty and equality—a successful General on the outcome and most dangerous post, he speaks the talismanic word that would bring everything into order; then, as always, never finding a foe who dares look him in the face. Europe admires Democracy led by genius—all is sunshine till that hour. The ancients, when too happy, threw some prized jewel into the sea to propitiate the envious gods. A disrowned monarch lives twice as long in history as his successful rival. Charles II. in exile, Francis I. in captivity, are the most romantic names in their history. St. Helena does more to keep Napoleon in memory than Austria. It needed the gross injustice in Missouri, the studied insult in Western Virginia, to plant Fremont's name forever in the people's hearts. Let us hope that, like Charles and Francis, he may yet mount his rightful throne. (Applause.)

It seems to me that what we need to-day, if we can compass it, is to approach the servants of the people with some intimation of the real sentiments of the masses. I do not believe that the majority of the North are ready at this moment to demand emancipation as the policy which is to guide the nation out of this war; but I believe Abraham Lincoln has secured that amount of confidence and admiration, that if he were to announce anything, the millions of the North would say, "Amen!" (Applause.) They have formed no conscious purpose, they have elaborated no exact method, they stand ready to follow. What they demand is a leader. We are to encourage the Administration up to taking the responsibility. Voltaire says, "All saints are cowards." The Whig party went to the ground because it had just so much virtue as to make it cowardly. The Democratic party was always bold. In the Mexican war, the Administration took Webster with one hand, and Winthrop with the other, and said, "Vote against this war for slavery if you dare! Remember the Federal party, that opposed the war of 1812; stand on its grave, and vote against the Mexican raid!" And they voted. (Laughter.) To-day, Republicanism in the saddle could say to the Border States and the Democratic party, "The sceptre of war is in our right hand; it is to be wielded by the blacks in favor of emancipation; vote against it if you dare!" (Loud applause.) Bad men have always used that logic of events. That is what the "logic of events" means. "The logic of events," what is it? It is circumstances calling into action the irresistible sentiments and passions of the human heart. To-day, the logic of events is, that possibly we may save the nation from English and French interference, because Illinois is full of wheat, and English harvests are very barren; because France straggles, and the valley of the Mississippi is loaded with grain, and she dare not interfere. The logic of events is, that if England crosses the channel and then the Atlantic, side by side with France, the Irishman, who has hated England for two centuries will love the negro, provided he can fight England at his side. (Applause.) The logic of events is, that the moment Palmerston says Butler is infamous, the old Democrat, who hated Garrison, loves him, if, side by side with the "fanatic," he can only strike at England, whom he hates more. The logic of events is, Republicanism in the saddle saying to the halting Border States and the Daily Advertiser, "The war means Hunter and Fremont; vote against it if you dare!" (Applause.) But Republicanism dares make no use of the logic of events. It stands halting, timid, before the representatives of the minority. It believes neither in God nor in man. God, who hears the sighing of the prisoner, who is listening to the plaintive wails of the Port Royal upon the Sea Islands, heard for the first time by Yankee ears, does not mean to tantalize those twenty thousand slaves with the sight of a freedom he does not mean to give them in reality.—God it believes not, nor man, who stands at the North ready to obey God in this order of his Providence, and go down to give his right hand to the victim. Republicanism at Washington, that believes in neither, is carrying us onward, while time is the only element of success. Let us wait until November, until January, and England and France are anchored in New Orleans and Charleston to say, "These States are independent." Then the North is not to yield at once; oh no; she will pour out her millions of money and her thousands of men to recover, possibly, her territory to the Gulf. But that is a doubtful problem. To-day, Jefferson Davis is doing less to break this Union by his armies at Richmond, than Lincoln by his Cabinet policy and delay in the city of Washington. (Applause.) The Administration evidently is very ready to do any thing, to go any where the people demand; not ready to lead where the people are evidently ready to follow. Fremont and Hunter in the field, Sumner, Wade, and their comrades in the Senate, are the only ones ready to interpret the people's instincts into action; that is what constitutes a leader.

We are paying to-day the enormous penalty of millions of dollars and thousands of lives for that bad system of government, mis-called "democracy," which necessarily gives us second rate, non-committal men for Presidents and Senators. We pay dear to-day for having, as President, a man so cautious as to be timid—and so ignorant as to fear the little near danger more than great danger further off. But the people's instincts are right. They grope their way toward some one whose quick and bold genius will interpret for them their own dumb wishes. They feel that Emancipation is the only thunderbolt which can crush rebellion and save the Union. In vain the mongrel curs who have maddened us for years bark out of their still unbroken collars, "Save the Union and crush the rebellion; then settle these minor questions"—the silent millions see the transparent cheat.

This war really began when the disastrous compromise was made in 1787. Then, Slavery began to bind Samson with green withers. What crippled McClellan to-day is, that his fathers, in 1787, bought one of his hands, and left him only one to fight with. What shows Fremont's courage and statesmanship at once is, that the first use he made of his sword was to cut his own hands loose for the conflict. Thieves break in and bind the master of the house, hand and foot, then go down to pack up the plate. Some one proposes to find means to cut the bonds.—"Don't trouble me with minor questions," cries the struggling man, "let me get those thieves out first, and then I'll attend to cutting myself loose!"

frigate, gazing in all her quarters, is filling rapidly—the captain proposes to set to work, and stop the leaks. "Oh, no fuss about 'these little things' now; get us safe into harbor, and then you may get your ship into dock, and make her tight." Such words go about asking to be deceived. The only doubt is, will the people's willingness to be led in the right path find leaders before it is too late to save the Union? What we want is to improve the Administration with the belief that the North is ready to have her Government men Liberty. I have no doubt of the result for the negro. His Liberty is written in the book of fate; the leaf that records it is already turned over—I know it. (Loud applause.) Why, Mr. Curtis might as well declaim against the East wind, so dangerous to western lungs, or Indian corn, so fatal to fevered systems, against New England character and purpose, even which has grown the Abolition enterprise. What our fathers planted free schools, they planted opposition to slavery. Thought never rests in any one who is anything wrong in front of it. A Yankee is never satisfied while there is any thing clumey in mechanism or erroneous in morals within his reach; and the man who planted free schools and pulpits, and made what we are, made New England as irretrievably and inevitably Abolition, as now and forever fatal to wicked systems, as East wind and Indian corn must be to fever and consumption. Our questioning brain, impatient that their ideal perfection is not reached, and fret till the evil is probed, opened, and cured. Like our sea sails, its eats and eats into opposing chains till it finds no opposite to consume. Xerxes' chariot on the sea were exact types of parchment continents laid over such blood—reasoning with such a tendency. Now, there will be no danger from this. When the angels shall have Milton tell us the substance throw off the stain. New England, for a hundred years, has lived under the dominion of liberty; she has been elaborating thoughts, she has been weighing morals, she has been dividing ethics. The slave system crossed her path; she weighed it, marked it, infamous, and nailed it to the counter. Now this she attacks her for having done it. The angels might as well scale heaven. War is only the temper, the thunder storm. This pulpit, this book, (the Bible), the press, are morning and evening, sunrise and sunset, seed time and harvest, sunshine and soil. We must conquer here at the North. No barbarous and brutal South can permanently hurt or affect such a New England.

—could she break her way
By force, and at her heels all should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet New England,
All incorruptible, would on her throne
Sit unpossessed, and the ethereal world,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
The mischief, and purge off the baser fare
Victorious.

This is sure: it must be so. It is written in the philosophy, in the natural and essential character of twenty million of brains, that we of New York and New England and Illinois must give character to this continent. I do not doubt that. Give me time, and I know the brain of New England will inform the whole sluggish system of Carolina and Mississippi. On the question to-day is, whether, in order to hold on to the territory, we shall do justice to the negro; and the cold pulse of an hour makes it perilous and doubtful. Napoleon failed in Russia, because he would not accept the serfs who offered to fight for him if he would free them. Too friendly to Alexander to capt, he was beaten. I was a Unionist sixteen years. The Abolition enterprise started in 1811. Wait until 1846, "It is possible to save the Church and the Union, and still emancipate the slave." We had—maligned, calumniated, misrepresented, ostracized from society and the ballot-box,—for sixteen years. We then said, "It is vain; over the ruins of the American Church and the ruins of the American Union is the only exodus for the slave." From 1850 to '61 we preached that lesson.

We said, there is no virtue and intelligence enough in the North to save this government from the Clugby that is eating it up. 1861 came, and in April, a gun resounded from Sumpter, and the whole West started to its feet. We said, "We were wrong. The North is not cankered and dead, it is alive. Deal with the wiles of sectarianism, confused by the petty issues of politics, we mistook the time; the day of the people is still right for Liberty and for Union," and we said, "All hail the government that leads to Freedom!" (Applause.) "United Government, now is the bulwark of slavery—now, Union can only save itself by Freedom: supporting it, we do no duty to the negro. Fourteen months, until we have given that government our confidence. We have supported it with every moral influence that was within our reach. We have said, 'We will be you to wake up to the lesson of the hour.' To-day, Europe watches us with her aristocratic anxiety to break the Republic in pieces. To-day, France, with one foot planted in Mexico, plots for a weak neighbor that cannot be in her aggressive designs. To-day, the news goes to England, floating midway, that she received such a defeat at Richmond that the Government dared not trust the people with the news. On the basis of that impression, the next steamer to carry to England the call of the Government for 800,000 more men. What is the impression made upon Europe? The North is standing at bay. She finds herself unequal to the contest. The President finds no moral strength. He dare not mingle in the conflict of bullets the stronger element of the world. He dare not let loose liberty for the victim races, and the gratification of the longing of the Northern conscience to be consistent with its own principles. He dare not put an idea behind his rifle." And if this course, how soon will Europe interfere? And if it does, the long vista of a seven years' war is before us. The South, that hold us at bay alone, is to have the eagles and the lilies united to its bars, and woe to the Union! If it is so, John Ericsson has warned us. When Hunter opposed the blacks into one camp at Fort Mifflin, and said, "Every man that would fight, hold up his hand," a forest of hands went up and he said, "Some of you would hold up four hands if you had them!" "Too mass, if we had done" (Applause.) If the Union is to be saved, it will be our holding up both hands, using every channel of influence, every method of persuasion. Why, even Wade and Sumner, as politicians, cannot dare do that the place which Davis and Holt occupy to-day; Massachusetts behind them, cannot say to the present men, "Do so, or you have not a dollar." There must be a power at the North that shall say, "I, madmen in New York, and jaundiced editors here, say, 'The Congress that looks at the negro needs only a Cromwell to turn it into the streets,' we know it is the voice of men who love and serve slavery in their hearts. Let us always believe that 'Liberty is possible,' remembering that poorly planned republican situations are better than the despotism of the worst, since they at least have vigor enough to cure their own defects."

Doubtless, if the Long Parliament had done its duty, Cromwell had never interferred. Possibly, our Government neglect its duty, some of our important successors, looking back on a lost Union, will lament that no Cromwell interfered. What would a Union, planned by fathers who dared not trust God to that to be just was safe, should be lost by God's will be the same infidelity? Yet, if in the presence of God, this Union is to be broken in pieces, let us remember that even such a failure in the attempt of self-government will be a beacon to light the people on in their path to Liberty and Equality. The record is still open. If we do our duty promptly, fearlessly, the struggling will of the people may find a voice in the Halls of Congress, and an arm to the Executive, bold and decisive enough to save the Union. May this sublime uprising not be too late and in vain! May that talismanic word, proclaimed at the head of our victorious arms in Missouri, and echoed from Fort Royal, sound from the Capitol, to arrest the eign interference and crush rebellion!

Poetry.

The following original pieces were written for and sung at the Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, (Mass.) July 4th, 1862.

OUR NATIONAL VISITATION.

BY W. L. G.
Air.—John Brown Song.
For the signing of the deed, to deliver the oppressor,
Now the Lord our God arises, and proclaims his high be-
ness;
Through the Red Sea of his justice lies the Canaan of rest:
Our cause is marching on!

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.
Air.—"Old Hundred."
Our fathers worshipped Thee, O God,
Of old, in forests green and dim;
And here, where erst their footsteps trod,
We raise to Thee our trembling hymn.

LIBERTY'S BUGLE.

Words by JAMES B. CARY, late of staff of Second U. S. Infantry, U. S. A. Music by BERNARD CONZEV.
Hark! from the mountain-top, valley and plain,
Liberty's Bugle is sounding again;
Hear his grand tidings—clarion and clear—
Rejoice, ye enslaved! God's freedom is near:
Some of America's heart ye shall find!

EN AVANT!

Oh God! let us not live these days in vain,
This variegated life of doubt and hate;
And though, as day leads night, so joy leads pain,
Let it be symbol of a broader scope.
God! make us serve the monitor within;
Cast off the trammels that bow manhood down,
Of form or custom, appetite or sin.

THOUGHT AND FEELING.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Gods to souls can never cease;
What unto themselves who taught.

The Liberator.

SPEECH OF HON. GERRIT SMITH ON THE COUNTRY.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL SOCIETY, AT MUSIC HALL, JUNE 15.

My theme is a ruined country, and that country our own. I say not that it is ruined beyond recovery. Perhaps it is not; though perhaps it is. My theme is a conquered country—our own country conquered. Time will prove whether it is or is not to be reconquered. I should be sure of its reconquest were it not self-conquered, and self-conquered, not by means of economic, military, or other blunders, but by deliberate crimes. It is not alone "O Israel!" but "O America, also," that has fallen by thine iniquity. Far more hope for our country would there be had she been conquered by another country; for then she might be still undebauched; for then she might be still inwardly strong, though for a season outwardly weak.

That those demagogues who seek to get up a popular worship of the Constitution do so but to serve slavery, was never so manifest as in the present war. They quote the Constitution abundantly. But they do this not to put obstacles in the way of slavery, only in the way of liberty; not to save the country, but to destroy it. They quoted it against the President's call for seventy-five thousand troops; and they have quoted it against every measure essential to the salvation of the country. Some of these demagogues are now in Congress, working to block its wheels by quotations from the Constitution. I admit that here and there an honest man goes with them. For, all over the country, there is here and there an honest man who is not yet freed from the so industriously inculcated delusion that the Constitution lays the people under moral obligation to uphold slavery. As an instance of the tricks by which the lying pro-slavery press attempts to magnify the importance of the Constitution beyond even the salvation of the country, it is continually publishing that in this, that, and the other battle, our soldiers fought bravely for the Constitution. The inspirations of the battle-field can no more come from the dry rules of paper than from the dead leaves of the forest.

Will this ruined nation be restored? Will this lost nation be found? Will this dead nation live again? Is there, notwithstanding all she has done to make her rule utter and hopeless, salvation still in store for her? The answer to these questions turns on her future treatment of the black man. By her past treatment of him, she has destroyed herself. For this was it that God came forth in His present bloody and terrible controversy with her. An undelaying righteous treatment of the black man—a treatment prompted by pity and love for him—would save her, and nothing else can. But I must confess that the prospect of his being so treated is to my mind quite faint. It is true that the army does no longer in form return fugitive slaves. But it is also true that this comes not always, if indeed generally, of pity and love for them. It is true, too, that the President is bearing himself quite as well on the subject of slavery as could be expected, considering that he was born and bred where sensibility to its murderous wrongs is uncultivated, unfeeling, and ridiculed. It is true, too, that he is multiplying the proofs of his honest patriotism, and of his sincere desire to save the country even though at the necessity of overthrowing the whole system of American slavery. But it is also true that, as yet, he manifests no pity and no love for the black man. It is true that Congress has, in one and another of its measures, shown that it would rather let slavery than the country go. But it is also true that Congress, like the President, lacks not only the deep and absorbing earnestness, which both would feel did they both see, as it is so strange they do not, the well-nigh desperate condition of the country, but that, like him, it also fails to show pity and love for the black man. I do not forget that Congress voted to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. But that it did not do this from pity and love for the black man is proved by its suffering the District to become, far more than ever, a hunting-ground for human prey. Its excuse is, that the District has become such under the operation of the Fugitive Slave Act. Then why does it not repeal that act? Because, says Congress, the Constitution requires such an act. But in virtue of no statute and no Constitution, is Congress at liberty to tolerate slavery? There can be no law for slavery any more than for murder. Nay, slavery is the worst form of murder. It is the murder of both body and soul. Law is for the protection of rights, and not for the deepest possible outrage upon them. The man who believes that there can be law—real, obligatory law—for slavery is lost. The nation that believes it is lost. That man and that nation lie in the lowest depths of inhumanity and atheism. The existence of the Fugitive Slave Act is of itself ample proof that this nation is ruined.

From the breaking out of the rebellion until the present time, nothing has contributed so much to render the salvation of our country hopeless as this huge fallacy that State rights cannot be forfeited. I admit that the people of Georgia cannot take her land and water out of the nation. But they can annihilate her. Any State whose officers refuse to take the qualifying oath to support the Federal Constitution is no longer entitled to the rights of a State, but has thereby become a Territory. More emphatically true is this where the refusal is with the positive approbation of her people. Suppose Colorado to apply for admittance into our union of States, and to be admitted; and suppose that immediately afterward she regrets the step, and refuses to perfect her State organization. Is she a State after such refusal? Certainly not. She has relinquished a Territory. And what else could she have done had she completed her organization, and then flung it up? Georgia flung up hers. It is true that she afterward organized herself into a State; but not into a State of this Union any more than if she had expressly organized herself into a constituent State of Mexico. Moreover, the seceded States being now but Territories of the nation, and her Territories being under her exclusive jurisdiction, and Freedom instead of Slavery being the law of that jurisdiction, it follows that if there ever was any legal slavery in those States, there is none there now. The recognition of these obvious truths, and the stern refusal of Congress to re-admit any of the seceded States until all probability of their re-establishing slavery has passed away, will quickly end both the war and slavery. And, by the way, the delay in re-admitting them need not be long. A very brief taste of liberty will suffice to cure the people of those States of all desire to recall slavery. Reason teaches and history proves that no people, who have tried the better workings of liberty, are disposed to re-establish slavery.

That members of Congress can be putting Constitutional obstacles in the way of the most effective prosecution of the war, is proof of their lack of earnestness in prosecuting it. But that they can torture the Constitutional prohibition of Attainder into one of these obstacles, is proof not only of this lack of earnestness, but of great disingenuousness or great folly. How amazing that this prohibition should be construed into a prohibition to take away from an armed enemy of his country all his rights of property! It is true that Congress has not the power to attain or corrupt the blood of his children, and to incapacitate for inheriting or transmitting; and this, by the way, is substantially the only restriction which the Constitution imposes at this point on Congress. But to say that the rights of his children, or of any other persons, stand Constitutionally in the way of stripping him of all his property within the limits of the country, including, of course, the absolute and unending right to the lands of which he is seized in fee simple, is to pour contempt upon the Constitution, its framers and adopters. What an absurdity, that you may take from this armed enemy his life, but not all his property, and rights of property! I say nothing here of the power of the courts in cases of treason. It is the power of Congress of which we are treating; or, if you please, of the President also. It is the war-power—to be exercised summarily and sweepingly. It will be time enough to look into the slow and restricted processes of the courts when the war shall be over. The belligerent or war-power is the power to be wielded now: the municipal or peace power when peace shall have come.