

end of the "no partying" of the organs of the movement. It means no party except—their party. We call attention to the following paragraph clipped from the Boston Transcript, which gives a delightful picture of the progress which is making in Boston toward "extinguishing party spirit." Isn't the prospect cheering?

THE NEW UNION PARTY.—At the caucus of the People's Party in Ward 8, John C. Tucker, a Senator from Suffolk county, in a speech abusive of Senator Sumner, said unequivocally and without qualification that the greatest error Brock made was in not killing Mr. Sumner. Mr. Tucker discussed the measure of emancipation and the preferableness of the rebels, which he said he had no doubt had been proposed to the French Emperor—of gradual emancipation, in preference to the French Government would intervene before the first of January next. This prediction was received with applause by several persons present.

We would not for the world seem to be captious, but don't some of these new champions of the government have a rather peculiar way of "sustaining the President"?—*Yarmouth Register.*

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

An Address Delivered Before the Fraternity in Boston, Oct. 1, 1862, BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

When the Republic entered the family of nations, it proclaimed as its faith and creed, that Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed. This accepted right of the people to institute, shape and fashion their public institutions, carries with it a corresponding duty. That duty is measured by the needs of the country, and by the pressing exigencies of the hour. To-night I shall speak of the duty the hour imposes upon the loyal men, eye, and upon the loyal women, too, of the United States.

We of America have been accustomed to contemplate, with a feeling of gratitude and patriotic pride, the wondrous progress of our country, and the strength and stability of our Government. As we have watched the fraternal strife—the desolating and bloody wars of factions that have followed each other, in the Republics of the New World, like the fleeting shadows of summer clouds, as we have watched, too, the revolutions, the rising and falling thrones and dynasties of the Old World, we have turned, fondly and proudly, to our country, to its undoubted faith and firmness, to its moral and political grandeur, to its vital and animating patriotism of a Christian people, it was ever instinct with the freshness and bloom of youth, and with the matured vigor of manhood. Gazing with beaming eye and throbbing heart upon the grandeur and beauty of this splendid edifice of constitutional government in America, we came to believe that it was as imperishable as the memory of its illustrious founders.

We have dreamed for our native land a glorious destiny—a magnificent career among the nations during the coming age, and our bright confidence is now shaken—our high hopes are now dimmed—our conscious pride is now humbled—our gorgeous visions of the future glories of the Republic are now obscured by the storm of battle.

Our country, the land of so much affection, of pride and of hope, now presents to the startled and astonished gaze of mankind an appalling, humiliating and saddening spectacle. Treasonable menaces of other days have now hardened into treasonable deeds. Civil war holds its carnival, and reaps its bloody harvest. The nation is gripped by a general conspiracy—struggling for existence—against the preservation of its manhood life—against a rebellion that finds no parallel in the annals of the world.

Why is it that the land resounds with the measured tread of a million of armed men? Why is it that our bright waters are stained and our green fields reddened with fraternal blood? Why is it that the young men of America, in the pride and bloom of early manhood, are summoned from homes, from the mothers who bore them, from the friends and sisters who love them, to the field of bloody strife—there to do soldiers' duties, bear soldiers' burdens, and fall soldiers' graves? Why is it that thousands of the men and the women of Christian America are sorrowing with aching hearts and tearful eyes for the absent, the loved, and the lost? Why is it that the heart of loyal America throbs heavily, oppressed with anxiety and gloom for the future of the country?

These crimes against the peace of the country and the life of the nation are all, all to eternize the hateful dominion of man over the souls and bodies of his fellow-men—to make slavery perpetual and its power forever dominant in Christian and Republican America. These sacrifices of property, of health, of life, these appalling sorrows and agonies now upon us, are all the inflictions of slavery in its gigantic effort to found a slaveholding empire in America. Yes, slavery is the conspirator who organized this mighty conspiracy, who has been the cause of the destruction of the Republic. Slavery is the traitor that plunged the nation into the fire and blood and darkness of civil war. Slavery is the criminal whose hands are dripping with the blood of our murdered sons.

Slavery, bold, proud, domineering, with hate in its heart, scorn in its eye, defiance in its mien, has pronounced against the existence of Republican institutions in America, against the supremacy of the Government, the unity and life of the nation. Slavery, hating the cherished institutions that tend to secure the rights and enlarge the privileges of mankind, despising the suffering masses, as a pest and a white stain upon the Government, its Constitution and its laws, has openly pronounced itself the mortal and unassailable enemy of the Republic. Slavery stands to-day the only clearly pronounced foe our country has on the globe. Therefore, every word spoken, every line written, every act performed that keeps the breath of life, for a moment, in slavery, is against the existence and perpetuity of democratic institutions—against the dignity of the toiling millions of America—against the liberty, the peace, the life and the life of the nation. In the lights of to-day that flash upon us from camp and battlefield, the loyal eye, heart and brain of America sees and feels and realizes that the DEATH OF SLAVERY IS THE LIFE OF THE NATION! The loyal voice of patriotism throughout united America pronounces in clear accents that AMERICAN SLAVERY MUST DIE THAT THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC MAY LIVE!

The imperishable records of the Republic will bear to future ages ample witness that she has never been honored by the spirit of her free institutions. Planted in America by the commercial and colonial policy of the British Empire, fostered by British legislation, protected by British Kings and Queens, Lords and Judges and Prelates, slavery, from the day it entered the harbor of Jamestown to the dawn of the Revolution, was an alien in America—an enemy to law and order, liberty and progress. The pages of our Colonial history bear to us the ample testimony that our Fathers saw its malign influence, and protested against the slave trade and the slave-extended policy of the British Government. The bright pages of our history, upon which are recorded the heroic deeds of the men who accepted the bloody issues of civil war in defence of their periled liberties, and whose names are forever associated with national independence and constitutional government, will transmit to all coming generations the glorious fact that the founders of the Republic believed slavery to be an evil—a moral, social and political curse, and that they were the influence of the ideas and principles they had proclaimed. Washington saw "its direful effects"; Franklin pronounced it "an atrocious debasement of human nature"; Mason declared that it produced "the most pernicious effect on manners"—that "every master of slaves was born a petty tyrant"—that "it brought the curse of Heaven upon a country"; Henry believed that "a time would come to abolish this lamentable evil"; and Jefferson proclaimed that "nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate, than that this people shall be free." These immortal souls uttered the voice of Revolutionary America.

The slave never shines, unless that voice, redemptive, lifted into that illustrious assembly which proclaimed America independent, and there bade the men who were hurrying defiance at the most powerful empire of the world, cease from their immoral Declaration of the words Jefferson had traced, branding the African slave trade as an "execrable commerce"—a "piratical warfare"—a "cruel war against human nature itself." In the Continental Congress of 1774, the British Government sought to force the trade of the African slave trade, which it does not see fit to permit, against the black and white Americans. Slavery came into that convention of illas-

trious statesmen met to frame a Constitution for United America, and by the voice of Pinckney defiantly declared that "South Carolina could never receive the Constitution if it prohibits the slave trade"—and that assembly of immortal statesmen who had met to inaugurate the power of the British empire were forced to permit the African slave trade to continue for twenty years longer, uncheckered and unimpeded, and to incorporate into the new Constitution a provision under color of which slave masters could hunt their fleeing bondmen over fields once moistened with Revolutionary blood.

Under the new Constitution, framed to secure the blessings of liberty, slavery strode into the chambers of Legislation, the Halls of Justice, the mansions of the Executive, and with menace in the one hand and bribes in the other, it awed the timid and subdued the weak. Marching on from conquest to conquest, crushing where it could not awe, reducing to corrupt slavery saw institutions of learning, benevolence and religion, political organizations and public men—aye, and the people, too, bend before it, and acknowledge its iron rule. Seizing on the needed acquisitions of Louisiana and of Florida, to extend its boundaries, consolidate its power and enlarge its sway, slavery crossed the Mississippi, and there established its barbarous dominion, against the too feeble resistance of a not yet conquered people. Controlling absolutely the policy of the Nation, swaying the legislation, the nation, improving the Constitution, the nation, improving the Constitution of the North, slavery moved on to assured dominion. Under its aggressive advances emancipation societies, organized by the men of the Revolutionary era in the first bright arbor of secured liberty, disappeared; presses and churches forgot to remember those in bonds—bound with them, and recreant sons disowned the opinions and principles of a glorious ancestry. And slavery, in the pride of power, proclaimed itself in the Halls of Congress, through its apostles, Calhoun and McDuffie, a stern and unyielding resistance. They proclaimed emancipation to be the duty of the master and the right of the slave. To advance the cause of emancipation and to improve the condition of free people of color, they avowed their readiness to use "all means sanctioned by law, humanity and religion." Slavery marked and branded these heroic men as political and social outlaws; compelling them, in the words of John G. Whittier, "to hold property, liberty, and life itself at the mercy of lawless mobs." Slavery cast its malign influence over all the land, maddening the rich and firing the heart of a deluded people, against the fearless few who opposed its aggressions, and pitied its hapless victims. Passion, blind, unreasoning passion, ruled the hour. Cities were lighted by the sacked and burning dwellings of a proscribed and hated race. Churches, institutions of learning, and presses, were often forcibly closed or destroyed, at the bidding of slavery, by the lawless violence of "gentlemen of property and standing." Here, in the metropolis of New England, a humble journal, with the motto, "Our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind," fearlessly proclaimed the cause of the oppressed. Slavery bade Georgia to offer five thousand dollars reward for the editor of that offending journal; but the Liberator still bears its world-embracing motto, and William Lloyd Garrison still persists in wearing among us that proscribed head.

Slaves were held in the District of Columbia, and slave pens and the slave trade polluted and dishonored the National Capital, under the color of laws for which the people of America were responsible in the forum of nations and before the throne of the Almighty God. Christian men and women, oppressed with the sin and shame, humbly petitioned Congress to relieve the heart of a deluded people, making the National Capital free. Slavery bade its tools—the Pattons, its Pinckneys and its Albertsons—violate the constitutional right of petition, and willing majorities hastened to register its decree. Slavery arraigned before the bar of the House of Representatives John Quincy Adams, the illustrious champion of the right of petition and the freedom of speech, and it expelled the fearless and faithful Giddings for the offence of daring to construe the Constitution to relieve the heart of a deluded people, every step upon the decks of Massachusetts ships in the harbor of Charleston, seized colored seamen, citizens of the Commonwealth, and consigned them to prisons, to be fined, lashed, and, it might be, sold into perpetual bondage. Massachusetts, mindful of the rights of her citizens, sent Samuel Hoar, one of her most honored sons, to test the constitutional rights of her imprisoned citizens in the judicial tri- bunal. Slavery bade the South Carolina judges, and enacted that whoever should attempt to defend the rights of colored seamen in the Courts of that State should suffer imprisonment.

Slavery cast its devious eye upon the broad, rich fields of Texas, and sent her minions to wrench them from the feeble grasp of the Mexican republic. By the pen of Calhoun, her great champion, slavery, in the name of the nation, demanded, in the face of Europe, the annexation of that slaveholding nation, to prevent emancipation there, and to tighten the fetters of the bondmen here. In obedience to the humiliating demand, Texas was forced into the history of the Republic, and the Republic was plunged into a war with Mexico. When peace returned, it brought with it half a million square miles of free territory. The North asked that this territory, made forever free by Mexican law, should be forever consecrated to Freedom by national legislation. Slavery demanded the right to extend itself over these free Territories, and threatened the dismemberment of the Union if that claim was denied. California framed a constitution and the Union admitted it, and the Republic was divided into free and slave Territories, and a civil war. To appease slavery, Congress organized Utah and New Mexico, so that slavery could range over them, gave fifty thousand square miles of the free soil of New Mexico to slaveholding Texas, and with them ten millions of dollars, and enacted the unconstitutional, inhuman and unchristian Fugitive Slave Act, that dishonored and humiliated the nation before earth and heaven. Slavery then, in her hour of complete triumph, insolently demanded that she be made the political center of the Republic, and that before her menaces of disunion and civil war, and who had betrayed the cause of freedom, humanity and civilization in America, should now declare these her acts "finalities," and bid the people cease "agitation."

Having forced these parties to pronounce her legislation of 1850 a "finality in principle and substance," slavery demanded the repeal of the Missouri prohibition of the 6th of March, 1820, and a faithful Congress hastened to open half a million square miles, in the central regions of the Republic, consecrated to the freedom and free labor, to the footstep of her bondmen. Slavery then went to that magnificent Territory to found the institutions of Freedom. Slavery bade its brutal tools invade Kansas, seize the ballot-box, elect a Territorial Legislature, enact inhuman and unchristian laws, bade the virgin soil of that beautiful region with the blood of civil war, frame a slave constitution by fraud, and force it upon a free people. Faithfully did the propagandists of slavery labor in Kansas and in Congress, and in the Executive departments of the Government, to execute their mission. They invaded the Territory, they usurped the Government, they enacted laws, they robbed and burned, they murdered brave men contending for their lawful rights. In Congress, the champions of slavery were hardly less brutal than in the wilds of distant Kansas. Charles Sumner portrayed the crimes of slavery against Kansas, and he was smitten down upon the floor of the Senate, by "a brutal, murderous and cowardly assault." The slave propagandists framed a slave constitution, sustained it by fraud and violence, and the Administration, in obedience to the imperative demands of slavery, attempted to force it by corruption through Congress, upon an unwilling people. Slavery for the first time was baffled, defeated, dishonored. Free men triumphed. Kansas came into the Union radiant with Freedom.

Slavery saw its waning power; it saw, too, that its original victories of the past were barren and fruitless triumphs. It then wrung from the Supreme Court the Dred Scott decision, by which it hoped to control the fate of the Republic. Slavery, then, in the death-struggle, and in the actual presence of the arms of a loyal nation, bade the secession of New Mexico, and also a secession for the enslavement of white laboring men. It sent Walker and his filibusters to Central

America to win slave territory. It signed for Cuba, which it could not clutch. It mobbed, flogged, expelled and sometimes murdered Christian men and women in the South, for no offence against law, humanity or religion. It maddened the Southern brain and fired the Southern heart. It turned the hearts of large numbers of the people of the North against the Constitution and the flag of the country. It came into the thirty-sixth Congress threatening to dismember this Union of constellated Commonwealths, if the people of America should elect a President opposed to its admission into the Territories. It rushed into the Democratic National Convention, and severed the Democratic party as the first step toward disunion. It then went into the Presidential election, seeking defeat, yet threatening the vengeance of dissolution and civil war if defeated. Regardless of its treasonable menaces, the people went to the ballot-box and made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States. Slavery instantly raised the banner of treason, dragged South Carolina with headlong haste into open rebellion, and forced other States to follow swiftly her example. Slavery organized conspiracies in the Cabinet, conspiracies in Congress, conspiracies in the States, conspiracies in the Army, conspiracies in the Navy, conspiracies everywhere, for the overthrow of the Government and the disruption of the Republic. At the bidding of slavery, the old-fashioned Secessionists, the dream of slaveholding traitors for thirty years, rose upon the recognized basis that slavery was the normal condition of men of the African race. Slavery bade those of her champions who were in the service of the nation leave Cabinets and Senates, military posts and naval stations, for the service of the rebellion. At the bidding of slavery, Floyd, its truest exponent, left the Cabinet when there seemed nothing more for him to steal, and Davis and Toombs, Sill and Mason, Hunter and Benjamin, and the guilty conspirators in treason, in solemn mockery, left the chambers of Congress when the plots, conspiracies, treacheries and perjuries, imposed upon them by the Great Architect of ruin, seemed accomplished.

Not content with seizing forts, arsenals, arms and public property everywhere within the rebel States, slavery bade the frowning batteries menacing Fort Sumter fire upon the Star of the West, sailing under the protecting folds of the national flag, and freighted with bread for starving soldiers; and bade the presence of events so transcendent. Few of the chiefs of slavery were present to dominate, seduce or corrupt. The clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis—the erratic, reckless, blustering Toombs—the accomplished, timid, cautious Hunter—the eloquent, polished, insincere Benjamin—the pretentious, pompous Mason—the bold, adroit, unscrupulous Sill—the dark, cold, bitter Clay—the genial, courteous, fanatical Brown, and their co-conspirators, sedition and treason, plotted their foul, and infamously, no longer in the Capitol of the nation. But Breckinridge, the chief of incipient treason, not less guilty than his absent co-conspirators in crime, was present to cavil and criticize, to denounce the acts of loyal patriotism, ere he slunk away to strike at the heart of the country that had trusted and honored him. The chair of Douglas was vacant; life-long opponents gazed sadly upon it, for they gratefully remembered that the closing hours of his crowded life were given to patriotism, to adorning his devoted followers to cling to the Union, and crush the rebellion with the iron hand of war. Andrew Johnson, baffling the assassinations of the Union, Tennessee, was present to cheer and to animate by bold and patriotic councils.

Seldom in the history of nations have statesmen been called to the performance of higher duties than were the men who were summoned, by the Administration they had placed in power, to legislate for a land rent and torn by discord, and stained by fraternal blood. They entered with brave hearts and resolved spirits upon the great work imposed upon them, with unsurpassed devotion and tireless energy. The Administration asked for four hundred thousand men and five hundred millions of dollars, and Congress promptly gave it five hundred thousand men and five hundred millions of dollars. The army and navy were increased, and laws enacted for the organization and government of the military and naval forces, and for supplying the Government with the needed means to carry on the war, whose gigantic proportions startled and amazed the world.

By the exercise of the majority in both Houses of Congress clearly saw that slavery was not only the cause and motive power of the rebellion, but that the ceaseless toil of its four millions of enforced victims enabled treason to fill the ranks, feed and pay its armies. They would quickly strike at the vitals of the insurrection by confiscating the property of leading rebels, and freeing the slaves of all rebel masters; but prudence demanded that they should yield, at least for a time, to the counsels of the cautious and the fears of the timid. Slaves were used by rebel masters for fortifications, big game and rifle-pits, but it was not until after the defeat of Bull Run that a majority could be obtained in Congress to enact that such slaves should be declared free. The timid and the cautious feared that Union men in the border States would be alarmed by the emancipation of the slaves used to construct works, behind which rebel legions might hurl shot and shell into the barged bosoms of our devoted sons, battling for their country under the old flag. But the measures announced by the traitor Breckinridge as "the first measure of the new acts losing all bonds," became the law of the land.

As the rebellion developed its gigantic proportions, as the rebel Confederacy manifested its great military power, the loyal masses, whose instincts outran the deductions of statesmen, did not fail to see that slavery was the vital and impelling force of the rebellion, and that it should be crippled by the exercise of all the constitutional and war powers of the government, so they hailed and welcomed the proclamation of John Fremont.

Congress followed in the same path, instructed by the events of the war, and assured by the sentiments of the people. Measures of transcendent magnitude pressed for consideration, and to the consideration of these measures Congress addressed itself with an industry never surpassed—no, never equaled by any Congress in the history of the Republic. Important measures concerning the army and navy were passed, a great system of internal taxation was devised, and the revenue laws revised. The Pacific Railroad bill was enacted, and that beneficent measure, the Homestead bill, made the law of the land. Other measures for the defence, protection and interests of the country, hardly less important, were matured and enacted; but its crowning glory of the thirty-seventh Congress was its comprehensive, far-reaching legislation against slavery, the declared enemy of the country, and the common enemy of the race. For two generations, slavery has polluted the national capital, under the sanction of the nation, and the Executive has assembled, three thousand men, and the living hell fettered by the people of this Republic as they haul up their manacled hands, could see the stars and stripes wave over the Capitol. Congress, by decisive majorities in both Houses, struck the shackles from the limbs of these three thousand bondmen, and made the capital of the nation free forevermore. Slavery, stung to madness, muttered maledictions, painted the miseries of San Domingo, drew vivid pictures of the horrors of San Domingo, and predicted anarchy and bloodshed, if the living bondmen assembled in the churches and in the living hell fettered by the people of this Republic as they haul up their manacled hands, could see the stars and stripes wave over the Capitol. Congress, by decisive majorities in both Houses, struck the shackles from the limbs of these three thousand bondmen, and made the capital of the nation free forevermore. Slavery, stung to madness, muttered maledictions, painted the miseries of San Domingo, drew vivid pictures of the horrors of San Domingo, and predicted anarchy and bloodshed, if the living bondmen assembled in the churches and in the living hell fettered by the people of this Republic as they haul up their manacled hands, could see the stars and stripes wave over the Capitol. Congress, by decisive majorities in both Houses, struck the shackles from the limbs of these three thousand bondmen, and made the capital of the nation free forevermore.

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