

the palm of my hand, that you may drop something into it. This Society is no beggar, and I make no appeal; only my good cause goes on better with the wheel of a silver dollar under it. I remember that it was said that once Leigh Richmond looked into the faces of working men, and disdaining to make an appeal to their liberality, they returned him a collection of pennies that filled a peach basket. Now, if you belong to the working-class of the anti-slavery movement, I hope that when the plates go round, you will send them back so filled; and if you have not a copper to fill up with, you may put in silver and gold (laughter). I will tell you what I propose to do. There is a hat. It is the hat of a good Christian—you can tell it by its broad brim (laughter). This hat covers the head of an old man who has helped over two thousand fugitive slaves from bondage to freedom. (MANY VOICES—"Give us his name!") Friends, your children and grandchildren will have no need to ask his name—FATHER GARRETT, of Wilmington, Delaware (loud applause). Now, all the speech I am going to make is just this—I propose to pass round to the audience Father Garrett's hat; and do you see that you fill it as full as Leigh Richmond's basket.

While the hat was passed round, the speaking was continued, the President introducing Rev. ROBERT M. HATFIELD, of Brooklyn, who spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF REV. ROBERT M. HATFIELD.

I am always sorry when a public speaker begins with an apology, and I have none to make; I have one or two words of explanation, only. I came here with no speech, with no preparation, with no expectation of saying anything at this time. I was asked, a year ago, to attend the Anniversary of this Society; no matter why I had not been asked before; no matter whether I should have accepted the invitation if it had come five or seven years ago; I did accept it last year, but after the appointment was made, I had no opportunity of filling it. The same friends sent me an invitation, several weeks ago, to be here to-day and make a speech, and I very positively, and, as I thought, reasonably declined to do it; and I will tell you why, sir. I had been for the last year—for full twelve months—so out of tune with many of my anti-slavery friends, that I really feared that, coming here, I should chill your ardor rather than inspire you. I was afraid that I should be a kind of croaker among you, dispiriting those men who ought to march on side by side, full of hope for the victory that, as you tell us, they are about to win. I have not been able to take that hopeful view of affairs, nor do I this morning. Through Yorktown is evacuated; though the General leading our armies declares that he is about to "drive the rebels to the wall." I have not been able to sympathize heartily with those hopeful views that so many of our good anti-slavery friends take of the present position of affairs. I am willing, however, to stand up here, and I am glad of the opportunity, to express my honest and thorough conviction that this trouble that is upon us now is God's direct judgment on this nation for the sin of slavery (applause); and I am here to affirm, sir, that whatever differences we may have on other subjects, or with regard to the treatment of this subject, no reasonable man who has faith in God has any right to be surprised that we are involved in the present disasters and calamities, that threaten to swallow us up. There has been great danger that, in Church and State, among all classes of people, we should forget that divinely-enchanted truth—"Whosoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." For three-quarters of a century, we have been sowing seed of a certain kind; it has taken root; it has sprung up; the harvest waves before us to-day; and there is no release, there is no escape—the sickle must be thrust in, the grain must be gathered. It is that terrible harvest—a harvest of carnage and blood and desolation—that waves before us to-day.

Now, sir, I have hoped, and do hope, that God, out of this confusion and disorder, out of these scenes of strife and bloodshed, will evolve peace, harmony, justice, beauty, and order. I do not despair of the Republic; but yet my hopes are mingled with many fears. I have had sad and terrible apprehensions lest there should not be enough of virtue, enough of regard for God and love of humanity, to save the nation. We are on God's threshing floor to-day; we are under the fall. We are in the mortar, and are being pounded; whether it shall be for our purification and salvation, God alone knows; at least, I have no power to lift the veil, and look in upon the things that are to be in the future. What right have we to be surprised, any of us, at the trouble, at the calamities, that have overtaken us? Have we not been taught, does it not lie at the very foundation of our belief in the existence of God, that He is a God that doeth justice—that, sitting upon the throne of His glory, He looks down upon the earth, to raise up the down-trodden, to help the poor and the friendless, to save the outcast, and to punish and destroy the oppressor and wrong-doer? And we have been in great danger, as a nation, of lapsing into Apathy; of coming to doubt whether God really lives and rules—whether He sways the sceptre of power over His creatures. Men have come to question whether it is not possible for a nation to sow to injustice and dishonor and corruption, and yet reap prosperity and permanent well-being; and, sir, though I believe that God's hand has been in the history of our nation—though I believe our ancestors were guided by that hand—though it seems to me that a special Providence watched over them, and guided them to the land where they first planted themselves—though I believe that that Providence has been manifested every year of our history, I do believe that it is of so much consequence to the nations of the earth that all men should believe that God is a God of unchanging justice, that "from everlasting to everlasting He is the Holy One," that He would sooner blot this nation from the face of existence than that we should be the cause of skepticism among the nations in regard to that truth.

Now, sir, there is another truth more self-evident than this—that the system of American slavery is in all time, and through all changes, "the sum of all villainies." Has the heart of man conceived of anything more dishonoring to God, more essentially unjust and injurious to man, than the system that transmutates the bodies and souls of millions of human beings into chattels, and declares that they shall be taken, held and adjudged to be personal property, to all intents and purposes whatsoever? We have heard apologies for this system and vindications of it, and pleas drawn from perversions of God's Word, with the view of reconciling the nation to its continued existence, and to its general, to its universal diffusion; and there was imminent danger, as it seemed to some of us, that the nation would accept this state of things, and come to believe that God really connived at iniquity, that He consented that human slavery should be perpetual; and so I say, that, though the nation suffer to the last extremity, even though it must perish with the system, there must come an end to this monstrous abomination. I do not know much about the questions that are discussed here and elsewhere pertaining to the character of the Constitution—whether it is pro-slavery or anti-slavery. I am not very clear in my convictions, and I have not very great confidence in my judgment, with regard to questions of that sort; and to tell the honest truth, I do not care much about it, one way or the other. If injustice is in the Constitution, God is against it, and every one of its attributes. (Applause.) Men cannot build any sanctuary for wrong; cannot make any holy of holies for injustice. Call it law, call it the Church, call it the Constitution, call it what you will, where injustice is to be sinned, God's hand will search it out, God's hand will bring it down, so I say, I have not felt any great interest in the discussion of these questions, I have not had great confidence in my conclusions with regard to them; but, sir, I should despise and loathe myself, I should have my accursed heart to its very centre, if I ever had a single moment of questioning or hesitancy in regard to the infernal wickedness of slavery. (Loud applause.) The man who has a man's heart, the man who has learned to love his own mother, the man who has a wife and children of his own, and who can look in their faces,

and then require thirty seconds to determine whether it is right for somebody else to own and possess them, does not deserve the name of a man, much less of a Christian. (Loud applause.) I do not know, sir, what our government is going to do with this question. I have great confidence in Uncle Abe—I think he is an honest man. (Applause.) I think he means to go just as fast and far as he can consistently with his views of his obligations—obligations that he has recognized by his oath. I wish he was in the way of going faster. (Applause.) I wish the way might be opened before him to take a little longer stride and be a little quicker in his motions; yes, God bless Uncle Abe—I believe he is sound in the heart. (Loud applause.) He has done a good many things for which I thank him; and, as far as I can see, there has been but one sad, almost irreparable mistake in this war. There has been just one fact, sir, that has given me trouble, and has inclined me to sit down alone, and shut my mouth, and keep my tongue still, until I see what God is going to do in this affair, and how it is coming out. I refer to that strange and unfortunate interference with Fremont's proclamation in Missouri. (Applause.)

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Very much in the history of every individual and of every nation depends upon the right improvement of those salient points in their history; and it has seemed to me, almost as distinctly as if God's voice had spoken to me from heaven, that that proclamation of the "Pathfinder" was the right thing, and at the right time. (Prolonged applause.) And, sir, if anything were wanting to confirm me in this opinion, it would be found in the fact, that, strangely, unaccountably, the people of this country, of almost all classes, responded to that proclamation. I refer to the papers, as the exponents of the popular sentiment. I do not read them all, but some of them I do read. Some of them I can hardly stand. I do not read the New York Observer, and I don't know what the Observer may have said of Fremont's proclamation. The Herald, too, is rather hard meat for me, but the Herald, I believe, did endorse Fremont's proclamation. There were no party lines, no party distinctions, in the commendation of that proclamation. The Democratic and Republican, the anti-slavery and pro-slavery presses, with strange and almost unaccountable unanimity, said of that proclamation—"It is timely; it is the voice of God to the nation"; and, sir, if it could have been allowed to work its way and bring forth its legitimate results, I cannot resist the conviction that, to-day, the whole aspect of our national affairs would have been changed. The bud was nipped as it was about unfolding. The stream that was gushing out of the fountain was dammed up, turned back, and turned aside. God forgive the men who made that mistake! I believe the President was conscientious in what he did, but it seems to me the one almost irreparable blunder of the war, and I shall be devoutly thankful to God when anything occurs by which that mistake can be corrected.

I say, I do not know about the result of this war. It seems to me that there is a Higher Power who has it under control and under direction. I believe that we are approaching the end of American slavery. I believe that the time hastens, that it draws on apace, when liberty shall be proclaimed to all the inhabitants of this land; and I know that, if we have the wisdom to accept it, to accept it thankfully, and to be workers together with God, beneficent results alone can come to the nation. But, sir, there are things which make a man sad when he hears or reads them. The discussion of the question, "What shall be done with the emancipated slaves?" and the declaration made again and again by men in high position at Washington and elsewhere, that they will have nothing to do with any scheme for emancipation that does not provide for the expatriation of the liberated slaves, is enough to sadden any man. I ask, not in the name of the black man, but in the name of the white man, I ask in the name of a God of justice, what business have you to banish four millions of people from this country? (Applause.) What, I ask, have the slaves of the South or the free colored men of the North ever done, that we should sit down even to the consideration of this question? Where shall we send them, or what shall we do with them? We might as well sit down and consider this question—What shall we do with all the Methodists or Congregationalists in this country? Or, what shall we do with all the men who dye their whiskers in this country? Or, what shall we do with all the men who have sandy hair in this country, or who wear false teeth? At the very commencement of this matter, at its very inception, we are stopped by the fact, that it is an abominable, a God-insulting and Heaven-defying question of injustice which we are proposing to consider. (Applause.)

Mr. President, there are a great many things about which I am in doubt, but I thank God that among the uncertainties and fluctuations of this world, there are a few things that are sure. I am not so certain about a good many things as I was twenty years ago. I could speak with a great deal more emphasis upon some subjects twenty years ago than I can now. I could preach then with great satisfaction to myself upon some matters that, upon the whole, I do not care about discussing now. But there are a few things that come to me more and more verities to a man the longer he lives, and one of these convictions, to my mind, is, that it is always safe to do right. (Applause.) Sir, it is the right of every colored father, of every colored mother, to own their own children; it is the right of every man, without regard to his color, to have a fair chance in this world, to use the hands, and tongue, and head that God has given him, and make the most of them. It is right that these people who have been trodden under foot and ground under the iron heel of oppression should have that heel taken off, and that we should give to them a brother's hand and a brother's welcome—that we should do what we can toward removing the burden that has been heaped upon them—that they be permitted to go out with us into the same broad field, to labor under the eye of the Great Master, and receive a reward from Him, even as we do, if we are faithful. And, sir, if the nation would come to that conclusion, and would do right, God in His providence will attend to these other matters. What! shall we banish four million of people, needed in the country—needed in every view of the subject—most important to the whole nation, every quarter and corner of it! Why, sir, if we seriously undertake to do that, as the Lord God liveth, what we suffer now is but a drop before the pelting storm that is to come down upon this people. As the Lord lives and reigns, if, in addition to all our other sins, this nation shall deliberately proclaim this hard alternative to the bondman, to clank his chains and lie down and smart and bleed under the lash of the task-master, or tear himself away from the land of his birth and consent to be carried to a strange land—if, I say, we shall proclaim this alternative, God will adjust this matter between us and our colored friends; and I say again, the fact that such a question can be debated, that it can be considered in the high councils of the nation, gives me serious apprehension.

But I am keeping you from a treat from which you ought not to be detained, and I am going to stop. I have one thought to which I cling—it is an anchor to me—whether we get news of success or defeat, whether things go prosperously or adversely with us. It is this. Frederick Douglass was once making a speech—and such a speech as few men in this country could make—in which he said, "Friends, there is nothing left for us, there is no hope for us, but in our own good right arms, and we must grasp the sword and wield it, and be free, because we determine that we will be. We must show that we deserve liberty by achieving it. There is no other power in heaven or on earth to give it to us." There was an old colored woman sitting somewhere in the audience—a quaint old woman, Sojourner Truth, I have no doubt many of you know her—and when she said that, she lifted up her hand, speaking voice, and said, "Frederick! is God dead?" (Applause.) God is not dead; and because He is not, because His wisdom is higher

than ours, I have faith and hope in Him. (Loud applause.)

THE PRESIDENT—I wish to express the gratification with which I have listened to the speech of our friend who has just sat down—a gratification that has been shared, I am sure, by the entire audience. It is true, as he said, that he was invited to address this meeting, and wrote us a respectful letter declining to do so, on the ground that he did not feel exactly in the right mood, in view of the present state of things in the country. But, being here, he has given us a spontaneous speech, and having done so admirably well without premeditation, I shall bargain for his coming again, prematurely prepared; and I know you will particularly desire to hear him on that occasion; for "if such things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?" (Applause.)

Dr. GARRETT then gave notice of the other meetings of the Society, for the afternoon and evening, after which he said—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Our friend, Mr. PHILLIPS, has recently been to Washington, as you generally know. He met there with a very honorable and flattering reception; but I hold that the reception he met afterwards, at Cincinnati, was still more honorable and more flattering as a testimony to his fidelity to the cause of human liberty (applause); for he may suspect some slight error of judgment, some degree of partiality, on the part of those who are his friends; but when cut-throats, and ruffians, and all the myriads of slavery conspire as one man, and come out in mobocratic array, with brickbats and rotten eggs, to put him down and prevent free speech, they give him a crown of glory—no man can desire a brighter one. (Applause.) Wendell Phillips will now address you.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Mr. PHILLIPS was received with loud and prolonged applause. When quiet was restored, he spoke as follows—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I was delighted to hear the remarks of our friend from Brooklyn. I sympathize, to a great extent, with some of his views. But, at the same time, I have not sympathized for the last twelve months, and I cannot now, with his anxiety as to the fate of slavery itself. My faith is firm—no lack on the part of men, no seeming change in the nature of events, can alter it—that the events of the last twelve months have, in the essential sense of the word, abolished the system of slavery in this country. I do not believe that it can survive many years. I do not believe that it is dead to-day, or that it will die to-morrow. I do not mean that it may not give us great trouble yet. What I mean is, that, in a national point of view, five years or ten are nothing. When you stand at the source of the Mississippi, you can anticipate the Gulf. What I believe is this: we have opened in our national history the chapter which is to record the freedom of every man under the stars and stripes. Abraham Lincoln may not wish it; he cannot prevent it; the nation may not will it, but the nation can never prevent it. God has launched us upon an ocean in which the great laws of gravity which govern human affairs must govern our course, no pilot of our own selection. I believe, therefore, that we are not here to discuss to-day, specifically, the abolition of slavery; that is a settled, foregone conclusion. I do not care what men waver wish; the negro is the pole in the cog-wheel, and the machine cannot go on until you get him out. The problem which God forces on this nation is to eliminate slavery out of its institutions, and, after that, to deal with the dregs which such a system inevitably leaves. My reason for this faith is based upon three or four facts. In the first place, I take note of events from the influence which I see they have on the institutions of the country. For the first time in our history for seventy years, the government, as a corporation, has spoken anti-slavery words and done anti-slavery deeds. It is a momentous alteration in the heart that governs the government. I allude to that fact, not because I care for the state of mind of Mr. Lincoln or the Cabinet specifically; I view them as mile-stones, showing how far the great nation's opinion has travelled. For instance, ever since 1791, we have had a Fugitive Slave bill; we have had the civil arm of the government pledged to the restoration of fugitives. Daniel Webster said, "It is the cement of the Union; it is the test of the loyalty of the North." To-day the government at Washington, by an article of war, forbids the army to execute the Fugitive Slave bill. The army, for the present, is the government of the United States. Civil law is suspended. The government acts militarily, soldier-wise, no other, for the present; and the government, so acting, exclusively in that function, suspends the Fugitive Slave bill. Is not that a significant proof of the state of the public mind? When could that have been achieved before? Then, again, Mr. Lincoln turns to the Border States, and says: "Gentlemen, I am ready to buy; I know the state of the country; if you want to sell your slaves, show us the time to trade; if you wait a year, and the swift current of our political Niagara sweeps the system from beneath you, without compensation, never say I did not give you fair warning." He then goes on to say: "Gentlemen, I am trying cannon to put down this rebellion; it may not succeed. There are other efficient means; one is the abolition of slavery. If I find cannon do not succeed, I shall use other efficient means." In other words: "If you are ready to sell, I am ready to buy; but if you won't sell, I have the right to take." (Applause.) When, since '89, has patriot or statesman ventured such a position? In both Houses of Congress, the Republican party, holding the majority, profess the creed that government has the right to abolish slavery by confiscation, and they have spent many weeks in deciding—what? Not whether they have the right, but whether they will exercise the right—whether they will use the power. If, ten years ago, if, one year ago, the American people, or the Abolitionists, could have promised this, that in twelve months the majority, or its leading men, should be converted to the doctrine of John Quincy Adams on the war power, would you not have called that progress enough?

Again, look into the Border States. In Missouri and Maryland, the question is opened—sides are beginning to be taken—great parties to be marshalled—whether the State shall abolish the institution or not. What is the significance of that act? You have located the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in the street through which passed the Fifth Regiment of Massachusetts, and consecrated with its blood on the 19th day of April. (Applause.) You have projected New England, with its anti-slavery discussion, fully into Missouri and Maryland. Is not that progress? Does it not show that the "beginning of the end" is come?

But you go a little further, and, for the first time, the dome of the Capitol rests on Liberty, without a chain. (Loud applause.) Certainly, when these things happen, men are beginning to recognize the manhood of the negro. But, as if this was not enough to encourage the sublime devotion of nineteen million of people, the two departments of war and the navy say to the slave, of whom the question has hitherto been whether he would work, whether America could afford to recognize him as a drudge, whether we could give him a spade, and let him own it—to him, the departments of war and the navy say to-day—"Take a musket, and own it!" (Applause.) The nation which enrolls and arms a black man, touches the point of liberty for every man that shares his color.

My friend (Rev. Mr. HATFIELD) regrets, as I do, the great mistake, I think, made by the government when it neutralized the proclamation of John C. Fremont. Could it have permitted that proclamation to stand, unpledged to it as the Cabinet was, public opinion would have crystallized round it, Mr. Lincoln would have been able to rely confidently on the manifested public opinion which sustained and endorsed that act of the Major-General, and on the sure ground of such a conclusion, the government could have advanced, in ninety days, directly to universal emancipation. I think it was a great point lost. There have been several points lost. If when

Mr. Jefferson Davis first issued his letters of marque, and endeavored to cover the ocean with privateers, the President had said, "If you touch our property, we take yours," the great commercial metropolis of the nation would have said "Amen!" and the country would have followed. The government might then have inaugurated emancipation. But notwithstanding these mistakes, there is very little loss. This question is so much deeper and higher than men, that our mistakes are but scratches on the surface. My friend mistakes only too much. Abraham Lincoln simply rules; John C. Fremont governs. (Loud applause.) Judged by the pulses and opinions of the people, the real President of the American mind does not live in the White House; he leads the Mountain Department of Virginia, and history will regard the realities, and not appearances, of the present day. The reality is, that although the votes of '55 omitted Fremont, and although the caucuses of '60 omitted him, the people buried him in their hearts, and reproduced him, when the emergencies of the nation required it, on the prairies of Missouri, and elected him President of the crisis. (Loud applause.) That proclamation was not lost. Oh, no; that is the wrong word. The beautiful rivulet which disappeared in Greece, according to the classic legend, reappeared in Sicily. The proclamation that went down in Missouri, comes up again in the Carolinas, with Hunter's name at the end. (Prolonged applause.) Over the President or through him, the great normal purpose, the blind upholdings of the American Samson grope its way to the upholdings of the foot temple of slavery, and, in the end, it will drag it down to ruin, no matter who says nay. (Applause.)

I believe that the heart of the American people is set on the abolition of slavery; and I believe the heart of the American people will accomplish its purpose—if not through the Administration, then over it, and in due time. I wish it could be hastened; I wish it could be more intelligently led; but we must take the nation as we find it. It is wonderful that we find it so well prepared as it is. Why, only look! What has produced this effect? What gave us that sublime uprising of the year 1861? Certainly not the Church. As THEODORE PARKER said, six years ago, to-day, at the Anniversary of this very Society: "If the American Church had dropped through the continent to the other side, forty years ago, the anti-slavery enterprise would have been further ahead than it is now." He spoke the truth. And what was true of the Church was true of the State. The same indifference, the same hostility, the same contempt, informed the mind of the State as of the Church. I can remember, sixteen years ago, when FRANCIS JACKSON, representing the anti-slavery of Massachusetts, asked Abbott Lawrence, the representative of the Eastern section of the State (he was then a candidate for Representative to Congress from that section), "Sir, are you in favor of abolition in the District?" and the haughty millionaire would not even condescend to answer the question—so thoroughly contemptible was the anti-slavery enterprise. There is where the State stood towards us; there is where the Church put us. Prejudice against race had locked every heart and mind against the argument of the Abolitionists. They had no appeal but to the simple conscience, the instinctive sense of right of the masses of the people. We have been blamed, again and again, as agitators, because we did no reverence to the established institutions of the country—its wealth, learning, parties, churches—but laid the reins of this momentous enterprise on the necks of the uneducated masses. We had nowhere else to lay them; and God gave us the instrument by which the heart of the masses could be reached. There is an old play called "The Devil is an Ass." It is a good motto. He always is. When he framed the United States Constitution, he put the Fugitive Slave clause into it; and that Fugitive Slave clause, in my apprehension, has been the weightiest and strongest weapon which the Abolitionist has had to produce this uprising of 1861, on the part of the people. Let me tell you a story: A girl of seventeen, flying from her own father, who also, by American law, was her master, reached a village in Wisconsin. Standing in its broad street, she said to the first comers, "I appeal to all Christian men—save me!" They were two young men. They listened to her story, dared not keep her in the village, and hurried her to Milwaukee. The father, in pursuit, was so near that he hid the child beneath one of those hogheads in which we move china. The pursuers passed by her covering half a dozen times, upon the public highway. In an interval, unobserved, the young men conveyed her to the next town; from thence she went to Detroit, and soon sat foot on English soil, and received the protection of Queen Victoria. She sent back a letter to the young men, telling her story. They read it, and went with it to a clergyman, and got him to draw up a pledge that they would not vote again, except an abolition ticket. That year, there were two anti-slavery votes cast in that town—the first two ever cast in the State on the anti-slavery issue. The next year, there were fifteen. To-day, Republicanism holds that State in both its hands, and gives its weight in the Republican balance in the Senate and House of Representatives. (Applause.) Four years ago, the Supreme Court of that State—the child of that little drop of rain—flung itself against Taney, and the Supreme Court of the Fugitive Slave Bill; and the first act of Edward M. Stanton, when he was made Attorney-General under Buchanan, was to take Booth, its victim, out of an United States prison in the State of Wisconsin. That is one drop of the sainted influence of the Fugitive Slave bill. (Laughter.) All over the country, it has been the same. Unheeded, unnoticed, this sympathy with man has made its way down into the obscure places of the nation; and when statesmen doubted, when Seward wrote to Dayton, and told him to tell Europe, that this was a political quarrel and not a war, and that it would be over in ninety days, and no man find his position changed by it, the nation felt its way with its right hand to the neck of the slave system, and has not unclasped its fingers yet, and never will, until it strangles the monster. (Loud applause.)

That is my faith as to slavery. Fellow-citizens, I do not think that the lesson of this hour is what to do with the negro. It is a different question—one that holds the slave question in it, but is broader. The question is, with this slave question to decide, in the next fifteen years, is there virtue, intelligence, purpose enough in the North to absorb the barbarism of fifteen States, neutralize it, and survive a united, free, Christian Republic? To-day, those fifteen States are barbarous. I have a letter at home—I mean to read it to-night or to-morrow—from a Bell-Everett voter in Missouri, written ten days ago, to a Bell-Everett mercantile correspondent in Boston, in which he says, "Your armies have driven out the armies of secession from Missouri. You think you have done the work. You have not begun it. Two of my friends were shot a fortnight ago, outside of this town; three of my acquaintances badly wounded. A man entered my store last week, and shot my own clerk, at my desk. I myself, a Union man, dare not leave the streets of the city, for fear of assassination. That is the law of the country." And he says, "The question is, Can you save the unity of these States?" He means, Can you, Northerners, supply so much virtue, purpose, intelligence, as will absorb this element of barbarism, neutralize it, and leave us a nation? That is the question. The dregs of slavery, the state of society which it will leave, can we deal with it, and save the nation? If the news of this morning is all correct—if we have got New Orleans, and McClellan has really scattered the secession army—I think the South has ceased to fight for slavery in the old sense; she has ceased to fight for conquest, she now fights for terms. She will keep her army of 200,000 men—she has got so many men in arms, and I do not believe she ever has had over 300,000—she will keep them in arms until the fever months, if possible, and will keep them in arms as long as there is any hope of dictating terms to the Cabinet. While the war goes on, we must keep the whole army we now have, in order to preserve the position of the government; and when the contest is over, when the question is ostensibly settled (of which

I will speak in a moment), we must have an army half as large as we have now, as an army, not of conquest, but of occupation. There are six million of men at the South who have hated us for thirty years, and hate us twice as much now, because we have whipped them. Men are asking the question, Can the South fight? I do not think it a question. The question, Can the South fight? answers itself. A State as large as the South, with six million of people, with the yellow fever and typhus for its right and left hand, can fight if she will. The single question is, Will she fight? I answer that question in the light of the experience of thirty years. Every Southern pupil, every Southern political officer, has been the champion of slavery for thirty years. No Northerner could visit the smallest village of the South, and repeat the Declaration of Independence, without being lynched. No book could be sent there that was not expurgated. No clergyman could preach the most diluted anti-slavery gospel, that he was not shown the steamer on Monday morning, bound for the North. When Brooks struck Sumner upon the floor of the Senate, the foulest blow known to Christendom for a century, the whole North, the whole world, except the South, cried "Shame!" The whole South said "Amen!" Now, that is the country which has marshalled itself in war against us, and we have whipped it. We have beaten it in pitched battle; we have barred it from communication with the world; we have made it so infamous in the manifestation of its purpose, that Europe, more than half willing, could not stretch out its right of recognition to it; and the hate of thirty years is embittered by the double-distilled hate of the conquered victim. What are we to do with six million of such people? There are certain fanatics in the city of New York, and certain other fanatics in Congress, at Washington, who are proposing to the American people to cut their own throats, only they express themselves thus: They say that we should export four million of Unionists from these very States; that the only race which loves us, the only race which we can bind to us with hooks of steel, by only doing them—not justice; I would not deprecate the word. Justice! Justice to the negro would be to lay the wealth of the nation at his feet. Justice to the negro would be for the white race to put on sackcloth and ashes, and sit down at his feet, and beg pardon for the sins of six generations. Justice! It is that every white man should yield up every printed page, every college, every mansion, every convenience of civilization, bought by the blood and toll of the negro, and give them to the four million of slaves, using only what they leave. Justice! We do not begin to give the negro justice when we only give him his own right hand. My explanation of compensation is—I compensate the master, because he is helpless, and cannot take care of himself; I let the slave go free, because he can. But the insane proposition is, that we should export the very fulcrum of the lever by which the nation is to be restored—the four million of people who are the only hope that this country ever can be one and indivisible again. My friend, Mr. Brown, said that the negro had come to us, bringing important information. Yes; he has shown in every way that he recognizes the Union as inflexibly on his side. He has counterbalanced the blunders and ignorance and insanity of our commanders. Sherman went to South Carolina, Northern bred, filled with the folly that the slave loves his master to death, that he could not be drawn to liberty with cart-ropes, that he would shoot any man who offered it to him; and he bolted his doors with ten locks against the black man, and cried out to the whites: "Dear, beloved brethren! (Laughter.) Not a white man came near, and twelve thousand negroes burst in his doors. (Applause.) The negro race has shown, from the very commencement of this quarrel, that they saw, with the instinctive sagacity of self-interest—their all at stake—that this quarrel on our part could mean nothing but liberty to them, and that the stars and stripes, although we might not know it, were written all over by God's own hand, with emancipation, and that the fire of this convulsion would bring the letters out in living light to the conscious knowledge of this generation. (Loud applause.) They saw them, with the eye of faith, on the banner, when it seemed to us to be written only with "Union."

Now, I say, I want these four million of people. I want them as a breaker, an anchorage, a fulcrum, against the barbarism of the South. I want them as the ballast of the effort to make this one nation. The lesson of the past has been the success of agitation; the success of appealing to the common people to save their own institutions when their statesmen had not faith enough to believe in them. When the members of Buchanan's Cabinet stood face to face with Committees of the House of Representatives, before the 4th of March, 1861, and the Chairman of those Committees threatened them with arrest as traitors; if they had executed their threats and hung them, the slave would have cursed their vigilance, for they would have put off this rebellion fifty years. The blood of Toucey could have saved us on this rebellion. Thank God, it was not shed! For South Carolina flung down the gauntlet, and when she did it, she swept fifty years from the life of the slave system. That very cannon, fired at Sumner, God's own hand forged into a thunder-bolt, and gave it to Abraham Lincoln, saying—"Hurl it against the system! It shall be victory to-day, and peace forever!" (Loud applause.) But, I say, when those Cabinet officers stood face to face with the Investigating Committee, why did not the Committees publish the secrets that had been revealed to them to nineteen million of people? They had not faith to believe that there were virtue and intelligence enough in the American people to stand up against fifteen slave States; and to-day, that same statesmanlike loyalty to the Democratic idea, that same statesmanlike want of faith in the masses, keeps them from proclaiming the righteousness of abolishing slavery. Washington is full of only one flavor—you must get rid of slavery as a necessity, to save the Union. Do you want to stir up the North? Carry in a pilgrim-age the bones that have been insulted at Manassas. Do you want to concentrate the North? Publish throughout its borders that the South thinks its soldiers "mud-sills." But that is nothing but temper; nothing but the bitterness of sections; nothing but sectional hate, which is not to be relied upon. When that tax-bill comes down like an avalanche on the heads of the American people, there will be two questions about it. The Democrats will say, "Put an end to the war, anyhow! Compromise to any extent! Send Davis Minister to St. James's, give Wigfall a principality on the prairies, put Beauregard in McClellan's place (laughter)—anything to save the taxes." That is what the Democrats will say; and if the basis of Northern feeling is only hatred, I do not know how long it will prevail against the pocket. When that tax-bill comes down upon the people, the virtue and anti-slavery purpose of the North will say, "Get rid of this weight and burden of blood and money by a radical cure of the war—by making the South like the North; that is, by ridding it of slavery, and giving it to thrift, education, labor." Which way shall that hand turn? That is the question for this Society next summer. How will it use the instrument which God gives us? That is the question. Shall the virtue of the people recognize the right and wrong, or shall the people, filled with hate, merely consider whether they will not surrender to Democratic intrigue? It is a dangerous hour that we are approaching. I do not fear much from colonization. I do not think we are in any danger from that. We are one of us, as a nation, fit for the fanatic asylum, and until we are, we never shall colonize four million of workers. We shall much sooner colonize the mouths than the hands. Three hundred and forty-seven thousand slaveholders are the mouths, the four million of blacks are the hands; and it would be much cheaper to colonize the mouths than the hands. I believe in Yankee common sense, and therefore I do not fear colonization. Another thing; if the races cannot live together, it will only cost one or two million to colonize the three hundred and forty-seven thousand whites—it will cost a great deal more to colonize four million of blacks.

Then, there comes the question: Where are they to go? If we cannot hear them, where is the nation that can? If you choose to send them beyond the mountains, somewhere, in a State by themselves, are they to have the right to travel? Will Mr. Garrett Davis build a wall round their State, and never let them look over into Kentucky? I do not believe in that method. My friend Brown mentioned that telling fact, which ought to close every Democratic mouth, that Stephen A. Douglas died twelve thousand dollars in debt to a negro of the District; but he did not mention the best feature of the fact—that that colored man knew so well how to take care of himself, that he did not lend it to Douglas until he got a mortgage. (Laughter and applause.) The very white men who edit the papers of the District of Columbia, the very white men who are discussing the question whether the colored people can take care of themselves, are not yet so far able to take care of themselves as to pay the expenses of their own children's education; they flinch, they steal, in the shape of taxes, six hundred dollars a year from the pockets of the negroes of the District, in order to pay the expenses of their own schools, and when they have done it, they bar the doors of those very schools against the black man's children, and make him sustain at his own expense independent schools for his children. ("Shame.") And then they sit down and write articles, and print them, declaring that the colored men of the District are not able to take care of themselves, when these very editors would never have got the A, B, C, that enabled them to write the articles, if the colored men had not educated them with their money. (Applause.)

The devil ought to have a good memory—all his ought to. The Democratic Young Men's Committee of this city say they are opposed to emancipation, unless the blacks are expatriated, because, otherwise, they will kill out Northern labor! How come that, if they will not work? Garrett Davis says, that if you emancipate the slaves of the District, you will have to build a poor-house as large as the Capitol to hold the paupers. Well, if they are all to be kept in a District poor-house, as big as the Capitol, how are they going to compete with Northern labor? (Applause.) Liars should have good memories. I do not believe that nineteen millions of Northerners, their brains kindled to a white heat on a great financial problem, can be misled by such chaff as that. Why, it is nine hundred years behind the times. Colonize the blacks! The man that should propose to give up railroads because a man was killed on them last year, would be a sane man in comparison with a colonizationist. We have drifted infinitely beyond that problem. We are now engaged in a momentous struggle, whether this nation can save its own institutions. God is demanding an atonement of this generation. We have had two systems in the midst of us. One is the North—taking every child in the cradle, and giving him intellectual education; putting at the side of baby footsteps virtue and knowledge; recognizing the fact that every man's life is more scarce, and every man's house more valuable, the more intelligent and industrious his neighbor is. That is the North; its right hand is industry, its left hand is knowledge. Now, the South has some four millions of slaves, held by some hundred thousand active men. The slaves are mere machines: the more intelligent, the less valuable; the less intelligent, the more valuable. On the other hand, the South has five millions of poor whites. They must not be allowed to labor, for if they did, as our friend Brown explained to us, it would make the slave proud; they must not be taught, for if they were, it would make the aristocracy insecure. A friend from Alabama once said to me—"The men of our Northern Counties are on your side, if you could get at them. They labor themselves; if they hold slaves, it is but a single one. They have but one room in their houses; the slave sits at the table with them, sleeps with them, works with them. They are Free Soil Counties. If you could only get at them, they would be on your side. We don't mean you ever shall. They never hear a speech but what we make; they would not know a newspaper from a necromancer's trick; their wives cannot read; their children are growing up in ignorance. The poor white trash! The right hand of the aristocracy of slaveholders is four millions of slaves; the left hand is ignorant. These institutions have attempted to cohere; they have had seventy years of trial, and the attempt has failed. Now, the question comes to us in the shape of God's own demand for atonement. This generation which thought it had laid up so much money—but was but to emancipate that race, to educate the other. The railroad had been going sixty miles an hour; we thought all was safe; but the axles are hot, and God stops us in this generation.

As an Abolitionist, I know that events are grinding out the freedom of the negro; but the question that troubles me is—into that grave into which slavery is entering, are freedom and free institutions to drop with it? That question is answered when you tell me how you are to get rid of it. That holds its circumference the fate of you and me, of our nation, and free institutions. I want you, therefore, to wake up this people to two questions: First, the right that rebellion has given us to crush out slavery, and (I am not going to stop with the question whether the negro will work or not) what we shall do with the negro. What shall we do without him? I am a graduate of Harvard; my friend here (Mr. TILGNER) is a graduate of some other college, I suppose; on every platform, the graduates of colleges will be making speeches this week. Shall any one of us propose that those colleges graduate men able to take care of themselves one whit better than the speech of that graduate of the plantation (Wm. Wells Brown) proves that his fellow-laborers are able to take care of themselves? (Loud applause.) If any blue-eyed Saxon doubter, graduate of a New England college, still cherishes a doubt, I commend to him the task of answering that speech. (Renewed applause.) But, beyond that question, the American people are to wake up to an understanding of the right which they now hold in their hands to abolish slavery. It is a constitutional right. People are greatly afraid—the New York Herald is greatly afraid—that we are not going according to the Constitution. Well, what is the Constitution? It says, "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." That is, I cannot be hung without a grand jury, a petit jury, and a sheriff. That is peace. But, to-day, Congress says to Erank Sigel,—"Hang McCulloch!" There is grand jury, petit jury, and sheriff, all in one. (Laughter.) To-day, Congress says to Gen. Grant, "Take ten thousand lives at Pittsburg!" That is due process of war; that is the war power; the other was the peace power. It is equally constitutional, because it is necessary. Congress says to every man's pocket, "You shall put your hand into every man's pocket by making certain pieces of paper legal tender; and if this war continues ten years, you shall take one dollar out of every ten, from every man's pocket." It is constitutional, because it is necessary. The government says, "Go down to Charleston, and get that harbor with stones, and make the city a desert—sow it with salt if you please"—and I sometimes wish they would—(applause)—and that

Poetry.

Selections.

and sectional malvolence are gradually but surely passing away, and a pure current of popular thought and investigation has engaged the minds of the people. They begin to realize the fact that slavery, and not Abolition, is the pernicious parent of all our national troubles.

Another pleasing fact was the absence of any manifestation of prejudice against color. Some pupils might be hurt by thoughtless actions of their fellow learners. These fears, we rejoice to say, were groundless; and your committee were able to distinguish any shade of difference made in their treatment on account of complexion.

SPRING-TIME. BY THOMAS WACKELLAR. The sovereign sun unbars the icy gates To let the Spring with all her train come in; But flings the beautiful maiden waits, Or smiles affrighted from the stormy din And elemental strife. While she doth stand In hesitance, the soft, warm eastern breeze Steals from the lakes of lime and orange trees, And blithely Spring trips o'er the smiling land.

WASHINGTON IS FREE. For the first time in the history of this Government, the Capital stands upon free soil. After a long and gloomy storm had chilled and dispersed men, how full of gladness and hope is the first faint blue spot that shines in the heaven! That hand's breadth of blue is mightier upon our spirits than all the waste and wilderness of black clods that fill the whole heavens! It tells us what is behind the storm. It shows that clouds are growing thin, and moving off. That spot of prophetic blue has at last shone through at Washington! The District of Columbia holds no slaves! Emancipation has been effected. The slaves to be set free were few. If there had been ten, the joy would have been as great. It is the nation that is freed. It is our Government that has been emancipated. This is the first act of legislative emancipation performed in this nation since the Revolutionary impulse ceased, and a reactionary movement for slavery set in! The Congress of the United States are deliberating for the first time since Washington's day on free soil! The foundations of the Capitol are on free soil!

REV. W. G. BROWNLOW. At a meeting of the Pioneer Association on Saturday evening, Aaron Brownlow is reported to have used the following language: "If, fifty years ago, we had taken one hundred Southern fire-eaters and one hundred Abolitionists, and sent them to a common field, and buried them in a common ditch, and sent their souls to hell, we should have had none of this war."

A VOICE FROM MISSOURI. On the 27th of April, 1862, the people of Franklin County, Missouri, gave their response to the Emancipation Message of the President, in the following resolutions: "The people of Franklin County, Missouri, in mass meeting assembled, appreciating the blessings of Liberty, as we have enjoyed and received them under the Constitution and Government of the United States, do resolve: I. That we will neither vote nor give our influence for any man, for any office, who we know or believe is now, or ever has been, in favor of a dissolution of our State, or who has not been at all times an unshaken and outspoken loyalist, nor who has ever hesitated to acknowledge the supremacy of the authority of the United States, or the duty of allegiance to the Federal Government, as paramount to all other authority or allegiance; nor will we submit, until we have exhausted our constitutional and legal means of resistance, to the exercise of civil authority over us by any man who has ever counseled, aided, or abetted the crime of treason against the Constitution and Government of the United States, or resistance to the exercise of lawful authority by the President, or other officers legally authorized with authority under the Constitution and Laws of the United States."

FREE EVENING SCHOOL. The following report, touching the rise and progress of the free evening school in this city, will, we are sure, be read with interest. This beneficent public charity has met with so large a measure of success is a matter of gratulation, evincing as it does the general desire that is felt among a large class to obtain the rudiments of an education, of which they have been deprived, in their earlier years, perhaps, by circumstances beyond their control. We trust and believe that the enterprise will be renewed, the coming autumn, under still more encouraging auspices, and that the number of those engaged in the good work will be increased by the donations of the benevolent, and their means of usefulness be thereby extended. Much credit is due to those who originated and have had this matter under their charge, and we trust they will receive that encouragement from our citizens which their work they have undertaken deserves. Their generous and self-sacrificing spirit is worthy of all praise.—Lynn Reporter.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH. PAINTFUL SCENES—AN ARMY OF SIXTYN—THE DEAD AND WOUNDED. On Thursday it was impossible to move without caution, as dead men were lying thickly every where for miles—sometimes a dozen in a space of so many feet. No such scene was ever before witnessed in America. The opponents lay as they had fallen, often the body of one heaped upon that of the other. Wounded men, mangled horses, crushed bodies, extended so interminably that it was impossible to pass through them, and the victor would finally be compelled to turn and retreat his steps. Rains had soaked the ground and covered it with

JOY AND SORROW. Joy is but a sunny level, Bliss a drowsy pain, Sorrow is a rugged summit, Soiled with tears and pain.

EMANCIPATION. That the question of Emancipation with compensation will enter largely into our next elections, no one can doubt who looks at the course to which political events are and have been tending since the rebellion. Indeed, it will form the main feature, the controlling principle of the party of the Union, throughout the States, and will swallow up all other party questions and creeds in the magnitude of its importance and bearing upon the interests of the country at large.

GEN. CAREY ON HANGING ABOLITIONISTS. It does not diminish our disgust of this fashionable slang, that even General Carey should endorse it. In his speech, at the Opera House, last Friday night, he said: "Brother Brownlow mentioned in his remarks the advantage which would have accrued to the country, had one or two hundred Abolitionists, and an equal number of Southern Secession-agitators, been hung together, and buried in a common ditch; and I most cordially agree with him. I agree with the sentiment of the press and free speech, and believe that to be two of the greatest blessings we enjoy; but I have no sympathy with Wendell Phillips, and I think that any man stretches out his hand to endeavor to shake the pillar of the sacred Constitution, until it has at length culminated in a sanguinary war, which, for ferocity and barrenness of substantial purpose, is without a parallel in the history of the world. They have seen, too, that those who have uniformly been charged with disloyalty, and a disposition to break up the Government, are the true friends and supporters of the Union, while those whose office it has been these many years past to cry out, 'The Union is dissolved by Northern fanatics,' are the real and only foes of the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the Republic."

SELECT SCHOOL. The subscriber will be pleased to receive a few Young Ladies into her charge for purposes of instruction in English, French, Music and French in the term of Ten Weeks, will commence on Monday, May 13, 1862. For particulars, address ABIE F. HETWOOD, Hopkinton, Milford, Mass., April 15, 1862.

THE PROGRESSIVE AGE. Devoted to all Reformers. THIS is a monthly Journal, of eight pages, edited by Bryan J. Butts and Harrison C. Green, with Hopkinton, Mass., as its office. It is published in May, 1862, and the friends of an unqualifiedly free paper are invited to consider its claims on their patronage. Specimen copies sent to any address. Terms.—Single copies, 50 cents a year; clubs of twenty names, \$5.00. Address B. J. BUTTS & H. N. GREEN, Hopkinton, April 16.

DEAD. In Duxbury, 1st ult., Mrs. Susannah Hunt, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Hunt, aged one hundred years and ten months. She was, says the Daily Colony Memorial, the mother of nine children, and had a grandchild, and followed her to the grave young, aged thirty-seven, grand-children, seventy-four grand-grandchildren, and twelve of the fifth generation.