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Refuge of Oppression.

OLD ABE. (Oh Abraham, my jolly old Abe, When we were first acquainted, I thought you were an honest man, But nothing of a Spanish cloak, But since you wore the Spanish cloak, And have the negro up, And have the white man, so you do, My jolly old Abe, my Jo.

THE WAY THE OAT JUMPS. There is no mistaking the indications of the times. The Radical party is losing strength, and the Conservative party is gaining it. Every day brings tidings of Lincoln's papers and Lincoln men coming to the McClellan standard. The number of original Lincolnites—those who worked hard for the campaign of '60—stamped into the ranks, is remarkable. Hundreds of prominent men could be named. The papers, particularly the German journals, which have hailed the Lincoln flag, and run up McClellan's name, are all these changes the Radical cannot see. It is equal with the best of men, in arm and arm can go, To see as you wish him to, My jolly old Abe, my Jo.

and drove back the invaders of Washington and of the Administration. (Great applause.) Who of us will not accept the man that it might have been reserved for him to rescue not only the capital on that day, but to rescue the whole country at the present time? (Applause.) "He will." You have not forgotten that this was General McClellan's last military service, and that a few weeks after this he was dismissed from the army. But, thank heaven, the day is at length at hand when the people of the United States have the constitutional opportunity and the constitutional right to revise and reverse the decrees of the Administration.

Young men of New York and of the nation, it is you especially who ought to see that this great work is accomplished. Our candidate is especially a young man's candidate. It may well be the pride of "Young America" to see that he has not only fair play and a generous support, but that he has an opportunity of showing what the young men are able to do, and are destined to do, in the high civil places of the land, as well as upon the field of battle. This campaign, however, is not so much a personal contest as between Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan; it is a question as to the nation's welfare and the nation's life. For myself, I cannot repress the conviction that the best interests of our country, that the best hopes of restoring the American nation, originally and methodically, demand a change of Administration at the approaching Presidential election. (Great applause.) I cannot repress the conviction, the deep, earnest apprehension that, the policy which has been adopted and pursued by President Lincoln and his advisers throughout the last two years shall be pursued four years more—that we shall be irretrievably plunged into the fathomless abyss of disunion. (Applause.) The policy lately, I think, has been more to destroy the Union than to build it up; schemes of philanthropy on the one side, and of subjugation on the other, have occupied the minds of men. The great, leading, constitutional idea of restoration seems to have been lost sight of, and we have been treated to a hundred various projects of reconstruction. Opinions like these, that are proposed from men whom we suppose to be loyal, in power, strike us more forcibly than if they came from rebels. There are no terms of denunciation or condemnation which, in my judgment, it does not deserve; and if it would do any good to spend the night in railing at the rebellion, or in railing at the force of the rebellion, it would be anything better than "baying yonder moon." I would join with you in the denunciation until that moon will set and rise again. (Applause.) But you remember how all four years ago, rose up, without any reference to party, and did all they could to support the Administration. But no considerations of patriotism, my friends, no considerations of loyalty, call upon us to go further while supporting the Administration. We will support the powers that be as long as their term shall last, not as approving their policy but as recognizing the legitimate position of the authority of the government. But no considerations of patriotism, no considerations of loyalty call upon us to prolong the supremacy of a party whose part it has so eminently been to destroy every spark of the Union sentiment in the Southern breast, to implant in its place a dogged, desperate determination never to be reconciled—never to submit or yield—never to come again under rulers whom they have learned to hate. No considerations of loyalty, I say, call upon us to prolong the existence or renew the term of an Administration whose peculiar policy, by exciting this spirit of hatred and desperation, has rendered the victories of our armies a hundred fold more to be achieved, and has robbed them of almost all their legitimate results after they have been achieved. (Applause.) For, my friends, there are no victories in war, let us suppose, or come to us as those which are extorted from a foe who has been goaded and maddened into desperation. This goading and maddening process will serve very well to increase the sport of a bull fight, but it has at least cost us one Bull Run, (laughter,) and it is never destined, in my judgment, to secure those victories which are to be followed by peace and union. (Applause.)

My friends, I would not be understood to cast any imputations upon the patriotism of President Lincoln, or anybody else; I am not here for that purpose. I have no doubt that he honestly desires to save the country. How can he help it? How can any man doubt that President Lincoln should desire to write his name upon the roll of history as the restorer of the American Union? It is a title which might satisfy the most exalted ambition. But I fear that he has become so entangled by his own proclamations and admissions, and pledges upon the subject of slavery, that he is incapacitated for bringing about any early or successful conclusion of this terrible struggle. He has weaved for himself a gordian knot which he cannot untie, and which the trait and shrewd sword which we can employ have not yet been able to cut asunder. Why, who has—anybody—forgotten that recent notification, that extraordinary manifesto, "To whom it may concern," (laughter,) which he published so recently in answer to propositions for peace, and in which he was obliged, according to these proclamation pledges, to insert a condition which disqualified even his best friends, and rendered hopeless every proposition or effort upon the subject.

the guiltiest man alive. (Applause.) How can we better advance the interests of that policy than by promoting the election of the man who is the very personification of it? (Applause.) "We'll do it." This is the policy which your own McClellan has enforced and illustrated better than anybody else could do for him in his noble despatch from Harrison's Landing, in his brilliant oration at West Point, and more so than all in the admirable letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency. These are the platforms for all time. Why, fellow-citizens, if anybody is disposed to cavil with you about your platform, tell them that General McClellan has made his own platform, and that it is broad enough and comprehensive enough for every patriot in the land to stand upon. (Applause.) Tell them, those cavaliers, too, that you would as soon think of holding General McClellan responsible for not having taken Richmond when he was so rashly interfered with and cruelly stripped of his troops, as you would think of holding him responsible for any equivocal words of Chicago conventions, or of any other conventions under the sun. Tell them, too, that you would as soon imagine that the brave Army of the Potomac would have been frightened from following him by the Quaker guns along the roadside, as that any of the honest supporters of McClellan for the Presidency should be scared from their position by any paper bullets of the brain which might have been concocted in the midnight session of a resolution committee during the hazy burly of the presidential campaign. (Great applause.) Tell them that General McClellan has made his own platform, and that we all recognize it, and it ought to be satisfactory to everybody. That admirable letter of acceptance, above all things, ought to be hailed with delight and with gratitude even by those who are too far committed to other parties to give it their support. That letter alone is worth an army with banners to the cause of the nation. It has the true elation ring to rally a nation to the rescue. It speaks in trumpet tones to all our deluded brethren at the South, and tells them that there never was a dream of reconquering hostilities on any other basis than that of Union (applause), while, at the same time, it opens wide to them a door of reconciliation and peace whenever they shall manifest their willingness to return to their allegiance to the Constitution and the laws. Why, it has torn the flag of the revilers of General McClellan as handsomely as Sherman himself has torn the flag of Hood at Atlanta. (Laughter.) It has destroyed every pretence for those unjust insinuations, those sweeping and abominable insinuations against the opponents of this Administration, which have fallen from so many partisan tongues. Let us also to all the world that we are still, and always mean to be a free people. Let us bring no railing accusations against the patriotism of others, and let us treat all accusations against our own patriotism with the contempt and the scorn which they deserve. And let us now and always, as we throw forth McClellan banners to the breeze, let our word now and always be, to friend and foe alike, those words which I rejoice to have seen emblazoned upon so many banners and mottoes and platforms upon this occasion: "The Union; is our only condition of peace; we ask no more, but that every loyal American should be accepted at all hazards."

Mr. Winthrop resumed his seat amid tremendous applause.

Selections.

UNION MASS-MEETING IN BROOKLYN, N. Y. One of the largest meetings ever held in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the evening of the 22d ult., crowded every corner of the Brooklyn Academy of Music with beautiful women and intelligent citizens. The Hon. HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, was the first speaker. He said:— MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am sure you came here to-night not for mere partisan purposes. It is true there was a time when the injudicious Daniel Webster should be accepted as the loyal American heart that our object should be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country, this is the day. (Cheers.) I come not here to defend the Republican party in the United States. That party is now administering the government of our country. It has its faults; it has made its mistakes. But they are the mistakes of the head, and not of the heart. (Cheers.) That party was brought into being to resist the aggressive slaveholding policy of the land barons of the South. It represented only the cause of the man, and not the North American continent. (Cheers.) It represents the spirit of American nationality. It has never fired upon the flag of our country, and never murdered one of its defenders. (Cheers.) With it is every noble sentiment of the human soul; with it and behind it are the prayers and the blessings of all the champions of human liberty throughout the world. John Bright, the champion of human liberty (cheers) in our fatherland, is with us for this administration of our government and of our country in its trial. Gentlemen, let us speak for us, think for us, feel for us. And against us is every traitor on this continent, and every Rebel sympathizer; against us are all the champions of privileged rights throughout the world. We stand to-day maintaining the nationality of the country and the liberties of the human race. (Cheers.) For forty odd months the country has been desolated by civil war. To-night our brothers are down on the banks of the Mississippi, on the shores of the Bay of Mobile, on the shores of Carolina, or with Grant round Richmond (cheers) with Sherman at Atlanta, (cheers) and marching with Sheridan out of the Shenandoah Valley. (Cheers.) They are following their worn and faded banner, ready at the tap of the drum to hurl themselves upon the rebel legions for the salvation of our periled country. It is our duty to see to it that there

shall be no firing upon their rear. (Cheers.) They will take care of the enemies of the country in front; we will take care of the enemies of the country in their rear. (Cheers.) SPEECH OF GEN. HOOKER. At this point, the audience caught sight of the soldier-like form of "Fighting" Joe Hooker, when a sense of transcending anything ever witnessed hereabouts in the way of a reception. The whole audience sprang to their feet, cheer rose upon cheer, of the magnetic, electrical kind, that thrills along the nerves; ladies waved their handkerchiefs, gentlemen swung their hats. Gen. Hooker bowed his acknowledgments, and, for a moment, seeming almost overcome by the demonstration. When the applause had somewhat abated, Gen. Hooker stepped forward, in answer to loud calls, and said:— LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I need not tell you that I am totally unprepared for this. I cannot and I do not take this demonstration or any part of it to myself. I am not worthy of this reception. ("Yes you are;" and cheers.) I am more worthy of it than you. We are all here in the same boat; you have been working in one place, and I have been working in another. (Cheers.) Your victories are as dear to us in the front as the victories in the rear are dear to you. The victories of the last Fall, I speak with full knowledge, were hailed with as much joy and enthusiasm in the army as though they had been achieved by the army I belong to. The victory of Ohio we felt, and I hope we may feel many more; and I do not doubt that next November we shall taste of one to which this rebellion has furnished no parallel. I need not tell you that I am rejoiced to find such an assemblage here to-night, and it shows that it is all right with our cause and our country. (Cheers.) No misfortune can befall us when our people are animated by the feeling which is evinced here to-night. If the war has not been prolonged, it has not been from our weakness, but from our consciousness of strength. We have not put forward all our energies and resources, although we have shown and we have employed resources which have amazed the world. But in the North, the North has not yet made that one great effort to crush this revolt by a blow—it could do it and can do it any day when it moves for that purpose. (Cheers.) The people in these loyal States, and I am proud to say it, the people have been in advance of the authorities in all of this rebellion, (cheers) and they will be until they reach the end, and the end is not remote. (Cheers.) I am rejoiced to meet you, and to meet you under such auspices as I do to-night. Tidings, glorious tidings reach us from all of the armies; the work goes bravely on. There are no Copperheads (great cheers)—there are no Copperheads in the army. (Cheers.) They will fight well, and they will vote well. (Cheers.) More devotion, more loyalty, never animated the hearts and the hands of men more brave.

I thank you most sincerely for the kindness with which you have received me to-night. I am unprepared to do so, but I believe in the humble capacity in which I have been placed, I have never failed to do my duty. (Cheers) and "That's so!" and I don't intend to now. I wish you all good night.

The General then retired amid loud and prolonged cheering. CONCLUSION OF SENATOR WILSON'S SPEECH. After Gen. Hooker had retired, Mr. Wilson again addressed the meeting. He said, referring to this most agreeable interruption, "I want you, gentlemen, when you go home to-night, to remember that of the Democratic party that voted against Abraham Lincoln four years ago there are tens and hundreds of thousands like fighting Joe Hooker. The Democratic party of to-day and the Democratic party of four years ago, is divided into four marked and distinct parties. One section of that party is represented by such men as Benjamin F. Butler (cheers), who hung up in New Orleans the traitor that tore down the flag of our country, like a dog. Another representative is your own Daniel S. Dickinson, and the brilliant and philosophic Bancroft, our Lieut. Gen. Grant; Gen. Sherman; Gen. Logan. I do not know what Sheridan is, but I know he has made a great speech this week against the Chicago platform (cheers)—these men speak for the country, fight for the country, and vote for the Administration. (Cheers.) Then we have another section of this party which asks us to put the Government into their hands, and that is the unconditional peace section (hisses) represented by such a man as Fernando Wood, (hisses) by all kind of the great martyrs (hisses) by George H. Pendleton, who never voted for the country, (hisses) by Long and Harris, who, on the floor of Congress, thanked God we had not conquered the Southern people, and could not do it. Then there is another section to which Seymour belongs, (hisses)—a set of waiters upon Providence, men who are governed by events; for the country a little to-day, and against the country a great deal to-morrow; a little war and a great deal of peace. Horatio Seymour is one of the chief leaders of that section of the Democracy. There is another section for whom I entertain a great deal of kind feeling. They do not care for the country—they are for the country—they have given their money to the country—they want the country to succeed; but they are wedded to the Democratic name, and they are exceedingly alarmed about the proclamation of emancipation. Now among that class of men our friends have a grand missionary field, and I hope they will use it and improve it. The Democratic party, as such, will you surrender the government into their hands? ("Never.") They went up to Chicago the other day, and they went, as we all know by the way of Niagara Falls, (laughter) and these Democrats held a consultation with Jeff Davis's agents at Niagara Falls, and agreed upon the platform; and the Richmond papers, on the 3d of September, published what the platform was to be as agreed upon. They went to Chicago with the platform, and proclaimed it there, and we now have the Niagara-Chicago platform. (Laughter.) They sent their platform to the country. They started from Chicago with the idea that they were to march right straight over this country to victory. They had hardly left that city before they began to feel the cold and chilling breezes of the people. No sooner was that platform telegraphed over the country, than the people rose in the majesty of their power, just as they rose when the echoes of the cannon of Sumter went over the land. (Cheers.) We were gloomy before that Convention, as we were before the firing upon Sumter. But the moment it was proclaimed that hostilities must close, that our brave soldiers must turn their backs on the enemies of the country; that the initiative patriotism of the American people brought all patriots to their feet. (Cheers.) And I tell you to-night this Presidential battle is already won. (Cheers.) Abraham Lincoln (cheers) will receive the votes of more than twenty States of this Union, and more than three hundred thousand popular majority; and I want you to take home this prediction with you, and re-

member it after the 8th of November next. Gentlemen, this Niagara-Chicago Platform, this Platform inspired by Jeff Davis's agents (hisses) is before this country. They have put their candidate upon it. Is there a man here to-night who can tell us whether McClellan is on the Platform? (A voice, "The Platform is on him." Laughter.) Whether he stands upon the Platform, upon it, it clings to it, lies round it loose? (Laughter.) Not a man of you can tell us that. But I heard a man say in the audience that the Platform is upon him. (Renewed laughter.) Well now, gentlemen, the very men who made the Platform, two weeks after they made it, go up and down the country disowning the work of their own hands. They dare not stand up before their country, and plant themselves fairly upon their own declarations. Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us the weight of a sentence depends on whether there is a man behind it. "The value of a platform depends whether honest, patriotic, upright men are behind it. And I know tricksters made this platform and are behind it. I do not care anything about their platform. I have not a word here to say to-night about their candidate. I know Gen. McClellan and Geo. H. Pendleton. They are men of fair abilities and personal character. I do not wish to spend a moment, and do not intend to do it, talking about them. They are of no earthly account before the American nation today. (Cheers.) And, gentlemen, I am not here to-night to speak about the President of the United States in terms of eulogy. I merely wish to say that I know him well. I know him to be true and patriotic, devoting night and day to the service of the country. (Cheers.) I am willing to trust the Government in his hands. (Cheers.) And I believe him stronger among the American people to-day, including our gallant armies, by a quarter of a million of voters, than any man who ever voted for him. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, I say I care nothing about the nominees for the platform. But I look to the platform builders. They cannot get away from themselves. They may disown their own platform, they may disown their own candidates, but they cannot get away from their own record. That is secure. We know who these men are. We know how they have borne themselves during the last five or six years of trial and trouble, and we will not trust the government of this country for evermore in their hands. (Cheers.) Therefore, knowing who built the Niagara-Chicago platform and what their purposes are, we choose to stand by the administration of Abraham Lincoln; we choose to stand by the men of the country who have written their names in letters that will not die, in favor of maintaining the unity of the Republic and the cause of equal and impartial history. (Cheers.)

REV. J. MANNING ON THE WAR. At a flag-raising in Ward 9, Boston, on Monday evening, Rev. Jacob M. Manning of the Old South Church, and formerly Chaplain of the 43d regiment, addressed the assembly in the following stirring words, as reported in the Daily Advertiser:— Mr. Chairman: I shall make you a very short speech to-night. This is not a time for talking, except such speech as leads to action. My friend, Mr. Stevenson, who asked me to say a word here to-night, took pains to tell me that the coming election is far above any mere issue of mere party politics. Perhaps he thought me one of those respectable republicans, who want a treaty of peace, who want to get away from the fact that this government is putting down a rebellion, and they fall on that fact and are broken; that fact, like a rock cut out of the mountain, falls on them, and it grinds them to powder. [Applause.] It is not the talkers at home, but the fighters at the front, who uphold that flag, that constitute practically to-day the American nation. [Applause.] The copperhead party, my friends, is a sore head party; they strike Union at all hazards, which means "Folly wants a cracker." [Applause.] Gentlemen, McClellan did not quite surrender up our country as the commander of the American forces, and I don't believe he will as the leader of the bogus democracy. [Applause.] He cautions passengers not to stand upon the platform, but the passengers must go where the train goes, and we know where that is. [Applause.] He knew what the platform of the Chicago Convention would be, in substance, before the delegates assembled at Chicago. His letter of acceptance is an electioneering document, written because it was made necessary by the fall of Atlanta, and written at the dictation of his party. No matter what a man tells us when he is in the rags of Niagara; we know where he is going—down, where the party is going in November, [applause], and in the mist that rises out of the abyss that engulfs both him and his party, every patriot will behold a bright bow of promise. Gentlemen, for three years and a half you have been watching our soldiers, you have criticized their movements, you have denounced cowardice and unfaithfulness which may have been exhibited, you have been gladdened by their defeats, and you have been disappointed by their victories. Now it is their turn; they are watching you; they are looking to see if you have patriotism and manhood enough to meet the issue which is now before you. They are looking to see whether they shall be encouraged by the triumph of Union votes, or whether they shall be disheartened and have their arms paralyzed by recalcitancy and failure. Let us show them, Mr. President and fellow-citizens of Ward Nine, that we are equal to the grand occasion; let us show them that we mean to write our more name on our country's victorious banner, so that it shall read, Mobile, Atlanta, the Shenandoah Valley, and the Eighth of November. [Applause.] Then, if not before, Richmond is ours, and the Southern Confederacy an exploded bubble. [Applause.]

LETTER FROM GEN. BUTLER.

THE MILITARY AND POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—A WORD TO LOYAL DEMOCRATS. "HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA. IN THE FIELD, September 26, 1864. MY DEAR CAMERON—You will deem me a most remiss correspondent. If you had been enabled to come here, you would have found much of interest in answer to the question: What of the rebellion from your point of view? We have been lying in front of Lee's army now for four months, which have been by no means spent in vain. Upon the execution of thousands of prisoners and deserters, and articles in Southern newspapers, I am certain that these have been months of depletion to the Southern army; that the whole arming population of the States within the rebel lines have been exhausted in the effort to recruit their forces; and the capability, if not the will, to resistance is fast dwindling away. The Confederate Congress, in December last, passed an act, the first section of which is in these words: "The Congress of the Confederate States do enact that all white residents of the Confederate States between the ages of seventeen and fifty are in the service of the Confederate States." The act then provides how farmers, mechanics and others may be detailed by military authority to raise the provisions and do the work for the army in the field. What would our Democratic friends, who are so blatant over "Lincoln's tyranny," say to such a draft as that on our side? I would like to see Governor Seymour's mild protest against it. I would not like to hear Voorhees' denunciations of it, for they would be vulgar. Now, when I read in the Richmond papers clamorous calls that the detailed men shall be all put into the ranks, how can I doubt the united testimony of deserters and prisoners, that the rebel means as to men are at an end? Never having been a convert to the theory, that the provisions at the South would be readily exhausted, I have not placed much reliance upon that result. Yet it is certain that the means of transporting those provisions from point to point by rail have given out, and the railroads are becoming so crippled in their equipment, that it is impossible for them to furnish the movement of men and supplies necessary to the extensive military operations required to meet our forces. Add to this the concurrent testimony of prisoners, deserters and refugees, that the rank and file of their armies are in the confident expectation and belief in the promise of their leaders that this will be their last campaign; that the nominees of the Chicago Convention will be elected in November; and that the independence of the Confederate States will be acknowledged, and a treaty of peace will be concluded; and you have an imperfect synopsis of the reasons why I believe the rebellion near its end. It will be for the loyal men of the North to see it that their treason does not end in the way proposed by the Southern leaders, aided by the election of General McClellan and the Chicago platform. Here is the only danger, if danger exists at all. Therefore, whatever may have been or may be the preferences of any man as to any person for the chief executive of the nation, or dissatisfaction of the course of the government upon matters of mere administration—yes, even in the important points of administrative policy, as laid down in the platform or foreshadowed in its acts—it seems to me the plain duty of every loyal man to support the election of Lincoln and Johnson. The question now before the people is not as to the preponderance or fitness of Mr. Lincoln or General McClellan for the Presidency. Admit that neither or either one or the other is of himself the best man for the place. What then? One must be elected. No other result is possible. We are then remitted to the class of political ideas which each represents, and to what is still more important, to the men and their affiliations by whom each is surrounded, and controlled, in fact, and by whom his administration will be shaped in the event of election. Can it be that any true man, especially any Andrew Jackson Democrat, can desire this government put into the hands of the Messrs. Vallandigham, Woods, Seymour, Pendleton, Long, Harris, Voorhees, and their surroundings, North and South? Let us see what their platform and their candidates mean: The war is to be carried on, or it is not; if not, then a disgraceful and dishonorable peace, which will be no peace, and which no true man wants, is to be the result. Or, if carried on, then both platform and candidates are pledged to the disbandment of two hundred thousand colored men, now doing duty as soldiers or serving the army, their places to be supplied either by volunteers, at an expense of hundreds of millions in bounties, or by a draft, which is the great ground of complaint by the opponents of the government. Nay, more, if either the Chicago platform or McClellan's acceptance means anything, these negroes are to be returned to their masters to fight on the other side. Does any one doubt, if returned to their masters, they would be at once sent into the rebel lines, where alone such property has any real value? Upon the theory of the Chicago platform and McClellan's "Constitutional rights of States," I think it would exhaust the resources of statesmanship to show why these men should not be returned to their former masters, as, indeed, was the practice in McClellan's army. Still further, does not General McClellan twice over in his letter and platform promise a constitutional guarantee to the South? If so, then, if it is possible that all these concessions are to be forced from the North by secession and at the point of the bayonet? That which specially affects the mind of the old and true Democracy of the country in the Baltimore platform is its declaration as to slavery. In the view I take of this question, it seems unfortunate that such a declaration was made, as it proves a stumbling block to many. Why not treat the slavery question according to the fact that every dies and is buried without our armies march? No political action can aid, no resolutions of conventions can hinder that result. The war, if presented to the end, will accomplish all that the most ardent anti-slavery man can desire; so that if the war goes on to the bitter end for the restoration of the Union, then slavery is no more, and all declarations that the war shall or shall not be carried on for the extinction of slavery are futile, and worse than useless. The war will extinguish slavery whether we wish it or not. Nay, it extinguishes slavery by rendering the slave no longer a slave to-day, a negro can be bought for \$3000 in Confederate money, which sells for \$30 for one in gold, making the value of the negro \$100. And this, too, with cotton at \$1,75 per pound in New York. Before the war, the same negro would bring \$1000 in gold, with cotton at 12 cents in New York.

On the other side arose men like Garrison, Phillips, and Leveque. The question was debated, but those who...

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN. [Telegraphic report of Boston, N. Y. Oct. 4, 1864.]

LETTER FROM EDWARD EVERETT—WEST VIRGINIA. The Wheeling Intelligencer publishes the following letter from Edward Everett...

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC STILL FURTHER VICTORIOUS. CITY POINT, Va., Oct. 10—4.30 P. M. To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War...

PERSONAL. Hon. Charles P. Curtis, for many years a prominent member of the Suffolk bar, died of paralysis on Tuesday morning, last week, at his residence...

BAY STATE LECTURES. The first lecture in this course is to be delivered by Wendell Phillips, on Thursday evening, Oct. 20, in Tremont Temple...

After the reading and adoption of the minutes, a committee on resolutions was appointed...

SECOND DAY. The Convention assembled at half-past nine o'clock. After the reading and adoption of the minutes...

THIRD DAY. The feeling in the community toward the colored delegates attending the convention has much softened...

TO MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER. Have repulsed the attack of the enemy on our right flank with great slaughter. The troops seem to be...

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Poetry.

For the Liberator. BE TRUE. Men of the North-land, be true to the Right!

THE SELFISH COPPERHEAD'S PRAYER IN WAR TIME.

Again the clouds of battle lower With terror and dismay; Protect me, All-Dividing Power,

—N. Y. Evening Post.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O the weary, solemn silence Of a home without the children!

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of trimming a lamp, If you never intend to light it?

FAITH IN TIME OF WAR.

I read of battles, and my faith grows weak; Does God look down on us with pitying eyes?

The Liberator.

TESTIMONY OF COLORED WITNESSES IN VIRGINIA.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives a long account of some interesting and remarkable proceedings in the County Court of the County of Alexandria, Va.

PUT OUT THE FIRE.

DEAR GARRISON—The following lines ran off the end of my pen somewhat hastily, yesterday, with a spare drop of ink after I had been writing somewhat

THE VINDICATION OF OUR COURSE.

Time, it is said, "brings its own revenges." It certainly furnishes a safe reliance for all who act with rectitude of purpose.

RIGHTS OF BLACK SOLDIERS.

The Liberator of the 5th inst. tells us that the cartel for the exchange of naval prisoners provides for all on each side, and that nothing is said in it about the race or color of prisoners.

PROSCRIPTION AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, (D. C.) Oct. 5, 1864. Editor of the Liberator—I wish to correct a statement which I see going the rounds of the Northern press, and the substance of which appeared in the Liberator of last week.

GENERAL FREMONT.

DEAR SIR—I am not quite willing to read the reflections upon General Fremont in the last Liberator, without offering a word of comment, especially upon the imputation of his being influenced by "private griefs," by a "soured mind" and a "jaundiced vision."

survived and made progress. Boston flourished and made progress under Mayor Wightman's mayoralty; yet his administration was none the less a failure.

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Pickers, of the same regiment, with whom I had the advantage of a personal acquaintance. The Colonel was superintending the disinterment of a number of cases of U. S. rifles, which lay buried in the ground, and in rows, the soil heaped over them, as if they were graves.

WHO GO FOR MC CLELLAN.

Vallandigham, the traitor, goes for McClellan. Wall, the notorious New Jersey copperhead and traitor, is for McClellan.

THE MC CLELLAN DRAMA OF FAILURE.

Col. James B. McKean, of the 77th N. Y. Regiment, in a speech at a Union meeting in New York city, on Tuesday evening, 27th ult., said:—

COLORED TROOPS.

We commend the following sensible statement of an eye-witness, which we clip from the Boston Transcript, to those who are disturbed at the Copperhead sneers over the deserter at Petersburg, and commend them to recall in this connection, the despatch of yesterday, announcing the relief of the 14th United States colored troops, &c.

GOLD.

The fall in the price of gold is the happy result of the great victories achieved by Sherman and Sheridan at Atlanta and in the Shenandoah Valley.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE BLACKS?

Hon. Samuel Hooper answered this question in his speech of last week before the Republicans of Ward Nine, in Boston, as follows:

PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

PRINTED Photographs, 18 by 13 inches, of Paine's "and-let-them-eat-cake" and the Emancipation Proclamation, handsomely illustrated. The original was donated to the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair, and by a subscription of \$1000 per cent to the President of the United States. A single sheet sent by mail on receipt of \$3.00. A liberal allowance allowed to dealers or canvassers. It is a beautiful and artistic work.

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