

Refuge of Oppression.

GOVERNMENT INGRATITUDE TO THE IRISH.

It is in the essence of government to be impartial to those that live under it. Being paternal by nature, and receiving existence for the achievement of the common good, it can never, with justice, draw a line of demarcation between its citizens. All that are under its sway have an equal right to its protection, to its benevolence, to its patronage. In return, it has an equal claim on the loyalty of the people. A partial State power is a tyrannical one, and open disaffection to it, in the classes injured, is both a natural consequence and very legitimate hostility. A government without strict impartial justice has no right to obedience, and we hope we shall never see such a system of rule entirely submitted to.

The present Administration at Washington has more than one blot on it for partiality. It is by no means entitled to all our support. The slave principles of the men constituting it are, beyond all contradiction, a great deal of the cause of our actual troubles. It cannot be denied that they were an- nouncing abolitionists, and that their elevation to power has been much of the direct practical cause of the unfortunate act of disunion. A legitimate dread of partial government, from Lincoln's Cabinet, has been a formidable agent in secession. If that magistrate had not been elected, the country would not now be disrupted. Himself and his ministers were always partisans.

When the war commenced, the Administration assumed a national air, which had the effect of winning in its support the whole North. The native and the emigrant, the Whig, the Democrat, and the Abolitionist—all docked together, then, like true patriots, around the pillars of the Constitution. The Government cast off—or appeared to cast off—every tincture of partisanship; and the people became one in sentiment to preserve the nation. No one will deny that the foreign citizens have shown themselves to be splendidly animated with this just and necessary principle of unity. They constitute more than five out of eight of the national army. Had they not enlisted, impressment could not be avoided. But they forgot the call of citizenship; and when a national proclamation to take up arms was issued, they went in tens of thousands to the recruiting depots. Germans and Irish—our principal foreign citizens—immediately answered that call. On the Irishmen responded to it with amazing force. In the State of Pennsylvania alone, upwards of fifteen thousand of them patriotically obeyed the summons. *Ex uno disce omnes.* And all the Administration papers threw out baits for the Irish to catch. Journals that had often before shamefully reviled them for misfortunes they could not help, and by misrepresentation as men of honor would think of, basely turned round when Sumter fell, and flattered, with fulsome rhetoric, every feature in their national vanity. This was done in Boston, in Philadelphia, in New York—in every city in the North. But there was no necessity for the unprincipled subterfuge, and it did not succeed; Irish military spirit and loyalty to the country of their adoption are not the effect of the vernal praise of newspapers. The two principles belong, in the largest measure, to themselves. The Administration papers did not induce a single Irish enlistment. If there were no papers in the country, that people would have answered the President's proclamation; and when they answered it, they did so from their own nature and judgment. The importance of their response appeared at the battle of Manassas. It was evident in the extravagant flattery employed to cajole them into the army. And it appears now, in the common acknowledgment of the country, that the Irish element is decidedly the best in the national force. If the Irish had not enlisted, how would the army have been made up? If the 69th had not been at Manassas, what would have been the result of the day? If the Irish should now withdraw from the war, how would the war be carried on?—how could the rebellion be ever suppressed? We shall wait for answers to these questions, but we fear we must wait for a long time. The whole fact is—without Irish soldiers, the war cannot be well carried on.

From these numerous facts, it is plain that the Administration at Washington should not treat our Irish fellow-citizens in an exclusive manner—in a partial way—by a rule exhibiting of decided preference for one people; that they should receive a fair amount of the public patronage. Such, however, is far from being the case. On the 29th of July, by a single order from the Secretary of the Navy, fifty Irishmen were dismissed from the single Navy Yard of Charleston, because they were foreigners, and their places given to an equal number of fanatic Abolitionists.

We submit that this is a degenerate act. Had it been perpetrated at any other time, we might pass it over; but doing it at the moment in which the Union is in the most imminent danger, it is an act that insults the women of the Northern States. The community especially outraged by it, is under an obligation to make a spirited protest. Faneuil Hall can be easily obtained—if not, some other hall may be. Boston and Charleston owe it to themselves, and to the country, to show the Administration that it is not the season for know-nothing partisanship to be brought into operation. Partisan governments deserve no support, and the sooner their day is ended the better. Oh! that America were never infested by mere political class!—Boston Pilot.

DRIVE THEM OUT.

The New Orleans *Delta* of the 13th rejoice over the contemplated expulsion of citizens of the United States "from the Confederate States." The law, it states, is, and the fact is confirmed from other sources, that all owing citizenship to this Government are to be banished from the Confederate States. The *Delta* advises the worst, and says:—

"We cannot afford to tolerate enemies in our midst, because, forsooth, they may have the discretion to keep silent, and to bear no arms in their hands. The man of Massachusetts, or the man of Kentucky, living, and perhaps thriving in our midst, is no business at this time to be among us, if he allows a reasonable suspicion to exist that he is not also cordially with us."

Selections.

DONE CANNOT BE UNDONE.

To the Editor of the *Bradford (Eng.) Advertiser*:

Sir,—When the great moral institution of Slavery is trembling in the balance, it is impossible to be writing on those subjects of local and limited interest, which, of whatever importance to some, must for the moment give way. Everything in its season; apples in apple harvest, and potatoes in potato time. It may not be much that can be done, but it may be something. Some gasping soul may receive a hint that there are other interests in the world besides keeping the negro to slavery in the cotton-field; and the effect may be felt, as has been said of a drop of water at London Bridge, though oceans roll between.

It is impossible to deny that, on this occasion, the English government and public have made a humiliating spectacle. Various causes have concurred. The true, real, and almost only honest and heartfelt enemies of slavery—who were the Society of Friends—have been in some sort put out of the field, by a question of war being involved. They did not object to slavery in the West India Islands being put down by Act of Parliament, because they saw no probability of troops being called to march; but they cannot be expected to enter on the question of whether the American government should move upon rebellion by declaring slavery non-existent, or confine itself to the defence of Washington. These, then, are estimable friends prevented by circumstances from showing themselves in line. And in aid of this misfortune, come two grand frauds. One, the fraud of those who stand on the distinction between slavery and the slave trade: giving up the last because they cannot help it; and doing their best to befriend the other. And the way they do it is by calling it a "domestic institution,"—and Heaven forbid we should touch anybody's "domestic institution"! As if Holy Writ did not tell of "domestic institutions," or which, at all events, were attempted to be turned into honest men's houses! Or, as if highway robbery and foot-pedlary were not domestic institutions, in the families that live by them! It is of a piece with those early counsels, which denounced negro liberty in St. Domingo as an "unexampled nuisance."

The second engine of deception, arising in some, no doubt, from ignorance of the steps by which a national mind is brought to the sticking point, is that which throws cold water on any display of interest by the English public, by representing that the American government and people have not, up to the day when the last mail left, made any unanimous and point-blank declaration of their hostility to slavery. As if you English did anything of the kind at once! As if it was not honest men struggling against odds here, as honest men are struggling in America, cultivating every opening for good, and nursing every chance of increased adherence to their cause, instead of ducking it in the cold water bath of grumbling that it is not more! In aid of these come the "nameless horrors" alarmists, whose foolish and indecent outcry, it is hoped, will be replied to by a demand for the abolition of slavery from the women of the South, in the first portion of country which is freed from the oppression of force. The heart knows its own bitterness; and their hearts no doubt know theirs, if they had power to tell it.

The upshot is, that in one way or another, the Anti-Slavery party in England is in bad hands. The enemy is in their staff and head-quarters, and American friends must make allowance for it. To such of these as will give a hearing to a voice from the old country, the real English Anti-Slavery men counsel, "Better go a sensible way to work, or let it all alone. But do not make what the Irish call 'monkey business.' Every man who knows anything of East-Indian war, knows that an army of 10,000 whites cannot stir a pest without 40,000 natives, military and non-military, to assist. The necessity springs from climate, and is everywhere the same. Stay-at-home people have strange ideas about the 'luxuries of the East'; but they will depend on it, no man gets more of these than what keeps him on his legs. The rebel party has the natives now, and sets them to make entrenchments; you are expected to run against. *These aids might just as well be powers, if common sense is common enough in America to ask for it.* Be persuaded that fishing for the enemy's fortified positions to run against,—as the French officer said of the cavalry charge at Balaklava,—may be very fine, but it is not war. Your generals cannot help knowing this, but their souls are not their own. They are overborne by wolves in sheep's clothing. It would be highly immoral to secure a native army and followers, for service in the Southern States; it is highly moral to turn the same resources over to the enemy, that he may build his towers to run your children's heads against! All this cannot go on; it is too contrary to the current of human sense and feelings. It is not likely that anything said here can contribute much to the conclusion. But there is an English interest in removing the impression, that there is nobody in the old country who knows more about the matter than those who appropriate the title of Economist. The notion of campaigning in the Southern States without three or four black men to one white,—and, still more, of keeping four millions of black allies at arm's length, and sending them to work in the enemy's trenches,—is too childish to be entertained by anybody of man's estate. But take your choice; this is a world of trial. Give up your sons to slaughter, that slave-auctioneers may sell female flesh as carcasses—butchers grope horned cattle by the stern, to see how they are off for fat. Sell out your good Pennsylvanians, to pay these men for making war upon you, and rebelling against your government! Perhaps if you make haste, they will take off ten per cent. Do all this if you like, and comfort yourselves that you have saved a domestic institution. But do not require to be under the idea that Anti-Slavery men in England counselled it."

Since "done cannot be undone," the only thing is to try to do better. The advice is as old as the hills, that "if we had done everything we ought to do, and had been unfortunate, there might be reason for depression; but if we have done everything we ought not to do, and left undone everything we ought to do, there may be lively hope that, on doing better, things will mend." There must be no more fighting without a cause; and having a cause which would open every lock before them, if they choose to use it, they must not, like John Dunyan's pig grims, "lie in a stinking dungeon, with the key called Promise in their pocket. And when they fight, it must be with a plan connected with this cause. There must be no more of the battling of kites and crows, which consists in every one scratching where scratch can. Their generals, too, must contrive not to give them such good escape backwards. It is nothing but what took place with the first French armies under Dumourier; and it was not many

weeks before the thing was mended. Dumourier, like a gallant soldier, instead of grumbling, wrote to the Convention, "*Tout est réparé.*" In the meantime, a good deal is to be done by leading; there is no use in being ill-humored because a young horse shies. Making much of him, and bring him up again; and by-and-by he will go through fire and water. There must be an end, by the way, of the childish dread of cavalry. Cavalry has its uses, and one use is to assist in opposing the movements of a hostile cavalry. But the first discovery of the democratic soldier, in all ages, has been that cavalry is no match for infantry that have their wits about them. The Roman legion, the Macedonian phalanx, the English archers, the Swiss pikemen, the German, Swedish and French musketeers, though feebly armed in comparison with modern improvements, all desired no better than that cavalry would be wise enough to throw themselves upon their ranks. A few hundred French grenadiers, with a field-piece or two, would hold their own against all the Mamelukes in the world. But then the men were disciplined; they were a military machine. Not that cavalry, either, is without its uses; and there can be no ignorance on this head. The United States dragoons must have had considerable experience. As regards volunteer forces, an officer of dragoons in India, an American by birth, and who is understood to have afterwards gone into the American service, used to celebrate as splendidly mounted, a corps of volunteer cavalry formed by the butchers of New York. To a certainty, he knew what mounting was; and if he is still in serviceable order, he might give information on the ways of using native followers and campaigning in hot countries. His name was Robinson of the 17th; and if he is to the fore, I beg my remembrances, and the sooner he is a major-general, the better.

Yours, sincerely,
T. PERRONET THOMPSON.
Eliot Vale, Blackheath, Aug. 29, 1861.

IN FOR A FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Advices begin to come, indicating more or less of discomfiture on the part of the rebels, and more or less of increasing strength and success on the part of the Federal Government. Such a turn of the tide was to be expected. If it has not already fairly begun, there is good reason for believing it near at hand. This change, even though it be for the better, has its danger as well as promise. It may lead to premature anxiety, not to say premature movements, looking to too speedy and too hasty adjustment of affairs, before the best end and the most desirable end is fairly and squarely reached.

It can hardly be pretended that the contest now is for the limited purpose for which it was begun on our side. Then, very properly, that purpose was confined simply to holding the positions still retained by the Government, and retaking those stolen by treachery, or captured by force and treachery combined. As the contest has proceeded, the aspect of things has altered very decidedly. The formidable character, the immense audacity, and the ulterior designs of the long-concerted and widely-spread treason have become more evident; and of consequence the peril to the nation, and the necessity for an exertion of the whole of the nation's strength and resources to annihilate this treason, have been made every day clearer. The do-nothing policy of the previous administration, and the policy of compromise and conciliatory temper of the present, at the outset and until the rebellion was meanly guilty of murderous overt acts, were hardly objected to by the people, desirous of peace, at any cost, save the loss of honor and all that makes peace worth having. But the opposing parties do not stand to-day where they stood a year or six months ago. The patience of the loyal people, on the one hand, and the desperate madness of the insurgent leaders on the other, growing more daring by a misapprehension of that patience, have brought the country to a crisis most momentous in itself and in its consequences.

The people, true to the republic, find themselves summoned to consecrate everything to its defence and preservation. They are called upon for men and treasures, for sacrifices of business and of the property of peaceful times, to an extent which no foreign war would have required. Everything has given way and is subservient to the exigency of the hour,—to the conduct of the great contest which is to decide what power, or rather what principle, shall rule over this land.

Now, by as much as the endeavor has been to avoid war, and to postpone this contest, by just as much, since it has come upon us, should it be waged to a finality in the way of settlement. Virtually we are undergoing a second revolution, fighting another battle for freedom. The references and appeals made to the spirit of '76 have not been meaningless—they are instinctive perceptions of the truth of the case. We are in arms against the only remaining foe to a republican government—no less a foe because of domestic origin. We are meeting to-day, on the battle-field, the wily enemy of the country, who have been trying in vain to bribe into friendship, and concession and compromise, which he accepted only until he believed himself strong enough to throw off the mask and spurn them. To confront him, and insure a victory over his despotic machinations, has cost, already, a heavy draft upon our resources. Summoned—against our wishes—to pay this great price for freedom, but ready to pay it, and a thousand times more, if need be, it behooves us to be sure that we gain all we contend for, and that we cut our way with the sword to a final adjustment.

Every body must see that it would be as impolitic and unwise, as it would be cowardly, yielding, and sacrilegious, to pause now for any half-way negotiations, any patched-up and temporary truces. The Slave Power, as a political power, must now be buried past all hope of resurrection. It has carried on its selfish and exacting intrigues long enough; and since it has insanely invited the death-blow, it should have it up to the hilt. Then, also, now is the day to make the grossly deceived South know, understand and respect the people of the free States for just what they are; and to learn the secret of their power. It has come to be a necessity that the North must vindicate its libellous character at the cannon's mouth. Let not the cannon cease to speak until the necessity is fully met.

In a word—leaving the peculiar institution to take care of itself as it best may, as a local institution, except as military exigencies may be compelled to interfere with it—the hour is here for a final determination that these States shall be united under a strictly republican form of government, in spirit as well as in the letter, that the Constitution shall be construed in favor of freedom, and that under such construction freemen shall be undisturbed and untrammelled in the building up and management of a pioneer nation of the Christian civilization of the future. The hour is here for this work. Let it be met, and let its high behests be obeyed. Let the putting down of the rebellion be so entire that the result shall inaugurate, beyond the power of any faction or section to hereafter endanger them, those

and final collision, nothing will ever check that strife, whether in or out of the Union. The cause must be eradicated. Meanwhile, our own position, both before the world and in our own struggle at home, is a false one, so long as we blink the real issue.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

We run no risk in stating that, in decreeing the emancipation of the slaves owned by rebels in the State of Missouri, General Fremont has neither, on the one hand, relied upon the recent Act of Congress relating to confiscation, nor, on the other, exceeded the proper limits of his authority as General commanding. Under his proclamation of martial law, all State and municipal laws were at once suspended, and he, as commanding General, was practically invested with dictatorial powers over persons and property, for the just use of which powers he tacitly undertook to render account when martial law ceased to exist in his Department.

The direct consequences of his decree, so far as slavery in Missouri is concerned, cannot be of much importance. Missouri does not contain 125,000 slaves, and of these considerably more than one half are believed to be held by loyal men. Moreover, under the terms of Fremont's proclamation, no slave can be emancipated until it is proved that his owner has been actually in arms, or laboring actively in aid of those who are in arms against the Government: a large number of slaves may thus be defrauded of emancipation through the want of evidence to establish the treason of their masters. It is doubtful whether 25,000 human beings will exchange slavery for freedom under the proclamation of Gen. Fremont.

But its moral effect must be signal. It is a solemn warning to the inhabitants of the rebel States, that wherever the armies of the United States are engaged, and that leading men and journals in the country will be removed. It is a pregnant hint that the rebels who have falsely accused us of being Abolitionists may, if they choose, make their accusation true. It is a notification to Kentucky, which seems to be on the eve of explosion, that open treason will necessarily involve the extirpation of slavery. This rebellion has more than once recalled the old adage, "Those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first render mad": we shall now see how far the madness extends. The cost of rebellion is abolition. Those who choose may purchase.

Another important result of General Fremont's proclamation has been the discovery of the fact that the people of the North are much more solidly united on the question of slavery than was imagined. It had been generally supposed that the first utterance of the cry of emancipation would divide the North into two hostile camps. How this strange delusion came to be entertained, it is difficult to discover; the least reflection should have satisfied every one that it was impossible to build up at the North a party based on protection to slavery anywhere. But, however the notion originated, there is no doubt it did exist, and that leading men and journals in the confidence of the Administration were so thoroughly imbued with it, that they indignantly repudiated the imputation of being friendly to freedom under any circumstances. It seems, from the temper in which the public receive General Fremont's proclamation, that they are not so tender on the subject. They seem very well satisfied with the prospect. We hear no complaints, no lamentations over the downfall of slavery in Missouri. The respectable Democrats of this part of the country express themselves rather pleased than otherwise. Of course, it must be expected that the lottery-policy dealers and the profligate vagabonds who prey upon the honesty and the respectability of the Government, in the convention will testify their sorrow at the event, as they will do at every success of the national arms; but neither in this nor in any other particular do they express the sense of the rank and file of the Democracy.

What people want now is decided, startling, effective successes on the part of the United States. If these are achieved, no one will complain of what they may cost. Our Generals may emancipate every slave in the country, and lay waste every field from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—the people will sustain them, provided they crush out the enemy and restore the supremacy of the Government. But there will be no mercy for the General who, for fear of breaking a law or dividing a party, suffers the rebels to progress from victory to victory, and the Stars and Stripes to endure defeat after defeat, and disgrace after disgrace.—*Harper's Weekly*, Sept. 14.

BUT ONE WAY OUT.

To our apprehension, God is fast closing every avenue to settled peace but by emancipation. And one of the most encouraging facts is that the eyes of the nation are becoming turned in that direction quite as rapidly as could have been anticipated. Some men of conservative antecedents, like Dickinson of New York, saw this necessity from the first. But it takes time to accustom a whole people to the thought, and to make them see the necessity. It was impossible for Northern men to fathom the spirit and the desperate urgency of the slave system and its outbreak, and consequently to comprehend the desperate nature of the struggle. We were like a policeman endeavoring to arrest a boy-ruffian, and for the sake of his friends and for old acquaintance sake, doing it with all possible tenderness for his person and his feelings—till all of a sudden he feels the grip on his throat and the dagger's point at his breast, and knows that it is a life-and-death grapple.

Slavery is simply piracy continued. Our people are beginning to spell out that short and easy lesson in the light of perjury, robbery, assassination, poisoning, and all the more than Algerine atrocities of this rebellion. It cannot require many more months of schooling like the last eight, to convince the dullest of us what is its essence and spirit. Our people also are rapidly finding out that no peaceful termination of this war will be permitted now by the Slave Power, except by its thorough overthrow. The robber has thrown off the mask, and says now to the nation, "Your life or mine." Even the compromising Everett has boldly told the South, "To be let alone is not all you ask—but you demand a great deal more." And in his late oration he has most powerfully portrayed the impossibility of this rebellion. It cannot require many more months of schooling like the last eight, to convince the dullest of us what is its essence and spirit. 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other Secessionist—I labored hard for. I spent my money to print and circulate his speeches, and I stamped the State of Tennessee to elect him. I stand here today to disavow those acts. I disavow them. He deceived me. The fault was his; it is not mine. He deceived me again, the fault will be mine. I desire to express my mind here, which I cannot do in Tennessee, from which I am an exile. John C. Breckinridge was not representing Kentucky when he was sent to the Senate by her people. He was helping to break up the United States. (Shouts of "Down with the traitor!")

Talk has been made about compromise! But there is no sincerity in these talks about compromise. What, compromise with traitors armed and with cannon pointed at your Capital! Treat with them indeed! If we cannot live with them as we have lived, think you we can live peacefully under a treaty? Never! Never!

I am an exile—a fugitive, not from but for justice, and my crime is my feeble efforts to support the Constitution; but if the people of Tennessee could speak to-day, an overwhelming majority of her people would shout for the Union! We want Kentucky, who fought with us side by side, at New Orleans, to come and do so again, and the same flag for the same cause. Liberty will give us the same flag. The Stars and Stripes will float over every Court House in the State in a very brief period. (Cries of "We will, we will!")

LETTER FROM RICHARD D. WEBB.

DUBLIN, August 24, 1861.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

After a pleasant and busy week spent in attending the meetings of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, which has just concluded its sittings, I turn to the much less gratifying task of making some remarks on the report of the First of August celebration at Abington, which has just reached me in the columns of the Anti-Slavery Standard. The portions of the report to which I specially refer are, the letter which was read at the meeting from the Hon. N. H. Whiting, with whose name, as an Abolitionist, I have long been familiar, and the speech of Wendell Phillips. I assure you that, when I read the letter and the speech, I felt as if I had plunged my hand into a bunch of nettles, or like a child when his breath is taken away by a sudden dip in cold water. Not I alone, but all those whom I have long known as the ardent, indefatigable, zealous friends of the anti-slavery cause, the admiring and faithful friends of the Abolitionists since their claims to our affection and respect were first known to us, are utterly confounded to find ourselves regarded as *jealous, envious, ignorant, malignant, incenseable, and hateful*, by the Hon. N. H. Whiting, who has no personal knowledge of us whatever; and by Wendell Phillips (who knows some of us at least, and whom we all greatly venerate), as the citizens of three populous kingdoms (the homes of his own ancestors), who are ready to perpetrate any manner and any crime, any violence or any fraud, for the purpose of securing the friendship of the Confederate States, at the price even of the continued slavery of her four million of bondsmen and bondswomen.

When I ask the honorable men and honorable women with whom I have been so long united by the delightful ties of anti-slavery intimacy, what does all this mean, not one of them can tell me. It seems too ridiculous, that without any change on our part of conduct or feeling, we and all belonging to us, and the swarming millions of these two populous islands, should be set down as the basest and meanest of mankind, for no other reason than we can discover, except that our government have agreed to treat eight or nine millions of our Southern brethren "as belligerents"—that is, as people at war (which they are), and that they refuse to undertake the responsibility of treating them as pirates, in which case the American people and government (who like to pick a quarrel with us) would promptly protest against our intermeddling brutality.

Really and truly, I do not think that, since the world began, any instance has ever been known of a civilized nation showing such hearty readiness to turn against another on grounds so utterly frivolous. It would have been another matter if we had shown sympathy, or encouragement, or good will to the seceders. But nothing of the kind has been shown. They are simply regarded with disgust by as many as know anything about them. It has always seemed to me that you are continually exposed to be carried away by the tremendous onset of the tide of public opinion, which rolls on your side of the water, with a force of which we can form no adequate idea. Here there is such a diversity of ranks and classes, cliques and coteries—from the laborer on the land through all the gradations of artisans, tradesmen, shopkeepers, merchants, bankers, professional men, landholders and noblemen, up to the queen on her throne, (on which she very seldom sits,) and all these classes are so little influenced by the opinions and prejudices of any class but their own, that I suspect we have much more individual liberty of thought and action than is enjoyed by you, with all your republican privileges. You are the sovereign people, and when you are mastered by any sovereign impulse, you are all swept along by the tide. Up to the present time, it has always been felt by us who know you, that the Abolitionists alone have stood on their legs, maintained their own opinions and held on their own course, led by the Higher Law and the guiding light of their own heartfelt humane convictions. This present crisis has appeared to some of us too strong for them. They are all hurrying by your national pride and patriotic enthusiasm into a vehemence of indignation against the slaveholders, which is the less accountable from those who know them so well, than it is when manifested by their dupes and sycophants, the great majority of the Northern people. The hostile spirit manifested against us is the more extraordinary, as, beyond this verbal offence of calling the rebels belligerents, we have really been as quiet as lambs and as meek as mice, and have even a ridiculous anxiety to give you no offence whatever, if we could by any possibility keep from saying you were wrong. But nothing of the kind. Why, there was Lord Brougham, so anxious to keep us all sitting pretty, with our hands folded before us, like four-year old pupils at a dame-school, that he declared he would use all his influence to keep us from holding any anti-slavery meetings, lest, perchance, you should be affronted. All this time you kept on returning fugitive slaves, sending home Southern prisoners on their parole of honor (!), and evincing a polite tenderness for rebel editors, a courtesy to seceding ladies, and a forbearance to traitorous office-holders at your seat of government that, we venture to think, was fully as deserving of the N. H. Whiting as the N. H. Whiting is deserving of the anti-slavery cause. It is a warning to all who are not so ready to follow the lead of the rebels by a term which you yourselves fully recognize by all your behavior towards them. To you, O editor! I have no objection to make. Like a sensible man, you approved of my poor letters; and like another sensible man, I heartily endorsed your admirable leaders, and, accordingly, when you come to Dublin, I shall be very happy to make your acquaintance. As to the Hon. N. H. Whiting and Mr. Wendell Phillips, I shall have a row to pick with them, for I am sure they have judged us ungenerously and unjustly, and I hope to hear of their sitting on the stool of repentance.

R. D. WEBB.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

By MRS. HARRIET BECHER STOWE.

At last, a blow has been struck which finds an echo in the heart of a whole nation, and will find an echo in the hearts of the whole civilized world. The hour has come, and the man!

Fremont's proclamation has in it that genuine military ring, that martial directness, for which the heart of the people in disturbed times always longs. They long for the man without fear—whose sword divides all meshes of compromise, all fine-spun legal doubts and hesitations—who is not afraid to take the responsibility of a thorough movement in a critical hour, and who does something splendid and decided, while the rest of the world are fiddling and peckishly making up their minds to do.

Not often has the opportunity to so splendid a deed been given to any one mortal. To right wrong—to uphold law—to give liberty to the slave by one majestic declaration, is the privilege of one in centuries. Fremont has done it—and every heart through the nation leaps up at the news, as the human heart always leaps at what is grand and heroic.

It is true that we did welcome even the acute, lawyer-like subtlety, which, by naming the slave the contraband of war, took him ingeniously from the grasp of the oppressor. We forgave the fallacy of the figure for its benevolent ingenuity, and the heart of the North warmed toward Butler for using the fine weapons of legal diplomacy on the side of humanity. All

honor to Butler—for while he stooped to call the slave a thing, it was that he might use him as a man. He used the very terms of the Southern law which had stripped the negro of human personality, and recorded him a chattel to build a fortress of protection around him, under whose shadow his human rights might be once more restored; and thousands of liberated slaves will bless the name of Butler for their latest day; and when he comes to a dying hour, we question whether all military glory will weigh so much in his eyes as the thought of the human being he has restored to liberty and manhood. But it is the noble prerogative of the military chieftain to declare law without subtlety or explanation. Fremont does not call the slave contraband of war. That position, advantageous and ingenious in its day, is now abandoned for higher, vantage-ground. Fremont does not even speak of the slave as property; the property of traitors he declares confiscated; their slaves, if they have any—free. There we have it, fair and square. Out goes his banner! down goes his glove! and if any one does not like it, let him try conclusions, sword with sword—that is all!

Earth shall not look on a sublimer sight than the army of the South and West, with freedom to the slave as its banner, as it shall roll majestically down the Mississippi, with the oppressed rising like king-like waters for its success, and the songs of redeemed ones wakening like birds as it passes.

The hero of the golden gate, who opened the doors of that splendid California world, has long been predestined in the traditions of the slave as their coming liberator. "Fremont and liberty" are words that have been coupled in many a song before now, and Fremont has made good the augury. So far as we have seen and heard, this proclamation has met that universal response which the world always accorded to a fitting deed done in the fullness of time.

We longed for a bold step—we sighed for a victory—and we have got it!

It was something to take the shores of North Carolina. Well and gallantly was it done. But this proclamation is a greater victory than that; it will carry with it a swing and impulse—a moral force, which will be felt through all nations.

This will be a burning test of the sincerity of those in foreign lands who have said, All our sympathies are with this war when we shall see that it emancipates the slave. Let us see if it proves so. Let us see if they who carp at Butler, though he freed thousands, because he used the legal technique of the slave-law to do it, will respond to the open trumpet-call of Fremont—declaring liberty at a breath to sixty thousand slaves!

Will they meet this great movement with generous sympathy or with unworthy detraction? To us, now, the question matters little—to them a great deal. It will show to all the world what manner of spirit they are of!

Let us pray that this heroic declaration of Fremont find its echo in the Eastern army. We have freed a great many slaves, and got very little credit for it—we have freed them, as it were, under protest, by pretext, and by ingenious evasion—now, let us free them manfully, and with the high hand.

We have had a good lawyer for them, now let us have a good general. The heart of the nation longs to hear in the East just such a trumpet-call as we have heard from the West.—*New York Independent.*

FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

We regard the proclamation of Gen. Fremont, by which sixty thousand chattels are virtually converted into freemen, of greater importance than the capture of the forts at Hatteras. It will strengthen our cause incalculably in Missouri, and commensurately weaken that of the enemy, besides creating much sympathy in our favor with the European powers. It is cheering to see that many Union men, who are slaveholders, highly commend the action, and are heartily sustaining it, not only in Missouri but in other States. It corroborates a fact which has long since become apparent to all who have closely observed this movement, that those who are true Union men in the slave States, are generally men who have little or no relish for the institution of slavery, though many of them are slaveholders. Indeed, this war having originated, as all men both North and South know it did originate, for the aggrandizement of slavery, it could not be otherwise than that those who were fast friends of the institution should array themselves on the side of the rebellion.

It seems hardly possible that the predictions of some few should be correct, who prophesied that the administration will disavow the proclamation. It is hardly a supposable case that our government will throw away the advantage this measure affords it in Missouri, and by so doing give aid and countenance to the rebels, and perhaps surrender that State into the hands of the South. Should the same course be pursued in the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia, it would save more blood and treasure than any other piece of policy which could be adopted, unless, perhaps, it might be that of liberating all the slaves, with the promise of remuneration to those loyal men who might lose on the account. Let either of these measures be adopted, and the traitors of the Confederacy could not be restrained in camp. All who own slave property would leave the army at once, to secure it. It is to be hoped that this policy will, sooner or later, be adopted by the Government. In spite of the timidity of a few of our time-serving contemporaries, such a measure would receive a hearty response from all true patriots of the North, and would show a commendable fearlessness on the part of our Government, which would be honorable among men and commendable in the eyes of God, and would awaken a new enthusiasm in the breasts of many in favor of the war, who heretofore had been gained to the cause of freedom by the mere permanence of the country, so long as the blows are not aimed at the real aggressor—the institution of slavery.—*Dover Morning Star.*

APPROVAL OF FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

It has come. What? The beginning of the end. Read Fremont's proclamation, and ponder over the words. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free. This is the utterance of no act of Congress, but of the war power, of the power of self-preservation. Think of the vast consequences locked up in these few words. They say that the administration is prepared to take "the bull by the horns," and throw him, if necessary, to save the country. This is a bold declaration of emancipation, not an enumeration backed by the enemy's negative forces of Gen. Fremont, so far as the State of Missouri is concerned. But it is the stretched-out forerunner of the administration to the rebellious States. It is a warning to slaveholders that if they will make slavery the cause for destroying the government, the cause will be removed, and they shall "hold a barren sceptre in their grasp." It is one of the logical results to which Providence is fast bringing us by the exigencies of events. And, thank God! the people endorse it. All through the streets of conservative merchants, we hear, "That's it; that's the way to do it; we've got them on the hip now." It makes one's heart glad to see the unanimity with which this act of Fremont is endorsed by all classes. Even clerical men who have taken a "south-side view of slavery" endorse it. Old commentators who have lost their sight in poring over ancient *excerpts* on "Cursed be Canaan," endorse it. Men who have prayed for the slave, saying, "O Lord, how long!" thank God and take courage. The administration may go ahead; the people will stand by them if they emancipate every slave in the land, provided they finish up the war and maintain an undivided country. *Messieurs* rebels of the South, our next weapon is the formation of black regiments, wherewith to invade your sacred soil. Shall it be done? We know what it means, and so do you. We have counted the cost, and we will finish this war, if we should be, by every weapon which God and nature place in our hands. Shall it be done? It is for you to say. May not our anti-slavery friends learn patience from this new illustration of the text, "Be still and see the salvation of the Lord?"—*Army correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector.*

PAINFUL REMOR. It has been currently rumored here for some days past, (says the Columbia Republican,) that Mr. Paul Coleman, formerly a resident of Greenport, and more recently of Canaan, and well known to most of our citizens, was hung a few weeks since by the Rebels of Fairfax county, Virginia, where he has been living for some time past, for the crime of loyalty to the Constitution and the Union. Such is the murderous spirit of the South!

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1861.

THE GOVERNMENT SUBVERTING ITSELF.

Since the present civil war commenced by the traitors of the South, for the overthrow of the National Government and the subversion of all free institutions, nothing has transpired to give such heartfelt satisfaction and wide-spread enthusiasm as the Proclamation of Gen. Fremont, emancipating under martial law all the slaves belonging to the rebel slaveholders in Missouri. The act has been universally sustained by the press, without distinction of party—both the *New York Herald* and the *Boston Post* concurring in its necessity and importance. But, just as the public sentiment is reaching a white heat in its support, out comes a letter from President Lincoln to Gen. Fremont, virtually annulling the act aforesaid, by making it conform to the confiscation act adopted by Congress in August, which requires proof that slaves have been used to carry on the rebellion by their masters, before they can be set free! As if any other proof were needed, in such cases, than the fact that the slaves are held as property—that they cannot and do not act contrary to the wishes of those who exercise over them unlimited despotic power—and that it is all the same whether they are forced to dig trenches, raise embankments, construct batteries, bear arms, or work in the field to produce the food necessary to keep the rebels alive! To all intents and purposes, they are compelled to do all in their power in support of the bastard government of the Confederate States, and, consequently, to the overthrow of the National Government. An involuntary rebel slave, with his shovel and hoe, is almost as formidable as his rebel owner, and with his sword and gun. Until he obtains his freedom under the national flag, he cannot be otherwise than a tool for the furtherance of the designs of the enemy. Hence, nothing more is needed to be known, to justify his transformation into a freeman, than that he belongs to a traitor. Instead, therefore, of President Lincoln attempting to annul or modify Gen. Fremont's wise, beneficent and masterly procedure in this respect, he is to be regarded as guilty of a serious dereliction of duty in not making it applicable to all the other slave States in revolt. Of his rightful power to do this, there is none so bold or foolish as to deny it. In his great speech in the U. S. House of Representatives in 1842, John Quincy Adams said, while treating upon the war power—

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that the military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, slavery among the rest. Under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where the civil war exists have no management of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the commander of the army, has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves."

If, then, to preserve the government, in case of foreign invasion, "the universal emancipation of the slaves" may be proclaimed, "not only by the President of the United States, but by the commander of the army," how much more justifiably in case of a civil war, waged by the great body of the slaveholders themselves, for the most treasonable purpose!

We do not see how the act of Congress, referred to by the President, is applicable to the state of things in Missouri. It is clearly outside of martial law, which, being proclaimed by Gen. Fremont as a necessity in that State, takes precedence of that act, not counteracting any of its provisions, but making it more stringent, in order that the rebellion may be put down, and the authority of the Government vindicated.

To all those who are wilfully blind, there are five propositions manifestly plain:—1. That slavery is the sole cause of the present struggle which rends asunder the nation. 2. That its extinction is essential to the triumph of the government, and the perpetuation of an all-embracing Union of the States. 3. That not to strike at its existence, boldly and uncompromisingly, is to play into the hands of the secessionists, and to give them "aid and comfort." 4. That, by striking an effectual blow in that direction, without delay, the war will be speedily terminated, and the root of national disunion extracted. Hence, 5. That, so long as the government refuses to do this, it is playing fast-and-loose with Southern treason and traitors—pulling down with one hand what it seeks to build up with the other—daubing with untempered mortar, attempting to draw out leviathan with a hook, and seeking to drain the ocean with a sieve. It is time for such folly and fatuity to end. Either the government must abolish slavery, or the independence of the Southern Confederacy must be recognized. A reunion upon the old basis is alike undesirable and impossible.

It is too early to know what will be the effect of this untimely and unwise interposition of the President; but that it will have a damaging effect upon the cause of the government, by depressing the moral sentiment and popular enthusiasm inspired by Gen. Fremont's proclamation, cannot be reasonably doubted. It may gratify the malignant prejudices of the base despisers and vulgar enemies of the colored race, but it will not in the slightest degree appease the spirit of treason in the land, whether veiled at the North, or half or wholly revealed at the South. It will serve to subvert rather than to sustain the government; it will needlessly prolong a fierce and sanguinary conflict, and add greatly to the number of the slain and the expenses of the war; it will discourage the true friends of freedom, and encourage its bitter foes. Even the *Baltimore Patriot* has the manliness to say—

"We have had enough of attempts to soothe, to conciliate, and compromise with traitors bearing arms in their hands; and we know what we have suffered therefrom. THEY MUST BE PUT DOWN. We rejoice at and heartily approve of Gen. Fremont's action."

And the Cincinnati Commercial significantly adds—

"The men from whom we have heard the loudest praises of the Fremont proclamation are Democrats and Kentuckians. They say it is all right. It doesn't employ the negro, and it doesn't give aid and comfort to a General who is to take care of an enemy's negroes for him! Gen. Fremont has simply refused to enter into the negro trade. As the shortest way of managing contraband negroes, he turns them loose to shift for themselves. He don't undertake to sell them for the benefit of the United States, or to let them as the expense of the government. If this is radical, it is a case of radical common sense."

Once more to quote John Quincy Adams—

"If civil war come, if insurrection come, is this beleaguered capital, in this beleaguered government to see millions of its subjects in arms, and have no right to break the fetters which they are forging into swords? No! The war power of the government can sweep this institution into the Gulf!"

Well, the time has come when "civil war" rages, when "the capital is beleaguered" to its imminent peril by a legion of deadly foes, when the government is "besieged" for its utter overthrow by a piratical slave oligarchy; and yet neither the President nor the Commander-in-chief of the army is disposed to strike the only blow necessary to save the republic, and suppress a most desperate and bloody rebellion! Are they not deserving of impeachment?

Now see what is the temper of the traitors! Take the following item from the Richmond *Whig*—

"WORK BE RECOGNIZED. It is thought that no exchange of prisoners may be effected without recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Cuss your recognition! We don't want it, and we won't have it. You may hang away as fast as you please—we have a goodly number of Yankees here, who will grace the gallows as well as another! But don't distress yourself about recognition. We will recognize you with a vengeance on the banks of the Delaware and Hudson, before many moons have waned."

The New Orleans *Delta* says—"No mediation of any Power on earth will be entertained by the South, which looks to a reconstruction of the government as it existed on the 4th day of November last," and no scheme of any party or faction in the North "can ever again bring together the broken fragments of the once powerful United States." Enough!

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS PERIL.

We make the following spirited extract from a handsomely printed pamphlet, just published by John M. Hewes, 81 Cornhill, Boston, entitled "Our Country: Its Pride and its Peril: A Discourse delivered in Harvard Street Baptist Church, Boston, Aug. 11, 1861, on the return of the Pastor from Syria," by Rev. Dr. Eddy.

"The troubles in which we now are, are the results of concessions in matters of principle, which should have been settled by the infinite standard of right, and by the great law of God. We had a monster in our midst, and we thought the best way to manage him was to feed him, pat him, and let him have his own way. 'So every time he roared, we threw him a bone to still him, and all the time he was growing strong. When we saw his glaring eyes, we threw him the Missouri Compromise, and still he grew. When he growled, we threw down before him the Fugitive Slave Law, and yet he grew. When he became more terrible, we fixed the Kansas-Nebraska bill to please him; and when we had nothing more to cast to him, this monster, whom we had fondled and fed, came upon us and tore our flag to pieces, trampled our Constitution in the dust, repudiated honest contracts, and, seizing with his infernal claws the pillars of the fabric of our freedom, endeavored to pull the whole structure down into one common ruin. That monster is Slavery—a system which has been the cause of our alienations, the source of our misunderstandings, and the plague of our nation from the time its cornerstone was laid. Some men seem to have an evil genius—a bad angel, that moves them to evil, that sweeps away their good intentions, that spoils every honest endeavor, and destroys them in spite of themselves. Slavery has been the evil genius of our nation; the blot on our liberty; the stain on our banner; the millstone in our ascent to a glorious destiny. And yet the legislation of our country, for half a century, has been little more than a series of compromises with this evil spirit, and the result we have in the ruin and disgrace which stare us in the face to-day."

And yet we shall hear of compromise again ere long; the old cheat is not yet dead, and the moment the enthusiasm of victory is over, men will begin to yield. "Feed the monster," they will begin to say. "Throw him a few more bones; let him grow a little; give him more life." Politicians, who want something upon which to climb into office; business men, who feel the pressure of these evil times; quiet citizens, who are tired of war, and mistaken theorists, who really think slavery a source of national strength, will begin to cry—"Feed the monster; let him live, though he has taught our senators treason, and shed the blood of our soldiers—let him live!"

But, unless we find some means to ensure the peaceful, constitutional, honest extinction of slavery, we keep the cause of all our woes. Settle this civil war by compromise, and it will not be ten years before this scene will be repeated, even if the breach be now healed. It will not be ten years before slavery will let loose upon us a new tide of blood.

The victory we need to gain is not simply to crush out the spirit of rebellion, to set up the flag over the bastions of a dismantled Sumter, and drive traitors out of Richmond and Charleston! Do all that, mend the breach, heal the divisions, bind up the wounds, present to the world an unstained flag and an undivided nationality, and if slavery has not received its death-blow, you are a vanquished people; the precious blood you have shed has been spilt in vain; the brave men who have lost their lives have been thrown away; the millions of money you have expended will be worse than squandered, and you will come out of the battle with the heel of the monster on your neck.

And what is there about slavery that any man in the North should want to keep it? Has it not corrupted your public men, perjured your judges and senators, plundered your treasury, murdered your citizens, soiled your flag, trampled on your Constitution, perverted your history, and sown your fields with blood? Has it not done all this, and more than this? And can you afford to give it a new lease of life, even though you pay it now? Do you dare to lengthen its cords, and allow it to gather strength, that it may rise again in four, eight, or twelve years, anew to plunder your national treasury, destroy your national honor and credit, blast your business and prosperity, butcher your wives and children, and again overflow your land with blood? Why, how many civil wars can America stand? How often can it go through periods like this, without having its life quenched in blackness and blood? Let your government enter into any compromise that will strengthen the hands of slavery, and you rush upon your doom. You take up a controversy with the religion of the Bible, and the conscience of the whole civilized world. You go with your eyes open, into a hopeless war with omnipotent God.

Why, what is God teaching us now? Don't you hear his voice? From Sumter's dismantled bastions don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From the blood-wet pavements of Baltimore don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From the fearful slaughter of Bull Run, from that brave day that mysteriously lapsed into panic and fright, don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From victory and defeat, from the beleaguered and the murderous charge, don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." Every slave that comes to us, saying, "Knock off these chains," is a plea from God. Every drop of blood shed, and every unburied body left on Southern fields, is a heaven-high demand for the extinction of slavery.

I say, then, that compromise with slavery is a mad, ruinous, hopeless method of settlement. You who urge it are the scribes who would write in gore the doom of American liberty, and quench every star that now shines in the horizon of our country's future."

A VALUABLE BOOK.

From the hand of the Publisher, my esteemed friend, R. F. Wallcut, I have received a faithful and timely exposé of the pro-slavery wickedness of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by CHAS. K. WHIPPLE.

This is a closely printed volume of 247 pages, abounding in copious extracts from official records. The industry and faithfulness of the author will not fail to commend itself, especially to all who love the Anti-Slavery cause, and to every candid mind. It is a mirror for those to look into who are in fellowship with the Board of Commissioners. The colossal guilt of this pampered and overgrown society stands out in bold relief. And the worst of all is, that out of their own mouths they stand condemned. If any one has ever had the shadow of a doubt of their guilt by a complicity with the sin of slavery, that doubt will be forever removed, by an examination of Mr. Whipple's work. The heart of the reader will not fail to be moved with a righteous indignation at the hypocrisy of such a "Board," presuming to teach the heathen the way of Christian duty; and the honest soul must inwardly exclaim, "Better that my money be cast in mid-ocean, than a single cent find its way into hands red with the blood of enslaved millions."

But with this awful revelation, so potent to the world, thousands are annually paying tribute to this wicked "Board," flattered with the idea that such an offering is acceptable to God! Let all such persons lay no such flattering unction to their soul. God is not mocked. The accused wrong thus winked at will one day be revealed; and when the cry goes forth, "Where is thy brother?" it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, than for the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions."

Most thankful do I feel to our indefatigable brother Whipple, for his valuable labor in giving this work to the public; and I am sure no Anti-Slavery man or woman will fail to have on the table this potent weapon, to parry off every canting appeal for money to save the heathen, through such an ally. Circulate this work: let it go forth to open the eyes of many blinded by interested resorts, of whom it may be said, in their present wicked position, "I know you; ye have not the love of God in your hearts." G. W. N.

GENERAL T. PERRONET THOMPSON.

84 Newington Crescent, Kennington Road, London, August 27, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,—My friend, Gen. Perronet Thompson, informs me that, although personally unacquainted with you, he has addressed you a letter and enclosed several communications from his pen, on the subject of the civil war in America in its relation to the slavery question, which have been published in various English journals. He has expressed a desire that, when I wrote to you, I would mention you as he was, as an additional introduction to yourself and your fellow-laborers in the cause of emancipation. This, however, is, I think, scarcely necessary. You certainly must be familiar with the name of Perronet Thompson as a "household word,"—a name which must be precious to the friends of humanity and the oppressed, for all time. Considerably more than fifty years have elapsed since General Thompson was recalled from the Governorship of Sierra Leone, for his activity in adopting measures for the suppression of the slave trade;—that he was an early sufferer, as well as laborer, in the anti-slavery movement. At a later period he was, I believe, the first man to conclude a treaty with the Arabs of the sea-coast, for the abolition of the slave trade in the Gulf of Persia. As one of the founders of the *Westminster Review*, and a most terse and vigorous writer, as well as speaker, he rendered substantial service to the cause of West India Emancipation. No man of whom I possess any acquaintance, has more consistently devoted his great powers to the benefit of his species. He was the author of the "Catechism of the Corn Laws," the publication of which long preceded the organized agitation for free trade, and did much to prepare the way for one of the sublimest events of English history. His scathing exposure of the cruelty and injustice of England's policy towards native races, with special reference to the Indian rebellion and the war with China, cost him his seat as member for Bradford. So that you have in him, I think, a perfectly clean-handed abolitionist,—a man who, as he spares not the crimes of his own country, is peculiarly entitled to extend the sphere of his philanthropic labors to other parts of the world. I can testify to the deep and unceasing interest he has taken in the American question. No one man has done more than he to enlighten the English public as to the real nature of the struggle which has now divided your great country into two hostile camps. No man has, with greater persistency or more intense faith, endeavored to imbue the popular mind with the conviction that, despite the examples of Northern subservience to Southern ideas of property,—with which all England was shocked, and which did more than anything else to alienate foreign sympathy from the Federal cause,—the true apostolic successors of Washington, the honest representatives of American republicanism would sooner or later gain the upper hand, and make the war one not only for the suppression of rebellion, but for the extirpation of the system which has borne such bitter and monstrous fruits.

You have, therefore, in General Thompson, a true friend and co-worker,—one steadfast in adversity, "faithful among the faithless found." He and all unofficial, undiplomatic men like him, are well fitted to preserve the *entente cordiale* between England and a free North, or, better still, a free and emancipated America. Meanwhile, believe me that, however cold you may think the English people at the present moment, the instant your President and commander-in-chief inscribes "Emancipation" on the Federal banner, that coldness will give place to a warmth and enthusiasm in favor of your cause which will prove to you that, while we cannot sympathize with a mere war of domination, we can heartily wish "God speed" to a war for the freedom of four millions of the human race.

Our first of August meeting, this year, was all that we could have desired,—the speeches being thoroughly up to the mark, and the audience large and enthusiastic.

With true respect, I remain,

Very truly yours,

F. W. CHESSON.

THE DECISIVE COUP D'ETAT.

THE ACTUAL problem now undergoing solution among us as a nation is the same that has been traversing its various stages of process for many years. Heretofore, it has been proceeding politically, and at times socially. In politics, different phases have appeared at different seasons; pro-slavery continually becoming more stringent in its demands, till it finally reached a pitch which, if carried out according to its tendency, would introduce slaves, temporarily at first, all over the Union, and then permanently wherever its advocates deemed them profitable, and for its interest, to be established, regardless of its injury to others, and of their right to protest against it. In the social sphere, discussion of the subject in its numerous bearings was not to be tolerated; but, submission was required. Certain citizens were not safe in certain parts of the nation, and were watched, in their deeds and words, as pickpockets are watched by an efficient police.

The problem is, shall we have a free or a slave Republic? If the latter, the predominant influence will be against freedom. One section will have powers not enjoyed by the other; and there will be inequality. The standard of everything will be slavery. If the former, all can enjoy equal privileges, and the standard will be freedom to each and every one, and equality to each and every one, in the nation. There will be no sectional collision, nor any occasion for such. Peace and prosperity, unity and happiness, valuable desiderata, will be the result. What will be the state of things, if the contrary prevail, our present unfortunate condition declares to us. Discord, enmity, and war are its concomitant and disastrous consequences.

What we experience now will continue constantly or at intervals, so long as its cause exists; and the present predicament of our country demonstrates it to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind. Indeed, no other charge is preferred by the South than that they cannot do with their slaves as they please, notwithstanding the wishes and views of others opposed to them. Their asserted rights ignore and deny the existence of any opposite rights, and the right of any body to dispute or to oppose theirs.

From a social and a political sphere, they have seen fit to transfer the process of solution to the battlefield. They have inaugurated a war. They have appealed to arms. Their previous tactics were demands; now, they employ force. The conflict has been waging for months, and we seem no nearer to an end of fighting than before. Skirmishes and stratagems are continued with tedious prolixity. Instead of being dislodged from their position, their martial numbers have increased. The conflagration has spread; and it assumes interminability. This course deranges and exhausts the people.

What should be done? President Davis orders all friends of the Union away, at forty days' notice. By that act, he has given our government his own authority to notify him and his fellow rebels to quit Virginia and other States belonging to the Union. If they refuse, he adds the authority to our President to impose on them a penalty, and as a matter of courtesy, if he is pleased to extend such leniency, to notify them of the nature of the penalty, viz., that unless they lay down their arms and depart, he shall liberate their slaves. If they still persist, he can then notify all the women and children and all Union men in the South, that he is about to proclaim emancipation at such a time, and advise them to leave that region before the stated time. Let him then act as he promises, by issuing his proclamation; and if that *coup d'etat* do not give the rebels enough work to employ themselves at home, if it do not compel their departure and a disbandment of the army, no harm is done except the inauguration of a free Republic. To pay the Union men the full value of their slaves liberated would require much less money, toll, and violent death, than a continuation of the contest will require; and it would effect a permanent settlement of difficulties, which it is by no means certain, the contest will do. Is it not

a duty due from the government to the people, to practice economy in all our national interests? Life, liberty, happiness, property, business, are all at stake; and all are now deeply suffering. Let the practice of administrative economy retrench, aye, end this policy applied is worth more than all the successful battles within our reach. Diplomatic of military rebellion is

Poetry.

For the Liberator.
THE JUDGE'S DECISION.
 Away, on the hills of New England,
 In the old heroic time,
 When the Priest and the Ruler were making
 A theme for the poet's rhyme;
 When every man was in earnest,
 And meant the thing he said—
 For they'd carved the charter of Freedom
 With their bayonets, sharp and red;
 There stood, at a Court of Justice,
 A black man, huge and grim;
 The bondman's fetter and shackle
 Were clanking on wrist and limb.
 Then Harrington sat in judgment,
 As they led the prisoner in,
 To be tried for the crime of condition,
 For the guilt of a colored skin!
 Soft was the mien of the claimant,
 As the airs of the belted South;
 Like the muffled rattle of waters
 Were the words that fell from his mouth—
 "May I please your honor, this servant
 From his Christian service ran;
 And so, he hath wronged his master,
 A noble and chivalrous man.
 "By the rule of the Law and the Gospel,
 The servant that runneth away
 Shall be sent, by the Judge or Apostle,
 To his master, without delay.
 Just then, the sun in the heaven
 Broke in, like a golden wave;
 It fell on the Judge and the claimant,
 It fell on the chain of the slave.
 It streamed through the crowded court-room,
 And lighted the faces of all;
 Like a halo, it dwelt on the pictures
 Of the worthies that hung on the wall.
 It seemed like an Iris of Freedom,
 Golden-winged, from the Just and the Brave,
 Who spoke through the Judge as he questioned
 The proof, that the man was a slave.
 They gave him the oath of the master,
 And the oath of more than that;
 Bills of sale from trader and planter,
 And records of county and court.
 The Judge ran his eye o'er the papers,
 He turned them around and around;
 He looked on the sun in the heaven,
 He looked on the poor and the bound.
 And his eye caught a glimpse of the future,
 Of the Judgment of Judges—to be!
 And, slowly and lowly, he uttered,
 "These papers are nothing to me."
 "From the font of our own Revolution,
 From the paths that our martyrs have trod,
 Shall I render a MAN to a master,
 When the ownership resteth in God?
 "Nothing less than a warrant from Heaven
 In the case shall be binding on me;
 For I rule that the Law and the Gospel
 Command that all men shall be free."
 B. RUSH PLUMLY.

THE PROSPECT.

For the Liberator.
THE PROSPECT.
 "Lift up your heads: for your redemption draweth nigh."
 Weep no longer, ye captives, your redemption is near!
 Every day brings some tidings of spirits to cheer;
 While men's hearts are full of the spirit of fight,
 Out of all this gross darkness God will bring to you light.
 Ye who've toiled long as bondmen, in sorrow and pain,
 Tread down by your masters—made vassals for gain—
 Shall ere long be delivered, for God doth decree
 That the black and the white shall be all alike free.
 Though the great men of earth may unite all their skill
 To cover up Justice, and Truth's voice to still,
 In a moment overlooked for shall a voice come from heaven,
 Saying, "Strike off the fetters—let freedom be given."
 How cheering the prospect which breaks on the view,
 When our country no more shall be ruled by the few;
 When all men as brothers acknowledged shall be,
 And our land be "the home of the brave and the free!"
 Dry your tears, then, ye captives, and lift up your head,
 Freedom's hosts are uprising, filling tyrants with dread;
 Soon your chains shall be broken, your shouts rend the air,
 And God be acknowledged the hearer of prayer.
 A "good time is coming"—have patience to wait—
 God shall raise up the fallen, and humble the great;
 He will shall on earth as in heaven be done,
 And slavery no more shall be known 'neath the sun.
 Boston, Sept. 5, 1861. JUSTITIA.

FORWARD!

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.
 God, to the human soul,
 And all the spheres, that roll,
 Wrapped, by His spirit, in their robes of light,
 Hath said, "The primal plan
 Of all the worlds, and man,
 Is forward! Progress is your law, your right."
 The despoils of the earth,
 Since Freedom had her birth,
 Have, to their subject nations, said, "Stand still!"
 So, from the polar Bear,
 Comes down the freezing air,
 And stifles all things with its deadly chill.
 He who doth God resist—
 God's old antagonist—
 Would snap the chain that binds all things to Him;
 And, in his godless pride,
 All peoples would divide,
 And scatter over the earth the seeds of strife.
 God all the orbs that roll
 Binds to one common goal—
 One source of light and life—His radiant throne.
 In one fraternal mind
 All races would be bound,
 Till every man, in man, a brother own.
 Tyrants with tyrants league;
 Corruption and intrigue
 To strange inland Liberty conspire.
 Around her cradle, then,
 Let self-devoted men
 Gather, and keep unquenched her vital fire.
 When Tyranny, grown bold,
 To Freedom's host cries "Hold!"
 Ye toward her temple at your peril march—
 "Stop," that great host replies,
 Raising to heaven its eyes,
 "Stop, first, the host that moves across your arch!"
 When Tyranny commands,
 "Hold then my victim's hands,
 While I more firmly rivet on his chains,
 Or, with my bowie knife,
 I'll take your craven life,
 Or show my streets bespattered with your brains!"
 Freedom, with forward tread,
 Unbending turns her head,
 And drawing from its sheath her flashing glove,
 Calmly makes answer—
 "Touch of my hand—
 I'll cut the cord that holds your every slave!"

THE DEPARTED.

The outward world is dark and drear
 When friends we love are seen no more;
 But, hark! their happy songs we hear
 In music from the spirit shore.
 We make no more by night to mourn;
 They are not lost, but gone before;
 And still their loving thoughts are borne
 In music from the spirit shore.

The Liberator.

LETTER
 To a Missionary of "The American Board" now
 in this Country.
 BOSTON, Sept. 8th, 1861.
 REV. JUSTIN PERKINS:
 Sir—Your note of the 5th inst., received yesterday,
 designates as "false" my statement respecting you
 on page 216 of the book entitled "Relation of the
 American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions
 to Slavery."
 This statement was that, instead of taking "a
 decided and active part in opposition to slavery," (in
 the Annual Meeting of the Board in 1859), you "re-
 mained silent" while Rev. Henry T. Cheever and
 Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever were urging immediate
 and energetic measures against slavery and the slave
 trade.
 I added to this that you "preserved a like shame-
 ful silence, though present, when the yet worse trans-
 actions of the next Annual Meeting were going on."
 But since you do not pretend that this second state-
 ment is incorrect, my examination of authorities, to
 see whether I have even accidentally misrepresented
 you, may be confined to the first.
 I looked, for information in regard to your de-
 claration at the Meeting of the Board at Philadelphia,
 in 1859, first to the Annual Report of the Prudential
 Committee for that year, and next to the extended re-
 ports of that meeting in the *Recorder* and the *Congre-
 gationalist*.
 The Annual Report does not mention you as speak-
 ing at all, while either slavery or the slave trade was
 under discussion.
 The *Congregationalist* does not mention you as speak-
 ing at all in regard to the very important motion
 made by Dr. Cheever, that the Board declare the
 holding of slaves "an immorality, inconsistent with
 membership in any Christian church," and require
 that the Choctaw mission churches "should immedi-
 ately put away from themselves this sin." It does
 not mention you as speaking at all upon the very im-
 portant motion made by Rev. Henry T. Cheever,
 "that the Prudential Committee be instructed to car-
 ry on the Choctaw mission by the appointment and
 substitution of other missionaries than the present
 incumbents." It however gives the following as the
 substance of your remarks on Dr. George B. Chee-
 ver's proposition, that the Board address to Congress
 a memorial against the enlargement and legalization of
 the foreign slave trade:—
 "Dr. Perkins, as a returned Missionary, said he
 had always been outspoken on this general subject,
 and he wished to bear testimony that no influence had
 been exerted to induce him to keep silence. During
 his twenty-five years' absence from the country, many
 things had transpired, that prophecy would have been
 wild to predict; and the re-opening of the slave trade
 would have been regarded as the most distant of all
 probabilities. It curdled his blood, almost, to think
 that, for a moment, the idea should be entertained.
 He trusted and prayed that the Board might not
 shrink from any responsibility that God, the friend
 of the slave, had put upon them in this matter."
 The *Recorder* does not mention you as speaking at
 all on the first two of the three most needful and
 timely propositions above-mentioned. Upon the third,
 it gives the following, as the substance of your re-
 marks:—
 "Rev. Dr. Perkins, of Persia, wished to testify that
 he had never been expressed by the Board in relation
 to slavery and the slave trade. In the twenty-five years
 since he left, nothing more strange had happened than
 the opening of the slave trade; he prayed the Board
 might not shrink from responsibility, although he would
 not urge precipitate action."
 Here, then, is the substance of your remarks,
 and the whole of what you are reported to have said
 in regard to slavery, out of the mouths of two disinter-
 ested witnesses. Let us examine what ground is cov-
 ered, first by your speech, and next by your silence.
 You are shocked at the idea of enlarging and le-
 galizing the foreign slave trade. So is Chancellor
 Walworth, one of the strongest defenders of the
 Board's complicity with slavery in this country! You
 say that the Board may not shrink from responsi-
 bility. So does every member of it, as a matter of
 course! In the *Congregationalist's* report, you seem to
 become more specific, trusting and praying that the
 Board may not shrink from any "responsibility that
 God, the friend of the slave, had put upon them in
 this matter." But the minuteness of specification is
 only seeming. Dr. Southside Adams trusts and
 prays the same thing; and what he means by it, is that
 friendship for the slave requires him to be kept in
 slavery, and that the Board's "responsibility" re-
 quires it not to interfere with that relation! What
 you said at the meeting of the Board in Philadelphia,
 therefore, does not in the least distinguish you from
 its most pro-slavery members. You did not urge
 them to any measure whatever of opposition, either
 to slavery or the slave trade, according to the re-
 ports of your two Orthodox "brethren!"
 Moreover, besides failing to make any protest on
 your own account against the pro-slavery position of
 the Prudential Committee (while it remained uncer-
 tain whether the Board would authorize that position,
 and which, therefore, faithfulness on your part might
 have caused a different result) you shrink from sup-
 porting either of three special movements made by
 others in that direction. Is it not true, and is it not
 "shameful," that on this occasion you were "silent?"
 In regard to the advocacy of a much-needed reform,
 and in regard to exposure and rebuke of the Board's
 aggravated guilt, certainly you were "silent."
 But you represent it as an important point—and as
 tending to counterbalance the *proof* offered by Dr.
 Cheever, that silence in regard to slavery had been
 "enforced" upon some of the Board's missionaries—
 that no influence had been used by the Prudential
 Committee to induce you to keep silence! What
 then? Why should they wish to silence you? You
 were one of their defenders. There is no evidence
 that you have ever attempted to rebuke their sin, or
 to speak to them at all in behalf of Christ's little
 ones whom they were helping their Cherokee and
 Choctaw church-members to keep in slavery! This
 very forbearance of the Prudential Committee to-
 wards you strengthens the evidence of your guilt!
 It appears, moreover, that in accusing you only of
 shameful silence on the occasion in question, I treated
 you too leniently; for the *Recorder's* report represents
 you as discouraging the reformation urged by Dr.
 Cheever; you "would not urge precipitate action."
 The action which Dr. Cheever urged was immedi-
 ate remembrance against a most pernicious movement
 (one so bad that the mere thought of it "almost cru-
 elly urged forward by many Southern people, and
 which seemed likely to be accomplished before
 another Annual Meeting of the Board. This imme-
 diate remembrance was the movement in question,
 and this you implied to be "precipitate." How could
 the policy of the Prudential Committee have been
 better served? Why should they have wished to stop
 your mouth?
 For some time past, not only has a shameful silence
 in regard to the pro-slavery course of the Prudential
 Committee been your accustomed policy, but you
 have given much aid in persuading the people of this
 country to yield them renewed confidence and sup-
 port. It is too late, now, for you to obey the im-
 pulsed precept of Jeremiah—"Execute judgment in the
 morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the
 hand of the oppressor." The morning is past; the
 eleventh hour is already come; but the lamp still
 holds out to burn, and you may yet, if you will,
 at the approaching meeting of the Board, make earnest
 appeal to them to withdraw their shameful con-
 currence in the monstrous declaration of the Prudential
 Committee, that "The Cherokees are a Christian
 people"; even if a union of that nation with the
 rebels now waging war against the United States
 shall prevent the present fulfillment of the Board's
 "further duty, namely, to send to that slavholding

people missionaries who shall really preach Christian-
 ity to them.
 Trusting that you may have courage and honesty
 enough for the performance of these duties, I am
 Your friend and servant for the truth,
 CHARLES E. WHIPPLE.
ADDRESS,
*Delivered at the Commencement Exercises at the Normal
 Institute for Physical Education, Boston, Sept. 5.*
 BY MISS ABNEY W. MAY.
 GENTLEMEN AND LADIES:—In the period of univer-
 sal reform, through which we have been passing, it
 was both natural and proper that woman should
 arouse herself, and ask—Am I keeping time to the
 world's great onward march? Am I in possession
 of all my rights and privileges? Am I doing my
 whole duty? To these important questions, the an-
 swers have been as varied as the temperaments and
 characters of those who made reply. Ignorant and
 foolish women were ready with a flippant retort;
 timid conservatives shrank from facing the obstacles
 that stood in the way of what they admitted to be a
 needed reform, and so preferred to let "pretty well"
 alone; but the thoughtful and earnest of my sex have
 pondered the grave question, and, spite of the diffi-
 culties in the way of a satisfactory solution, have con-
 fessed that woman is not fulfilling her destiny. It is
 not my purpose, to-night, to enter into any consid-
 eration of the great question of woman's sphere. I
 shall merely make one affirmation in relation to it,
 to which I am sure you will all accede; I shall then
 endeavor to trace the connection between it and the
 matter that especially concerns this occasion; for
 the interest that has brought us together to-night is of
 no small importance to woman. I am not unim-
 pressed of its great value to the other sex. Neither man
 nor woman is complete without physical culture
 adopted for its own sake, and only discontinued as a
 special branch of study and practice when the occu-
 pation of the individual is proved to answer every
 physical need. But man's education and ordinary
 habits of life enable him to do without it, as woman
 cannot.
 I affirm, then, that woman was created for a lofty
 purpose,—that a great work has been given her to do;
 and I know that you will readily admit the statement.
 How, then, is she fitted, by her present mode of life,
 to do that work?
 Look, first and carefully, at her style of dress. I
 speak of no particular class of women. Unhappily,
 our hardest workers copy the follies in dress of our
 most inactive class. Would that our laboring wom-
 en were blessed, as those of the old world, with a
 peasant's costume! Where is the woman who, in her
 usual dress, can raise her arm perpendicularly above
 her head, or thrust it forward, backward, or side-
 ways to its full length? If, in the circle of your ac-
 quaintance, you can find one woman able to do this,
 you are more fortunate than I have been. But why
 the nice adjustment of shoulder joint and muscle, if
 not for these very uses? Or shall we ask for free
 motions of the leg? No: that were too foolish a de-
 mand on limbs that, for the greater part of their life,
 have been fettered by trailing skirts and cumbersome
 drapery. But perhaps you will say this freedom
 is unnecessary for refined and cultivated women;
 leave it for the "working classes." Putting out of
 the question the responsibility that the more fortu-
 nate ought to feel for those less wise than they,
 I answer to this, that I believe God knows none
 other than "working classes." They who are
 idle are so not by virtue of His will, but by their own
 misfortunes or unfaithfulness. Who ever framed a
 delicate and elaborate machine, capable of mighty and
 varied uses, for ornament merely? Human Economy
 forbids us to admit, for a moment, that Divine Power
 could so trifling. But for an instant we will allow our
 delicate and noble woman to be crippled, as to her
 limbs; we will count freedom of motion vulgar, fit
 only for those who do our most menial work; and
 may they burst off the buttons to secure it! And we
 will think only of those vital organs which affect the
 life of the individual alone. What of the lungs,
 whose utmost expansion is none too great, thoroughly
 to purify the blood, upon which this delicate beauty
 is dependent, not only for life, but for that comeliness
 which is so important to her? Her lungs never ex-
 pand, as her pale cheeks, and feeble breath, and low
 average of vitality amply testify. Her cramped stom-
 ach labors to do its duty, and fails, in a great majority
 of cases. And her heart is so misplaced, that the ef-
 forts of the whole male sex would fail to set it right.
 Nor does the trouble end here. This imperfect phys-
 ical life makes constant and fearful calls on the brain;
 and, in multitudes of cases, that crowning organ
 of humanity is useful principally as a telegraph-operator,
 to receive messages of distress pouring into it from the
 much-abused dependents, which would be excused if
 they tried to secede. I think it perfectly safe to say,
 that no important function of a woman's body can be
 carried on in perfection, with the present style of dress.
 And if the physical laws are all broken, we cannot
 expect the intellectual, moral and spiritual life to be
 healthy and lofty. It is true, exceptional cases may
 be found, but we want a universal rule that will be
 better than any exception. I believe insanity and
 morbid spiritual experiences would greatly diminish
 in this generation, if woman would at once inaugurate
 a reform in dress; and, in generations yet to come,
 the gain would be beyond computation. Nor need
 the changes be so great as to shock the most mod-
 est, or interfere with the most refined taste. That
 mantua-maker must be a poor student of her art
 indeed, who, with the endless variety of ornament
 which French skill is constantly devising, cannot
 make a dress handsome, and even without a notice-
 able departure from the prevailing mode, at the same
 time that she gives its wearer room to breathe and
 to digest. A woman who should adapt her dress to
 the physical laws would lose at once, it is true, that
 graceful outline which the mantua-maker's ideas of
 beauty of form has made current among us; but she
 would gain within the year a breadth, and solidity, and
 vigor, that are priceless; and eventually the firm
 muscle and the delicate tissue would bring back to
 earth such beauty as God made, and set in Paradise.
 Oh! women of thought and conscience, consider well
 this matter, as it deserves. Go home; consign all
 bones not yours by birthright to the comparative anat-
 omist; leave street-sweeping to our city fathers;
 wrestle with the tempter until you slay him; and go
 forth from the combat, resolved no longer to bow
 down to the Demon of Fashion. Ye cannot serve God
 and him!
 I would not have occupied so much of your time
 with this matter of dress, were it not that it is directly
 connected with the new gymnastics. Dr. Lewis re-
 gards a reform in this direction as of the utmost im-
 portance; and every performer of his series of exer-
 cises will, I believe, find that a dress which prevents
 all the motions,—at least of the upper part of the
 body,—from being freely made, must be wrong; it
 vitiates their value, and does not only so, but it is
 even less forced use of limb or muscle encouraged
 or even allowed by the system.
 But when we have freed woman from the slavery of
 dress, we have only taken the first step. How shall we
 bring back the lost power and grace to the enfeebled
 frame? I will not speak of the need of fresh air,
 abundant bathing, and a rational diet. These are
 equally required by both sexes; and, too, the public
 mind is becoming rapidly enlightened about them.
 But I wish I could pay a just tribute to the father of
 this new system of physical training. I believe he
 has given fresh life to many a sufferer; and by the
 scheme which he has founded, has inaugurated a re-
 form not second in importance to any moral or intel-
 lectual reform. The noblest achievement for the hu-
 man race is a perfect body, until that has been attained;
 afterward, we climb may from sphere to sphere of glory.
 There never was a noble, enduring building erected
 on a poor foundation: there never will be. Hitherto,
 in the world's history, one set of powers has usually
 been cultivated to the neglect of another. One man
 treated himself as if he were nothing but a brain;

another was but a magnified heart; still another ex-
 aggerated his muscular powers, by forced means, un-
 til he was only a huge body. But it is to be hoped
 that the time for all this is past; so far as this system
 goes, it surely is. Here man is studied as a complex
 being. His higher nature is no longer to be sacrificed,
 because the more material part is suffered to run to
 waste. A system of gymnastics is no new thing; but
 the peculiarity and crowning excellence of this system
 are new; at least, so far as Anglo-Saxon experience is
 concerned. Its novelty consists in this, that every
 muscle, every limb, every organ, has been studied
 with a view to its relation to man as a harmonious and
 immortal being. Each part is honored for its own
 sake, and also for the sake of the soul, whose servant
 it is. Here, each enters on a course of harmonious
 development, that ends only in perfection. It is no
 child's play. It is obedience to God's will, as mani-
 fested in our flesh. It contains, too, the element of
 constant growth, and so secures to itself perpetual
 youth, and ever-widening usefulness and fame. It
 was vain for me to seek words to express what I be-
 lieve to be the value of this new school of physical
 training, to woman in especial. It cannot be so mea-
 sured. Its power has begun to be felt; it will not cease
 until all physical life shall be supplanted by that which
 never dies.
 Friends, I ventured, just now, to presume on your
 assent to a statement I then made. Permit me to hope
 that the deductions I have made from it, or, rather,
 the great truth which underlies all I have tried to say,
 may strike home to your hearts, and spread, by its own
 power, from one to many, until the external and phys-
 ical condition of woman may become such as to fit her
 for the moral and intellectual position that she ought
 to occupy.
 Classmates, the time has come for us to bid farewell
 to our teachers, and to one another. It were idle to
 linger over the word. The golden hours of summer
 have borne forever into the past the nine weeks of
 earnest purpose that have held us together here. They
 have been weeks of unbroken harmony; of much la-
 bor, of a kind that was new to nearly all of us; but
 of a wholesome and increasing satisfaction that I think
 I may say we never knew before. To our teachers, we
 owe our hearty and respectful thanks. Where each
 one has been so able in his own department of science,
 and each so devoted to our service, it were invidious
 to single out any one for an especial thank-offering, were
 it not that he who is the founder of this Institution has,
 by the nature of his relation to it, been called upon to
 make the greatest sacrifices of time and strength for
 our welfare: all of which he has done with a zeal and
 patience which have been a daily surprise, even to
 those of us who, from previous acquaintance with him,
 had been led to expect very great devotion. Henceforth,
 we shall delight to think of him as one
 who holds our welfare very near his own; we shall
 turn to him for sympathy and encouragement in our
 failures, and shall love to bring our successes to him
 as belonging more to him than to ourselves.
 We part to-night, never, in all probability, to meet
 again. Our country, soon we trust to be united and
 free, offers a wide field for our exertions. In our own
 unaided strength, we can do little; but let us go forth
 to our work with full assurance, that He, in whose ser-
 vice we are to labor, will make us strong unto the end,
 if we put our trust in Him.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

MECHANIC FALLS, Aug. 30, 1861.
 DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:
 I have written several letters for the *Liberator*, lately,
 some of which have not appeared, unless they were in
 numbers which I have happened not to receive; but
 it is no manner of consequence, for among your nu-
 merous contributors and voluminous correspondence,
 it cannot be expected that everything can find a place
 in the paper, and none can be of less consequence
 than the contributions that I occasionally offer.
 Among the interesting contents of the *Liberator*, I
 have been much gratified and instructed by reading
 the discourse of Rev. A. D. Mayo, in the paper of
 August 10th, in the perusal of which I was reminded
 of James Boyle's letter, published in 1838; and I have
 just risen from a re-perusal of that letter, so prophetic
 of the events which have transpired since the period
 of its publication and of the present state of the coun-
 try, and I cannot but think it would be refreshing to
 the readers of the *Liberator* to ponder the following
 extract:—
 "Now look at our own country. We are able to ex-
 ercise no more than a moral influence on the slaveholder.
 We can shame him, but we cannot bring him to see
 his sin, and voluntarily to renounce it. But to me,
 insurmountable difficulties are in the way, so far as
 moral suasion is concerned. The oppressor, with the
 obstinacy and desperation of a demon, has closed up
 every avenue of access to his understanding and con-
 science, so that he is impenetrable to all rebuke, and
 transformed the pages of the Bible into a shield, to
 ward off every arrow of truth. He has thrown
 around him a rampart of spongy priests, who, like
 bales of cotton, extract the momentum from the balls
 that are levelled at his callous heart. He has tramped
 under his impious feet the rebukes and remon-
 strances of the civilized world, and he has shown a
 Corinthian impudence that would look the moral
 world out of countenance. He has perpetrated the
 most daring and unparalleled piracy to give unending
 perpetuity to his crime. He has sworn eternal al-
 liance to the prince of murderers, and sold himself,
 body and soul, to perpetual evil. Every sect,
 with the exception of the Quakers, (and they dare not
 bark,) which inhabits his territory—his Judas-like
 priesthood, who teach for hire and divine for money—
 the great body of the equally corrupt clergy, and cor-
 rupt, gossamer of the North—the greater influence
 of a pseudo religious press—the worship of Mam-
 mon, a mighty host—a widely extended, unprincipled
 political press—the two great political parties, which
 divide the country in their sordid strife for the spoils
 of office—the vast army of office-holders, without feel-
 ing and without honesty—the governments of nearly
 all the States, and the governments of the United
 States—all combine to justify, to protect, and defend
 him."
 I know there is nothing too hard for the Lord—that
 he is able to surmount all these or any other obstacles.
 But what reason have we to expect that He will inter-
 pose His all-conquering arm to rescue such a nation as
 this?—a nation that has proved recalcitrant to every
 principle upon which its government is ostensibly
 based, and for the rectitude of which, in their birth,
 they most solemnly appealed to Heaven;—a nation
 more perfidious than Arabs or Algerines, guilty of the
 blackest, very blackest, crimes of the world, in violat-
 ing solemn treaties with the grievously-wronged In-
 dian, scattered and peeled and driven with force and cruelty
 from his rightful home;—a nation guilty of the most
 high-handed and daring robberies;—a nation dyed in
 the blood of stolen Africans, of murdered slaves and
 murdered Indians;—a nation which weighs every
 principle and every interest of heaven and earth in
 the scales of avarice, and calculates their value accord-
 ingly;—a nation which has trampled on all justice, all
 law, all government, all truth and righteousness, in
 efforts to crush the best friends of our common hu-
 manity;—a nation which has drunk and dined on
 man's blood, has lost the power of self-recovery, and is
 every way worthy to be . . . a proverb among all
 the nations of the earth. "Were they ashamed when they
 had committed abomination? Nay, they were not at
 all ashamed, neither could they blush! Therefore, they shall fall, they shall fall, at the time that I
 visit them; they shall be cast down, they shall be
 slain. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; shall
 my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"
 There is a certain class of medicines, powerful, but
 equally valuable, when administered to a patient
 in whom the vital system is not materially in-
 jured; invariably effect a cure; but which, when ad-
 ministered to one whose constitution is imperceptibly
 and irreversibly impaired or undermined by a com-
 plication of diseases, have no other tendency than
 to develop the most frightful symptoms, such as deadly
 violent convulsions, and raving delirium—and
 hence, turn long to do them good, and to drive away
 symptoms of deep decay and speedy dissolution.

What has become of James Boyle? He has died
 in retirement, still beloved and unforgetten? I think
 his judgment of the patient was not quite correct; for,
 although the disease was deep and violent, I think
 that abolition may still effect a cure. I think, cer-
 tainly, no other remedy will; and the disease has

been so long and so violent, that recovery must be
 slow, and the period of convalescence long, before
 health is restored. All now depends upon the skill,
 judgment and courage of our political doctors in pre-
 scribing the medicine; and if the chief physician acts
 wisely, the patient may not only live, but acquire a
 condition of health and vigor it has never experienced;
 for the disease being congenital, the nation has never
 enjoyed a healthy existence. I hardly think the
 patient is yet quite sick enough, and has not yet suf-
 fered quite enough to be ready for the medicine; but
 when the moment of the crisis arrives, the doctor
 must compel him to swallow it, or consent to see him
 die. But to drop metaphor. I doubt not that if gov-
 ernment would accept the services of colored men,
 proclaim liberty to all the slaves, with a reasonable
 compensation to loyal masters, the war could be
 brought to an end in sixty days—thus saving thou-
 sands of lives, and costing no more money than it will
 to carry on the war for two years. Every rebel would
 claim loyalty the moment their case appeared hopeless.
 Some men, and many of them, even in the Re-
 publican party, cannot distinguish between an act of
 emancipation and organizing the slaves into the army,
 and the exciting of insurrection; but it is necessary,
 although extremely trying, to labor to teach stupidity,
 and particularly that stupidity which is the result of
 moral obtuseness. Still, I think persevering precept,
 and one or two more Bull Run expeditions, will open
 the understandings of some seemingly hopeless cases.
 Had I twelve sons and six men servants, and gov-
 ernment should say to me, "We want your twelve
 sons to die for the country," I would answer, "Here
 are six of my sons and six servants, who offer their
 services. Take them, and then, if these are killed, or
 if they be not enough, you shall have the other six,
 and myself with them." If government should reply,
 "We want your sons, but your servants we will not
 have under any conditions," I would answer, "Then,
 with my consent, you shall not have one of them."
 When the people come to look at the subject in this
 light, Slavery will go out, and Liberty triumph.
 "Dear beloved, the morning cometh, and also the
 night; but the night first."
 D. S. GRANDIN.

TRAITORS IN THE REVOLUTION.

The following extracts, of "Newspapers in the
 Revolution," and "action of State Legislatures,"
 from the pen of B. J. Lossing, the Revolutionary
 historian, will be read with interest as a similarity in
 the present state of the country:—
 "In all colonies there were only thirty-seven
 newspapers, and of these, at the time in question,
 only seven were devoted to the interests of the
 British government. These were soon stifled by
 public opinion wherever the Whigs, as the patriots
 were called, bore rule, while five of the remaining
 thirty were seduced by gold or frightened by in-
 nudations into the support of the Crown. *Reynolds's*
London Gazette, published in New York, took ground
 boldly against the Revolutionary movement; and at
 noonday, late in the autumn of 1775, it was 'sur-
 prised' by one hundred light horsemen from Con-
 necticut, led by Capt. Sears, a distinguished 'Son
 of Liberty,' in New York. They destroyed the
 press and other apparatus, put the type into bags,
 and without one word of complaint from the peo-
 ple, returned to Connecticut, carrying with them a
 tory clergyman named Seabury, who had preached
 against the Whigs and the Continental Congress.
 The type they cast into bullets. All the people,
 except the 'peace party' of that day, said, Amen!
 After that, the newspaper press ceased to be trou-
 bled by the Whigs, and pamphleteers wrote
 anonymously.
 In the course of the war for independence, the sev-
 eral State Legislatures passed numerous acts for the
 punishment of the sympathizers with the enemies of
 the country. In Massachusetts, they could be ar-
 rested under a Magistrate's warrant, and banished,
 unless they would take the oath of allegiance to the
 Whig cause. The selectmen of towns could prefer
 charges of political treason in town meetings, and
 the accused, if convicted by a jury, might be immedi-
 ately banished into the region occupied by the enemy. Many persons were sub-
 jected to these penalties in that State.
 Rhode Island passed laws still more severe against
 the tories. Any person who should communicate
 with the ministry, or their representatives, or who
 should pilot armed ships of the King's, or who af-
 forded supplies to the enemy's forces, might, by law,
 be punished by death and confiscation of estate.
 There were, also, special acts passed in that State,
 by which the property of certain persons named
 was confiscated and sequestered.
 In Connecticut, speaking, writing or acting against
 the doings of Congress, or the Assembly of Con-
 necticut, subjected the offender to the penalties of
 disqualification for office, the seizure of his arms
 and imprisonment. For furnishing the royal troops
 with supplies or personal aid, the offender was com-
 pelled by the confiscation of his estate, and im-
 prisonment for a term not exceeding three years.
 In New Hampshire, similar laws were passed, and
 under them a large number of Tories, former citi-
 zens of that commonwealth, were prohibited from
 entering within her borders; and the estates of
 about thirty residents were confiscated.
 In New York, those who were opposed to the
 Declaration of Independence were prohibited from
 practising law in the courts, and their estates might
 be confiscated. A parent whose sons joined the
 enemy was taxed nine pence on the pound of his
 estate for each and every son of living age; com-
 mittees were authorized to apprehend and decide
 upon the guilt of all persons who should be accused
 of correspondence with the enemy; and they had
 the power to punish them with imprisonment or
 banishment.
 The Legislature of Virginia provided by law that
 certain Tories should be treated as aliens, their
 property to be sold, and the proceeds placed in the
 public treasury. They also, by law, forbade certain
 persons entering the bounds of that commonwealth,
 and subjected them to penalties for the violation of
 the command.
 New Jersey passed several acts for the punish-
 ment of Tories, subjecting them to imprisonment and
 forfeiture of estates."

A VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL.

In company with Dr. Curtis of Boston, who has
 been appointed Brigadier Surgeon, I visited
 the hospital north of the City Hall, at the infirmary
 building, this afternoon. Passing through the lower
 ward to the rear of the building, we came to a row
 of tents, in one of which was a soldier,