





and healthful attempt, which openly adopts as its motto, "The extension and perpetuity of slavery!"—this criminal attempt cannot succeed. The question of the liberation of the slave assumes every day a more practical form.

## LETTER NO. 2.

"MATAMOROS, Mexico, May 18.  
"I am lucky, after having lost all my property, in saving myself from hanging as an Abolitionist. I have had a hard journey hither from San Antonio, and have found here a true friend in the American consul."

I have lost all my goods, and was forced to burn all my papers, including all my notes on the condition of society in the South, which, though very moderate, were tinged with an Abolitionism (or rather with equity) out of place there. I had also too much delicacy to leave these papers in the charge of any of my friends, thus exposing them to danger.

Our position as regards Texas is deplorable; the postal communication with Brownsville, and between Texas and Mexico, is quite broken off. Ah, my dear friends, with what satisfaction have I escaped from that region of tyranny and oppression! The history of this impious war, for the extension and perpetuity of slavery, will never be fully written. No one can tell it all. What blind rage and hate! New Orleans is taken. Well, you who live far away cannot comprehend the delirium this has raised. Before surrendering it, the planters burned their cotton, their sugar, their steam cotton-presses and their refineries. They preferred this to confiscation, and the thought that their goods would enrich their enemies. But—shame and crime—paralleled—*they also burned the cotton.* Think of the degree of insane fury to which they were carried! They preferred to burn their slaves rather than to see them emancipated. Those who committed this atrocity—unparalleled in history particularly, because it did not hurt their enemies—those who did this deed called their *inoffensive blacks together, and sent them into the work-shops, and locked the doors; the fire was lighted, and quickly did its work, while the masters seated outside to smoke their pipes, and from the window to look on the flames.* I do not speak of the banks from which the deposits have been seized for the army. They amounted to one hundred millions of francs; but what are a hundred millions of francs to the hordes of the servants who by the sweat of their brow supported their infamous masters? The sacrifice of life and property in this terrible war is absolutely incalculable. People have fought with courage, with heroism and fanaticism for causes, if not perfectly righteous, at least justifiable, and understood that the planter fighting to assure himself of indemnity in case of abolition, or to obtain a gradual emancipation spreading over twenty or fifty years. But I cannot comprehend an obduracy carried to fury to establish and impose that which is unjust, impossible, inhuman, absurd, condemned by every religion, philosophy, system, and nation—I mean the claim for slavery, universal and perpetual.

This revolution will in time be regarded as the great feature of modern history, not only because it hastens the freeing of America, but because it furnishes the most striking example of social monomania, a monomania contracted under a long influence of the very spirit of despotism and pride.

REBEL BARBARISM. Among the many acts of barbarism which the rebels have practiced upon our troops, the following deserves a prominent place. One of Commodore Porter's mortar boatsmen fell into the hands of a regiment of Arkansas troops before yesterday. He made no resistance whatever, but finding himself a prisoner, yielded a quiet submission to his fate. His captors, instead of treating him as a prisoner of war, marched him into the woods about half a mile distant, tied him with his hands behind his back to a tree, and deliberately cut his bowels open with a dirk knife. They then cut his heart out, and hung it upon a tree. The unfortunate victim's agonizing cries for mercy were drowned in the unearthly yells of the Southern fiends, as they cried, "Cut his heart out!" "Tear the abolition heart out of him," etc. Let those who speak of conciliation think of this! It is a fact which will be gaily said, as I learn it from one who witnessed it, and who has little sympathy for the cause of Unionism. A deserter who came into our lines yesterday confirms every word of it, and says that General Van Dorn intends to give no quarter to any of our men, who may fall into his hands.—*Vicksburg Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.*

## AN UNTIMELY JOKE.

The most unfortunate reputation a man can have, next to that of being a positive liar, is that of the habitual and inevitable joker. The straighter he keeps his face, and the more solemn and earnest he appears, after he has assumed the character of the joker, the more people will believe he is poking fun at them. And no matter about the occasion, no matter if there is a corpse in the house, the reputed joker cannot put his handkerchief to his eyes, but every one will be laughing at him. For this he is mostly to blame himself, yet it must be acknowledged that as a general thing he willingly accepts his position, endures its penalties, and for the love of being known as "the lord of merriment," sinks his finer feelings and integrity for the indulgence of the buffoon. Our President, Abraham Lincoln, has the reputation of being a joker; and however much it is to be deprecated in the private citizen, it is most deplorable when it crops out on the most serious occasions in the outgoings of the chief magistrate of a great nation. In order, professedly, to break the back of this most heinous and wicked rebellion, the Congress of the United States has tolled throughout the entire session toward the framing of "an Emancipation and Confiscation bill." We have thought and stated a year ago that all the necessary power for prosecuting our enemies against the country was vested in the Commander-in-Chief; but did not object to Congress sharing in some degree the responsibilities incident to such a momentous occasion. Congress having trained the gun, loaded, primed it—and having put a match in the hand of the President that he might touch it off, when the people are breathless with excitement and expectation, at the very crisis of our existence as a nation, this most unfortunate habit of joking takes the mastery of Mr. Lincoln, and so, in accordance with his infirmity, he issues a proclamation in relation to the employment of negroes "as laborers on the public works and on the States, giving reasonable wages for their labor."

Then comes thirty—"That as to both property and persons of African descent." Did these Africans descend with property other than their dusky hides to this country? "In quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such persons shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases." Such is the manner in which the President treats the grave matter of taking the initiative towards giving an impetus to some four millions of the lowliest and most despised of our race, and energies in favor of our glorious cause. That we need their help in this fearful crisis, the whitening bones of the patriots on the Peninsula, the victims of the trenches, too plainly tell. We have been admonished again and again of our utter dependence, in this war, upon the negro race; and yet, *and God in his wisdom, for some great purpose, has stricken our rulers with fatuous blindness, they have persisted in not regarding the warning.*

But we cannot treat this aberration of the President seriously. He will have his joke, and knowing this, it would be doing him an injustice to suppose that he means what he says. He is only making a dry poke at the people who are on tip-toe to hear his words, that will burn and fire the brains of the African bondmen with new aspirations and love for liberty, such as will bind them forever in bonds of love and gratitude to the Union and laws, which first thrilled them with the awakening dawn of freedom. Instead of this, we find the inevitable joker talking of the "quantities and amount of property and persons of African descent," with a dim fore-shadowing that restitution will be made, either in kind or cash, for such "property and persons of African descent." Yet, if this does not inspire a sympathy with patriotic enthusiasm, there is no strength in language nor governmental assurance. Why should he hesitate, after being so feelingly appealed to? Why should he not throw down the shovel and hoe at once? A proper "account" will be given of him "in accounts and quantities," and if he tells the truth about it, his fugacious master (from whom his "person shall have come," or his master went, as the case may be, we suppose) will have the dorky's statement as "a basis of compensation." Poor Sam-

bo is the basis, after all—the corner-stone of the new civilization.

Mr. Lincoln's jokes are now becoming chronic with him. It was perhaps well enough to play upon the nerves of the Progressive Friends—plain-spoken Quakers—by perpetrating that ghastly pleasantry as to John Brown of Harper's Ferry, and the freedom-giving proclamation of Gen. Hunter; but really, at this time, when our army is in the greatest peril, and liable to be cut off from supplies any day, on the James river, when all the means and the men that the Government can muster are urgently demanded by the exigencies of the war—it may be esteemed "cool" for the Chief Magistrate to indulge in whimsicalities in regard to serious matters, but we submit that his "quips and jibes" are, to say the least, *unlucky.*—*Patterson Weekly Guardian.*

## SLAVERY IN THE WAR.

BETTER FROM GENERAL HUNTER TO THE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG.

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF THE SOUTH,  
HILTON HEAD, Fort Royal, S. C., July 17, 1862.  
Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, President of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, New York City.

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication dated June 2, 1862, expressing to me the approval of my course in regard to the freed slaves of this Department, by the important and benevolent association of which you are President.

Satisfied of having attempted, in the absence of instructions, to do my duty in the matter, according to the best lights of my judgment and a long experience, every assurance of sympathy from men whose characters I esteem as gratifying, and enables me to wait with more patience for those inevitable days which are to give a policy on the slavery question to our Government.

It is my only fear that the lesson may not be understood and acted upon until read in characters of blood at the fireside of every Northern family. To rid the locality of its presence. The soldiers of health are by no means ordered to mount guard over each smitten house, and see that the vested interests of pestilence are protected. "Break open doors if they be not opened," is the order on these occasions. "Let in fresh air and sunlight; let purity replace corruption."

But in presence of one great evil, which has so long brooded over our country, the intelligence of a large portion of our people would seem paralyzed and helpless. Their moral nerves lie torpid under the shadow of the approval of the Nation, the persistence of the political atmosphere in which our statesmen have been nurtured; and never, I fear, until its beak is dripping with the best blood of the country, and its talons tangled in her vitals, will the free masses of the loyal States be fully aroused to the necessity of abating the abomination, at whatever cost and by whatever agencies.

This is written, not politically, but according to my profession in the military sense. Looking forward, there looms up a possibility (only too possible) of a peace which shall be nothing but an armistice, with no advantage secured to the rebellion. Nothing can give more promptness to a successful prosecution of the war, with every weapon and energy at our command, to its logical and legitimate conclusion. The fomenting cause of the rebellion must be abated; the axe must be laid to the root of the upas tree which has raised down such bitter fruit upon our country, before anything like a permanent peace can be justly hoped.

Already I see signs in many influential quarters, heretofore opposed to my views in favor of arming the blacks, of a change of sentiment. Our recent disaster before Richmond have served to illuminate many minds.

To speak of using the negroes merely for throwing up intrenchments is a step in the right direction, though far short of what must be the end. It has the advantage, however, of making the further and final steps necessary; for men working in face of the enemy must have arms with which to protect themselves if suddenly attacked.

On the whole, there is much reason to be satisfied with the progress made by public sentiment, considering how deeply-rooted the prejudice is to overcome, the general failure of the nation to realize at first the proportions of the war, and the impunity still extended to those Northern traitors who are the plunderers of the Government by means of fraudulent army and navy contracts, on the one hand, while using every energy of tongue and pen to excite discontent with our Government, and sympathy with the more candid and courageous traitors of the South who are in arms against us.

In conclusion, it may not be inappropriate to say, that transmitting the approval of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, of my course, you were—doubtless unconsciously—endorsing views which your own earnest eloquence had no slight share in maturing. Though without the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I was, during a year, a member of your congregation, and take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness to your teachings.

Your letter would have been earlier answered, had not pressing duties too fully occupied my time. Believe me, Sir, very truly, your obliged and obedient servant,  
D. HUNTER.

P. S. None of the carefully-fostered delusions by which slavery has sustained itself at the North is more absurd than the burgeon of "a general migration of negroes to the border States, as a necessary consequence of emancipation." So far is this from being the fact, that although it is well known that I give passes North to all negroes asking them, not more than a dozen have applied to me for such passes since my arrival here, their local attachments being apparently much stronger than with the white race. My experience leads me to believe that the exact reverse of the received opinion on this subject would form the rule, and that nearly if not quite all the negroes of the North would migrate South, whenever they shall be at liberty to do so without fear of the auction-block. Sincerely,  
D. H.

## COLORED REGIMENTS.

A deputation of prominent citizens waited upon the President on Monday morning of last week, to ascertain if he would accept the services of negro regiments. The case was fairly put before Mr. Lincoln. It was represented to him that regiments of blacks could be formed and equipped, to be commanded by white officers, and that their services would be of great benefit to the country. It was also urged that the rebels armed their slaves, and used them against us. Mr. Lincoln replied that he could not accept regiments of negroes, but that he would accept as many as would offer their services as laborers.

Per contra, Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island has issued the following proclamation:—

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Providence, Aug. 4, 1862.

General Order, No. 36.

The 6th Regiment, authorized by the Secretary of War under date October 23d, 1861, and orders issued therefor from this department, No. 103, Dec. 28, 1861, will consist entirely of colored citizens. Enlistment will commence immediately. Camp will be established under direction of General Robbins, who is directed to organize the Regiment.

The Quartermaster General will furnish rations and equipments on requisition. Our colored fellow-citizens are reminded that the Regiments from this State in the Revolution, consisting entirely of colored persons, was pronounced by Washington equal, if not superior, to any in the service. They constitute a part of the quota from this State, and it is expected they will respond with zeal and spirit to this call.

The Commander-in-Chief will lead them into the field, and will share with them, in common with the patriotic soldiers of the Army of the Republic, their trials and dangers, and will participate in the glories of their successes.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,  
EDWARD C. MAURAN, Adj. Gen.

## The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1862.

## CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

The anniversary of the day which gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West Indies was celebrated at Abington, on Friday last, by a large gathering of those who are laboring and hoping, with earnestness and faith, for the coming of a like jubilee-day in this land, when four millions of chattels shall be delivered out of the house of bondage, and transformed from marketable commodities into "the Lord's freemen." Notwithstanding the inauspicious aspect of the morning, a goodly number left this city at the appointed hour, who were met, at Abington, by large delegations from Plymouth and other places on the line of the railroad, while from the more immediate neighborhood came troops of holiday-dressed people, in carriages and on foot. A peculiarly gratifying feature of the occasion was the large number of our colored friends present, men, women and children, to whom this day especially commends itself as one to be held in grateful remembrance and joyfully commemorated. In consequence of the threatening aspect of the weather, it was deemed advisable to meet in the Town Hall rather than the Grove, for the morning session, at least, and accordingly the people were invited there, and soon packed the hall to overflowing.

At 10½ o'clock, the meeting was called to order by SAMUEL MAY, Jr., who read, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, a list of officers, which was unanimously accepted by the meeting, as follows:—

For President—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

For Vice-President—ELIZABETH SPRAGUE, ELLEN HENRY, JOSEPH PERCY, ELIAS RICHMOND, WILLIAM G. BARCOW, EDWARD G. BENNETT, RUFUS BATES, JOSEPH HAYWARD, BENJAMIN F. HUTCHINSON, ROBERT ADAMS, ATKINSON STANFORD.

For Secretary—SAMUEL MAY, JR., J. M. W. YERRINGTON.

For Finance Committee—J. G. DODGE, SAMUEL DYER, MARY WELLS, ALICE CARRAS, WILLIAM C. NELL.

Mr. GARRISON, on taking the chair, said—The day on which we are assembled is an occasion in which the Abolitionists have a right to rejoice and be glad. It vindicates their principles, their doctrines and their measures, as all eminently wise and just. We always asserted, before emancipation took place, that it would result in good, and nothing but good, to those who had been the oppressors and to those who had been the oppressed; that there would be no tumults, no disorders, no shedding of blood, no desolation, but every thing peaceful, happy, joyous and prosperous; and after an experience of twenty-eight years, we find the truth of all our assertions demonstrated in regard to the safety and the righteousness of emancipation.

We are not here, of course, to eulogize the English government, as such, for having emancipated the slaves in the colonies, because that government was simply moved upon by the irresistible moral and religious sentiment of the United Kingdom. We are here to do homage to the noble men and women who for so many years in England gave themselves with untiring devotion to the cause of the enslaved in the West India Islands. We are here to rejoice in the results of the experiment, and have no cause to be otherwise than thankful and triumphant in spirit. During that long struggle, so far as our country was concerned, never a cheering word went over to those who were endeavoring to get slavery abolished in those islands; and when the Emancipation Act was passed by the British Parliament, there was no rejoicing on the part of the people of the United States, in view of that grand and glorious event—none whatever. So far from anything of that kind, we had nothing but evil predictions as to the terrible consequences that would assuredly follow as the natural results of such an act! And why should it not have been so? A slaveholding, slave-breeding, slave-driving, slave-trading nation, as ours has been and continues to be, how could it or can it sympathize in an event like that which we are here as Abolitionists to celebrate!

Mr. Garrison then said that they were favored with the presence of quite a large number of speakers, and suggested that each one should study to be as brief as possible in the remarks that he should make, in order that the audience might have an opportunity to hear from them all.

The jubilee hymn, commencing

"Come, friends of freedom,  
Glad voices let us raise,"

was then sung, to the good old tune of "Lenox," after which, Rev. J. SELLA MARTIN, of Boston, made an earnest and eloquent speech, the substance of which will be published hereafter. After the singing of another appropriate hymn, Rev. MORDECAI D. CONWAY, of Cincinnati, was introduced, who said:—

SPEECH OF REV. M. D. CONWAY.

MR. CHAIRMAN.—We have heard it said, until the saying has become trite, that we are now in the midst of the ordeal of Republican Government. You will observe the difference that is now being manifested between sham Democracy—or that which calls itself Democracy, and it possibly is worthy of that name—and real Republicanism. Mr. Lincoln is now carrying to its utmost extent the idea of a simple dictation of the people as to the methods of government. He proceeds upon the idea that the people are to do what they have appointed him to do. He starts with the idea, and acts upon it, that he is there simply as the tool of the people—a tool which the masses are to move; and that the various men throughout the country who make shoes and sell them, who weave, who spin, who farm, actually must be the judges of all the methods of government and of all political action whatever. According to that idea of Democracy, the President is simply asking out the matter until we shall have a Yankee who is smart enough to invent an automaton President, that shall sit there at Washington, and whenever the people can all go to their telegraphs, and touch that President machine, at the White House, it will, according to one party or the other, touch the telegraphic wires, veto or approve a particular measure. He is simply staying there, and receiving \$25,000 a year, until we can get a machine that will sign measures; absolutely worse than worthless, because, while the people are being educated, they must be behind their experience; they must come up just in time to be too late. For instance, as the people come forward, their sentiment and feeling must be always represented; that is what is meant by a representative government. A great writer has written a book upon "Representative Men." Look at them! Was any one of them a mere follower of majorities? Was any one of them the mere tool of majorities? Was Plato, was Montaigne? No, every one of them was a steamer of the popular current. Every representative man is an interpreter of the feeling and sentiment of the people; but he does not wait to have the people dictate to him every man he shall appoint a General, and every bill he shall sign. A great representative of the people is an interpreter of the moral sense of the people, who gives them not what they pray for, but what they actually need, and which they find out that they need after he has given it to them. So Plato and Swedenborg are representative men, not because they represent the donkeyism of the people, but their real, deep heart, and their sentiment, which is always setting right. You will observe, therefore, that when the people get a clear method before their eyes, and say, "If you will dig ditches and spade in the swamps, you shall have this done by the natural laborers of that country." It is just too late. They come to it by experience—because it is so plain that no wayfarer man can mistake it. They come to it because they have been scourged to a clear sight of it. They come to it because the men whom they placed in trust to do the work have failed to see it, and they have been forced to turn from their an-

noyments of the field and the shop to do what they are paying men large sums to do for them. That is the reason why the people are called upon to do what they have paid the government to think out and do for them, while they attend to the trade and business of the country. Observe, when they come to that, it is TOO LATE. The President proclaims that the negroes shall be employed to do the labor of the camp. If he had done that himself, before he was forced to it by the sense of the people, as he ought to have done, as an honest President, it would have saved us 65,000 men who have perished in the swamp of the Chickasaw, and in the trenches before Corinth. If he had sent forth that new miserable, pusillanimous proclamation only three months ago, it would have saved us 65,000 stalwart men who lie buried, struck down by disease, because those natural laborers were not employed. And it will be so throughout the war. The proclamation of emancipation will come, but it will come just like this—too late to be of any practical benefit, so far as the country is concerned. After awhile, the people will force the President to emancipate, just as they forced him to employ negro laborers in the army; but it is not the true idea of our government that the President shall be an automaton, waiting for months until the people, scourged by suffering, shall force him to do what he ought to have done long before.

Well, down in Washington, where I have been spending two weeks, trying to cut some red tape, I got an idea, and it is important to announce, because that is a thing which is rarely given in that region of country. (Laughter.) The ancients had a fable, that the world rested on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise. Now, the ancients had a vision of this country when they said that. The elephant is our army, and the only disagreeable fact about it is that that army rests on Abraham Lincoln; and if he is not a tortoise, there never was one made by God Almighty! It is impossible for Abraham Lincoln to move faster than the tortoise; he has tried it, and it is "no go." (Laughter and applause.) He has got a heavy shell upon his back. He got it at his birth, for that is the kind of animal that grows in Kentucky. Creation stopped in that State when it got to the tortoise. There it sticks; it is the nature of the man; and it is of no use to try to make a rapid military genius out of the President; and if any man expects to make a leader of him, who will force the country in the only way in which it can be freed, I give him fair warning that it is impossible—I bid him despair!

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" See the men he has called around him! McClellan has gone down to the Peninsula, and what has he done? Look at his position! He stands on the banks of the James River, on a small neck of land, between a swamp and the river. I have been there, and know. At that point, the river is deep enough to admit a narrow line of gunboats. About ten miles below, it deepens and widens; but for ten miles, the river is so situated that it would be impossible for McClellan to make a safe retreat. There he is, and there he has got to stand and meet his doom. He cannot retreat, for if he were to attempt to send off the army in detachments, those who were left, while some went away in ships, would be instantly captured by the rebels. Neither can the army be halved, and one half sent away, for the remaining half would be in immediate danger. Moreover, if he could get transports for the whole army, he could not carry them down the river those ten miles, for the rebels would sink every ship, as they have got all their light artillery on the river bank. He is absolutely isolated. He has chosen that bad plan, that foolish plan, to enter Richmond; he has got there, and there he must stay. He is not strong enough to reach Richmond in that way. What is the hope? Of course, we are hoping that Pope may make such an attack upon the other side of Richmond that McClellan may have a better chance on his side; but the rebels have made their entrenchments so perfect on that side, that even if he had more men than they, he could not advance upon Richmond from that point. Why is that? Because, as Senator Chandler said, he went and sat down in a big swamp, and began ditching. The President finds a third of his army gone. He looks about for help. Where will he find it? He takes the man who has sat down before Corinth, half his army sick with dysentery, who refused to allow a single negro within his lines to work on those trenches, who sat there until the enemy's army left, satisfied he was not going to make an attack, in order to assist their fellow-rebels in another place. Sixty-three thousand men were lost from that army, by sickness and the battle of Shiloh. The President calls that man to Washington, to crown the work of McClellan, sitting in the swamp of the Chickasaw. Now, why has the President done this? Because he is sailing in the same boat with McClellan and Halleck. He is just as slow as they are. His policy is ditching and spading—digging us into freedom. He goes on politically precisely as Halleck and McClellan do strategically, and, like them, has got only to a political Chickasaw swamp.

You know that Halleck and McClellan act in this war precisely as if they had been stealing forts from the South, and the South was trying to get them back; as if they were trenching and digging everywhere, and saying, "You shall not have your forts back." I saw this man Halleck the other day at Harrisburg, and it is enough to look in his face to know what sort of a man he is. He has the look of a Gadgird about him. His nose—which is always a characteristic feature, and the gauge of vigor in a human being—is what the French call "the suicide nose"; that is, it is joined to a temperamental morose and desperate, and that does not place much of an estimate on himself or any body else. He reminds me of what Montaigne thought, that there were not six men alive who ought not to have been hanged six times, and he did not care to except himself from the number. (Laughter.) A nose with an excessively acute angle! Napoleon selected his Marshals with reference to their noses—several of his most distinguished ones, at least. That was his habit. He sat in a room, and had all the men who were mentioned for promotion pass through the room. They came in at one door, and went out at the other. When they came in, they bowed, and he pointed to the door, saying not a word, when he had never seen before, or had never examined, with reference to their qualifications. But when a particular man came in, he would say—"There is my man; put him down; he has got the right nose." (Laughter.) Now, Gen. Halleck has got just the kind of nose that makes a hard, selfish, morose, melancholy man. He has got a narrow brain, and a hard, selfish eye. He is the impersonation of Order No. 3—that is the most I can say for him.

Then there is Mr. Stanton. I had some conversation with him the other day, and I found that he was a man nervous, quick, and very talkative, but not a man of power, and a man of no vision whatever. The most important thing that was impressed upon my mind, from conversation both with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton was this: they do not see any thing at all in the slavery question but a troublesome thing. You remember that when the Progressive Friends called on the President, he said that office-holding was the most troublesome thing he had to deal with, and next to that was slavery. He and Stanton do not seem to look at it in the light of a great military advantage—in the light of a great weapon, the brightest in all their armory, with which they can, at any moment, strike down the rebellion; they look at it simply as a dreadful vexation. That is fatal. Mr. Stanton is disposed to treat the contrabands of the South well, but it never occurs to him that he has any military advantage in connection with them. His idea is simply to have them properly educated, and finally make them owners of the land; and perhaps, away off in the future, arm them. He does not see the President does not, that, in these circumstances, he can wield slavery with tremendous effect; and the man who has not the sense to see that, what can he do in this country in the present emergency?

Now, all we can get during the reign of Lincoln is some education of the people. That is all we can get until our time of revolution comes. You have no idea how fast, in the West, this education is going on. A negro man, on a Western car, lay in the middle of the night, curled up on a seat in the cars, fast asleep. A nicely dressed white man came in, and looked round, trying to find a seat. He went to this negro, and awoke him, and said, "Wake up, here!" "What's the matter?" "I want a seat." "I am a nigger; you don't want to sit by me, do you?" "I don't care whether you are a nigger or not; I want a seat." That is a sign. When a man is willing to sit down with a negro rather than stand up all night in a railroad car, it indicates a great change. (Laughter.) By and by, I expect to see the United States willing to live with the negro, and have him ditch and spade for them, rather than die. You have no idea how much is to be done in Washington, Baltimore, and in all the border States. The other day, William Henry Channing, the faithful minister at Washington, was walking in the street, and he saw a man with brass buttons on his coat—and I suppose he was a soldier—who was about to knock a negro down with a paving-stone. "What are you going to do?" says Channing, seizing him by the arm. "That nigger struck a white man; I am not going to stand by, and see a white man struck by a d-d nigger." "Didn't the white man strike him first?" "Yes, he did; but isn't he a nigger?" Channing said—"This is a land of equal rights." The man looked at him utterly paralyzed. The stone fell from his hand, and with a gasp for breath he walked away. (Laughter and applause.) Now, two-thirds of the people of the United States are just in that state of mind; and as soon as we seize them by the arm, rather roughly, and tell them, "Equal rights with this d-d nigger!" I am sure we shall paralyze them with astonishment, at least.

Washington, as I came out of it, seemed to me a mad and doomed city; and I felt as though I could take off my boots, and shake them from every particle of dust that belonged to it. It seemed to me to be the representative, the symbol, of a state of things that must pass away, and is passing away. It seemed to me to be the representative of a past stratum of this country, a sign, like some old Saurian, of an era that can never return; and I felt, that with the epoch which it represents, Washington city must pass away; pass into the fossil condition; be embedded with the past, so that upon its ruins we can lay the corner-stone of a free republic. (Applause.) It seemed to me that its doom was written all over it and all around it. In Maryland, where Unionists, the spirit of the people, even Unionists, is so determinedly pro-slavery, they do so hug to their hearts the viper that is stinging them to death, they are so resolved that harm shall not come to the dragon that devours them, that I fear they will have to pass along to their graves together. I was trying to get some negroes through Baltimore—

It took me about two weeks to get those thirty-one negroes into Ohio, where I wished to take them. There they were in the District—contrabands. If I had left them there, each of them would have had to receive an army ration from the government; each of them would have been in the hands of the government; so much money gone; and yet, so powerful was red tape, that nobody seemed to know who could give any permission to those contrabands to go North, or to go out of the District. Mr. Stanton scratched his head over it, and turned and twisted over it, and almost stood on his head over it, (laughter), and he wanted to give some money to help get them off; but I would not take any money. I did not want his money; I wanted his authority. Well, he could not give it. And Mr. Lincoln, he unwound himself to a very great length, (laughter), and then would himself step again over it; he appreciated the state of the case a great deal, but did not seem to see what he could do about it. So we went from one to another. Finally, we had a consultation in Mr. Sumner's room, to try and devise some plan by which these contrabands could be got away, and everybody failed—even Mr. Sumner could not see the way clear. There was one man there—I forget his name—who sat very profoundly cogitating how we could get these negroes out to Ohio. The difficulty was to get them across Baltimore from one railroad to another, and so North, for the Baltimore railroads will not allow any negro to go over their roads, unless he gives bonds to a fabulous extent. As I said, there was one man at Mr. Sumner's room, who sat cogitating over this subject; he did not say anything at first, but scratched his head and looked very profound; and we all began to feel that that man, when he spoke, would have a profound idea. We looked for it, we expected it, and finally we got a little nervous, as people will who expect a sharp flash of lightning, and it does not come. At last, that man raised his head and said—"You want to take those negroes through Baltimore, through Maryland?"

"Yes, that is what I desire." "There is but one way to do it. You buy fifty feet of rope, and tie every bugger's hands behind him, and all Baltimore will bow down to you. They will be sure you are a big slaveholder, taking your slaves through Baltimore into Hartford County, to keep them from being freed in Washington." That man hit the nail on the head. I did not have the courage to carry out his suggestion, but I have no doubt it illustrated the real feeling of Baltimore; for I felt, when we did last get through that city, that nothing on earth but the signature of a Major General, backed by the bayonets of Northern soldiers, kept the mob spirit from overwhelming us. We went through that city for a mile and a half, and stopped at the depot for three hours, and nothing but that little bit of paper protected us from the muttering crowd around.

After all, I could not help feeling that there was some advantage in having things as they are, because the time was when I could not have got that name on a little bit of paper, when I could not have got those people through Baltimore at all. The time had come when at least thirty-one human beings could be carried straight through the heart of a slave State into liberty (applause); and although that did not reflect much glory on the Government, or afford much prospect of its success, it did show, that despite the clouds with which weak men would blind us, this is the Golden Hour for the land.

Now, my friends, I think you Northern people are cursed with loyalty—loyalty, I mean, to forms and technicalities. We Southern people do not care so much about that. I never did myself. You Northern people will follow, follow, and follow. There is a very sorry he wrote it. It gives the people a false idea, a false hope, which will lead them into an abyss if they follow it. Mr. Lincoln will never save this country. We shall be happy if we can, from month to month, keep ourselves from going to wreck under this administration, for a year or two, and then we shall know what we shall do. If we can succeed, through boldness, through moral courage, through stalwart determination, and standing by our principles, in keeping the ship together for a year or so, then will we elect a Democratic President, who will put the nation under the heel of Jeff Davis, or we shall have Fremont in the Presidential chair, and Gen. Hunter will be Secretary of War. (Loud applause.) We must go one way or the other. We must elect one or the other. We are either to be saved or ruined. Perhaps, looking at the case of the nation now, we are disposed to limit the great work of God. Perhaps we think so much of the United States alone, that we would be glad to limit this revolution. There are indications, my friends, that this revolution is to be world-wide before it is ended. There are indications that all nations are to be sucked into this mad-tide, and that when we are free, the world will be free too. (Applause.) I can interpret in no other way the ineffable stupidity of our rulers. I can in no other way interpret the fact, that in this great emergency we have a tortoise for President, except that, through the dreary lengths of a long war, gradually France, England, Russia, all monarchies and absolutisms, are to be drawn into this controversy that sweeps over the land, the elements will melt with fervent heat, and the whole world be baptized with a

fiery baptism and be redeemed. Let them come out, I say to the tyrants of the Old World, "What does it do, quickly!" I hope that England and France should shoulder to shoulder. Even the Democrats will be in favor of abolishing slavery to hold the South, while we attend to Europe; because, much as they love slavery, the Democrats, especially the Irish, would rather whip England than do any thing else on the face of the earth. If they interpose, it will save us, but it will be by a great and sweeping purification of this world; and we ought not to be so selfish, since God has given us stupid men to lead us in this war, to say that it ought to be settled up quick. It would be agreeable to our feelings, it would be pleasant to see the death-blow of the rebellion struck at once, but when slavery is struck, the rebellion lies dead; but we ought to remember that there are other things that groan throughout the world, besides the slaves, that there are other beings, all through Europe, all through the North and the South, who groan under monarchies and despots, and that these, too, must be redeemed; and the signs of the times are that this revolution is to be world-wide, and that Humanity is to rejoice in the fruits thereof. (Applause.)

## SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

I quite agree with the view which Mr. Conway takes of the present situation of the country. More than that, I quite agree with the view he takes of the probable future through which we are to be called to walk. I have no hope, as he has not, that the intelligent purpose of our Government will ever find us a way out of this war. I think, if we find any way out of it, we are to stumble out of it by the gradual education of the people, making their own way, at a great mass, without leaders. I do not think that anything which we can call the Government has any purpose to get rid of slavery. On the contrary, I think the present purpose of the Government, so far as it has now a purpose, is to end the war and save slavery. I believe Mr. Lincoln is conducting this war, at present, with the purpose of saving slavery. That is his present line of policy, so far as any trustworthy indications of any policy reach us. The Abolitionists are charged with a desire to make this a political war. All civil wars are necessarily political wars—they are hardly anything else. Mr. Lincoln is intensely waging a political war. He knows as well as we at this moment, as well as every man this side of the Atlantic knows, that if he wants to



This war is to go on. You will be drafting three months or six. The hunker, when he is obliged to go to war, will be like the man of whom Mr. C. way told us, who was willing to sit by a negro in the cars, rather than stand all night—he will be willing that a negro shall fight, with him or without him. That is a part of the logic of events that will be very effective; but even that will not make Lincoln decide for emancipation. We shall wait one year or two, we wait for him, before we get it. In the mean time it is an expense of blood and treasure, each day it is a terrible expense that Democracy pays for the sake of government. If we lived in England now, if we lived in France now, a hundred men, the conviction of the exigency of the moment, would carry the nation here or there. It is the royal road, short, sharp, sure, like the 2d of December, with Napoleon's column unrolling every street in Paris. Democracy when it moves, has to carry the whole people with it. The minds of nineteen millions of people are to be changed and educated. Ministers and policies have been preaching to them that the negro will fight—that he is a nuisance—that slavery is an ordinance of God—that the North ought to bar him out of the States. The North wakes up, its heart poisoned hands paralyzed with these ideas, and says to its total President—“Save us, but not through the gro!” You do not yet believe in the negro. Papers are accumulating statistics to prove that

fourteen months, they have been unable to say yes or no. But that is the fault of the nation. We should have been five hundred millions of dollars richer, a sixty-three thousand lives more populous, if Bar had been Commander-in-Chief instead of McClellan (Applause.) I do not believe that Banks knows how to handle an army, but I believe he would have pressed that army on and against something, and that is all I need. I had a private letter from a captain in McClellan's army in the Peninsula, in which he said, "We have had five chances to enter Richmond; we might have done it after Yorktown, at Williamsburg, and seven Pines, just as well as not; no troops in front of us, we ourselves in full condition for an advance. Instead of that, we sat down and dug."

The most serious charge I have against the President, the only thing that makes a film upon his history—for I believe him as honest as the measure of intellect allows—is this: that while I do not believe that in his heart he trusts McClellan a whit more than I do, from fear of the Border States and North conservatism, he keeps him at the head of the army which loses two thousand men by disease every day and spends from sixty to seventy thousand dollars a day; and if, twenty years hence, he renders up an account of his stewardship to his country, you will, mark me! will see him confess that this wise, he never believed in McClellan's ability.

very black—a real negro. We have many such."

AMONG THE PINES. It will be seen by an advertisement, that the New York *Tribune* Association has assumed the publication of this interesting book. It is one of the most exciting works on slavery we ever read.

GEN. BUTLER, at New Orleans, has ordered that all negroes sent by their masters to join the Federals will be regarded as emancipated. The master has endeavored in many cases to reclaim them, after the use of such expostations.

At the recent annual examination of the Boston public schools, the following colored pupils were recipients of diplomas:—  
*Wells School*—Corrella Downing.  
*Phillips School*—Henry Williams.

NEW PATRIOTIC MUSIC. Russell and Pate, Tremont Street, have just published the following pieces:—*L. Sons of those Noble Sires: a National Song for the Times.* Words by R. Thayer. Music by L. Marshall. 2. *The Heroes of the Union.* Dedicated to Gen. McClellan and all Loyal Americans. Words by R. Thayer. Music by L. Marshall. 3. *General Songs: Union and Liberty.* Words by O. B. Wendell Holmes (written for the Atlantic Monthly) Music by O. B. Brown.

tributing to it, in any manner or degree, an official character. My article was merely the expression of my individual opinion. This fact is obvious enough from its signature, a signature not editorial, as any one may see by looking at the head of the paper. It is further obvious from the phrase, "It seems to me" which the expression of sentiment referred to commences; and this phrase should certainly rectify any ambiguity which might appear at the first view of a subsequent sentence, taken apart from its connection.—C. K. W.

✂ The New York *Journal of Commerce*, having copied Mr. Howland's letter to show that the Abolitionists are guilty of "treason," (what a charge for such a sheet!) it can do no less, as a matter of business, than to copy Mr. May's reply to that letter; but of course, it will do no such thing. It is persistent in malice, and fair-dealing is not one of its "PRIMES" characteristics.

✂ "Our misguided Southern brethren," we are now so stubbornly refusing to be counted in American Union, will please take notice, that *Journal of Commerce* is rampant against the Abolitionists for being unwilling (as that paper alleges) to down South for the purpose of doing the shooting, stabbing, &c. &c., necessary to their extermination and subjugation!

Gen. Pope's reconnoitering party, under Gen. Crawford, on Friday last, took possession of Orange Court House, nine miles north of Gordonsville. The place was occupied by two regiments of Rebel cavalry, of whom 117 were killed and 52 taken prisoners—among the latter one major, two captains, and five lieutenants. The railroad and telegraph towards Gordonsville were destroyed.

**ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION FOR WORCESTER COUNTY NORTH.**—There will be a Mass Convention of the friends of Freedom, to consider the momentous issues of the present hour, in Leicester, on Saturday, the 10th of August, to continue through the day and evening.

The Government is still holding to its cruel policy, despising the services and prolonging the slavery of its colored race; and a Boston Daily defiantly declares that the new forces now raising "cannot be withstood by the whole population of the Higlond States, backed by all the hosts of hell!" But what if all the hosts heaven against us, for our injustice and cruelty to the enslaved and to their race?

Let the convention at Leicester witness that there are many who do not so readily forget that God, before whose throne Jefferson declared his "embodied,"

**E. H. HAYWARD, PARKES FILLABURY,** and perhaps others, will be present to address the assemblies.

Meeting will commence at the usual hour, day or evening.

*Boston.*

"It is the best and most truthful sketch of Southern life and character we have ever read."—*R. Shelton McKenzie in the Press, Philadelphia.*

"It equals, if not surpasses, as a romance alone, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' while it has the advantage of truth on its side."—*Republican, Townsville, N. Y.*

"The most graphic and deeply interesting sketches of Southern life, character, and social economy that we have ever read."—*Record, Dundee, N. Y.*

"If anybody desires to know what slavery is, and what slaveholders and their negroes are, let them read this work. The author tells his story in a graph way. We do not see how it could be told better."—*Harris Monthly, Boston.*

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August 8.



