THE TRADERY EVENING THE POINT HE THE VIETPERS SANTARDAY, MAY 19, 1869.

# "MY POLICY."

SCATHING RADICAL ANALYSIS OF THE "PRESIDENT'S PLAN."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson's Lecture at the Academy of Music Last Evening.

" MODERN JOAN D'ARC" ON RECONSTRUCTION.

Dangers Besetting the Republic

CONGRESS THE ARK OF SAFETY.

Status of the Freedman.

MISTAKES OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

How They May be Rectified.

ABIDING FAITH IN THE PEOPLE.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Special Report for The Evening Telegraph. One of the largest and most intelligent audiences of the season assembled at the Academy of Music last evening to listen to Miss Anna E. Dickinson's fine address, known as "My Policy." Miss Dickinson came upon the stage at a quarter past 8 o'clocks her appearance being the sign for protonged and enthusiastic cheers, Mr. C. H. Needles, in simple and appropriate language, introduced her to the audience. Miss Dickinson spoke with more than ordinary fervor, and was frequently interrupted with bursts of loud applause. She had a thoroughly appreciative audience, and her address, in every respect a most successful one, was the subject of hearly congratulations among her numerous friends and admirers. We herewith publish her speech in

Moncure D. Conway somewhere tells the story of a young cavalier, who at a ball became enamored of a mask. He followed her from group to group, from room to room, the mask still eluding his pursuit, till alone, far from the music, the light, and the crowd, in a dark and solitary chamber, he unmasked her with a kiss, discovering something, what, his quivering lips never could be brought to describe, but a creature not of flesh and blood, and unutterably loathsome to behold.

So, twelve months ago, in the midst of the music of triumph, and glare of victory, this gay young cavalier of a nation stood enamored of a mask which it endeavored to clasp in its arms, and hold as its best beloved. It followed this mask, whithersoever it led, till away from the light, the triumph, the rejoicings of victory-away in the gathering gloom of doubt, and fear, and foreboding, the mask has tailen from the race in the White House, revealing something so terrible and hideous that our lips fail to describe what our eyes are compelled to behold.

I welve months ago, a man standing on the grave of a martyred President, stepped to his place, and assumed his power. A nation bowed to the earth with unutterable grief, listened through its sobs. and watched through its tears, while this man gave to it and the world a promise of his future career.

A promise to annihilate Rebellion, uproot treason, and bring to swift judgment conscious and leading traitors. A promise to maintain the policy of his illustrious

predecessor, which policy was to bestow amnesty on the masses of white Rebels, and suffrage on the masses of loyal blacks.

A promise that loyalty should be honored, and treason made odious.

A promise that, so far as he was concerned, all men should have a fair start and an equal chance in the A promise that merit should be rewarded without

regard to color. A promise that traitors should take back seats in the

mew Union circle, and that loyal men, whether white or black, should control its destinies. A promise that the cause of the people should be

upheld against their oppressors-against the spirit of caste, aristocracy and slavery, A promise that justice should be established

equality secured, and freedom maintained, How have these promises been kept? Shall we answer? There is a French proverb to the effect.

"When the saint's day is over-farewell the saint." I charge this man with the breaking of every promise, the non-fulfilment of every pledge, the falsifying of every declaration he at that time made. 5, I charge him with betrayal of trust, with degra

dation of office, with descoration of power. I charge him as an enemy alike of his party, his

country, and his God. What has he given us in exchange for these premises, these pledges, these oaths? Has his step kept step with the march of the people Have his heart and conscience been enlightened yet further with the heart and conscience of the nation? Has he advanced with the onward sweep of the republic? In brief, has he given us something higher. nobler, better, in exchange for that he offered us a twelvementh ago? Let the grief of his friends and the rejoicing of his fees answer. Let the insolence of Rebels and the mourning or loyalists answer. Let the renewed spirit of treason South, and the outraged indignation of the North, answer. Let the President himself answer, as he tells us that in exchange for all this he has given us that anominable

and rotten thing-"My Policy." It is useless now to recapitulate the acts of almost a year ago-uselers to steak of the steadily growing doubt and parn of the people through the mouths of the summer and autumn following his elevation to power. Yet it was those acts of hie, his course at that time, that laid strong the foundations and made secure the corner-stone upon which was upreared the edifice that threatens the welfare, security, and even the life of the nation to-day.

Had we not then withheld our hands, his hands would have been powerless for evil. Had we not said, "Wait," he would not have had time to consummate his iniquity. Had we not stept with the precious harvest of the war under our care, the enemy could not have stolen in and sowed tares. Siept! My friends, are we awake now?

Said one to Cromwell, while he was fighting for the liberty of all England, "If thou wert to meet the king in battle, what would'st thou do?" "If the King should meet me in pattle," was the reply, "I should kill the King." Because I believe the

President of the republic to day, to be the | have full and free right of locomotion, of contract, greatest enemy of the republic, I would have him politically so slain that for him there should be neither need of prayer nor hope of resurrection. Politically, I say. Physically-he need have no tear. It is his old foes, not his old irrends, the party to which he has gone, not that from which he has deserted, that breeds murderers and fights with the weapon of assassination—a weapon not to be used on so faithful and devoted a

Andrew Johnson has declared, "He who is not for Andrew Johnson has declared, "He who is not for me is against me; he who supports my policy is my friend, he who opposes it is my enemy." If this were all, it would be lift e indeed, but he has declared further, "He is a Union|man who sustains my Union restoration policy, and none other." It bencoves us then to|look to|this policy, standing as the touchstone by which every man's loyalty in the land is to be tested to day.

tested to-day.

Months, nay, years ago, Congress passed a confiscation act by which leading traitors should be com-Months, hay, years ago, contrees passed a confiscation act by which leading traitors should be compelled to repay somewhat to the nation of the losses
they had entailed on it through the war. A confiscation act which Anorew Johnsen declared to be too
lenient and tender by haif. Leading and conscious
traitors must be punished, said he, their lands taken
away, their social power broken. The land thus confiscated tilled by the freedmen, enriched by taeir
ton, more valuable than when they fell into our
bands, Andrew Johnson has restored to their old
Robel owners—a premium set on treason by giving
more than was taken away.

"No man shall be qualified for power, nor be able
to take cath of office, who is not also able to take the
test oath of present and past loyalty to the United
States," said Congress. "Who is to do this work of
restoration? Certainly not the Robels who have
tought, or those who have given and or influence to
the Robel cause," responded the President—then ran
with swift feet to appoint Perry and Johnson,
Sharkey and Marvin, Governors, Judges, Collectors,
officials finumerable—not one of whom could take

officials innumerable—not one of whom could take the oath, norstand the test Congress and himself had

prescribed.
'Treason is the greatest of crimes and must receive
the greatest of punishments," said Andrew Johnson; the greatest of punishments," saidAndrew Johnson; then signed the death warrants of a few hired cutthroats in Washington, and turned to grasp the hands of Lee and Stephens, Floyd, Toombs, Johnson, Morgan, and Beauregard; turned to watch the great crimina, traitor, and assassin, tilighe first flame of indignation had burned itself down, this is was to longer possible to try him was fribunal that was no longer possible to try him by a tribunal that would mete him out justice, till it was allowable to give him the farce of a trial, that will release him, equit him, fail to condemn him, or condemn him to

Executive elemency and pardon.
"The pardoning power should be used most slowly and sparingly. We must not forget that what may be mercy to the individual is cruelty to the State."
Thus said Andrew Johnson a year ago; then pardoned all, save a few exceptions—issued pardons for the excepted till they count by thousands. Pardons in such numbers that the Executive arm was too short, and the Executive hand too weak, or unsteady -which was it?-to sign his name thereto, and stamp was used instead. Pardons so liberal that counterfeiters and criminals in the North rejoiced thereat, and men who never existed received apsoin

therea, and men who never existed received assortion for crimes they had never performed.

He is the loyalist, says the President, who assents to such acts as these—he is the traitor who opposes them. Let the whole North cry, as one man, "I denounce them, I oppose them; I do my utmost to counteract their evil effects; and, if this be treason, racks the most ort." make the most or it But the President's policy, which is to stand as the test of loyalty, has found other developments than

hese-developments so rare, so strange, so marvel "That we who now behold these present days Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Developments in the shape of speeches so loity, and State papers so just, that the good taste, the in-telligence, the loyalty, and morality of the world are alike astounded thereby.

Speeches, characterized by so de icate a modesty, so fine a humility, by such an utier absence of self, by so complete an ignoring of the upright vewel that standeth in the alphabet, between H and J, that it seems cruel, not to say brutal, to even mention Andrew Johnson in connection therewith.

Speeches so grammatically correct, so choice in words, so elegant in diction, so keen in invective, so delicate in sarcasm, so exquisite in rhetoric, so sub-lime in eloquence, that it betokens hardihood indeed in the man—not to say woman—who would dare essay to criticize them.

Speeches so elevated in tone, so faithful to principie, so devoted to truth; so grateful to the party that made so denunciatory to the party that opposed him; so tender to old friends, so merciless to old foes, so marked in appreciation of character, so statesmanike in statements, so courteous to the people and their representatives, so appreciative of his own and other high offices, so noble and beautiful, that they will henceforth stand unapproachable and alone. Words or mine tail to do them justice. Let silence, then, express the appreciation which lan-

guage is inadequate to convey.

I do not intend to go into any extended discussion of the famous vetoes of two of the most important bills ever passed by Congress. The statements used therein are so obtrusively false, and have been so overwhelminely related; the arguments are so manifesty weak, and have been so repeatedly destroyed, that it seems useless to devote further time

Andrew Johnson probably knows better than any other man why he gave his ascent to the Freedmen's Bureau bill before it had passed the ordeal of Con-gress, and rejected the same bill when it came up to him for final decision.

Was not every objectionable feature of the bill as plain before him when it was read to him slewly, clause by clause, by Generals Howard and Fiske, as when it lay on his table under his eye an act of con gress? "Put that bill through Congress and it shall immediately receive my signature," said he to the one-"I reject the bill, and withhold my name from said he to the other.

"There is no need of it-a bill already exists." Did not the first bill exist when the second was originally brought to him? It did. Had he any fault to find with it then? He had not. If no fault could be found with the first, it is difficult to see upon what ground the second could be objected to, as it was merely an effort on the part of Congress to make secure as a law what had before been merely

an act of its ewn.
"It is a war measure and we are at peace. "It is a war measure and we are at peace. It can only be tolerated as a mintary necessity, and the war is ended." Three days thereafter comes the acclaration, "The first bill has move than a year of time to stand, as it endures for a year after the close of the war, and the war is not yet ended; I have not yet made an official declaration of peace."

We are at war—we are at peace. The war is ended—I have not yet declared it closed—peacewar—war-peace—as it suits the whim or policy of the President. "Consistency, thou art a jewel"—

even for a President.

"I am an aid the Constitution will be tram-pled on; it declares that a criminal shall be tried by a jury of his peers in the district in which the crim is committed. This bill is in defiance of such pro

The President knows better than most men, that so far from the war, or any of its righteous ac.s, this bill included, destroying the Constitution and the mws, we, through them, have been engaged in estahis peers," says this oil. "I stand on the everlast-ing leave and their forms in piaces where all law has for a generation been persistently overthrown. "I demand that every man be tried by a fury of his peers," says this oill. "I stand on the everlast-ing foundations, on the Constitution itself. Until this plum provision of law and justice is complied with, I shall stand between the people, four millions of

people, and the unjust and alegal oppressions of unconstitutional laws and wicked men."

"Ah, but the expense! the expense! the frightful expends ure! \$11,745,000 called for! \$12,000,000 for the narion to spens for freedom and justice -eems to me but a slight offset to the \$145,000,000 spent in the ast to introduce sixvery into the single State of exas. Andrew Johnson did not object to that—sense of economy has largely increased since They say, however, that people grow mean and mercenary as they grow rich. Mrs. Cobb's agency may stand responsible for this change of

front in the matter Besices, when the condition of affairs in every Southern State is fairly represented by Arkansas, the east report from which shows that the Bureau is teeding 5058 white teeple to 567 colored, it might salely be assumed that the expense is to be borne rather for the supporters of "My Policy" in the South than for the corporate.

sa ely be assumed that the expense is to be borne rather for the supporters of "My Policy" in the South, than for its opponents.

"What matter?" save the President. "It is not for my opponents I care; it is nor these black people I have a tender regard—I would save them from the intemperance the cruelty, the oppression of the radicals and congress. I would have these people protected, but it must not be by the North, it must be by the civil no ver of the States wherein they live ""Agreed," cried Congress, and replaced the military bureau by the Civil Rights. "It will not do, it must be accomplished by the States themselves. This is no better," responded the President, and returned the built to their hands. A man once came to the Shiek Abhailah to borrow of his possessions a rope. "I cannot lend it," said the Shiek—I have broken it to us up a treasure of land." "A treasure of land! impossible!" cried his wondering and incredulous companion. "On, friend," replied the Shiek Abhailah, "Knowest thou not that any reason is sufficient onto num who does not wish to lend a rope to his heighbor?"

Andrew Johnson's assertion that the freedmen of the South are protected by State law—that the best possible feeling exists between them and their late migsters—that the Rabes of the South are more truly their friends than the loyalists of the North—that they are a most on an equality with the whites—that competition enables them to demand and receive thair own pay for service rendered—that they

ceive their own pay for service rendered-that they

and of work,—these assertions, I say remited one of the story told of a certain Scotch divine, who was troubled by a congregation afflicted by a sort of moral obliquity through which they saw everything crockedly and distorted. One Sabbath morning coming into his pulpit, and opening the Bible to find his text, his was alighted on the moral of the coming into his pulpit, and opening the Bible to find his text, his eye slighted on the words of the Paalmist, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Taking off his spectacles and putting them do wn by the book, and looking around his congregation with a significant glance, he repeated the text, "I said in my haste, in my haste all men are liars." Gin ye'd been here, Devid ye'd said it at your leisure mon." Reading some State papers, and listening to politicians, one is very apt to say in one's haste that state papers and politicians are greatly given to lying. Reading these State papers, and listening to this politician, one is very apt to say it at one's lefsure.
While these bills were under discussion.

wind that blew from the South was heavy with the sighs and groans of a suffering and wrouged humanity; every flash of the wires gave a glimpse of the charrel-house of the South, wherein this humanity was being tortured; every report to at found its way into a Northern paper was treighted with a record of horrors and atominations inflicted by our enismes on these, our faithful friends and allies. What need to repeat the dismal story of men worked through a season, then driven out with their families to starve; of the children of loving parents form them driven and sides, and bound out. wind that blew from the South was heavy with the from them for years; of Union soldiers shot dead; the wives of Union soldiers dishonored; the orphans of Union soldiers given over by the State without mercy, to the cruelty of their cold-blooded masters; of houses burned, and fields laid waste, and property destroyed of mer and women lashed, maddied, imdestroyed; of men and women lashed, paddled, im-prisoned for life, and hung for pattry offenses by due process of law; of human beings—c.dizens of the United States—carried into the open market-place, and under the shadow of the Constitutional amendment, sold, enslaved for a term of years, or

"For God's sake," cried the humanity of the nation, "for decency's sake, let us put an end to these abominations!" Courses heard, and an-swered. "For the sake or the colored people, I object," responded the President; "for the sake of morality, for the sake of leligion, I forbid this as an effort on the part of the radicals to legalize amaga-

mation in our midst, to compel white men to marry black women, and the reverse."

I should pass by this whole silly and disquieting argument, it argument it be, in response to the plea for equal civil rights for American citizens, were it only silly and disquieting; but it is, in addition, so wicked and aboutinable, and its results so evil, as to demand the censure and indignation of

It is the old argument-old as sin-confronting just demands by appeals to ignorant orutality and petrified prejudice. Andrew Jonnson knew tull well, —no man better—that civil rights have no more to do with sceial equality than his policy has to do with the principles of sound morality and righteous law.

with the principles of sound morality and righteous law.

I stand a woman,—disfranchised by the State, incapable of sitting on a jury, or or being tried by a jury of my peers,—ranked by the law with black recopie, children, and idiots; civilly, immeasurably the inserior of the voter who first helped to make President, and was then made President himself. Civilly, I say, in point of law, I stand immeasurably this man's inferior. Yet I speak the words of truth and soberness when I say, that I do not believe any amount of equal degradation, of civil rights withheld and wrongs inflicted could ever reduce me, or any other respectable woman, to the social level of the man capable of making the speech of the 22d of last February.

Beyond this, Andrew Johnson knows, without the beyond this, Anorew Johnson knows, without the telling, that it was the tumbling down and not the building up process that gave to us a race of mixed blood; that it was the withholding, not the granting of human and civil rights that worked the dishonor-ing of the black, and the degradation of the white race in America.

"Negro equality, indeed!" exclaimed Andrew Johnson, on the 24th October, 1864, in the city of Nashville. "Negro equality, indeed!" Why, pass any day along the sidewalks of High streets, where the great slave-owners more particularly dwell, and you will see as many mulatto as negro children, the former having an unmistakable resemblance to their aristocratic masters."

It is civil wrong, not civil rights; the degradation, not the elevation; the South, not the North; the fire-

caters, not the radicals; it is the slavery propagan-dists and slaveowners of the South; in brief, Andrew Johnson and his triends, not Congress and his enemies who introduced, defended, maintained, and xtended the blessings of amalgamation in our I protest against the President of the United

States using the influence of his high office to strengthen a cruel and unrighteous prejudice already existing against a poor and detenseless race. I pro-test against the Chief Manstrate of a Christian nation pleading for and defending a feeling that finds outlet in cruelties unapproached and atrocities

unparalleled in the avnals of the world.

Said the Norfolk (Va.) Post last February:—
'There has teen no such manifestation of joy and jubilation in the South since the route of the Federal army at Bull run as that informing us of the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill Hear at the same time the Richmond Enquirer declare:-

"10 get rid of strife we must get rid of the negro. There is but one alternative. We must reduce the negro to slavery or we must exterminate him." So declaring, it was suppressed by General Grant and restored by the President, of whom it soon after wrote:—"He is our tried and mithrul friend, he exerts himself to the utmost of his power in our behalf, he defends our rights, and devotes all his energies to our interests. We are safe." Then feeling safe, being sure of their triend, these

Then feeling safe, being sure of their triend, these men fell tooth and hall upon the hapless victims of their hatred and the President's policy.

Every statement, every record, every letter, every speech, every report that has found its way to paper or print, North or South, goes to prove that, from the moment the position of the President was fairly the transferred in the South the display.

and fully understood in the South, the display o

cruelty, the persecution of the freedmen has fright-

orucity, the persecution of the freedmen has fright-fully increased and intensified.

I solemnly believe, as I make the tremendous charge, that had Andrew Johnson maintained the position he assumed twelve months ago, the mas-sacre of Memphis would have been impossible; that but for the favor he has shown the spirit of casie, rebellion, and slavery, and the insults he has heaped upon the patient and help-less blacks, humanity would not have been appalled as it was through those three days of crueities so abominable and atrocities so hideous that the pen refuses to write, the tongue to speak, or the ear to listen to the tale. I say, because I believe I am com-pelled to say, that I would pray for the rocks to ta upon and annihilate me, rather than stand in the place of the President of the United States when the

streat Master maketh inquisition for the blood of the My friends, let us consider this scene well and carefully, for Memphis is but a type of the spectacle the whole South will present in the troops be withdrawn, the civil power re-established, the tebels entranchised, the black loyalists disfranchised, the States restored to their old basis, in a word, if the President's policy be established in government. Never could there be a more overwhelming refutation of the President's theory, that the ballot would superinduce a war of races and the consequent extermination of the blacks, than in the recent riot at Memobile.

Does any one suppose, if these blacks had a fair opportunity to detend themselves by the ballot, if the authorities and city officials had aught to gain or to ose by some thousands of their votes, that these outrages would have been tolerated for an hour? Self-interest is stronger than hatred. If black votes could hurl them from their places, they would see that the black voters were protected, their friendship

gained, and their ballots secured. All history demonstrates that one human being never is said in the hands of another. When Emperor Nicholas was told that his character was as good as a Constitution to his people, "Then," said he, 'I am out a lucky accident," and of a surety such lucky accidents do not abound in the South. The only security for the welfare of these people, and consequent peace of the re-jublic, is by granting to all its citizens absolute equality before the law, and, as De locqueville has somewhere said:—"I know of only two methods of

establishing equality in the political world. Every crizen must be put in possession of his rights, or rights must be granted to none."

A war of races, iorsooth! Why, what is this of which the Freedent talks? The argument was worn threadbare in the service of slavery, by more cunning and subtle talkers than he, before he had received even the alphabet of our pression. acquired even the alphabet of oppression.

Awar of races! Does the President remember that black men voted under the Articles of Confederation, and at the ratification of the Constitution in

tion, and at the ratification of the Constitution in 1789, in every State save South Carolina? That in the Congressional legislation for the Perritories, freedom, and not color, was the only, test of citizenship up to the year 1812? that it was the boast of Mr. Badger, of Forth Carolina, and John Bell, of Tennessee, that they each took their seats in the United States House of Representatives on a megority of black words? Does the President remember that black men voted in Maryland until 1838? in North Carolina until 1838? in Pennsylvania until 1838? and that in Maine, New Hampshire. until 1838? and that in Maine, New Hampshire Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and some of the Western States, they vote to day? Has this anywhere superinduced a war of races? The President is loud of declaring that he treads closely in the footsteps of his martyred predecessor, Does he remember what Mr. Lincoln said shortly before his death, in conversation with General Wadsworth? "If I erant universal amnesty I shall create universal suffrage!" Boes any one for an instant suppose that our good dead President de-

vised in his kindly heart the horrors of a war of races the eby? Does the President remember what one Andrew Johnson said in Nashville on the 24th of October, 1864? "Rebellion and slavery shall no of October, 1864? "Rebellion and slavery shall no longer pollute our State; loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies! \* I speak now as one who feels the world to be his country, and all who love equal rights his triends!"

Did Andrew Johnson plan, when he spoke these noble and heroic words, to entail upon his own State the misery of a war of races? I trow not. I appeal from February and May, 1866, to October, 1864. I appeal from February and May, 1866, to October, 1864. I appeal from February and May, 1866, to October, 1864. I appeal from February and by the best of the blacks? If all the horrors, persecutions, and oppressions of slavery could not drive these people to revolt, is it at a i reasonable to suppose that liberty, equality, and fraternity could superinduce such a result? Who then will begin it?— the white Rebels, the supporters of the President's policy? In that case one might

of the President's policy? In that case one might safely declare that the President's argument nears beavily on his friends, and in tavor of their opponeuts; that it is an argument against white and not against black suffrage.

Beyond this what a monstrous and abominable doctrine to propound and sustain, that the United

doctrine to proposed and sustain, that the United States can preserve peace and maintain tranquillity in its borders only by ignoring the rights have trampling on the libertles of 4 000 000 of its loyal citizens. A peace so bought, at the expense of justice would be more enerous than any war. A republic so saved would be more unjust and iniquitous than any despote power. 'Liberty,' well save Dr. Gasparin, 'imposes obligations. Wrong under a Democracy is more imamous than under an empire.' I et us not forget, while we question, inspect, discuss, we ourselves are under the eve of the world, and shall in turn be discussed, be ludged.

andshall in turn be discussed, be judged.

Let us not forget that such a course would not merely dishonor us, as a people, but would thrust liberty's mark back on the dial, would make Democracy a lie, would check the course of humanity everywhere, would strengthen the hands of despotic power, and weaken those of its opponents by taking from their grasp their most effective and powerfu

Said a great Frenchman, when the first cannon thundered against Fort Sumter. "The United States has just been saved." The South saved us then; it remains to be seen if the North is strong enough to save riself now. The danger of a yet further com-promise between liberty and oppression was stemmed, not through the justice of the North, but through the hatred of the South. Who doubts that through the harred of the Stath. In details if these slave mas ers had been pleased to remain, the North would have contrived to choke itself with cotton dust, and flood itself with gold, that it should further give her spoils for those in bondage and chains? Experience is a hard schoolmaster, but it teaches as none other. Has it taught the North that rarest of lessons, common sense and

On the fifth anniversary of the Massachusetts dead On the fifth anniversary of the Massachusetts dead in Baltimore, the fifth anniversary of a day that ushered in the most maivellous era in the history of the world, Andrew Johnson, in referring to the price paid down through the war, exclaimed, "For what have all these lives been sacrificed, and all this treasure expended? It was for the purpose of preserving the States in the Union of our fathers."

Never were truer words spoken. Never was a cause more maligned, nor its martyrs more dishonored. The Union of to-day is not the Union of five years ago. The tiover more under which we

five years ago. The Government under which we live is not that which preceded the war That Union was comented by the blood of the slave and neld together with his chains. That Government was one that had strong its foundations in oppression and hes. Cannot Andrew Johnson comprehend that, having wrecked an old world, it becomes necessary to shape a new one, and that the first step towards construction must be to destroy the

Seemingly not, for it is just here that he and Congress make issue. "I denounce as a traitor every man who is opposed to my policy," the President declares; "and my policy is to dishonor muc-tentils of the people who suffered and fought for the re-public, to crush their allies of the South, and to elevate and a rengthen their enemies. My policy is to thrust Rebels into Congress to make the laws of the country, white by my own acts I am declaring them public enemies with whom we are still at war.

A double question let meask here:—Has the United States enemies? Does the President of the United States adhere to them? The mere surrender of the

Conjederate forces did not make peace, else would the war have ended with the disruption of the armieof Johnston, Kirby Smith, and Le.

It is everywhere: allowed that war does something more than subdue armed forces; if settles disputed questions and the rights of the two parties engaged, Until these settlements are embodied in law, there is not yet a state of peace though hostilines have

Between belligerent powers that still exist, these laws are embodied in treaties. In the present case, where there are no lostile armies remaining, these questions settled by war, must be embodied in the laws of the United States, and for greater stability in the Constitution. No one, I think, will dispute; that proposition. Until this is cone we are at

The President recognizes the fact that the status of the country is still that of war; the status of late Rebeis still that of enemies in that military possession is still held of the South, the habeas corpus, that most precious of all precious civil rights, is still suspenced. Some tens of thousands of troops that en-nisted for the war are still held under command at the South. If the war is ended, their term of enistment has expired and they are at liberty to go to their homes without further orders. These croops are everywhere quariered in southern houses and on Southern land without the consent of the owners a measure which the Constitution expressly forbids save in time of war. The President exercises the military power of Commander-in-Chief to dictate to State Conventions and Legislatures, and to remove State and City officials ever whom he would have no State and City officials ever whom he would have no control in peace. Acts, one and al., in fact, which would then be intolerable usurpations of power.

If we are not at war, then the President is plainly liable to be impeached for every one of these violalations of what the Constitution would require of

in in a state of peace.

The Administration evidently holds the present state of the country to be one of rebellion. The Administration has further informed us, through the official letters of Mr. Seward, when this state of war will end. "When the States shall be fully restored will end. "When the States share be say, to the Union by the action of Congress."

But Andrew Johnson, while he thus recognizes these people as Receis and enemies in law, suffiched the state of the him with despote powers, demand

cient to cothe him with despotic powers, demands for them all the rights of American citizens against any action or legislation of Congress. He demands, in fact, that, while we are at war, communities with which we are at war shall send Representatives to our Senate and House, and that Congress has no right to make laws for them until their Representatives have seats on the floor.

He demands that Rebels shall participate in the national councils in making those laws which are to constitute our treaty of peace with the Re-

Congress retusing to assent to so foolish and wicked a proposition, the President huris coarse threats at the Representatives of the people, denounces them as traitors and usurpers, a courtain and irresponsible directory, exercising extraordinary and revolutionary powers.

Has Andrew Johnson so trail a memory that he has torgotten his own deciarations while he sat as a Senator in Washington, in a speech made January 31, 1862, upon the expulsion of Jesse D. Bright for using treasonable language, by mouth as a paper:—'It we have not the physical and moral courage to exclude from our midst men whom we pelieve to be unsate depositaries of public power and public trust, we are not entitled to sit here as Sena ors ourselves.

tors corrected."

Congress and the people know full well that by permitting these States to come back with their old powers unbroken, with treason unpunished, and traitors unsubdued, would be to fling away the whole precious harvest of the sowings of the war. On the 28d of last February I was travelling the great State of Dimois, from Chicago to Davenport. Sitting by me was a brown-faced, white haired, kindlyet ed, intelligent farmer of the Northwest, and falling into converse, weitalked—and who does not? of the war, and of the great questions growing out of the war, and of the great questions growing out of it, and as we so talked, he said, with a glittler in his lip and a flush on his cheek, "I thank God, that being too old to go myses?"—his hair was white as driven snow—"I had three boys to send at the call of my country." And I thought, as I looked at him, remembering that the war was ended, and hearing what a sore of triumph sounded through his tones as he talked, that he had his coys all safely about him once more; so I said, "How glad and proud you must be, with the trouble over, to have your heroes at home again!" "Home!" he answered, "at home? why they all went home long ago. I had my boys to give utterly—my country needed them utterly—but I thank God for their deaths, for from then out I thank God for their deaths, for from their graves, and the graves of such as they, springs the tree that will shelter the fite and fiberty of the republic." As he so spoke he opened the morning paper containing the record of the infamous speech of the day preceding, and I sat still, watching with the precident should a painful fascination us his gaze travelied slowly over the sentences; watched the light die out of his eyes, the color fade from his face, till the very lipa

eyes, the color fade from his face, till the very lips grew ghastly and withering; watched till the last word was read. Never shall I forget the face he fifted from that record; never forget the terrible voice with which he cried out, as the paper fell from his trembing hands, "My God! my God! my died in vain!"

My friends, permit this policy to succeed; permit this Government to be re-established on its old foundations of falsehood and oppression; permit these traitors to legislate for themselves, for us and for the freedmen of the South, and this war will have been lought in vain, this treasure spent in vain, this precious blood spilled, and noble lives sacrificed in vain.

A false move at this crisis, and we are check-mated for the game.

A false policy in any way planned or accepted, and we are destroyed. One single, one confident turn of the sculptor's hand has annihilated the idea of a lite-time—has ruined the merble which he believed to be plastic as clay to his rouch.

For this reason I im glad that the Senate has insied to pass the Reconstruction bill of the House. It is not sufficient merely to distranchise Rebois who deserve the numbiment, it is equally necessary to enfranchise loyal men, who have carned the right. It would be burbarism to leave them to the tender mercies of their ex masters. It is not should be burbarism to leave them to the tender mercies of their ex masters. It is not should be subtracted that the United states can protect them in such restoration, even through the Civil Rights such restoration, even through the Civil Rights

Bayard Tavior tells us that when the Russian persunt is wronged or coppressed, he only says:—
"God is high and the Emperor is too far off to lear," and submits. In such a condition of restoration the poor literated stave may think that God is indeed high, and will be compelled to understand that the contral Government is too far off to hear, and so submit. Who knows not the story of the slave who, in the

early and evil days of the war, came one day to the headquarters of a camp and demanded to see us gene-ral. Slaves were scarcely the fit visitors of an officer brilliant in array and mighty in power; but a mouse. you know, can be of service to a bon. This general was in difficulty, and this slave carried information that might add to his knowledge and serve his plans. So the charter was admitted.

Who knows not how the general, being in need of arms for his troops, this slave guided him to a place where were concealed ammunition and weapons manifold—conceased there by other hands and for another purpose than this—how, being strange to the country, this slave described its lay and its bear-ness, the paths to take, the roads to avoid, the masked batteries to escape, the strong points to hold—for actual knowledge, though a stave's, is better than theoretical planning though a general! then theoretical planning, though a general's-how for all this, the sole compensation he desired was a rifle and a chance to die, and the poor boon was denied him. How the next day, as he went up and down amid our so diers, and under the flag, a man came riding, hot with haste and rage, into the camp, and cemanded with oaths and revilings that his last to present the results are the sole of the compensation. and cemanded with oaths and revilings that his slave be instantly given over to his swift vengeance. Did none protest, did none belp, did none save? Oh, country, hide thy face which it is cold that from these soldiers he had armed, from this general he had assisted, not a hend was raised to prevent a fate which my lips tail justly to describe. This save, with a cnain on his leg, with a rope around his body, was tied to the saddle of his master, and under the hot Southern sun ran by his side across the seven intervening miles to his home; when the limbs intervening miles to his home; when the limbs was a rare restorative. Reaching it, his comrades and friends—hay, more, his mother—were collected and friends—nay, more, his mother—were confected to see the "example," collected around the stake to which was bound the poor body that sheltered this heroic and martyr sout. I cannot, cannot paint that seene! Great God! that such things were possible, and thy heavens hall not! but through the sound of failing blows, reviling ouths, and hideous blasphemy, through the affirehted and ghas ly stillness of his companions, there went up no cry for mercy, no shrick or pain, no wan of despair; but when the long teriure was passed, and balure had yielded to this work of flends, the dying face was turned towards his mother, the eyes dim with the yell that fails between time and efernity, seeing veil that fails between time and clother, her eyes with their latest gance—the voice not weak, but clear and strong even in death, spoke for her car. "Be of good cheer, mother; they can deher car." And even with the bonds, the free soul wanked with God.

With what weapon did we conquer in this war?

Every one knows, however many may be unwilling to confess, that it was Liberty! Through what pain did we was to victory and peace? Every one knows that it was through Emancipation had we not given freedem to the slaves we should have tought to de-feat or an exhaustion that would have consented to separation. Find we not received the aid and help or these same slaves, as informers, as guides, as spice as soldiers who shall say to what point the conflict would have been prolonged? What gratitude we owe them! More than the pre-ent is able to compute, and that only the suture can understand.

But in doing this for us they have entailed or themselves a more cruel persecution than their op

pressors ever inflicted upon them in the past. Wine the black was their slave they despised him. As their conqueror they hate him. Win the aistocrats on the South be quick to forget that they were compelled to fight with their own slaves at Port Hudson, Olestre, Milliken's Bend, at Wilson's whar, on the James through theorems and the Carolina. on the James, through Georgia and the Carolinas Nay, that they were again and again defeated and forced to surrender unto them. Will they fall to renember that into their conquered and burning capitals, into Charleston and Ricamond, the first troops to enter, wearing the blue uniform of the republic, bearing its banner, keeping step to the march of its music were black troops; many of them but a few months or years before, bond-thrails i

By saving us they have destroyed themselves, unless we protect them by seeing that they are ena-What abouttnation of cruelty would it be to use under the heef of the humbled and infuriated con

As one of them, two years since a slave in Charleston (John Finckney), wr tes, and I want you to (bserve the extraordinary language used, "They (the whites) will make freedom a curse to us, for we have no home, no land, no oath, no vote, and conse-quently no country; and it would be far better that he had never been born than to undergo the hard-ship and punishment that will be inflicted on us if we are left alone. May Heaven jorbid, and God Almighty protect us from the revenge of the Rebels and the President's policy?"

What was the record of the war through the days

in which that slave of whom I told you was sent back to slavery? The record was deleat, defeat, defeat—dishonor and death! Not until the nation put an end to these abominations, not until the slave was a man, not until we had learned and practised the first lesson of justice, did victory lead our armies to peace. The slave cried to God, and God heard him.

As the war did not triumph, think you a power

As the war did not triumph, think you a bower can endure that contains such discordant elements? Every black child apprenticed, torn from the arms of its mother, every black man hunted to death by the law or outside the law, every freed man of woman bought and sold in the market-place, every murder, ever riot, every massacre, cry to God against us. The bodies may be killed out the souls and their testingny cannot be killed. and their testimony cannot be killed. "Shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell

you that he will avenue them speedily."
Some talk of this as a matter of time, as though it were some phenomenou of human nature or the physical world over which they could have no possible influence or con rol. Now we have the power in our hand; now we can exercise it; now or never by us must this work be done. The effects of the President's policy are stamped

so pininy that he that runs may read them. These people of the South are more rampant, more bitter, more treasonable at present, if that is possible, than they were while the war was actively waged, and they were while the war was actively waged, and their leaders, and, whilst denouncing the unconstitutional acts of Congress, and the radical tractors of the North, clamor for their rights in the Government as though they had never gone to war to destroy that Government, nor stolen its money, nor rifled its arsenals, nor built micr-nal machines, to blow up its ships and men; nor set affeat pirates, to prey upon its commerce; nor crained its resources, nor destroyed its honest detenders, nor rifled its dead, nor statved its prisoners in leathsome charnel houses, through four years un-paralleled in the annals of time. What this policy is, can be only too well estimated

from those who support it, give it aid and comfort. Who date support this policy to-day? I quote from the record of speceles, papers, and letters. That Christian gentleman and eminent patriot, Robert E. e, supports it. The uchappy victim of a tyrana. North at Fortress Monroe, J. Davis, supports r Beauregard, Johnston, Toombs, Stephens, support it. Every man that pointed a Rebel rifle or fired a Rebei cannon, supports it. Every traitor in the North, who staid at home to open a fire in the read of our Government and armies, supports it. Proba-bly Tucker, John Booth's confederate, upon whose capture a reward is set, writes a letter from Canada to declare that this President, made by an assassiis coins an assassin's work, and he supports his olicy accordingly. Not very good company, my loyal triend, in which to be found.

Who optose it? That is essily answered Every in and of his country, every defender of the R-public, every lover of freedom rises up against it. I know that some men, claiming to call themselves Republicans, and to represent their party, support: Who are they? Such men as those responsible for the meeting to convene within these

walls to-morrow night.

Hungry office-seekers—men who sell their birthright of truth and maniness for a mess of pottage—
iankerers after the flesh-pots of Fgypt—men who
represent their party after the fashion of that honorable gentleman, Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and
Er. vowar, of Pennsylvania, requested again and again by the respective Legislatures of their States to resign the office they were degrading—these are the Republican supporters of the President's policy.

One word I wish to my to these sitters upon the ence—that this fence is setting narrowed down to such an excrucinningly fine and razor-like sharp-ness, that unless they speedily drop off on one side ness, that threes they specdity drop off on one side or the other, they will eventually be out in two.

What is needed to day, is that every one speak out in strong and indignant remonstrance against the course of these men, and the man they sup-port. Congress is heroic; but Congress can but foi-

low the will of the people. If the vaunted Loval Liegue of Philadelphia not merely lais to declare itself openly on the good side and in opposition to the infamous course of the President but through its officers refuses to take such stand. Congress may well say—"Philadelphia stancs not at our back." How should it know the temper of Philadelphia, or indeed of any part of the East, if that East speak not out strongly and boldly like unto the West?

Looking across this strange complication of difficulties, over this country, rent and torn by strile and dissension, over the respective positions of President, Congress, and people, I can think of saught unto which to liken them save a beleaguered fortress, with night closed down, the besieging armies encompled around its walls, its sentres pacing to and free on its parapet, alert and watchful. fro on its parapet, sleet and watchful.

As the homs are marked, the sentrice call across from point to point, "All's well! all's well!" as the

from point to point, "All's well! all's well!" as the night wears on to morning.

So, Congress—thack God for such a Congress!—sitting in Washington, a sailed by a cruel, a treacherous, a merciless fee, waits auxiously for its sentines, the States, the people of the States, to speaz.

I listen—I hear Congress at last cry its watchword, "Universal suffrage and universal justice;" and, as State after State receives and adopts it, I hear the cry round from point to point—from State to State—from Maine to Ca liornia—from the golden shores back to the stormy At'a.ite, "All's well! all's well!" Ob! great country; thy light crowns Apollo; the morning light dawns; the maton's elect; the smile of God iliumines thee, and all is well!

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