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The Muse.

[For the Louisvile Journal.]

THE PARTING.

BY AGNES LEONARD.

I've said a thousand times my heart,
With all its woe, might love no more—
That Memory ne'er from life could part.
Nor Love o'er haunt my soul's dark shore.
Yet now I know the ashes gray
But waited ere they sprung to flame
Until thy hand should tune my heart
To breathe forever thy dear name.

Yes, now I know the years that fled
And left my heart a lonely waste,
But vanished that, from ashes dead,
A fairer bloom might spring.
If I might tell thee all I feel,
And paint the rainbows in my heart,
Then thou wouldst know for woe or weal
I still am thine where ere thou art?

If I might pluck the faileless bloom
That blossoms in my life for thee,
To light thy earth life's weary gloom
I'd do it though twere death to me.
If all the joys I've lost or known,
If all the bliss I've hoped might be,
If all the maddening raptures flown
Were mine, I'd give them all to thee!

If rose crowned earth and star gemmed sky,
Their rarest treasures gave to me
And joy won'd come if I should die,—
I'd give them all and life to thee
I try to hush my pleading heart
And quell the rising memories there
To let thee quietly depart
And reason triumph o'er despair.

And yet a sad, wild anguish moan
Breaks like a maddened ocean wave,
A voice that sighs "Alone—alone
With memory and a hidden grave."
A voice of love across the hush
Of woe that locks my shaded breast—
A tiny plant no storm may crush,
A flower that breathes of peace and rest.

Forever Love's fair faileless bloom
Across my weary life will creep,
A star amid Fate's cruel gloom,
Until they lay me down to sleep.
Ah, it were madness now to dream
Of joys that yet lie vanished Past,
Of hopes that shed a transient gleam
"To bright, to beautiful to last."

For, oh, the smiles of fate have flown,
And I must say "Farewell" to thee—
Must hush my wrung heart's pleading moan
And turn me back to misery!
To memory by night and day
Falls cold and cheerless on my heart,
Nor wears the throbbing pulse away,
But whispers o'er how dear thou art?

And rings forever through my brain
A mangled song of hope and fear,
A note of joy—a cry of pain
A smile of bliss, a scalding tear;
And ever this the life hath past
And pulseless lie my heart and brain,
Thy love a radiant gleam shall cast
Across this parting's bitter pain.

A meteor o'er my life's dark sky,
A blossom on a desert place,
Will be the memory of thine eye—
The memory of thy worshipped face.
And when life's weary task is done,
Its pleasures and its sorrows o'er,
When earth is passed and heaven is won,
I'LL BE THY OWN FOREVERMORE!

Miscellaneous.

ANTI WAR SPEECH

OF

HON. THOS. H. SEYMOUR,

Democratic Candidate for Governor of Connecticut at the City Hall, Hartford, on Tuesday Evening, Feb. 10th, 1863.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I thank you for this kind reception, and cheerfully respond to your call for remarks from me. The time has come when we should all of us speak out and plainly discuss the questions which these unhappy days have given birth to. Neglect to do this may be a source of future regret. I do not mean to incur the penalty of any such regret if I can help it, and therefore, purpose speaking at your meetings whenever it may be proper to do so. I believe we have reached a crisis in public affairs when the boldest language will prove the best for the occasion and best for our country. We have got to deal with principalities and powers which need to be rebuked—and we have got to deal with men in power who should be told that there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. For the last eighteen months the people of the free States, so called, have suffered abuse at the hands of their rulers. It has now come the turn of the people to be heard. It has come their turn, not to render evil for evil, but to vindicate their rights under the Constitution, and by so doing overwhelm the men in authority who would abrogate those rights.—That is their mission, and it is a mission which I expect to see successfully accomplished.

You have come together, gentlemen, under somewhat better auspices than you have had to boast of in a long time. You have to-day the restoration of that freedom of speech which was denied to you a year ago. This is due, in a great measure, to the late elections. And this privilege is not only to be restored to you, but it cannot be taken away again. I would make oath to that.—Henceforth, my countrymen, never let orders from headquarters, come in what shape they may—never let such orders prevent you from asserting your right to discuss fully and freely, as you please, the affairs of government. Never! Another thing: I had hoped the day of illegal arrests was over. But the recent exhibition of the mailed hand, at the city of Philadelphia, proves that the will is not so wanting to restore the reign of terror. That exhibition of despotic power should be the last. Or, if the day of illegal arrests should come again with its bolts and bars and shackles for freemen, let freemen solemnly protest against such high-handed measures, and take their protests to the ballot-boxes. And if the ballot should fail to correct such enormities and preserve their liberties, then they may be driven to look for some other remedy.

Gentlemen, the bitter experiences of the past year have solved a new problem in our institutions. They have proved that the most dangerous of all experiments, under a form of government like ours, is that which aims to stifle the voice of a free people.—Such an experiment may be successful for a while, but it can't last. Forbidden to speak their free thoughts, they are driven to reflect more deeply than before on the value of their liberties. Their rights under the Constitution are studied over and over again; the audacious insolence of the bad men in power, who would deprive them of those rights, is sternly set before their eyes; the heroic example of their Revolutionary Fathers comes up before them, admonishing them that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance—and all at once the storm bursts forth, the soul asserts its independence, and the wronged, abused, insulted citizen is *free again*, and powerful to assert, maintain and defend his rights against the powers that be, though backed by a million of bayonets.—Such is the problem which has just now been solved in our very midst, and such the lesson which it furnishes to present and future generations. Reflection on the iniquitous proceedings of the government which suppressed free speech and a free press, and sought to punish men for suggesting *peaceful measures* as a means of saving the Union which we all had so much at heart—the result of their meditation on these things, is a clear, convincing, unanswerable, powerful and perfectly crushing argument against the present Administration.

There are many things that might be discussed on this occasion, if time would permit. As you have called me out, gentlemen, let me notice some few of them which go to strengthen the argument to which I have just referred. You all know how often it is remarked—this war might have have been prevented—and the reasons usually given for such a remark. Let us look into this very briefly, if I may do so without tiring you, and see how the case stands. I begin with the secession of South Carolina and the States which immediately followed her. When this occurred, it became a serious matter for the entire country. You had an army and navy in your hands, which some supposed should be launched at once against the South. More considerate men insisted on taking a different course. They chose to treat the act of disunion as a political rather than a military one—and deal with it accordingly. Of this number was Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, whose resolutions for saving the Union and preventing bloodshed are familiar to you all. These resolutions were acceptable to our conservative citizens generally, and if they had been adopted, as they should have been adopted, as they might have been, there would have been no war—the States would have been united, and we should have gone on again in a career of peace and prosperity and happiness. The assertion of the Northern opponents of these resolutions, that the South would not accept of them, is disproved by Gov. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, in his able letter on this subject. He has shown us that the leading Southern men in Congress, at that time, whose names are most obnoxious to the North, were willing to accept of the compromise as a finality.—They did, indeed, claim that they were entitled to something better; they believed they were entitled to the benefit of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, giving them an equal share in the territories. Nevertheless, for the sake of Peace, they would accept of the Crittenden bill, with the understanding that it should be a final adjustment of the difficulties between the slave and free States. Such was the state of the case when the bill came to a vote in Congress. It is scarcely necessary to ask who defeated the bill? The Republicans went against it in a solid phalanx, and it was killed. They had it in their power to pass the bill, but they would not; they defeated it, and by so doing took on themselves the consequences which might follow such a defeat. Some of them may have hesitated in the course they were taking on that occasion; but pressed on by ultras, who required "blood letting," the "peace measures" were thrown overboard, and our country swept along toward the brink of ruin.

But there is yet another chance to save the Union. Let us see how that was thrown away also. The next chance for saving this Union and preventing bloodshed, was the "Peace Conference" of March, 1861. That body came together some time early in March; it was composed of representatives from the border States, and from the Middle, Western and Northern States. The proceeding of this Conference were highly honorable to the ability and patriotism of the Border State delegates. They did what they could to save the Union. The part that Virginia took in those proceedings was a purely national one, as everybody could see. Though smarting from the effects of the John Brown raid, she, nevertheless, showed herself anxious to keep the peace, whatever might be said of others. But in vain. The Conference broke up without having accomplished anything; it was a failure.

And who, let me ask, are responsible for that failure? Who prevented the conference from adopting the measures which were needed to prevent a fratricidal war? The same class of men who defeated the Crittenden bill. They defeated the peace proposition of the conference. Unfortunately for the country the delegates from the Free States appear to have been selected by Republican Governors on account of their known hatred of these men to compromises of all kinds. Those who were sent from this State voted, with one exception against the peace measures of the conference. That assembly, which for a brief period had given us some hopes of preserving the Union, broke up in despair—and the brink of destruction seemed reached at last. Another failure to restore harmony, and the ruin would be complete. It seemed to be predetermined that there should be another failure any way, and the gulf of perdition reached at last. But before I come to the last and worse phase of this question, a single word as to certain conservative opinions which began to prevail after the Administration went into power.

Shortly after Mr. Lincoln was sworn into office the question began to be seriously debated as to whether a sovereign State could be rightfully coerced by force of arms.—I am not going into the discussion of it at the present time. I only wish to remind you that such a question was raised and that the negative of it was ably sustained by men of great worth and ability—and by no one more ably than by your worthy fellow-citizen, Mr. Eaton. It was proved beyond controversy, that the founders of the Constitution never provided, nor intended to provide, for any such military schemes as are now on foot for the conquest of the Southern States. Never! On the contrary it was shown that the founders of that instrument voted down every proposition of the sort. All this was proved and more than I need trouble you with at this time. Now what I mean to say is this, before I come to another matter—that these undeniable proofs of the true intent and meaning of the Constitution on the subject of coercion, or force, ought to have impressed men in power at Washington, with the absolute necessity for using great forbearance in their dealings with the Seceded States. For a while these considerations may have had some weight with them—but they were soon to give way for others.

This brings me to speak of one chance more, which, if it had been rightfully improved, might have averted the horrors of war. We shall see how that was thrown away also and the Union dashed on the rocks It so happened that the whole question of peace or war was destined to turn on one point—and that a fort in Charleston harbor. By a concurrence of circumstances, Fort Sumpter became the point upon which the very existence of the Union hinged. But, in comparison with the worth of the Union, and the direful evils which might follow a serious collision in that quarter, the fort was of little consequence to anybody. A collision between the State and Federal troops, should, if possible, have been avoided. All that was wanted was to gain time for reason to have its turn. The Government might go on with its blockade, but it should do nothing to provoke the shedding of blood. Now it was seen, and plainly seen, that any attempt to reinforce Fort Sumpter would prove the very crisis which some of the best men in the country wished to avoid. And this was not only seen, but the Federal authorities at the Capital gave their pledge to Justice Campbell, of the Supreme Court of the United States, that no such attempt should be made to reinforce Fort Sumpter! In proof of this I refer you to the Judge's letter published in the *Journal of Commerce* and other papers some two months after the war broke out. "Put not your faith in Princes." The pledge I have just referred to had scarcely been made when measures were actually taken by the Federal authorities for doing what seemed to be the very thing which the Government had agreed not to do. A government flotilla was sent to Charleston harbor, somewhere between the 10th and 15th of April, 1861—and sent there for what? It was sent there to accomplish a certain purpose—and that purpose was to *draw the fire* of Fort Moultrie, in occupation of Southern troops, in order that the Federal authorities and the men who were urging them to "blood letting," might have the overt act they required to justify a declaration of war against the South. Their plan succeeded and we were pushed over the brink of ruin, and plunged into the very vortex of horribly destructive, awful and ruinous civil war the end of which no man can tell.

Having done with occurrences which preceded the war, let me briefly revert to what has since taken place. The war having been inaugurated, we were told that it was to be a war for the Constitution and the Union.—I deny that it has been a war for either.—This denial you will find sustained by almost every leading act of the Administration since the first blow was struck. From the moment troops were first ordered to Washington, in April, 1861 the Constitution has scarcely been regarded at all by the men in power Some of their most zealous supporters more than half admit this. But, say they, the South having broken the Constitution, we are no longer bound by it.—This confession, if it amounts to anything at all, is a virtual impeachment of the President, who has taken an oath to support, maintain and defend the Constitution of the United States. Nothing has occurred, that I know of, since he took the oath, to release him from its solemn obligations. I repeat it this has not been a war for the Constitution and the Union, but one fearfully destructive of both. Look for a moment at the numerous violations of the Constitution, to which we have all been witnesses, in the past year, and tell me how much of that instrument is left, or how much nearer are we to restoring the Union than the day the battle cry first went forth? Is it strange that the people of the South should hesitate about returning to a Government which is continually striking down the dearest righis of the citizen? The moment the war power began to make itself felt, State rights were set at naught. We had a daring illustration of this early in the contest, when the Federal authorities directed the seizure of telegraphic dispatches—an order which ought to have been resisted by an appeal to the courts. But this is nothing to what followed. Next we had arbitrary arrests, the search of houses and seizure of private papers, without the authority of law; then came the suspension of the *habeas corpus*; and lastly, martial law, which is no law at all, but the will of some despot, was extended over a people remote from the theatre of war. And as if these things were not enough to break down a free people, a bill is introduced into Congress, which threatens to take from them what little is left of their liberties. I refer to the Senate's military bill, for the organization of the malitia—a bill which if it should become a law, would annihilate State Sovereignty, and place our citizens at the feet of Executive power. If, fellow citizens, the spirit of your patriotic fathers yet burns in your bosoms, your indignant remonstrance against these things should be loudly proclaimed.

I should be glad to say something of the arbitrary arrests, of the imprisonment of unoffending citizens in American Bastiles, a dark chapter in the history of this afflicted country; but what I would say of these outrages must be reserved for a future occasion. They were borne in silence a long while, and the wonder is that they were borne as long as they were. It seemed for a while as if the people were dead, almost to a sense of their rights and liberties, and incapable of asserting either. But they were aroused at last.

But, sir, we might have gone on in this way, regardless of the true condition of things, but for another act of supreme folly or something worse. The people lay prostrate in the dust, hugging the chains that bound them, cheated into the belief that this chastisement was for their good and beguiled by the falsehood that war was not waged for the purpose interfering with the domestic institutions of the South, or the rights of the States, but for some other purpose; they might, I say, have gone on in this way, making any and every sacrifice for the cause, as explained to them, if it had not been for the Abolition proclamation of the 24th of September. That opened their eyes and aroused their indignation, and that it is which has done much towards correcting public opinion as to the true character and real purposes of the war.

But, gentlemen, the Proclamation has not been exposed, as it should have been. It has only been occasionally denounced, when it should have been everywhere, often and loudly rebuked. I propose saying a few words about it before I take my seat. There are two features of it which are open to the severest condemnation. In the first place it encourages the blacks to rise and murder their masters. There is no getting away from this. Now I do not apprehend there is any danger of such a rising of blacks except where the Federal arms may have penetrated on some day next week, or next month—but there is the damned license to initiate a series of atrocities at the South which, if once begun, and it were possible they could become general, would convert that portion of our country into another San Domingo.

But, sir there is another feature of it scarcely less revolting to my mind than the one just named, That feature is this; Your soldiers, many of them from New England, worthy young men brought up under the droppings of the sanctuary, and taught, I suppose, to love mercy and hate iniquity, these men formed into battalions and regiments and sent South to follow their leaders wherever ordered, are forbidden by the Proclamation to interfere in cases of servile insurrection. In other words they are to stand with folded arms whilst the black population seek the destruction of the whites.—I do not believe the troops could refrain from interfering in such an emergency, but the barbarous decree to them is, "hands off." Well now let me ask, what is the history of our relations with the people of the South? In the better days of the Republic, they came amongst us, their sons and daughters came with them to be educated. "brought hither their genius to be kindled at our fires," Here their young men married, and with their northern wives returned to the plantations to spend the rest of their days. And young men of the North went South also, and married there and grew to love, the good people of that country, who took them by the hand, and helped them forward in the world. And let me tell you sir, that to-day there is probably a million south of the "invidious line" whose ancestors are buried in your grave-yards, or whose grand-parents and brothers and sisters are residing at the North. And your troops the kindred blood still trickling in their veins are to be made the unwilling instrument. Is not this game of carrying into effect a proclamation of the most uncalled-for and barbarous character! Sir, I have no language to characterize it as it deserves.—Thank God New York has rebuked it; Ohio has rebuked it; New Jersey and Pennsylvania have rebuked it; Iowa and Wisconsin have rebuked it; and in less than two months Connecticut will rebuke it in such tones of thunder as shall be heard from Maine to New Orleans.

But there is one other topic I would notice before quitting this subject. These despotic acts of which I have spoken, and especially the last one, are justified on the ground of "State necessity." The doctrine of State necessity was admirably exposed and torn to pieces years ago by the eloquent Senator from New Hampshire, and true patriot, the Hon. Franklin Pierce, since President of the United States. I regret that I have not his speech by me, that I might give you an extract from it, which would be more to the purpose than anything I can say.

This plea of State necessity, which is sometimes called the "tyrants plea," has no business in the affairs of freemen. Certainly, it is a plea which never should be tolerated under a constitutional form of government. Where there is a written constitution, we must abide by that, or go staight to a despotism. The man, therefore, in government affairs, who sets up such a plea as the one named, as an excuse for acts not sanctioned by law, violates his oath of office; and though he may have been misled by bad advisers, cannot escape the consequences of such an act.

I pass over the numerous infractions of the constitution, some of which I referred to only a few moments since, and take what, in some respects is the worst of all, the Proclamation of Emancipation, and ask you to look at this as it is. It presents us the military necessity of the case. Sir, it was precisely this kind of military necessity which dictated the employment of the "merciless wrongs" to butcher your forefathers. This was justified by Lord Suffolk, in the British Parliament on the ground that the government should employ all the means that "God and nature" had put in its hands for suppressing the wicked rebellion. The indignant reply of Lord Chatham is familiar to every school boy. "What ideas," said the "great commoner," "the noble Lord may have of God and nature, I know not, but this I do know, that such sentiments as he avowed, are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity." It was some plea of this sort that laid Wyoming in ashes, and at a later day, and in the memory of most of us, promoted the massacre of Texan prisoners at the Alamo. And coming down to the case before us, it is the plea of the haters of the South who will be satisfied with nothing less than its destruction.

It is from doctrines like these the people, without distinction of party, turn away with undissembled horror and disgust, and seek, in the ranks of your political organization, the means of putting an end to such ultraism, and of inaugurating a new and better policy, which shall have some kind of foundation in Gospel precepts. In no other way fellow citizens, can I account for the recent victories in New York and other States.—The mistakes, the errors, the follies and the worse than blunders of the Lincoln Administration are by those victories signally rebuked or the ballot is a mere sham, and much of the great events of no more consequence than the shifting sands of the desert.

But, fellow citizens, I have something more to say of this before I quit this stand. If ever there was a time to speak out and speak plainly, *now* is that time—to-morrow may be too late. I ask no one to be responsible for anything I have said or for what else I may have to say. I stand here to give free utterance to my thoughts, on the present crisis in our national affairs, without fear or favor of any man, and as God is my Judge, and not any worm of the dust, I mean to be true to my convictions of what I believe to be right in this matter, let the consequences be what they may. Now, my conviction is that these elections of which I have spoken mean something more than appears on the face of election returns or in the platforms of the triumphant party. They have a deeper meaning still—and if not, if I am mistaken in this—then I have no business here, and should take my leave of you forthwith. Nay, if they have not a deeper and better meaning than is to be found in any special endorsement of the war policy, you may close the map of the Union at once, for henceforth it will only be wanted to find the grave of the republic.

But they do mean something more, something which should arouse us to a sense of present duties, and turn our thoughts in a new direction. I see in them the mission of the hour. These popular uprisings are not merely special in their character, but broad and general as the universal air, and sweep, as the wings of the archangel, the vast horizon of the mal-administration, and of horrible battle-fields. The true meaning of this is that the people are sick of this horrible fratricidal war, and demand that it should be speedily terminated. I avow myself opposed to it, and ask for a cessation of hostilities. It is vain to protest against illegal arrests and wicked proclamations, if you have got a war policy that justifies both. I cannot for the life of me see how great wrongs are to be redressed, and the Union re-established, whilst measures are on foot which render it impossible to accomplish either on the war plan. Now I am for redressing these wrongs, and doing what can be done for Union cause. I am for getting back the Southern States by fair and honorable means, if such a thing be possible; and I hope for the best. And I want to get them back as they were. I don't want conquered, blood-drenched States, with their ruined homes, and a weeping population to make a Union for me? Such kind of a Union would be a mockery of the name.—The Union I desire is a union of hearts and of hands, such as our fathers gave us.—When the great Irish orator, Edmund Burke took the part of America in 1775 he denounced the British policy which would destroy "The Plantations." "My opinion," said he, "is much more in favor of prudent management, than of force; the use of force is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again. A further objection to force is, that you impair the object by your every endeavors to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing you recover, but depreciated, sunk, wasted and consumed in the contest." And then raising his voice, "till the old arches of Irish oak resounded" to his trumpet tones, he exclaimed, in never-to-be-forgotten words—"*Nothing less will satisfy me than* WHOLE America!" Apply these noble sentiments to the case before us, and we shall be at no loss what course to pursue. In the spirit of the great apostle of Constitutional liberty and of an enlightened humanity—if I may dare to take his language on my lips, I now say, nothing less will satisfy me *than the whole Southern States.*

But I do not expect to get them back as *they were*, by sacrificing hetacombs to the demon of Northern fanaticism, or in any such way. The voice of the people, speaking through their public servants and thro' such journals and Christian pulpits, of which there are some few left—that voice demands something better than the extermination of a kindred race. This is the true vox populi vox Dei of the hour—the only interpretation we have had of it since the war began, and for one I give ear to its voice—for it is the voice of Peace and good will to man. Its demand is for peace, fraternity, brotherhood; for a Union based on the rights guaranteed to us by our fathers, such a Union as the sword can never purchase, establish or maintain.

Fellow-citizens, I will detain you no longer. There are a thousand things which the crisis demands should be said—and they may be said as we get further in the campaign. I am in for this campaign—and I trust it may be a successful one. You have suffered much for opinion's sake since the clash of arms was first heard, and have had some experience in the dark days which civil war brings on one's country. Some of you have been often reviled, persecuted and abused in your business, and in your neighborhoods—and even threatened with violence. But possessing your souls in patience, you have risen above all this, and are now rewarded by a change of public opinion which brings with it hope of better days. True, it is winter yet—*but spring, is not far off!*

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming;
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming!
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may stand in sorrow,
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow!

KILL 'EM!—The *Tribune* reports that at the caucus, in Hartford, the night before the Convention which nominated Seymour met, the Hon. James Gallagher, of New Haven spoke of the arrests made by this tyrannical administration, and in connection with the subject said: "We shall say to the Government, 'Lay hands on a citizen of Connecticut, and, by the gods, you shall die, or I will!'" He said. "A friend of mine asked me what I would do, if Marshal Carr should undertake to arrest me. I said, 'I would kill him—damn him! I would kill him!' And I say to you, if one of these infamous whelps should attempt to arrest any of you, without due process of law, kill 'em, damn 'em, kill 'em!" [Cries of "kill 'em, damn 'em, kill 'em!" all over the house.]

☞ The negro orator, Fred. Douglas, gave a lecture or a speech at the Cooper Institute, New York, a few days ago, on the President's Proclamation. Among other things he said: "Since the utterance of this proclamation I have grown taller, and felt whiter, and comb my hair with much less difficulty."

THE COMPLETE OVERTHROW OF PUBLIC LIBERTIES.

This is the darkest hour since the outbreak of the rebellion. Congress, by the act passed yesterday authorizing the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus throughout the whole extent of the country, has consummated its series of measures for laying the country prostrate and helpless at the feet of one man. It was not enough that Mr. Lincoln has been invested with the purse and the sword; that, with an immense power to raise or manufacture money, he has unrestricted command of the services of every able-bodied man of the country, Congress has thought it necessary to give the finishing stroke to its establishment of a military despotism by removing all checks on the abuse of the enormous monetary and military power with which they have clothed the President. What assurance has the country that we will ever have another presidential election? None whatever, except what may be found in the confidence, reasonable or unreasonable reposed in the rectitude and patriotism of Mr. Lincoln. If any person, in any part of the country, shall think it his duty to resist unconstitutional encroachments on the rights of citizens, Mr. Lincoln is authorized, by what purports to be a law, to snatch up that individual and immure him in one of the government bastiles as long as he shall see fit, and there is no power in the land to call him to an account.—He can send one of his countless provost-marshalls into the house of a Governor of a state, or any other citizen, in the dead of night, drag him from his bed, hustle him away under the cover of darkness, plunge him into a distant and unknown dungeon, and allow his friends to know no more of the whereabouts of his body than they would of the habitation of his soul, if instead of imprisoning, the provost-marshall had murdered him. With this tremendous power over the liberty of every citizen whom he may suspect, or whom he may choose to imprison without suspecting, the President is as absolute a despot as the Sultan of Turkey. All the guarantees of liberty are broken down; we all lie at the feet of one man dependent on his caprice for every hour's exemption from a bastile. If he wills it, the state governments may continue in the discharge of their functions; but if he will it, every one of them that does not become his submissive and subservient tool can be at once suspended by the imprisonment of its officers. Considering the enormous power conferred on the President, by the finance and conscription bills, a reasonable jealousy would have erected additional safeguards against its abuse. Instead of that, Congress has thrown down all the barriers and left us absolutely without shelter in the greatest violence of the tempest.

So far as the detestable act passed yesterday is an act of indemnity to shield the President from the legal consequences of past excercises of arbitrary power, it is a confession that, his secretaries, provost-marshalls and other minions have been acting in violation of law. It annuls all laws passed by the State Legislatures for the protection of their citizens against kidnapping; it provides for taking all suits for damages out of the State courts and transferring them to the Federal tribunals, and before those tribunals the fact that the injury complained of was done under color of executive authority is declared to be a full and complete defense. It even inflicts penalties on persons coming before the courts for redress of injuries, by declaring that if they are not successful the defendant shall recover double costs So that the aggrieved party must take the risk of this penalty for venturing to ascertain, in a court of justice, whether his oppressor was or was not acting under the authority of the President. To this alarming pass have matters come, that not only does every citizen hold his liberty at the mercy of one man, but he is liable to be punished for inquiring whether the person arresting him really possessed, or only falsely pretended to possess, that man's authority!

The attempt to disguise the odious character of this detestable act by a sham provision in its second section is an insult to the intelligence of the people. The Secretary of State and the Secretary of War," so it reads, "are directed, *as soon as may be practicable*," to furnish to the judges of the courts lists of the names of the persons arrested, that they may be presented to a grand jury for indictment. And who is to judge of this practibility? Why the Secretaries themselves, or the President for them. They will furnish such lists whenever it suits their pleasure, and not before There is not only *no penalty* for neglecting to do this altogether, but the main purpose of the act is to protect these officers, and all persons acting under their directions against all legal penalties for all arrests wherever made, and all detentions in prison however long protracted.

The ninety days during which Congress has now been in session are the last ninety days of American freedom. Our liberties had previously been curtailed and abridged by executive encroachments, but the courts remained open for redress of wrongs. But this Congress has rendered their overthrow complete, by first putting the purse and sword in the hands of the President, and then assuring him of complete impunity in all abuses of this enormous, this dangerous, this tremendous power.—*N. Y. World of March 3rd.*