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AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

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OFFICE, No. 156 Fourth street, corner of Cherry alley, Pittsburgh, Pa. au11:dawly

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C. B. M'SMITH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed to KUHN'S LAW BUILDINGS, No. 91 Diamond street, next door to St. Peter's Church. my16:dly

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MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 23, 1861.

Great Speech of Wendell Phillips on the War.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was greeted, on Thursday evening, at Cooper Hall, New York, by an immense audience, of the most respectable citizens of New York. The New York *Herald* had tried for several days to provoke a mob, but it utterly failed in its diabolical efforts. We should be glad to give our readers the whole speech, but must content ourselves with a few extracts:

THE WAR MUST BE SUSTAINED.

You and I come here to-night not to criticise, not to find fault with the Cabinet. We come here to recognize the fact, that in moments like these, the statesmanship of the Cabinet is but a pine shingle upon the rapids of Niagara, borne which way the great popular heart and the national purpose direct. It is in vain, with these scenes about us in this crisis, to endeavor to create public opinion; too late now to educate twenty millions of people. Our object now is to concentrate and to manifest, to make evident and to make intense the matured purpose of the nation. We are to show the world, if it be possible to show it, that democratic institutions are strong enough for such an hour as this! Very terrible as is this conspiracy, monstrous as is the peril, democracy welcomes the struggle [applause], confident that she stands like no delicately-poised throne in the old world, but, like the pyramid, on her broadest base, able to be patient with the national evil, patient with the long forbearance of three generations, and strong enough when, after that rebellion, they reveal themselves in their own inevitable and hideous proportions, to pronounce and execute the unanimous verdict—Death! [sensation.] Now, gentlemen, it is in such a spirit, with such purpose, that I come before you to-night to sustain this war.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

If you will look upon them, and notice that every slave State has joined the rebellion, and no free State has done it, I think we shall not doubt substantially the origin of this convulsion. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you know me—those of you who know me at all—simply as an Abolitionist. I am proud and glad that you should have known me as such. [Applause.] In the twenty-five years that are gone—I say it with no wish to offend any man before me—but in the quarter of a century that has passed I could find no place where an American could stand with decent self-respect except with the constant, uncontrollable and loud protest against the sin of his native land. [Applause.] But, ladies and gentlemen, do not imagine that I come here to-night to speak simply and exclusively as an Abolitionist. My interest in this war is simply and exclusively as an Abolitionist; it about as much now as yours in the novel when the hero has wooed and won the lady and married her. [Laughter and applause.] I know the danger of political prophecy, but for all that I venture to offer my opinion that on this continent the system of domestic slavery has received its death blow. [Loud and long-continued applause.]

A RESURRECTED NORTH.

Be the North craven and contented until now, like mammon, seeing nothing even in heaven but the golden pavement, to-day she throws off her chains. We have a North, as Daniel Webster said. This is nothing for nations to blush at. England might blush in 1625, when Englishmen trembled at a fool's frown, and were silent when James forbade them to think, but not in 1649, when an outraged people cut off his son's head. Massachusetts might have blushed a year or two ago when an insolent Virginian, standing on Bunker Hill, insulted the Commonwealth, and then dragged her citizens to Washington to tell him what they know about John Brown; but she has no reason to blush to-day when she holds that same insolent Senator an acknowledged Federal prisoner. [Uproarious applause.] In my view the bloodiest war that ever raged is definitely better than the happiest slavery that ever fattened men into obedience. [Cheers.]

TRUE PEACE IS FOUNDED IN JUSTICE.

And yet I love peace. But it is real peace; not peace such as we have had; not peace that meant lynch law in the Carolinas and mob law in New York; not peace that meant chains around Boston Court House, a gag on the lips of statesmen, and the slave sobbing himself to sleep in curses. No more such sleep for me—no peace that is not born of injustice, and does not recognize the rights of every race and every man. [Loud cheering.]

THE DANGERS OF THE WAR.

But let me remind you of another tendency of the time. You know, for instance, that the writ of habeas corpus, by which Government is bound to render a reason to the Judiciary before it lays its hands upon a citizen, has been called the high-water mark of English liberty. The present Napoleon, in his treatise on the English Constitution, calls it the germ of English institutions. Lieber says that that, with free meetings like this, and a free press, are the three elements which distinguish liberty from despotism, and all that Saxon blood has gained in the battles and toils of 200 years are these three things. Now to-day, Mr. Chairman, every one of them—habeas corpus, the right of free meeting, and free press—is annihilated in every square mile of the Republic. We live to-day, every one of us, under martial law or mob law. The Secretary of State puts into his Bastile, with a warrant as irresponsible as that of Louis, any man whom he pleases, and you know that neither press nor lips may venture to arraign the Government without being silenced. Mark me, I am not complaining; I do not say it is not necessary. It is necessary to do anything to save the ship. [Loud applause.] It is necessary to throw everything overboard that we may float. It is a mere question whether you prefer the despotism of Washington or that of Richmond, and I prefer that of Washington. [Laughter and applause.] But nevertheless, I point out to you this tendency, because it is momentous in its significance. We are tending with rapid strides—you say inevitable; I don't deny it, necessarily; I don't question it—we are tending to that strong Government, which frightened Jefferson; toward that unlimited debt, that endless army; we have already those alien and sedition laws which, in 1798, wrecked the Federal party, and summoned the Democratic into existence.

Why, there is no single right that Government finds itself able to protect except the right of a man to his slaves. Every other bulwark has fallen before the necessities of the hour. Now, understand me, I don't complain of this state of things, but it is momentous. I only ask you that out of this peril you be sure to get something worthy of the crisis you have passed. No Government of free mind could stand many such trials as this. I only paint you the picture in order, like Hotspur, to say, "Out of this nettle Danger he you right eminently sure that you pluck the flower Safety." Well, now, standing in such a crisis, certainly it commands us that we should endeavor to find the root of the difficulty, and that now once for all we should put it beyond the possibility of its troubling our peace again. We cannot afford as Republicans to run this risk. The vessel of State—her timbers are strained beyond almost the possibility of surviving. The tempest is on! This hour demands the strongest pilot to outblow. We cannot afford this; we are not to omit anything that can save this ship of State from a second danger of the kind. Well, now, what shall we do?

WHAT SHALL WE DO!

Government is not our dictator. It might do for Rome—a horde of beggars and soldiers. I demand of the Government a policy. I demand of the Government to show to the doubting infidels of Europe that the Democracy is not only strong enough for the control, but that she breeds men with brains large enough to comprehend the hour, and wills hot enough to fuse the purpose of nineteen millions for safety and for union. You may ask, how would you have it done? I would have it done by Congress. John Quincy Adams declares that Congress has all the powers incident to carrying on war. But this is not an incidental power. It is a power conferred by the Constitution. But the moment it is exercised, it rises above the limits of Constitutional agency. I know it is a grave thing to trust a government with despotism. It was a grave power in 1807, when Congress abolished commerce; when by the decree of Thomas Jefferson no ship could quit New York or Boston. Congress set no limit. They forbade commerce. New England said, is that Constitutional? The Supreme Court said, Yes. New England bowed and sat down. Her wharves were worthless. Her ships rotted. Her merchants were beggared. She asked no compensation. The ordinary powers of Congress carried bankruptcy from New Haven to Portland. The Supreme Court said it was legal, and New England bowed her head. We commoned the same cup to Carolina to-day. We say to her that in order to save the Government there resides somewhere despotism. It is in the war powers of Congress. That despotism can change the social arrangements of the Southern States. It has a right to do it. Every man of you who talks of the emancipation of the slave allows that it would be conclusive if it were over used. You allow that when it is militarily necessary, we may use it. What we claim is, that in the hour of our institutions we are not bound to the alternative of the courage of a General. Our forefathers left us with no such miserable plan of government. They—gave us a government with a power, in such times as these, of doing anything that would save the helm of State in the hands of its citizens. We could cede the Carolinas. Would to God we could shove them into the Atlantic! [Applause.] We could cede a State; we could do anything for the time being. And no theory of government can deny the power of the Government to exercise most unlimited power in danger. The only alternative is this: Do you prefer the despotism of your own citizens, or of foreigners? That is the only question in civil war. Now this government which abolished my right of habeas corpus, which strikes down, because it is necessary, every Saxon bulwark of liberty, which proclaims martial law, which holds every dollar and every man at the will of the Cabinet—do you turn round and tell me that this same Government has no power to stretch its hands across the Potomac and root up the evil which, for seventy years, has troubled its peace, and now culminates in this rebellion? On what theory? I maintain, therefore, the power of the Government itself to inaugurate a policy; and I say, in order to save the Union, do justice to the black. [Applause.]

WHAT IS WANTED IS JUSTICE.

I say then, first as a matter of justice to the slave, we owe it to him, the day of his deliverance has come. The long promise of seventy years is to be fulfilled. The South drew a check from the pledge. The North is bound, in honor of the memory of her fathers to demand its exact fulfillment, and again to save the Union, which means justice and peace; to recognize the rights of 4,000,000 of its victims. Justice, which at this hour is crasier than Saxon sword, more statesmanlike than Cameron; justice, which appeals from the cabinets of Europe to the people; justice, which abuses the proud and lifts up the humble—to all cry of demagogues asking for boldness I respond with the cry of "Justice, immediate, absolute justice!" And if I dared, to descend to a lower level, I should say to the merchants of this metropolis: Do you love the Union? Do you really think those on the other side of the Potomac were natural brothers and customers of the manufacturing and mechanical ingenuity of the North? I tell you that, certain as fate God has written the safety of that relation in the same scroll with justice to the negro. The hour strikes! You may win the negro. You may anticipate the South. You may save 12,000,000 of customers. Delay it; let God grant McClellan victory; let God grant the stars and stripes over New Orleans; and it is too late. Jefferson Davis will summon that same element to his aid, and twelve millions of customers are added to Lancashire and to Lyons. And then commences that war of tariffs, embittered by that other bitter war of angry nationalities, and in 25 or 30 years we shall be divided, weakened, blindly with intestine struggle.

THE DANGER FROM ENGLAND.

There stands England—the most selfish and treacherous of modern Governments. [Great applause.] Upon the other side of the Potomac stands a statesmanship hedged by personal and selfish interests that cannot be matched. Between them, they have but one object; it is, in the end, to divide the Union. Hitherto, the negro has been a hated question. The earth, our Union moves majestically on its path and shuts him out, in eclipse from the sunlight of equality and happiness. He has changed his position to-day. He stands between us and the sun of safety and prosperity. You and I are together on the same platform, upon the same plank—our object, to save the institutions which our fathers planted, to save them in the service of justice, in the service of peace, in the service of liberty. In that service, we demand of the Government at Washington that they should mature and announce a purpose. That flag, lowered at Sumter, that fight at Bull Run, will rankle in the heart of the Republic for centuries. Nothing will ever medicine that wound but for the Government to announce to the world that it knows well whence came its trouble and is determined to effect its cure, and consecrating the banner of Liberty to plant it upon the shores of the gulf. [Applause.]

THE PLEDGE MADE BY OUR FATHERS.

But for me, I would stand by the pledge our fathers made when they said: "We will guarantee to every State a republican form of government." To our fathers, theirs, and to their fathers, mine promised that in the contingencies of the future they would rest to it that free institutions should be preserved in the several States. I mean to try to fulfill that pledge. I demand it of the Government to announce to the world what they never have done yet. I do not wonder at England's want of sympathy with us. The Tyro, said of "I am fighting for Slavery." The North says, "I am not fighting against it." Why should she interfere? Mr. Russell may leap up and acknowledge them as belligerents almost before he has heard their name; but the English people have no point upon which to hang their sympathy. I would have the Government announce to the world that we know this to be an evil which has so troubled us for years; we know its character; we know that it is unlike democracy; but we believe that this Government is strong enough to allow evils to work out their death, and strong enough to face them when they presume to interfere with us. It was in the consciousness of strength, and not in weakness, that our fathers, when they framed this Government, admitted the existence of Slavery, and tolerated it, until the viper which we thought we might safely tread on, at the first touch of disappointment starts up with its poison fangs. But our cheeks do not blanch. Democracy accepts the struggle, conscious of its forbearance for three generations, confident that she yet has the power to execute her will. She sends her summons to the Gulf, "Freedom to every man beneath the stars, and death to every institution which disturbs the past, or that threatens the future of the Republic." [Applause.]

From the Upper Potomac.

WILLIAMSPORT, Dec. 20.—Last night a party of the Connecticut 5th and Lieut. Rickett's battery men went over in skiffs and burned the mill at Dam No. 5, which had been occupied by the rebels as a stronghold. They captured some guns, tools for breaking up the dam, blankets, &c.

Two deserters from Jackson's army arrived here yesterday, giving some important information. Jackson, it is said, has been promoted to the command of the whole valley of Virginia, and that he has five regiments on the Neck, opposite here, with fifteen guns.

All quiet this morning.

Col. Leonard arrested a man yesterday under suspicious circumstances, and supposed to be a spy.

LETTERS FROM HILTON HEAD.

Special Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., Dec. 12, 1861.

Since I wrote you last Stevens' brigade has moved up to Beaufort, and now occupies Port Royal Island, the General's head-quarters being at Beaufort. This brigade consists of the Michigan 8th, N. Y. 79th, 50th Pa., (Col. Christ,) and the Roundhead regiment. The men were all glad of the change, and I think they have bettered their position materially.

No opposition was made to their landing at Beaufort. During the night after their landing, however, one of the pickets, (of the Pa. 50th) was shot at and killed, by some Secession sneak, and the next day all the troops excepting 500 of one of the regiments were ordered to scour the island thoroughly and occupy the ferry landing on the opposite side of the island. Since then no Secession troops have been seen and the pickets have been unmolested.

The white inhabitants of the island had all left. Not one was to be found. The houses were deserted, just as the owners occupied them, everything being left behind in the hurry to get away. Great care has been taken to prevent pillage of the premises thus abandoned; but in vain. Every body wants some "secesh" trophy to send home, and everything easily handled or concealed has been snapped up and secreted until a good opportunity occurs for getting it North.

The planters' houses on most of these sea islands are handsome, comfortable and substantial residences. Many of them are very tastily fitted up, and we are evidently occupying the wealthiest and most flourishing part of South Carolina.

Beaufort was the summer resort of the aristocracy of the State. Here they show you the villas of Rhett, Barnwell, Pinckney, and the other names so familiar to northern ears in connection with various politics; and on learning that this house, or that, belonged to some one or other of the men whose names have grown historical, it would seem as if the whole State clustered here as at a common point of concentration.

And so, probably, it did. At least the wealthy ruling part of it. Beaufort was thus the Newport of the State. The sea bathing was good, and the town itself a delightful one, for situation; and they have, themselves, adorned and beautified it, so that it is really attractive place. Our occupancy of it, however, will most likely spoil it forever. The southern nabobs will not again cluster at a place so easily captured from them by the hated "Yankees."

The journey from here to Beaufort, a distance of about 12 miles, is a quite pleasant one. The channel lies between verdant islands, the shores dotted here and there with cosy-looking residences; and at every foot of your progress you are reminded by some new object in the ever changing scene, that is the oldest, the best settled, the most beautiful and wealthiest part of South Carolina. At many places along the shores, on Port Royal and St. Helena Islands, the remains of some relic of the early Huguenot settlements on these islands are pointed out, the historical heightening the romantic interest of the scene.

The government has taken some steps to collect the cotton left unpathored or unsold by the runaway inhabitants; but every now and then we see a huge column of black smoke arising on the horizon inland, showing that some fanatical partisan has set fire to his pile of cotton to prevent it falling into our hands. Very much has been destroyed in this way; but still a considerable portion will fall into our hands. An agent has been appointed to superintend the collection of it; and he can have any amount of "contraband" help he requires.

Those who talk about the attachment of the slaves to their masters would be the better of passing an hour or two among these contrabands. I crossed over, the other day, to Bay Point, in a boat rowed by a "contraband" crew, who were exulting in the delights of their freedom. After singing one of their weird songs, in which they keep time to the measured stroke of their oars, the chief singer of the party broke out with a "Whew! De whole State of Souf Car'lin'a can't afford to buy me! I stand by de wolunteers! I die by de "wolunteers!" Their attachment to the "wolunteers" is much greater, plainly, than for the State which is not rich enough, in their estimation, to buy them; and they seem to (me to) have a much better appreciation of the mission of the "wolunteers" than the men who command them. The "wolunteers" understand them thoroughly, too.

And here I may mention the great pleasure it gave me to read the hearty endorsement given by the Secretary of War to John Cochrane's speech. Gen. Cameron understands this slavery question in all its bearings upon the Rebellion; and he takes the only correct view when he intimates that the true policy of the government is to put arms into the hands of every man in South Carolina who is willing to fight upon the side of the government. The slave is a man; and the government will never strike at the real root of this trouble until it learns to treat him as a man.

The brigade of Gen. Viele has not yet gone off upon its southern expedition. Every day for three weeks past it has been ready to march at an hour's notice; but the hour's notice has not yet been given, and it is now announced that the movement has been postponed until Monday next. I hope to be gone from here before that time, and therefore do not expect to chronicle the deferred and momentarily expected departure; unless, indeed, which is not improbable, the postponement may last until I get back again.

Gen. Wright's brigade will permanently occupy the line of intrenchments now constructing, together with such additions to its force as may from time to time be made to it. The three brigades will probably occupy three points on the coast—Port Royal Island, Hilton Head, and some one further south—not far apart from each other; and it is also, probably, the intention to strengthen each brigade with reinforcements, until each shall be able to maintain itself against whatever force may attack them.

In pursuance of this presumed line of policy, one of the new Pennsylvania regiments, under Col. Power, of Johnstown, landed here on the 10th, and will go, I understand, into Gen. Wright's brigade. The regiment of Col. Coulter is also expected; but I know of no point upon which to hang their sympathy. I would have the Government announce to the world that we know this to be an evil which has so troubled us for years; we know its character; we know that it is unlike democracy; but we believe that this Government is strong enough to allow evils to work out their death, and strong enough to face them when they presume to interfere with us. It was in the consciousness of strength, and not in weakness, that our fathers, when they framed this Government, admitted the existence of Slavery, and tolerated it, until the viper which we thought we might safely tread on, at the first touch of disappointment starts up with its poison fangs. But our cheeks do not blanch. Democracy accepts the struggle, conscious of its forbearance for three generations, confident that she yet has the power to execute her will. She sends her summons to the Gulf, "Freedom to every man beneath the stars, and death to every institution which disturbs the past, or that threatens the future of the Republic." [Applause.]

From the Upper Potomac.

WILLIAMSPORT, Dec. 20.—Last night a party of the Connecticut 5th and Lieut. Rickett's battery men went over in skiffs and burned the mill at Dam No. 5, which had been occupied by the rebels as a stronghold. They captured some guns, tools for breaking up the dam, blankets, &c.

Two deserters from Jackson's army arrived here yesterday, giving some important information. Jackson, it is said, has been promoted to the command of the whole valley of Virginia, and that he has five regiments on the Neck, opposite here, with fifteen guns.

All quiet this morning.

Col. Leonard arrested a man yesterday under suspicious circumstances, and supposed to be a spy.

shells. The sufferers from that loathesome malady were hurried out of camp into the depths of the pine forest which skirts the sea shore, to isolate them and prevent its spread. A wise precaution, you will say; but fancy a man, perhaps some well-to-do farmer or mechanic at home, smitten with that terrible disease, and put into a tent by himself, away from his comrades, with no one to attend him but some stranger who does not know him, and probably cares little or nothing for him beyond the fact that he is paid 25 cents a day extra for "nursing" him. This is bad enough; but just when the disease is at its height, fancy an imperative order to remove him to a tent in the forest miles away; imagine him placed in an army wagon without springs, and jolted over the rough ridges of cotton and corn-fields, until whatever chance existed of saving his life is utterly lost; and then think of him, tossed on to a litter of straw, without a pillow, and no kind hand to smooth it, if he had; and it will need no stretch of the fancy to think of him dying unpitied, like a dog, to be thrust, the morrow, into a hole dug conveniently for his reception.

When our citizen soldiers die, at home, they are honored with gorgeous and pompous funerals; and even those who die in camp are honored with the mockery of a military escort—eight men with arms reversed, and a dismal fife and drum, or still more dismal regimental band squeaking a mournful dirge. But these unfortunates have no music except the hoarse murmer of the sea as it beats continually upon the beach, or the wailing of the winds as they sigh in the pines overhead, and they are consigned to a hole called a grave, without a coffin, it may hap with no shroud but the clothes they have died in, and—not out a tear or word of sadness over their remains. Let those, I say again, who have friends in the army, pray ardently that they may be saved from such a fate as this. For many mercies I have to feel truly thankful; but for no more earthly mercy do I feel so thankful, after what I have seen, as for that my health has been so kindly preserved. If I, without an ailment, long to get back, how much more those who have had the opportunity of contrasting a camp hospital with the comforts of home?

HILTON HEAD, Dec. 16, 1861.

I have received the expected order to return home, and am now on board of the Atlantic, the celebrated steamship of Cunard line. She is not so large as the Vanderbilt, but the quarters are much more comfortable, the fare better, and everything on board in much better trim. The officers are gentlemen in every way, and that is saying a great deal, in speaking of those in charge of this expedition.

A large number of old whalers, laden with stone, are in the harbor, intended for sinking at the mouths of the southern inlets, instead of blockading them. Three have been taken down to the mouth of Savannah river; but across the marsh and root up the evil which, for seventy years, has troubled its peace, and now culminates in this rebellion? On what theory? I maintain, therefore, the power of the Government itself to inaugurate a policy; and I say, in order to save the Union, do justice to the black. [Applause.]

WHAT IS WANTED IS JUSTICE.

I say then, first as a matter of justice to the slave, we owe it to him, the day of his deliverance has come. The long promise of seventy years is to be fulfilled. The South drew a check from the pledge. The North is bound, in honor of the memory of her fathers to demand its exact fulfillment, and again to save the Union, which means justice and peace; to recognize the rights of 4,000,000 of its victims. Justice, which at this hour is crasier than Saxon sword, more statesmanlike than Cameron; justice, which appeals from the cabinets of Europe to the people; justice, which abuses the proud and lifts up the humble—to all cry of demagogues asking for boldness I respond with the cry of "Justice, immediate, absolute justice!" And if I dared, to descend to a lower level, I should say to the merchants of this metropolis: Do you love the Union? Do you really think those on the other side of the Potomac were natural brothers and customers of the manufacturing and mechanical ingenuity of the North? I tell you that, certain as fate God has written the safety of that relation in the same scroll with justice to the negro. The hour strikes! You may win the negro. You may anticipate the South. You may save 12,000,000 of customers. Delay it; let God grant McClellan victory; let God grant the stars and stripes over New Orleans; and it is too late. Jefferson Davis will summon that same element to his aid, and twelve millions of customers are added to Lancashire and to Lyons. And then commences that war of tariffs, embittered by that other bitter war of angry nationalities, and in 25 or 30 years we shall be divided, weakened, blindly with intestine struggle.

THE DANGER FROM ENGLAND.

There stands England—the most selfish and treacherous of modern Governments. [Great applause.] Upon the other side of the Potomac stands a statesmanship hedged by personal and selfish interests that cannot be matched. Between them, they have but one object; it is, in the end, to divide the Union. Hitherto, the negro has been a hated question. The earth, our Union moves majestically on its path and shuts him out, in eclipse from the sunlight of equality and happiness. He has changed his position to-day. He stands between us and the sun of safety and prosperity. You and I are together on the same platform, upon the same plank—our object, to save the institutions which our fathers planted, to save them in the service of justice, in the service of peace, in the service of liberty. In that service, we demand of the Government at Washington that they should mature and announce a purpose. That flag, lowered at Sumter, that fight at Bull Run, will rankle in the heart of the Republic for centuries. Nothing will ever medicine that wound but for the Government to announce to the world that it knows well whence came its trouble and is determined to effect its cure, and consecrating the banner of Liberty to plant it upon the shores of the gulf. [Applause.]

THE PLEDGE MADE BY OUR FATHERS.

But for me, I would stand by the pledge our fathers made when they said: "We will guarantee to every State a republican form of government." To our fathers, theirs, and to their fathers, mine promised that in the contingencies of the future they would rest to it that free institutions should be preserved in the several States. I mean to try to fulfill that pledge. I demand it of the Government to announce to the world what they never have done yet. I do not wonder at England's want of sympathy with us. The Tyro, said of "I am fighting for Slavery." The North says, "I am not fighting against it." Why should she interfere? Mr. Russell may leap up and acknowledge them as belligerents almost before he has heard their name; but the English people have no point upon which to hang their sympathy. I would have the Government announce to the world that we know this to be an evil which has so troubled us for years; we know its character; we know that it is unlike democracy; but we believe that this Government is strong enough to allow evils to work out their death, and strong enough to face them when they presume to interfere with us. It was in the consciousness of strength, and not in weakness, that our fathers, when they framed this Government, admitted the existence of Slavery, and tolerated it, until the viper which we thought we might safely tread on, at the first touch of disappointment starts up with its poison fangs. But our cheeks do not blanch. Democracy accepts the struggle, conscious of its forbearance for three generations, confident that she yet has the power to execute her will. She sends her summons to the Gulf, "Freedom to every man beneath the stars, and death to every institution which disturbs the past, or that threatens the future of the Republic." [Applause.]

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