The Pine and Palm.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I.—NO. 9. BOSTON AND NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1861. WHOLE NO. 104.

Song of the Tree.

Pride of New England!
Boast of our fathers!
Stirrik we all cravens-like,
When the storm gathers?
What though the tempest be
Over us lowering,
Where's the New Englander
Shamefully cowering?
Grave-yard of free and boy
Around us are lying—
Few were the sleepers all,
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's
Pitchocks and scourges!
Go—let him slither down!
Ocean's free surges!
Go—let him silence
Winds, clouds, and waters,—
Never New England's ere
Free sons and daughters!
Free as our fireplace,
Ocean-ward going—
Free as the breezes are
Over us blowing!

Up, to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman!
Deep be our pledge as:
Freedom forever!
Trees which we plant,
Never, O never!
By our own birth-right gift,
Granted of Heaven—
Freedom for heart and lip
Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Sterner and stronger;
Salt be the air of truth
Louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur;
God and our charter's right,
Freedom forever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, O never!

INCENDIARY WALKS AND TALKS.

No. 2—From Alexandria to Fairfax.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, May 17, 1837.

I left Alexandria this morning, on foot, to see how the country looked, how the people talked, the price of land, the mode of living, and the system of agriculture now in vogue in this very fertile section of Virginia.

I regret to state that repeated walks through the city of Alexandria compel me to adhere to my first impressions of that lazy town. It is a dull, dismal, dirty, decrepit, ill-paved, ill-swept, ill-scented place. It has slowly increased in population, and its real estate has greatly risen in value since the opening of the railroads which now terminate there, and since the incorporation of another line now in course of construction.

With one-tenth of the natural advantages it possesses, if Alexandria had been situated in a Northern State, one hundred thousand souls would now have been settled there.

SUBURBS OF ALEXANDRIA.

For three or four miles out, Alexandria the country is as beautiful as beautiful can be. I walked through it "like a dream." The day was exceedingly pleasant—a soft, warm zephyr was blowing from the south—almost summer-like, and the rich perfume of blossoms, shrubbery and flowers; the clear blue sky, variegated with fleecy clouds, in every variety of combination as to color and form—the shining waters of the majestic and tranquil Potomac, visible and beautiful in the distance—cultivated fields in the valley, and running up the hill-slopes, studded with houses, and interspersed with patches of forest in full foliage—made a landscape, a terrestrial picture, of almost celestial charms and other-worldly perfection.

A SMALL FARM.

For two or three miles on the road I traversed, the land is chiefly held in small sections, and devoted to the culture of market produce.

I entered the house of one of these small farmers. It was a one-and-a-half-story frame, old, and in need of repair; it *had been* whitewashed, and had rather a shiftless looking aspect generally.

The farmer's wife—a bustling Yankee-ish woman—was at home; the old man was in town with the produce of his fields.

I asked her how many acres there were in her farm, and whether she would sell it?

She said there were fifty acres—principally light, sandy soil; that they cultivated sweet potatoes and market produce, almost exclusively. She didn't believe her old man would sell it; certainly not less than $100 an acre. Land had risen in value very much within the last few years. Her brother William, however, had a farm on the Leesburg road, that he wanted to sell—"Well, he warn't in any hurry about it either," but she reckoned he might come to terms with me—it were a first-rate farm, too, and she believed it would just suit me.

"How many hands do you employ to keep your farm in order?"

"Well, my husband, he keeps four hands, besides himself; he's in town a good deal, but we employ three niggers and a white foreman, all the time on the farm."

"And you keep a woman to assist you?"

"Yes."

"What do you pay for your negroes?—Do you hire them, or do you own them?"

COST OF SLAVE LABOR.

"Oh, no, we don't own none: we hire them from their owners, by the year. Field hands—first rate hands—get from $110 to $128; and we pay about from eighty to ninety dollars for boys."

"What do you call a boy?"

"Well, a nigger from—my seventeen to twenty-two; pretty much, often, according to their strength. We count some hands, men, younger than others."

"What do you have to pay for women?"

"I pay seventy-five dollars for this gal, and then her doctor's bill, if she gets sick, and her clothes."

"What do you reckon her clothes at?"

"Well, we have to give them, both fields and house-servants, two summer suits and a winter suit. That's what's allowed them by law, but most of them have to get more. We most always have to give them four suits a year."

"How much does it cost you to clothe a house-servant?"

"Well, about fourteen or fifteen dollars a year, or so."

"And field hands?"

"Field hands cost about the same, or not much more than women. Their summer suits cost very little, and we clothe the niggers in winter in what we call Virginny cloth; it's coarse stuff, does very well, and don't cost a great deal."

"Their pants, vest, and coat are all made out of the same stuff, are they?"

"Yes."

"What do you manure your farm with?"

"Guano, stable manure, and lime."

I asked her a great many other questions—quite enough, and a few to spare, to show that I had lived in Boston—but she could not give me any reliable information in relation to agricultural subjects.

She showed me her garden. Tulips and a great many other flowers are in full bloom; the cinnamon rose is bursting its buds; gooseberries are as large as a bean, or larger; nearly all the apple trees have cast their blossoms. Every tree, without exception, is covered with foliage; grass is a foot high, and in some places two or three feet. Every grove is vocal with birds.

AN ABSENTEE FARM.

Further on—three miles and a half from Alexandria—is the farm of Mr. David Barber, of New York, an absentee proprietor, which is rented from year to year by Mr. Leesome, a Virginian, who was also the agent. I ascertained, to sell it to the highest or earliest bidder.

After mature reflection, I concluded that it might pay me to to buy it, if I could spare the money, and the price was reasonable. I accordingly went up to the house to make the usual preliminary investigations.

It is an old, large, once-whitepainted house, which, like the edifice we read of in sacred writ, is set on a hill that it cannot be hid. It is built on what a Yankee would call "quite" a knoll—to wit, a high knoll, and commands a most beautiful prospect of hill, and dale, and water.

A country portico—I had nearly said *shed*—extended along the entire front of the dwelling. The Venetian blinds on the room windows were shut, and, judging from the thick deposit of dust upon them, had been shut for several months past.

I modestly rapped on the door which stood hospitably open. A young negro girl, six or seven years old, came out of an adjoining room, looked at me steadily, but vacantly, did not condescend to open her mouth—called Bet, but relieved as she had, ordered, without warning, and silently as death.

In a moment or two afterwards a young mother entered, a woman of twenty-six or twenty-seven, pale, rather pretty, and with a modest cooming, and, as conventional writers phrase it, very lady-like in her deportment.

"Good morning, madam"—here your polite correspondent, as in duty bound, doffed his tile," with most "exquisite" grace.

"Good morning, sir."

"I understand that this estate is for sale."

"Yes, sir."

"I've called to make some inquiries about it."

"Please sit down, sir."

Your correspondent did so—first glancing around the room, and wondering whether or not it is not quite as easy to keep everything in order as to cultivate untidiness; but he could not reply, having never studied Heaven's first law himself—only seen it in somewhat operation in New England households.

"How many acres have you?"

"Two hundred and fifty-three."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"It isn't ours; we only rent it; it belongs to a New York gentleman; he offers to sell it for ten thousand dollars."

(I inly whistled, as my plan of buying it wouldn't allow thinnest air at this tremendous announcement.)

"What rent do you pay for it?"

"$250 a year."

"How many acres of wood have you?"

"Fifty, or thereabouts—most of it is swamp."

"How many rooms are there in this house?"

"Seven and a kitchen."

I asked her some other questions, but she referred me to an old man who was working—planting corn—down in a field near the line of railroad.

I went down to him.

There are two high knolls on the farm, which are formed of a gravelly soil. On the knoll south of the master's house, is an old, large, log hut—an Uncle Tom's cabin—of three rooms; at the bottom of the knoll is a stable, requiring renovation, capable of holding eight horses and two tons of hay, and a barn which is calculated to accommodate fifteen cows and twenty tons of hay. The soil, except on the knolls, is a light, rich, clayey loam.

It would take at least $500 to renovate the farm-buildings and the house; while the fences are sadly dilapidated. The whole farm requires fencing.

I went down to the field. A young negro man was ploughing, and a black boy of fourteen, very small of his size, was assisting the old man in planting.

I asked him several questions about the farm, which it is unnecessary to repeat here. He said he kept ten cows; might keep twenty if he "choosed;" but there was no spring on the farm, and water wasn't quite handy.

The thought: what a very unsustainable obstacle that would have been to a Yankee—a good swamp near at hand, and a chance to double his profits, but declined: "because water wasn't quite handy!"

FARMING IN VIRGINIA.

He said he had only a rent from year to year; Mr. Barber wouldn't give him a lease, because he calculated to sell it, and only allowed him to cultivate twenty-five acres a year, in this order—corn, oats, clover, potatoes.

The swamp was valuable, but the farm wasn't fenced near the railroad, or it would be worth fifty dollars more rent a year. Sometimes he raised fifty bushels of corn to the acre, but he did not average over thirty-five bushels. It took two men and a boy to cultivate these twenty-five acres and attend to the cows. He gave $80 a year for the young man—he was worth more than that, though—and twenty-five dollars for the boy. First-rate field hands—he couldn't credit and now—and sometimes brought as high, in this neighborhood, as $150 a year.

Between this farm and Alexandria, he said, land was selling as high as $100 an acre. He considered this farm the cheapest in this part of the country, the way land appears to be going now. It took four horses to cultivate this farm.

His estimate of the cost of clothing slaves was the same as the lady's of the other farm. Virginia cloth, he said, cost eighty-seven and a half cents per yard.

TALK ABOUT FREE LABOR.

I asked him if he would not prefer free labor? He said if he had a farm of his own, and everything as he wanted it, he would not employ a single slave.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1861.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.—If thine enemy smite thee on thy right cheek turn thou the other, also.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.—If thine enemy smite thee on thy right cheek return it on his left, and on the other, also.

—Next week we will publish Mr. Nell's Sketch of the Life of John Copeland, one of John Brown's colored fellowers, illustrated with a striking likeness. Wm. Wells Brown is writing for The Pine and Palm a series of biographies of distinguished colored Americans.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Owing to the length to which Wendell Phillips' speech extends, the publication of several contributions has been postponed until next week, among them are those of a "Tall Son of Rhody," Wm. S. Sampson; "Man Round the World;" our editorial correspondence, &c., &c.

—Garrit Smith has written an exceedingly able paper on the present crisis. It is quite long, but we shall reprint it next week.

—It is written that "dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to!" Dog Noble of the N. Y. Express is illustrating this familiar truth. Once he barked that Fremont was a Catholic and his supporters traitors; and he barked so long and loud about it, that nearly all the country heard him. Henry Ward Beecher, annoyed, with others, at this incessant noise, raised his foot and kicked Noble back to his kennel. He has been there quite quiet ever since. He has just issued therefrom with another bark —Gerrard is a tyrant, and Redpath a deceiver!" We have heard his first bark; his second is a longer one. Both are equally false. We will print his second batch of lies next week.

TO EDITORS.—"*Another commandment I give unto you.*"—Last week we intimated that certain editors among our exchanges were forgetting the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." We are forced to suggest still another—"*Thou shalt not steal.*" Our news department is much and justly admired; it is nearly all re-written for us, and the quotations we select are accredited *for our source from the*. Both reliable sought that which is reliable, and is not quite fair to quote a whole column full of news from our journal, and give us no credit for it. We have known papers to complain that their editorials were often quoted by their cotemporaries without acknowledgement; but we have no reason to grumble on that score—for few journals are more extensively thus quoted and acknowledged than The Pine and Palm, although, it is true, we sometimes get little enough *credit* for what is fairly enough reprinted!

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—It is a great privilege to have lived in a day—and here in the United States, where gab is a god—in which orators feel constrained to begin their speeches with "an apology for talk." But there is one orator who has lately thus apologized, from whom no such apology was needed—for his manly words are more destructive to political hypocrites than masked batteries are to dry-goods Generals. Frequently disagreeing with him in his views, we yet listen to no man so deferentially; for his utterances are the issue of genius and earnestness, a heroic fearlessness and a candor as unequalled as it is rare. It is needless to say that we speak of Wendell Phillips. Read his speech, every word of it, and ponder it well. Next week we may have something to say about it. We have time now to notice but one phrase only—*Slaves them to Hayti.*" Mr. Phillips has no allusion to the Haytian movement in this phrase; we have not only his character—which would not stoop to misrepresent—but his own word for this statement. He told us that parties had made the distinct proposition that liberated slaves, (freed by the war) should be forcibly shipped to Hayti. *It can't be done.* The first man to oppose such a movement would be the present General Agent of Emigration to Hayti; and the second would, we feel assured, be Fabre Geffrard, President of the Republic. The Haytian Government invites free men freely to come to Hayti, but it will not be a tool in the hands of negro haters. We will 'save something to say soon on the question—*What shall be done with the slaves?* and also on the still more pressing question—*What shall we do with the whites of the South?*

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE STATE.

An Oration
Delivered at the Anniversary Celebration at
Framingham, July 4, 1861.

Phonographic Report by Jos. M. W. Yerrington.

Friends, what can I say to you to-day? No man can feel himself particularly competent to make a speech on the anti-slavery question just now. It is all guess-work. The only question is, whether it is probable one man will guess a little better than another. It seems to me that *we* are all afloat. Events, not men, are the great objects of interest. War between two great ideas has commenced. Almost all we can do is to watch the gradual progress of that conflict. You will not, therefore, expect from me a speech. All I will attempt is simply to give you, in a friendly way, my impression of men and things, as we stand; just to state, informally, as one does to another on the sidewalk, how I look at things just now.

In the first place, I feel satisfied that the end of the slave system has come. (Applause.) I have no doubt that we begin to touch the end. My reason is this. The age of discussion is over. When the Fathers of the Republic met, of what is called agitation, discussion, and party divisions. Now, a new act has opened. It is the hour of fight—the age of bullets. That never lasts very long. It is but a short as much time for a nation to fight itself clear as it does to talk itself clear, only it is necessary that the talk should precede the fight. It is only necessary that the talk in the substratum of purpose, should be deliberately formed. I think it has been. I do not mean to say that the whole North is Anti-Slavery, much less for immediate; but I do mean to say this, that the South has fully come to the conviction, that unless they can use the Union to support slavery, the system is gone; and I think the North has come to the conviction, that the Union never shall be used to sustain slavery. "I think, so far, the public mind is made up. I do not mean that the popular mind is prepared to abolish certain constitutional provisions, that men have made up their minds not to return fugitive slaves; but I think there is a prevailing and unconscious, perhaps, but the mind has settled and fixed in the North, that the Union either does, or shall mean liberty in the end. Those two ideas conflict—hence the war. We are in it;—how shall we get out of it?

There are only two ways by which a nation is moulded. One is by its great men; the other is by its masses. We have not been brought to this point by what we call our great men; we have been brought here by our masses. The war was raised by the masses, not by statesmen, and the war will be ended by the masses, not by statesmen. That is the reason why I address you to-day. Mr. Seward is not honest enough to manage this war; Mr. Lincoln is not bold enough yet. We are to curb the one, and spur the other; and that is the object of such meetings as this. In other words, neither party—neither the North nor the South—has shown any statesmanship. The South has not statesmanship enabled the North so completely, in long dismal years, that the threat of Secession would bring us to our knees. Jefferson Davis never meant to pass this last winter out of Washington; Southern men knew that a session of Congress should be held to which he should not be summoned. The South relied upon that threat to blackmail the North; it was not quite fair to quote a whole column full of news from our journal, and give us no credit for it. We have known papers to complain that their editorials were often quoted by their cotemporaries without acknowledgement; but we have no reason to grumble on that score—for few journals are more extensively thus quoted and acknowledged than The Pine and Palm, although, it is true, we sometimes get little enough *credit* for what is fairly enough reprinted!

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the viper in his egg" was their war-cry. The argument of free men had gone against them. They fell back on the last argument of kings: cannon. The North replied—"We should have preferred debate—a free press—discussion—ballots; but if you choose bullets, accept!" The stars and stripes meant Liberty in '76, and shall now." I myself should have preferred peace and argument, but the terrible alternative was chosen otherwise. I have only to accept the Red Sea through which God wills to lead his people, and I rejoice still that Canaan is beyond. If we are to have civil war, we are to have it as God wills it chooses. When the people, thoroughly awake, and as well taught as the times allow, deliberately choose any honorable way of reaching an object of pressing importance, the duty of an honest man is to aid them, all he can in their effort. Hence I bow to the masses, and welcome emancipation by war.

The South is in earnest. I do not say she is unanimous. I think that the Gulf States are as unanimous to-day as the thirteen States were in '76. The Secessionists of the South are unanimous, and the sub-stratum of purpose, should be deliberately formed. I think it has been. I do not mean to say that the whole North is Anti-Slavery, much less for immediate; but I do mean to say this, that the South has fully come to the conviction, that unless they can use the Union to support slavery, the system is gone; and I think the North has come to that conviction, that the Union never shall be used to sustain slavery. "I think, so far, the public mind is made up. I do not mean that the popular mind is prepared to abolish certain constitutional provisions, that men have made up their minds not to return fugitive slaves; but I think there is a prevailing and unconscious, perhaps, but the mind has settled and fixed in the North, that the Union either does, or shall mean liberty in the end. Those two ideas conflict—hence the war. We are in it;—how shall we get out of it?

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war go on twelve months, and the old Union never can be rebuilt. It was built on Constitutional compromise. Such a war as this, the bitter fruits of years of angry discussion, of proud resentment on one side, and submission on the other, which the bounds knew meant cowardice and infamy—such a war may have *truces*, but in the end the only peace will be unconditional submission of one or the other side. We must change the elements which have created this quarrel, if we would end it. They are only to be changed by emancipation or division.

What do I ask of the Government? I do not ask them to announce that policy of emancipation now; they are not strong enough to do it. We can announce it; the people can discuss it; the Administration are not strong enough to announce it. I do not care what they mean it or not; it were utter ruin to announce it now. But I do claim that the Administration shall indicate, shall manifest its character. It has not done it. Its friends say, "We shall be called an abolition Administration, if we favor the anti-slavery sentiment; we want to be known as a constitutional Administration." There is the mistake. There is the fundamental error, Gen. Patterson, Gen. Cadwalader are using the shoes Gen. Butler has thrown away, and promising to put down servile insurrections. By the Constitution, they have no right to lift a little finger against a servile insurrection, until the Governor of a State asks it. When they make such a proclamation, it is alike unsalled for, illegal, and unconstitutional. What I call on Gen. Scott and President Lincoln to do is, that they shall rebuke their Major-Generals when they go outside of the law to propitiate the Slave-Power. I want the scales held even for sixty years, that Liberty has kicked the beam. I call on Lincoln and his Cabinet at least to hold them even. Even fair play to Liberty, under the old Constitution, will be such a change as will quell the South and educate the North. If Gen. Patterson knows no better than to suppress servile insurrections, cashier him on this side the Potomac. The Administration can, should, ought, if it means liberty, indicate its purpose by those legal, constitutional and imperative measures. Why do they not? I will tell you. I think Gen. Scott, is at heart sore. He is seventy-five years old. He is a loyal, honest, devoted friend of the Union; and the ablest soldier we have. He means to keep his oath to the letter. But he has a natural and unavoidable tenderness towards the section from which he sprang. He has an old man's fondness for the associations of the past. He hopes and trusts that, by peaceful measures, by waiting, by patience, by blockades, by starvation, he can avoid exasperating the sections, and bring them together again in a harmonious Union. Mr. Seward, I think, would sacrifice everything for that Union. He has not the beginning nor the end of a principle. His own colleagues know he is a trimmer; and the fault I find with the Administration is that while honest men determine the honest elements contained in it, those honest elements suffer themselves to be compromised, balanced, by one powerful, but not the same time false to be treacherous to, an only saying of Seward what every man says in Washington; what every honest man says all over the country, and especially in New York State.

With such a man at the head of the Administration, I believe that even the slaves of the States in arms against the other half of the Nation, will rise and master even the slaveholders. A statesman should boldly probe the wound, scan the cause of the disease, and indicate the remedy. In this age, after two thousand years of Bibles, of books and schools, of common tongue and faith, war, except there be momentous cause, shows our pulpit and school to be failures. "Error is sure to overthrow error. Truth can only be another hour, if you claim to lead."

Does any man dream, that within any assignable time, we can conquer the Southern States by the present means? Will an army of 200,000, or 500,000, subdue the Gulf States on our present plan? When they have done it, does the history of the last sixty years render it probable that the Carolinas or Mississippi will say subdued? Have we a right to demand our pound of flesh, unless that the white race of that half of the Nation are not as desperate as Poland, as brave as Hungary, as determined as Italy? We may defeat that fatal angel, on this side, but until we depopulate the State, we never shall have subdued it. It seems to me that there is but one way of developing a Union sentiment in the South, and that is, instead of subduing the Secession sentiment effectually, and that is, by arraying a might of power, and putting behind it a purpose, that shall secure the emancipation of the slave people. That is, not until you call four millions of blacks into liberty, and on our side—(applause)—not until you say to the South, "The Stars and Stripes mean Liberty to every man,—twenty millions of whites in the South, and four millions at the South have said it; if it, in striking down a vile system on the battle-field, any loyal man suffers loss, the Nation shall bear its share in it. Until you do that, I say this, can we awaken the Union sentiment of the South, array all that is loyal on our side, and annihilate the rest. At present, our half the South is arrayed, with all the means to fight for it to the death. Pride of race, family pride, old associations, and often sincere conviction of the value of Slavery, produce this determination. The other half would gladly be rid of a system they thoroughly know and hate; but they dread pecuniary ruin in the change. Both halves believe 'the North, spite of its protestations, means to abolish, Abolition, immediate and unconditional. And they are right. Left to itself, that is our future, as sure as the Rapids end in Niagara. Assure this half of the South that the Nation will protect them. Freedom will shield them from ruin, and we have at once with us the North, the slave, and half the South—the world over the water, and God above: success then is speedy and sure.

Outside of that is the war, two years long, four years long—costing a million a day, developing the courage, the love of country, the genius of the North. Yes; but when it has lasted two years, and the unsubdued South still stretches her hands to Europe, Europe will acknowledge her independence, and ought to do so; and then the civil war ion will present a new policy to the free North, and a bankrupt South, sure to emancipate, because she is too poor to keep the slaves in their chains. On one side or the other of that line rests the only effective battle. I hate war. I think the present civil war the bloodiest stain on the century, if it means only "the stars and stripes," and it means only the Union as it was. But every thinking man sees that, no matter what men wish, it cannot mean the Union as it was. Let this

nothing else but this: "The stars and stripes shall float over Virginia, and every black man that sees them may live where he was born, certain that while twenty millions of men breathe in the North, he never shall find or fear a master." (Loud applause.) You perceive that the Government will be shut up to emancipation on the old Union. The Government up to its duty. Send Lane or Montgomery to Memphis, and the black men in their ranks will be double the whites. The decision what to do with these allies of the Government is simple. "Slavery will never exist again in Virginia, unless the United States Government brings it back. Let the Administration compel every General's order to act his hand words and fulfil his good ones, as thoroughly as Butler's have done, and we will wait their further conversion; trusting events awhile. But we demand the rigor of the law left us. Then you and I must prepare the public mind behind these politicians. We must prepare a public opinion, that, by the 4th day of December, will be ready to sustain Congress in meeting the ultimate issue of this quarrel.

Suppose you are as brave, as rich, as strong, as persistent, as you suppose yourself in this war, to fight, we have nothing but Mexican wars and South American civil-wars to instruct us; a conflict of States; perpetual war; the Spanish-American system on the mountains, ambuscades, guerilla warfare, but fighting. Is that the country we look forward to? Is that the civilization which the North would accept? Never! Let us state to ourselves candidly what we are anything better, mark me! if Europe does not recognize in two years, the North will compromise. Northern trade, Northern industry, Northern manufactures sense, will forbid such a future for years. The North will compromise before she will endure it. Save us from long years of war. Save us either by emancipation or division. Save us from long years of civil war, demoralizing, weakening, destroying the ultimate hope of either a peaceful or a successful dealing with the slave question.

And yet, I see the value of this war. I am glad General Scott has got 200,000 men. I only hope that when Congress is adjourned, he will advance into Virginia, and fight. I believe he will do it. I believe he will win on the other side. I believe Beauregard lives, spite of the telegraph, and I believe there are some 40 or 50,000 men with arms, of that race, in the State of Virginia—the rest is bravado. But if won't do to rely wholly on blockade, to starve them out; it won't do to wait till they disperse. The worth of this war is to redress the character of the North. Now, I believe a man believes that the Northerner has any courage. I do not mean that the South *affects* to believe this—*she does* believe it; and but for the conduct of Charles Sumner, and a few men like him, she has a right to believe it. She has never met, in the Senate or House of Representatives, for sixty years, more than half a score of men who would not have been ready to fight, had a right, therefore, to believe that the North was craven, or pedlar; for what she could not bully, she could always buy. Now, the benefit of the present blessing of battle which we shall buy at a million of dollars a day, and cheap at that, is, that we shall beat this saucy Virginia, some half-dozen times, into good behavior. We shall convince those overbearing, insolent men of that South, that one Northern soldier is their match; and then, either in the Union, or along side of it, we can live in peace, and trade prosperously. They never will until then. General Scott may starve the Gulf States; be never will starve out of them the conviction that New England is on our side. Ten months of unmolested out of them, on the sacred soil of Virginia (applause); and the lesson which John Brown set the text for, it is for us to write the commentary visible from Harper's Ferry to New Orleans.

My policy, therefore, is, to give the Administration generous sympathy; give it all the confidence for honesty of purpose you have; support them now and the Union, as it is all they mean at present; but they are "willing" we should make them mean anything more we please. They are not like Seward, slippery, equivocal, false. You know the old proverb which described the wits of the schoolmen for a thousand years. It was, whether, when a man said, "I lie," he lied or told the truth; for if he uttered the truth he lied and he lied, he told the truth. (Laughter.) It is exactly so in regard to Seward." There is no making anything but a parallel problem out of his life and speech. (Applause.) Read the rest of his speech and see whose men. Abraham Lincoln means to do his constitutional duty in the crisis. I think Mr. Chase means to. I trust them, as individuals, to that extent. But I repeat it, I do not trust the Cabinet as it has bartered the twenty years of the devotion and energy in the person of Clafin, for the unrecalled and untried virtue of Stanton. Stanton is a good lawyer, and a good a specimen of the Republican party as exists in the country. But I consider it dead, and am thankful it is dead (applause) that it has been found out in time to exterminate as to individuals; and the present crisis demands that we should make that discrimination. There is no faith, no trust, to be placed on party organizations in such an hour as this. Parties are dead, and buried for winter. That free speech exists in this Commonwealth is owing to no single word or fingure of aid from the Republican party. The Massachusetts Republican party has shown itself in its ranks, and in its head, recreant to the most sacred duty of the winter, and recreant by system, by intention, by dictation to the Democratic party, submissive to its known policy and wish. I mean what I say. At this hour, I should go over the record, as I shall do before the first day of January next, but you know, as well as I do, that the Republican party has been a party, not of action, but of inaction. Its one object has been to keep

Cameron says, "Wherever the Flag goes, trade follows." Oh, better that maxim! Wherever the Flag goes, LIBERTY goes with it, and lot trade take care of itself. (Applause.) Announce it, and soon, if there be a majority for the Union, they will show themselves. Say to the slaveholders, "The Union shares the loss with you, if it takes your slaves from you by a military necessity." No matter what it cost. Better pay the money to save the sinner from his sin, than spend a million a day, for five years, in a cruel, useless, and brutal war. Our year is enough for manhood; enough to show the character and purpose of the North; anything more is brutal. The Government can prevent it by a word. Call on the honesty of the Cabinet, and bid them banish traitors. If that means the Empire State, banish it. Put into the office of Secretary of State, a man whom Lincoln will not have to watch. One half of the clerks of the departments are traitors. Empty them! Mr. Chase knows, in the Northern half of Ohio, men who for nothing rather than the places would be filled by traitors, would serve the Government. I go for decision. Adjourn Congress, and Scott will be decisive. I concede gladly, proudly, for the honor of the Union, the fame of the General. I do not want him to die or be superseded. Only adjourn Congress; tell him that all hope for the present Union is over; but that its fame as a general, before he dies, rests on his crushing the viper within six months; and the old man will do it. (Applause.) It is not loyalty, it is not ability, it is a Nation's behest him that he needs. You and I can begin that voice which shall be echoed from Mississippi, and compel the Government to speak. Non whispers in the street, in one hundred squares, what General Butler means here, and Mr. Cameron there, and Mr. Chase elsewhere:—we want it proclaimed. We want it known to you, to be enforced by you, and in no time we meet here, you will not need me to make a speech. Butler will be here, with a proclamation of emancipation in his hand, as an introduction to you (loud applause), or perhaps, perhaps as Governor of Massachusetts (laughter), and thinking there is no pedestal but this which surely leads to the tubernatorial chair. You, I shall suppose, will then still remain here a new batch of speakers. The old worn and scarred guard can retire to the rear rank, and the new Major-Generals, and civilians, who have invented "contraband," and lawyers who have turned their ingenuity into the channel of statesmanship, will be here to swell our jubilee of gratitude; and we will not be careful, then, to divide the degrees of merit, but cheerfully let the last comer take the best prize. (Loud applause.)

NOTE FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, New Jersey, July 1.

The course that has been pursued by The Pine and Palm has caused much dissatisfaction amongst the former subscribers of the "Anglo." They complain that too much space has been allotted to Rev. Mr. Essiger from, to the exclusion of domestic news which is indispensable to a popular journal.

But as an invitation has been extended to correspondents, for one of your late issues, subscribers are waiting patiently to hear from some of them; which will without doubt increase the number of subscribers here as well as in Portsea-Portsea-Portsea. Perhaps we have adopted Hayti as their home prin. to be pleased to hear of the doings in this country.

We have had the Rev. Mr. Adams of Buffalo to fill the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church (late E. P. Rogers') for the two Sabbaths past. The congregation was much pleased with him and I believe that they intend giving him a call. With regard to the here known the residences of the subscribers, they can depend on being regularly served.

More anon. O.

[The Pine and Palm gives more than *twice* as much reading matter (news and editorials,) as the Anglo-African did before its transfer, exclusive of our Haytian Department. Those of our readers who do not care about Hayti, may consider the fourth page as all advertisements, as it commonly was under the old arrangement. That page will be given exclusively to Haytian matters, but every other portion of the paper will be devoted to general news. No reader, therefore, has any reason to complain. We are making arrangements to increase our correspondence all over the country. We shall always be glad to have our subscribers write to us the news of their several localities.—ED.]

"LIBEROMNIPOTENS."

Or the 4th of July in Cleveland.

Correspondence of The Pine and Palm.

On the 4th of July, 1861, we happened to pass through the city of Cleveland—a city that is emphatically a commercial paper journal called the Cleveland Herald, the proprietors of which take great pleasure in ridiculing the efforts of The Pine and Palm, on the ground of the inability of those interested therein to carry out their protestations.

Arriving at the public square in time to see a part of the procession, we observed the usual interesting portion of it was composed of boys—boy-soldiers—but the larger portion of Irishmen and Germans.

The procession having marched into the square and halted around the stand where the speaking was to be, we noticed a number of persons crowding toward a large banner which had upon it "the strange device" of *"Liberomnipotens."* The bearer of the banner was a specimen of the Western Reserve Yankee, who was holding forth to the crowd around him, who had evidently expected the expounding of some new law. "Liberomnipotens," said he, "but what is the greatest curse the world ever saw. Do you understand Latin? I have been studying seven years to find out some word that would express the true spirit of the Book of books, and that is the omnipotence of God in this world and it means 'The Almighty Book,'—it should be engraved on the back of every Bible—it would kill Slavery without ever being opened. It is numbered and it will sell as a Southdown,"—and so he continued to explain this "banner with the strange device"—"Liberomnipotens."

We had a very respectful prayer by the Rev. Mr. G——, which, we understood was to be followed by an appropriate song. So we crowded around, stood hard against the crowd, listening for the words that should accompany the music, when suddenly broke out a score of male voices in brazen Dutch! Of course, we understood not a word.

"Now, by two-headed Janus," quoth a person standing near us, "I believe I have forgotten all strange fellows in her time." We thought as much. A moral way of celebrating the 4th of July—a Dutch singing for an American audience!

Next came the reading of the Declaration of Independence. It was a poor performance.

This was followed by another "song," and then came the great event of the day, which was, of course, the oration. The orator stepped forward. Well, such an orator, Pine and Palm, you never heard. "Loddies," shouted the crowd, "louder."—but there was nothing loud about him. We managed to hear a part of the introduction—it was nauseating, and we left.

Let the Herald hereafter ridicule no one, for we have seen many celebrations, including those which we presume that journal would call "the nigger celebrations of the 1st of August," but we never saw so poor an excuse for one as was this ado at Cleveland.

BURNS.

CONTRABAND IN CONGRESS.—In the House of Representatives, on Monday last:

Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the judgment of this House it is no part of the duty of the soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves.

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the law commonly called the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Hickman of Pa. raised a point of order, that the resolutions were precluded by Mr. Holman's order. The Speaker overruled the point. Mr. Edwards of New Hampshire moved to lay the resolutions on the table. Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio made an ineffectual effort to amend. The House tabled the resolutions—87 against 02.

On Tuesday, Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution that in the judgment of the House it is in no part the duty of soldiers to capture or return fugitive slaves. Mr. Mallory moved to table it. Mr. Stratton raised a question whether it was not admissible under the order adopted yesterday. The Speaker overruled the point. Mr. Stratton appealed. Mr. Hutchins moved to table the appeal. Carried. The resolution was passed. 92 against 55.

The News of the World.

THE SLAVEHOLDERS' INSURRECTION.

From July 4 to July 10.

[Prepared expressly for The Pine and Palm.]

THURSDAY, July 4.—A dispatch from Washington states that Major-General Scott has left for the Illinois Peninsula, at the head of his division, for Hawk River, near Martinsburg, Va., where he encountered a party of Secessionists, 10,000 strong, with four guns, and put them to flight, with a loss on his side, of three killed and wounded. He now occupies their camp. At Fortress Monroe everything is quiet. A small party of Northern troops had gone to within a mile and a half of Great Bethel. They found in the deserted houses who fled so suddenly that they left their coats and hats. Major-General Pressonn is appointed to the command of the army of the West, and will leave Washington forthwith. Gen. Patterson has encountered a party of Secessionists in Maryland. Several important arrests have already been made in Talbot County, and others are to follow. In Tennessee, the Secessionists have taken possession of the railroads, and have destroyed all the bridges on the mails from East Tennessee are now cut off. The Congressional session is at length complete by the arrival of Senators and Representatives. In Tennessee, the Secessionists have taken possession of the railroads, and have destroyed all the bridges on the mails from East Tennessee are now cut off. The Congressional session is at length complete by the arrival of Senators and Representatives, who filled up the number of brigades, and appointing Brigadier-Generals. Immense quantities of army provisions have been sent to the seat of war, and there is unusual activity in military preparations.

MONDAY, July 5.—At the seat of war, the Fourth was celebrated with great enthusiasm. The greatest excitement of the day at Washington, was a reported 18 or 20 New York Regiments by the President. THE NEW YORK SEVENTH HAS GONE TO-DAY. We have advanced Hayti as their home prin. to be pleased to hear of the doings in this country.

We have had the Rev. Mr. Adams of Buffalo to fill the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church (late E. P. Rogers') for the two Sabbaths past. The congregation was much pleased with him and I believe that they intend giving him a call. With regard to the here known the residences of the subscribers, they can depend on being regularly served.

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When I proceeded to the act of bap-
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named, (*Nommez cette enfant.*) Madame
Geffrard responded in a clear voice, 'Mar-
guerite Elizabeth.' This is her own Chris-
tian name, which the father desired to be
his child in honor of the lady of His Excel-
lency. (And here I will mention by way
of parenthesis, that we named the child, as
Mr. Athelia Tortuga Madeira, in
memory of the ocean on which she was born.
Haytian island that was in sight at the
time of her birth, and the brig on which she
was born.) I will be glad to have two or three thou-
sand emigrants go out, who would better
their own condition, and, at the same time,
help to build up a strong and influential
negro race in Hayti. This seems to be the
view that all candid men take, whom I met
while in the Empire State.

If the present difficulties in the Spanish
part of the island do not throw obstacles
in the way, there is no doubt but that the
State of New York will furnish at least one
thousand able-bodied farmers for Hayti dur-
ing the coming fall and winter. W. W. B.

GUIDE TO HAYTI. Edited by James Redpath, Boston: 1860. Page 159–163, 3d Book, 5th Article.—*Brutis.* "I lessees of Hayti and their Remedies, 5th paragraph, 4th line—which reads thus:

"But there are aggravating circumstances connected with it that have been seldom examined and classed as such, *and which*, if not the primary exciting causes of the sickness, *actu-ally excite the symptoms and the nature of this* which so often prevails, etc. etc."

Port-au-Prince. W. G. P.

SPANISH AGGRESSION.

Denunciation In Jamaica.

(From the Kingston Morning Journal, Mar 31.)

The recent subtle policy of Spain to regain her lost influence in the Western hemisphere has not been unobserved in this country, and the still more recent aggressive movement of Spain upon the island of Hayti, assuming the eastern portion, that known as the Dominican Republic, to her dominion, has awakened suspicion, and aroused the Anti-Slavery feeling in the inhabitants of this city. In accordance with previous announcement, a public meeting was held in this city, on Friday last, at which were assembled clergymen, merchants, professional men, and a large number of the other inhabitants, for the purpose of considering the tendency of the Dominican annexation, and to memorialize Her Most Gracious Majesty, our noble Queen, to interpose her high authority to prevent the arrangement being carried out.

It having been moved and carried with expression of satisfaction, the Hon. Edward Jordan, C. B., Mayor and Custos, took the chair, and briefly explained the object of the meeting, stating that by the programme laid before him, he perceived that Mr. Campbell would move the first resolution.

Mr. C. L. Campbell moved the first resolution as follows:

"That Spain being a slave-holding Power, and maintaining and encouraging the system of slavery in both islands of Cuba and Hayti—the African Slave Trade—the existence of which, in connection with the rapid increase of her national influence and power in this part of the world, the principles of this meeting must ever be opposed, and declared to be earnestly deprecated."

He said—I am happy, sir, that there is sufficient public spirit here to deprecate them at once, for so long as slavery is maintained in the Spanish possessions, we can hardly be said to have entered even upon the beginning of the end of negro freedom and opportunity with which Spain has been allowed to maintain this abominable traffic, has emboldened her to seek the means of its extension. We all know the policy she has been pursuing in Mexico, we know also the design she has upon the smaller nationalities of the continent, and we have before us the fact that she has openly made application for the annexation of the island of Hayti. I look upon this annexation as a menace to the liberties of the Haytian people, and calculated to support the influence of slavery. I am sorry to find a disposition to sympathize with the Haytians in the stand they have taken in the matter, and never was sympathy demanded in a worthier cause. (Hear.) They are perfectly justified in resist a domination which, in its incipiency, saps the very foundation of liberty, and threatens in a moment to engulph and swallow up the noble work for which the people of Hayti have toiled, suffered, bled, and won by the frequent shedding of their blood. (Hear, hear.) There are those, sir, who declare that the question is not one for our consideration, like manumission, but one for the interference of the Haytian Government. To such persons, my answer is that they are mistaken, or entirely unacquainted with the subject, and therefore blind to the tendency which it has to destroy Haytian nationality, and surely no one will tell us that is not a matter for our consideration? Hayti and Jamaica are the only countries in the world where the negro and his descendents enjoy liberty in all its integrity. Upon their rule, and the good they turn that liberty to, depends much the future of negro slavery. For a long time it was the triumph of the slaveholder that emancipation had been abused in these countries; but we are now in a position—and so are the Haytians—to prove the statement false. Some say the annexation has been at the request of the Dominicans. This I deny. It has been done by a few persons entrusted with power in the Republic, and the people have had no voice in the matter. But suppose they had, that would not alter the question. We protest against the annexation: all who are acquainted with the geographical position of the country, must know that, with the possession of the Bay of Samana, the Gibraltar of the West Indies, Spain could almost influence the destinies of the other islands, and make her slave influence supreme. (Hear, hear.) We know the danger of such assertion, and it is for us to oppose it. (Hear, hear.) Had any other Power sought to establish itself in Hayti we should not have cause for suspicion; but it is Spain, slaveholding Spain, which maintains the barracoons on the African coast for the purpose of feeding the American slave marts. History tells us, how Spanish influence has been characterized in this part of the world. Trace that influence from its earliest connexion, and we shall find it one of cruelty and wrong-doing. From the very discovery of the New World in 1492, the career of the Spaniards was one of blood. See how soon they decimated the Indians. They found the New World in a land one ocean spread over with coral rocks and amber beds, whose mountains, pregnant with the beam of the warm sun, teemed with diamonds, whose rivulets, like rich brides, were lovely with gold beneath their tides, whose sandal groves, and bowers of spice might be a fairy's paradise. In their greed of gold they soon changed the scene over to that of blood. The peaceful inhabitants were hunted down by means of bloodhounds, and when the wealth that was on the surface was gathered, and the streams appeared no longer to flow over banks of alabaster, and