

GERRIT SMITH
ON
McCLELLAN'S NOMINATION
AND
ACCEPTANCE

Gerrit Smith

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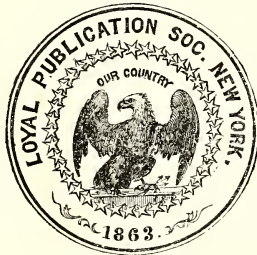
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GERRIT SMITH ON M'CLELLAN'S NOMINATION AND
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I WRITE these pages for the candid. Partisans would not hear me. They follow party. Those only will hear me who follow truth; and who will still follow it at whatever expense to party.

The North is divided—fearfully divided. One portion holds that the North and the other that the South is the guilty party in this War. Which of them is right is the great, nay the only, question to be answered at the coming Election. If the North is the guilty party, then McClellan should be preferred. If the South, then Lincoln. I name them because every day makes it more evident that all our votes will finally be concentrated on them. McClellan is the candidate of those who hold the North to be the guilty party, and therefore whatever exceptions some of them take to him, all will feel constrained to vote for him. So, too, all who hold that the South is the guilty party, will feel it to be their duty to vote for Lincoln. Many of them would prefer to vote for Fremont, if they could thereby vote as effectively to defeat the candidate whose sympathies are with the South. But this they now see they cannot do. It is in this wise that Fremont and Cochrane will themselves, notwithstanding their dislike of some of his measures, vote for Lincoln. They are too magnanimous to let personal considerations hinder them from voting for him; and they are too patriotic to withhold a vote, which the salvation of the country calls for. May they hasten to inspire their friends with the like magnanimity and patriotism! So, too, the great influence of Wendell Phillips will be brought to the side of Lincoln, as soon as he shall see that the man to be elected must be either Lincoln or a servant of the South. Strong as is his preference for Fre-

mont, he will not let it work to the destruction of his country.

We need not go back of the Convention which nominated Lincoln to learn that the Union Party lays all the blame of the War upon the South. Nor need we go back of the Convention which nominated McClellan to learn that the Democratic Party lays all the blame of it on the North. The proceedings of the Chicago Convention afford conclusive evidence that the Democratic Party is identified with the Rebellion; is at peace with the enemies instead of the friends of the nation—at peace with the South and at war with the North. Nevertheless it is not to be condemned but rather to be honored for this, provided the North is the guilty party in the War. I am not of those whose motto is: "Our country right or wrong." It is only when she is right that I am with her. I can be loyal to the North so far only as she is loyal to justice. Nor, if I would, could I help her wherein she breaks with justice. A nation, like an individual, puts herself beyond the reach of help in proportion as she defies the claims of truth and righteousness.

Let me here say that McClellan, no more than any other member of the Democratic Party, is necessarily worthy of condemnation for opposing the cause in which his country is embarked. Nay, if it is an unrighteous cause, then it is proper in him to stand forth against it—to stand forth as distinctly and emphatically as he does by accepting his nomination at the hands of the enemies of that cause.

I repeat, the question to be passed upon at the coming Election is—which is the guilty party in this War—the North or the South. It is admitted that the South took up arms to dismember our nation: and that she robbed it of moneys, forts, guns, and portions of our little standing army. It is admitted, too, that it was only in reply to these outrages that we armed ourselves. Hence, whilst the War on her part is offensive, on ours it is but defensive. Notwithstanding all this the North may not be the innocent party. For she may have oppressed and provoked the South beyond endurance. I am slow to admit that any Rebellion in a land where there is free access to the ballot-box can be justified. Nevertheless if it can be shown that it was because she was made to suffer intolerable oppressions that she flew to arms, I will not condemn her. Had she such oppressions to complain of?

It is said, more in Europe, however, than in America, that our high Tariff was a burden upon the South. Never, however, had we a Tariff so nearly approaching Free Trade as

when her States began to secede. Moreover the South could have had it as much lower as she pleased. What however if our Tariff were not a proper one?—that surely would not be enough to justify Rebellion.

Had the South any right to call herself oppressed by the election of Lincoln? None at all. He was elected Constitutionally. But he was against Slavery! It is true that he was—only moderately so, however. Several of the Presidents immediately preceding him were thoroughly *for* Slavery. And yet the North did not claim that she was oppressed by their election. Least of all did she claim that their election furnished ground for Rebellion.

Was the South at liberty to regard herself oppressed because so much was said at the North against Slavery? Certainly not. The Constitution provides for free speech. Moreover, the South spoke as freely against our systems of labor as we did against her Slavery. She sneered at our “small-fisted farmers,” and our “greasy mechanics.” She stigmatized our noble laborers as “the mudsills of society.” Then, too, the South helps send missionaries over the earth to argue against idolatries and other abominations; and thus is she estopped by her own acts from forbidding others to search and criticise herself.

Was the South oppressed by Northern legislation against Slavery? Never. The North was always willing to have the Supreme Court of the United States pass upon such legislation. When, however, the North sent Commissioners to the South to induce her to consent to have the Constitutionality of those laws under which she was casting Northern freemen into the pit of Slavery, passed upon by that Court, those Commissioners had to fly for their lives before the murderous onset made upon them.

But John Brown, and at other times other Northern men, went into the Southern States to help persons escape from Slavery! The North, however, was not responsible for this. She ever stood by Slavery, and helped the South tighten the chains of the slaves. Little right has the South to complain of the sympathy of John Brown and others with her slaves. Where these delivered one slave, her kidnappers made slaves of ten Northern freemen. But there was rejoicing at the North over the escape of Southern slaves! I admit it. So was there rejoicing at the South over the escape of Southern men from Algerine Slavery. Such rejoicings cannot be stopped. And all attempts of the South to stop them will be vain attempts to change human nature.

Was the South oppressed by the refusal of the Northern people to accede to a proposition of the Southern people to have an amicable separation of the States, and an amicable division of the Territories and other National property? There was no proposition from the Southern people to the Northern people. There was a proposition from Southern individuals unauthorized by the Southern people; and it was made not to our people, but to our Government—to a Government which, instead of being authorized to dismember our nation, is sworn to preserve it, and which, instead of being authorized to throw away the Constitution, is sworn to keep it sacred and unbroken. The people of the North were ready to meet the people of the South in a Convention of Delegates. They were ready to make large concessions in order to save from disruption the nation so dear to them. Entirely ready they were, I am sorry to believe, to indorse and consummate the remarkable action of Congress in favor of altering the Constitution to the advantage of Slavery. In fine, they would have consented to almost any demand of the South short of the sundering of the Nation. This they would not consent to: and, because she knew they would not, the South would not have the National Convention. The sundering of the Nation was the one thing she was intent on; and nothing else, nor all things else, would she accept in lieu of it. Hence to get this one thing, which she could not hope to get otherwise, she resorted to arms. Herein, and herein only, is the explanation of the outbreak of the Rebellion. Could she but have been brought to recede from her determination to set up a nation for herself and by herself, all other difficulties with the South might have been adjusted. It is in no degree necessary to my argument to explain why she then insisted, has ever since insisted, and never more strenuously than now, on this national independence. Nevertheless as some, under whose eye this paper may fall, might like to meet with the explanation, I will give it. The whole explanation of this pertinacity on the part of the South is to be found in the fact that she is determined to maintain Slavery, and that she despairs of maintaining it unless she shall erect herself into a nation independent of every other nation. The South saw Slavery cast out of all Europe, and all American Slavery except her own to be tottering. She saw, too, that the North was every day becoming more enlightened in regard to Slavery, and therefore more hostile to it. Hence the great and absorbing question with her was—what she should do most effectually to insulate herself, and shut out those ever-swelling

floods of Anti-Slavery sentiment and Anti-Slavery influence, which were constantly pouring in upon her. Her natural decision was to build up about herself the high and, as she hoped, impervious walls of a new nationality. The North she regarded as already abolitionized. To remain therefore in connection with her was to allow herself also to be abolitionized. Hence she broke off from the North. For what else would she have consented to break out from it, and to lose the incalculable advantage of being a part of this great nation?

In all this, which I have now referred to, and I know not that there is anything more of this bearing to refer to, has the South suffered intolerable oppressions? Nay, has she suffered any oppression? None whatever. In our national affairs she was generally allowed to have her own way. I admit that we wronged her; but never, even in the slightest degree did we oppress her. And the only way in which she was ever wronged by us was our shameful indulgence of both her tyrannous spirit and her greed of place and power. Surely, surely, then, the North is not to be accused of provoking the Rebellion. Surely, surely, then, the South is the guilty and the only guilty party in the Rebellion. And surely, surely, then, the North cannot, without making herself very criminal and very base, vote for the candidate of those who hold the North and not the South to be the guilty party. But it may be said that their candidate (General McClellan) does not hold in this respect as they do who nominated him. If he does not, then he is very unfortunate in being misrepresented by his friends, who put him forth as the representative of themselves, and who, it is fair to suppose, knew him thoroughly when they did so. Since the Northern men, who espouse the cause of the South, single out McClellan for their standard-bearer, it would be madness in us, who cleave to the cause of the North, to believe him to be with us, and to vote for him. If he is indeed a North-side man, nevertheless since they, who know him, have set him forth as a South-side one, he cannot complain of us for not voting for him. He can complain but of his friends, who have misrepresented him, and whose misrepresentations justify us in withholding our votes from him. But we are cited to McClellan's Letter of Acceptance. That it is a Letter of *Acceptance* is of itself sufficient to disentitle him to the vote of every loyal man. That he is the candidate of a Convention composed of the open enemies of that cause for which his country is pouring out her treasure and her blood—composed

of those whose War is upon the North only—is surely reason enough why no intelligent friend of that cause can give him his vote. But we will look further into this Letter. I said that the North is divided between those who hold the North and those who hold the South to be the guilty party. On which side does McClellan's Letter place him? It spares the South, but it abounds in inculpations of the North. The indirect and unmanly way in which he makes or rather insinuates his charges against the Government was doubtless intended to render them more effective. It will, however, serve but to denote the lack of an open, brave, and manly spirit in their author. He has nothing to say of the barbarity with which the South conducts the War—murdering fresh captives—or, if sparing them, sparing thousands to be tortured in spirit and body, thousands to be starved to death, and (worst fate of all) thousands to be sunk in slavery! Nothing of all this does he say. But in his characteristic cowardly, roundabout way, he accuses the North of the high crime of perverting the War. I grant that there have been a few instances in which Anti-Slavery zealots have shown their disposition to pervert it, and innumerable instances in which Pro-Slavery zealots have shown the like. Just here let me say, that miserable men are all they who, when monsters are striking parricidal blows at the country, are incapable of making a single and square issue with those monsters, and are intent on mixing up with the one question of putting down these monsters conditions in behalf of or against Slavery, *Habeas Corpus*, or something else. “Down with the Rebellion, come what will of it, to any of our schemes, or theories, or interests,” is the voice of wisdom. Moreover, if Slavery, or Anti-Slavery, this or that political party, this or that church, shall be found to stand in the way of putting it down, let them all be swept out of the way. Nothing is worth preserving that stands in the way of putting down so unmitigated and unparalleled a wickedness as the Rebellion. When it shall have been put down will be time to decide (and not till then will it be time so much as to consider it) whether the safety of the nation shall call for the weakening or strengthening of Slavery, for its utter annihilation, or for overspreading the whole land with it. In the meantime use Slavery, or Apprenticeship, or anything else in whatever way you can use it most effectually to the crushing of the Rebellion; and let all heads, all hearts, and all hands find their one thought, one feeling, and one work to that end.

I admitted that there were instances of a disposition to

pervert the War. But by far the most signal of all the instances of the actual perverting of the War, and of perverting it even to the direct help of the rebels, is that of McClellan himself. He it was who began his mediating military career—his half-one-way and half-the-other-way Generalship—with a Proclamation of safety to the foe at that very point where the foe was most vulnerable and most alarmed. He it was who assured the slaveholders that he would guard their homes, their wives, and children from servile insurrection, and who thereby left them free to go forth to swell Rebellion's battling hosts. And now for him whose duty, instead of ministering peace and security to the enemy, was to leave him appalled and paralyzed with every possible terror—and now for him, I say, to throw out in his cowardly way his utterly false charge that the Government has perverted the War, is enough to make the soul of every honest man boil over with indignation. Very far am I from saying that McClellan should have favored servile insurrection. But I do say that he should have left the slaveholders to all their fears from their slaves, and to all that occupation of their thoughts and time which those fears called for. I add that his relieving them of those fears and of that occupation was treason to his country—was even literal treason—for it was “adhering to her enemies, giving them aid and comfort.”

McClellan professes great love of the Constitution and the Union. I love them. The costliest gift whereby I might contribute to preserve them I have not withheld. Both in Peace and in War, abundantly with both lips and pen, I have opposed even the slightest alteration in the Constitution. But whilst McClellan sees our Government making war upon the Union and the Constitution, I see no other war upon them than that which his own Party and its Southern allies are waging.

I said that I love the Constitution. But I love my country more. I would use the Constitution to save the country. But the Democrats juggle with it to destroy the country. Instance their incessant knavish talk about the Constitutional rights and the reserved rights of the seceded States. Whereas the plain fact is that those States did, in seceding, forfeit every right but the right to be punished. France, were England to conquer her, would have no *right* to the present political subdivisions of her soil; and the South, being a rebel, and the guiltiest of all rebels, will, if conquered, be more emphatically destitute of all *right* to hers. I would hope that her old State lines might be recognized; but this

would be for her conqueror alone to determine. The theory so industriously, and injuriously, and traitorously inculcated by the Democrats—that what were rights before the Rebellion must be rights after it, ay, and all the way through it—is the veriest nonsense. I have instanced the talk of the Democrats as one point. Instanced, too, their incessant knavish talk about carrying on the War according to the Constitution. They know that the nation which should try to carry on War according to a Constitution would certainly perish; and hence indeed is it that they are continually urging the Administration to make this altogether unprecedented experiment. Our Constitution does not attempt the folly of prescribing the way in which we shall carry on War. The simple truth in this matter (and they are either silly or disingenuous who deny it) is, that War must ever be a Law unto itself, and that no other Law can meet its exigencies.

I said that I love the Union. My whole heart is set on its restoration, and therefore have I done all I could to compel the South to return to it. I say *compel*, because I believe she must be *compelled*. During all the years of the Rebellion McClellan and his party have constantly held that the South would return to the Union if the North would prepare the way. But the South has as constantly held to the contrary. For the reasons I have already given, the South will not consent to return. She has set up her new nation with Slavery for its boasted corner-stone; and she will not, but upon compulsion, belong again to a nation of another kind. There is, I admit, one way in which the South might possibly be induced to return to the Union. That way McClellan and his party know; and that way I have not the slightest doubt they are willing, and no small share of them eager, to prepare. Should the North consent to set up Slavery within all her borders, and to put, as Slavery requires, the claim of property in man on the same footing with the claim of property in horses and hogs, the South might possibly consent to return to the Union. The Democratic Party knows that this is the only way in which she would consent to return, and this way the Democratic Party would open to her.

The pernicious cry that our sole legitimate object in prosecuting the War is to save the Constitution and the Union is, of course, abundantly echoed in McClellan's letter. The declarations both in and out of Congress in the early stages of the War that our one work was to restore the Constitution and the Union, I am not disposed to criticise. But very unwise was it to repeat such declarations after the Rebellion had

taken on its wide dimensions and was putting forth its gigantic and appalling efforts. Then our one work was to put down the Rebellion; and if need be, at whatever expense to Constitution or Union. The forms of the Constitution and the terms of the Union had then become of comparatively little account. Nay, the Rebellion, greatest of all crimes earth ever knew, must go down, though all do go down with it. Alas, how unreasonable and insane for the enemies of the Rebellion at such a time as this, when the common work of putting it down claims the hands of all and all the interest of all, to be making issues between themselves about the character of the Constitution or the conditions of the Union! Put down the Rebellion! Put it down now, and unconditionally! Matters about the Constitution and the Union can be adjusted afterward. This Democratic shouting for the Constitution and the Union is but to call us off from crushing the Rebellion.

I notice McClellan's pathetic appeal for the votes of the soldiers and sailors. What an impudent affectation in him to profess regard for these brave and devoted men, whilst he worms his way up to the platform in which the cause they are battling, bleeding and dying for is condemned and its abandonment called for! I say its *abandonment*—for such is the only possible meaning of immediate armistice or “cessation of hostilities,” which the platform demands. If, as President Lincoln's favorite story says, it is “no time to swap horses when crossing the stream,” so it is no time to stop horses when crossing it. To stop at that critical moment is to expose all to go down stream. For us to stop the War at this time is to abandon the War, and to make vain all we have sacrificed in prosecuting it. Moreover, it is to abandon it when we are on the very eve of accomplishing its one object—the overthrow of the Rebellion. I say it was an impudent affectation in McClellan, whilst indorsing the platform which insults the brave men who are fighting our battles, to be professing regard for them. So it is for him to be professing that regard while he places himself on that platform by the side of a Vice-Presidential Candidate, whose sympathies with the South are as open as his own are sly! This Candidate, for whom also is necessarily every vote cast for McClellan, and who, if elected, becomes, in no very improbable event, the President of the United States, is the George H. Pendleton, who is a member of Congress, and who in that capacity steadily votes against supplies of men and moneys and taxes for carrying on the War. He is the same Pendleton, who with

but nineteen others voted against censuring Harris for using treasonable language on the floor of Congress, and who with but fifteen others voted against the resolution, which declares the duty of crushing the Rebellion. Greatly mistaken is McClellan if, with his unenviable military reputation and his base and guilty political connections, he hopes to catch our discerning soldiers and sailors with such chaff as his heartless praises of them. They read him "like a book." They will turn their backs upon him; and will give their approving faces and their approving votes to the honest Lincoln, who deals in no twattle about the Constitution and the Union, and who speaks what he means; to the patriotic and earnest Lincoln, who believes in the cause for which our soldiers and sailors are contending, who does his utmost to reinforce them, and who scouts as spurious any peace with the rebels which shall precede their unconditional surrender. This attempt of McClellan to get the votes of the armed defenders of the country reminds us of a similar attempt of the Convention that nominated him. In one of its resolutions the Democratic Party is made to promise to take "care" of "the soldiery." Impudent and insulting promise! Undoubtedly "the soldiery" will, in turn, take care of the Democratic Party. It will take care of it at the approaching election; and when the War is over at the South, and the day of reckoning for Northern rascality shall have come, it will again take care of the Northern traitors, whose sympathies have made strong the hands of Southern traitors, and who have in this wise greatly prolonged the War and greatly swollen the sum of the sufferings of our army.

I spoke of McClellan's worming his way up to the platform which the Convention prepared for him and his fellow Peace man to stand on. He did not mount it like a bad bold man, but crawled upon it like a bad timid one. His timidity however was in no wise because of a disagreement between the platform and his own views—for he virtually says that there is no disagreement between them when he says: "Believing that the views here expressed are those of the Convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination." He believes that the Convention and its constituents agree with him for the sufficient reason that having read their platform, he finds himself agreeing with them. It is well that the traitorous and infamous platform is so outspoken, since in this wise, inasmuch as McClellan does himself believe that he and its framers mean the same thing, we are enabled to put confident interpretations upon the double-meaning

phraseologies in his cunning and cowardly letter. Oh no ! McClellan's shyness of the platform was in no degree because he dissented from it—for he did not dissent from it. It was solely because he feared that his open, plump indorsement of a Peace platform would leave him no votes but those of the Peace Democrats.

I have not failed to notice the patriotic, brave and warlike words with which McClellan has sprinkled his letter. Inasmuch however as they are at entire variance with other parts of it and with the obvious spirit and aim of the whole ; and inasmuch also as they are repugnant to both the entire body and soul of that platform which by his acceptance of his nomination, as well as otherwise, he expresses his approval of ; and inasmuch also as these cunningly flung-in words are out of all harmony with the words and deeds of that other George who stands beside him, and of the unprincipled party which nominated them—inasmuch as all this is so, I make no account of them. I cast the affected words aside, declaring them to be, as the lawyers would say, *void for inconsistency*. I could wish that these words might cost McClellan the loss of the votes of some Peace Democrats ; but I have no idea that they will. These Peace Democrats know their man, and they are as sure of their one George as of the other. Hence, whilst nothing McClellan can say in favor of a War policy can shake their confidence in his purpose for a Southern and Pro-Slavery Peace, the more he shall say in favor of such policy the more will he rise in their esteem—all that he so says passing to the credit of his cunning in catching the votes of War Democrats.

I am not ignorant that the Daily News and Metropolitan Record, Vallandigham, and other such, have come out against McClellan. But they will be for him when election comes. Why should they not be ? Why should they not trust him ? Like them, he slanders the Government and the North. Like them, instead of ever saying so much as one word against Slavery, he is constantly proving that his great concern is to save it. It is true that their treason is more open and noisy than his, but his is nevertheless as real and earnest as theirs. The coming out of Peace Democrats against McClellan is most likely but part of the game. Their showing a want of confidence in him is expected to increase the confidence of War Democrats in him. But even if there are a few Peace Democrats, who, because of the warlike words in his letter, do not like to vote for him, they nevertheless will vote for him. Such fellows are always either coaxed or whipped in.

Let not the friends of the country flatter themselves that McClellan, who is in heart just what the Peace Democrats could wish him to be, will lose so much as one of their votes.

I pass on to inquire why it is, since the South is so obviously the guilty party in this War, so large a share of the Northern people goes with her. It is because of the power of party. It was long ago that the Democratic Party came into alliance with Slavery. I do not believe that it was, as a prominent politician in effect declared it to be, a "natural" alliance. In the early days of the Republic the parties, morally considered, were not essentially different. But its espousal of the Pro-Slavery policy wrought a sad change in the Democratic Party. Its good men saw it and lamented it; and from time to time many of them quit it. When at length Slavery, having failed to accomplish its ends by political, commercial and ecclesiastical agencies, burst forth in Rebellion (for the Rebellion is neither more nor less than Slavery in arms), then, as was to be expected, there was a great exodus from the Democratic Party. Thousands of that party, who had been guilty of falling in with its concessions to Slavery, hoping thereby not only to help their party, but to preserve the quiet and promote the prosperity of the country, could no longer remain in their Pro-Slavery Party after Slavery had undertaken the violent dismemberment of the nation. Nevertheless the Democratic Party did not become weak. As was natural, those who clung to it became more than ever devoted to Slavery; and the more Pro-Slavery the party became the more attractive was it to the aristocratic element in our population. For aristocracy, not in England only, but the world over, must ever be in sympathy with slaveholding. Contempt of the toiling poor, black or white, bond or free, is common to both. Moreover, as the Democratic party increased in devotion to Slavery, it grew in favor with those ignorant and debased multitudes who love Slavery because they love to have a stratum of humanity still lower than their own. Again, these multitudes go for Slavery because they are taught by the demagogues who get their votes that the colored people not in slavery are their rivals for the humble forms of labor.

The Democratic Party, now so openly and shamelessly the servant of the Slave-Power as to be at work either to break up the nation or to bring all parts of it equally under the reign of Slavery, has long been the servant of that power. Instance its innumerable mobs to prevent or break up the

discussion of Slavery. To embarrass the Government and help the rebels it has become the champion of the right of Free Speech. Nevertheless its Amos Kendall, who is now so conspicuously on the side of Free Speech, went so far the other way as to let Slavery stalk into the Post Office Department, and wield its mighty machinery against Free Speech. Even our bland and gentle Governor Seymour, who is now so distressfully concerned for the safety of Free Speech, was, but a little more than three years ago, planning in conclave with kindred spirits the forcible prevention of a speech against Slavery.

That the Democratic Party should, even now, when all Christendom is giving up Slavery, still cling to it is not unaccountable. Its whole life has come to be in Slavery; and it knows that when Slavery dies it must itself die. Hence to expect the Democratic Party to give up Slavery is to expect it to give up itself; and the political party has not yet been which will consent to give up itself.

The Democratic Party is, in short, neither more nor less than the Northern wing of the Rebellion; and the same spirit of opposition to universal freedom and to the lifting up of oppressed and degraded humanity, which imbues the Southern rebels, imbues the Northern rebels also. That such a party should do what it can to hinder the putting down of the Rebellion is only what might be expected. But that even so guilty a party should taunt us with incompetence to carry on the War, and with lack of success in it, is a meanness and hypocrisy which it surely did not need to add to its stupendous wickedness. How multiplied are its hinderances to our successful prosecution of the War? It discourages enlistments. It opposes drafts, and goes so far as to make them occasions for plundering and murderous riots. It impeaches the national credit, and does all it can to shake confidence and prevent investments in Government bonds. It slanders and vilifies our upright and able President and his upright and able Cabinet. Whilst sullen over the victories achieved by our army, it exaggerates and rejoices in its defeats. I need specify no further. Enough is it to add that its crimes and character are summed up in the crowning infamy of a Convention, which built that traitorous and hypocritical platform, and put upon it the two Georges, who are precisely suited to it and to each other. How sad that the men, who are doing these things, are even too depraved and too infatuated to pause and consider what a heritage of shame they are preparing for their children!

The friends of the country must not allow themselves to be discouraged by all that its Northern and therefore its worst enemies have done and are still doing to discourage them. They must continue to believe that a cause so good as is their cause, will not fail. They must still have faith in God, and still believe that He will not suffer the hard-earned treasure and righteous blood which we have poured out in the War to be but waste. They must still believe that our brave and dear soldiers and sailors, who have died or been crippled in this War, have not died nor been crippled in vain. They must still believe that the sorrows of our scores of thousands of bereaved families will find their soothing and recompense in a nation of all its former boundaries and of far more than all its former justice, freedom and prosperity.

This nation will live. It has given ample proof that it can withstand both foreign and domestic foes, both Northern and Southern rebels. This nation will live to see herself and the whole Continent free from oppressors—not from slaveholders only, but from imperial despots also. The Democratic Party will not much longer, by weakening and disgracing us, encourage the designs of the Napoleons and Maximilians. For the Democratic Party will soon die. As life is the law of righteousness, so death is the law of wickedness; and the wickedness of the Democratic Party is fast nearing that extreme limit where wickedness, all ripe and rotten, dies of itself.

Let us be of good cheer. Atlanta is already ours. So also is the Bay of Mobile. Very soon we shall have conquered two or three other important points; and then but a brief, feeble, flickering life will remain to the Rebellion. What is scarcely less important, the Election will also be ours. And then, thanks to God, the Democratic Party, that ugliest of all the enemies of human rights and human happiness, will be dead. The name may survive; but the party that shall wear it will be as unlike to the present Democratic Party as day is to darkness.

GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, *September 14, 1864.*

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