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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

FREEDOM'S SENTINEL

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH' AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.

"Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding clause of the South proclaims, as a fundamental element in the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. For the first, we have had, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement most yearningly fulfilled by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of a free government, of a repeal or excitation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . . Its reciprocal operation upon the Northern mind has been to create, by an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to secure the perpetuity of the SLAVERY NATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS

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THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON MASS. FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1849.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

Refuge of Oppression.

THE TRAFFIC IN SLAVES AND SOULS OF MEN!

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

SLAVES FOR SALE.—HORE H. SLATTER, who has retired from the trade, has sold his establishment in Baltimore, and leased for a number of years his old stand at the corner of Esplanade and Moreau streets, at which place he shall keep on a large and general assortment of SLAVES for sale, imported direct from Maryland and Virginia.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL,
Successor to Hope H. Slatter.

NEGROES—NEGROES.—Just received, and for sale at No. 7 Moreau street, Third Municipality, a large and likely lot of NEGROES, consisting of Field Hands, House Servants, and Mechanics. Will be receiving new lots regularly from Virginia during the season.

WM. F. TALBOTT.

NEGROES FOR SALE ON TIME.—Nine valuable and well trained Negroes, consisting of men, women and boys, for sale on a credit of four to six months.

PEGRAM & BRYAN.

COOK AND HOUSE SERVANTS FOR SALE.—A Negro Woman, a first rate cook, washer, and house servant, aged about 32 years, with her child, aged about 6 years; speaks French and English, a creole of this city; for sale for cash only.

LAPORTET & SQUIRES.

SUGAR PLANTATION AND NEGROES.—Offered for sale, in order to effect: a division between the owners, a Plantation on the Mississippi river, in the parish of Pointe Coupee, 25 arpents front, by 80 in depth. The land is of the first quality, &c.

About 35 mules and horses, 7 yoke of oxen, cart, wagons, timber, wheels, FIFTY-TWO NEGROES, including blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers, engineers, &c., forty-seven of whom are working hands, only fifteen women, one of the latter over fifty years old, the remainder of the hands from 18 to 50 years old. The Plantation will be sold with or without the Negroes, at the option of the purchaser. For further particulars, apply to

A. LEDROUX & CO., 77 Canal street.
G. D. HALL, 173 S. Charles st.

NINETEEN NEGROES—Consisting of 3 men, 3 women, and 13 small ones. At the same time and place, I will sell three thousand pounds of good Bacon, and a quantity of good Brick. Terms of sale 12 months, with note and security.

M. PATTON, Adm'r.

Letter addressed to the Editor of the Lexington (Ky.) Examiner:—

GRASSY CREEK April 12th '49

SIR Inclosed You will find Your filthy paper the Examiner I Pe inform You at this time I receive no Such documents and allow no Yanky aney Such liberty as You have taken by Sending me your filthy Sheat we Tar and feather Just Such things as You let up here You may think Hot Strange but it is less trie than Strange and if you dont believe it, come and see

I am &c RICH'D MULLINS.

From the Home Journal.

THE NIGHT FUNERAL OF A SLAVE.

Travelling recently on business, in the interior of Georgia, I reached, just at sunset, the mansion of the proprietor of a large cotton estate, for the last half hour of my journey, I had pursued my way. My tired companion pricked his ears, and with a low whinny indicated his pleasure as I turned into the broad avenue leading to the house. Calling to a black boy in view, I made him inquire of his owner if I could be accommodated with lodgings for the night.

My request brought the proprietor himself to the door, and from thence to the gate, when, after a scrutinizing glance at my person and equipments, he inquired my name, business, and destination. I promptly responded to his questions, and he invited me to alight and enter the house, in the true spirit of southern hospitality.

He was apparently thirty years of age, and evidently a man of education and refinement. I soon observed a tone of gloomy abstraction about him; he talked but little, and even that little seemed the result of an effort to obviate the seeming want of civility to a stranger. At supper, the mistress of the mansion appeared, and did the honors of the table, in her particular department; she was exceedingly lady-like and beautiful. She retired immediately after supper, and a servant handing some splendid Habanas on a small silver tray, we had seated ourselves comfortably before the enormous fire of oak wood, when a servant appeared at the door near my host, but in hand, and uttered, in subdued but distinct tones, the, to me, startling words,

'Masse, de coffin hab come.'

'Very well,' was the only reply, and the servant disappeared.

My host remarked my gaze of inquisitive wonder, and replied to it:

'I have been sad, sad,' said he, 'to-day. I have had a greater misfortune than I have experienced since my father's death. I lost this morning the truest and most reliable friend I had in the world—one whom I have been accustomed to honor and respect since my earliest recollection; he was the playmate of my father's youth, and the Mentor of mine; a faithful servant, an honest man, and sincere Christian. I had by his bedside to-day, and with his hands clasped in mine, I heard the last words he uttered: they were, "Master, meet me in heaven."'

His voice faltered for a moment, and he continued after a pause, with increased excitement—

'His loss is a melancholy one to me. If I left my home, I said to him, "John, see that all things are taken care of," and I knew that my wife and child, property and all, were as safe as though they were guarded by a hundred soldiers. I never spoke a harsh word to him in all my life, for he never deserved it. I have a hundred others, many of them faithful too, but his loss is irreparable.'

I came from a section of the Union where slavery does not exist; and I brought with me all the prejudice which so generally prevail in the free States in regard to this "institution." I had already seen much to soften these, but the observation of years would have failed to give me so clear an insight into the relation between master and servant as this simple incident. It was not the haughty planter, the petty tyrant, talking of his dead slave as of his dead horse, but the kind-hearted gentleman, lamenting the loss and eulogizing the virtues of his good old *friend*.

After an interval of silence, my host resumed:

'There are,' said he, 'many of the old man's relatives and friends who would wish to attend his funeral. To afford them opportunity, several plantations have been notified that he will be buried to-night; some, I, presume, have already arrived; and desiring to see that all things are properly prepared for his interment, I trust you will excuse my absence a few moments.'

'Most certainly, sir; but,' I added, 'if there is no impropriety, I would be pleased to accompany you.'

'There is none,' he replied; and I followed him to one of a long row of cabins, situated at the distance of some three hundred yards from the mansion. The house was crowded with negroes; all arose on our entrance, and bowed in respectful greeting; with my host, in tones that convinced me that they felt that he was an object of sympathy from them. The corpse was deposited in the coffin, attired in a shroud of the finest cotton materials, and the coffin itself painted black.

That interest stopped at its head, and laying his hand upon the cold brow of his faithful bondsman, gazed long and intently upon features with which he had been so long familiar, and which he now looked upon for the last time on earth; raising his eyes at length, and glancing at the serious countenances now bent upon his, he said solemnly, and with much feeling—

'He was a faithful servant and true Christian; if you follow his example, and live as he lived, none of you need to fear when the time comes for you to lie here.'

A patriarch, with the snow of eighty winters on his head, answered—

'Master, it is true, and we will try to live like him.'

There was a murmur of general assent, and after giving some instructions relative to the burial, we returned to the building.

About nine o'clock, a servant appeared, with the notice that they were ready to move, and to know if further instructions were necessary. My host remarked that, by stepping into the piazza, I would probably behold, to me, a novel scene. The procession had moved, and its route led within a few yards of the mansion. There were one hundred and fifty negroes, arranged four deep, and following a wagon in which was placed the coffin down the entire length of the line, at intervals of a few feet on each side, were carried torches of the resinous pine, here called lightwood. About the centre was stationed the black preacher, a man of gigantic frame and stentorian lungs, who gave out from memory the words of a hymn suitable to the occasion. The southern negroes are proverbial for the melody and compass of their voices, and I thought that hymn, mellowed by distance, the most solemn and yet the sweetest music that had ever fallen upon my ear. The stillness of the night, and strength of their voices, enabled me to distinguish their voices at the distance of half a mile.

It was to me a strange and solemn scene, and no incident of my life has impressed me with more powerful emotions than the night funeral of the poor negro. For this reason, I have hastily and most imperfectly sketched its leading features.

The Liberator.

'THE NIGHT FUNERAL OF A SLAVE.'

Perhaps this paper may fall into the hands of some one so little acquainted with the Gospel of Anti-Slavery as to wonder why the article headed as above should be placed in the 'Refuge of Oppression.'

It is not that the story is not true, as far as its statements of facts are concerned. Very many cases of such a relation between master and slave arise (now to exist (perhaps even as many as one in five thousand of the whole three million, falsely,) and every abolitionist could have told you this long ago, not only from testimony, but from the nature of man, which is not rooted out and destroyed, but only injured, by vicious institutions.

We need not waste a word upon the critical acumen of the narrator of the incident, whose prejudices in favor of liberty had been already 'softened,' and who received 'so clear an insight into the relation between master and slave,' by seeing for one night one phase of that complicated relation, and that one—a funeral. But our thoughts may be profitably turned to some incidents of the story.

The slaveholder here mentioned seems to have been not only one of the class commonly misnamed 'kind masters,' but to have been so far 'hardened in piety,' as not only to disregard the affecting exhortation to repentance addressed to him by the dying bondman, but to use the patient, the meek-spirited, venerable age and extensive influence of the deceased as an engine to affect the religious sensibilities of the hundred surviving slaves, and impress upon them the monstrous falsehood that their eternal welfare depends on their implicit submission to his will.

Think of this a moment.

The slaveholder patronises the funeral of his slave by attendance on part of its services. It is doubtless a gratification to his own feelings to do so. No one could lose a servant who had been attached to his person and eminently useful to him for thirty years, without sincere regret. But this attendance is also imperatively dictated by his pecuniary interest, and is far more profitable than any ordinary business transaction. Its daily problem is to find the easiest means of compelling fifty men and women to work for him without wages, and the cheapest means of supposing them in good working order. Chains and the lash are unpleasant, and diminish the facility and therefore the productiveness of labor. If the object can be attained by working on their religious feelings and their affections, so much the better. Hire a minister to preach to them that heaven is the reward of patient, submissive, unremitting industry, and hell the just punishment of liars, thieves and runaways, and half the work is done. Then a few *presents* judiciously distributed, (only think of a debtor, who is determined never to pay, making a present to each of his creditors of a silver dollar every Christmas!) and a few expressions of personal regard, at attendance on weddings and funerals, and the other half is done. The painted coffin, and the shroud of finest cotton, are highly profitable investments, as they suggest the idea of favors and privations to minds which might otherwise be occupied with the thought of that *justice* which is denied them. The attendance of this sort not only gratify the sympathizing and unreflecting mind of the negro, and prevent him from thinking that these funeral expenses, so *kindly given* by the master, have been earned, a thousand times over, by the unpaid labor of the deceased slave; but they render him more content with the miserable condition which robs himself, day by day and year by year, of the avails of his own labor, the control of his own body, the desires of his wife, and the superintendence of his children. Nay, more! these attentions prepare him to receive soberly, without a shout of derision or derisive laugh, if it were in some sort true, the preposterous assertion that a slave's fitness for death and chance of happiness after death depend upon his faithful obedience to a slaveholder. Is it, then, a merit in the slaveholder to bestow them? Is it not rather a proof of intolerable impudence and hardness of heart, that he can use the occasion of his victim's funeral to 'say solemnly and with much feeling' to the survivors, that their souls' welfare depends on their patient acquiescence in his usurpation of ownership over them?

Yet people are found to say such things, and others are found to believe them! C. K. W.

From the New York Tribune.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

This Society held a meeting, preceeding to adjournment. In the absence of the President, Dr. Harsen was appointed.

Wendell Phillips, Esq., then rose and expressed great gratification at again having the privilege of speaking to a New York audience. He said, we ought to be the model republic. We are a free slip of the old stock. We are but the younger brother; and the elder, when he took possession of the estate across the water, took the mortgage with it. Let us see how we are true in the position that Providence has placed us, in leading on in reformations.

This is an experiment. Our whole legislation on the subject is a failure. Acknowledgment is made, that every punishment that is not absolutely needed is cruelty. We have repealed almost every capital penalty except for murder. Let us do that. The history of the Christian church should have embraced this reform.

The evangelical church are hostile to the abolition of capital punishment. The Unitarians and Universalists of New England are in its favor. If the other denominations must have heavier penalties, let them introduce again the Inquisition, with all its horrors.

Society has its duties as well as its rights. If we have a right to hang, we have a duty to educate. For, in order to hang, we must first educate the child to a proper appreciation of its duties. We must not judge as a faithless jury, but as those liable to one's peers. Society, in some time, in his usual fascinating strain of eloquence.

Leicester F. A. Buckingham, Esq., was then introduced to the audience. He proceeded to speak of the religious bearings of the subject. The reverence of honest conviction on any question must be removed before we could hope to change the mind. The religious sentiment which still thinks the gallows justified, is unmoved. The speaker saw, a few days since, a poor miserable wretch sentenced to death. Here are two homicides. What is the difference? None, except one is called murder, and the other is elevated to the noble dignity of being the act of the majority of the citizens. The right of legislators to hold the right of individuals, and the rights of the individual do not permit him to destroy the life of a fellow-man.

The only self-defense possible, as a ground for hanging, is the protection of the remaining portion of society. If we can then secure the murderer, we must not destroy him. The right of self-defence cannot apply to this side of the question. Mr. Buckingham then said, in relation to the text in Genesis, it is necessary that the whole subject should be taken into account. He then compared the present reading with the texts of the Septuagint, the Vulgate and Ancient Hebrew, the words—'*by man* shall one shed man's blood,' and concluded by quoting several passages from Scripture that had been used in supporting the death penalty, and gave them what he supposed their true meaning.

Freeman Hunt, Esq., of the Nominating Committee, then read the following appointments for the ensuing year, which were unanimously adopted:

President—Hon. Cadwallader D. Dallas.

Vice Presidents—Chas. Sumner, of Mass.; Hon. Benj. F. Porter, of Ala.; Hon. William T. McCoun, of N. Y.; Henry R. Patterson, M. D., of Pa.; T. G. Upham, M. D., of Me.

Treasurer—Jacob Harsen, M. D., of New York.

Corresponding Secretaries—Freeman Hunt, Esq., and John P. Hale, of New Hampshire.

Recording Secretaries—Horace Greeley, Rev. Wm. S. Balch, of N. Y.

Executive Committee—Wendell Phillips, of Mass.; Hon. Chas. F. Adams, do.; Hon. Chauncey F. Cleveland, of Conn.; Hon. Charles A. Loomis, of Mich.; Wm. M. Chase, of R. I.; Isaac T. Hopper, of N. Y.; Judge E. P. Hurlbut, of N. Y.; Dr. F. King, of N. J.; Judge Strong Palmer, of Pa.; Hon. Wm. Kelley, of Pa.; Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Miss.; T. S. Scranton, of N. J.; Gov. Aaron Brown, of Tenn.; Richard M. Johnson, of Ky.; Dr. William Riley, of Md.; Oliver Johnson, of Ohio.

The meeting then adjourned.

The following letter was received from the Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, expressing his inability to attend, and his conviction of the demoralising tendency of the death penalty:

PHILADELPHIA, May 4th, 1849.

SIR—It is not in my power to preside, agreeably to your invitation, at the anniversary meeting of the American Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment on Wednesday next.

Remaining unshaken in the conviction that to inflict death as a penalty, is both unchristian, demoralizing and unnecessary, I wish every possible success to the labors of the society.

Respectfully, G. M. DALLAS.

JOSIAH HOPPER, M. D.

From the London Inquirer of April 14.

RESIGNATION OF THE REV. R. L. CARPENTER.

We understand that the Rev. R. L. Carpenter has resigned the pastoral charge of the Unitarian Congregation at Bridgewater.

We have not seen the 'statement' alluded to in the following notice from the Bridgewater Times of the 5th inst., but we insert the paragraph, as it appears to be written by some party uncontected with Mr. Carpenter's congregation:

'The Rev. R. L. Carpenter, whose resignation as minister of the Unitarian Chapel was reported by us a week or two since, has addressed a letter to the trustees and subscribers of Christ Church Chapel, extending to forty-four pages, giving to them his reasons for the step he has taken. The letter, though printed, is a private communication, and therefore we do not feel at liberty to comment upon it. Without, however, trenching upon private matters, we may be justified in stating the commonly-received rumor of the cause of his resignation, which is one of peculiar interest. It is well known to every inhabitant of Bridgewater, that Mr. Carpenter has, for many years past, been an ardent and zealous advocate of teetotalism as a powerful agent of civilization—that he has lost no opportunity of recommending by precept and practice, the use of wine as an evil, conscientiously believing it to be a most powerful instrument of good. The principal portion of the income of the minister of his congregation arises from the rents of public-houses in Russell Place. Two or three of these houses, it appears, are let as beer shops, and Mr. Carpenter, with his views on the temperance question, could not, consistently with his conscience, be a party in deriving any portion of his income from such a source. His doubts have grown with his experience, and he has recently refused to landing back to the treasury an equivalent portion of his salary, accruing from this source, to his pulpit source, and hoped that the congregation would see the propriety of the removal of the houses on their property, and pass a resolution prohibiting such use of their property for the future. This the committee declined doing; and, after some correspondence, it was intimated to Mr. Carpenter that it would be for their mutual interest that the connection between them should terminate. But one course, therefore, was left; finding the committee unwilling to do what he considered essentially necessary should be done, he resigned his ministry. We have endeavored to give a fair outline of this transaction. Seeing the efforts Mr. Carpenter has made to carry out his views upon the temperance question, ever since his residence among us, and fully believing his sincerity and conscientiousness in advocating these for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, we most cordially and respectfully do full honor to his motives, and to the high principle which has prompted him to the course he has adopted. Differing widely from him in many essential points, we cannot refrain from paying him this public tribute of respect, for setting an example of adherence to principle which, in these days of laxity, is too little practised.'

In addition to what is stated in the above paragraph, we learn from a Bristol friend, well acquainted with the parties and the circumstances, that, owing to the inquiry and interest awakened by Mr. Carpenter's firm and consistent course, it had been determined by the Bridgewater congregation to give up the objectionable property, or, at least, the objectionable use of it. Thus Mr. C. has had the satisfaction of witnessing the complete success of his most praiseworthy efforts.

We are also most happy to hear that Mr. Carpenter designs visiting this country in the course of a few months, where we are confident the sincere welcome of many friends awaits him.

HENRY CLAY.

From the London Christian Inquirer.

TO THE EDITOR:

MY DEAR SIR—Henry Clay's letter to Richard Pindell, Esq., richly deserves, I think, to be bottled in spirits, and exhibited as a curious specimen of pro-slavery morality;—the colouring, in empty—in cruelty, and a counterfeit for philanthropy—to call it by no harsher name. The coolness with which the writer proposes to banish the negroes of Kentucky, of a free generation, it fairly takes my breath;—the wise provision that he makes, that he himself, and those of his own generation, shall sustain no loss, or even inconvenience, in the matter, but that the next generation only shall suffer, and that the greater proportion of the penalty, even in their case, shall be borne by those against whom they have sinned;—the tenderness with which he deals with the prejudices of those '*respectable* persons who believe that slavery is a blessing, that the institution ought to exist in every well-organised community, and that it is even favorable to the preservation of liberty;'—the modest reluctance, which he manifests, to force his ideas of right and wrong on the unprepared minds of the Kentuckians;—the magnanimity with which he professes his willingness to fall back on the approbation of conscience, should they reject his disinterested advice;—and, finally, the beautiful consistency which appears between his admission—that our duty to God requires us 'not to *subjugate*, or *deal unjustly* by our fellow-men, who are less blessed than we are, but to instruct, to improve, and to enlighten them;' and his proposed proviso, that 'until the commencement of his system, that is, not impromptu, during the whole life of himself and his contemporaries, 'all the legal rights of the proprietors of slaves, as *their fallen state*, ought to remain unimpaired and unrestricted;'—these various beauties of this remarkable document seem to me to render it worthy of a place in the anatomical museum of the human mind, in the department of it which is reserved for its monstrosities.

I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

JOSEPH HUTTON.

IF Our esteemed friend, SAMUEL MAY, Jr. has just received a letter from the Rev. Dr. HUTTON of London, (the writer of the article on Henry Clay's Letter which we have copied from the Inquirer,) from which we are permitted to extract the following paragraph:

5 HAMILTON PLACE, KING'S CROSS, }
April 30th, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR:

I forward to you by this post a *copy* of the Inquirer of Saturday last. You will see by it how my mind was affected by the perusal of Mr. Clay's letter. I regret that I omitted to notice, in my note to the editor, the master-stroke of Mr. Clay's policy,—his plan for emancipating Kentucky, should she wish it, without the emancipation of *any* of her negroes,—and then constituting her, should she apply for the honor, a *free bulwark* of slavery,—a pateness (a proverb, I fear, too true) of these crimes in others which she had lost, or rather, for convenience sake, had relinquished, the power of committing herself. I can truly say that, in the course of my reading, I have never met with such a production. America, I verily believe, might safely defy Europe to produce a finer specimen of Machiavellian policy. Since I wrote my note, I have read with great pleasure Frederick Douglass's excellent remarks on Mr. C's letter, in the North Star.

Correspondence of the Chronotype.

NEW YORK, May 8, 1849.

Last evening, (Monday,) the New York Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment held its annual meeting in the Minerva Rooms. The large hall was filled to a perfect jam. Many were obliged to go away without obtaining admission. Extra seats were constantly brought in, till there was no room for more; and every square foot of the hall was occupied.

WENDELL PHILLIPS made one of his most brilliant efforts, in a speech which called forth a tumult of applause. His commanding figure and intelligent countenance, his polished, classical language, the richness of his historical illustrations, and the temperate, subdued enthusiasm with which he treated the subject, all combined to affect on his intelligent auditory, and must have disposed the most prejudiced mind to the reception of his humane, beneficent doctrines. Contrasting the feeble efforts which had been made in Massachusetts on behalf of Washington Goode—the change in public opinion which had taken place—the prospect that the execution of that unhappy negro, if consummated, would be the last to disgrace the legislation of Massachusetts. The principal argument in favor of capital punishment, he said, was the Biblical one. Orthodox divines were afraid that their doctrinal system would be weakened if the gallows were set aside. For himself, he had no such orthodox notions. But he rejoiced to argue the question on the ground of the Bible. He would shut himself up in the Bible, and from the whole volume of the Old Testament, he would demonstrate that all the attributes of the Deity were hostile to this desecration of humanity. Nor did he like to restrict the sphere of Christian duty to those who saw a visible image of the human heart, a generous act for the benefit of society, a character like that of Wilberforce, Garrison and Fry, he saw the spirit of the Master, as shown in the parable of the Good Samaritan, and in the veil of flesh. This spirit would destroy the gallows, with all its bloody appurtenances, and change the warm-blooded murderer, love to melt the hardest rock of obstinacy and sin in the heart of the criminal.

HORACE GREELEY succeeded Mr. Phillips in a short, pithy, and most effective speech. He humorously applied the *reductio ad absurdum* to the defence of the American Gallows System; and showed, without a flaw in his transparent logic, that if Capital Punishment were indeed the Divine Blessing which its advocates claim for it, the wisest and virtuousest of the land ought to combine in an organization for its support and promotion.

He was succeeded by WILLIAM ELDER of Philadelphia, who produced a most powerful impression. He related several startling anecdotes, within his own experience, illustrating the evil effects of Capital Punishment, which could scarcely be heard with a dry eye.

The American Anti-Slavery Society have just adjourned their morning session in the Tabernacle, which, in spite of the abominable weather, was filled to overflowing. The tone of the meeting was the mildest Liberty-party tone, though it showed signs of discouragement. The speakers, besides Mr. GARNISON, who presided and opened the meeting with some pertinent introductory remarks, were PARKER PILLSBURY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and FREDERICK DOUGLASS. Pillsbury was forcible, witty, and caustic as usual, though he refrained from the strong denunciations which he often wields with more violence than effect. Phillips was no less enchanting than on the previous evening, and moved and delighted everybody. Douglass's speech was principally a repetition of his remarks on 'The Great Men of the Country,' of which I gave you a notice in a former letter.

Correspondence of the Herkimer Freeman.

NEW YORK, May 8, 1849.

The American Anti-Slavery Society met in the Tabernacle this morning at 10 o'clock. The President of the Society, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in the chair. The morning was dark, cold and rainy, but the house was well filled with people, who evidently had warm hearts wanting in their bodies.

A series of resolutions, affirming the peculiar and distinctive doctrines of the Society, was read; after which Mr. Pillsbury of Concord, N. H. proceeded to address the audience in a strain of mingled argument, severity and invective, which at some points of his discourse, fairly made the house quake and shake.

He was succeeded by Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, the eloquent model orator. This gentleman and Edmund Quincy are members of two of the oldest, most wealthy and refined families of the ancient aristocracy and *elite* of the old Bay State.

It is one of the strange events of this age, that the stern and hard of the ancient Puritan virtues, and paramount regard for duty above the conventionalities and customs of the age, should find an almost perfect representation in Wm. Lloyd Garrison. I wished the whole clergy of the country could have sat under his scorching rebukes and admonitions this morning.

He is a perfect gentleman, and spoke with so much eloquence, adornment and good humor, that the subjects of his wit and satire could not have smarted very bad while they were nearly skinned alive.

The best and most learned ministers and churches to escape his anathemas and denunciations is to take a place by the side of the slave, and then they will be treated with the same kind of the well polished darts that fly from his vigorous bow.

When Mr. Phillips had taken his seat, Mr. Frederick Douglass arose and was greeted with strong demonstrations of applause. But the hour was so late, the audience commenced retiring, and Mr. Douglass abruptly concluded when he had but just commenced a very able speech.

IF In giving a sketch of the late anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the Broadway Tabernacle, the New York Evangelist says—

Of course, the great attraction of the morning was WENDELL PHILLIPS of Boston. He is a magnificent man on the platform, and always claims attention. His style, and manner, and substance, generally, are so far above those among him of the first speakers of our country. His allusions to the classics, to the rhymes of the nursery, as well as to matters of fact now occurring, are so telling, and with all these he so connects which gives him respect even when pleading a bad cause. He did not introduce his remarks by any formal resolution, but, as on former occasions, he let off his rifle at his ease, and aimed at the church. But even in a cause so distasteful to most of his audience, one could not but admire the contrast between the American church with that of the gentleman who preceded him. The American church was no dwarf, skulking under the legs of the huge colossus of Politics; it was no shivering Lazarus, the grist of which was imperceptible, it was no pooing mutterer with feeble utterance. No. The American church is a colossus, strides over the state, and making it shake beneath her tread. When she speaks, she is heard, and should she speak to American slaveholders, they tremble like aspen leaves. Why? They would stop affrighted in their business of blood. What, then, is the inference? The American church is doing nothing, else Boston would be debate as to whether we are pro-slavery or anti-slavery.

Compromise Mr. C. characterised as the American Satan, to which the dearest interests are sacrificed, when the Author of Liberty, Jesus, in the simplicity of his nature, remembering that the Bible was given to the Hindoo and South African, did not dream it wrong to give the Bible to the negro in that city. He was aroused by a summons from the Court, and was told by the Judge that there were institutions in that State which were dearer than the gospel!' He found duty was not the same there that it was in New York. This principle is too prevalent among Northern men. We must eschew the false notion, or we shall be powerless to accomplish our designs. Duty is ours, consequences are God's.

The compromises of the Constitution were lashed unmercifully. If Christ is the Saviour of the Society proclaim it to drive men to take sides. If we can but do this—if we can make the 250,000 slaveholders stand alone, without their Northern crutches, then shall the mighty phalanx opposed to them tread them down without lifting even an arm. The same is true in the church.

The sketch was culled out from memory a few thoughts from this splendid speech; not because we approve their aim to demolish Church and State—for we do not—but because our powers are a faint ray of the Domestness of this party of destructionists.

From the Christian Inquirer.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The American Anti-Slavery Society met in the Tabernacle, on the morning of the 1st inst., at 10, A. M. A large audience were assembled.

Below will be found a condensed report, partly taken from the daily papers, of the speeches made on the occasion, and although they give no adequate idea of them, they will be found interesting to our readers. Indeed, to any one not sufficiently prejudiced to be prejudiced, whether in the form of conservative fears or anti-slavery extravagance, there is something in the attitude and speech of the Anti-Slavery Society, full of meaning and instruction. There is, to say the least, something in the principles it adopts, capable of converting the rudest and most promising subjects into centers of burning light. It is of no spectacle to turn away thoughtlessly from, to see three persons like these three speakers of the occasion, Parker Pillsbury, a coarse, hard-handed, brown-skinned, New Hampshire farmer; Wendell Phillips, a delicate, intellectual, fastidious looking scholar, evidently of the higher social refinement; and Frederick Douglass, a dark-visaged negro, recently a slave, all upon one platform, and speaking with a common intelligence, self-possession, enthusiasm and eloquence, such as could be found perhaps no where else, even where the highest culture and the most momentous themes were united. That eloquence is dog-cheap as an anti-slavery meeting, is a fact which Emerson has long ago recorded, but it would be vain for us to understand

why it is so. Is it not because the materials for eloquence are so vast; because no wrong is so gigantic as slavery, so indifference so unpardonable as North-ern insensibility to the federal sin of our country, shewholding it so opposed to God or man, so backed by every sentiment of justice and mercy in our hearts, as that which pleads for three millions of oppressed brethren, whose only friend is their skin?

There will be found much extravagance, one-sidedness, and short-sightedness, in the remarks of the speakers. But what cause has the world for coldness and the deadness of the intelligent and influential portion of the North? It is true, all good men at the North are by themselves now more opposed to slavery. But what is the extent of their opposition? They are opposed to it in the abstract; opposed to it if it were to be done over again; opposed to it, if they must take sides either way, (which they need not;) opposed to it so far as not directly to support it; but not opposed to it in the sense of taking any hearty interest in its removal; of giving a single precious time to its contemplation, of feeling it their duty to enlighten all within their influence; not opposed to it in a way to give slaveholders any apprehension, or slaves any hope! If all the real practical anti-slavery feeling of the country, that which works for, studies, and prays for the speediest and emancipation of the slaves—all that ought to be diffused through the North—is shut up in the bosoms of a handful of men, must they not be expected to be ex-hot—will there be none for any thing but anti-slavery feeling in their bosoms? Will moderation, discretion, regard for other truths or interests, find any place in their mind? Is the fire shut up? As the fires were determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, in a world that hated nothing so much; so the Abolitionists are more than ever, in duty, bound, of standing by the slave, in a community that really is vastly indifferent to his condition and rights.

As the Abolitionists are now, they are constant sufferers of their imperfect logic, partial truths, extravagance and injustice to others, we found the stone we had picked up thrown at them, dropping from a hand pained by the recollection of the essential qualification for that office. 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' No! the cruel silence of our pulpits, the fearful indifference of our men in place and power, the inefficiency of our ordinary neutrality, or our masterly inactivity, are all so much meaner and less worthy than the extravagance of men hurried or driven by the noblest sentiments of humanity into something like treason to the State, that we at least, though guilty of some of the evil, would rather take our chance at Christ's bar with the Abolitionist who avows disunion, than with the Conservative who thinks himself to have nothing to do with the wrongs and sufferings of three millions of his fellow-creatures, fellow-countrymen, and fellow-Christians.

The indifference of this community to the subject of emancipation is not to be ascribed, however false-ly we may flatter ourselves, to the extravagance of its ultra advocates. At the morning of the American and Foreign Society at the Tabernacle on Tuesday afternoon—a society which takes strict care to say nothing against the Constitution or the church, although we do not claim to know all good or decisive men in New York, we saw not one single face belonging to an influential member of society in this city, whether clerical or lay! At the Colonization Society, to which we hurried in the evening, determined to see the three forms of opposition to slavery on the same platform, on successive portions of the same day, had abandoned its meeting for want of interest—a lamentable commentary on the icy indifference of our community to a subject which should make the very stones cry out. Have not the abolitionists some apology for a fiery zeal and an absorbed devotion, to the one theme of immediate abolition under circumstances like these?

The speakers of the occasion were Parker Pillsbury, Wendell Phillips, and Frederick Douglass. I was a general remark that the speakers were much less vituperative than formally, more candid in their estimate of others' motives, and more guarded in their charges and statements. Some abolitionists were presented in favor of a separation from the Union; but it is well understood that they mean nothing, scarcely, but their anxiety and impatience continue to contribute voluntarily to the support of the Federal Government, by taking letters from the Post Office, by paying duties at the Custom House, or buying goods that have paid such duties. With a little more resolution to leave off saying extravagant and foolish things because they have said them before, the speakers would have been throughout, as they were in the main, beneficial to the cause for which they were made. Let them once begin to concede to the same latitude of judgment and judgment and action that they claim for themselves; let them admit that those who differ from Mr. Garrison and his friends shall enjoy the same liberty of being judged by the amount of good they do, as Mr. Garrison and his friends challenge for themselves; let them, in blaming others for their failures for merging the individual into the mass, be careful that they show a model spirit of tolerance to those within or without their circle who do not think or act in all points with their party; let them win confidence by showing confidence; and the splendid eloquence of a Phillips and a Douglass will work upon the body of intellect and piety it addresses in the Tabernacle with a power that shall soon move the heart of the nation for the overthrow of Slavery. Let them by their plans now to move the hand that holds the heart of the nation for the overthrow of Slavery. Why throw away the only power that can reach the object? Why destroy the sole instrumentality that can reach and influence the conscience of the American people—the Pulpit and the Church?—*New York Independent.*

The public anniversary at Broadway Tabernacle, notwithstanding the rain and mud, which made us a fine house, was the largest meeting we have held in New York for years. The Lord's day in this city is our held, and seldom have we seen a more intelligent, serious and attentive audience. In an almost breathless silence they received the truth, truth which was spoken. There was no rapturous and enthusiastic applause, but it seemed not from any want of feeling or sympathy with the speakers. The reason and heart of the people were addressed rather than their passions or mirth; they seemed to catch from the calm and deep-toned earnestness of the speakers an impression too serious for clamorous expression. The most ultra avowals of principle and stern denunciations of pro-slavery in Church and State were listened to without opposition or disturbance, if not with full approval. We felt, when the meeting separated, that many a heart had there received the leaven of Freedom to carry to home and impart to its ownacity.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

From Douglass's North Star.

Parker Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, a veteran anti-slavery lecturer, who has seen much toiled harder and longer than any other anti-slavery lecturer now in the field, made the first regular speech on the occasion. Mr. Pillsbury seldom speaks, except on such occasions. A quiet, unassuming, but powerful man, he would never be allowed to remain silent when there is an opportunity to be heard. The speech on this occasion were original, weighty, full and clear. He was listened to with marked attention. Though confronted by the imposing presence of a large body of ministers, yet with his characteristic boldness, he subjected their American Church to a most thorough and biting exposure, quoting largely from documents coming from the clergy themselves. Where his remarks were ended, no man of them all dared to deny a single charge, or to take exception to a single remark; thus by their silence they seemed to admit the charges which Mr. P. so pointedly and powerfully brought against them.

Mr. Pillsbury was followed by Wendell Phillips, of Boston. He came upon the platform with his usual easy and majestic air. The audience appeared to expect much, and received all they expected. The man seemed to have been with the Lord, learning his duty from the lips of Deity. He spoke as if he stood alone in the world, despising utterly all the weapons of men, and relying on God alone. Not a worthless institution, forgetting to conceal his real convictions in order to gain influence over those who differed from him; in the strength of his cause, a follower of Christ, he rebuked all time-serving hypocrites, all seekers after influence, exclaiming that 'God did not send him into the world to get influence, but to do his duty.' He believed influence gained in any manner inconsistent with an honest discharge of duty, to be worthless. It is the faithful man, even without a single follower, that is the truly influential man. Mr. Phillips made a long speech, but he could not well have been shorter, to have done justice to his subject, or to have met the wishes of his audience. We have often heard Mr. Phillips, and sometimes when he was more eloquent than on the present occasion, but never when he was more truthful and earnest than at this time. The audience must have received a powerful impression from that speech.

The platform of this Anniversary was adorned by the usual array of anti-slavery faces. Francis Jackson, of Boston, George Benson, of Northampton, Isaac T. Hopper, of New York, Edmund Quincy, of Dedham, Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, Stephen S. Foster, of Boston, Abby Kelley Foster, S. S. Foster, and Rev. Samuel May, Jr., were among the most familiar. It was good to behold the fathers and mothers in Israel, who have now the moral standard of their times, indifferent to the smiles or frowns of the world, disregardful of the pitiful prejudice against color which prevails in this country, boldly reaching out the hand of manly assistance and brotherhood to our long neglected race.

William Lloyd Garrison had less to say on this occasion than usual for him; we learned that it was on account of the recent loss of a beloved son—a sore affliction, in which, we trust, he does not stand alone. The sincere condolence of every friend of the slave is with him and his dear family. The Anniversary was one of the most interesting and impressive we have ever attended, and we have no doubt that it will be long remembered with sincere interest by the numerous anti-slavery friends who attended and participated in its proceedings.

From the New York Christian Inquirer.

THE REFORM MEETINGS.

The meetings are of two classes—those for the promotion of the general interests of religion, and those devoted to some specialities; and these meetings are as different in the character of the conductors and audiences, as in their method and spirit.

The platform of the Tabernacle meetings are thinly sprinkled with a most mixed and motley crew of some-outers—men and women—Orthodox ministers, broken for ecclesiastical intrepidity; Unitarian and Universalist ministers, not always in the best odor with their respective orders—venerable Friends in plain garments—some little inclined to be over-zealous of mind strong enough to overcome the natural shrinkings of maidenly reserve—colored men in affectionate proximity with their white-skinned brethren; and, in short, the meeting marked by evident enthusiasm of character and devotion to ideas.

The audience is not less marked. There are not many rich, fashionable people there. With a few exceptions, it is composed of the common people; and not merely of well-dressed common people, but in considerable part of poor, ill-clad, ill-shod people—many, indeed, possessing independent, thoughtful and earnest faces, but many more attracted mainly by the popular character of the speakers. It is probable that three-quarters of the audiences at these meetings are mere lovers of earnest talk or high debate—while the other quarter are zealous, thoughtful, going devotees to the certain principles involved in the articles of the Society.

The method of conducting these meetings, again, is very different from that of the church. There is prodigious freedom, zeal, and eloquence, great spontaneousness and freshness, no appearance of wire-pulling, few carefully prepared speeches—and a directness, reality, and earnestness, which engage everybody's attention and feelings, either for or against what is said. It is manifest, at first, that there are a very few people, such as the world calls religious, present. The democracy of thought and feeling sends all the delegates, with the exception of a few who are more to put the land. All old-fashioned people, quiet, conservative, reserved, who think a little more resolution to leave off saying extravagant and foolish things because they have said them before, the speakers would have been throughout, as they were in the main, beneficial to the cause for which they were made. Let them once begin to concede to the same latitude of judgment and action that they claim for themselves; let them admit that those who differ from Mr. Garrison and his friends shall enjoy the same liberty of being judged by the amount of good they do, as Mr. Garrison and his friends challenge for themselves; let them, in blaming others for their failures for merging the individual into the mass, be careful that they show a model spirit of tolerance to those within or without their circle who do not think or act in all points with their party; let them win confidence by showing confidence; and the splendid eloquence of a Phillips and a Douglass will work upon the body of intellect and piety it addresses in the Tabernacle with a power that shall soon move the heart of the nation for the overthrow of Slavery. Let them by their plans now to move the hand that holds the heart of the nation for the overthrow of Slavery. Why throw away the only power that can reach the object? Why destroy the sole instrumentality that can reach and influence the conscience of the American people—the Pulpit and the Church?—*New York Independent.*

SPEECHES OF CASSIUS M. CLAY AND REV. R. J. BRECKINRIDGE,

At a late State Convention of the Friends of Emancipation in Kentucky.

C. M. Clay, of Madison, remarked, that he had not trespassed on the time of the Convention. I know, said he, that not only here, but elsewhere, I am characterized as intemperate, violent, and, I am passionate. I knew and felt, that there was, even here, a soreness, an unwillingness to hear me, though I had made so many sacrifices for the cause, and had fought for it so long, humble as I am, at many battles. I say I was conscious of that feeling here, and therefore felt disinclined to say any thing at all. I differed from many of the speeches, I detest on the resolutions reported, but in deference to the judgment of the committee, I forbore to say any thing against the resolutions of my party. I do not choose to believe with me, well enough; but I never sacrifice an opinion to agree with them. And it would prefer, now, to give the Democratic party power for two thousand years, than let this question fail. I regard emancipation as the great question of this day. I look upon slavery as wrong—as a great evil, that is weighing down our country, and I will readily sacrifice all but honor to rid my country of it. A mighty obstacle in the way of the reconciliation of the rival sects of the day is the Bible; and we do not, we cannot, it can be taken out of the way, so long as that book is appealed to as absolute and final, in matters of faith and practice. Nothing can be more illogical or irrational than to admit, that if the Bible teaches this or that doctrine enjoins this or that duty, therefore the thing taught or enjoined is right; it may be neither credible nor proper. With what sagacious do slaveholders and their abettors—do warriors and the advocates of war—do hangmen and the supporters of the gallows—do the friends of intemperance and the friends of fast slavery, war and capital punishment are sanctioned by it, and *therefore* cannot be wrong! As if—supposing they should find every other verse a proof-text—the nature of those crimes would thereby be changed, and men might continue to enslave or kill their fellow-men, as they now do, at discretion! With the same alacrity, too, do theological disputants on the doctrine of total depravity, of the trinity, of the atonement, of eternal punishment, &c., resort to the biblical arena, and as they succeed (or fancy they succeed) in maintaining their points, assume that the question between them is forever closed! Even if it were closed, so far as the Bible is concerned, it would still be open to reason, truth, experience, fact, intuition—peradventure to the discomfiture of the book.

But, even admitting that the Bible is unerring or condemns it first and in the case, from which no appeal can be taken, the admission has no practical value. For as it is a compilation of manuscripts, written at different periods of the world,—by persons of various degrees of knowledge and ability, and of different standards of morality and piety—it is either a consistent or so contradictory, either so equivocal or so enigmatical, in different portions of it, as compared with other portions, that a skillful disputant finds very little difficulty in selecting almost any number of passages from it in support of almost any thing, whether it be orthodox or heterodox—whether to prove or to refute the doctrine of eternal punishment, a vicarious atonement, or any thing of the kind—whether to vindicate war, or to uphold peace—and so on to the end of the chapter. The Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Swedenborgian, (we stop enumerating, for the number of dissenters is getting to be 'legion,') each has his array of texts, drawn from the same acknowledged standard, to contest, in the name of God and by divine authority, every other sect and dissenter from it, as though the salvation of the world depended on his success! How is it possible to destroy sectarianism, while that which is the source of it is regarded as a God-given book, emanating from him, alike from Genesis to Revelations, to be the guide of the world? Yet, as long as this is done, we do not mean to disparage the Bible, nor do we sink it below its true value. Our object is, to show how comparatively unimportant are the sectarian controversies of the age; and to dispel the delusion that so generally prevails, that whatever is proved (or supposed to be proved) from the book, is and must be eternal truth—'the word of God.'

But to return to the 'Observatory.' Here we have sixty pages occupied in exposing and reprobating the theological heresies of Dr. Bushnell, (himself an Orthodox clergyman by profession, and as yet in regular standing,) exhibiting much critical talent, much sectarian zeal, and no small amount of controversial tact. Among the noticeable features of Dr. B's. book, the reviewer says, are 'the remarkable absence of Scripture, and its low views of inspiration'—'the natural tendency of the Bushnellian doctrine, though, we would hope, not the precise doctrines of pantheism'—he denies that Christ had a human soul, but was literally and exclusively God incarnate—'he discards the doctrine of a trinity of persons in the Godhead; he feels it important, however, to make room for a trinity, and a Genius trinity has been invented'—'he rejects the Christian (!) doctrine of vicarious atonement'—'it is evident that the theory of the Absolute Being, upon which his doctrine of the trinity is based, tends to practical atheism in the same mode that pantheism does'—and in fifteen other particulars.

We is worthy of observation—and to this point we would call the special attention of the reader—that these allegations respect dogmas, not facts; they impeach opinions, not practices; they relate to what is doubtful, being a begging of the question, not to what is certain; they implicate neither the morality nor the humanity of the accused. Yet how anxiety is the desire, how laborious the effort of the Observatory to cover him with shame and confusion of face, and to expel him from the ranks of Orthodoxy as a most dangerous heretic! But what would have been his treatment of him, if, sticking to the Bible, he had published a book, denying the sinfulness of slavery—opposing the liberation of those who are groaning in bondage—maintaining that those who make merchandise of human flesh are Christian brethren—or contending that the colored population of the United States ought to be disparaged in the Union, on account of their complexion? In that case, it would have discovered in him nothing worthy of censure, but rather ground for special commendation. So low is its standard of absolute rectitude; so inexorable is its test of theological purity, that the man who is all that—a heretic—in persons constituting one God, or of a vicarious atonement, or of the damnation of sinners eternally, and you are pronounced in the broad way to destruction; but, accept the Orthodox belief in all these, and you may strike at the foundation of all morality, strip humanity of all its rights, and trample on all forms of popular wickedness, without subjecting your piety to suspicion! Is it not time to cry out against such monstrous distinctions? It seems to us no cause of anxiety or alarm, whatever may be the views of individuals respecting the religious dogmas alluded to; but when any Christian pleads injustice, or connives at immorality, or exercises oppression, he should then be exposed and rebuked for his iniquity.

With the religious speculations of Dr. Bushnell, we do not concern ourselves. It is evident that he is with a transcendent faith, and a commanding intellect, where he is. He must either return to his old Orthodox trammels, or go further till he attain a truly free, rational and consistent position. We could wish that, with faculties and powers so rare, he would leave the field of doubtful disputation, doctrinally speaking, and give himself up, heart and soul, to the slaved countrymen, to the promotion of peace, to the exposure and overthrow of whatever goes to degrade the human race. Practical righteousness is what the age needs, and what should most deeply concern those who are responsible for the part of instructors and guides. *This is not within the sphere of Bushnell's divinity.* At least, religious controversies are well nigh interminable, and seldom of any value, because they generally relate to the past rather than to the present, to an Orthodox creed rather than to a pure life, to words, words, words, rather than to ideas and practices. Doctrinal assaults, when conducted made, are easily parried or returned; but when judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the church of whatever name is convicted of immorality, then her power is broken, and every blow of the reformer tells. If we had arraigned the clergy or the church on account of their peculiar tenets, they would have rejoiced to meet us in a polemic encounter, and text for text would they have hurled at us with spirit and skill. But we measured them by the unerring standard—'By their fruits shall ye know them,'—we demonstrated their position in regard to slavery, war, and other crimes, to be time-serving and corrupt—we convicted them of 'striking hands with thieves, and consenting with adulterers'—we showed their identity with those of old who were full of their sabbaths and solemn assemblies, their fastings and prayers, their tithing of mint, anise and cummin, while they were straining, eating the bands of oppression, binding heavy burdens upon men's shoulders, shedding innocent blood, and stoning the faithful witnesses for God. In this manner we treated the 'humble Christian;' on this ground they cannot meet us. A free platform is offered to them, but they shrink from an encounter before the people, conscious that they are justly accused. Peradventure their religious creed is invulnerable; but their daily conduct seems to stink, and this is so that 'makes cowards of them all,' for the spirit of repentance is not yet given to them.

EXECUTION OF GOODE.

This day is to close the earthly existence of this wretched young man. He is to be strangled in a corner of the jail yard, as enough to bad neither reason, nor understanding, nor conscience, nor an immortal soul; as though he were a beast so terrible, no bolts or bars could safely confine him; as though the preservation of his life (confined within massive stone walls) would be at the imminent hazard of the lives of eight hundred thousand peaceably inhabitants of this Commonwealth! He has been convicted (very doubtful testimony) of having murdered a fellow-being; and for this act he is this day to be murdered under the laws of the Commonwealth. Who vigilant enough to detect the error? They are about to commit the horrid deed, deliberately, in cold blood, having the victim safely in their power, and in full possession of their reason; he took life (if at all) while in a state of intoxication, maddened by jealousy of a rival, and to obtain redress for real or imaginary wrongs. They are surrounded by and enjoy those rights and privileges which alone make accountability to a human tribunal complete; he is one of a proscribed and detested race, who for centuries have been 'peeled, meeted out, and trodden under foot.' Their identity is certain; to his own, not one of the witnesses testified that he was the man, but they told him on the belief that he has killed some one else: on this point, they are not sure—the evidence against him was purely circumstantial, and we know how many innocent persons have been executed on such evidence. At least, it is probable, if not probable, that he did not give the fatal blow—that, after all, it was not blood is upon his hands, no guilt lies heavy upon his soul. But, in their case, there is no possibility of mistake. They are resolved to take his life, and when the deed is done, it will be known beyond all dispute by whom it was done.

The Course of Friday morning reproves 'the philanthropists who look with *misplaced compassion* upon the criminal whose life is now forfeited to the laws, and boldly declares that 'there are no attenuating circumstances which recommend Goode to mercy, and the Executive have done their duty accordingly.' None! Are the TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND men and women who have supplicated for a commutation of his sentence, misled and deluded in this matter? Are the *nine* individuals in the Commonwealth, who have petitioned for his execution, the only intelligent one who have moved in the case? On no other ground, except of deep conviction that the 'attenuating circumstances' are such as to render commutation absolutely imperative, can the late unparalleled demonstration of public sympathy and opinion be accounted for. The number of petitioners in behalf of Goode, is, at least, one hundred and twenty-fold; and probably, that he did not give the fatal blow—that, after all, it was no blood is upon his hands, no guilt lies heavy upon his soul. But, in their case, there is no possibility of mistake. They are resolved to take his life, and when the deed is done, it will be known beyond all dispute by whom it was done.

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NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

☞ A crowded and enthusiastic attendance of the friends of the cause, from various parts of the country, is confidently anticipated. Let it prove unquestioned! The meetings will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next, at the Marlboro' Chapel.

LETTER FROM DR. A. BROOKE OF OHIO.

OAKLAND, (Ohio,) May 14, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

In common with your numerous readers, I have been deeply interested and instructed by the letters of your transatlantic correspondent, who writes over the signature of Edward Search. Some passages in the two last which have fallen under my notice, have so struck me as a fair thought for your columns, that with the conviction that they will altar the views of one accepting his exalted intellectual position, than with the hope that they may not fall utterly unfruitful to the ground by presentation to the various classes of minds who read the Liberator.

In his letter of March 27th he says—My interest in what is passing with you is kept up by the recollection that your Union is the great evidence that man can govern himself. How erroneous is the idea that because no potentates styled Emperor, Kings, or Princes, exist in this portion of our continent, 'man bear sway is this portion' in theory as well as in fact, the governs himself?' In theory as well as in fact, the government of the United States is an oligarchy. Considerably less than half the population have political privileges granted to them by the Constitution—probably much less than one fourth. In point of fact, the number is extremely small who actually 'govern.' No one knows better than Edward Search, that the Queen, nominally the ruler of Great Britain, is a political importance a mere cypher, necessary only to preserve the present form of government; and were he a resident of this Union, as it is termed, it would be prudent in his perspicacity, that the people—the monarchical sovereigns—are but a cypher here.

Place-hunters and demagogues of every stripe select the persons for whom they cast their ballots, in filling the different offices; and the incumbents, when elected, with few or no exceptions, employ for personal and party purposes the powers conferred upon them, with no more regard for the real interests of the people, than Victoria and Nicholas have for the interests of their subjects.

The example of the United States perhaps may prove that the masses may be more wickedly 'governed' without kings than they have been with them in some regions, but it is a disastrous error to look upon it as a demonstration that 'man can govern himself.' While such fallacies mislead the judgment of men of good motives, of philanthropists who desire and labor for the welfare of their fellow-kind, the general progress towards better things must be slow indeed. I would that Edward Search could be induced seriously to investigate a source from whence the right proceeds to form human governments, and to describe that source, and define the limitations, and the extensions of the right, in a letter to the Liberator. That man has a right to govern himself, I will agree; and more, that it is his duty to do it. But I wish to be shown what right an individual possesses to govern another. And if, upon inquiry, it shall be found that I have not the right to govern Edward Search and Wm. L. Garrison, and if these two have neither the right to govern the other, nor to rule me, I wish to be informed how Garrison and Search may come together and delegate to an official the right to prescribe a code of laws for me, which neither of them as individuals had a right to impose on me. Who expects the stream to rise above the fountain that supplies it?

Perhaps an analysis of human rights thus conducted, might persuade our foreign friend to be not only almost, but altogether, a non-resistant. The obstacle which seems at present to stand in his way is the horrible results of Austrian and other misrule. He desires to aid in uprooting so much evil, and the overthrow of such principles of misrule. In this desire, all non-resistants heartily concur. They differ from him only in the means which their judgment proposes as effectual, and which their consciences tolerate as allowable. Their observation teaches them that an universal law prevails throughout all nature, in the moral as well as in the physical world—that like will produce its like. When their dwelling takes fire in the attic, they have no thought to extinguish the flame by kindling a new one in the cellar. And when the misdirected production of human work evil by operating in one direction, they are hopeless of good to result from setting loose, and urging on, the same propensities in a different set of men, to act from an opposite point.

Can it be that our friend Search stumbles by the practical adoption of a maxim which he would repudiate when expressed in language—'The end justifies the means'? This is a common and fatal error in human philosophy,—the idea that the motive consecrates the act. The consequences of human action are shaped by the operation of eternal, immutable laws, entirely irrespective of the motives of the actors, and hence the multitudinously repeated experiment of making one right out of two wrongs must fail eternally, as it perpetually has failed. Therefore it is, that as the non-resistant would apply water instead of an additional flame from an opposing direction to extinguish a conflagration, so would he return good for evil, kindness for cruelty, love for hatred, stimulus physically to evil rather than violence, in his endeavors to overthrow principalities and powers denoted to misrule. Which is the better philosophy, let all history of human experience determine.

It is probable that men are frequently mistaken in the cause of effects which to them seem lovely and desirable. The American revolution is incessantly in the face of forcible resistance to oppression. For the sake of trying, let us admit the government of the United States to be a great an improvement upon older despotisms as its most ardent admirers would claim, and it is probable a rigid examination into the causation of effects would prove conclusively that all those real blessings which the people of this country undoubtedly enjoy, are owing, in spite of, and not as a consequence of the revolution. In fact, this must seem self-evident to all who believe that war ever does produce its like—that good never comes out of evil, but from a cause which is good. Reverse the argument, and there would be little difficulty in demonstrating that the dire curses which afflict our people are many of them the direct result of that recourse of violence, and its consequences. Sad mistakes of opinion do we constantly fall into by a want of comprehensiveness in our views of causation, and errors of action by proposing a thing we admit to be wrong in itself, or wrong abstractly, become right when applied with the desire to extinguish another, and may conceive to be greater. The mind of Edward Search would revolt at the thought of mixing poison in the food of all the Austrian soldiers, simply because soldiers are ever a nuisance to society, but, actuated by the motive of achieving Italian liberty, he would countenance and approve of their being shot down, stabbed with bayonets, and trampled to death by horses; forgetful that if ever the condition of Italy shall be better than it is now by it, it must be as the consequence of some right thing, and not of the heinous wrong.

Yours respectfully,

A. BROOKE.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF UNSOLICITED AID.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

The following brief note, enclosing eight dollars, and without any signature, has been received:

S. MAY, JR.

MILBURY, May 9, 1849.

MR. SAMUEL MAY, JR.:

DEAR SIR:—The enclosed is a donation from the Marblehead Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle to the Massachusetts Society.

Yours, respectfully.

☞ Other donations of this kind are much needed.

ARRIVAL OF THE CANADA.

The British steamer Canada, from Liverpool, arrived at New York on Thursday, last week.

It is with much regret that we announce the sudden death of Mr. Macready. The gentleman has been for many years well known and deservedly esteemed in the political and literary society of the metropolis.

The Cholera in France.—The total number of cases since the first appearance in January, has been, for the civil and military hospitals, 10,000, 2,936, and the deaths, 1,628. In the other portion department where the cholera has appeared, the cases have amounted to 4,874, and the deaths, 1,779. The number of deaths in Paris, out of the hospitals, during the same period, was 3,000.

Paris, May 3d, evening.—Accounts from the provinces speak with certainty of the triumph of the Bonapartist candidates, and of the hitherto hopes now entertained of the success of the Legitimatists.

The Monitour du Soir (May 4) publishes the following statement:

A report has been circulated that an alteration has taken place between the President of the Republic and his cousin, Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, since that M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, since his return from Spain, has not had an audience of the President, nor have they met any where.

The National Assembly has adopted the Army Bill of General Lamoricière, by which conscription and the system of substitution are abolished, exemption from military service being obtained on payment of a fine, assessed according to the amount of the taxation paid by the individual, the amount to be paid by a rich man being, according to this system, much greater, for example, than that which is paid by the poor; the persons thus exonerated being compelled to subscribe annually to a fund for the payment of pensions to retired soldiers, and to allowances to those who choose to enter into the service, or to remain in it after their period of service is expired. This proposition was strongly opposed by the Republicans, but was carried by a majority of 199, the numbers being 309 for, and 179 against the measure.

It is announced that the venerable Dupont de l'Eure is dangerously ill.

It is said that the French army in Italy is to be increased to 25,000 men.

The Austrian troops took possession of the fortress of Alessandria on the 24th ult. The population remained perfectly quiet.

Malta, April 22.—The passing events of the last few days are of a very unimportant character, arriving from ports of Sicily, discharge their living cargoes of the vanquished Republicans into the island, and we are now literally provided with people of that nation, of every hue and grade.

The Paris *Monitour* has a letter from Civita Vecchia, dated the 26th, from which we give the following extract:

'No disorder of any kind occurred in landing the troops. The fraternisation was complete; officers and soldiers could, with difficulty, avoid the excess of sympathy which welcomed them. It is said that the Neapolitans have crossed the frontier, and are moving towards Rome.

Upwards of 400 boxes, containing sacred vases, marbles, statues, and pictures, have been sequestered by the French custom-office. These articles were purchased at Rome by an association of German Jews, formed at Frankfort under the direction of Mr. Brucker. The avantgarde terms on which Mr. Francis Warton had obtained the Virgin and Angels of Benvenuto Cellini, had excited the cupidity of all the merchants of works of art. The catalogue of articles sold by the revolutionary government of Rome amounts to 2,500,000f. (the original cost, 3,000,000f. although worth 10,000,000f., at least. Their restitution, however, will be easily effected, the names and addresses of the purchasers being inscribed on the margin of the catalogue.

The King of Wurtemberg has in his retirement at Ludwigsburg received a deputation from the city of Stuttgardt, thanking him for his declaration of acceptance of the German Constitution. To one of the deputations the King replied in the following: 'You ask me no thanks whatever. I yielded to the pressure of circumstances. God grant it may conduce to the welfare of the nation.'

The Hungarians have now completely occupied Pesth. On the afternoon of the 24th, Dembinski, with 15,000 Poles, marched out of Pesth, and the Pesth amid the applause of the inhabitants. The bridge between Pesth and Ofen had been destroyed by the Imperial troops. On the evening, Dembinski summoned the garrison of Ofen to evacuate that fortress within three days. The National Guard of Pesth has, it is said, fraternized with the Hungarian troops.

A letter from Raab, in Hungary, dated the 23d of April, states that the Austrians were then passing through the town in full retreat, and in a pitiable condition, closely pressed by the Hungarians in pursuit.

From the London Times of May 5th.

It is now, we believe, beyond all doubt that the Imperial Governments of Austria and Russia have entered into a defensive alliance, by virtue of which the Cabinet of Vienna has solicited and obtained from the Emperor Nicholas assistance in the recent military support. An army of 156,000 Russians is destined to perform this important service; 100,000 men will at once enter Poland and Hungarian territories of the Austrian empire, and the remaining division will act as a reserve, to be employed as circumstances may require.

The President of the Republic was well received at the anniversary proclamation. Paris is perfectly tranquil.

M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has addressed the electors of the department of the Seine, in which he strenuously calls for order and moderation, and calls upon the electors to esteem him as a member of the Republic.

Our advices from Rome state that the Constituent Assembly at Rome, on the 26th, declared its sittings permanent, and passed a resolution that any deputy who should desert his post, should be considered a traitor to his country. The Assembly drew up and dispatched to Civita Vecchia, a protest, and issued an address to the people. The Assembly then summoned the Triumvirs, and, by a majority of 21 to 9, in spite of the proposed French intervention; who having citadelled, Mazzini stated that they had received no official communication of the fact. Mazzini, but lately faith in the good institutions of France; but it was, nevertheless, necessary to adopt all measures for the country's safety. The Assembly then, at the suggestion of Mazzina, resolved, in conformity with the new constitution, that it is thoroughly determined to resist the union of the temporal and spiritual power, in one and the same person. They were ready to assure the Pope the full and perfect exercise of his ecclesiastical power.

Leghorn advices mention that preparations for the defence of that port were continued, and reports state that the inhabitants of the country were in arms.

Prince Charles, of Schwarzenberg, is appointed Military Governor of Milan.

Later advices from Frankfort mention that it is more than probable that matters will assume an unpleasant aspect there.

The arrival of Kinurrach, with 8000 troops, Prussians, is confirmed. Baden is overrun by the Prussians, and the Grand Duke has fled to Carlsruhe.

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LIBERATOR.

VOL. XIX., NO. 21.

POETRY.

SPRING SONNETS.

BY MRS. E. N. M'DONALD.

April hath come again, capricious child,
Half smiles, half tears, of the rejoicing Spring.
When singing birds return on buoyant wing,
And your glad children come to meet the mild,
Bright gleams of sunshine, rain-drops brief and mild,
Make green the pathways 'neath our eager feet,
And shouts the merry school-boy, if he greet
The first pale, dewy spring-flower, which hath smiled.
Fair fairy flower, half shrinking yet, half striking up
Like timid children, with their soft moist eyes,
Lifting each tinted leaf and pearly cup,
In modest beauty to the sitful skies,
Now wet with hasty and impatient showers,
Now bathed in sunny light, the fair, young, trembling flowers.

II.

Soft to my casement steals the gentle air,
Freighted with odors from far southern shores,
With breath of rose and lily, blooming where
The glad Spring earliest yields her fragrant stores;
Into the—or of the bonnieest—
It hath a welcome tale of fields and woods,
And a low tot, round which those breezes sweep,
His distant home beyond the surging floods.
The pale consumptive drinks its healing balm,
While those sweet zephyrs, whispers that again
Shall rosy Health those throbbing pulses calm,
And speaks of life and Summer—vain, how vain!
A few brief days, and fragrant winds are sighing
Over a grassy mound, where a rose-bud is lying.

III.

Spring-time, sweet harbinger of leaves and flowers,
When Nature wakes, and earth renews her bloom;
Why to my heart, with thy returning hours,
Come the dim, gathering shadows of the tomb?
Why with thy brightness doth a dream of sorrow
Back to my bosom in its freshness hie?
Why from the Past may pensive Memory borrow
A fearful grief, a thought of agony?
Amid thy circling hours, fond eyes were hidden
From the soft beauty of the smiling day;
And with thy bloom sweet Spring-time comes unbidden,
A thought of death, of darkness, and decay.
Thy voice from out the dust pale flowers may bring,
But not the dead restore, oh, fair, rejoicing Spring!

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

Free is the eagle's wing,
Cleaving the sun's warm ray;
Free is the mountain spring,
As it rushes forth to-day.
But freer far the mind—
Priceless its liberty;
No hand must dare to bind—
God made it to be free!

You may chain the eagle's wing,
No more on clouds to soar!
You may seal the mountain spring,
That it leap to light no more.
But the mind let none dare chain—
Better it cease to be!
Born not to serve, but reign—
God made it to be free!

Free is the mountain breeze,
Floating from airy height;
Free are the rushing seas.
And free heaven's golden light.
But freer than light or air,
Or the ever-rolling sea,
Is the mind, beyond compare—
God made it to be free!

Then gaud the gem divine,
Than gems or gold more rare;
Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine,
No foe must enter there;
Oh, let not error bind,
Nor passions reign o'er thee;
Keep the freedom of the mind—
God made it to be free!

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

Life without love! It were indeed
A being all unlist—
A garden, filled of its flowers,
In wild weeds rudely drest;
A solitude within the heart,
Unchered by audit below—
A desert of the mind, in which
No springs of pleasure flow.

Life without love! 'Twere like a ship,
Its rudder lost at sea,
Without Hope's anchor for the soul,
Or charm for memory.
A vision cast in shadows—thrown
Upon a tempest wave;
Borne onward by the eddying tide
Into oblivion's grave.

Life without love! Oh! it would be
A world without a sun—
Cold as the snow-capped mountains, dark
As myriad nights in one.
A barren scene, without one spot
Of green amidst the waste—
Without one blossom of delight,
Or feeling of a taste.

Life without love! 'Twere not for one
With heart so warm as thine,
Where sweet affections make their home
Within its hallowed shrine—
Where kindly thoughts forever flow,
And social feelings dwell,
'Mid good or ill, 'mid weal or woe,
The welcome or farewell.

RINGE'S EVENING HYMN.

The gaudy day is dying!
The hours of evening flying,
Chase worldly cares away;
A while soft twilight lingers,
Till night, with dewy fingers,
Shall close the weary eye of day.

No cares disturb our sleeping,
Our souls are in thy keeping,
Our hearts repose on thee;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake us,
Whether the dawn awake us
Here, or in blest eternity.

Oh let us, ere we slumber,
Heaven's bounties try to number,
Too great for tongue to tell;
Our grateful hearts confessing,
With souls recounted blessing,
That God hath ordered all things well.

No cares disturb, &c.

Lord, 'tis thy hand that guides us,
And with all good provides us,
Through this our pilgrimage;
Oh! be our praise unceasing,
Our love each day increasing,
To life's remote and last stage.

No cares disturb, &c.

LOVE.

Without star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find Him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of Heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.

Selections.

From the Bristol (Eng.) Mirror, April 21.

EXECUTION OF SARAH H. THOMAS.

CONFESSION OF THE CRIMINAL.

The last scene in the tragedy of crime has been enacted; the body of the unhappy murderess, Sarah Harriet Thomas, now lies buried within the precincts of the jail; her final doom has been pronounced by an impartial tribunal, and we trust that the mercy which, strange and inexorable justice could not obtain to be extended to her here on earth, has been graciously accorded to her in 'another and a better world.' It must be a satisfaction to the Jury who sat on the Coroner's Inquest, and the Jury who tried her at Gloucester, to know, that the verdict, which, after due consideration, they felt it their bounden duty to return, was not only a just one, but, that it was acknowledged as such by the criminal herself, who, as will be seen below, has made a full confession of her guilt. Before proceeding to the melancholy task of laying before our public the details of this solemn, this dreadful scene, it may be as well to mention that, the most strenuous exertions have been made to obtain, if possible, a commutation of the fearful sentence of death; but all efforts have proved unavailing. Death is still adjudged by the law of the land to be the doom of the murderer, and although we are glad to see the law is not administered with that Draconic rigor it was in former times, yet in cases where the palliative circumstances occur to mitigate the awful penalty, the law of death is still allowed to take its course. The Secretary of State, after having considered the recommendation of Judge (Baron Platt) who tried the case, came to the decision, that in this instance the boon of mercy could not be bestowed, the prayer for pardon or mitigation could not be granted. In addition to the memorials which we published in our last, the following has also been transmitted to the Home Office:—

"Bristol, April 15, 1849.

Honorable Sir—We pray you to look favorably upon, and to present to her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, the memorial of the Women of Bristol, this day forwarded to you, for the mercy approach of an event so fearful in itself, and so dire in its influence, has spread a gloom over the minds of the inhabitants of our city; a feeling which, in the minds of females, 3500 of whose signatures are affixed to the memorial, including many of the most influential and enlightened ladies of this metropolis, is felt.

We earnestly hope that her Majesty will graciously receive the petition of her loving subjects, and extend her Royal mercy to Sarah Harriet Thomas.

We shall anticipate, honorable Sir, with great anxiety, your reply; and in the sincere hope that it will be a favorable one,

I am, Right Honorable Sir,
On behalf of the Committee,
Yours, very respectfully,
EMMA S. MATHEWS.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Gray, Bart."

There was a petition also for signature at Mr. Vickery's, in the Street, and to which about 800 names were appended.

On Wednesday morning, the following reply was received in answer to the memorial of the women of Bristol:—

"Whitehall, 17th April, 1849.

Madam—Secretary Sir George Grey, having carefully considered the memorial which you transmitted from the "Women of Bristol," in behalf of Sarah Harriet Thomas, a convict in the jail at Bristol, under sentence of death for murder, I am directed to express to you his regret that, after a correspondence with the learned Judge who tried the case, the result of a very anxious inquiry and deliberation is, that Sir George Gray has come to the conclusion that he cannot, without a violation of his duty, interfere with the due course of law.

I am, Madam, your obedient servant,
H. WADDINGTON.

Miss Emma S. Mathews, Bristol."

A similar reply was sent to the Earl of Fitzhardinge, to whom was entrusted the memorial from the 'Friends,' and also to J. Howe, Esq., of Montpelier, who likewise kindly undertook to present the case. On Monday, the Rev. G. H. Davis, the Rev. H. J. Roper, and W. D. Willis, Esq. went to London, taking with them petition remonstrance from the congregations at the Tabernacle, Counterslip, Lodge Street, and the Dingie Chapels, and signed by upwards of 2000 individuals, but the same result attended their efforts.

During the week, the prisoner appeared to be very sullen and reserved, and she would not consent for some time to see her relatives, but on Thursday afternoon, her mother and two sisters had a parting interview with her. Her sisters cried bitterly, but the mother, on the contrary, appeared in a most insensible of the dreadful doom which was hanging over her daughter's head, and, indeed, from first to last, she has appeared unmoved by sorrow for the result. One day during the present week, she went into a shop in Stoke's-croft to purchase some plum cakes, and said that 'she was the mother of Sarah Thomas, who was to be hanged, and that the cakes were for her.' At the final interview, too, with her daughter, she eagerly demanded whether she was to have her clothes, 'the sisters of the wretched girl, too, have been heard openly to avow their intention of being present when she was hanged. These things show the way in which the poor girl has been brought up, and may have produced that demoralization which has at length led to such deplorable and melancholy results. It is to be hoped that on Tuesday night, Sarah Thomas buoyed herself up with the fallacious hope that the dread sentence of the law would not actually be carried into effect, but that a reprieve would be granted. If she did so, she must have been undeceived, and attended more closely to her religious duties. Meanwhile, the dreadful preparation for her execution went on. Strong barricades were erected in front of the jail at each side, so as to keep off the multitude, and to prevent accident from the close proximity of the river. The men worked all the night on Thursday to complete their dreadful task, and a more solemn effect than heretofore was produced on the minds of the people by the black cloth having been so placed over the great gates and under the drop as to conceal the platform, so that in addition to the effect produced, much of the sickening sensation, generally occasioned by the sight of the necessary preparations, was avoided.

With respect to the confession of the prisoner to the governor of the jail, Mr. Gardiner, which we have already given, we may state, that it has been read over to her almost every day since the first date of it, in her full senses, and she has made any alterations or corrections in it. She said the whole of it was perfectly correct, with the exception of that part which related to her having poisoned the man intended for carrying her boxes to the Infirmary. This, the day before yesterday, (Wednesday,) she said was not the truth, for that he carried them right home to the door for that money. She also said, that when she took a fly, it was certainly near the Infirmary, but then this was on the occasion of her last leaving the house.

On Wednesday night, the governor visited the convict in her cell, and discharged the painful duty of announcing to her that on Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, she would be executed; and he entreated her to fling away all ideas of getting a reprieve. He likewise begged of her, for the sake of all and every person whom she had unjustly accused, and particularly as regarded 'the Rifles,' to exonerate them from any participation in the deed. She said, 'No, sir, they never had any hand in it; I know it; I knew any of them in my life, and what I now say is the truth.' When she signed the paper, on Thursday, immediately after the sheriff and three others had looked up to the governor (Mr. Gardiner) smiled, and laughingly exclaimed, in allusion to her writing, 'That is first-rate—capital, isn't it?'

During the week, it has been said that she has been in jail, in addition to the most unremitting pious exertions of the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Swete, with a view to her religious welfare, a multitude of tracts were sent in to her by persons of different religious denominations, more especially by the Quakers. They were generally accompanied by the most feeling notes from the persons who had forwarded them. Some had signed their names, others were anonymous.

Time, however, no matter whether for weal or woe, stays not his course; and at the fatal day fixed for the execution arrived. The morning of yesterday (Friday) was lowering, and at one time threatened a heavy fall of snow; but the cloud passed away, and the sun beamed forth as cheerily as if his rays had not to rest on any sight of sadness. That morbid state of public feeling which is invariably exhibited on these occasions was likewise fully developed. The question might well have been asked, 'What went you for to see?' At as early an hour as seven o'clock in the morning, crowds might have been seen wending their way, as if drawn by an irresistible attraction, to the fatal spot where the gallows, gaunt unsightly object, reared itself. We are no advocates for the maudlin sympathy of many of the populace, who commiserate the fate of the hero of the deepest dye; but when we reflected that the great object of punishment is to deter others from following in the footsteps of those who have being forcibly struck with the unfeeling levity displayed by, we are sorry to say, most of the crowd assembled. On and over the bridges, and along the quays, there was assembled the vast multitude; the ribald and obscene jest was uttered at once, and at the same time with the pitying accent of commiseration for the fate of the unhappy criminal. Scarcely had you got rid of the impudent importunity of the peripatetic vendor of 'last dying speeches and confessions,' when you were disgusted with some obtrusively facetious individual, pertinaciously thrusting into your hands a compound of blasphemy and levity, in the shape of tracts, headed with such startling titles as 'Hell, &c. Nowhere, indeed, could it have been supposed that the majesty of the law was about to be vindicated.' To, we cannot resemble rather that the vast concourse of people assembled at a fair or a horse race. As might have been expected, too, the great bulk consisted of the lowest of the low, a rabble hardened in iniquity and vice, whose evil passions the very presence of death itself could not restrain, but who, during even that awful and terrible moment, when the spirit was about to be rendered up to the God that gave it, showed the brutality of their minds by pelting each other. Fortunately, a recent order of the Secretary of State, prevented, to a great extent, even of reporters to the interior of the gaol, during the closing scene, spares us much of painful recital, we must observe, in this connection, that it will, therefore, be our endeavoring to give our readers a full account of the last moments of the wretched criminal, to avoid those details which we shrink from, even in the remotest degree. At a quarter to ten o'clock, the tolling of the bell of St. Paul's, Bedminster, proclaimed that the very minutes of the culprit were numbered, and in a few minutes, the sad account was thrillingly responded to by the throbbing of many of the hearts of the spectators. The scene now, could be seen by the immense multitude, the cause which brought the immense mass together, was in the opposite side. On the bank of the river opposite the gaol, the eye of every could reach, nothing could be seen but a vast throng of human faces, the bridges crossing the river being also densely crowded. Contrasted with this was the space of ground in front of the gaol, where, where the barricades had been erected; there a few solitary policemen paced their way, their almost funeral march accompanied by the dull, heavy sound, immediately above them. The clock strikes—a short pause and a cold thrill runs through the multitude, as the unfortunate girl appeared on the drop, attended by two turnkeys, and accompanied by the officious hangman. But having this given some description of the outside effect, before going further, in order to form a comparison, we must revert to what had in the meanwhile taken place within the walls of the gaol. Let us go back to the last night which the condemned criminal was to spend on earth. We will not dwell upon what must have been her agonizing thoughts; what her reflections on the fact that in less than twenty-four hours, she would be a mordidian height, she would be a clay cold corpse, untimely cut off, and that for her own misdeeds. We prefer giving a plain statement of facts. At 12 o'clock at night, she was visited by the Governor; when he went into her cell, she was sitting up at the table, apparently writing. On looking over the sheet of paper, he found that she had been drawing all manner of little things, and underneath she had printed the greater portion of the alphabet, in large letters, and so on. The Governor inferred that some little conversation with her about the morrow, and she was left in charge of four female turnkeys during the night. Her conduct was very great during the night, she expressed a very great desire to have left in her cell a steel pen which the Governor had taken away in the afternoon, not thinking it a proper thing to have in her possession. She sought for it in the afternoon, and the last words she said were, 'I must have that pen.' She seemed at this time to be in thorough good spirits, and the Governor had every reason to suppose that she really thought she would be hung. She laid down towards the morning of yesterday, (Friday,) for one hour, at about five o'clock, but the turnkeys were instructed with her were of opinion that she did not get any sleep. She had a mutton chop about twelve o'clock, but for breakfast on the morning of the execution she would eat but any thing. The Sheriff arrived about eight o'clock, and the Chaplain about seven o'clock. The convict received the Chaplain very much better than heretofore, and, indeed, he left her the previous night, after all hope had deserted her, in a much better state of mind. Some time in the morning, she requested to be in prayer, and he continued with her until about eight o'clock. The Sheriffs then both arrived, and remained till the hour of execution drew nigh in the committee-room. A few minutes past nine o'clock, the Governor went to Sarah Harriet Thomas, and gave her to understand that in half an hour's time, she would have to quit this world, and expressed that he sincerely hoped she would accompany him to the place of execution quietly. She appeared very much agitated, stamped her right foot violently, and said 'she would not,' she would not, several times. Dr. Swete, the Chaplain, then spoke to her on the subject, and begged her to be calm, and requested that her fate was inevitable, that it must be done, and, therefore, it must be done as quietly as possible. She still replied that she would not go quietly to the place of execution. The Governor went in again at half past nine o'clock, and found the Chaplain in deep and serious conversation with her. He retired with the Chaplain, and returned a few minutes afterwards, and told her that, in the course of five minutes, he should come in for her, and he hoped she would be ready. The Chaplain's advice, and go quietly to the place of execution. She said—No, she would not, and seemed almost frantic about it. The Governor was then compelled to call in six or seven more officers, and carried out to the press yard. She resisted the whole of the way, pushing back against as she possibly could. Afterwards she said, 'If I must go, I will go, I will walk up the steps quietly.' This request was immediately complied with, but she resolutely refused to go up the steps, and the men had to carry her in the best way they could, and carried her into the press room, where she was pinioned by Calcraft, the hangman. During the time she was in the press room, she spoke to the Chaplain in a common manner, by the Chaplain, and asked several times, inquiring, 'Is she well, and she said—No, she would not.' The Governor then spoke her privately, and asked her—as her time was now drawing to an end, and only a very few minutes more had to elapse—would she not give him a message for her father, whom she had not seen. She said, at the instigation of the Chaplain, Dr. Swete, 'Tell him I love him.' The Governor then said she had expressed to him, that she would quietly up to the platform, to prevent any unpleasantness. He saw by the expression of her face that she would follow him, and he went just before her with her hand in his. She followed him without any assistance to the bottom of the drop, but there she became again prostrated, and was obliged to be led up the ladder by two turnkeys, who were and resistive, and struggled violently, and shrieked in a most dreadful manner; but at length she was placed on the drop, and the rope was put round her neck, as stated, to the assembled multitude. The most intense silence momentarily pervaded the mass, and all eyes were riveted upon the fearful form of the wretched criminal. She cast her eyes once around her, and took her last look of animated nature. A most immediately she threw herself into the convulsions of her situation. Calcraft now advanced and placed the white cap over her face, and also adjusted the rope round her neck. During the performance of this operation, she exclaimed—'The Lord have mercy upon me. I hope my mother and none of my family are present.' After every thing had been adjusted, she said, loud—'Say those words again,' and she repeated, as quickly as possible, 'The Lord have mercy upon me.' An instant afterwards, a signal was given, and the drop fell, and the poor fact, a stifled sob from the vast crowd collected, told that the bolt had been withdrawn, and the sufferer was launched into eternity. She did persons not had endeavor much pain; the only thing that could be remarked was a slight convulsive clutching of the hands, which remained afterwards stiff and rigid. The rope gradually ceased to move, and apparently all was over. There the body hung for one hour before it was cut down, a warning and a lesson to other women from crimes of a similar atrocious nature, which can only lead to the same ignominious results. The momentary impression, however, that the execution produced by the awful spectacle soon evaporated, and as the crowd dispersed, the low scoff and brutal jest were freely circulated. The stream of life passed on as if nothing had occurred to impede its current, and doubtless, a few days hence, the sufferer is not untimely fate, and all will be forgotten. On all sides, even within sight of the not yet cold corpse were to be heard the last dying speech and confession,' &c. One displayed at the top of his penny sheet a likeness of the criminal, and, we deeply deplored to see, that the commiserating portion out that had a cut of the gallows, whilst a third sought to lend an adventitious support to the sale by remarking, 'Here it is, it's written by a Bristol gentleman, recollect.' Slowly we marched our steps from the spot where duty to the public alone could induce us to remain, and we felt that we had paid dear to the amount of good derived to the public by such spectacles, and we sincerely hope that it may be long, if ever again, before a similar painful task is imposed on us.

Thus has perished in the very dawn and opening of life, a young creature, who, had her self-regulated passions, followed perhaps in early life, might have lived for many years an useful member of society. From her confession it will be seen that the murder was a wilful and premeditated one, and that, we must say, accompanied with some circumstances of no ordinary atrocity. In the still and dead hour of the night, when her victim is supposed to be sleep which is to her to be indeed the sleep of death, stealthily she creeps to the bedside, and inflicts the murderous blow. We have no wish to dwell on the motives which have actuated the large body of our fellow-citizens, in forwarding the memorials for a commutation of the sentence, and, as we have on both sides, we can see nothing which would have justified the extension of mercy. Whether this is the wise or unwise, justice or injustice, error or impolitic, is not for us now to determine. The question has been already extensively argued, and will doubtless be yet more fully brought before public notice. We shall not shrink from its discussion. One thing is certain, and that is, that lately the horrible crime of murder, has been too frequently perpetrated in our midst. In most instances, it turns out to be principally for the sake of the paltry pelf which the victim might have accumulated. How is this? Does not society offer sufficient protection? Are we not all too prone to fall down and worship the golden calf, to esteem men for what they have, and not for what they are? Let society look to it that this false estimate does not produce a fearful retribution.

The Bristol Mercury powerfully shows that such a scene tends only to brutalise and degrade the public mind. It says,—'The 'revel'—for it was little else—commenced on the night before, when bundles of straw were thrown down, and girls crowded the road in front of the jail to witness the erection of the gallows; and, as the engine of death was being placed in its position, shouts of joy, loud and boisterous, mingled with profane cursing and swearing, ribald jests, and disgusting obscenity. A very large proportion of those present were of the female gender, and, as indicated by the indecent levity of their conduct any thing but a correct appreciation of the tremendous solemnity of the occasion. Yet, indeed, at the moment when the machine fell, and the unhappy criminal was struggling with death, many of them assumed themselves by pelting the spectators with turf and mud. Some of the persons stationed themselves at points of the road, and, in the hope of improving the occasion, distributed religious tracts and handbills; but these were, in many instances, met, coupled with evident disappointment, and often withsome repulsive remarks, such as, 'O, this is all gospel; this isn't what we want;' or, 'This will put fire to the my pipe.' Nor was there wanting among the multitude, under the very shadow of the gallows, an eye to the business and commerce of life; for, while weighing commodities, and a standard for measuring height, the keeper of which asked the passing crowd to ascertain their weights and altitude, and there were scores of itinerant venders of gingerbread and nuts, ardently plying their trade.'

Epilepsy.—Several successful experiments have been tried lately for the cure or prevention of this terrible disease by a Dr. Brown-Sequard. The treatment consists in the reduction of the calibre of the carotid artery by ligatures, so as to lessen the current of blood to the brain. The Boston Journal, of New Brunswick, N. J., has lately cured an interesting young woman by this method.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Comparison.—Rev. S. R. Ward, a colored man of shilling, and editor of the Impartial Citizen, New York, thus justly compares Mr. Clay and colored men:

'We see nothing in the speeches, letters, or other fruits of Mr. Clay's retirement, which is intellectual, deeper, or more original, than we find in the productions of Douglass, Delany, James McCune Smith, Alexander Crummel, or Charles L. Remond. Or, to speak more perfectly within bounds, nothing that Mr. Clay himself, when he was at the age of these gentlemen, (for the oldest of them is but 35,) is, in any sense, more literary than our brothers and sisters.'

Flogging in the Navy.—The following paragraph, which, if true, the rounds, will give the reader some idea how they do things in the Navy. Who that reads it can question the need of reform?

'The U. S. frigate United States arrived at Norfolk recently, from the Mediterranean; days at sea, 457; days in port, 430. During the cruise, she visited all the coast of Africa, as far south as the equator, most of the ports in the Mediterranean west of Italy, also Cadiz and Tangiers. She lost fourteen men—four by accidents, eight by disease, and two by chronic diseases; *served out the number of 8,172 lashes, being an average of twenty-two lashes to each man!*'

British 'National' Debt.—The London Standard of Freedom says that the government intends the government to style the public debt 'National,' as an exception to their mode of nomenclature for every thing else of a public nature. The Queen's Navy are the Queen's. The Church is a State Church. The Courts of Justice are all Regal. Down to the very sewers, every thing else is the Queen's effect; nay, the peace of the nation is the Queen's peace. The Debt alone has, ever since its commencement, in the minds of the people, been deemed a people's concern. The part of the government was to borrow and spend it. It was the people's part to pay it.

A little Miss-taken.—A gentleman of our acquaintance, in conversation last evening with a remarkably pretty young lady, said to her that he had a friend who would be a suitable match. 'If he pleases, I will be a little miser,' said the fair lady. 'I perfectly agree with you,' replied the gentleman, 'that in such a case, you would be a *little miser!*'

The word *fact* is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was *fast* because the ice was immovable; and then the ice disappeared because it was in motion. Everything else is *fast*. The clock is called *fast* when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to tarry or remain. The word *fast* may have nothing to eat; and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

A Cockney Colloquy.—'I say, Jim, are you going to see that man hung?'

'I don't know, Dick; yot's he going to be hung for?'

'Vy, bless you, for 'orse stealing.'

'For stealing a 'orse? Vot a fool! Vy didn't he buy one on trust, and never pay for him!'

A young dandy, who sported an enormous moustache, asked a lady near him the name of his mud. Sweet pea, replied the lady, with a look of swallowed a squirrel, and left the tall sticking out of your mouth.'

On Injuries.—'Hath any wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight not the law, but take it gravely; forgive it, and 'tis finished; he is below himself that is not above an injury.'—*Quarle's Enchiridion.*

A young man, who, after a long and tedious trial, was acquitted by the jury who sat upon her case. Though there was not a particle of doubt of her innocence, the unfavorable impression was so strong in her favor, that a verdict of guilty could not have been procured from any twelve men in Cincinnati. Such a verdict was rendered, in the dense mass of people in and about the court house rent the air with applause.

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Entire satisfaction given, or the pictures not to be taken.

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PORTABLE MINIATURE
SOLAR LAMP,
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THIS Lamp is so constructed, that not a particle of light can come in contact with the eye, when used for *Reading, Writing, Sewing, or for any practicable purposes.*

Also, with a new method of introducing heated air into the Lamp, which is found to obtain a strong, brilliant, and perfect a light, while burnt with sperm oil, lard, or pot dripping, (free from salt and water,) as can be obtained from sperm oil, or other fluids, and with the best sperm oil, gas, or camphene.

There is also a guard around the burners, by which all the disagreeable smell of the lamp, which has hitherto, conducted back to the fountain, by which obviate the greatest objection to oil lamps,—namely, smoke and smell.

It will emit light equal to six sperm candles, at a cost of less than one half cent per hour, of so pure a nature as not to cause bread toasted to taste or smell, any more than when done by the most perfect fire.

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Sole Agent for the New England States,
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PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
No. 42 *Bromfield st., three doors from Tremont st.*

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ALSO FOR SALE,
Davis's GALVANIC BATTERIES for Medical purposes, with instructions for using them. Likewise, Mr. Cooke's POLISHING IRONS; to polish with starch, free from any other kind of polish. Patent secured. Jan. 12

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No. 140 SO. SECOND ST., PHILADELPHIA.

THE attention of the citizens of Boston and vicinity, and country merchants generally, is invited to this article, which from the universal encomiums of the public press and of consumers; from its immense sale in New York, Philadelphia, Rochester, Utica, Syracuse, Albany, and wherever it has been introduced; and for its intrinsic usefulness, convenience and economy, is considered indispensable to their notice.

A piece one inch square will burn from 15 to 25 minutes, will kindle charcoal, wood, or Liverpool coal, and will burn more than half the charcoal used in kindling anthracite.

Three cents' worth will test it fully. Orders solicited.

Liberal discount to retailers.

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75 4w No. 2 Water street.

HOME FOR REFORMERS.

THE subscriber having removed to that neat, convenient, and central boarding-house, No. 2 1-2 Central Court, will be most happy to welcome some of his old friends, and the public generally, who wishes his house to be the central place in Boston, where the friends of Temperance, Peace, Purity, Free Soil, Free Speech, &c. may meet, and the public opinion was a comfortable and happy home.

☞ Central Court opens at 238 Washington st.

JOHN M. SPEAR.

The Massachusetts State Record.
VOLUMES I., II., AND III.
Published by JAS. FRENCH, 78 Washington street.

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'As a year book of general information, the State Record could not well be surpassed by any publication of the same kind. Its compilation would hardly suffice us to give a list of all the important subjects on which information, often of the most valuable kind, is given in this volume, nor shall we attempt it. Enough to say, that, as a work of statistical information upon matters concerning the State and as a book of reference, it is invaluable, and no one who has occasion for such knowledge can well be without it.'

From the Boston Post.

'This annual has become a work of actual necessity, as a reference book—as much so as an almanac—and is compiled with the most comprehensive worth of the purposes for which it is intended. Every man should own a copy.'

BLANKS AND STATIONERY,
of every variety, for sale by
JAS. FRENCH,
March 16 78 Washington street.

The Sabbath Question.

PROCEEDINGS of the Anti-Sabbath Convention held at the Melodeon, Boston, March 23d and 24th; containing the speeches of Charles C. Burleigh, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wm. H. Brown, Rev. Theodore Parker, Henry C. Wright, Lucretia Mott, Parker Pillsbury, Samuel May, Jr., and John M. Spear; the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment; the Clergy