THE LIBERATOR
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
AT THE
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL,
BY
Robert F. Wallcut, General Agent.

☞ Price—$2 50 per annum, in advance.

☞ All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be addressed, (post paid,) to the General Agent.

☞ Five copies will be sent to one address for TEN DOLLARS, if payment be made in advance.

☞ Advertisements making less than a square inserted three times for 75 cts.—one square for $1 00.

☞ The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.

Financial Committee.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY LORING, EDMUND QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, WENDELL PHILLIPS. [This Committee is responsible only for the financial economy of the paper—not for any of its debts.]

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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

BOSTON, MASS. FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1851.

B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

VOL. XXI. NO. 5. WHOLE NO. 1047

Refuge of Oppression.

From the Fairfield (S. C.) Herald.

OUR POSITION.

We have been frequently charged with being hostile to the present Federal Government. We are so, for the following very satisfactory reasons, among many others:—

Because, for the last thirty years, it has proven a withering and blighting curse upon the South, having sold us during this period of not less than one thousand millions, to build up Northern interests and institutions.

Because it has, by its late action, destroyed the sovereignty and equality of fifteen States of this Confederacy, and degraded them to the condition of colonial dependencies.

Because it has ceased to afford us protection in any particular, its whole aim being to break down and destroy the South.

Because it is an Abolition Government, striking directly at the institutions and domestic policy of the section in which we live; its whole legislation being aimed, (blind end, and having this only for its object.

Because, in fine, it has most signally failed, as an experiment of the capacity of the people for self-government, inasmuch as the rights of one section have been trampled under foot, to gratify the fanatics of the other, and for the power of the other.

We are in favor of its dissolution or disunion—

Because it will bring wealth and greatness to the South, under a Southern Confederacy, which must greatly result from Dissolution.

Because it will restore the sovereignty, independence and equality of the Southern States.

Because it will afford us protection in our persons, property, &c.

Because it will kill off the foul spirit of abolition, fairly and squarely, and it feels not.

Because it will put an end to kidnapping and border thieving, and restore peace and security to the Southern States.

Because it will promote the cause of religion, morality, and civilization, in the South.

Because it will build up a system of internal improvements, increase the number of schools, colleges, &c.

Because it will destroy entirely pauperism, by enabling every man, not physically diseased, to earn his daily bread, and accumulate, from the abundance of our prosperity, a fortune for himself in a short time.

Because it will renew and perpetuate the experiment of the capability of the people for self-government.

Because, even if the slavery question is settled, the seeds of discord have been too deeply sown by the North ever to bring forth any other fruit than hostility and constant wrangling between the two sections.

Because the Union is too large, and composed of too various interests, ever to harmonize together.

Because we honestly believe the Almighty never intended that the generous and noble Southerner should constantly be cursed with the cold, calculating, plundering Yankee.

From the Charleston Mercury.

TO THE SLAVE-OWNERS OF THE SOUTH.

If it be true, that thirty thousand fugitive slaves are in the non-slaveholding States, they cannot be much difficulty in applying the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Act of Congress, in a sufficient number of cases to test effectually the force of the Federal Government and the validity of State Laws and Decisions. The following suggestions are respectfully submitted:—

1. In each Southern State, the several District Southern Rights Associations may combine, by constituting a general committee for each State.

2. Every slave-owner, from whom any slaves have run away within the last ten years, should report their names and descriptions of their personal appearance, together with any information which might aid in the discovery of their present abodes.

3. These reports should be laid before the general committee of the State.

4. Each general State Committee should appoint an agent, with instructions to pass through the non-slaveholding States, and collect all the information to be there found concerning the fugitive slaves. Reports, showing their names, personal appearance, location, and history, should be made by these agents to the general committee appointing them.

5. By comparing the reports of the owners with those of the agents, many fugitive slaves would soon be identified, and their owners, advised and aided by the Associations, could proceed to reclaim them according to the terms of the Act of Congress.

6. The enforcement of this law, with the restoration of Southern property, or the rending of society in the North, by the preserving resolution to test the strength of our United States Government in a conflict with fanaticism, is an alternative worthy of those who associate for the protection of Southern rights.

7. Whenever the issue is made, those who have an interest in the preservation of property, by the maintenance of law, will probably rally around it, rather than abandon their law, and peril their own security.

8. Faction and insurrection will probably conquer the Federal Government, whose officers, from President Fillmore and his Cabinet to the United States Marshal of New York, are shrinking from their own duty; and are disrupting the Union, except against the South, will be manifested.

9. The selfish politicians, and their parties, who have cringed and abased abolitionists for their votes, will fall, like Actæon, the dogs at their own throats.

10. Seward and Hale must either lead the revolutionists in Sections. Anti-Slavery, being only the present war-cry of the party opposed to law and social order, will be forgotten, when once disorder and the horrors of terror begin.

11. From the North will come dissunion and civil war, and the people of Massachusetts and New York will be sacrificed at the State sovereignty, must have the concurrence of Government of triumphant mobs.

12. Against those will the star-spangled banner of the Union' in Southern hands be waved, sustained by the constitution and the sword; or, far from their mission anarchy and confusion, will the South pursue the prosperous path of peace, under the flag which will float over their' glorious Union.'

SCIPIO.

NO RIGHT TO FREEDOM.

The Tribune assumes that God gave Henry Long his freedom. If he be the slave which he acclaimed to be, and of which we have no doubt, then God did not give him his freedom, but, on the contrary, made him a slave, as he has made slaves of millions of his race besides!!! *Infidels, who do not believe in the Christian religion, or the divine legation of Moses, may not consider it right to surrender a fugitive.—We do not question their right to such an opinion.*

—New York Globe.

HENRY CLAY ON COLONIZATION.

In the U. S. Senate, Jan. 16th, Mr. Clay, in the course of some remarks on the Foreign Slave Trade—after having presented petitions on the subject—said:

Mr. President, I own that the subject of Colonization, important as I think it is for the suppression of the African slave trade, commends itself to my mind by some additional considerations. Although I may be thought extravagant in my view, I declare that of all the projects of the age, the most sublime, compare with that great project of transporting the free people of color of the United States, with their own consent, to the coast of Africa. What is to be done with them? What has been done with them, I ask again? Even here, under our noses, within this District, in the last ten years, they have doubled in number. States are now passing the most rigorous laws to exclude them from their territory. Some States, indeed, are introducing into the fundamental law, the Constitution, a provision, which, the reception of any free people of color within their borders. What is to become of them, I ask again, in the name of humanity and justice? I see no other remedy than that of sending them back to the land whence their ancestors were taken, and I can conceive of no portion of the population of the United States which will be benefited by such transfer of the free people of color from the United States to Africa. The whites at the North would be benefited, the whites at the South would be benefited, the slaves would be benefited—the poor creatures themselves would be benefited; for, instead of remaining in a country where they never can be elevated to a high social and political condition with the whites, where they must forever remain a degraded, corrupt, and dissolute class, if carried to the country of their ancestors, they may rise to an importance which they can never attain here. Every conceivable interest will be promoted; commerce will be promoted; civilization will be promoted; religion will be promoted, by the transfer of the free people of color with their own consent from the United States to Africa. And what interest, what portion of the population of this country will be injured by such a transportation of these persons? None, none whatever.

I will not detain the Senate longer upon this subject. I should be extremely glad if Senators would turn their attention to the Executive document to which I have referred, and would give some consideration to the suggestions which I have made.

Ah! Mr. President, if we would only remove those unhappy subjects of agitation which have disturbed our country so long, and so fearfully—if the people of the North would only allow the people of the South to manage their own domestic affairs in their own way—if they would only reflect that slavery be fraught with evils, the evils are not felt by those at the North, but are confined to where the slaves are—if we would only cease to agitate such topics, and agitate our country, and endanger our Union itself, by continuing these unhappy subjects of controversy and strife, and all come together in this great common object, in which the free States are as much interested as the slave States—and unite all our energies in directing the free people of color from the country of America to that place where they can enjoy real freedom, and pursue their own happiness, what a glorious result would it be for our country! Sir, I beg pardon for having spoken at such length upon the subject of the slave trade, which was signed by the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, members of the State Senate, fifty-four of sixty-eight that constitute the State Legislature, the Chief Justice and three of the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island; P. Wayland, President of Brown University; the U. S. District Judge, ex-District Judges, ex-Members of Congress, ex-United States Senators, ex-Governors, &c., was as follows:

"The subscribers, citizens of the State of Rhode Island, would respectfully but earnestly entreat you to take into early consideration the subject of the African slave trade, and adopt, as speedily as practicable, some efficacious measures for its suppression. Of all the atrocities that have been ever inflicted upon their fellow-creatures, we believe that none—either past or present—will compare in enormity with those which the poor victims of this horrid traffic are at this present moment subjected to. Whilst sensible that there are many subjects that require your attention, we yet feel assured that if all the evils which properly belong to your legislance could be brought palpably before you, in panoramic array, the dreadful enormities growing out of the African slave trade, as exhibited in the startling vision, would immediately exceed those of all other evils combined. Could their appalling horrors, as have been brought to light by the investigations of the British Parliament, be presented to you at one view, from the first seizure of the poor wretches in the interior of Africa by bandied ruffians, amidst the midnight conflagrations of their villages, the butchery of the old and infirm, the shrieks of bereaved parents, and the subsequent piteous moans of their dying infants, left to perish with hunger among the smoking ruins; could your eyes behold the broken-hearted captives, heavy laden with chains and irons, as they wend their sorrowing way to the coast, guided by the bloodhound, and urged on by men like themselves, who have perished on the route; thousands more of whom die from hunger and neglect at the slave factories, as exhibited in the startling vision, would immediately suffocate amidst their vain cries, 'We are dying! we are dying!' Again, could you witness the landing of the miserable victims of the hold,—as has been proved before Parliament by ample testimony,—the massacre on the beach of hundreds whose constitutions had been utterly destroyed by their sufferings, thus rendering them unmerchantable; could you behold all this as the Omnipotent Judge of all beholds it, and thus be made to realize that it is not a picture of the imagination, but that these dreadful scenes are at this moment being enacted—that villages are now nightly burning in Africa—caravans of human beings are passing under a burning sun to the coast—that slave-ships, over which waves the flag of our common country, are waiting to receive them—and that an hour never passes but that more than twenty human beings are consigned to a violent or suffering death in support of this cruel commerce; we entertain the strong hope that the bare facts as they really are, we believe all other evils would sink into utter insignificance in your estimation when compared with this, and that you would give not sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids, until you had exhausted every remedial remedy you could lawfully bring to bear on the suppression of the African slave trade.

We would respectfully remind you, that all attempts to suppress this diabolical traffic through force of arms has ever signally failed, and that the blockade of the slave coast by the fleets of Great Britain, the United States and France combined, at an expense of more than $100,000,000, and the sacrifice of many lives, has resulted in a great aggravation of the evil, instead of promoting its suppression.

We would also respectfully state, that we believe that the only effectual barriers that have ever been placed between the slave-dealer and his victims in Africa, have been the colonies that have been planted on her coasts, and these have been in every instance been found competent to its suppression or control.

We would again respectfully refer you to a fact, which has now become unquestionably established as such by the results of experience, that that part of the Western coast of Africa which ever has been and is now frequented by slavers, cannot be colonized by whites, the climate being deadly to their constitution, though friendly to that of the colored man.

Sad, lastly, we would remind you that about one-third part of this coast has been successfully colonized by colored people from the United States, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society, through the outlay, as your memorialists believe, of less than one million of dollars, and that the colonists thus planted have effectually suppressed the slave trade for as their jurisdiction extends, which we believe to be in extent, as before stated, about one-third part of the whole slave coast of Western Africa.

Believing, as we do, that the African slave trade is not to be suppressed by any armed intervention, and that experience has proved that colonization of the west coast of Africa, presents the only feasible scheme for the suppression of the traffic, we most earnestly beseech you to take into immediate consideration the propriety of establishing a line of government steamers or sailing packets, for the purpose of conveying, free of expense, such free colored persons as may wish themselves or their children to emigrate to Liberia, or to any part of the western coast of Africa that may be peacefully colonized by them; or that an annual appropriation be made by government to meet the cost of such a mode of colonization, to the same amount that is now expended in supporting the squadron of armed cruisers, and the outlay of which has up to the present time tended greatly to aggravate rather than to suppress the most crying evil that has ever existed on earth.

Selections.

A REMARKABLE DECISION IN THE SUPREME COURT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11th.

The Supreme Court has decided a case, the chief point in which appears to be, whether the convyance to a free State by his master, with his assent, of a slave, confers upon him the rights of a freeman, or whether his condition remains the same. I believe the decision was agreed to when the bench was full, but only one case, (Dred Scott, plaintiff in error, vs. Christopher Graham. In error to the Court of Law and Equity of the State of Kentucky.

Mr. Chief Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the Court.

"The case is brought here by writ of error directed to the Court of Appeals of the State of Kentucky.

"The facts in the case, so far as they are material to the decision of the court, are briefly as follows: The defendant in error is a citizen of the State of Kentucky, and three negro men whom he claimed and held as his slaves, were received on board the steamer Pike, at Louisville, without his knowledge or consent, and transported to Cincinnati, and there that place escaped to Canada, and were finally lost to him.

The points decided, or rather the points on which the *dicta* of the court are given, are that every State has the right to determine the status or domestic and social condition of the persons domiciled within its territory, except in so far as this right is qualified by the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Dred Scott, a slave, had been taken by his master, to Fort Snelling, but they returned to Kentucky and became slaves. That is, having been by the voluntary act of the master placed under the jurisdiction of Ohio, and thereby, in fact, manumitted, they were, *per legum operationem* alone, afterwards reduced to slavery.

2d. The ordinance of 1787 was not a compact and is not in force. Therefore, the ordinance could never have affected, and does not now affect the relations between the States formed out of the North Westernterritory and the other States, between Ohio and Kentucky, for instance.

Exemplification. Kentucky is not bound to regard a law of Ohio, founded on the ordinance making negroes, who may have been slaves, freemen. And the exemplification of the point that the ordinance is not in force, is found in the decisions of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Here the plaintiff claimed the application of the ordinance to Louisiana under the act of Congress of April 7th, 1812, by which it was decided that it was not intended to be in force when Louisiana became a State, and now holds, that if it is not in force in States formed from the southwestern territory, it cannot be of any more validity in the States of the late northwestern territory.

3d. The authority of the ordinance ceased, even as local law, when the State of Illinois, through the act of August 7th, 1789, adopted the ordinance, only applying to the territory while in a territorial form. The compact, which, in fact, it was, could not confer any jurisdiction upon the Supreme Court, or any other courts, and the writ of error is accordingly dismissed, for the want of jurisdiction.

It is said, in one or more of the Washington papers, that all the judges concurred in the opinion of the court, as delivered by Chief Justice Taney, except Mr. McLean. Catron and Wayne, considered most of the points decided as not before the court, and therefore that the opinions given were extra judicial. As to Justice McLean, this is not correct. He has held in his own circuit, that the articles of the ordinance relative to slavery were a compact between the whole northwestern territory and the States, which should be formed out of it, and the other States of the Union. And he now believes both that the ordinance is in force, and that the occasion required no opinion from the court in relation to it.

I regard what the court says in relation to the ordinance as of no importance whatever. It has gone out of its way to put on record a *dictum*, which the advocates of slavery extension will greedily seize upon as a point in their favor. The ordinance has been in actual existence and beneficent operation sixty-three years, and it is too late to attempt its repeal by a decree of the Supreme Court. No man, within the last forty years, has the court been so constituted that any question arising between the free and the slave States, as opposing sections, could be left to it with any more safety to the rights of the former, than to a board of referees consisting of the present Governors of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia. And the history of this particular case illustrates the stupidity and the danger of leaving to this tribunal the arbitration of issues that belong to the legislature or to the forum of popular discussion.

But as I said at first, the only point decided in the case is, that persons once held as slaves, and emancipated in fact by the act of the master, may be reenslaved by the silent operation of the common law of slavery in our slave States. This is what is decided, for to suppose that any other decision was come to, would involve the all-near revolting conclusion, that the Kentucky master may take his slaves into Ohio, and hold them there, in defiance of her laws. This has an important bearing on the Fugitive Slave Law. It shows that this court will presume all men of color in slave States to be slaves, and will not look with favor upon their manumission.

This serves to show what security a person transported from a free State, on the charge of being a fugitive, has for obtaining a trial by jury in the place to which she is carried. Looking at this decision in the view of common sense, it must be pronounced, in the language of Mr. Webster, 'not a respectable decision.' The court needs reorganizing. Instead of the four members allotted to the free States, they should have six, and then perhaps after a score or two of years, the principles of common humanity, on one class of subjects, would not be always proscribed.

BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.

The value of slaves is $500 to $1,000 and $1,200 a piece, and sometimes more. A portion of our people, and I regret to say, among them a number of our divines, are in the habit of representing slavery in the South, superior, in certain cases, to freedom at the North, so that in these two points of view, their value in the market and a superior condition, it becomes a matter not only of benevolence but of prudence to kidnap persons of color, and carry them to the South.

In South Carolina, if a free negro entertains a slave, he becomes a slave. In 1827 a free woman, and her children, were made slaves for entertaining two colored children, six and eight years old.

In Virginia, manumitted or freed slaves are returned to slavery again by the act of the Legislature of that State within twelve months. This is against every principle of right and common law.

In Maryland, a free negro who marries a white woman, becomes a slave.

In the District of Columbia, and generally in the slave States, negroes not known to be free are presumed to be slaves.

In Georgia, a free colored man coming into the States, and unable to pay a fine of $100, becomes a slave for life.

In Florida, insolvent debtors, if colored persons, are sold to pay their debts.

In 1830, a report was made in the Massachusetts Legislature, stating one instance in which twenty-five colored citizens were confined in one jail at the South liable to be sold into slavery, and in another three seventy-five free persons of color from different States were confined, alike exposed.

Many persons from free States have been reduced to slavery under the Fugitive Slave Law. A few years since, Mary Gilmore was arrested in Philadelphia as a fugitive slave from Maryland, and testimony brought up in support of it. But it was shown by proof that she was of Irish parentage, her father a drunkard, her mother died in an hospital, and the girl was brought up in a colored family.

In 1833, a colored man was arrested at Philadelphia on charge of having escaped from slavery twenty-five years before, and four witnesses gave evidence of the fact under oath. By a singular providence, a New England captain was in the same prison with the man who knew him twenty-nine years before, who he knew was the captain's property in Maryland, and his testimony, with that of others, secured the man's freedom.

From the Lancaster Union.

KIDNAPPING IN LANCASTER CO., PA.

SADSBURY TOWNSHIP, 1st mo. 16th, 1851.

An outrage occurred in this township last week, which was so shocking that the public should be made acquainted with it. On the second day evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, some one knocked at the door of the house of Marah Chamberlain, a neighbor of mine, and the answer was given, 'Come in.' At once, about six persons entered, and made their way instantly toward a colored man who was sitting by the fire, and who was about putting on his shoes.

Seeing their purpose, he seized a pair of tongs to defend himself, but before he could use them, he was knocked down and beaten severely. He was then dragged to the door, the individuals in the mean time beating him most cruelly. He was then gagged to quiet his cries, tied and dragged like a slain beast to a waggon, which was about 100 rods off, in readiness to receive him, and from there he was driven off, as it was afterwards ascertained, instantly, to the Maryland line, where he was handed over to other parties. The ground over which the man was dragged was deeply marked by his blood.

There were in Marah Chamberlain's house, at the time the affair occurred, Thomas Pennington, an elderly man, down stairs, and a woman up stairs. As soon as the colored man was knocked down, she ran instantly out of the house, down the lane, and what followed was done in comparative darkness. The alarm was given as soon as possible, and a band of colored people, to the number of twenty-five guns, were soon on the ground; but they were a few moments too late, else a scene of slaughter would have probably occurred, such as has never before been witnessed. They pursued the kidnappers, but did not get on the right track.

It ought to be stated, that this band of persons had no warrant or any legal process, nor were they accompanied by any officer. They came from the 'Gap Tavern,' a notorious place in the neighborhood. They were joined by others from outside of the house, when they brought the man out. Altogether, there were not less than ten or twelve in number. The name of this victim was, I believe, John Williams. I have always regarded him as a free man, and he has been so regarded in the neighborhood, and there is no proof now that he was not.

A much age, a man was carried off from this neighborhood in a way somewhat similar, and last week an attempt was made in this township, near the house of Dr. Duffield; but, fortunately, was unsuccessful. The intended victim was attached while he was at work in a barn, but he succeeded in himself with a pitchfork, and drove off his pursuers.

Respectfully yours, J. W.

HENRY LONG'S DEPARTURE.

The 'marshalling' of Henry Long yesterday, to the Jersey City Ferry, was a melancholy spectacle. The entire distance from the Tombs was lined with a motley crowd of boys and vagrant men; a long procession of the star police led the advance of the United States *Hessians*, bringing up the rear in number. In the midst of these, the marshal and his aids, with the fugitive; and a crowd of people, of all ranks and conditions, surrounding the prisoner, with eager curiosity to see the poor victim, making a collection, which numbered about 5,000 when they reached the Ferry. There, the police fell into a long line, and formed an alley through which the marshal, &c., passed; twenty-five officers accompanied him to the other side of the river. There was much shouting of a doubtful kind, partaking more of the excitement of curiosity, perhaps, than any other feeling. A morning paper states that there was an immense crowd of colored people; certainly two hundred will cover all. The mass consisted of white people, who will not need to see many such exhibitions, to make them love slavery with a most righteous hatred.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

LOOK ON THE BLOCK.

About 2 o'clock, the nuisance came in, and Henry Long was immediately placed on the stand. The auctioneer, turning to him, and taking his hat off, asked him in a low tone, if he had health, strength, soundness, &c., to all of which questions Henry responded favorably.

The auctioneer then said, 'There is one condition about this sale. Bonds are to be given by the purchaser that this man shall be carried South, and that he shall not be sold North.' Long kept South, crossed his hand, and with a very energetic gesture, and in emphatic language, declared that before Long left his employ, he would see that the bonds were faithfully complied with, and he should know his man well, before he gave Long up or received his money. This drew forth a round of applause.

'To another condition,' said the auctioneer—'This man is in good health and sound mind. [Doubtful if he is on the slavery question.] I need not give you his history, this is known to every man and woman in this city. Starting the bid himself, he said, 'I bid only $700 bid. Will nobody bid more?' 'I'll give $25 more,' said a man in front of the stand, who had a very strong resemblance to what the Peter Punks call a 'Dummy.' 'He is a good barber, good hotel waiter, and can work in the field, or do any thing. He is worth $1,000 anywhere else.' Long was taken round and exhibited at the South—turned to advantage in that way; or he would be invaluable to a slave-dealer who has other slaves to sell, by exhibiting Mr. Henry Long is at his place.' [That is the game that was played to-day. The crowd was kept together at the other sales by putting off the sale of Long until all the others were disposed of.] '$750 I have bid; will nobody give more?' After dwelling and repeating the usual stage-whisper of the auctioneer—occupying, altogether, not five minutes, Long was knocked off to David Clopton, of Georgia—a slave-dealer of that State, where there is not a single foot of land a yard square, but is covered with grass. The auctioneer himself was empowered to make the purchase, and immediately after knocking off the bid, he gave assurance to the assembled crowd, that he knew it was when the audience gave a vociferous round of applause leaving the room exultingly, one man crying out, 'Damn the North.'

For several days past many processions have been seen in the streets of slaves passing in and out of the State. They go in numbers in proportion as the trade of the slave-dealers flourishes or declines.

A Higher Law in Virginia.—The Richmond Enquirer recommends the State Constitutional Convention, now in session in that city, to 'repeal every law on their statute-book which authorizes the emancipation of slaves, without providing, at the same time, the means of transporting them out of the State; and the means of providing for those who gives to any tribunal the authority to permit free negroes to reside within its limits.'

Also recommends that a prohibition of free negroes entering the State be extended to the whites coming from several of the Northern States, unless they come with a passport, and give bond and security for their good behavior while there.

The enactment of such laws, the writer says, might be defrayed out of the fees to be paid for the passports to the examining officers, who could be stationed at the convenient points for travelling into our borders. As a *police regulation*, rendered necessary for our protection by the existing state of things, the writer believes it is not unconstitutional, and might be maintained. But, he adds, '*whether it be strictly constitutional or no is of little consequence, in dwelling with those who repudiate and avowedly violate the Constitution every day.*'

There is a specimen of Virginia morals for you! We are no longer surprised that Dickinson wished he had been born in Virginia. We begin to doubt whether he was not.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

RICHMOND, January 16, 1851—10 P. M.

Dandridge Mercury.—Dr. Smith, formerly a Methodist clergyman of this city, and now President of the Randolph Macon College, closed his third lecture this evening in defence of the Bible, Christianity, and absurd doctrines of which I gave you a short sketch in my last, and shall refer to in my next.

To show the popular sentiment, the house crowded for by Dr. Smith are popular here, notwithstanding his fame as a speaker and teacher of religion, there were present on the first evening, 185; the next evening, 92; and this evening, less than 100, by the count.

Incendiary Publications.—Some impudent scoundrel has had the effrontery to send to our City Council, a copy of a paper called the *Liberator Chronicyze*, a vile abolition sheet, published in Boston. The copy sent had a lottered article against the constitutionality of slavery. This article was marked with a pencil in a manner as to call special attention to it; and we suppose the scoundrel who directed it thought the United States mail free as far as to tax them with its conveyance to this place, thought to put an unanswerable argument in our hands against the mail, and against free institutions. We do not know, and of course have no means of finding out, whether it was the editor or some other fool-hardy fanatic who did the thing, but we know the gratification to inform him that we thought just enough of his kindness to commit the paper to the flames, without reading it, and that we thought it time to see what he was striking. If some other individual was such a *goose as to think* it worth while to send us any pamphlet, we can inform him that we have in Georgia a statute against clogging up the mails with incendiary publications, and if we could find him we and any fool of him, the matter would be promptly turned over to the first grand jury having cognizance of the case.—*American Union, (Griffin, Ga.)*

The Nullification in South Carolina.—The Charleston Mercury opposes the proposition to remove the free negroes from that State. It considers such a measure objectionable on the score of expediency. It says they are a peaceful and orderly people, and we have no reason to suspect them either of a disposition to conspiracy or to riot. Their sympathies are with the whites rather than with the blacks. Many of them are slaveholders, and a good portion are industrious, sober and useful members of the community.

A committee of the South Carolina legislature recently reported in conformity with the views above expressed.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

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

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of property in the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of a free government, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, JAN. 31, 1851.

LIBERATOR SOIREE

IN

COCHITUATE HALL.

Agreeably to public notice, a Social Festival was held by the Friends of the Liberator, on Friday evening last, January 24th, in Cochituate Hall, in this city, to celebrate the completion of the second *decade* since the publication of the LIBERATOR was commenced. The company began to assemble as early as 6 o'clock, and in a very short time every seat was occupied, even to the ante-rooms. Not less than three hundred and fifty persons were present, (of whose friendship and countenance any man might be proud,) crowding the hall to its utmost capacity. Hundreds of persons made earnest applications for tickets, but at too late an hour to be accommodated, as a larger hall could not then be obtained. In many instances, the disappointment was excessive, some having come a long distance expressly to be present. The whole affair as to the arrangement of the tables, and the entertainment served up, was entrusted to our much-respected colored fellow-citizen, Joseph B. Smith; and most satisfactorily did he perform his part—nothing was wanting either in elegance or abundance. The spectacle was exceedingly brilliant, and the occasion inspiring in the highest degree. At 7 o'clock, EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., was called to the chair by acclamation, supported on his right hand by the guest of the evening, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, and WENDELL PHILLIPS—and on his left hand, by GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P., and FRANCIS JACKSON.

MR. QUINCY, on taking the chair, spoke briefly to this effect:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—The very respectable gentleman [Shadrach] who presided yesterday at one of our heads, said, some two hundred years or so ago, that 'some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' To this last class I belong. [Laughter.] I find myself, without the slightest warning, elevated to this place. But as I have frequently had the honor of presiding at anti-slavery meetings, I will say to you, as I have frequently done before, that the hour has arrived to which this meeting stands adjourned; and that the first business to be done is to take up the matters now lying upon the table for consideration and discussion. [Prolonged applause.]

[After the supper was disposed of, Mr. Quincy continued:]

I give you joy on this happy occasion of our assembling ourselves together. The abolitionists have many a meeting in the course of the year. They often find themselves in stranger company and in stranger places; but I believe seldom find themselves in stranger company, or at least in stranger predicament, than on the present occasion. It is often our lot to weep with those that weep. It is our felicity to night to rejoice with those that rejoice. And who, I should like to know, have a better right to rejoice than the American abolitionists? Who have a better right to look upon the world with eyes of joy and gratitude, than they who are attempting to rescue the slave from his despair, and the country from its disgrace? I hold that we, of all men and of all women in this broad land, are those who have a right to rejoice, and to thank God for the lot which has fallen to us. And although our usual course lies in different paths from this, although it is not often that we find ourselves assembling on a festive occasion like the present, I am sure that we are not of those who,

'When God sends a cheerful hour, refrain!'

It is an occasion of joy indeed that has gathered us together to-night; for it is an anniversary that reminds us of the day when the folds of that flag which has so long 'traved the battle and the breeze,' was first shaken to the winds of heaven, an emblem of hope to the slave, and a symbol of duty to the free! [Hear, hear.] It was a glorious day, my friends, although it was the day of dark and evil, as men count light and good, when the Liberator was first launched into the American sea of thought; when it first floated upon the tide of American history and events. It was a day which will be memorable to the end of time—which will mark an era in the history of our country and the race;—memorable, because it marks the birth-day of the modern anti-slavery movement. It was not beyond the memory of the most that hear me. We can, almost all of us, remember how thick and heavy lowered the sky when it was first committed to the waves. We have watched it in its twenty successive voyages round the world. We have seen it, year by year, freighted with hopes and prayers, deeper and yet more deep, from all parts of the country and all quarters of the world. And we give it God-speed to-night on the commencement of its twenty-first voyage. [Enthusiasm.] We know her past perils, and we draw a good omen from them of her future success.

'We know what master laid her keel,
What workman wrought her ribs of steel;
What axe the first time rang her name,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of her hope.'

But here she is, staunch in all her timbers, and with her flag nailed to the mast-head! Here is the good ship Liberator, with her heart of oak still sound! We have seen her, beaten, to be sure, having encountered many a storm—her yards sometimes dipping in the brine, and sometimes with her head upon the rocks; but by the assistance of Divine Providence, and the skill of the hand upon the helm, [cheers,] she has been brought safe through all. [Cheers redoubled.]

I shall detain you, my friends, no longer; but I ask you to join with me in a sentiment, which I am sure you will all receive with three times three. I give you—Success and prosperity to the good ship, LIBERATOR in her new departure, and health and long life to the pilot who has weathered so many storms. [Nine cheers.]

REPLY OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT — FRIENDS OF FREEDOM AND HUMANITY:—If I could only put myself out of the hill to-night,—if I could only be reduced to utter forgetfulness—there would be no drawback in my enjoyment of the festivities of the occasion. But this is a commemoration somewhat personal to myself; and although many have supposed that I have no objection to personalities, yet I do not like to be pointed at myself, (in a case like the present,) though I am rather apt to point at others. [Laughter.]

The truth is, he who commences any reform which at last becomes of transcendant importance, and is crowned with victory, is always ill-judged and unfairly estimated. At the outset, he is looked upon with contempt, and treated in the most opprobrious manner, as a wild fanatic or a dangerous disorganizer. In due time, the cause grows and advances to its sure triumph; and in proportion as it rises in the goal, the popular estimate of his character changes, till finally excessive panegyric is substituted for outrageous abuse. The praise on the one hand, and the defamation on the other, are equally unmerited. In the clear light of Reason, it will be seen that he simply stood up to discharge a duty which he owed to his God, to his fellow-men, to the land of his nativity—that is all; and if he had been recreant to that duty—if he had shrunk from bearing his testimony against the iniquity revealed to his vision—it would only have proved how great was his criminality. But in merely discharging his duty, he only performed that which every man is bound to do; and for the performance of which, he is entitled to no praise.

If I were to look back minutely over the twenty years which have transpired since the first number of the Liberator was issued, and call up the reminiscences which are crowding upon my memory, I could detain you here all night. But I propose to do no such thing. In the rise and progress of the anti-slavery movement, we have seen God uniformly show how true he is to his word—and behold another exemplification of the apostolic declaration, that the weak things of the world are taken by him to confound the things which are mighty!

If any one supposed that I would be discouraged and strengthened in devoting himself to a righteous cause, however unpopular or perilous it may be, or however formidable may be the difficulties that lie in his path, I do humbly think that, in the history of this struggle, and my connection with it, he may find much to cheer and support him.

My attention was first called to the subject of slavery in the year 1827. So completely was the slave population lost sight of here at the North, that, in the days of my boyhood, I scarcely knew that a slave was to be found on the American soil. As it respects the free population of this country, I was educated in the spirit of prejudice against them as deeply, perhaps, as any other child in the Commonwealth. I well recollect how strongly repugnant to my feelings was their very presence. It happened that in my own native town, a small number of this afflicted people lived in the outskirts, in a dilapidated tenement popularly styled 'Guinea'—despised, forsaken, uncared for by the people generally;—and this served to make them the objects of ridicule and aversion to the rising generation.

(Mr. Garrison here narrated the manner in which he became acquainted with BENJAMIN LUNDY, the Quaker philanthropist of Baltimore, by whom he was ultimately persuaded to consecrate his life to the cause of emancipation. Mr. G. continued:]—

Mr. Lundy had been laboring in this cause for a number of years. He usually travelled on foot, with his pack on his back, and journeyed thousands of miles, through most of the States of the Union, in this humble manner, defying alike the scorching rays of summer and the chilling blasts of winter, and every where endeavoring to propagate anti-slavery sentiments. If there was a man in this country who deserves to be long and gratefully remembered, that man is BENJAMIN LUNDY. (Cheers.) Nothing could daunt him, or make him swerve one instant from his purpose. Nothing could break down his hopes or his spirit. In stature he was a very little man, whose very presence, it would seem, it would almost seem, might not 'visit too roughly,' lest he should be swept away; but in heart he was gigantic. He was never lacking in zeal or courage; no man was ever more active or more persevering; his sufferings and sacrifices were extraordinary. And yet, after all, he failed to make a lasting impression upon the country at large. And why do I say this? O, Sir, not invidiously—not to detract aught from his great merits—for I think there is hardly any one living who reverses his memory more than I do, or holds in higher appreciation his unwearied efforts for the abolition of slavery. But it is instructive to see how, by failing to perceive what was the great truth that needed to be proclaimed, and applied to the conscience of every slaveholder and every apologist for slavery, he sowed, and labored with such little success.

No man ever more or spoke more strongly against the system of slavery than BENJAMIN LUNDY. But he did not take radical ground against it. He advocated its gradual abolition, though not for the purpose of lulling to sleep the conscience of the oppressor; but the doctrine was unsound, and the inculcation of it inoperative. Hence, while all agreed with him that slavery was an evil, to be finally extirpated, they readily came to the conclusion that it was not to be got rid of now; and so were content to leave the problem to be solved by posterity, as to the time and mode of its abolition. This was the delusive doctrine of GRADUALISM that crippled his efforts and impaired his moral influence.

Again—this devoted friend of the slave failed to see the cruelty and wickedness of the Colonization scheme. He did not, it is true, place much reliance upon it as a means of emancipating those in bonds, or benefitting Africa; still he regarded it as a worthy or public encouragement. But as this was the strong refuge of slavery at that period, no excitement followed those general denunciations of the slave system which fell from his lips, and were recorded by his pen.

Now see how essential it is to lay the axe at the root of the tree. The hour came for proclaiming the doctrine of immediate, unconditional, everlasting emancipation. [Cheers.] Its proclamation was not to my credit, nor to the credit of any one in particular, But it immediately produced a mighty effect—it startled the slaveholder from his guilty slumber,—it agitated the nation. It was of heaven, not of men; and to God be all the glory! (Applause.)

Simultaneously came the exposure of the American Colonization scheme as a stupendous imposture, and the vilest or all conspiracies against justice, humanity and freedom—and then the land began to rock, and from that time to the present has not enjoyed one hour of repose! Yes—it was the declaration, that immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master, and that it is a sham and a sin to expatriate a to a heathenish land any portion of the population of this country on account of their complexion, that unmasked all parties and sects—the North and the South alike—and began that wonderful change which has since been effected in public sentiment in behalf of our enslaved and free colored population.

BENJAMIN LUNDY was true to his own light, and an honest and intrepid philanthropist. If he erred in his mode of attacking slavery, so did WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON before him. My indebtedness to him, as instrumental in causing me to stand forth as an advocate of the slave, is beyond compensation; and I shall ever gratefully cherish his memory.

(Mr. Garrison here briefly gave some particulars of his associating with Mr. Lundy in editing a weekly journal in Baltimore, called '*The Genius of Universal Emancipation*,' in the years 1829-30; of his imprisonment in that city for exposing the domestic slave traffic; of his subsequent liberation through the generosity of that distinguished philanthropist, ARTHUR TAPPAN, of New York, (cheers,)—&c. &c.]

Convinced that slavery could be peaceably abolished only by a radical change in public opinion in relation to its enormity, and that the moral and religious power of the country was to be found, if any where, in our own New-England, I determined to return in the autumn of 1830, determined to invoke that power through the medium of a new anti-slavery periodical. At my request, a few gentlemen came together to consult on the subject; but when they understood what were to be the doctrines inculcated in the paper, they declined giving me their countenance.

What was to be done? I had not the means to get even the first number printed. Happily I had a friend, [ISAAC KNAPP,] who was a practical printer as well as myself, and with whom I entered into partnership; and the way we contrived to issue the first three or four numbers was by working in partnership in a printing establishment, and paying for the same in manual labor. I remember that when we went to our wits' end to discover how we could obtain a ream or two of paper on which to print our first number, I went to the post office, and there found, most unexpectedly, a letter, in which was enclosed a fifty dollar bill! (Applause.) It was from a colored man, too, (cheers,)—from JAMES FORTEN, the distinguished sail-maker of Philadelphia. (Renewed cheering.) It was the payment in advance for twenty-five subscribers obtained by him for the Liberator. We were thus enabled to publish a specimen number; and I seriously question whether there ever would have been a Liberator printed, had it not been for that time. Be that as it may, however, I see not now how it could have been done. On such slight incidents are often the greatest movements depending!

Mr. Garrison spoke, in this connection, and in terms of the deepest gratitude, of the cheering countenance and pecuniary assistance early extended to the Liberator by SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of this city, without which the paper must have again and again been suspended, and ultimately discontinued. He also acknowledged his deep indebtedness to his friend ELLIS GRAY LORING. The allusion to these gentlemen elicited a tumultuous cheering.

It is impossible, Mr. President, to do justice, on this occasion, to the few noble men and women who, during the first year or two of trial and persecution, gave me their co-operation. The Liberator was commenced without any subscribers. I will not detail how it had to struggle to preserve its existence from one month, often from one week to another—at times, every ray of light being excluded by the impending darkness. But the cloud was again and again lifted and removed as by a miraculous hand, and the needed relief afforded often in a manner truly surprising. Suffice it to say, through the help of God, the whole cause it has been consecrated from its inception, the banner of the LIBERATOR is still flying in the breeze. (Cheers.)

This, ladies and gentlemen, was the size of the Liberator originally [holding up a bound volume about twenty inches by sixteen]—not a very formidable show as to size, certainly—not quite large as a pane of glass—[*A voice*—7 by 9]—yes, 7 by 9, more or less; and yet what a commotion it created when it was sent out on its mission of freedom!

I will show you what kind of letters I was in the habit of receiving from all parts of the South; and you will pardon me for reading them. They show the demoralizing effects of the slave system upon the minds of its supporters, and illustrate the goodness of the cause which is thus fiendishly assailed. Almost every post brought me threats of assassination. I had frequent invitations to fight duels. (Laughter.) I recollect one chivalrous gentleman desired me to meet him at Washington on a particular day, saying that he would be there. (Renewed merriment.) Then I received numerous pictorials—one representing a person being cut by a bowie knife in his heart—another representing a man being hung, tar-and-feathered, &c.; and intimations that such would be my fate, if I did not instantly suppress the Liberator.

[Mr. Garrison here read a letter from the South, in which such expressions as, 'you d——d rascal, you shall be remembered, you wooden ass, you blackguard, you traitor, you devil incarnate, hell is thirsting and you will soon be burning,' were plentifully sprinkled throughout. Another thing was, 'you *toad-eater*,' which excited much merriment as it was read, and this was greatly increased at the declaration of Mr. G., that he had no fondness for toads, and never tasted of one in his life! In another letter the writer says—'You will hear from me again, perhaps, before long, when, if you continue your infamous career, I will speak in a voice loud and terrible as thunder.' (Laughter.) And this was signed 'A FREEMAN!' (Renewed laughter.)

Standing comparatively alone as I did at that period, and knowing how infernal was the spirit of slavery, I will here say that, during the first two or three years in particular, I daily expected to fall a martyr to this cause; especially after the reward of five thousand dollars was offered for my abduction by the State of Georgia. Looking at the perils through which I have run, it is indeed a marvel to me that I am now living. But enough in regard to the insults and dangers of the past.

The Liberator was brought any change in public sentiment, in favor of those from whom it turned out and trodden under foot, it has been solely through the power of truth. No person shall deceive me with the idea, that I deserve any thing. Oh, if I can only say that I have done my duty—that I have not failed to warn those who have put in my hands as bound with them'—it is all I desire. One thing I can truly affirm:—I have counted nothing too dear to peril in the cause to which my life is devoted. For that cause I have sacrificed whatever is desirable in a good reputation, or pleasant in human friendship, or alluring in worldly advancement. If it I have broken the strongest political ties, and divorced myself from once venerated religious associations; assured that whatever is hostile to its progress must be a heretofy corrupt or erroneous, whatever its pretensions to patriotism or piety.

Here I must pause. I am wholly unable to express my feelings. I thank you for this kind manifestation of your regard. But, without your co-operation, what could I have done? It is such as I see around me, and others equally laborious in the field elsewhere, who have given such an impetus to the cause of emancipation. I can add no more. (Loud cheers.)

The following Hymn, written expressly for the occasion, was then sung by the whole company to the tune of Hebron:—

HYMN

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIBERATOR.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

The land was wrapped in moral night,
The Slave was to the Tyrant given,
When Freedom's lonely signal light
Streamed trembling up the blackened heaven.

Startling Oppress on in its lair,
And Conscience heard its triple pall,
A voice rose the hearer air
Pierced like a Prophet's warning call.

Sustained by Freedom's little band,
Braving all obloquy and shame,
From master mind and iron hand,
The dauntless 'LIBERATOR' came!

Choosing the Christian's heart and part,
Turning away from Life's bright dreams,
The pure of soul and true of heart
Looked in upon eternal scenes.

And when God's hand drew back the veil,
When the Spirit-world cry rose,
That lonely band, awe-struck and pale,
Scanned the vast circuit of the soul!

Then, weary, cursed, and forlorn,
They bolted along the upward path,
And 'mid the driving storm of scorn,
They bridged with Faith the Sea of Wrath.

On darkened eyes they sent the ray
Of truths the lowly Jesus taught;
And, clothed with light, they stand to-day,
The mighty host of God, thought.

Past stood upon the hill of Mene——
Before him Error's mantle rent;
Bursting the Spirit's prison bars,
Came Luther from the convent cell.

Not less your work, O, faithful band!
Who, while Sin kept her bloody throne,
Proclaimed throughout a darkened land,
A God of mercy all unknown!

God! keep these fearless pioneers!
World! cherish them, their honored name,
Who, walking midst a night of scorn,
Behind them leave a path of flame!

And Thou! O leader of the brave!
Behold! with Freedom's seal and sign,
Stretches the army of the slave
From morning to the sunset line!

Still go where leadeth Truth's bright form,
Oppression long shall fear thy face;
And thunder still, above the storm,
Signal of Bondage's rock, THY PLACE!

THE CHAIRMAN then said—

I hardly know, my friends, how to introduce the next topic to your consideration, for I know that the greatest part of you are citizens of this mighty and glorious great republic, and I know that there is a just jealousy we all regard the interference of foreigners in our affairs. [Laughter.] The old Greeks, you remember, called every body barbarians who did not live within their narrow Commonwealths. And so the highly respectable Chinese, to whom we lately dedicated our commercial rights, still every body outside of their central flowery empire barbarians. And are we not wiser than the Greeks, and more knowing than the Chinamen?

I hardly know how I dare to introduce to you, after the resolutions enacted within so short a time in Faneuil Hall—to introduce to you a foreigner, and, above all, an Englishman; knowing how just is the prejudice against the race to which he belongs, [much mirth,] against the country which entailed slavery upon us, [hear, hear,] and against the people who brought slaves to our market, and compelled us to buy them whether we would or no. [Increased merriment.] It is a just feeling, no doubt, which prevents us from having any contact with that unhallowed generation. [Applause.] Still, as this is not Faneuil Hall, and we are unannoyed with the help of Mayor Bigelow or Recorder Tukey, [laughter,] we may well be safe if I venture to introduce an Englishman to you. [There have been times, indeed, when foreigners were welcomed to this country. There was a time when General Lafayette was permitted to fight for our liberty—there was a word which I am happy to say that good and great man said always never have been drawn in our behalf, if he had thought that he was fighting the battles of slavery. [Cheers.] These were the dying words of the old friend of America—the foreigner—the French friend. When he came back in his old age to our country, you remember—those of you who are old enough, and all of you have heard the story—how he went in triumph from one end of the country to the other; and you remember the sublime epithet applied to him by John Quincy Adams, of 'the Nation's Guest!' Now, this nation is not yet worthy that a man like unto him I propose to introduce to you should be its guest. Yet the revolution in which he has volunteered his assistance is but the complement of that which Lafayette espoused, without which it were better that it had never been fought at all. I will give you—

GEORGE THOMPSON, (long continued cheering.) GEORGE THOMPSON, (renewed cheering.) Chairman—Wait till I have finished my toast, and then begin again. [Laughter.]

GEORGE THOMPSON—The Guest of the American Slave and of the American Abolitionist! [Three times three.]

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P.

MR. PRESIDENT—I can fully sympathise with the deep and trying embarrassment felt by our honored guest, when he rose to address us. I can understand, too, the difficulty he experienced in giving expression to his feelings. I believe we have both of us too much of the enemy penal in our composition, to be able to find much utterance for our feelings in the form of compliments to ourselves. (Laughter.) Whatever my friend's shrinkings to night have been, this, however, all here well know, that he never faltered in those dark days, when the clouds of which he spoke were darkest and most lowering. Amidst the dreariest aspects of this sacred cause, William Lloyd Garrison was ever hopeful, courageous, and believing. (Cheers.) For myself, I may say, that the inability he manifested to stand unmoved amidst the affectionate greetings of this great assembly, did but raise my admiration of him, and prove to me that he was the very man I had always taken him to be. (Applause.)

I think I may claim the honor of being amongst the oldest friends of our guest now present. It will soon be eighteen years since our friendship commenced. It is true, that friendship has been one of the most valuable and cherished possessions I have. I had no other motive to bring me from a sick bed to this assembly, that of gratitude would have impelled me; for, to the Editor of the LIBERATOR, I owe far more than I am able to pay, and more than I am able to express. Perhaps I may be permitted to add to the reminiscences of the past, I attempted, by telling how I first became acquainted with the name of our guest. ('Hear, hear,' and cheers.)

Nineteen years ago, I was utterly ignorant of the existence of such a body as the American Colonization Society. I heard that period, I accidentally read, in the column of a Liverpool Mercury, (England) paper, an account of some provincial meeting which had been addressed by an American gentleman of the name of ELLIOT CRESSON. This gentleman spoke of a colony of free colored persons that had been established by the efforts of philanthropists in the coast of Africa, and exhibited a newspaper called the *Liberia Herald*, published in the colony. He also described the colony as not only likely to prove a scene of prosperity to the emigrants, but an incalculable blessing to Africa, by its influence in suppressing the slave-trade, and by diffusing all of the blessings of civilization and Christianity along the coast of that benighted continent. The same paper also informed me, that any additional facts required might be obtained on application to Mr. Cresson, at No. 19 Adam Street, Adelphi, London. I was at the time engaged in the advocacy of the abolition of British Colonial Slavery, and was also most deeply interested in whatever related to the colored races. I was, therefore, at once concerned to know as much as possible about the new colony of Liberia, and wrote Mr. Cresson for any printed documents he might have it in his power to send me; promising to use them in the course of my lectures, if they would aid me in showing the capacity of the emancipated blacks, and in promoting any sound plan for their benefit. I received a polite answer, and also some pamphlets containing copies of letters from distinguished persons, and some extracts from the proceedings of the American Colonization Society. I was, moreover, earnestly invited to see Mr. Cresson on my arrival in London. I soon afterwards went to breakfast with Mr. Cresson, and had a long interview with him. I know not why, but the conversation made a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and is as distinct as ever at this moment. I was told by Mr. Cresson, who was then a member of the Society of Friends, and the agent of the American Colonization Society, that the body he represented was composed of the most respectable and philanthropic individuals in the country—that among its chief patrons were the Hon. Henry Clay, the Hon. Bushrod Washington, the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, the Rev. Ralph Randolph Gurley, and other most eminent and influential persons—that the project had originated in the prayers and pious labors of Ashmun, the Colonist, who was largely supported by slaveholders, who were willing to furnish as many persons (by emancipation) as the funds of the Society would enable it to remove; and that, in fact, the scheme would prove of the greatest benefit, not only to the country of African evangelisation, but also to the cause of anti-slavery. I was also informed that many of our own best men had enrolled themselves amongst the promoters of the scheme, including William Wilberforce, Thomas Fowell Buxton, William Allen, and Thomas Clarkson. That gentleman did not prevent me from asking some questions on matters which was opposed of some importance. I wished to know if the colored people themselves approved the scheme, and were anxious to leave the country of their birth for a distant and a strange land. I wanted to know upon what data it had been declared, that the operations of the Society could, in any reasonable time, produce any perceptible difference in the number of slaves in the United States. I wanted to know why, if there were colored persons in America capable of becoming missionaries to Africa, they should not remain to be a blessing to their brethren at home, and show the slaves the way from bondage to liberty. Mr. Cresson's answers to these questions were perfectly satisfactory, and were given with a degree of patience and impatience for which I could not account. At length, I requested to be informed whether, apart from the scheme of Colonization, there was any movement in the United States, based upon the principles of our anti-slavery movement in England, and reminded him that we were seeking the overthrow of our system by boldly proclaiming everywhere, the doctrine—Slavery is a crime in the sight of God, and ought immediately to be immediately, unconditionally, and forever abolished.' (Cheers.) He said there was no such movement—the nation was not prepared for any such doctrine—and that the principles and plans of the Colonization Society were the only ones the people, and especially the slaveholders, would entertain or tolerate. Then, as if recollecting himself, he said, 'There is an incendiary paper, published in Boston by a madman, who is in league with a man by the name of Walker, who has recommended the slaves to cut their masters' throats.' The paper I refer to has adopted the doctrine of *Immediate Emancipation*; but the Southern States have denounced it as a firebrand, and the Legislature of Georgia has offered five thousand dollars for its Editor.' I asked the name of the paper and of its Editor, and was informed that the incendiary sheet was the *Liberator*, (cheers,) and that the Editor was named WM. LLOYD GARRISON. (Repeated cheers.) I enquired somewhat particularly who and what the Editor of the *Liberator* was, and was told that he was a young man; that he was a convicted libeller, and had been the tenant of a dungeon and the companion of felons. (Hear, hear.)—Sir, I well recollect the deep interest I felt in the person who had been thus represented to me, and that, notwithstanding the character which had been given of him, I felt at the moment—'*I would much rather honor this advocate of immediate emancipation, than the Emperor of Russia!*' (Cheers.) There was no apparent reason for this feeling; but I could not dispossess my mind of the idea, that the young man in Boston was the real friend of the slave, rather than the man who had pronounced him an incendiary and a madman. (Applause.) Soon afterwards learned from Captain Stuart, a friend who had recently returned from the United States, the truth in regard to Mr. Garrison and his impris.nment in Baltimore. I also borrowed from him a few copies of the *Liberator*, and a copy of Mr. Garrison's book, entitled, *Thoughts on African Colonization*.' (Hear, hear.)

Having named this latter work, I cannot but express my earnest wish that it might be found convenient to publish a new edition of this masterly exposure of the corrupt principles and inhuman features of the American Colonization Society. Mr. Garrison's 'Thoughts' are as much needed now, as when they were first given to the world. There is an evident intention to revive the operations of the Colonization Society upon a much grander scale than ever before. (Hear, hear.) Insidious efforts have for some time been making in England, to enlist persons there, by presenting the scheme under the most false and delusive aspects. 'Properly, too, has been recently made to the United States Government upon the condition of the new African Republic, by Mr. Gurley. A large sum of money has been left to the Society by the late Mr. McDonough,' of New Orleans. Mr. Gurley seems to have claimed upon effecting something great in the direction of Colonization. A line of packets between this country and Monrovia is spoken of, and I think that a great meeting has just been held at Washington, at which the speakers have indulged in bright prospects and confident expectations. Every true friend of the just rights of the colored people, and every consistent abolitionist, must hold the American Colonization Society in utter abomination, and should do everything in his power to lay bare its nefarious designs, and to cripple its influence. Its professions for the good of Africa and the overthrow of slavery are mere hypocrisy; while its intention and effect in this country are to maintain and strengthen the wicked prejudices against the colored population, and to rivet more firmly the chains of slavery upon millions of the human race. (Cheers.)

My eyes once opened to perceive the rottenness of the Colonization cause, I abandoned it, and helped to denounce it. Our guest, who knows my subsequent history, knows that I had not been long off with the old love before I was on with the new. (Cheers.) When, in 1833, Mr. Garrison was deputed to visit Great Britain, I was more than prepared to extend a brother's welcome to the founder and representative of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. From that time to this, we have been fellow-laborers, friends and brothers; and I thank God it was my privilege to become acquainted with him, and to gain such an honorable friendship. I must say, with many here, that I have learned anti-slavery principles from Mr. Garrison, for those I knew before I knew him; but I on say, that I have been taught by him in what spirit they should be advocated, and how the opposition they call forth should be borne. From distant parts of the great Republic, I have heard, I have looked to New England and her glorious champion of the slave for lessons of steadfastness and constancy in the work of emancipation, and I have never been disappointed. However the battle has raged, there has stood my friend—calm, courageous—his armor on, his countenance undismayed, his sword in his hand. No dangers have dismayed him; no desertions or defections have discouraged him; no seductive voices have allured him. As the perplexed fugitive in his wanderings has ever found one star in the heavens to guide and cheer him, so I have found him the path to freedom, so have I ever found Mr. Garrison in the same place in the anti-slavery firmament—the lone particular star. (Enthusiasm.) Let us hear in what spirit he began his great work. I read from the first page of the first number of the Liberator. Here is my friend's vindications of plainness, and what men call severity of language:—

'I am aware that many object to the severity of my language. But is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as Truth, as uncompromising as Justice. On this subject, I do not think it pleasant to reason or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm. Tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher. Tell a mother gradually to rescue her child from the fire! But urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest.'

There spoke the man who, from the beginning, remembered them that were in bonds as bound with them, and felt as he would have done if the fetter had been upon his own limbs. This language brought to my recollection a reminiscence of a story told of an ancient orator. It is said that he was once beaten by a man, who complained that he had been grievously outraged and insulted, to take up his cause and obtain justice for him. The manner in which he pleaded his story led the advocate to say, 'I cannot vindicate your cause, friend. I do not believe you have suffered as you have stated.' 'Not believe it,' said the man, his whole manner changing in a moment, 'I tell you it is true—true, by the Gods! I was insulted in the presence of my fellow-citizens; I was spit upon—I was struck a foul blow! Not believe it!'—Hold! said the orator; now I believe all that you have said. Now, you speak like an injured man. I read the truth of your story in the fire of your eye, in the quivering of your lips, in the tremor of your muscles. Now, you shall have justice.' Sir, the man who takes just view of the institution of slavery, and all its guilt, and suffrings, and horrors, will not speak of it in measured language, and with less concern than of a prick with a needle upon his little finger. The man to whom God has given the capacity to perceive the essential character of slavery, and to feel from sight the deep damnation of the deed, will, like Mr. Garrison, fling 'moderation' to the winds. The man who lives in the daily contemplation of the all but infinite criminality of the act of holding one immortal being a slave, and then multiplies the crime three million times, 'will find that human language supplies no terms in which adequately to describe the enormity of the outrage committed against the majesty of Heaven and the rights of the human race. (Applause.) Mr. Garrison proceeds:—

'I am in *earnest*. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retract a single inch. And I will be heard!' (Sensation.)

These words should give us pause, for they are amongst the most remarkable, as they are amongst the most emphatic and prophetic ever uttered. Through coming years and ages, they will be a hold well over over the vast continent of America. They constitute the picture of the man before you. I first met with nothing in the language of any other Reformer that ever gave me so clear an insight into the soul of the man, as these words into that of Mr. Garrison. Illuminated by his subsequent life, I confided that I could read the man. Sir, I am content to rest to minute philosophers and investigators into the phenomena of external nature, if I may be permitted to attain to some acquaintance with what passes in the minds of those who compass some great and noble achievement. I love to study the character of great reformer. I would give much to be permitted to read his soul, at the moment he conceives his great ideas. I would fain trace the workings of his mind amidst the early days of gloom, and opposition, and peril. And I should like to read the fulfilment of prayers and prophecy are in part fulfilled, and he is holds, as our guest does now, the indefinitable sign of ultimate success, and standing, as he does now, by a multitude who honor him, love him, believe in him, and are determined to stand by him. (Great applause.)

William Lloyd Garrison is our cherished guest tonight; but he is also on this trial. He shall be tried by his own words, and you shall deliver the verdict. On the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, this same William Lloyd Garrison fling up from the brave—ay, it was indeed a brave one—'I will be heard!' He put therein these words, where it should fall—the first number of the Liberator for newspaper, whereon he did inscribe these words, amongst others—'I AM IN EARNEST.' I call upon you who are here assembled, who have been witnesses to his life and conversation from that day forth until now, to say, whether he has not, by his deeds, demonstrated the truth of that declaration! [Yes, yes.] He did further say—'I will be my vindicator.' Your verdict! Have you, during the big years of twenty years, ever known the man to forsake the straight line of plain and manly teaching, for one that was indirect, or tortuous, or sinuously? [No! Never!] Have you ever known him to shun, to modify, to adulterate, or to accommodate the truth? [Never!] He did further say, 'I was, you remember, Have you ever known him, in any instance, under any circumstances, to excuse an act wilfully committed against the rights of his fellow-men? [Never!] I WILL NOT RETREAT A SINGLE INCH. Has he stood up to his pledge in fidelity? [He has!] Yes, so HEARD.' These words were doubtless considered bold and presumptuous at the time they were uttered. But, the man had proved the truth of the prediction. Mr. Garrison has been heard. At this moment, he is heard and felt from Maine to the mountains of California. Amidst the din created by the strife of contending parties—amidst all the clashing interests of this wide realm—one solitary voice is heard above the whole, demanding, in thunder tones, the freedom of the slave. Loud applause.] He has been heard on both sides of the Atlantic. The mighty Great Britain know his voice and love it, despite the machinations of his mean and perfidious enemies. England regards him as the Clarkson of America,—the friend of universal humanity, and the ardent deliverer of the children of Ancient Africa in days ago. His three visits to England have been of great value to the cause of the slave, and I trust we shall yet again be favored with his presence and labors, that we may be quickened in our exertions, and taught, to some extent, the lessons of calm and wide philanthropy which he has so long practised.

I am not ignorant of the prejudices that have been raised against my friend on the score of religion. These have grown out of his faithful rebuke of those who are mere sick pulpit, preferring, church-going machines, or hypocritical and time-serving imitators of religion. Mr. Garrison has attacked the religion of no man who is the friend of justice to the slave. For his own views on religious questions, he is alone responsible, and he has as much right to his opinions as any man living. The view he holds, whatever they may be, he holds, I am sure, conscientiously and on conviction; but he quarrels with no other man on account of his opinions, and is the opponent only of those who make religion a cloak for their hostility to the principles of emancipation. Never, during my acquaintance with Mr. Garrison, have I ever known him to have a quarrel with an abolitionist on any religious question; but I have witnessed, all through this controversy, a studious effort to get rid of Mr. Garrison's anti-slavery sentiments by a reference to his peculiar theological opinions. Sir, I am free to confess no more for myself than I am willing to grant to others; but, claiming the right to decide for myself what my religion shall be, I grant that right to my fellow-man, and on this platform ask only, 'Are you willing to labor with me for the redemption of the slave?'

Sir, I would fain take this opportunity of relieving my mind of other matters connected with the history and position of our friend and guest, but the state of my health forbids. No other occasion than the present would have brought me from a sick bed into public assembly. Before I sit down, however, I feel a duty to discharge for others as well as for myself. It is to place in this hall of fame of Mr. Garrison, a memorial of the great event which we are here to celebrate. It is a gift, in the form of a Gold Watch, and is presented by those who are the personal friends of the long-tried editor of the *Liberator*. They wish it to be accepted as a token of their esteem, their admiration, and their love. The inscription is as follows:—

PRESENTED BY
GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P.
(On behalf of himself and others,)
TO
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
THE INTREPID AND UNCOMPROMISING FRIEND
OF THE SLAVE,
In commemoration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Liberator.
BOSTON, JANUARY 1st, 1851.

MR. THOMPSON having placed the gift in Mr. Garrison's hand, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembly, said:

Beloved Friend—In asking that you will accept this watch, and wear it as our gift, I must assure you that its intrinsic value is no index to the affectionate regard in which we hold you—for that is without measure or bound. Accept it as the pledge and proof that we have espoused with all our hearts the principles on which you have conducted the *Liberator* newspaper, and that we this night renew our vows before God to stand by those principles through evil and through good report, for better and for worse, to the end of our lives. (Loud cheers.) Accept it as our testimony to the exalted moral heroism, the unswerving fidelity and self-sacrificing constancy which through twenty years you have exhibited in the advocacy of the claims of bleeding and outraged humanity in this country. (Applause.) Accept it as a small token of our gratitude. I know you have, on-to-night, disclaimed all personal merit, and have confessed to the doing of no more than your duty. But, in the doing of your duty, you have taught us certain

You have been the instrument of incalculable good to us, your help, devoted and consistent life; and to us, your help, devoted and consistent life; and you never hope to liquidate the debt we owe you, we consider you that acknowledgment of our obligation, which we will also should speak for the debt. It is the duty of every man to labor for the benefit of the world in which he lives, and it is the duty also of the world which his labors have blessed to be mindful of its benefactor. (Cheers.) Accept your gift as a pledge that we will not only stand by the principles you advocate, but that we will guard by you, their honored champion [applause], and that we will never deserve unworthy to profess it, and that we will never become ashamed of you. (Loud cheers.) We wish, besides, that you should accept, as offering as something more than an indicative of our appreciation of you in your public, exalted, and responsible position, as the leader of the anti-slavery hosts of America. We wish our gift to express our unqualified and profound admiration of your character in all the private relations of life. Those who, like myself, have been privileged to enter the sanctuary of your home, and have had the opportunity of studying your character there, have often felt that we should forget the editor of the *Liberator*, while contemplating the husband, the father, and the friend. (Enthusiasm.) And now, may the God who first inspired your heart to consecrate your life to this cause—who has so often comforted your heart in the day of battle—who has so greatly prospered you while you have been pleading for his oppressed children—continue to guard, guide and bless you! May he be your strength in the work that lies before you! May he be your shield and defender against your enemies, and finally crown your efforts and your prayers, by rendering you the delight of your heart in the consummation of the great cause of Universal Emancipation! (The distinguished orator sat down amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembly.)

MR. GARRISON—taken wholly by surprise at the proffered gift, and one with much embarrassment, and said—

MR. PRESIDENT—If this were a rotten egg, [holding up the watch,] or a brickbat, I should know how to receive it. (Laughter and cheers.) If these cheers were the yells of a frantic mob, seeking my life, I should know precisely how to behave. But the presentation of this valuable gift is as unexpected to me as would be the falling of the stars from the heavens; and I feel indescribably small before you in accepting it. A gold watch! Why, I have been compensated in this cause a million times over. There are secrets of power in those tough hearts that pioneer their kind—

'And when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, with all its cold conquests,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the world's whole globe:
One faith against a whole earth's unbelief.'

One soul against the flesh of all mankind.'

My friends—Our elder brother here (and I do not believe that, however old we grow, we shall ever get up to his stature) has asked us if we would always stand by that sheet, and by the man who edits it. It is a great pledge to take. Within my short memory, I recal many a time when the Liberator has spoken out so far in advance of the most courageous of us, in such tones of startling truth,—such plummet has sounded such deep waters, its flag has waved us forward to such rough and perilous heights of self-sacrifice, that the boldest held his breath for a time. We had to inspire a full measure of breath, to school ourselves afresh into the conviction that the whole of truth can never be dangerous to the whole of virtue, before we could struggle forward to your leader's side.

The Roman legions, you know, worshipped their eagle, and each legion had its own. Once, in hot conflict, when the first Cæsar saw his legions faltering before overwhelming odds, with deep, instinctive sagacity, he suddenly ordered his eagle to be borne ahead, into the very midst of the foe; certain that, against every odds, the Roman soldier would cut his way to their side. So, to my mind, on these critical occasions, does Providence deal with us. When difficulty hems us in on every side, when the arrows of anxious doubts make darkness, when, through our nature's utter forgetfulness of self—that quality which is so often the parent of the truest wisdom—his instinctive sagacity, clears for himself a path, and we see his pennon waving far beyond, bright and high above the tumult. God grant us always the strength, laying aside the weight of every temptation, rising superior to the weakness of every fear, to struggle to his side, and be found mustered about our standard!

'Then, sun, shine on her gloriously,
Le breezes, waft her wide,
Our glorious standard! glorious!
The banner of our pride!'

I do not wonder at the disturbance the Liberator makes. We have had a great many illustrations drawn to-night from ships. Now, the Liberator is a fire-ship, and that ship of fire seems to be in a fleet. No! it is not a fire-ship. Let me rather tell the story that was choked off from me this afternoon. Certain doctors of divinity say that slowness is an essential element of reform. Now, the time was when Dutch sloops took all the cheeses they could gather, D. went down from Albany to New York, and reached home again in six weeks. The method of the voyage was this. When they got aground, six miles below Albany, the Mynheers lit their pipes and puffed away, until the current, or the winds, or some rise of the water, floated them off. No doubt they thought it gross impertinence in the steamer that first set up a puffing on its own account, and went statelily by, getting back to Albany at nightfall. Why, her very wake knocked the sabes, unceremoniously, out of their pipes, as they lay floating lazily, like wounded ducks in the sedges. (Laughter.) And so, no wonder that now all Dutchdom, from its palaces in pulpits and Senate chairs, think our steamboat, the Liberator, a disturbance. (Applause.) Fulton's first boat was only a wonder; now that thousands like it cover our waters, they are simply a necessity of life. Never great such fate to ours; and may she soon see only the flag-ship of a fleet of freedom ahead! (Cheers.)

I will not longer trespass on your time; those around are to be heard from. What we want is, the voices of all the children; a little scream from everybody. (Laughter.) Our friend has raised a great many screams in the nation. In truth, he has been heard! *Heard!* Yes, the word which had turned the strong will of Calhoun aside from all its early statesmanship, and made that giant mind devote itself to put down the Liberator. (Cheers.)—Heard! yes! In those piercing notes which have called back from the petty game of American politics, the winning eloquence of Clay, the massive intellect of Webster, the dogged purpose of Benton, the vaunted chivalry of the South, and the cold resolve of Northern thought, and leashed these hounds to do only his bidding. For what but the bidding of the Anti-Slavery enterprise did the last Congress obey? Constantly agitating that subject which Clay declared it treasonable to discuss! which Benton and Webster have both boasted they never had and never would touch! from which the proud and sensitive South shrank in pain and terror, and the North hated as a disagreeable duty? In nothing has our guest shown more his power, or rather, he will let me say, the power of that mind which makes itself the servant of a great truth, that, in so little while, he has merged into the maelstrom of his own purpose the great interests, the mightiest parties, the proudest intellects and the weightiest reputations of the land, sweeping them all together before the enthusiasm of his own indomitable will. The event has shown that it would have been no unfitting boast, if, when a prisoner by, he flung to the breeze his motto of 'Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation,' he had added, with Shakspeare, Cæsar's boast,

'This is my throne—let kings come bow to it.'

Been heard! Yes, in the young republic which begins the strand of the Pacific with the waters of freedom. (Applause.) Heard yet more in the fact that one slave, girt about with the sympathies which our friend has called forth, stood in the streets of Boston and successfully defied the Government of the United States. (Loud cheers.) Heard, also, painfully in the trembling heart that is balancing its chances of escape in the hovels of the Carolinas, and which hopes because you, sir, have placed men along the Northern highways to help him flee beyond the talons of our national eagle, never even to save him here from its rage. (Applause.)

And here just let me remember another man a moment. I read to-day a speech for the first time of the great Daniel in New York, in which he congratulated his audience that we were carrying the jury trial into Utah; Anglo-Saxon prejudice and the jury trial into Utah! I remember one of the men of old who asked why there was so much learning in Cambridge. Some body replied because no one carried any away. (Laughter.) Why, then, is there so little jury trial in Massachusetts? Because Daniel has carried it all into Utah! (Prolonged applause.) Sure we never had much to spare.

But I am wandering from our subject. The Liberator—it has had many fine issues—but I think, could these seats and this scene be daguerreotyped, could my friend set you all up as types, he would print a fine copy for this week. (Laughter.)

You will be ready, Mr. President, to hear, the hope that the hand which did, alone and amid so many perils, lay the foundation stone of this enterprise, may be spared to put on its topstone with shoutings. (Cheers.) In the darkest hour of our future trials, may we always see that banner ahead. May it always be the emblem of it to now, for every one who would consecrate himself to the cause of Freedom, like the Knight Errant of old, first to lay his sword on the altar of the Liberator.

How many whom the world does not associate with us, yet owe their spoken alphabet to the Liberator!—We all know many such. The man whose name never appears, but who had our Legislature from hereditary whiggery and barred democracy, always hands me because he was the first of us two to take the Liberator. And since our friend Garrison has told us he printed his first number, paying for the use of types by his labor, a sort of 'truck and dicker' system, as the phrase is, I may now indulge the hope that first rill of truck and dicker proved so successful, the present one may issue as well? (Applause.)

John Foster used to say, that the best test of a book's value was the mood of mind in which one rose from it. To this trial I am always willing the most eager for should subject the Liberator. I appeal to each one here, whether he ever leaves its columns without feeling his coldness rebuked, his selfishness shamed, his hand strengthened for every good purpose; without feeling lifted, for awhile, from his ordinary life, and made to hold communion with purer thoughts and higher aims and without being moved, to the coldest of us, for a moment, at least, with an ardent wish that we, too, may be privileged to be coworkers with God in the noble purposes for our brother's welfare which have been unfolded and pressed on our attention? Let critics who have time, settle after leisure Pyrrhystic, Platonic, Baconian faults, which, as they think, have marred our friend's course, and denounce, as saith them, the other topics which he has chosen to mingle with his main subject; enough for us, in the heat of our conflict, to feel that it has always 'been good for us to have been' with him. Here our friend has been a Pillar of Fire; an atmosphere into which he has lifted us! If of the abolitionist it may be said, with such exceeding measure of truth, that he has broken the shackles of party, thrown down the walls of sect, trampled on the prejudices of his land and time, risen to something like the Christian Idea of Humanity, and achieving that perfect toleration which is the fruit only of the highest intellectual and moral culture—how much is all this owing to the influence of such a leader! My friends, if we never free a slave, we have at least freed ourselves, in the effort to emancipate our brother man. (Applause.) From the bondage of Aristocratic prejudice, the most cruel the sun looks on; from the narrowness of sect; from parties, quibbling over words; we have been redeemed into a full manhood—taught to consecrate life to something worth living for. Life! what a weariness it is, with its drudgery of education; its little cares of to-day, to be lived over again to-morrow; its rising, eating, and lying down—only to continue the monotonous routine! Let us thank God that he has inspired any one to awaken us from being these dull and rotting weeds—revealed to us the joy of self-devotion—taught us how we intensify life by making it a willing offering on the altar of some great cause!

I know I am speaking, friends, very seriously. But this, after all, is a serious occasion; the consummation of how many hopes, of how many prayers, of how many sacrifices! Sacrifices compensated with a full measure of moral growth, and strength, and joy! Sacrifices, which we can never, in this life, see in such things. Truly, most of us are hardly worthy to stand here. Of those trial days, we have known nothing. Ours are holiday battles and laughing skies. A little popular tumult—the shrill discords of a few Doctors of Divinity—the pop balloons of the Press. The age of martyrdom was over before we were born into the cause! We have heard of it, with the hearing of our ears, but that is all. And you, our fathers in this, we have reason to find fault with you, that you monopolized all the blessings of this self-sacrifice, and left us nothing but the easy task of holding up hands that it has become an honor to touch. (Applause.) The times may come that will yet recall us to the need of contemplating your example in those first days. Then be sure that neither the hostile criticism, nor the bitter reproach, or the deep and shiding hatred which have followed you, shall deter us from bending down to put our feet in the very 'foot-prints' you have left in the sands of time.' In such trials, we will strive to be worthy followers of one who would not 'equivocate, or excuse, or retreat a single inch,' and who 'would be heard!' and who, beyond all human example, has redeemed more souls than he slew. (Reiterated cheers.)

THE CHAIRMAN—I suppose that nearly all whom I address are children of Massachusetts, the Mother of Statesmen. I trust that the time has come when all done her credit, and that she has not herself, at all times, maintained the faith she once delivered to the world. But, 'with all her faults, I love her still.' Here was I born. Here is my home. Here are the graves of my fathers. Here I hope to lay my bones. And I trust fully in the faith that Massachusetts will yet redeem herself, and take the lead in the second Revolution, which is to save the country indeed.

As an omen of this change yet to come, I accept the presence of the third officer in the State, at a festival in honor of the Liberator. Among the volunteer assistants at this festivity, I see that we are honored with the presence of the President of the Senate, (Cheers,) who sits in the seat once filled by the revered father of my friend on my right, [Mr. Phillips,] by Samuel Adams, and many other good men and true patriots.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS—May she again vindicate for herself the high character she proclaimed as here in 1642, 'and may her soil soon again be made 'a refuge for all such as shall fly from the oppression of their own country, and that they be received as the guests of the Commonwealth.'

[Cheers.]

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY WILSON.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen; I suppose the reason why you, Mr. Chairman, who have the good fortune to preside over this joyous festival of the friends of liberty, have called on me to speak, have called upon me, is because I have the good fortune, or perhaps the misfortune, to preside over one branch of the assembled wisdom of the great and General Court. On taking the chair, sir, you quoted the words of the great orator, that 'some are born to greatness, some achieved greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them.' Now, sir, surrounded as you are, on either hand, by men who 'were born great,' and by men who have 'achieved greatness,' I am surprised, and this audience will be more surprised, that you should call upon one who has simply had 'greatness thrust upon' him, to mar the festivities of this occasion, by inflicting a speech upon those, who have been charmed by the glowing eloquence of the gifted and brilliant orators [Mr. Thompson and Mr. Phillips] who have addressed us. Our friend Phillips said, that he wished 'to have a little scream from every one.' You must, sir, have acted upon that hint in calling upon me. (Laughter.)

At a late hour this afternoon, I learned that the friends of freedom were to have a meeting here to-night, in honor of William Lloyd Garrison. I am here to-night, sir, to express my love for the great cause your guest has advocated for twenty years through the columns of the Liberator, [hear! hear!] and my profound admiration and respect for his self-sacrificing and indomitable courage in it, and his courage and reproach. It is my misfortune, perhaps, to differ from him on many important questions. Differing, however, from him as I do, I have ever honored him for his unshrinking zeal and unwavering fidelity in the cause of liberty and progress. (Applause.) For twenty years I have read the Liberator; and, sir, if I love liberty, and loathe slavery and oppression, if I entertain a profound regard for the rights of man all over the globe, I owe it, in a great degree, to the labors of William Lloyd Garrison. (Prolonged applause.) I am not ashamed to acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe him for his labors in behalf of three millions of men, and no fear of censure, ridicule or reproach shall deter me from expressing, on all fit and proper occasions, my respect and admiration for the man. (Applause.) Sir, this unceasing labor of this man for the cause of liberty and humanity for these twenty past years will cause his name and his memory to be cherished and revered ages after the stone, which shall lie upon his grave, shall crumble and mingle with the dust. (Hear! hear!) And when that great day comes, as surely it will come,—for God reigns,—when three millions of men, held in slavery in this republic, shall be free, the friends of liberty will acknowledge, what many now deny, the patriotism of William Lloyd Garrison. (Cheers.)

I came here, also, to-night, sir, to listen to the voice of one of the most gifted orators of the old world, whose eloquent tones are still ringing in our ears. You have alluded, Mr. Chairman, to the jealous feelings of our countrymen to foreign interference. Sir, I am an American—with American sympathies, feelings, and prejudices. I love my country, with all her faults, with a supreme devotion. I go for my country now, at all times, and on all occasions, and in every contest. Sir, I love not England. (Sensation.) I am not dazzled by her splendor or awed by her power, although the sun never goes down on her possessions, and her flag floats over every sea and land, in the four quarters of the globe, and upon every sea. But, Sir, I honor the friends of liberty and progress in England, whose efforts for the last thirty years, in the cause of human progress, have never been surpassed by the efforts of any class of men in any portion of the civilized world. (Cheers.) Yes, Sir, I undertake to say here, to-night, that in no part of the world, and in no age of the world, and by no race in the world, have greater efforts been made for human progress and human liberty, than have been made during the last thirty years in Old England. (Applause.) Her reformers have achieved some brilliant victories. Among all her brilliant intellects, who have linked their names with the great ideas of Progress, no name shines more brightly than the name of GEORGE THOMPSON. (Applause.) As an American, loving the good name of my native land, jealous of its honor and its fame, I felt, sir, the deepest mortification, that in the city of Boston, in old Faneuil Hall, the man, who has stood up fearlessly in England, and supported American principles, and defended the American name, should be received by men, calling themselves American democrats, with ridicule and derision. (Applause.) His name is indissolubly linked with those great measures of reform which have for their object the elevation and improvement of the people of England. His voice has been raised in behalf of the millions of British India; and in behalf of Ireland's population, who noblest act in the annals of British history—his labors have freely given. His labors have been such, since he left our shores fifteen years ago, as should have given him, in Faneuil Hall and every where, a warm and hearty welcome. (Applause.) And, sir, as an American, loving my country, believing that great fundamental principles on which its institutions are founded, I come here to-night, and give him the same cordial welcome to America that I would extend to the men who have nobly struggled on the lost fields where Liberty has been clown down. (Sensation.) And as he now turns his face from our shores, and leave us, I trust that when he goes, there will be none, at least in Massachusetts, who will censure him for laboring to blot from our country the sin and shame of slavery. (Much enthusiasm.)

Sir, allusion has been made to-night to the small beginnings of the great anti-slavery movement, twenty years ago, when the Liberator was launched upon the tide. These years have been years of devotion and of struggles unsurpassed in any age or in any cause. But, notwithstanding the treachery of public men—notwithstanding the apostacy for which the year 1850 was distinguished, I venture to say, that the cause of liberty is spreading throughout the whole land, and that the day is not far distant when brilliant victories for freedom will be won. We shall arrest the extension of slavery, and rescue the Government from the slave power. Yes, sir, we shall blot out slavery in the National Capital. We shall surround the slave States with a cordon of free States. We shall then appeal to the hearts and consciences of men, and in a few years, notwithstanding the immense interests combined in the cause of oppression, we shall give freedom to the bondmen of Dadage. (Hear! hear!) I trust that many of us will live to see the chain stricken from the limbs of the last bondman in the republic! But, sir, whenever that day shall come, living or dead, no name connected with this anti-slavery enterprise will be more dear to enfranchised millions than the name of your guest—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. (Prolonged applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN—We have, in this country, no union of Church and State. It is well, however, sometimes to bring them in conjunction. We have just had the State. It may be well now to call upon the Church. [Applause.] It was my intention to call upon a worthy clergyman, [Mr. T. Parker,] who, I might, perhaps, have addressed in the words of the irreverent boys to the prophet of old, 'Go up, thou bald head!' [laughter,] were I not afraid of the bears. [Renewed mirth.] But it is my melancholy duty to communicate the painful intelligence to this audience, that that gentleman has departed this life, [sensation.] He has departed this life. There can be no mistake about it, for I have it under his own sign manual. [Merriment.] I sent him a message a short time since, intimating that I should soon call upon him for a speech. To which he replied, that he had departed this life, and that only a ghost remained. Now, I apprehend that it is the duty of that gentleman, 'in the body or out of the body,' to give ghostly consolation. [Laughter and applause.] I trust, too, that he will give us something more emphatic and more distinct than the mysterious knocking by which the spirit world is now so misrepresented. [Laughter.] I will therefore give you—

THE MEMORY OF THE LATE THEODORE PARKER—[Merriment]—and I trust that we shall have the pleasure of hearing a few words of *spiritual* counsel from his ghost. [Cheers.]

SPEECH OF THE REV. THEODORE PARKER.

There are some so fortunate as 'to be born great,' (hear, hear,) others to 'achieve greatness,' and some, like yourself and my worthy neighbor, 'to have greatness thrust upon them.' But I, unfortunately, have never had or done either. I confess, however, that at this moment, I am the first man that has appeared, apparently in the body, but really in the spirit, (laughter;) and also, it is the first time that I have been called upon to represent the prophet Elias.

I am sorry to say, that it is strange to me to be called upon to represent the Church. (Laughter.) I beg you, therefore, to listen with all due deference to me, as one speaking with the authority of the Church, (renewed merriment,) and the 'divinity that doth hedge' the Church. And especially I shall impress that upon you when I call to your mind, that I am, I think, the only representative of the clergy of Boston here to-night.

Mr. Garrison—No! John T. Sargeant is here.

Mr. Parker—He is away in the right place.

Mr. Garrison—[To Mr. Parker.] Our friend is thrice as welcome to me as you are in the mire.

Mr. Parker—I hope he may have the chariot of Elias to help him out. Our friend (Mr. Phillips) just now said, that the Moseses,—I will pay him back for what he said this afternoon,—that the Moseses were not the friends of Mr. Garrison. I think he must have forgotten our Moses, who wrote many thousand years ago, 'Then shall every man be a soldier.' [Laughter.] As is one of the best friends and coadjutors Mr. Garrison has ever had, and not a little behind any *later Moses.*

Our friend stated, that when the Roman army was about to be defeated, Cæsar ordered the eagle to be thrown into the midst of the enemy, and that wherever the eagle went, there the soldier would follow. Now, in every great work, when the nations are to be shaken, the Lord raises up some man, and anoints him as the standard-bearer. He is furnished with an Idea; that is the standard he is to bear. He hurls his new and hostile Idea into the ranks of his enemies, and armed men rush in and follow where the Idea has gone before. Our *signifer*, our standard-bearer, has hurled the Idea of Freedom into the hostile ranks. Behold the results, both there and here!

Of old time, it was said that God put his spirit on some great and noble man, and called him up to a great work. He was to take the Idea, and cast it into the ranks of the foes; and where he went, armed men were to spring up. He had no easy lot. Toil and danger dogged his steps. The rose faded not for his cheek. He was the country—he the prophet of the Idea. His brothers and sisters left him behind. The wife of his bosom was a stranger to him. He forgot his own mother, and went out to die. But he was not without consolation. It did not come as a symbol of comfort came to our friend Garrison to night. Comfort did not come in gold and silver. Men spited that took the prophet from his sheepfold and pruning of mulberry trees, was with the apostle in his perils in the wilderness, in his perils among robbers; and when he was alone, he was left not all alone, for his Father was with him. This was the comfort which the apostle of old had. This is the comfort—and much more than the sympathy of friends—which (my friends will pardon me for saying it) Mr. Garrison has always had! It is not his only comfort to see his words spread eastward and northward and westward, but he has it also in the consciousness of his own heart that he was true to his mission—true to his God.

Much depends on a single man; we seldom know how much.

Mr. Webster, a few years ago, was in the habit of saying, that if the friends of freedom in 1820 had had a leader in the Congress of the United States, slavery never would have crossed the Missouri. Thank God to-night, that, years ago, the cause of freedom had here its man—and a man, too, who was faithful!—(Cheers.)

Just now there was presented to Mr. Garrison a watch. The watch denotes the passing hour, so that at the end of every hour, it is a history. It is a prophecy as well. It was not meant only to count time past; but it is an instrument designed for the future as well as for the past. And so let me remind you, gentlemen, that this watch is for the future; and it says to him, Watch! watch! and be sober, be earnest, and a reward will surely come.

We forget that in the things that were little, there will be a time when they will be great. The names we now honor so much—the names of the two Adams, and Samuel and John Quincy, were slighted ninety years ago! They were names of hissing and reproach. You remember that one day it was told to Gov. Shirley, then Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, that in the Legislature they had adopted a new form of phraseology; that they enacted their statutes thus: 'In the name of the great and general Court of Massachusetts, and *by the authority of the same.*' The Governor said, 'Who revived this form, which was put down in my day?' 'It was the Boston seat who did it,' was the response. (Boston was different then from now. Our city does lead in reformatory movements.) Mr. Garrison stated that he did not know what slavery was till he came to Boston. I too did not know what slavery was till I came to Boston. But I knew what *negro slavery* was long before.) 'Who are the Boston seat?' exclaimed the Governor. 'Mr. Cushing, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Adams,' was the reply. 'Hancock I know,' ejaculated the Governor, 'and Cushing I know; but where the devil did this brace of Adamses come from?' (Laughter.)

Samuel Adams was an obscure man, whom nobody knew anything about. He was poor, and had a humble mem. 'The brace of Adamses!' And they were called in derision, *par nobile fratrum.* It hurt the feelings of John Adams. A thin-skinned man he was. But now, who are the Adamses? You cannot celebrate Independence without them. We cannot be with the men who are true to this great enterprise. Though we could not tell where in the devil they came from,' we know very well where in heaven they will go to. [Applause.]

The time will come when these three million slaves will be set free. Then let me tell you that the name of Abolitionist, which is now a very hateful one, hated even in that body which the gentleman who has just addressed you presides over,—will be a name of honor; [I wish Mr. Garrison was out of sight, as I beg him to before a moment out of hearing, (laughter;)] and our successors will say, 'We love New England over, and they will search all the world over, and they will not find marble white enough to build his monument; and if they dig California all through, they will not find gold enough to write his name.' [Deafening shouts of applause.]

The Discussion of the proceedings next week. (Phonographically reported by Dr. J. W. Stone.)

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in the Tremont Temple on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week—We have no room for the proceedings this week. The following were among the resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That the course of the Mayor and Aldermen of this city, in avowing that, at the late meeting for the reception of George Thompson in Faneuil Hall, Marshal Tukey acted by their orders, and with their approbation, exhibits such an ignorance of law and of their duties, such crouching to public opinion, such contempt for both of physical and moral courage, as to be alike proof and confession of their disqualification for the offices they hold; and their recent refusal of Faneuil Hall to this Society, on the ground that George Thompson was to appear on its platform, is a gross injustice to us as tax-paying inhabitants, and a shameful confession that they rule this city as the servants of the mob.

Resolved, That we will labor to effect such a change of public sentiment here, that Boston may have city officers enlightened and independent enough to have opinions of their own, not the mere tools of contractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press—men educated sufficiently to understand, and honest enough to attempt at least, impartially, to protect every citizen in his legal rights.

Resolved, That in the visit of our long-tried and untiring co-adjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON, to this country, for the second time, we see cause for emotions of the deepest shame and feelings of the liveliest gratitude—shame, that in this vaunted land of freedom, there are millions of our countrymen still wearing the galling chains of a slavery which England has long since abolished throughout all her dominions—and gratitude that, notwithstanding all the scorn, insult and outrage heaped upon him when formerly he visited this country as the advocate of universal emancipation, he generously has ventured into its bosom, and is once more with us, the same magnanimous and world-embracing spirit, the same dauntless and invincible champion of freedom, the same unwavering friend to the liberty and prosperity of our country, the same eloquent and fearless advocate of the rights of the enslaved,—as ready to incur opprobrium and persecution now, in the same glorious cause, as he was in the perilous times of 1834-5.

Resolved, That with three millions of our countrymen in the galling chains of slavery, we have a flattering commentary on our boasted freedom, that this is 'the land of the free';—and in the consternation which is every where visible in this country at the presence of GEORGE THOMPSON, we are presented with an equally striking commentary on the general boast, that this is 'the home of the brave.'

Resolved, That the consideration brought against GEORGE THOMPSON, by T. D. McGee, a *professed* refugee patriot, charging Mr. Thompson with having voted, in Parliament, for a Bill 'which made free speech treason,' is false, and that the bringing of such a charge against one of the strongest friends of liberty, at a moment when all her friends were confounded against him, shows its author a traitor to the cause he professes to love, such as even a slaveholder would spurn.

Resolved, That in regard to SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT in his votes on the Territorial and Fugitive Slave Bills, we will not undertake to decide whether he represented or misrepresented his constituency; but since neither he nor his friends have attempted any defence of either of those measures, we feel necessary to avert dangers which nothing but the grossest ignorance of our sentiments can cast, his base selfishness and craven spirit at that crisis make all former Northern treason look white by the side of the blackness of his infamy; and as long as New England retains any spark of the spirit or of the pride of her ancestry, his memory will be held in loathing and abhorrence.

Resolved, That the late atrocious charge of Mr. Justice McLean, in the case of Norris *vs.* Crocker and others, straining as it does every principle of law to effect the condemnation of innocent men, strikes us with no unexpected surprise, for we knew the man; and well knowing that the four Northern tenants of that Bench have always been chosen from such material as could be easily moulded by their five Southern brethren; that Mr M'Lean was the last man in Ohio who could hold slaves there; that in his whole judicial course he has never been betrayed into one emotion of mercy or one utterance for freedom; and we rejoice that his constant, and, of late, increased servility to the Slave Power, has never deceived either the North or the South.

Resolved, That whoever wishes evidence as to the character of Northern Churches may find it in the fact, that reference to politics was deemed desecration of the pulpit, and silence was proclaimed to be the duty of leading denominations, until that silence was broken in behalf of the slave catcher, and the leading spirits of all sects rushed into the arena to uphold the Fugitive Slave Bill. Such an one may find evidence in the efforts of Drs. Spring and Cox, Drs. Rogers and Sharp, Drs. Taylor and Hawks, Moses Stuart and Orville Dewey, to confuse the moral perceptions and freeze the merciful instincts of the community; making Christianity the stalking horse of their narrow prejudice and fawning desire for the approbation of what are thought great men; prostituting it to be the servant of human laws, and exorbing the religious men and women of the North to yield their consciences and their lives to the mere voice of a mob of trading politicians and profane revellers, dignified with the title of the Congress of the United States.

Much disappointment was felt in consequence of the absence of Mr. Thompson; but the state of his health rendered it absolutely necessary.

☞ George Thompson, Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison will address the citizens of New Bedford on the subject of slavery on Saturday evening and Sunday, Feb. 1st and 2d.

PETITIONS FOR THE REPEAL OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW. Persons who have Petitions for the Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, are requested to return them to this office IMMEDIATELY.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

An Anti-Slavery Fair in aid of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in LEOMINSTER, at the town Hall, commencing on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Feb. 14th, and 15th during the day and evening. Articles from the Faneuil Hall Bazaar will be offered for sale. The Fancy Department includes a great variety of Shawls, Scarfs, Cushions, Children's Dresses, Aprons, Travelling Bags, Toilet Cushions, Dolls, Toys, and a variety of objects, both useful and ornamental, too numerous to mention.

We cordially invite all those who sympathize with us in the labor of love to aid us by their presence.

We should be grateful to the friends of the Cause in neighboring towns for any donations of articles or supplies of refreshments. The latter may be sent to the Vestry on FRIDAY, 14th, care of MR. CATHERINE B. LAND, or MRS. ELIZABETH D. PRESCOTT.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,

FRANCES H. DRAKE.

MEETINGS IN AID OF CHAPLIN.

LORING MOODY, Agent of the 'Chaplin Fund Committee,' will present his claims to the public in

Roxbury,	Friday,	January 31
Essex,	Sunday,	February 2
Hamilton,	Wednesday,	" 5
Ipswich,	Thursday,	" 6
Newburyport,	Sunday,	" 9

Will the friends see to it that all needful arrangements are made for these meetings!

LOST.

On Thursday of last week, a small Dizzy Wallet, for 1851, containing 10 to 15 dollars in money, a season ticket of the Old Colony Railroad, and three tickets to the Anti-Slavery Festival. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

POETRY.

From the Dover Morning Star.

MY COUNTRY.

I heard a shout of triumph,
A proud and glorious song!
Ten thousand voices mingled
To bear its peals along.
Ten thousand hills resounded
With its echoes glad and free,
As the wild winds swept it onward,
Over the land and sea.

New Hampshire's granite mountains
Swelled high in' exulting strain;
Proud Massachusetts answered,
And the wave-swept shore of Maine;
Onward it rolled and onward,
Till a peal responsive rose,
Where o'er its golden channel
The Sacramento flows.

The slumbering nations started—
The Old World bent her ear,
For the burden of that anthem
Was new and strange to hear;
That spirit-stirring anthem—
Behold our land is free!
And far-off tyrants trembled,
As it rolled o'er land and sea.

My proud heart swelled with rapture,
That was my country sung,
And the world I deemed would answer
Its notes of joy ere long;
And men, no longer trembling
Beneath th' oppressor's rod,
Would learn his heavenly birthright,
Alone to fear his God.

But while entranced I listened,
Lo! other sounds arose—
The clank of iron fetters,
The wail of woman's woes,
The stifled shriek of anguish
From manhood's breaking heart,
The muttered curse of revenge
When hope and fear depart.

And then, a fainting stranger
Appeared my open door,
Trembling, a cup of water
And shelter to implore;
Worn was her frame and weary,
For she had fled all day,
While on her track resounded
The blood-hound's fearful bay.

I kindly gave her welcome,
And fed her from my store,
For so my Master bids me
Receive the suffering poor;
I warmed her at my fire-side,
Upon my couch she lay,
And, when the morning dawned,
I lent her on her way.

Then there arose around me
A fierce and bitter cry,
Drowning the notes of freedom
Which floated feebly by;
For men, with whip and shackle,
And statesmen grave and grey,
Pursued that fainting woman,
Like tigers for their prey.

They called on me to seize her!
They bade New England rise
And help those gallant hunters
Secure their *lawful* prize—
For now 'tis *lawful* hunting
Upon the pilgrim's soil,
Women are game for sportsmen,
And men a rightful spoil!

And men in holy garments,
With sanctimonious style,
And texts of holy scripture
Upon their lips the while,
Stood up before high heaven,
With an unblushing face,
And bade the sons of freemen
Join in th' accursed chase.

My country! Oh my country!
I weep in shame for thee,—
Thy mountains are no longer
A shelter for the free!
I tremble for thy future,
As from the shadowy past
There comes a voice which warns thee
Of tempests gathering fast.

That God who heard the wailing
In Egypt's land of old,
And bade the haughty Pharaoh
The prison doors unfold,
His he ten seen, my country,
The tears which wet thy soil?
And will he not avenge in full
The laborer's unpaid toil? V. G. R.

DOGGEREL ON DUELLING.

To fight a duel is a very foolish action,
Particularly with a view to satisfaction;
A pretty sort of satisfaction it is to be shot!
For if you fight, of course you're as likely to be hit as not.

Suppose you happen to have half-an-ounce of lead
Driven, by a scruple of gunpowder, through your silly head,
Then, there's an end of you—if what you believe's *not* true—
And if it *is*—so much the worse for you!
Suppose the bullet lodges—as it may—
In your hip-joint, or knocks your jaw away,
A nice satisfaction, indeed, you derive from the strife,
Having to live in misery, a mutilated object, all your life.

Or in case the ball goes crashing through your leg,
Forced to have your limb cut off, and hobble through the world on a wooden peg!
Take the other alternative: suppose you are missed,
And, instead of being hit yourself, kill your antagonist,
A deal of satisfaction, again, forsooth, you get thereby
The country immediately you are obliged to fly;
And, like a thief or a swindler, go abroad and hide,
Unless you choose to surrender for wilful murder to be tried.

And there you are, in the felon's dock, looking like a goose,
Or, if you escape the gallows, getting imprisoned at least a year,
Deprived of every comfort, not even allowed a drop of beer;
And that is say thing but satisfaction, I should say.
Not to mention the reflection, which must be the reverse of pleasant,
That you have gone and shot a fellow-creature like a pheasant,
Or a partridge; and here you are, with his blood on your hands!
Not a comfortable thing to think upon when you go to bed;
Besides, it is childish, as well as savage, to want to shoot a man for 'chaff,'
As which, if you're any sort of character, you can afford to laugh.

Instead of calling him out, and risking your precious hide,
And thus, perhaps, in attempting murder, committing suicide.

—Punch.

The Liberator.

RECEPTION AND TREATMENT OF KID-NAPPERS.

It will be remembered that the slave-hunters Hughes and Knight, agents of the pretended owner of William and Ellen Crafts, fled from Boston so secretly and so speedily, that some days made of their departure could not be traced. When they were asked, on the morning of that day, by members of the Vigilance Committee, why they had not fulfilled their promise of going in the earliest train, they replied—"Do you think we wanted to be followed all the way to the cars by a crowd of people calling out Slave-hunter, Slave-hunter?"

This speech must not be forgotten. It is most convincing testimony of the efficacy of a plan for the treatment of those kidnappers, which was debated before the Vigilance Committee, but never fully matured, nor thoroughly put in practice. The following brief outline of it is published for the benefit of friends of the slave, in those towns to which such bloodhounds in human shape may hereafter come.

As soon as the arrival of one or more slave-hunters is known, the Vigilance Committee appoint a sub-committee of the most active and devoted friends of liberty, sufficiently numerous for the thorough accomplishment of the following purposes, namely:

To keep themselves informed, by active, open, personal supervision, of every step the kidnappers take, every set they do, and every person they visit, as long as they remain in the place;

By personal interference, and calling aloud upon the citizens for rescue, to prevent them from seizing any man or woman as a slave:

To point them out to the people, wherever they go, as Slave-hunters; and, finally,

When they leave the town, to go with them and point them out to members of the Vigilance Committee or other friends of freedom in the first place in which they stop, that similar attention may be paid them there.

Every part of this course of action is important; and if all be faithfully put in operation, it will be hardly possible for them to kidnap a resident in any town of New England; not even in Marshfield or Andover.

As soon as the kidnappers arrive in any town, large handbills should be posted in all the public places, containing their names, with a description of their persons and the business on which they come.

An attempt should be made to induce the landlord of any hotel or boarding-house to which they may go, to refuse them entertainment, on the ground of their being persons infamous by profession like pickpockets, gamblers, or horse-stealers.

If this proves unsuccessful, some of the committee of attendance should take lodgings in the same house with the kidnappers, and take, if possible, sleeping rooms and seats at table directly opposite to them.

The doors of the house should be watched carefully, day and night, and whenever they go out, two resolute, unarmed men should follow each of them wherever he goes, pointing him out from time to time with the word SLAVE-HUNTER. They should follow him into every shop, office, or place of public business into which he may go, and if he enters a private dwelling, wait outside, watching all the avenues, and ready to renew the attendance when he comes out. If he takes a coach, they should follow in another; if he drives out of town, they should follow; if he takes a seat in a railroad car, they should go with him, and make him known as a Slave-hunter to the passengers in the car, and to the people of the town where he stops. He should have not one moment's relief from the feeling that his object is unknown, and execrated wherever he goes, that he is surrounded by men who loathe his person and detest his purpose, and who have means always at hand to prevent the possibility of success.

The efficient treatment of the first cases that arise is all-important. Let a few kidnappers be passed through New England in this way, and we are free from the pestilent brood forever. Even the hardened and brutal wretches who usually perform this office cannot stand before such treatment. Even the moderate degree of it which was practised towards Hughes and Knight so disconcerted and annoyed them, that they not only felt unable to *stay* in Boston, but dared not *go openly*. If members of the Vigilance Committee, relieving each other as often as necessary, had kept them constantly in sight, followed their coach to the out-of-town railroad station, taken seats with them in the cars, and pointed them out as Slave-hunters to the passengers there, and the people of every town they stopped at, as far as New York, the example would have been far more thorough and effectual.

Let us do full justice to the next opportunity.

C. K. W.

From the Liberty Bell.

THE HIGHER LAW.

BY JOHN W. BROWNE.

Our citizens, since Mr. Webster's apostacy and the passage of the Fugitive Bill, seem to be blind with the madness of unconditional respect for unjust laws. They name it being recalled to a sound sense of their constitutional obligations; but it is nevertheless madness. What madness is like theirs, who affirm that kidnapping committed by a private citizen is punishable crime, but that kidnapping committed by a great nation is venerable law! The sanctity of law is its justice, its identity with the higher law, which is but another name for justice. In that thought is the law's respect in civil society, because it is the divine justice, enacted in the sphere of human life, and not because it bears merely the name of law. Hear majestic Hooker speak of law in adequate words:—'Of law, nothing less must be confessed, than that her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world. Every thing in heaven and earth does her homage; the greatest as feeling her care, and the least as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what sort soever, though each in different way and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her, as the mother of their peace and their joy.' Such and so venerable is righteous law.

But what shall a man say of this Fugitive Slave Bill, which has stolen the illustrious and venerable name of law, in order thereby to cheat us out of our respect? The Fugitive Slave Bill is Lynch law, voted by a majority in the Congress of the United States, and approved by the President—that is, it is Lynch law any more worthy of respect when enacted by the Legislature of the United States, than when it sets up its extemporaneous tribunals amidst the semi-barbarous society of the plantations? You cannot make anything out of the Fugitive Slave Bill, put what judicial construction you please on it, but simply Lynch law, promoted from the wild domain of Slavery, to be a rule of right in all the borders of a great, enlightened republic, by a formal declaration of legislative will. That law is will, without right; it is Lynch law, wherever administered. Its courts are Lynch courts, its judges are Lynch judges. Dover is with the stolen cloak of respect as you will, it is Lynch law, triumphant over the justice of a civilized community.

One would have expected the citizens to be sad about it; one would have expected that the public conscience would be visited with alarm, at the thought of carrying the law into effect, upon the persons of innocent men and women, living in the midst of us. We do not find such manifestations common. The chief of the citizens, the most powerful statesman of his time and country, engages the conscience of the Free States to do the behests of this Lynch law! Great Boston, even, the great, man-made giver, for Bible-reading New England, the atheistic pledge, that 'its feet shall be swift in running to mischief.' This evening, while my pen writes these words, the citizens are holding their meeting in Faneuil Hall, to demonstrate the proposition, that the Union, born of the Declaration of Independence more than three score and ten years ago, depends for its safety upon the supremacy of this Lynch law over New England conscience. If Washington could step from his canvass, down among the eloquent lawyers upon the platform, he would tell them, that all their speeches by telling them, that if he and his great compeers had believed that Slavery would have persisted to maintain its hideous existence under the Constitution, till the year 1850, he and they would never have consented to form the Union as it is, but would have struck the compromise out of the Constitution, or overlasting guilt and shame.

The Fugitive Slave Law of ninety-three had fallen into disuse, had grown obsolete, like the law against witchcraft, and to revive it now, after an interval of fifty-seven years, with aggravations, was a monstrous and gratuitous insanity. The apparent necessities of the constitutional period might be pleaded for the old law of '93; and the understood pledge that Slavery was soon to be abolished throughout the country did reconcile the revolutionary conscience to that. But what has this law of 1850 to say, in justification of itself? Why, that the existence of Constitutional Slavery was to be but a temporary institution.—(Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate last spring demonstrates that)—but now this Bill re-ordains slavery, acknowledges permanence for it, gives it an era. The Fugitive Slave Bill is the gratuitous and voluntary spontaneous act of representatives and senators from the Free States, not one of whom would have been elected to office, if, at the date of his election, such apostacy could have been imagined to be possible. The last session of Congress seems an incredible dream. Division must come and overwhelm this apostacy and these apostates, or, as a nation, our light is gone out.

If this Fugitive Slave Bill, this Lynch law, can be executed in Massachusetts, in eighteen hundred and fifty, and take away a living soul from amongst us, what again will be the next step? Men, from whom crime against the laws of the country can an individual commit so dark as the crime which the country itself, by the execution of this law, shall have committed? What can the state of a country be that calls the enactment of such felonious law, and demands for them the respect of law-abiding citizens? Search out the wickedness of oppression, from the creation of man upon this planet down through the year now expiring, and match the deliberate wickedness of this law with its parallel, if you can. And it is to be executed upon a class of heroes, for none but heroic souls can be fugitives; escape being the only heroism which American Slavery allows its victims room for. What a country must we be, what an altar of Moloch, instead of a shrine of liberty, must this Union be, if it will thus doom heroic souls to the sacrifice. Such a Union is sacrilege, is blasphemy, is crime not to be named among nations calling themselves Christian Commonwealths. If this law can be carried into effect here, we deserve the execrations of men: we deserve and must have (the universal God and Father of the human race cannot live and spare us) solemn, signal, universal, terrible, retributive judgments. We must be the fate of the people that frame iniquity into a law, and sets its judges to decree unrighteous decrees. 'Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness that they have prescribed.' We may not now see where the woe is to gather, or when or in what manner it will burst; but the woe shall gather, the exterminating thunder must come.

Let Thomas Jefferson speak for us here, in the tones of a Hebrew prophet: 'What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But where is the boasted justice of God in all this? overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full—when their tears shall have involved heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunders, manifest his attention to things in this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality.' But the new-born Union patriotism of 1850 accounts words like these as fanaticism, or a malignant philosophy. The new-born patriotism knows not, it will not know, the higher law.

How impressive is the old Hebrew national history! Prophets wrote it. It never left God out of the account. God is in it every where, dealing justice, meting out retribution and calamity to national sin. 'The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men,' is its one proposition, explaining every thing, enforcing every thing, sanctifying every thing, as lesson of warning or encouragement. National results in it are only the procession of God's Providence in human affairs, in the seasons as in the procession in gravitating nature. What a world is History, national history! 'Ah and alas! we have sinned, therefore have we suffered.' By the rivers of Babylon the nation must sit down, and weep when it remembers Zion, because when it rejoiced in Zion, it would not remember Zion's God, or do his law—a law of justice which our country laughs to scorn, or defies, or, having transgressed so long, seems struck with fatal blindness not to see. The higher law—God's justice! Will this country ridicule it, defy it, leave it out of the national account? That higher law lives in spite of us—we have no power to alter it—it abides as it was, it will be what it, well; if we will not, it goes over us—but go on it will. We illustrate it by obedience, or by disobedience—we have no power but to conform to it—we may go with it voluntarily, or be dragged after it in the chariot-wheels of judgment of our free will; if not our choice, then it must be our fate. By the constitution of God's moral universe, our nation is to account, though we may dream of reckoning our annals by the Constitution of the United States, without God. By the higher law are all national affairs settled, all balances struck, all dooms sealed, after the due time.

Boston, November, 1850.

OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.

A special meeting of this Society was holden in the new town of Plympton, on Sunday, Jan. 12, 1851—the President of the Society, Thomas Spooner of Plymouth, in the chair. The meeting was quite fully attended, and passed off very pleasantly, as all our Plympton meetings do. Our good friends there are very hospitable, kind, and obliging. Although few in number, still their influence in Plympton is great. They are of the right kind, working, decided and persevering abolitionists. Among them we have a few ladies, who do honor to themselves and the cause of suffering humanity. May the blessings of the despised bondman rest upon them!

The Society held three sessions, which were very logically and eloquently addressed by C. C. Burleigh. He did himself honor on this occasion. We never heard him do better—so interesting and instructive were his remarks, and especially so logical, that the audience listened with the wild attention of fascination, and seemed to regret when he closed. His lectures must have done great good.

Much disappointment was expressed at the absence of Mr. Garrison, who was expected to be present on the occasion. All regretted it very much.—(1)

Chose Wm. Perkins of Plympton a Committee of Finance, who reported the amount collected to be $16 09. After a very interesting song from our friend Spooner of Plympton, at 8 1-2 o'clock, P. M., the Society adjourned, *sine die*.

H. H. BRIGHAM, *Secy. pro tem.*

South Abington, Jan. 17, 1851.

(1) We regret the disappointment experienced by our friends at Plympton. The cause of our non-attendance was excessive bodily prostration in consequence of attendance at a series of meetings in Plymouth County and Leominster the two preceding days.—*Ed. Lib.*

From the New York Christian Inquirer.

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY REV. N. HALL.

To the Editor of the Christian Inquirer:

What is the Christian pulpit for? 'For the preaching of Christ and his religion,' of course all would say. And for what end to do this? 'To make men and communities Christian,' would be the universal reply—'to help to higher aims, higher hopes, and higher conditions of moral and spiritual life—to cause *Christ* to dwell in men, here and now, in each soul, and over the earth—the reign, universal and absolute, of righteousness, and peace, and love.' And how are the pulpits fulfilling this aim? 'By preaching'—is the obvious reply—'the pure teachings of the gospel—its great doctrines, its eternal principles, its practical bearings, by setting forth the law and life of Christ—him, as the great example, the Heaven-sent guide, the all-sufficient Saviour.' All would say this. Nobody denies that Christian law, Here is the foundation, the material of all Christian teaching.

But now suppose people to be untouched by these great and eternal truths, or even prejudiced against the exact. Suppose they listen and assent to the theoretical exposition of a great religious truth, or moral principle, and that they do not, they have not, *applied personally*—that they themselves are convicted and condemned by it. Or suppose they are led in secret thoughts to *suspect* (Not through the pulpit's influence as to the fact, their suspicions are lulled to sleep. Suppose there is some great social evil and wrong existing in the community—some undeniable and flagrant heresy—some practical dishonor of Christian law, but through the blinding influence of custom and familiarity, or some other cause lying nearer to the heart, it is not seen, or seen only in a dim twilight, through the urgency of unholy and sordid motives, is connived at and upheld. Suppose public sentiment with regard to it is perverted, or benumbed, or Christian, the public conscience dull and torpid, and the unrighteous thing is suffered to continue and increase, to the increasing moral detriment of all nearly or remotely connected with it—diminishing the moral discernment by the glare of the prosperity it augments—seducing the soul from its fidelity to its instinctive decisions, and depressing its active sensibilities in the attempt to gild its dark enormity—to palliate and excuse it, and bend Scripture and God to its support. Do we suppose, further, that the pulpit has access through other channels than the pulpit to the popular mind, are, with few exceptions, silent about it, or if they discuss it, do so from a vastly lower point of view than the Christian; that the halls of political debate, the chambers of Senates, the assemblies of the people, the press, are all giving their influence in favor of, rather than against, the wrong, respectability, the station, the talent, the wealth of the community are mostly and greatly on its side. In such a state of things—and although I have stated the case suppositionally, it has, we believe, an existence in very fact—in such a state of things, what, I ask, is the pulpit to do? To be silent? To look out at this fearful odd, and let the people go headlong into error, righteousness with injustice, and not speak? Because the subject is an exciting one—because it has political bearings—because it touches and religions—because it will make the preacher offensive and unpopular, not speak? I cannot so see the pulpit's duty, the pulpit's place, the pulpit's calling. Rather does it seem to me that it should speak out, fearlessly and uncompromisingly, upon the side of truth, of justice, of humanity, without stopping to ask the question, how it will tell, or be against it, or what it may lose of general influence, or pecuniary support. The pulpit is not *such* supporting, nulled. It is true to its Christian mission, unless it be the one place where God's truth shall never wear a fetter, nor the wronged and oppressed look vainly for sanctuary. It is an incumbrance, if it be not this—an obstacle to progress, if it profess to expose—infidel to Him in whose name it stands. And as to influence, the minister sacrifices, it is said, his greatest influence, by speaking on such topics—every against him his people's prejudices—begets in them a distrust and ill-will towards him, and thus diminishes his power to do good. This is indeed a sad result, which one cannot but lament. Still, it seems to me, it is a result for which the minister is not responsible. He has been, to be sure, the agent in producing it; or rather, it has been the agent, and the blame rests, therefore, somewhere higher than himself. But in his hearers' previous state of mind—in their prejudices, in their distrust and dissatisfaction at such cause—in that excessive and morbid sensitiveness in which they allow themselves to be greatly disturbed by any censure, or opposition, lies the seat of the difficulty. The question is, how far he is to regard this state of mind in determining him as to what and how he shall preach. Is it, in certain directions, a sufficiering it to prohibit him from the choice of any topic which may be offensive to any of his hearers, or from the manner of treating such topics—every, if so, it will be seen at once, that he must either restrict himself to themes of no living interest, or, allowing himself others, be subject to the treatment of them not very pleasant to his feelings. This, no doubt, is doubtless, find enough to preach about, going the round of doctrinal divinity and ethical abstractions; discussing practical topics, but in such a way as not guilty of, or touching indirectly only upon such as they are; displaying the boldness of his speech in the maintenance of views which are in exact accordance with his hearers' sentiments, and in regard to which their position is already an 'ultra one'; denouncing and inveighing against they have no interest in upholding, or presenting the palliating circumstances, or possible beneficent results in the overruling providence of God, in connection with those in whose cause they have no interest enough to preach about, without exciting disaffection or ill-will. But is such a course worthy the pulpit? Is it for this it was so nobly endowed? Is this the pulpit's calling—acquiescently to follow in the wake of public sentiment and practice? No one would say it. Still, it may be questioned, whether a minister is justified in regarding the views and prejudices of his hearers in his choice and treatment of subjects, for the sake of preaching, so far as it may be necessary to do so, their personal good—their spiritual good, we mean, indeed, as an end, but as a means to influence them for good; as that which, once lost, his usefulness among them is gone. But besides, there is, in such a peril attendant upon the practical adoption of such a view to a minister's simplicity and integrity of soul—a peril, we fear, which he can hardly escape to one, for his safety's sake, give it too wide a berth—is there not a wretched fallacy beneath it all? Is it not true, that by influence—all that tells upon the moral nature—is sacrificed, through a law of that nature, by his known or supposed pursuance, for whatever end, of a course, in his preaching, which is not at strict accordance with his immediate individual convictions? He may secure a kind of popularity by it. He may receive a patronizing, complimentary word of regard. But he will have lost his hold upon the faith and respect of his people, as surely as the human soul was made to honor, in its secret depths, the man who speaks honestly, rather than a creeping cautiousness—whatever its own practice, to honor it in others. A minister may be nursing his power of influence, fancying it around by deference to public sentiment, and by yielding to its compliances; and lo! when he would have it for use, it is gone. I honestly believe that the pulpits of our land are losing their influence with the mass of the people, by their very efforts to preserve it—by yielding, for that end, to a conciliating and compromising policy. It would not say that such a course is the result always of an unworthy timidity or self-regard. It is, I believe, in many cases, conscientiously pursued, as that by which in the end most good will be accomplished. But I feel sure it is a mistake. Influence is to be used, not hoarded; or, rather, one is to think nothing about influence, but say and do, in the right spirit—and let us not forget that—what the unperverted moral judgment is telling him at the time is in itself true and right, and the whole great providence of God stands pledged for upholding glorious truth, and for its triumph in the end. He may be followed with opprobrium. But give me his lot, for the sake of the mere influence he may possess, rather than the shining place and popularity by diluting the strength of his convictions, and taming the boldness of his thought. That there is a degree of prudence not unworthy of a minister to exercise, I do not, I fully admitted—a certain kind of regard to the prejudices and feelings of his hearers, deciding him as to times and modes in the presentation of his views. What I would urge is, that his views *should* be presented at some times, in modes by which they shall be clearly and fearlessly set forth, in the chambers of public society communion with immortal Truth, gained from the heaven-piercing mount of prayerful meditation—his views on all subjects of living interest to his hearers, as moral and religious beings, and more especially those with regard to which he deems the public sentiment unsound, and the public practice immoral and unchristian. And he is not to be deterred from this by the idea—which is pretty sure, in some form, to get an utterance in his hearing—that ministers know nothing about certain matters of public concernment; that they are meddlers when they touch upon them; that such things are to be left to practical men, to the 'intelligent laymen,' to decide upon. We know not what, in fact, is law; we know what Christian principles are; and shall we not proclaim them, and judge the institutions and usages of society by them, and bring the consciences of the people, in the face, if it must be so, of popular clamor and abuse? Are we to give in, by any word we speak, or silence we keep, to that atheistic implication, which comes in the presence of a great wrong in our midst, that if political action, that Christianity, that God, are introduced there, and, as such, to be expelled? Are we to have the sacred temple of Christianity in the hands of passion-blinded and party-bound politicians, and let the righteous indignation at injustice and wrong be stifled, or smothered ere it utter itself, by their wretched sophistries?

There is a great sensitiveness at the present time about 'political preaching.' A preacher can hardly make an allusion in the way of comment or public affairs, to certain national wrongs and offences, without subjecting himself to the charge of preaching politics. And yet, for conscience sake, if he have a word to say on these points, he must keep it safely until 'rolling time,' which brings to so many a kind of Sabbath, and then, if he do, in the shape one of those odd occasions called 'Fast' and 'Thanksgiving,' a permitted opportunity of utterance to a very safe and unexciting assembly of peace.

If a subject interesting to the people, to the pulpit, why take it there at all? But if we feel that it does so, and especially if it be one about which we have a right to be interested and concerned, why thrust it into a corner; why bar it out from God's holy Sabbath, where it has a right to be? Does the kind of preaching alluded to, indeed, deserve the name? If by 'political preaching' be meant that which takes sides with a political party as such—which advocates its measures and course on political grounds and considerations, and urges them, most emphatically and earnestly, *No!* From the entrance into it of 'politics,' in the narrow and ordinary acceptation of the term, I would say, it generally does more harm than of pollution. These hands be palsied when its unhallowed fire shall touch the censer which they bear. But, 'political preaching' is not and religious one, it should keep strictly within it. It never must, it but to compromise its dignity, and lessen its influence. But is it not an entirely different thing from the preaching described—one, in fact, the high ground of Christian principles—to make application of them to existing public evils and wrongs, and point out the duties and obligations which these evils and wrongs urge? Shall the preaching which aims to do this be styled 'political' in any opprobrious sense, merely because those evils and wrongs had a political origin, and have political bearings, and those political parties are discussing them? Take this momentous subject of American Slavery, to which religious institutions have given a political interest. It has political bearings and relations. Let it be admitted that the pulpit is not the place, nor preaching the proper means, as to those. But it is a great *moral* evil and wrong. It exists in a position to the planest of the Almighty's laws. It exists to the denial to man of the dearest of his rights and the highest of his duties. It is a blasting and a mildew to the souls of those who come in contact with it. It is one of the greatest obstacles of a practical nature to the Christian advancement of the community; nay, more, philosophy and fact combine to show that it is operating to lower and corrupt the prevalent tone of religious thought and sentiment throughout the land.

And shall it be said that the pulpit must keep itself to the enunciation, in their abstractness, of great principles? 'Attach no meaning to the word' to which this evil is the towering stem—its root in the depravity of the unconverted heart? That its aim is only to make souls pure, so that large and kindred evils shall, of necessity, disappear? Surely it is its work. But right in the way of doing it stands this demoralizing institution, contaminating, by the presence of its agencies and influences, the very atmosphere of the souls we would convert.—The enunciation of truths and principles in their abstractness? Just as well might the sun, in his orbit, cough?... Human Brotherhood—the Divine Paternity—and all the moral precepts of Christ, with his own personal life as their practical commentary, are they not familiar as household words to those who, as regards, at least, their support of this institution and their action with reference to it, go directly in opposition to them? The pulpit is to be the guardian of self-interest, through the power of prejudice and passion, and an evil world, men may become blinded and insensible, in certain directions, even to the clearest moral obligations—to the plainest deduction from principles, which, abstractly, they accept? Did not the Saviour in his Christ's time, know well, enough that great commandment, written on the forefront of the Law, of whose letter he was such a jealous guardian? And yet he saw not until Jesus showed him, and yet did he care to see, its application to the suffering man, whoever or wheresoever he might be, whom his help could reach.

Here we are in a community whose abounding churches have long been vocal with the utterance of Christian principles; and yet in this very community, and by those who have been all their lives attendants upon these churches, is there a most unchristian and inhuman indifference and disregard to the claims upon their sympathy and help of the enslaved millions of our land—brethren to him who fell among thieves, and subjected to a fate, compared with which his was unworthy and merciful—Here is the slave power bearing directly upon the secular interests of a portion of the community; pledging itself to withhold its commercial patronage from those at the North, who, in any way, or by any means, or by implication, show themselves in sympathy with anti-slavery sentiments; and men are everywhere feeling this influence, and bending to it, or sacrificing their convictions, and selling their principles; imperilling their own souls, and increasing the corruption of the moral atmosphere around them, and putting back the day of triumph and redemption for humanity. Men are every where feeling this influence; the Press is feeling it, the Bar, the Pulpit feels and falls before it! Woe, woe, unto the man who, in this place, dares not openly and fearlessly take the side of the oppressed, and advocate it with the power and persuasiveness of which God gave the humblest in a holy cause.

Dorchester, Mass.

"Come-Outers."—Several of these poor deluded beings in Boston, recently, finding on the high ground of Christian principles—to make application of them to existing public evils and wrongs, and point out the duties and obligations which these evils and wrongs urge? Shall the preaching which aims to do this be styled 'political' in any opprobrious sense, merely because those evils and wrongs had a political origin, and have political bearings, and those political parties are discussing them? Take this momentous subject of American Slavery, to which religious institutions have given a political interest. It has political bearings and relations. Let it be admitted that the pulpit is not the place, nor preaching the proper means, as to those. But it is a great *moral* evil and wrong. It exists in a position to the planest of the Almighty's laws. It exists to the denial to man of the dearest of his rights and the highest of his duties. It is a blasting and a mildew to the souls of those who come in contact with it. It is one of the greatest obstacles of a practical nature to the Christian advancement of the community; nay, more, philosophy and fact combine to show that it is operating to lower and corrupt the prevalent tone of religious thought and sentiment throughout the land.

And shall it be said that the pulpit must keep itself to the enunciation, in their abstractness, of great principles? 'Attach no meaning to the word' to which this evil is the towering stem—its root in the depravity of the unconverted heart? That its aim is only to make souls pure, so that large and kindred evils shall, of necessity, disappear? Surely it is its work. But right in the way of doing it stands this demoralizing institution, contaminating, by the presence of its agencies and influences, the very atmosphere of the souls we would convert.—The enunciation of truths and principles in their abstractness? Just as well might the sun, in his orbit, cough?... Human Brotherhood—the Divine Paternity—and all the moral precepts of Christ, with his own personal life as their practical commentary, are they not familiar as household words to those who, as regards, at least, their support of this institution and their action with reference to it, go directly in opposition to them? The pulpit is to be the guardian of self-interest, through the power of prejudice and passion, and an evil world, men may become blinded and insensible, in certain directions, even to the clearest moral obligations—to the plainest deduction from principles, which, abstractly, they accept? Did not the Saviour in his Christ's time, know well, enough that great commandment, written on the forefront of the Law, of whose letter he was such a jealous guardian? And yet he saw not until Jesus showed him, and yet did he care to see, its application to the suffering man, whoever or wheresoever he might be, whom his help could reach.

Here we are in a community whose abounding churches have long been vocal with the utterance of Christian principles; and yet in this very community, and by those who have been all their lives attendants upon these churches, is there a most unchristian and inhuman indifference and disregard to the claims upon their sympathy and help of the enslaved millions of our land—brethren to him who fell among thieves, and subjected to a fate, compared with which his was unworthy and merciful—Here is the slave power bearing directly upon the secular interests of a portion of the community; pledging itself to withhold its commercial patronage from those at the North, who, in any way, or by any means, or by implication, show themselves in sympathy with anti-slavery sentiments; and men are everywhere feeling this influence, and bending to it, or sacrificing their convictions, and selling their principles; imperilling their own souls, and increasing the corruption of the moral atmosphere around them, and putting back the day of triumph and redemption for humanity. Men are every where feeling this influence; the Press is feeling it, the Bar, the Pulpit feels and falls before it! Woe, woe, unto the man who, in this place, dares not openly and fearlessly take the side of the oppressed, and advocate it with the power and persuasiveness of which God gave the humblest in a holy cause.

Dorchester, Mass.

"Come-Outers."—Several of these poor deluded beings in Boston, recently, finding on the high ground noticed, are now on trial in that town for an assault upon a constable when in the discharge of his duty. In consequence of the disorder being hindered and repairs, the trial is held in the *left of the stable*. The evidence elicited by the examination, as published in the Barnstable Patriot, was so conclusively that the poor creatures are insane, and can hardly be held responsible for their acts. Some of the females who were summoned, refused to be sworn, pleaded to be the prophets and apostles of God; that they were as much so as the Apostle Paul; and that they spoke by the Spirit of God. The Court House sitting place for these unfortunate beings is in the Insane Hospital.—*Journal.*

☞ These 'poor deluded beings' are undoubtedly laboring under religious insanity. Though nickname 'Come-outers,' they have scouted the anti-slavery movement as a very carnal affair.

Longevity.—Mrs. Hepsibah Hartshorn died in Amherst, N. H., on Saturday last, at the advanced age of 103 years and 9 months. She, of course, is one of the few who have lived to witness the opening of three half centuries. She was the last of a large family of children, who all lived to be over four score years of age.

The Dead and Gone.—We are taking leave of a year of funerals, and cannot close this chapter of mourning glance at some of the many great names of a flourishing twelve months' life, without a few words of history. We have already alluded to now laid in the grave—Louis Napoleon, President Taylor, and, must add, the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, our antagonist in the opium war, Lord Ashley, Count Brandenburg; the Queen's Chaplain, the Bishop of Ely, the Duke of Palmella; the Vice-Chancellor, the Bishop of Bangor, the Recorder of London, the Chief Justice Pollock, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, and Bowles; Lord Ashley, Sir Robert Wyatt, the sculptor; Sir Martin A. Shee, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Tyler, the statesman; Sir Charles Lemon, Sir Jonas Webb, the agriculturist; Neander, the Christian historian; Wagner, the chemist; Dr. Lardner, the popular writer of the overland route; and many other names, respectable in this age, and venerable, perhaps, in the ages to come.—*London Journal.*

Dark Day in Amsterdam.—A letter from Amsterdam states that on the 21st December, so thick an enveloped that capital that it was impossible to see a yard before one. The police immediately set to work and tied ropes from tree to tree along the river, to prevent from distance in the principal streets. In addition, barrels smeared with pitch were placed at as many places, to throw a light to some lost wanderer. In the evening, the gas lights were lit, but to be of little service, and the inhabitants were obliged to put candles in their windows. Notwithstanding all the precautions taken, many accidents happened. About twenty persons fell into the canals, and were all immediately drowned. A young man of 18, who took it into his head to cut a piece of ice from the canal in front of Heerengracht, soon after fell into the water, and was not drawn out.

The Prince of Showmen.—That franchise, P. T. Barnum, Esq., came very near getting 'pinched' last week, seems that Barnum lives in the city of Charleston, S. C., in that city a few years since, and showed money very nicely he had tricked them, after he arrived in New York. The Southern folks felt the joke to be rather against them, and determined to pay him back in the same coin, and returned. Notwithstanding he brought Jenny Lind with him, he had to run, and certainly have been lynched had not the Mayor interfered to prevent the mob from doing so. If he had enjoyed the peculiar benefit of a 'seven solid months' tour, he might have known that a joke against the chivalry of the South is sometimes productive of rather severe consequences.

☞ The coldest December yet has been experienced at Franconia-Notch. Mr. E. Merrill's meteorological journal shows that in the shape one of the coldest month of which there is any record in the Notch. On the 11th of December, the mercury in Farmsbehold's thermometer, stood at 4 degrees above; the next day, 28 below; the next day, 4 below; the next, 10; the next, 18; the next, 6; the next, 2; again, on the 20th, it was 4 degrees below zero; on the 26th, it was 14 below zero by the Fahrenheit. On the 31st, it was 32 degrees below zero by Fahrenheit, and 26 by the spirit thermometer.

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS,
WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP,
ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION.

THIS truly valuable remedy for all diseases of the Lungs and Throat has become the chief reliance of the afflicted, as it is the most certain cure known for the above complaints. While it is a most powerful remedial agent in the most desperate and almost hopeless cases of Consumption, it yields to the slightest doses, one of the mildest and most agreeable family medicines for common coughs and colds. Read below the opinion of men who are known to the world; and the world respect their opinions.

FROM PROF. HITCHCOCK.

James C. Ayres: Sir—I have used your 'Cherry Pectoral' in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied from its chemical composition and its admirable compound for the relief of hopeless difficulties. I fly my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use as you think proper.

EDWARD HITCHCOCK, LL.D.,
President of Amherst College.

From the 'LONDON LANCET.'

'AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is one of the most valuable preparations that has fallen under our notice. After a careful examination, we do not hesitate to say we have a large appreciation of its merits and the fullest confidence in its usefulness for coughs and lung complaints.'

Dr. Brewster, of Windham county, Conn., writes us the following testimony:—

Dr. J. C. Ayer: Dear Sir—I have enclosed you a certificate from Mr. Catharine A. Cady, a highly respectable lady of this village, wife of Mr. Seth Cady, Deputy Sheriff, Windham county, Connecticut. It comes in her own language, and has attracted general attention.

W. A. BREWSTER, M. D.

West Killingly, Conn., Sept. 28, 1846.

This may certify, that I was afflicted, with a very severe cough in the winter of '47-48, which threatened to terminate in consumption. I had tried many medicines in vain, and was cured by the use of *Ayer's Cherry Pecto