

## REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

### THE FATE OF BROWN.

The New York Journal of Commerce has an intimation that, perhaps, the State of Virginia, in its majesty and power, having vindicated its honor, put down the invasion, and brought the desperado Brown and his associates to justice, will exercise its mercy in the pardon of these prisoners.

We cannot confess our surprise at such an intimation. We are more than ever convinced that the whole gang of outlaws should have been executed as soon as taken. Hereafter when an attempt is made at Harper's Ferry is renewed, let the higher law of abolitionism be met by the higher law of self-preservation, and the ruffians have a short shrift and a long rope.

There are occasions and times when apparent rashness is the truest prudence, and when it is wise and safe to follow impulses rather than reflection. We have little doubt that Brown himself and all his confederates at the North were surprised that he was permitted to live ten minutes after his capture, and that this noble moderation and forbearance are misconstrued by abolitionists into fear, and have given rise to vain expectations of his pardon in the midst of those who sympathize with murderers and pirates, though not with their crimes. It is unnecessary to say that the humane mind never pardons robbery, house-burns, or the expectation of Brown's pardon, and that the only regret is that Seward, Giddings, and their confederates, have not ventured their own necks within reach of the same halter.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

The Journal of Commerce is mistaken if it expects any clemency to the prisoners at Charleston from the executive of Virginia, or any manifestation from any quarter at the South, of a disposition to deal leniently with them. The intimation that Harper's Ferry has exhausted the forbearance of the people of the South, and created, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, a feeling of indignation which our northern brethren are not aware, because it is so profound to be expressed in the noisy threats in which the South usually vents her rage, for wrongs which she suffers from the North. This feeling extends beyond the brigands, who are now upon trial at Charleston, to the party at the North, whose policies they have illustrated by treason, robbery and bloodshed, and to the section which submits to the domination of such a party. It demands that the brigand Brown and his followers shall suffer the extreme penalties of the law, for the crime of which they have been guilty; and that, henceforth, there shall be no concession to or compromise with the Anti-Slavery fanaticism of the North.—*Georgia Constitution.*

The more we think of this unparalleled affair, the further we become bewildered and lost in amazement. Their career was a short but terrible one. Many valuable lives were told, have been sacrificed—a circumstance truly to be deplored. Like the neighboring population, we go in for a summary vengeance. A terrible example should be made, that will stand out as a beacon-light in all time to come.—*Savannah Republican.*

It demonstrates the necessity of the Northern people in a body, and with one voice, putting down and crushing out such miserable, incendiary, Abolition wretches, as Giddings, Garrison, Fred Douglass, Wendell Phillips, Seward, Wilson and Sumner. These are all scoundrels and conspirators against the lives and property of the Southern people, and the peace of the Union.

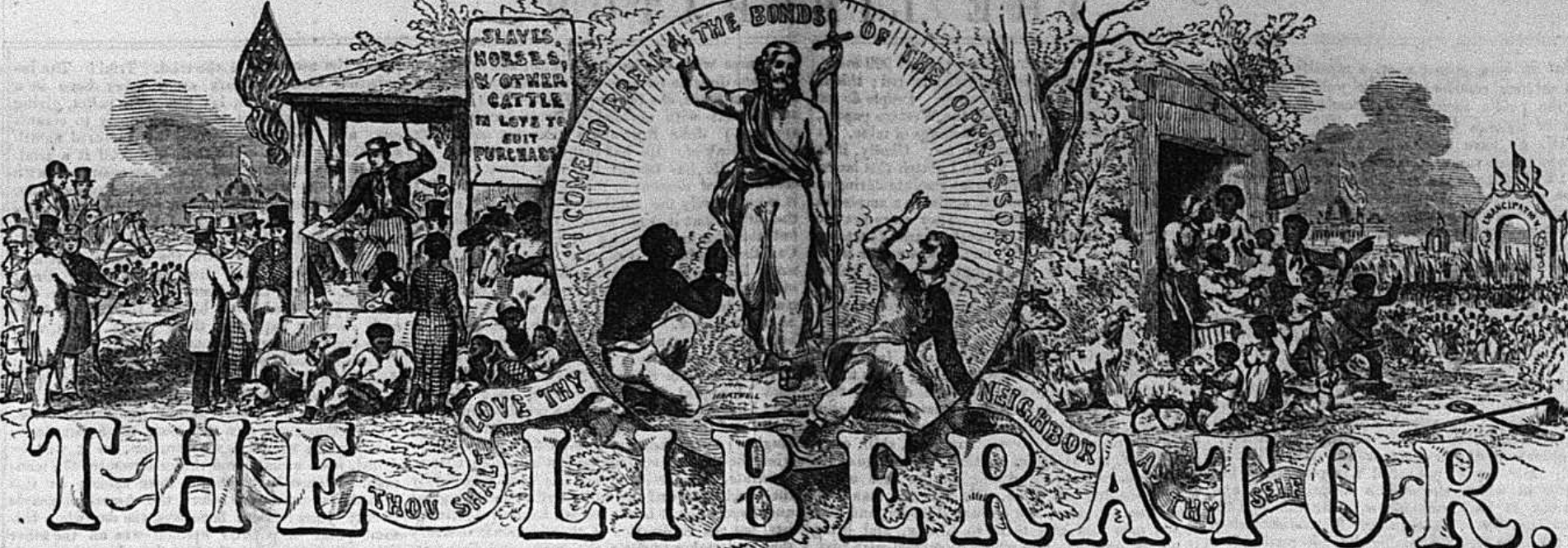
All the powers of the Federal Government and the Government of Virginia should be employed in bringing them to a speedy justice. If there is evidence showing the complicity of Giddings, Douglass, or Thayer, or any other person in this affair, let them be arrested, tried and convicted, and punished.

As to the prisoners who were caught in this act, let them hang, and that forthwith. There should be no temporizing and no fiddling on the part either of the President or of Governor Wise. The insurgents are nothing more nor less than pirates and murderers, entitled to none of the courtesies of war or of democracy of law. Immediate shooting or hanging, without trial, is the punishment which will have the desired effect, either at the North or the South. In regard to such offenders, a just and safe principle is to hang them, and try them afterwards.—*Richmond Whig.*

It is idle for Republican journals, in their fear of cowardly denials of any knowledge of the Harper's Ferry disturbance, to attempt to mislead public sentiment by declaring that Brown was "mad," "crazy," "a fanatic," or does he not have connection in the North, and that "no political party is responsible." The Republican press dare not approve of the result of their own teachings and practices. Is Garrison crazy? Was Dr. Cutler crazy? Is General James Watson Webb mad? Is Horace Greeley an inmate of an hospital, or does he still edit the New York Tribune? Is Mr. Burlingame sane? Abraham Lincoln, Senator Wilson, Senator Wade, Senator Sumner, Senator Seward, are they all mad? Are the "three thousand preachers" of New England, with Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Parker at their heads, masters of a mad-house, or are they still, if all living, preaching the Gospel of Christ? Yet all these, and tens of thousands of others, editors and speakers, have advocated the doctrines which "mad" Brown has put in bloody practice. The Republican party of the North is stained with the blood of insurrection, and let it be painted upon their banners—they are responsible before God for the victims at Harper's Ferry.—*Pennsylvania.*

The immediate moral, and the immediate legal, responsibility for the bloody affair at Harper's Ferry rests, we believe, upon William H. Seward and his teachings of incessant war upon slavery; for it is not Seward the great Apollo of the Republican party, and was not Brown only one of the faithful instruments in his "Kansas work." We say again, let the government prosecute its inquiries in this direction, and let justice be done, according to the facts which may be disclosed. Surely, while Beecher and Phillips and many other Abolition and Republican, are boasting of and glorying in "Old Brown," and daring and defying the Virginia and Federal authorities to hang him, surely there must be some said comfort in the background well worth looking after, and bringing to judgment.—*New York Herald.*

The Abolitionists mentioned by Old Brown as being in his nefarious scheme are said to be shortly taking a trip to Europe, and it is thought that Gerrit Smith will accompany him. Giddings, Phillips, and Brown say he "don't know the old road!"—*Rural Southern.*



**GERRIT SMITH.**  
It events shall prove that Gerrit Smith of New York has been concerned in encouraging by his advice or money the treasonable movement of Ossawatimie Brown, we know no reason why he should not be punished with all the severity the law demands. He has been accounted a man of pure and noble impulses and philanthropic purposes; but if he has been led by his hates or by his devotion to one idea into the company of misguided and criminal men, he cannot hope to escape the consequences of his act. He has no political affiliations with the Republican party; and, if prosecuted, will doubtless rely for defenders upon Democrats whom he has in effect appeared anxious to serve. When he set himself up as an independent candidate for Governor of New York, because the Republicans did not come up to his requirements on this slavery question, he became an active and open enemy of the party; and as such has been constantly treated. His warmest personal friend is Mr. Douglas of Illinois. When last in this city, he was the Senator's guest; and his last speech made here was a fulsome laudation of that gigantic liar. We look for that gentleman and the Chicago Times, his hand-organ, to enter upon his defence.—*Chicago Tribune.*

**OLD JOHN BROWN.**  
This madman has met a tragic end at last. An insane effort to accomplish what none but a madman would attempt, has resulted as any one but a madman would have foreseen, in death to all who were engaged in it. The account of the wild foray in which he was engaged, we publish in another column.

Knowing the character of the man, and familiar with his course for the past two years, as nearly all citizens of Kansas are, none here will be surprised at his attempted insurrection and its bloody termination. Of him, we might say with truth, his wrongs have made him mad. There was a time when John Brown, the Pennsylvania farmer, and his sons, were as peaceable and peace-loving citizens as could be found in our country. He came to Kansas early and loving the cause of freedom, he was an earnest Free State man. For this he suffered. He saw his home invaded and destroyed; he mourned the death of a beloved son. And these great wrongs crazed the old man, and made him a fanatic, a monomaniac, with but one thought, one idea, one impulse—vengeance on the slave power which had destroyed his peace, robbed him of his child, murdered his kindred and friends. It is said that he took an awful oath that while life remained, his hand should be raised against this power, and he would war against it to the death.

No man, however strong in his convictions against slavery, will pretend to justify the mad course he pursued. All will unite in condemning it, and no Northern man but would use every effort to put down such an expedition as he undertook. The termination of his foray will be the termination of every such insane and murderous attempt to create a servile insurrection, as it ought to be. None but madmen would ever attempt it, and they will meet with a madman's fate.

Of thousands, fifteen have been killed. Brown and the others have been captured, and will be hung, as they deserve to be. And thus will terminate this insane attempt to incite a servile insurrection. Thus will it always be with the traitors who engage in such attempts. Those engaged in them will be hung like dogs, and their murderous designs will perish with them.—*Freedom's (Atchison) Champion.*

**BAD NEWS FOR THE ABOLITIONISTS.**  
Our special Richmond despatch informs us that it has been decided on by the Virginia authorities to hand over Cooke—John Brown's lieutenant—to be tried by the federal court in the Harper's Ferry district. The object of this is to have Seward, Greeley, Sanborn, Wilson, Hale, Forbes, Gerrit Smith, and all others who were implicated in the conspiracy, or who are known to have been in the secrets of the conspirators, subpoenaed as witnesses, and placed on the stand to tell all they know in the matter. They are outside the jurisdiction of the Virginia State courts, but not of the federal courts.

Gerrit Smith, it seems, was anxious, after the failure of his "Kansas work," to unburthen his conscience and make a full statement to the public, confessing his own connection with the Harper's Ferry outrage, and showing up the part taken in it by all the black republicans and abolitionists of New York and New England; and his friends restrained him, and indeed him to keep quiet. If the plan intimated by our Richmond correspondent be carried out, the Petersburg philanthropist will have a legitimate opportunity afforded him of telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

We sincerely hope, therefore, that the federal and the Virginia authorities will have been long in understanding on this matter, have Cooke put on trial before a district Judge of the United States, and process issued to compel the attendance of all persons in this section of the country whose names have been associated with the traitorous and murderous acts of Ossawatimie Brown. We will then know to what extent Seward, Sumner, Smith, Lawrence, Greeley & Co., were aiders and abettors in this villainous conspiracy. Hurry up the indictment!—*New York Herald.*

**WHO'S TO BLAME?**  
A squad of fanatics whose zeal is wonderfully disproportionate to their sense, and a double handful of slave whose ignorance is equalled only by their desire for the freedom of which they have been robbed, all commanded by a man who has for years been as mad as a March hare, unite in making an insurrection at Harper's Ferry. They break into and take possession of an United States Army, stop a railway train, kill a few citizens, assume commanding positions about the town; and for a few hours meet with none to dispute their right. They are guilty of the most incomprehensible stupidity and folly as well as unpardonable criminality in all these acts; and when their career is arrested, their leader shot down, and his followers are dispersed, there is not a public journal of any party, or public man of any shade of opinion found to approve their means or justify their ends. But what matters it that the stark mad enterprise was the product of added brains; that in itself it is incontestable evidence of the insanity of its originator; that its chief in his confession claims all the credit and all the criminality for himself; that the purposes of the *enquete* are foreign to Republican policy; that the means chosen for its consummation are utterly repugnant to the sense of right and wrong—in spite of these, the journals of the bogus Democracy have already begun their lying assertions, that for the insurrection and its consequences the Republican party are to be held accountable? Human mendacity could go no further.

We class them altogether—Black Douglasses and white, old Brown and Senator Brown, the insurrectionists at Harper's Ferry; and the secessionists

of Mississippi—all disturbers of the public peace—all bowlers who care nothing for country or consequences—all traitors dyed in the wool. Brown, braver than the others, has attempted what his compeers the South only threaten. Dissolution of the Union is the object of all. It will be a glorious day when the Republicans coming into power, put the government back into the grooves in which it ran so smoothly for three-fourths of a century—when by their wisdom and patriotism, insurrections for Freedom will be impossible, and when secession for Slavery will be an offence punishable by hanging! In the meantime, this bogus Democracy which has stirred up the heinous and unnatural strife must be charged with all the consequences as they are developed in the North or the South.—*Chicago Tribune.*

This frightful transaction was an upheaval not merely of Abolitionism, but of Republicanism. It was a practical demonstration of the avowed principles and direct teaching of the leaders of that party. So long as these fanatics were confined to Abolitionism proper, such a band of fools and madmen and practical out-throats as that which undertook the "Kansas work" at this place, could not have been found willing to stake their lives upon such an enterprise. But when the tale was taken up by Republicans improper, and lessons of disunion, and revolt, and violence, and contempt of the Constitution and the law, were announced at Faneuil Hall, and promulgated from the stump, the convention, the State legislative hall, and the seats in the Senate of the United States—what could more legitimately have followed than an application of the schooling as that which we have just witnessed? The whole mischief of these overt acts is distinctly traceable, we lift to be an inevitable sequence of the stupendous fallacy of the "higher law." The lower law, upon this pernicious theory, is the Constitution and the fundamental law, which binds together the people and the States of this Union, and protects them in their rights and personal and property. The higher law is the law of every man's mind, conscience, or morally debased, or politically distorted, as it may be; the law of personal feeling, bigotry, prejudice, ignorance, destructiveness; anything, for the time being, which fanaticism may dictate or selfishness suggest. To inculcate and urge the supremacy of the one these laws is to condemn, and despise, and overthrow, and trample upon the other. There will never be wanting Old Brown to execute, so long as there are thousands of fools and madmen, the "irrepressible conflict" of the higher law with any of the institutions of the country.—*Virginia correspondent of Boston Courier.*

We have no doubt that very many of the leaders of the republican party will be implicated by the publication of the correspondence that has been recovered. Should the Grand Jury, upon the examination of these letters, "rolls of liberty," &c., find a "true bill" against such men as Gerrit Smith, Giddings, Garrison, &c., and the requisition by the Executive of Virginia be issued, a serious question will be presented, not only to the people of Virginia, but of the entire South. Such refusal we do not desire to anticipate. The evils it would entail involve the permanency of the Union.

The Southern people have heretofore disregarded the ravings of Northern fanatics, because they believed such madness to be merely a pecuniary speculation; but the amount of money with which these wretches at Harper's Ferry were supplied, shows that the Northern fanatics mean more than words, and are determined to wage war with men and money the "irrepressible conflict" to the bitter end. Another fact, showing the amount of money at the disposal of these wretches, is found in a Baltimore paper, that large purchases of percussion caps, with orders for more from New York, were made last week in that city. Whence came this money? This question, perhaps, will never be answered, but the fact that a large sum of money was at the disposal of these wretches, is beyond doubt. Who supplied the money will never be ascertained, but the extent of hatred to the South may be somewhat measured by this pecuniary fact.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

We are greatly mistaken if this diabolical scheme, contrary to the expectation of the wretches who formed it, do not unmask and lay bare to the detestation of the whole country the true character of the agitator, who has so long been kept up on the subject, and we shall be still more mistaken if it do not give a blow to abolition in the Northern and Western States from which it will not soon recover. If this plot had temporarily succeeded, and recruits to the insurgents had reached ten or fifteen thousand, what a whirlwind would have swept over the country! God only knows where it would have stopped. What do we not owe to that Providence that has thus thwarted the designs of evil men on the very threshold of their dark doings!—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

One step towards this, and now the most obvious step, is the prompt punishment of all the malignant and fanatical agents engaged in any degree in the Harper's Ferry disturbances, and we are in some sort disappointed because the telegraph has not yet informed us of the result. It may be that the bayonet and the ball have anticipated the work of the galloos, as to some of the chief agents. For the surviving prisoners, however, there is but one plea for delay or remission beyond the time required to rig up a hanging-post or a gallows. The delay will only be justified by the probability of obtaining a full and complete information concerning the age, origin, extent, object and resources of the fiendish conspiracy. The telegraphic advices we this day give—obtained at great expense—will inform our readers that the surviving prisoners have, to some degree, made the revelations which alone could demand any postponement of punishment.—*Charleston Courier.*

Brown and his followers, according to the telegraph, richly deserved their fate. We hardly know whether to brand the old fellow as fool or knave. He appears to have been a good deal of both. Some papers say he is crazy. The dispatches in to-day's paper indicate that there was a general insurrectionary organization of which the Harper's Ferry affair was but the beginning. We trust it will be thoroughly exposed, and the leaders in it brought to justice. We are glad to see the President and Secretary of War already moving in the matter.—*Springfield Journal.*

Will not this sad affair, with its bloody catastrophe, and its distorted features of blind fanaticism and reckless treachery, have the effect of bringing the conservative and more moderate portion of the Republican party of the North to their senses? Will they suffer themselves any longer to be misled, or in alliance with such a set of godless agitators and traitors as these? We are rather inclined to think that this Harper's Ferry failure will strengthen and consolidate the national sentiment of the country, and weaken secessionism.—*Frederick (Md.) Herald.*

## WENDELL PHILLIPS AT BROOKLYN.

The characteristic address delivered by Mr. Wendell Phillips at Brooklyn, New York, on Tuesday evening, will hardly take any one here by surprise. Our people have long been familiar with the rockless invocations of passion and crime which he has so long been accustomed to utter, and with his violent attacks upon all social order, at which even the consummate cynic of the day would shrink. Our people have long been familiar with the course of Mr. Phillips, and they long since learned to estimate correctly the real amount of the influence exerted by him. In most cases, therefore, it makes very little difference what he does or does not say, for the people at large have little interest in inquiring his views upon any given subject, other than a feeling of curiosity as to the light in which it may be represented by his distorted fancy. But the real weight and tendency of the course of Mr. Phillips, as a public man, is a subject to which we shall take occasion to recur at some future time, simply expressing our protest against our most earnest abhorrence of the tenor and scope of his harangues.

At the South, however, it is now to be observed that men do not estimate so correctly the real importance of the wild declamations of Mr. Phillips. They have always attached to him an importance a hundred-fold greater than he would claim for himself, and they have been alarmed by the attempt at a practical enforcement of his fanatical doctrines at Harper's Ferry, many may be disposed to listen favorably to those who would now faintly represent him as expressing the views of a considerable portion of the Northern people. The bitter sense of the majority, however, must soon show them that such extraordinary performances as that of which we print a report in another column, have little to do with the real public opinion of the North. Our people listen with delight to the persuasive oratory of the speaker, and are alarmed by the exquisite finish of his work, but they do not desire to be repudiated by his counsel; his principles are abhorrent to their moral sense, and his unsparing denunciation and scorn even of the honored dead shock their dearest associations. Like Mr. Corwin, who heard Mr. Phillips at Brooklyn, they listen with interest; but with the speaker's sentiments they have as little sympathy as is shown in the speech which Mr. Corwin himself made in Brooklyn on the next night.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

But, after all, what is their guilt compared, for instance, with that of Wendell Phillips? To some no injustice could be done by presuming that he favored Brown's projected enterprise, and only now laments his ill-success? How he will mouth about him at the first opportunity which occurs, after the whole sad scene is over! What a martyr, what a hero, what a saint, (of the Beecher Independent order of saintly men, who propagate charity with the will's muzzle) will he pronounce him to be! Will not there be solemn ceremonies called to celebrate his obsequies? A funeral oration by Phillips himself, perhaps a statue called for, to anticipate that to Horatio Mann? And, where is Phillips now? He is a lawyer—the chief abolition orator—a heart and soul engaged in advocating the very purpose which the brainless idiots at Harper's Ferry have attempted to put into action. Shall he shrink from defending at the bar of justice his compatriot, who has risked his life for the cause? Brown needs the services of counsel, the countenance and support of friends. He is compelled to accept such legal aid as the Court assigns, or be without that assistance which every man needs when on trial for his life. The occasion is one of national, of historical interest. Such an opportunity is very unlikely to recur again soon for Mr. Phillips to place his name on record as a generous, fearless advocate in a cause, for which he professes himself willing to imperil a nation's peace—a people's safety—perhaps himself to become a martyr for a principle, held by him as being a truth above every truth. How could Mr. Phillips, apparently in professional position, in imputed ability, in devotion to his object—in all things the very man for the occasion, miss such an opportunity? How could he let such a golden chance go by? Why did not he—why did not others like-minded, volunteer? Alas, that it should come to this!

O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverish love should'st entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honor—darest thou die?

## Alarming Condition of the Country—Probable Triumph of Black Republican Revolution.

The rebellion at Harper's Ferry; the public preaching of rank treason, such as Wendell Phillips' "Lessons for the Hour," delivered in Henry Ward Beecher's church with tremendous applause; the more covert but not less dangerous inculcation of the same principles and acts by Beecher himself in his sermon, which has gained such popularity as to be reproduced in the Independent of this day; the open-mouthed, out-spoken endorsement of the treason and the traitors by Senator Wilson, and the course of the leading journals of the Republican press which have commented on the bloody business, either by glorying in it, like Phillips, and exalting "Old Brown" to the rank of a demi-god, or by expressing regret, not for what has been done, but that it has been done so badly, and that so little success has attended the performance—all these are portentous signs of the times, well calculated to alarm the conservative classes of the community, as clearly indicating the rapid progress of revolutionary principles in the North—the gathering and marshalling of thunder clouds from the horizon to the zenith, which threaten to explode in a fearful tempest when they meet the dark lowering masses, charged with electricity, coming from the opposite heavens.

The fact of such a sermon as Beecher's being read at the same time, and the fact of the address of Phillips being not only tolerated, but applauded to the echo, in the most popular church of the City of Churches, proclaim more forcibly than volumes of words the danger which is looming up in such formidable dimensions.—*N. Y. Herald.*

In this occurrence we are called upon to notice the legitimate tendency of the black republican teachings. We are told that there is an "irrepressible conflict" between the North and the South; that between slavery and freedom a war of extermination is to be fought; that the slaves shall rise against their masters and that they will eventually succeed in their subjugation and destruction. We are told this. It is preached from the pulpit. It is thundered from the stump. It is paraded in column upon column in the journals. Men all over the country believe this. It is the black republican doctrine unblushingly announced.—*Banstable Patriot.*

Now that it is known that this conspiracy was planned and set on foot by Abolitionists, who designed a bloody crusade against the South, the Christian people of the North should as one man denounce it, and disown all sympathy with the reckless men who embarked their money and influence in such fanatical and wicked schemes.—*New York Observer.*

## SELECTIONS.

### TREATMENT OF THE DRAB AND THE PRISONERS.

People of the North! read the following horrible but voluntary statement made by a correspondent of the Frederick (Maryland) Herald, in regard to the Harper's Ferry tragedy:—

The dead lay on the streets, and in the river, and were subjected to every indignity that a wild and madly excited people could heap upon them. Corpses were freely uttered against them. The huge mutilated bodies of men, women, and children, were lying in front of the arsenal, with terrible wounds in their neck, and though dead and gray, vengeance was unsatisfied, and many, as they ran sticks into his wound, or beat him with them, wished that he had a thousand lives, that all of them might be forfeited in expiation and vengeance of the foul deed he had committed.

Human lay upon a rock in the river, and was made a target for the practice of those who had captured Harper's Ferry. Shot after shot was fired at him, and when fired at, he lay on a man waded out to where he lay, and set him in a grotesque attitude, and finally pushed him off, and he floated down the stream. His body and that of Thompson, which was also in the water, were subsequently brought to shore, and were buried, as were all of them, except a few which were taken by some of the physicians. It may be thought that there was cruelty and barbarity in this; but the state of the public mind had been frenzied by the outrages of these men, and being outlaws, were regarded as food for carrion birds, and not as human creatures.

The solemn feelings that pervade most hearts at the sight of death, were not awakened—or if awakened, they had been smothered, and all looked upon the grim, grinning and staring corpses as so many wild beasts, justly and righteously slain, as they doubtless had been. The prisoners were kindly cared for, and though not surrounded by the assiduity of friendship, had all the attention which they really needed or deserved. Their wounds were dressed by skillful surgeons, and they were made as comfortable as they could be under the circumstances. On Wednesday evening they were conveyed to the jail of Jefferson county, under an escort of Marines. Stephens and Brown had to be taken in a wagon, but the negro Green and Coppick, being unhurt, walked between a file of soldiers, followed by hundreds of excited men, exclaiming, "I wish them to be hanged!" Green was standing on the platform of the cars, said: Oh, it would be cowardly to do so now;—and the crowd fell back, and the prisoners were safely placed on the train. Stephens was placed in the bottom of the cars, being unable to sit up. Brown was propped up on a seat with pillows; and Coppick and Green sat in the middle of them; the former was evidently much frightened, but looked calm, while the latter was in a very impenetrable state of fear. His nerves were twitching, his eyes wild and almost bursting from their sockets, his whole manner indicating the dreadful apprehensions that filled his mind. This fellow was a member of Congress, under the Provisional Government, had been very daring while guarding the Arsenal, and very impatient while in the engine house, but when the Marines entered it, he jumped back among the imprisoned, and cried out that he was a prisoner, but Mr. Washington thrust him forward, and informed the besiegers that he was one of the guerrillas upon which a stab was made at him, but missed him, and he still lives to expiate his guilt on the gallows.

### CAPT. JOHN BROWN'S MONOMANIA.

The Chicago Press, in noticing the Virginia insurrectionary attempt, thus speaks of Ossawatimie Brown:—

Since the death of his son Frederick, who was shot down at his own door in Kansas by a Missouri mob ten fold more revengeful and bloody than that which now lies Virginia with terror, and since the old man witnessed on the same occasion the destruction of the property he had been a lifetime in accumulating, he has been a monomaniac. He had supposed himself to be divinely appointed to free all the American slaves by some violent and decisive movement, the nature of which we do not know that he ever revealed. Often, we are told, during the Kansas disturbances, he would retire to a secluded place at a distance from his camp, and there (to use his own words) wrestle with the Almighty for hours, to win from him the aid which he demanded for the accomplishment of the work which he thought himself appointed by heavenly favor. His talk for years to his friends and intimates has been of his commission sealed with the blood of the Savior, by which he was directed in the path he was about to follow. He has entertained no doubt that his life was to be prolonged until he could see the shackles stricken off from every slave in the land; nor has he had a doubt that, by his agency, as the instrument of God, specially entrusted with the work, every bondman was to be freed. This delusion has been regarded as harmless, and since he passed out of public view, it has, we suppose, been forgotten even by his friends. That he has acted upon the murderous impulse which the violation of his own household roused within him—that his mania has overpowered his reason, and forced him into the commission of a great crime—the history of this Harper's Ferry movement is sufficient proof. We do not wonder, knowing him as we do, that he engaged in an enterprise of such criminality and folly. We are only surprised that he could have found any white man out of slavery weak enough to have yielded to his crazy suggestions, and aided him in his hair-brained attempt. He will doubtless be called upon to lay down his life in atonement for his folly; and though our conviction that he is demented is strengthened by this recent event, we can but say that death cannot claim him too soon. (!)

### From the Rochester Democrat and American.

### LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

CANADA WEST, Oct. 31, 1859.

MR. EDITOR: I notice that the telegraph makes Mr. Cook (one of the unfortunate insurgents at Harper's Ferry, and now in the hands of the thing calling itself the Government of Virginia, but which in fact is but an organized conspiracy by one party of the people against the other and weaker,) denounce me as a coward—and to assert that I promised to be present at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. This is certainly a very grave impeachment, whether viewed in its bearings upon friends or upon foes, and you will not think it strange that I should make a somewhat serious notice of it. Having no acquaintance whatever with Mr. Cook, and never having exchanged a word with him about the Harper's Ferry insurrection, I am induced to doubt that he could have used the language concerning me which the wires attribute to him. The lightning, when speaking for itself, is among the most direct, reliable

## NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

"The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWOREN FROM THE MOUTH. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending."—*WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.*

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

ble and truthful of things; but when speaking for the terror-stricken slaveholders at Harper's Ferry, it has been made the swiftest of liars. Under their nimble and trembling fingers, it magnified seventeen men into seven hundred—and has since filled the columns of the New York Herald for days with interminable contradictions. But, assuming that it has told only the simple truth, as to the sayings of Mr. Cook in this instance, I have this answer to make to my accuser: Mr. Cook may be perfectly right in denouncing me as a coward. I have not one word to say in defence or vindication of my character for courage. I have always been more distinguished for running than fighting—and, tried by the Harper's Ferry insurrection test, I am most miserably deficient in courage—even more so than Cook, when he deserted his old brave captain, and fled to the mountains. To this extent Mr. Cook is entirely right, and will meet no contradiction from me or from anybody else. But wholly, grievously, and most unaccountably wrong is Mr. Cook, when he asserts that I promised to be present in person at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Of whatever other imprudence and indiscretion I may have been guilty, I have never made a promise so rash and wild as this. The taking of Harper's Ferry was a measure never encouraged by my word or by my vote, at any time or place; my wisdom or my cowardice has not only kept me from Harper's Ferry, but has equally kept me from making any promise to go there. I desire to be quite emphatic, not for all guilty men, he is the guiltiest who lures his fellow-men to an undertaking of this sort under promise of assistance, which he afterwards fails to render. I therefore declare that there is no man living, and no man dead, who if living, could truthfully say that I ever promised him or anybody else, either conditionally or otherwise, that I would be present in person at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. My field of labor for the abolition of slavery has not extended to an attack upon the United States Arsenal. In the teeth of the documents already published, and of the facts of the case, which I have published, I affirm no man connected with that insurrection, from its noble and heroic leader down, can connect my name with a single broken promise of any sort whatever. So much I deem it proper to say negatively.

The time for a full statement of what I know, and of all I know, of this desperate but sublimely interested effort to emancipate the slaves of Maryland and Virginia, from their cruel taskmasters, has not yet come, and never will come. In the denial which I have now made, my motive is more a respectful consideration for the opinions of the slave's friends, than from my fear of being made an accomplice in the general conspiracy against Slavery. I am ever ready to write, speak, publish, organize, combine, and even to conspire against Slavery, when there is a reasonable hope for success. Men who live by robbing their fellow-men of their labor and liberty, have forfeited their right to know anything of the thoughts, feelings, or purposes of those whom they rob and plunder. They have by the single act of slaveholding voluntarily placed themselves beyond the laws of justice and honor, and have become only fitted for companionship with thieves and pirates—the common enemies of God and of all mankind. While it shall be considered right to protect oneself against thieves, burglars, robbers and assassins, and to slay a wild beast in the act of devouring his human prey, it can never be wrong for the individual and whip-cracked slaves of their friends, to hunt, harass and even strike down the traffickers in human flesh. If anybody is disposed to think less of me on account of this sentiment; or because I may have had a knowledge of what was about to occur, and did not assume the base and detestable character of an informer, he is a man whose good or bad opinion of me may be equally repugnant and despicable. Entertaining this sentiment, I may be asked, why I did not join John Brown—the noble and brave leader of the rebellion of the foundations of the American Union, and whose ghost will haunt the bed-chambers of all the born and unborn slaveholders of Virginia through all their generations, filling them with alarm and consternation! My answer to this has already been given, at least, implicitly given: "The tools to those that can use them." Let every man work for the abolition of Slavery in his own way. I would help all, and hinder none. My position in regard to the Harper's Ferry insurrection, he easily inferred from these remarks, and I shall be glad if those papers which have spoken of me in connection with it would find room for this brief statement.

I have no apology for keeping out of the way of those gentlemen United States Marshals, who are said to have paid Rochester a somewhat protracted visit lately, with a view to an interview with me. A government recognizing the validity of the Dred Scott decision, at such a time as this, is not likely to have any very equitable feelings towards me; and if I am to meet it, I prefer to do so, at least, upon equal terms. If I have committed any offence against Society, I have done so on the soil of the State of New York, and I should be perfectly willing to be arraigned before an impartial jury; but I have quite insuperable objections to being caught by the hands of Mr. Buchanan, and "bagged" by Gov. Wise. For this appears to be the arrangement. Buchanan does the fighting and hunting, and "bags" the game. I have no objection to my going to that country has been rather delayed than hastened by the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. All knew that I had intended to leave here in the first week of November.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, who was one of Senator Mason's insurrectionary party to draw from Capt. Brown all the secrets pertaining to his uprising, concludes a letter on the subject in the following strain:—

"Here was folly and madness. He believed and acted upon the faith which for twenty years has been so persistently taught in every form throughout the Free States, and which is but another mode of the statement of the doctrine of the 'irrepressible conflict'—that slavery and the three hundred and seventy thousand slaveholders of the South are only tolerated, and that the millions of slaves and non-slaveholding white men are ready and willing to rise against the 'company' which was the natural and deliverer. The conspiracy was the natural and necessary consequence of the doctrine proclaimed every day, year in and year out, by the apostles of Abolition. But Brown was sincere, earnest, practical; he proposed no mild works in his faith, reckless of murder, treason, and every other crime. This was his madness and folly. He perished justly and miserably—an insurgent and a felon; but guiltier than he, and with his blood upon his hands, are the false and cowardly prophets and teachers of Abolition."

This Vallandigham is manifestly as mean and venomous a creature as ever crawled in the presence, and performed the dirty work of the Southern slaveocracy.



LECTURE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS—'THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.'

The Course of Lectures instituted by the young men of Rev. H. Ward Beecher's congregation in Brooklyn had announced upon its programme the name of Mr. Wendell Phillips of Boston as the speaker for last evening. Throwing aside a lecture which had been for some time preparing upon a literary theme, Mr. Phillips a few days ago sought dispensation from the formality of a lecture, and permission to substitute for it a stump-speech on the prominent topic of the hour. The permission having been readily accorded, last evening saw the walls of the Plymouth Church, accustomed as they are to crowds, crowded by the speaker, and the audience, as of fact, being as thronged and eager as ever crowded upon the eloquence of the noted orator.

Mr. Phillips, upon his appearance, was received with vehement applause. When it had subsided, he said—

Ladies and Gentlemen—I speak with the utmost sincerity when I say that I cannot expect—speaking from this platform, and to you—to say anything on the vital question of the hour, which you have not already heard. I should not, in that sense, willingly have come here; but, when a great question divides the community, all men are called upon to vote, and I feel to-night that I am simply giving my vote. I am not saying 'ditto' to what you hear from this platform day after day. And I would willingly have avoided, ladies and gentlemen, even at this late moment, borrowing this hour from you. I tried to do better by you. Like the Irishman in the story, I offered to hold the hat of Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, (enthusiastic applause,) if he would only make a speech, and, most unaccountably, I am sorry to say, he declined this generous offer. (Laughter.) So I must fulfil my appointment, and deliver a little lecture myself.

Lesson of the Hour? I think the lesson of the hour is insurrection. [Sensation.] Insurrection of thought always precedes the insurrection of arms. The last twenty years have been insurrection of thought. We seem to be entering on a new phase of the great moral American struggle. It seems to me that we have never accepted, as Americans—we have never accepted our own civilization. We have held back from the inference which we ought to have drawn from the admitted principles which underlie our life. We have all the timidity of the old world, when we bend our eyes upon ideas of the people; we shrink back, trying to save ourselves from the inevitable might of the thoughts of the millions. The idea of civilization on the other side of the water seems to be, that man is created to be taken care of by somebody else. God did not leave him to go alone; he is in everlasting sympathy with the wealthy and the educated, and the religious, and the comfortable classes of the over-civilized world to take care of him. The Old World, therefore, has always distrusted the average conscience—the common sense of the millions.

It seems to me the idea of our civilization—underlying all American life—is, that we do not need any protector. We need no safeguard. Not only the inevitable, but the best, power this side of the ocean, is the unfettered average common sense of the masses. Institutions, as we are accustomed to call them, are but patchwork and intended to be against the thought of the street. Statutes are mere mile-stones, telling how far yesterday's thought had travelled; and the talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land. Somewhat briefly stated, such is the idea of American civilization; uncompromising faith—in the average selfishness, if you choose—of all classes, neutralizing each other, and tending toward that fair play that Saxons love. It seems to me that, on all these questions, we are going on, we are shrinking before something; we acknowledge ourselves unequal to the sublime faith of our fathers; and the exhibition of the last twenty years and of the present state of public affairs is, that Americans dread to look their real position in the face.

They say in Ireland that every Irishman thinks that he was born sixty days too late—(laughter)—and the world owes him sixty days. This is a consequence is, when a trade which a thing is so much for cash, the Irishman thinks cash means to him a bill of sixty days. (Laughter.) So it is with Americans. They have no idea of absolute right. They were born since 1787, and absolute right means the truth diluted by a strong decoction of the Constitution of '89. They are all in that atmosphere; they don't want to sail outside of it; they do not attempt to reason outside of it. For the last twenty years, they have been going on, more or less hooded and understood in various States, an insurrection of ideas against the limited, cribbed, cabined, isolated American civilization; interfering to restore absolute right—not only that, but the recognition and conviction of absolute truth. If you said to an American, for instance, anything in regard to temperance, slavery, or anything else—in the course of the last twenty years—anything about a principle, he ran back instantly to the safety of a constitution, to the position of the existing law, to a principle, with a church, with a party, with a constitution, with a law. He had not yet raised himself upon the level of daring to trust justice, which is the preliminary consideration to trusting the people; for whether native depravity be true or not, it is a truth, attested by all history, that the race gravitates towards justice, and that indulging all differences of opinion, there is an inherent, essential tendency to the great English principle of fair-play at the bottom of all disputes. (Laughter.) And the Emperor Nicholas is it said, ordered Col. Whistler, one of his Engineers, to lay down for him a road for a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and presently the engineers brought him in a large piece of fine card-paper, on which was laid down, like a snake, the designed path for the iron locomotive between the two capitals. 'What's that?' said Nicholas. 'That's the best road,' was the reply. 'What do you make it crooked for?' Why, he turns this way to touch the city, and the other way to reach that immense mass of people, and to the right again to suit the business of that district. 'You.' The Emperor turned the card over, made a new dot for Moscow and another for St. Petersburg, took a ruler, made a straight line, and said, 'Build me that road.' (Laughter.)

But what will become of that depot of trade, of that town? 'I don't know; they must look out for themselves.' [Cheers.] And the emperor of omnipotent Democracy says of slavery, or of God, 'This is justice, and that is equity; the track of God's thunderbolt goes in a straight line from one to the other, and the church that cannot stand it must stand out of the way.' [Cheers.] Now our object for twenty years has been to educate the mass of the American people up to that level of moral life, which shall recognize that free speech carried to that extent is God's normal school, educating the American mind, throwing upon it the grave responsibility of the great question, and by means of popular agitation, lifting it to the higher level of an intellectual and moral life. Now scholarship stands on one side, and, like your Brooklyn *Engle*, says, 'This is madness! Well, poor man! he thinks so!' [Laughter.] The very difficulty of the whole matter is that he does think so, and this normal school that we open is for him. His seat is on the lowest end of the lowest bench. (Laughter and applause.) But he only represents the very lowest class, the lowest mind of the vast sea of that class. It is the timid, educated mind of these Northern States. Anarchists were the first to come at Athens, and heard a case argued by the great minds of the day, and saw the vote. He walked out into the streets, and somebody said to him, 'What think you of Athenian liberty?' 'I think,' said he, 'wise men argue causes, and fools decide them.' Just what the timid scholar two thousand years ago said in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself the scholarship of the United States says to-day of popular agitation—that it leads wise men argue questions, and fools decide them. But that early Athens, where fools decided the gravest questions of polity and right and wrong, where it was not safe to be just, and where property might be wrong from you by the prejudices of the mob to-morrow, which you had gathered up by the thrift and industry of to-day; that very Athens invented art, and sounded for us the depths of philosophy; God lent to it the noblest intellects, and it speaks to the torch of the world, yet the hanker conservative of antiquity, while Egypt's hanker dared to differ from the priest, or to be wiser than his grandfather—where men pretended to be alive, though swaddled in the grave-clothes of creed and custom as close as their mummies in linen—hid in the tomb it inhabited; and the intellect which Athens has created for us day to-day those who find out what hunkerism knew and did.

[Cheers.] Now my idea of American civilization

is that it is a second part, a repetition of that same sublime confidence in the public conscience and the public thought, that made the ground-work of Grecian Democracy.

Well, we have been talking for twenty years. There have been various evidences of growth in education; I will tell you of one. The first evidence of a sinner convicted of sin, and too blind or too lazy to reform—the first evidence that he can give that his nature has been touched, is that he becomes a hypocrite; he has the grace to pretend to be something. Now, the first evidence that the American people gave of that commencing grace of hypocrisy was this: in 1833, when we commenced the Anti-Slavery agitation, the papers talked about slavery, bondage, American slavery, boldly, frankly and bluntly. In a few years it sounded hard; it had a grating effect; the hardest throat of the hardest Democrat felt it as it came out. So they spoke of the 'patriarchal institution,' (laughter,) then of the 'domestic institution,' (continued laughter,) and then of the 'peculiar institution,' (laughter)—and in a year or two it got beyond that. Mississippi published a report from her Senate, in which she went into a long and detailed description of her 'peculiar institution.' (Renewed laughter.) A Southern Methodist bishop was asked to look for holding slaves in reality, but his Methodist brethren were not courageous enough to say 'slaves' right out in meeting, and so they said the bishop must get rid of his 'impediment' (loud laughter) and the late Mr. Rufus Choate, in the last Democratic canvass in my own State, undertaking and necessitated to refer to the institutions of the South, and knowing that many glorious truths, the twenty years that were ended, could not foul their last days with the hated word, phrased it 'a different type of industry.' Now, hypocrisy—why, 'it is the homage that Vice renders to Virtue.' When men begin to get weary of capital punishment, they banish the gallows inside the jail-yard, and do not let anybody see it without a special card of invitation from the sheriff. And so they have banished slavery into pet phrases and false words. If you should dig our Egyptian Hunkerism up from the grave into which it is rapidly sinking, we should have to get a commentator of the true German blood to find out what all these queer, odd, peculiar, imaginative paraphrases mean in this middle of the Nineteenth Century. That was one evidence of progress.

I believe in moral suasion. I believe the age of bullets is over. I believe the age of ideas is coming. I think that is the preaching of our country. The old Hunker dreamed, you know, that he saw the human race led out to its varied fortune. First, he saw men bitted and curbed, and the reins went back to an iron hand. But his dream changed on and on, until at last he saw men led by reins that came from the brain, and went back into an unseen hand. It was the type of governments; the first a government of despotism, palpable iron; and the last our government, a government of brains, a government of ideas. I believe in it—this is my opinion. You see, I say, possibly, that I think you can make a better use of iron than forging it into chains. If you must have the metal, put it into Sharpe's rifles. It is a great deal better used that way than in fetters—a great deal better than in a clumsy statue of a mock great man, for hypocrites to kneel down and worship in a State-house yard. [Loud and renewed cheers and great hissing.] I am so unused to kisses lately that I have forgotten what I had to say. [Laughter and hisses.] I only know I said what I did say.

My idea, public opinion, literature, education, as governing elements. But some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe because we have free schools and cheap books, and a public opinion that controls. But that is no evidence of safety. India and China have had schools, and a school system almost identical with that of Massachusetts, for fifteen hundred years, and their books are as cheap as ours. Central and Northern Asia, they are in New York. But they have not secured liberty, nor secured a controlling public opinion to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and self-supporting, and as representative of thought, as New England or New York has. But that did not save Spain. De Toqueville says that fifty years after the great revolution, public opinion was omnipotent in France as it is today, but it did not save France. You cannot save by machinery. What India and France and Spain wanted was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own functions, and their own responsibilities in the face. 'Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more.' was the prayer that the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overpowered the Grecian camp. All that want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes and seeing things as they are. To the intelligent, thoughtful and determined gaze of twenty millions of Christian people, there is nothing—not institution wicked and powerful enough to be capable of standing against it. In Keats's beautiful poem of 'Lamia,' a young man had been led captive by a phantom form, and was the slave of her beauty, until the old teacher came in and fixed his thoughtful eye upon the figure, and it vanished, and the pupil started up himself again. You see, the great Commonwealth of Virginia is represented by a pyramid standing upon its apex. A Connecticut born man entered at one corner of her dominions, and fixed his cold grey eye upon the government of Virginia, and it almost vanished in his very gaze. For it seems that Virginia asked leave 'to be' of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. (Cheers and applause.) Connecticut has sent out many a school-master to the other thirty States; but never before so grand a teacher as omnipotent in France as it is today, but it did not save France. You cannot save by machinery. What India and France and Spain wanted was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own functions, and their own responsibilities in the face. 'Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more.' was the prayer that the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overpowered the Grecian camp. All that want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes and seeing things as they are. 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## POETRY.

From the New York Tribune.

ROME—1859.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Off with hats, down with knees, shout your vivas  
like mad!  
Here's the Pope in his holiday righteousness clad,  
From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn to the quick,  
Of sainthood in purple the pattern and pick,  
Who the role of the priest and the soldier unites,  
And praying like Aaron, like Joshua fights!  
What's this squeak of the fife and this batter of drum?  
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia come—  
The militant angels, whose sabres drive home  
To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed and abhorred,  
The good Father's missives, and 'Thus saith the  
Lord'!  
And lend to his logic the point of the sword!  
Oh, maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn  
O'er dark Thrasymene, dishevelled and torn!  
Oh, fathers, who pluck at your gray beards for shame,  
Oh, mothers struck dumb by a woe without name!  
Well ye know how the Holy Church blesses and  
saves,  
And its tender compassion for prisons and graves!  
Stand aside, men of Rome! Here's a hangman-  
faced Swiss—  
(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss)—  
Would kneel to God's viceroy, his slipper to kiss,  
Fit son of such father—he's blest beyond doubt;  
But there's blood on his hands which will never wash  
out,  
Though Peter himself held the baptismal spout!  
Make way for the next! Here's another sweet son!  
What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulettes done!  
Hush! stoop your ear down; let me whisper the  
word,  
He spitted a heretic babe on his sword!  
And its mother—don't name her,—these humors of  
war  
The Church, Satan helping, must pardon him for!  
Hist! Here's the last-named in a cardinal's hat,  
With the heart of a wolf and the stealth of a cat,  
(As if Judas and Herod together were rolled)—  
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and  
gold,  
Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from thence,  
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!  
Who doubts Antonicelli? Have miracles ceased  
When stabbers say mass, and Barabbas is priest?  
When the Church eats and drinks at its mystical  
board,  
The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its  
sword—  
When its martyr, unsung, elaps the crown on its  
head,  
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead?  
There! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed way  
That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's day!  
Hark! the tall-faced monsters, nor women nor  
boys,  
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.  
The mass-candles gutter—all round without stint,  
The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in't!  
Holy Pope! Blessed Cardinals! who dares complain  
Of State or of Church where the saints only reign—  
Where the faithful are loaded with honors, and dote  
For deeds that would damn any heretic's soul;  
And robbers, turned abbot, have nothing to fear,  
But dodge hell hereafter by making it here!

## THE STORY OF A KING.

Dedicated to an Emperor.

BY JAMES MACK.

'What are those people reading?'  
Said Frederick, half aloud,  
While standing by the window,  
He saw an eager crowd.  
High on a wall adjoining,  
A paper had been stuck,  
The people stood on tip-toe  
To read, with wonder struck.  
One of his six-foot guardsmen,  
Who heard him, answered, 'Sir,  
Your Majesty permitting,  
I hasten to inquire.'  
Soon, flushed with indignation,  
The guard returned—'I see  
Tis an atrocious libel  
Upon your Majesty!'  
The King took out his snuff-box,  
With more of smile than frown—  
'A libel, my good fellow?  
Well, go and take it down.'  
'Yes, Sir!'—'Friend, stop a moment—  
You'll take it down, indeed;  
But just to place it lower,  
So all with ease may read.'  
Tis done—around the soldier,  
Amazed, the people stand,  
And question of his doings—  
'Tis by the King's command!  
'He cares not what is written,  
Or said, by friend or foe,  
Content to ask his people,  
Are these things true or no?'  
They spurned away the libel;  
Its words had lost their weight;  
A thunder rolled to heaven—  
'Live, Frederick the Great!'  
Now, this was not the weakness  
Of a good-natured fool—  
It was the manly wisdom  
Of one that knew to rule.  
Thou who to France has given  
Her former power and glory,  
Complete thy own by taking  
The moral of my story.  
Trust in thyself and people—  
In fines and prisons here—  
To make all libels harmless,  
Give freedom to the press!

From the New York Tribune.

'OLD BROWN.'

A cry has broke the silence o'er our land,  
A blow disturbed our waters from their rest,  
And blood has quenched a madly lighted brand,  
That madness lit to rouse a race oppressed.  
Soon shall the echoes of that outcry fall,  
And soon be smoothed the ripples on the wave,  
And soon be hid the embers of that vale  
The Old Man hid, within the Old Man's grave.  
But in our nation's pulses will a stir  
Of sudden pity ever cling around  
The thought of him whose wrong had caused to err,  
And in his need of death will see him martyr-  
crowned.  
Humanity's great heart will feel the cause  
That fired the brain beneath his locks of snow,  
And throb obedient to our nature's laws,  
That prompt revenge for murder's coward blow.  
The father's heart will swell with thickening breath,  
When he recalls that deed of murder done  
In lawless Kansas, and the cruel death,  
By bandied cowards, of the Old Man's son.  
Revenge became the mainspring of his life,  
—That, all disordered, moved by this alone,  
The ever-rising vision of that strife  
Showed his son's fate—echoed his dying groan.

Nay, now his courage, stubborn as his steel,  
Extorts grim admiration from his foes;  
The future will a deeper pity feel,  
And see in Brown the victim of his woes.

## THE LIBERATOR.

## THE TRAGEDY AT HARPER'S FERRY.

MR. EDITOR:

In the *Watchman and Reflector* of the 27th ultimo, (the Baptist organ of this State,) there appears an article under this caption, by the editor, containing sentiments which seem to me both so ludicrous and unjust as to justify a brief notice. It is in no spirit of injustice or malevolence that I would criticize this ebullition of pharisaic regard for existing customs and institutions—without any regard to their moral character—but with the simple purpose of exposing what seems to me the mental obtuseness of the author, and his unfitness to assume to be a guide of the people as a teacher of Christian morals. Pressing engagements will only allow me to analyze, in this communication, a single paragraph, which is as follows:—

'A band of seventeen whites and five colored men conspire to overthrow the United States Government. They adopt, formally, a new Constitution, take possession, by stratagem, of a national armory, hold as prisoners a force three-fold larger than themselves, and overcome a village containing two thousand inhabitants. To put down this formidable (!) rebellion, the President of the United States, and the Governors of Maryland and Virginia, send forward large bodies of troops to the scene of action: some of the prisoners are slain, a few escape, and the rest are taken prisoners. The insurrection is quelled, and the public fears are at an end. If it were not for the valuable lives lost in the struggle, the affair would excite the ridicule of all thoughtful men, as a hair-brained scheme of reckless men, like the foolish escapade of Louis Napoleon at Ham.'

As suggested first by this paragraph, we would respectfully ask its author, what can a government be worth to the people living under it, organized and sustained by the suffrages of more than a million of nominally civilized and Christian men, that can be put in imminent peril, and made to sway to and fro, like a reed shaken by the wind, by a simple attempt, by twenty-two 'reckless men,' to overthrow it? It surely cannot be built upon a rock, if so insignificant a force can send consternation into the very citadel of its vaunted strength. With what emphasis does the Prophet address such as he when he says—'If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?' (See Jer. 12:5.)

The writer speaks of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry as a 'formidable rebellion'; but we are unable to comprehend in what sense he wishes us to understand this phrase, unless he uses it in reference to the 'formidable enemies'—the Church and the State—united to keep four millions of men in a condition to which death is to be preferred—against which Brown and his 'hair-brained' associates rose up in arms. But we hardly feel justified in regarding this as his meaning, because we can hardly believe that he would criminate himself; hence his designation of it as a 'formidable rebellion' seems to us quite as well adapted to 'excite the ridicule of all thoughtful men' as the attempt of a few 'hair-brained' men to overturn the United States Government.

The writer says of the little band of insurgents at Harper's Ferry—'They adopt, formally, a new Constitution, take possession, by stratagem, of a national armory, hold as prisoners a force three-fold larger than their own, and overcome a village containing two thousand inhabitants.' And what if they did? Did not George Washington do the same, with less provocation, and a much less noble object in view, eight years ago; and has he not been lauded for it ever since? Will it be said that three millions of men were oppressed by the despotic edicts of a British King, and that Washington found his justification for leading a rebellion against him in that fact? Did not Brown head a rebellion against the more despotic enactments of the hypocritical government of the United States, to secure a truer freedom for four millions of men, whom it has robbed of every civil, social and religious right? Why, then, should the former be honored as the 'savior' of our country, and even the clergy be less sensitive to anything said against the 'Savior of the world,' than to anything which may be said against him; while Brown, who sought to secure a better freedom for a larger number of the victims of a more despotic and merciless tyranny, is branded as a 'madman,' a 'murderer,' and a 'traitor,' and deemed deserving of an ignominious death upon the scaffold? The answer to this question develops such a state of the heart in those who, like the writer, make this unjust distinction, as will fully justify what they so often say of themselves, viz: that 'they have a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' It seems to us that no other heart could be guilty of such a monstrous wrong. And what is the answer? Why, simply this: Washington sought freedom for white men—Brown sought it for all, and especially for the blacks. Hence, Washington is dubbed a 'savior'—Brown, a 'traitor.'

'Strange such difference there should be  
'Twixt twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee.'  
But, perhaps, another reason for this distinction, so honorable to Washington, and so disgraceful to Brown, is found in the fact, that the latter was defeated in his designs in a few hours after they were made public, having impoverished nobody, corrupted nobody's morals, and been the occasion of sacrificing a score of human lives, while the former engaged in a more ignoble warfare against justice and oppression, fought a less merciless foe for seven long years, aided by the prayers of the Church and treasure of the State, till he had impoverished the nation, sowed the seeds of the most damning vices broadcast in every part of the land, sacrificed thousands of 'valuable lives,' and left the people under the iron rule of a more heartless despotism—the slave oligarchy of the South,—than that whose yoke he had so long labored to throw off. Thus has it always been in this Christian (?) government. He who has killed one man has been a murderer; he who has killed thousands, a hero.

But what will any thing avail that the writer may say, expressive of sorrow on account of the loss of human life involved in the Harper's Ferry rebellion, when it is known that he highly approves of such destructive and inhuman wars as those of which the Old Testament furnishes the bloody records, in many instances involving the death of thousands of innocent and defenceless women and children? And, also, that he is an admirer of the Government of this country, which, every year, expends more money in preparation to destroy human life than for all useful purposes, and more than any other civilized nation on earth. And, besides, that when such a man as General Havelock died, who had spent nearly all his life on the field of battle, and had sent thousands before their time to their last account, could open his columns to the most heart-sickening eulogies of the (heroic) deeds of the great destroyer of 'valuable human lives,' and that, too, when it was known that his very last acts were put forth to sustain and enforce an edict as infamous as any which ever darkened the annals of any nation,—and, to consummate the awful blasphemy, requested the churches to pray that God would raise up a great many men just like him! 'O, consistency! thou art a jewel! But, alas, how few possess thee!

Despite what the writer of the paragraph under examination has said, we are unable to see any thing in the conduct of Brown and his associates half so ridiculous as his contemptuous manner of speaking of their conduct, in view of his well-known position, as above defined. When Washington successfully re-

sisted the encroachments of a tyrant three thousand miles away from the scene of active rebellion, or Havelock successfully aided and abetted them, the one is canonized as the savior of his country, and the other is canonized as the pattern saint of the world,—while the less fortunate (because less successful) Brown, for attempting to strike an effective blow at the greatest tyranny which ever has cursed any portion of his race, and dared to meet the enemy in his own camp, is made a target,—now that he is in a perfectly defenceless and helpless condition,—for every coward in the land to fire at. That kind of heroism which will look on with indifference while a much injured man is struggling hard to recover from his foe's plundered rights,—even though some of his blows should not be well or judiciously aimed,—and then join that foe in kicking, or otherwise abusing him, when he has him completely in his power, might be benefited by listening to a faithful homily upon the text,—'Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

Boston, Oct. 31, 1859.

JUSTITIA.

## NON-RESISTANCE.

WORCESTER, Oct. 30, 1859.

It is not my purpose, in sending you this communication, to enter into any discussion with some of the master-spirits of the age upon the subject of Non-Resistance, having neither the ability nor inclination for it. Neither is it any expectation to change, in the slightest degree, their opinions about it; for independent thinkers are not the ones to be convinced by argument, being such by the force of their own nature, slightly affected by external influences. So far as they are concerned, it would be a useless waste of time to criticize Mr. Foster, Nehemiah Adams, or even newspaper editors; but when we bring into consideration the large class of hearers and readers swayed by impulse, halting between two opinions, influenced in some measure by every argument, such criticism may not be lost.

I am fully aware of the rashness of the attempt to criticize Stephen S. Foster. I know that one breath of his logic would annihilate the whole thread of my argument. But, believing in something higher than logic, something more inflexible than the human intellect, I venture into this field.

Mr. Foster believes in neither the righteousness nor expediency of the sword himself, but he is constantly urging those who do to be consistent with their professions, and wield it in defence of the slave; as that can never be a more righteous cause. This is very true; but the question here arises, how far are we warranted in requiring others to carry out their professions? It seems to me only so far as they are in accordance with our ideas of right. The commission of a wrong deed to promote a good cause is none the more righteous, because the perpetrator believed it to be right, although it may be more justifiable. It is better for a bad law to remain a dead letter on the statute book, until it can be repealed, than that it should be executed to the fullest extent. The people are never consistent. They are always a little better than their creed, a little better than their laws. They act from impulse, not reflection; they do not stop to think, they hire their thinking done for them, by the priest on religious subjects,—by the politician on matters of State. Henry Wilson says the leaders are ahead of the people. Probably they are, because more enlightened, but this does not make them better. It should be their function to lead and guide, instead of smothering this native impulse, which is ever onward, ever progressive, waiting only to be pressed into the public service to be faithful to its interest.—This is illustrated whenever a fresh aggression is made upon our rights, by the readiness with which the people avow their willingness to make any sacrifice to defend them; but let them listen to an electioneering speech by some stump orator, how quick they wheel round, and begin to smother their impulses! When Henry Wilson and Charles Allen bolted from the Whig Convention in 1848, the Free Soil party rose one solid phalanx from the spontaneous outpouring of the people's heart.

Consistency and right are not always synonymous terms. It was very inconsistent for Edward Everett, after all his bravado about shouldering his musket to quell a slave insurrection, to go home and help the fugitive on his way, but it was a tribute to his manhood, showing that when stripped of the husks of the politician, and removed from the lure of office, in the sanctuary of his own home, the heart of the man was beating there. It is inconsistent for Theodore Parker, believing in the righteousness of the sword, to preach the doctrine of universal love. The man would be thought devoid of common sense who should attempt to cry down his influence because of his inconsistency.

It is idle to talk of consistency when the people are so maddened by injustice as to resort to arms for redress. Revolutions are effected not by consistency, but by trampling law and statute under foot. Whenever the people shall be sufficiently abolitionized to take up arms in behalf of the slave, they will have reached too great a height of moral elevation to seek the extinction of slavery by the same vile means by which it is upheld. The apathy of the North on this subject is not manifested so much by the refusal to resort to the sword, as by the lack of courage or zeal to defend their own rights by tongue and press. If there had been enough Anti-Slavery in this State to have summoned the people en masse to Boston, not as soldiers, but as private citizens, jealous of their own honor, the cowardice that dared not face a little band of Abolitionists in the broad daylight, but sought the cover of night to accomplish his nefarious purposes, would have quailed before the moral indignation of the Commonwealth, and Thomas Sims would have been saved.

Men thought to defy the wisdom of Omnipotence, by sacrificing a friendless, defenceless child of God, to secure the greater good, as they deemed it, of sending Charles Sumner to the Senate of the United States, to speak in behalf of four millions. As if heaven followed with her quick retribution, he too was well nigh sacrificed to the burning Moloch of Slavery; and now Massachusetts.

'With dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet,' presents to the civilized world the anomalous spectacle of being represented in the councils of the nation by a vacant chair; a living witness that she has no rights the South are bound to respect.

In the meantime, the halls of justice are again invaded by the slave-hunter; United States troops are despatched to Boston, as if to repel an expected invasion of the ancient Goths and Vandals; the Governor lends his sanction by ordering out the military of the State, if necessary; and Anthony Burns is marched down State street between files of soldiers. Men talked of fighting; disunion was spoken of as a possibility; and to-day a Republican Governor presents to the thrashing souls of the rising generation the defender of the Fugitive Slave bill as the divine oracle of Massachusetts. Talk of fighting when we have not yet learned the A. B. C. of Anti-Slavery! Where shall we get the materials? Shall we go to Salem Street Church, where burning words are spoken for freedom, but where also the slaveholder is welcomed as a Christian brother?

The time is probably long since past, as far as human vision can foresee, for a peaceful settlement of this question, and man must reap the fruit of his own folly and wickedness in thinking to trample with impunity on the express commands of the Almighty in the day of retribution. Can the professed non-resistance consistently welcome its coming? Slavery may be abolished, it is true, but only by trampling on the principles of eternal right and the law of human brotherhood. The rights of four million slaves do not, in the boundless expanse of infinite love, blot out the effeminate St. Clair, or the savage and benighted Legree, each of whom has rights as sacred in the eye of God

Uncle Tom or Cassy. Society recognizes this principle in its treatment of the most hardened criminal. The world may sneer at non-resistance, but it is unconsciously and unwittingly sneering at what itself deems most sacred, the omnipotence of human love. The time has not yet come for it to be recognized as a distinct principle. A few of us have begun to see the first faint glimmers of its beacon-light afar off in the distance, but we have scarcely learned to apply it to our homes and daily lives. We treat it as a specific reform, when it is the universal principle that underlies all reforms. We speak of its impracticability, and forget that the world is advancing towards it all the time in every effort to redeem and bless mankind. No religious sect has ever adopted it as a principle, except the Society of Friends, and here it has left an enduring record in the success of William Penn with the Indians. It is true that they have long since dropped this ancient landmark of their faith, disowning their members, not because they take part in a military government, but because they refuse to endorse those who do so by attending their meetings. The world has advanced as they have receded, developing the law of the infinite progression of the human race over the finite organizations of man. It is manifest in the growing distaste for war as civilization increases. They who attempt to refute it by maintaining that it is diametrically opposed to the universal instinct of nature which prompts us to resent an injury, have not begun to fathom what are the divine attributes of the human soul. This may be offset by the universal instinct to alleviate the suffering, no matter how degraded, when left to itself, without adducing the argument to show that resentment is the legitimate offspring of the passions, uncontrolled by the moral sentiments. It is admitted by all to be a beautiful theory, and numbers stand ready to embrace it, if they could have sufficient confidence in themselves to be able to stand by it in the day of trial. This feeling is certainly to be respected, because it is consistent, and if it had been acted upon as a general principle in the world's history, we should have no need to preach non-resistance now. Hypocrisy and deceit would not have dethroned justice and virtue. The weakness of human nature cannot change an eternal principle. None of us know who, in the hour of temptation, will prove stronger than Peter when he denied his master, but that is no reason why we should lower the standard, and pronounce it unattainable. Rather should we seek to strengthen our faith by a childlike trust in the infinite good, which shall achieve greater victories over human weakness than physical courage ever won on the battle-field. There was more power in the unarmed defence of the office of the *Liberator*, by Charles C. Burleigh, against the infuriated mob of the gentlemen of property and standing, than could be wielded by a hundred John Browns with their weapons. Now is the time for those who believe in the supremacy of this moral power to bear witness to its practical efficacy, by being able to maintain it against the most fearful odds that ever tempted finite man to doubt that the Being who created this universe had not left out of his perfect plan some little chick unfinished, which needs his inventive skill to fill up.

One of the most incontrovertible proofs of the truth of non-resistance is the fact, that no argument is ever brought forward to oppose it, which claims to be based on the principles of absolute right; but, on the contrary, is composed of its aids and enough to frame an imaginary world. This is also displayed by those who counsel others to do what they could not. What would now be the state of the anti-slavery cause, if you, Mr. Garrison, and Abby Kelley Foster, and a host of others, had not borne aloft the banner of immediate emancipation, while the rest of us were quietly folding the robes of our Orthodoxy about us, and branding you with the term 'infidel'?

The frantic mother, standing beside her dying child, is not expected to exhibit the same calmness she would at her neighbor's; and yet, according to the cold calculations of human logic, why shouldn't she? All her religious faith, founded on the highest convictions of her nature, can scarcely support her against the strong temptation to regret that maternal love had ever been awakened in her bosom, and that babe had ever drawn the breath of life. Years of struggle pass over her, and the lessons of deep inward experience that angel child has taught her, lead her to say with loving trust, 'Father, thy will be done.' So when we see justice trampled in the street, our individual rights assailed, oppression filling our ears with its wail and groans, scarcely can we recognize the divine requirements of that principle which forbids us to strike down the oppressor that his victim may go free, which commands us to overcome evil with good; but he who remains firm will hear above the din and roar of arms, the silvery notes of that clarion voice which came to proclaim peace on earth, and good will to men, saying, 'Inasmuch as thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over more.'

SARAH E. WALL.

From the American Unitarian Quarterly Journal.

## THE BATHOS OF EULOGY.

BY REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARK.

A funeral sermon is almost safe from criticism. The tenderness which surrounds and shields even the faults of the departed protects also the folly and vanity of the funeral sermon. As no one would criticize the folds of a mourner's dress, so we avoid speaking with severity of the bad logic and bad taste of the funeral discourse. But this immunity may perhaps be carried too far. And we have decided, after a little hesitation, to point out some of the bad examples in the late sermon and address on Mr. Choate by his pastor, Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Dr. Adams seems to have felt that he had got hold of an opportunity which he must make the most of. It was an occasion to glorify his favorite doctrines, his own denomination, and himself. And he fell into the very common mistake of overdoing the matter. He overdid the pathos till it became bathos; he overdid the sentiment till it became sentimentalism; he scattered the flowers of rhetoric in profusion, but some were artificial and some faded. He struggled so violently to do justice to the occasion, that all natural flow and freedom were lost in school-girl enthusiasm and sophomoric rhetoric. The friends of Mr. Choate and of Orthodoxy must have been somewhat mortified by such a display. One Orthodox gentleman said to us, 'I was quite ashamed of it. I thought it must seem to the Unitarians present that we so seldom have so great a man in our churches here, that we could not make too much of him.'

Mr. Choate was a man of great intellectual ability, but of a sort easily understood. He had an acute understanding, rapid and full of resource, a playful fancy, and a great gift of words. The first of these faculties made him a great jury pleader; the last two made him a very popular orator. He was on the side in politics which is the most popular in our mercantile community. The government among us whose political creed consists in the single article of hatred to anti-slavery were delighted to hear this sentiment expressed for them in the polished rhetoric of Mr. Choate. For all these reasons, Mr. Choate was much esteemed, and had an extensive reputation. But he had too much good sense ever to suppose himself a great man in the sense in which Dr. Adams has paraded him in his eulogy. And we think the friends of Mr. Choate must feel somewhat sorry in their hearts, that his own modesty and just estimate of himself were not imitated by his pastor. The absurd exaggeration of the eulogy throws a shade of ridicule over the subject, which he did not deserve.

But the striking peculiarity of the discourse is its bathos. Dr. Adams' mind has this quality in a high degree, and it introduces a comic element into all his compositions. He makes us laugh, even in an argument for Eternal Punishment, or in a funeral discourse. This is because, having an essentially prosaic mind, he is always trying to be fanciful and poetic. In the midst of his loftiest flights, he drops down suddenly, with a heavy thump, into the most commonplace prose. For example: 'This week, the waning moon, unless the clouds conceal from her the light, will look upon a vessel making toward this

harbor, freighted with a form as precious,' etc. Who but Dr. Adams would have thought of inserting the proviso concerning the clouds? But Dr. Adams is a Pre-Raphaelite; he must introduce all the minutest specifications. He informs us, when enumerating the presents he had received from Mr. Choate, that he gave him one work in sixteen volumes, another in six, another in four, another in two, and finally a royal octavo edition of Wordsworth in one. Now, little strange that he does not add them, and tell us how many they amounted to in all. After calling upon the 'cities and villages,' the 'forums and halls of justice,' the 'forum, bar, and pulpit,' to weep over him, in a strain almost epic, he tells us that Mr. Choate used to offer him a chair in an incomparable manner, and to give him a piece of meat or potato at dinner 'in a way that nothing so gross as language can describe.'

In the beginning of the funeral address, Dr. Adams seems to think it strange that so great a man as Mr. Choate should have to die. He inquires how it is that, with his peculiar powers as a jury lawyer, he could not escape the doom of all living. For, says Dr. Adams, 'Could no judge be found who, in this cause, would rule out his motion? Was there no jury whom he could persuade, or at least deter? Alas! would not even the Executioner pay him courtesy?' It seems to us that, if he had not been cold-blooded in his regard for no man feeling sorry for his friend could possibly have got up this picture, representing him as being tried for his life, and, after having unsuccessfully tried to confuse the jury and mislead the judge, falling at last into the hands of the hangman?

There is one good thought in the sermon, which is nearly spoiled by this peculiar tendency of Dr. Adams' imagination to founder. He says that it would have been a grand sight to have seen a great man, that of Choate as belonging to a more Southern climate. The idea is a good one; and if Dr. Adams could have left in when he had once uttered it, he would have said an excellent thing. But having stated that we should naturally have selected the shores of the Mediterranean for his birthplace, he adds, that, if not so, we should have located it in one of our Southern States, and that we are surprised to find that he was a native of New England. But having said this, Dr. Adams would not stop. He proceeds to inform us that Mr. Choate was a native of Rhode Island and Connecticut, 'with their more southern aspect.' Certainly, Rhode Island and Connecticut are a little farther south than Massachusetts, but certainly no one supposes that the genius of their people is any more fervid on that account. But even yet Dr. Adams could not let the thought go. He goes on to say that Mr. Choate was not born in New Hampshire; the reason being, that New Hampshire had already produced Daniel Webster, and had no right to another great man. He was not born in Vermont, nor in Maine, though the first had several 'beautiful nooks and glens' that would have answered for that purpose, and though the second had 'incomparable breadth and length,'—incomparable, we suppose the accurate Doctor means, in relation to the rest of New England. So, finally, by this process of elimination, he arrives at the fact that he was born in Massachusetts.

How good it seems to us, in Massachusetts, that our soil and climate and our social life produced him! We will give thanks for this. Why should we be more thankful because the soil of Massachusetts produced him than we should be if the soil of Connecticut had produced him, we do not know. The people of Massachusetts take just as much interest in Daniel Webster as if he had been born here. But we suppose the inexorable laws of rhetoric require this gratitude, and so we will be grateful.

Another remarkable manifestation in this discourse is the solemnity of the war. The sermon throughout seems to say: 'What a great man I am in having such a great man for an admirer and parishioner!' He gives it as one reason for believing that Mr. Choate was saved, that one of his last public efforts was a speech at the festival given as a compliment to Dr. Adams. Another thing which makes Dr. Adams hope, is his saying, 'Any man who goes to perdition under that preaching, goes on his own responsibility.' Whoever had such a high opinion of his preaching is, he thinks, pretty sure of going to heaven. He gives a full account of Mr. Choate's gifts made to himself, which seems a rather plain intimation to his other parishioners that they are to do in order to stand high in his esteem. 'The intervals were not long,' he says, 'between some expression or token of his remembrance.' He tells how Mr. Choate wrote to him from Washington that 'the Sabbath bells do not a little aggravate homesickness.' Stated Gospel privileges, of the most Orthodox kind, were, we suppose, to be had in Washington; but he could not hear Dr. Nehemiah Adams preach there. But the oddest of all is the Doctor's inserting in full, in the midst of the solemnities of a funeral address, a note written to him by Mr. Choate, presenting him with a volume of Wordsworth! He says he supposes few men ever wrote just such a letter under the same circumstances. It is safe to say that no minister but himself ever produced such a letter under such circumstances. The Doctor contrived, beside all this, to get into his funeral address the fact that Mr. Choate once borrowed some ideas of his from a foundation of a speech at New York. Clerical vanity has sometimes gone far enough, but never quite so far before as to tell in a funeral sermon and address over a great man how many books he had given his minister, how he had borrowed his minister's ideas, how he had praised his minister's preaching, how he had spoken at his minister's funeral, how he had written compliments from Washington for his minister, and how he had sent his minister a note, on the birth of a child, with a royal octavo edition of Wordsworth.

Another curious feature in this 'Discourse and Address' is its vacillation and hesitation in regard to the religious character of its subject. Was he a good man or not? On this point Dr. Adams, with all his opportunities, derived from votive offerings and the like, does not seem quite to have made up his mind. Sometimes he seems to think him a very good man, a man to be loved and honored exceedingly. He calls him 'Great Work of God! Great Ornament of human kind! Great Friend!' He thinks that one of the greatest joys of heaven will be to meet him there, provided he goes to heaven. He was a man to be loved and respected very highly. He defends his moral and religious character, praises his forgiving spirit, his affectionate disposition, his tenderness toward all creatures, and wrote to him a letter at Halifax to say that one of his own fondest hopes concerning heaven was to know and love him there. Yet he is by no means sure that Mr. Choate has gone to heaven, but thinks possibly he may have gone the other way. 'If he complied with the Gospel of our Lord,' he says, 'he would be accepted; he would be saved; he would be in the kingdom of God; he would be in the kingdom of Jesus.' If not, etc. 'If saved, our friend is saved, not as a great man, but as a pardoned sinner.' 'Whether he did or did not enter the kingdom of God, we are not called upon to decide.' 'The highest kind of evidence,' he says, is wanting. According to Dr. Adams, therefore, though Mr. Choate was an exceedingly good man, God may possibly have sent him to heaven, or not the 'highest kind of evidence' to the contrary. If goodness is not the 'highest kind of evidence,' what is? and if Mr. Choate was not a good man, but only a great one, what means all this eulogy from the Christian pulpit? Dr. Adams was a traitor to his Master if he stood up before the community to honor so highly, and to commend to the young and old so earnestly, one whom he did not believe to be a good man. But if he did believe him a good man, why this uncertainty in regard to his salvation?

The truth is, that Dr. Adams was placed in this uncomfortable dilemma by his narrow tests of Christian character, and by his narrow view of the conditions of future existence. Mr. Choate had none of the technical marks of piety. He was not a member of the church, and had never been regularly converted. He was not a 'professor.' The highest evidence of Christianity was therefore wanting; for this, according to the Doctor's theory, is not goodness, but a profession of religion, church-membership, and a technical experience. He could not therefore with propriety be regarded as certainly in heaven. His pastor did not like to think that he was having gone the other way. Dr. Adams therefore was left in the absurd position of pronouncing eulogies from the Christian pulpit, such as should only be uttered over the most saintly characters, over one about whose essential Christianity he was altogether uncertain.

If there can be anything more painfully feeble than this attitude, it is the kind of evidence on which he finally relies, in the 'absence of the highest kind.' His ground of hope for the salvation of his parishioners is not his goodness of heart and life, but the following:—

1. Mr. Choate said that any one who went to per-

dition under Dr. Adams' preaching, went on his own responsibility.

2. Mr. Choate said, concerning Daniel Webster's salvation, 'I believe he was right; he comprehended the scheme.' The logic in Dr. Adams' mind seems to be this—A man is saved by the scheme of salvation. If he comprehends the scheme in the way of salvation, and he believes that another is right because he comprehends the scheme, is himself likely to be right, too.

3. The last public effort of Mr. Choate was a speech made at Dr. Adams' anniversary.

4. He believed in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Dr. Adams tells an anecdote in regard to this, which we believe runs in a somewhat different form on Court Street.

But what feeble and empty tests are these to bring forward on such a subject! The New Testament everywhere makes life, faith, and good works well-doing, being faithful in a few things, overcoming the world, the tests of character. In the last day, the sheep on the right hand are the ones who have seen their Master in the form of the humblest human sufferer. 'The highest kind of evidence,' according to the Gospel, is not that we have made a profession of religion, that we can relate a past experience, that we have been converted at some former period, that we have comprehended the scheme, nor that we have made a speech at our minister's anniversary, and sent him some presents of books with 'intervals not long between' the presents of love and righteousness and hated iniquity, that we have taken in the stranger, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked (even though they were fugitives from slavery); that we have dwelt in love, and so dwelt in God.

There are many other things in this little pamphlet upon which we might remark. There is a number of allusions to the New Testament, and to the writings of its author. It is in accordance with human nature that the man who argues in defense a system which separates husbands and wives, parents and children, should be moved with tender sympathy at the feeling which induced Mr. Choate to replace a switch near the tree from which he took it; or that he should be glad to see some bugs have a fair start in life by being put on their feet, who argues in his South-Side View of Slavery that God does not intend the African race to have any start in life at all. We cannot conclude this notice without mentioning those who have assisted at these eulogies and commemorations, whether they think that the effect of them, on the whole, will be good. It was not the moral character, the domestic virtue, or the best of the moral character, of Mr. Choate which were celebrated; it was his great talents as a lawyer and public speaker. It was not because of any great public services, any great good done to the State; for his constant occupation in the labors of his profession left him no time for such services. His greatest exploits (the defense of Tilton, for example) could hardly be regarded as of great benefit to the community. But, in his case, the most splendid demonstrations of public gratitude, which should have been reserved for great public benefactors, were awarded to powers of intellect, to oratory, and gifts of speech. It was natural and proper for the Judges and the Bar to lament their brightest ornament, for the Democratic party to mourn the loss of its most eminent advocate, and for Dr. Adams to grieve at the death of his most distinguished parishioner. But there the matter should have stopped; for, by going further, the community said to its young men, 'Not by public service, but by shining ability and professional success, you will earn our highest honors.' This is what Boston has said to her young men, and it is something which cannot be unsung by all the efforts of her pulpits and teachers for the next ten years. But it is a peculiarity of our good city to carry everything of the sort too far. It never can do a thing without overdoing it.

## LANDS FOR SALE.

A LARGE number of parcels of land the lately offered for sale to the public, and the following ideas and tendencies, sympathizing with the fundamental principles and general objects of the Hopedale Community. These parcels, lying in and contiguous to the village of Hopedale, Milford, Mass., and constituting a part of the original Community Domain, are of different sizes, ranging from two to twenty acres, and present a good variety of tillage and pasture, together with some woodland—most of the tillage being under a high state of cultivation—and are designed either for simple building lots, or for small farms, as may suit different classes of purchasers. Upon some of them are pretentious dwellings, and tenements in the village may be rented by those who are cared to buy or erect buildings. In the immediate vicinity there is a Foundry, suitable shop room and power, and an unoccupied Mill-privilege, rendering the location a favorable one for mechanics either to commence or continue a business, and especially for those who may desire to combine with their usual occupations and present a good variety of tillage and pasture, together with some woodland—most of the tillage being under a high state of cultivation—and are designed either for simple building lots, or for small farms, as may suit different classes of purchasers. Upon some of them are pretentious dwellings, and tenements in the village may be rented by those who are cared to buy or erect buildings. In the immediate vicinity there is a Foundry, suitable shop room and power, and an unoccupied Mill-privilege, rendering the location