





to be every one who is not a slave... the present crisis. To be sure, we may ask them to vote, and when they are taken, to submit, and let the fact speak for itself... public indignation; and which will result in kindling public indignation; and which will result, from deep religious convictions, to make themselves the food of anti-slavery sacrifice. God bless them for the heroic self-sacrifice which they are offering. I do say, in private, to my friends, broken-hearted fellow-creature of a poor, friendless, broken-hearted fellow-creature of a poor, friendless, broken-hearted fellow-creature... But one course is left for every one that comes to me, "But one course is left for every one that comes to me; there is no safety for you here; there is no safety for you here. The hearts of the judges are stone; the hearts of the people are stone. It is in vain that they look at the abolitionists. They may be ready, they may be able, ten years hence." But the "brace of arms" which our friend (Theodore Parker) addressed this morning, if they had mistaken the 17th of April for the 4th of July, would have ended at the scaffold instead of the Declaration of Independence and the treaty of 1783. We must live our time, and we must read, with our eyes, the signs of our time. If public opinion is wrong, we want to know it; know it, that we may amend it. We will ourselves trample this accursed Fugitive Slave Law under foot. (Great cheering.) We are a minority, at present; we cannot do this in any other practical effect; and we are bound to suggest to our underwriters who look to us for advice, a more feasible plan. This, in my view, should be our course: To depart, if you can-if you have time and money: If no one has a right to ask that you stay, and, if arrested, submit, in order that your case may present men to anti-slavery principles; so you have your right, especially, to stay and resist, merely that your resistance may arouse attention, and awaken anti-slavery sympathy. It is a grave thing to break into the bloody house of life. The mere expectation of good consequences will not justify you in taking a man's life. You have a perfect right to live where you please. No one can rightfully force you away. There may be important and sufficient reasons, in every case, why you should stay and vindicate your rights, at all hazards. It is better that you surrender your extreme right to live where you choose, than assume to be in blood, and thus risk injuring the movement which seeks to aid your fellows. Put yourselves under the protection of the British flag; appeal to the humanity of the world. Do not linger here. Does anybody of the world. You take away the rights of men of anti-slavery agitation. The sight of a slave carried back to bondage, is the most eloquent appeal the anti-slavery cause can make to the sympathies of the public. I know it! but the gain is all done when it is bought by the sacrifice of our lives, thrust back to the hell of American bondage. Still, circumstances may prevent flight—imperative reasons may exist why he should remain here; and he would be wiser before he succeeds in escaping. I say to him, then, there is a course left, if you have the courage to face it. There is one appeal left, that has not yet been tried; it may avail you; I cannot insure you even that. It has now reached that pass when no probability of a Boston gigbet may be no protection from a Georgia plantation; but if I were in your place, I would try it! Tremendous cheering.) The sympathies of the people will gather round you, if you go on trial for such an act. The moral hatred which would set the hands of the law, thirsty for blood, on keener scent, if we stood charged with legal offences, would not reach you. I do not know that the State Prison would be any refuge from the jail at Savannah or Charleston; but there may be something in an appeal to a Massachusetts jury emancipated to try a man's INALIENABLE right to liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and to protect himself; and I hope—I dare not hope much, but I do hope,—that there is still humanity enough to bring you in "not guilty." There is another point. I really believe if a jury of Boston merchants should sell themselves to a traffic of fugitives, that a Governor sitting in the seat of Samuel Adams or Henry Van would never dare to sign the warrant, until he had secured a passage on board a Canada steamer. I think, therefore, that it is possible an appeal to the criminal jurisdiction of the State might save a man. Perhaps it might be just that final blow which would stun this drunken nation into sobriety, and make it heed, at last, the claims of the slave.

My case stands by itself. It is for me to decide tonight whether I will go back to Georgia to-morrow. It is no special comfort to assure me that, half a century hence, somebody will go down to Faneuil Hall, some Robert C. Winthrop, perhaps, converted for the occasion—and pronounce an oration on the jubilee of American freedom. It is no answer to tell me, that, in order to this, it is considered by some people to be a great thing that the fugitive should go willingly and quietly back to slavery. There comes up to me a man who says he is an officer, and has a parchment warrant in his pocket. Somebody has given him authority to seize me. I am not to be bullied by institutions. I am not to be frightened by parchment-warrants and theories are nothing to me. Majorities are nothing. You have outlawed me from your law. You have exiled me from your protection. I am a descendant of Esau—every man's hand against me, my hand against every man. I have no time or means of escape, no defence, except I make it. If I make it, I secure the hour of liberty and escape. I decide to make it. I shoot the miscreant, and thus gain time to pass from the spot where I was to have been arrested, to freedom under the flag of England, or on the deck of a vessel. Let him who fully knows his own heart and strength, and feels, as he looks down into his child's cradle, that he could stand by and see that little nestling one borne away, and submit, let him cast the first stone. But all you, whose blood is wont to stir over Naseby and Bunker Hill, will hold your peace, unless you are ready to cry—*Nunc siemper Tyrannis!* So may it ever be with slave-hunters!

Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that the man who is not conscientiously a non-resistant, is no only entitled, he is bound, to use every means that he has or can get, to resist arrest in the last resort. What is the law, when he is once surrendered? He goes back to degradation worse than death. If he has children, they are to perpetrate that degradation. He has no right to sacrifice himself or them to that extent. These are considerations which it is just as well to state, and to bring before the community. I know my friend, Mr. Garrison, differs from me on this question. You will listen to him. I shall not quarrel if you agree with his judgment, and leave me alone. I am talking to-night to the men who say they were ready to take up their muskets in defence of Thomas Sims, or Shadrach, or somebody else. It is very well for fiction—for a Harriet Beecher Stowe to paint a submissive slave, and draw a picture that thrills your hearts. You are very sensitive over "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Your nerves are very sensitive; see that your consciences are as sensitive as your nerves. If your hearts answered instead of your nerves, you would rise up every one of you abolitionists, ready to sacrifice every thing, rather than a man should go back to slavery. Let me see that effect, and then I will reckon the value of the tears that have answered to the wand of this magician; but till then, they are but the tears of a nervous reader under high excitement. Would those tears could crystallize into sentiment, crystallize into principle—in Christian principle, out of which the staple of anti-slavery patience and perseverance and self-sacrifice is to be wrought! Guard yourselves, friends, against the delusive idea, that the tears and sad eyes you see about you are harbingers of a better hour for Massachusetts than this day twelve months saw darkened over her fame. It may be so; but there is no certainty that it will. We are to speak to practical Massachusetts. I do not shrink from going before the farmers, the mechanics, and the working-men—the thinking men of Massachusetts, and urging upon them the consideration that the State, by solemn act, has proclaimed to every one that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive, and that, so far as she is concerned, the only thing left, the only possibility, the only chance remaining for the fugitive, lies in his own courage and good right arm. The city of John Hancock has proved that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive; Faneuil Hall, where still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Otis and Adams, is not holy enough to shelter the fugitive; Bunker Hill, red with the blood of the noblest men that ever fell in the cause of civil liberty, is not so sacred for fettered feet; the Churches, planted, as we have been told to-day, in tears, in prayers, and in blood, have no altar horns for the fugitive; the Courts, even that which first naturalized Lord Mansfield's decision, drawing a nice distinction between slaves brought and slaves escaping—judges loving humanity so well, even in the humblest suitor, that, like their noble predecessors in the great case of De Vere, they "ought hold of a twig or a twine thread to uphold it"—that, too, has shut its doors on the fugitive—yes, against that very child, Mam, should she again be seized, in whose behalf they settled this proud rule. I would say all this to the men about me, and add—There is one gleam of hope. It is just possible that the floor of the State's Prison may have a magic charm in it. That may save the fugitive, if he can once entitle himself to a place there. When, then, the occasion shall demand, let us try it! (Great cheering.) It is a sad thought, that the possibility of a gigbet, the chance of imprisonment for life, is the only chance that can make it safe for a fugitive to remain in Massachusetts.

You will say this is bloody doctrine—anarchical doctrine; it will prejudice people against the cause. I know it will! Heaven pardon those who make it necessary! Heaven pardon the judges, the merchants, and the clergy, who make it necessary for hunted men to turn, when they are at bay, and fly at the necks of their pursuers! It is not our fault! I shrink from no question, however desperate, that has in it the kernel of the possibility of safety for a human being hunted by twenty millions of slave-catchers in this Christian Republic of ours. (Cheers.) I am willing to confess my faith. It is this: that the Christianity of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of dealing with the question of slavery. I am willing to confess another article of my faith: that the Constitution and Government of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of grappling with the great question of slavery. I agree with Burke—I HAVE NO IDEA OF A LIBERTY UNCONNECTED WITH HONESTY AND JUSTICE. NOR DO I BELIEVE THAT ANY GOOD CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT OR OF FREEDOM CAN FIND IT NECESSARY FOR THEIR SECURITY TO DOOM ANY PART OF THE PEOPLE TO A PERMANENT SLAVERY.—SUCH A CONSTITUTION OF FREEDOM, IF SUCH CAN BE, IS, IN EFFECT, NO MORE THAN ANOTHER NAME FOR THE TYRANNY OF THE STRONGEST FACTION; and factions in Republics have been and are full as capable as monarchs of the most cruel oppression and injustice. That is the language of Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol; I agree with it! (Applause.) The greatest praise Government can win, is that its citizens know their rights, and dare to maintain them. I know no use for good laws, except to teach men to trample bad laws under their feet. On these principles, I am willing to stand before the community in which I was born and brought up—where I expect to live and die—where, if I shall ever win any reputation, I expect to earn and to keep it. As a sane man, a Christian man, and a lover of my country, I am willing to be judged by posterity, if I shall ever remember either this meeting or the counsels which were given in its course. I am willing to stand on the side of the law, if the law has no right to claim obedience to it, if the law has no right to demand allegiance from its subjects, if the Legislature and the Crown do not afford, in return for both, protection for person and property. Without protection, the Legislature would abdicate its functions, if it demanded obedience; without protection, the Crown would be a usurper of its right to enforce allegiance. —Lord Brougham's Debate on Irish Coercion Bill, 1833.

upon this advice to the fugitive slave—buffed in every effort to escape, or bound here by sufficient ties, exiled from the protection of the law, shut out from the churches—to procure himself, and make one last appeal to the humane instincts of his fellow-men. Friends, it is time something should be said on these points. Twenty-six cases—twenty-six slave cases, under this last statute, have taken place in the single State of Pennsylvania. I do not believe one man in a hundred who hears me, supposed there were half a dozen cases there. So silently, so much a matter of course, so much without any public excitement, have those slaves been surrendered! Should the record be made up for the other States, it would probably be in proportion. Recollect, beside, the cases of kidnapping, not by any means unimportant, which are so much facilitated by the existence of laws like this. For slaves to stay among us and be surrendered may excite commiseration; but remember, and this is a very important consideration, familiarity with such scenes begets indifference; the tone of public sentiment is lowered; soon cases pass as matters of course, and the community, burnt over with previous excitement, is doubly steeled against all active sympathy with the sufferers. What was usurpation yesterday is precedent to-morrow. When we asked the Supreme Court of Mass. to interfere in Sims' behalf, on the ground that the law of 1850 was unconstitutional, they declined, because the law was much the same as that of 1793, and that was constitutional, because so HELD and UPHOLD. Surely, tyranny should have no such second acquiescence to plead. Yet that public feeling, so alert, so indignant, at the outset, already droops and grows cold. Government stands ever a united, powerful and organized body, always in session, its temptations creeping over the dulled senses, the wearied zeal, or the hour of want. The sympathies of a people for the down-trodden and the weak are scattered, evanescent, now excited, now asleep. The assembly which is red-hot to-day, has vanished to-morrow. The indignation that lowers around a Court-house in chains in a month. The guerrilla troops of reform are now here, and now crumbled away. On the other hand, permanently planted, with a boundless patronage, which sways every thing, stands Government, with hands ever open, and eyes that never close, biding cunningly its time; always concentrated; and, of course, too often able to work its will, for a time, against any amount of popular indignation or sympathy.

Do not misunderstand me. I know the Anti-Slavery cause will triumph. The mightiest intellects,—the Websters and the Calhouns of the Whig and Democratic parties,—they have no more effect upon the great mass of the public mind, in the long run, than the fly's weight had on the chariot wheel when he lighted. But that is a long battle. I am speaking now of death or life, to be dealt out in a moment. I am dealing with a family about to be separated, standing, as many of you have been called again and again to do, by the hearth, or at the table, where that family circle were never to assemble again; broken and scattered to the four winds; the wife in agony, her husband torn from her side, her children gathering around, vainly asking, 'Where are we to go, mother?' Open those doors! How many of them might you open in these Northern States within the last two years! How many of these utterly indescribable scenes might you have witnessed within that brief period! This law has executed itself. Twenty-six have been sent back from Pennsylvania; only one from Boston; only a dozen, perhaps, from New York. Yes; but in the mean time, the great that they might be seized has broken up hundreds of happy families. It has been executed; and when I remember that Northern traitor who made its enactment possible, I sometimes think that the vainest man who ever lived never dreamed, in the hour of his fondest self-conceit, that he had done the human race as much good as Daniel Webster has wrought it sorrow and despair. (Great applause.) I do not think you fully appreciate the state of dread in which the colored population have lived for months. Mark, too, the infamous characteristics of these cases! It is not their frequency, after all, that should cause the most apprehension, but the objectionable incidents and very dangerous precedents they establish. It is not that the Slave Law is law. That is not half the enormity of the fact. It is, that not only is the Slave statute held to be law, but that there is really no law beside it in the free States—to execute it, all other laws are set aside and disregarded. The commonest and best settled principles have been trodden under foot. Almost all these persons have been arrested by a lie. Sims was—Long was—Preston was. In the case of Buffalo, the man was arrested by a blood-thirsty attack—knocked down in the streets. The atrocious haste—the brutal haste of Judge Kane, in the case of Hannah Kellam, language fails in describing, indignation stands dumb before the cold and brutal wickedness. Many of these cases have been a perversion, not only of all justice, but of all law. Take a single and slight instance. The merciful and safe rule has always been, that an officer, arresting any one wrongfully, shall not be permitted to avail himself of his illegal act, for the service of a true warrant while he has the man in custody. This would be not only a sanction, but an encouragement of illegal detention. But, in several of these cases, the man has been seized on some false pretence, and then the authorities allowed those having him in custody to waive the prosecution of the pretended claim, and serve upon him the real warrant. The same disgraceful proceeding was allowed in the Lattimer case in this city, his master arresting him as a thief, and afterwards dismissing that process, and claiming him as a slave. This dangerous precedent has been followed in many of these late cases. The spirit of the rule, and in some cases its letter, would have set the prisoner free, and held void all the proceedings.

Lucy Stone, Wm. I. Bowditch, Parker Pillsbury, Daniel Foster, H. H. Brigham, Daniel Webster, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Theodore Parker, Frederick Douglass, Samuel J. May, Charles Lenox Remond, and Hon. Geo. W. Julian.



POETRY.

THE SLAVE'S ASPIRATION FOR FREEDOM.

I dream of all things free; From mountain, plain and sea, A voice is ever whispering to my ear...

The Liberator.

LETTER TO RICHARD D. WEBB. MILLWOOD, Knox Co., O., April 8th, 1852.

My dear friend: I am astonished when I look at the date of your letter, and find that it is now nearly seven long months since I received it.

institution; but the correction of men's views with regard to the Bible will always be, if I am not mistaken, my principal work.

destiny of man, and in the tendency of all things to perfection and blessedness. I cannot describe my feelings more minutely; I should hardly feel justified in doing so.

EPITAPHS. THE RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT STYLE. The New York Sunday Times suggests that it would be a good idea to place a cross, bearing an appropriate epitaph, at the locality of each railroad accident...



CURES WITHOUT FAIL. BURNS, BRUISES, FLESH WOUNDS, CHAPPED HANDS, SORE EYES, SORE THROATS, CHILLS, COLIC, RHEUMATISM, INJURY BY SPLINTERS, RING WOUNDS, SCALD HEAD, ERYSIPELAS, SHINGLES.

TRY IT ONCE. YOU NEVER WILL BE WITHOUT IT. The Good it Does is Felt at Once. RUSSIA SALVE VEGETABLE OINTMENT.

TO THE LADIES. Among the many improvements of the late, one of the best for the relief of female complaints is a most critical period of life...

The Practical Christian. A Fortnightly Paper: the Organ of the BOSTONIAN COMMUNITY, Boston, Mass.

Miss H. Martineau's New Book! ON THE LAWS OF MAN'S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU AND H. G. ATKINSON.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO FEMALES! MRS. M. BOIVIN'S PREPARATORY PASTILLES, OR FEMALE RELAXING EMBROCATION.

Dissolution of Partnership. NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership between existing under the firm of Smith & Co., is this day dissolved.

BOOKS. DELIA MARSH, No. 25 Cornhill, has for sale the following valuable books: The Slave, or Memoirs of Archy Warren.

Progress of the Slave Power. A CHAPTER OF AMERICAN HISTORY. FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS OF THE SLAVE POWER, a series of papers first published in Commonwealth, in July, August and September, 1851.