







POETRY.

For the Liberator. FOURTH OF JULY—1854. Let mirth be laid aside, For Liberty lies dead!

Sin shall not always reign, And triumph over men; Truth shall the conquest gain, As light o'er darkness, when From God went forth the word divine,

Mid all the trying scenes Through which we're passing now, May Heaven its kindest beams Around our pathway throw—

Not with idle boasts of freedom, 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.' Not with songs of joy and gladness have we gathered here to-day,

Should we raise the pleasing anthem, from the rice swamp dank and low, With our choral notes ascending joins the slave's low, plaintive moan;

On the whole, the war is popular. Many believe that Russia is the foe of civilization, and that it is necessary to keep her in bounds. They regard the government, the laws and the religion of England as perfect;

Oh, New England! thou art fallen! blighted is thy wreath of fame; And our Bay-State, famed in history, hath dishonored her proud name;

Crushed Humanity lies bleeding, torn from Liberty's fair shrine, And around her ruined altars Love's sweet flowers no longer twine;

Is wealth, commerce, martial glory, to be weighed 'gainst Truth and Right? Shall we barter in the market, for base gold, fair Freedom's light?

FOR THE LIBERATOR. WHO IS MY BROTHER?

Who is my brother? Is it he Who holds the self-same creed with me, And worships at the altar where I deem it good to bow in prayer?

My brother may be poor and weak, Wear Africa's sable on his cheek; May be the proud man's mark of scorn, Or may to servitude be born.

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER FROM JOSEPH BARKER. No. II. BETLEY, Staffordshire, (Eng.) June 9th, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I will now, according to promise, tell you what the people of England, so far as I have been able to know, think about the war in which Europe is engaged.

And first, I was, on my arrival here, struck with the fact, that almost every one asked me what people in America thought of the war. All here seem anxious that the Americans should think them in the right, and should believe that they will prove victorious.

The opinions of the people here with respect to the war are various. Some few think it a foolish undertaking, and foretell defeat. Many think the Russians will beat. They say they are beating already. They refer to the disaster at Sinope, the loss of the Tiger, the crossing of the Danube, the fall of Silistria, &c., as proof. They look for further Russian successes.

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Well, you have seen, I suppose, the stir the PAPERS are making about the English soldiers' dress and arms. The people have just found out, that the soldier's dress, instead of serving as a protection, and helping the free action of his limbs, exposes him to the greatest danger, and almost disables him. Its colors are red and white, as if the object of his masters were to make it impossible for the enemy to miss seeing his mark. The belt and straps so compress his lungs, that he can hardly breathe; while his cumbersome knapsack and heavy arms are intolerable in long marches, or under a hot sun.

ing must be dreadful work for men thus armed and clad. It would be folly to expect troops thus armed and thus clad to do great things on the battle-field. The account given by the Times correspondent of the French forces is favorable. They appear to be armed and clothed as soldiers should be. Their provisions, too, seem to be better than those supplied to the English forces. I fancy, if much be done by the land forces in the war against Russia, it will have to be done by the French. The fleets are another power.

The news from the seat of war is doubtful and contradictory, as usual, and very scanty as well. Events will not take place. Our fellow-passengers in the Arabia were all expecting startling news. 'Three weeks' papers will be due,' said they, 'and we are sure to hear of something decisive on reaching Liverpool.' But they were all disappointed. Nothing at all had happened of great moment. Three weeks more have passed now; still, nothing of importance has taken place. Many are getting out of patience. Russia, they say, ought to have been driven over the Danube, and forced back into their own country, before this. To make matters worse, several of the PAPERS are saying that the allied forces are not going to risk a general battle at all at present, but to wait till disaster and disaster shall reduce and dishearten the Russian army, and make them an easy prey. They expected the war to be as exciting as a novel or a play, and they find it not even a tolerable tale. I have been, thus far, of the number of those who expect little; and I have had the happiness not to be greatly disappointed. Armies cannot kill each other by tens of thousands every day, for any great length of time. Those who cannot enjoy life without daily tidings of wholesale butcheries, had better bespeak new moral constitutions. The present war will try such people very severely.

Those, too, who had been expecting the war to begin and end in a single summer, seem likely to be greatly disappointed. Those people look very queer when I tell them that the war may last seven or fourteen years. When I ask them how many such wars have been got through in less than seven years, they are at a loss what to say. I confess, I shall not be astonished if the war should last my life, even though my life should be lengthened thirty years. It may not last so long; but it may last longer. Quarrels are very prolific; they breed fast. One war may beget a dozen; and each of the dozen may beget a number more. To me, it seems likely that the war will be more general and complicated five years hence than now. Never did the world seem more ready for a general quarrel. They are great sinners that can take up arms in the present state of the nations for any but the noblest objects, or under the stimulus of any thing short of necessity. But it is vain, perhaps, to speculate. My gloomy guesses may be as far from truth as some men's eager hopes. Perhaps we shall have no war at all. Perhaps the telegraph may bring us tidings of a reconciliation.

Well, war or no war, I will try so to spend my time, that I may be able to enjoy my life as it passes away, and to look back on it when gone with pleasure. My happiness shall not depend on newspaper stories or telegraphic despatches. I will treasure up a recollection of labors undertaken for the good of mankind. I will give myself to the illumination and improvement of my race. On my farm, I will plant the best trees I can find, and rear the best stock I can get; and in the world, I will sow the seeds of knowledge and virtue, of peace and blessedness. And these my labors, and the hopes that my labors shall be successful; and the philanthropic labors of my fellow-men, and the belief that they too shall be successful; and the company and conversation of the good and noble souls I meet with every where, and the signs I every where see that truth is spreading, that freedom is gaining ground, and that mankind are moving on a little in the way of virtue and happiness, shall be my comfort and my joy. I have a cheerful faith. I believe that progress is the destiny of man,—that peace, while it lasts, and war, when it comes, shall both help to his progress,—that every development of human character—those of Daniel Webster, Arnold Douglas, and Jay Everett, not excepted—shall aid the cause of humanity,—that there is a moral-chemical power in the words and deeds of such men as Garrison and Parker, in the words and deeds of all true-hearted reformers, that can turn even the dross of politics, the dregs of law, and the scum of senatorial and editorial eloquence to gold, and make even from priestly villany, popular superstition, and proud hypocrisy, a wholesome medicine for our suffering race. There is already more of good in man than many think,—more both of virtue and enjoyment,—and the good is growing faster than seems to be the case to many. Such, at least, is my belief. And this belief makes it both pleasanter to labor, and easier to wait for the good that is yet to come. And something tells me, that the power to wait, the power to keep ourselves from great alarms and devouring cares, from hopelessness and fears, is as needful as the will to labor and to suffer in the cause of man. It is well to be zealous, but not well to be in a hurry. It is well to be bold, but not well to be rash. It is well to be eager for the success of a generous undertaking, but not well to be anxious or fretful, if it seem to fail. The more patiently or calmly we labor, the longer we shall live to labor. The freer we can keep ourselves from anxiety and fear, the more wisely shall we be able to form our plans, and the more surely to gain our ends. I will fix no time, then, for the end of war or the death of slavery. Nor will I allow myself to say that war shall come to an end, or slavery die, in this or that particular way. I will only say, they shall die; and that every word of truth by good men spoken, and every generous deed by good men done, shall hasten their death. And I will speak true words, and do good deeds, as many as I can; and, taking my share of life's enjoyments, move cheerfully along, leaving the great powers of Truth and Love to work their happy wonders in the world in their own time, and after their own way.

The anti-slavery cause has made headway in England since I left. Almost every one who knows me are from America, talks about American slavery. All seem to have been hearing or reading on the subject. All speak of the guilt and inconsistency of America, and many speak with horror and amazement. I agree with them in all they can say against slavery and pro-slavery Americans; but I often feel it my duty to add a few words on English tyranny, and aristocratic selfishness and cruelty. With my own readers and hearers, this is not needful. They are as well acquainted with the evils around them as with evils far away; and they are as zealous in the cause of reform at home as abroad. But with others, it is otherwise. Many that prate about American slavery are not aware that hundreds of thousands have been starved to death in their own country, by a selfish and heartless system, which they themselves have been blindly or wickedly supporting their whole life long. When I explain to them the tendency of English laws, corn laws, bounty laws, and English systems of taxation, and show them how they have all been framed so as to enrich the hereditary aristocratic legislators, at the expense of the laboring millions,—when I show them that the aristocratic misrule which they have always supported against English reformers, has caused the death of millions by the slow and frightful tortures of want and famine, they stare at me in speechless amazement. For they cannot gainsay my statements. They may find it harder to speak against the cruelty of their landlords, than against the meanness and villany of American slaveholders; but they know what I tell them is the truth. I don't suppose you have any number of fear that my course will lessen the number of English abolitionists. But, whether it does or not, I cannot change it. I can never cease

to feel a peculiar interest in the class with which I so long and so grievously suffered. As my regard for the rights of oppressed Englishmen never prevented me from pleading the cause of oppressed Americans and Africans; so my regard for oppressed Americans and Africans can never prevent me from pleading the cause of oppressed and plundered Englishmen. I know it is so common in America for pro-slavery men to refer to the wrongs and sufferings of the working classes of Europe, as an excuse for screening from reprobation the accursed institution of American slavery, that both slaveholders and some abolitionists are prone to take it as a sign that a man is pro-slavery when he speaks of English institutions and English laws as I do. But they will learn, by and by, that a man may be true to humanity in one sphere, without being false to it in another; and that the real abolitionist is a friend of right and liberty for all, and a foe to oppression and wrong the whole world through. And, in truth, the most trustworthy abolitionists in England will be found amongst the most zealous reformers of home abuses. It may not be from such that you will get the most money, for most of them are poor; but you will get from them the heartiest sympathy. I suppose you are aware, that many of the abolitionists of England put creeds and churches, Bibles and rank first, and the rights and liberties of mankind second. They would not speak or labor for the freedom of the slave, at the risk of their churches or creeds, or their sacred books, or their rank in life. If they found that they must either give up their labors for the slave, or endanger the peace or unity of their church, shake the faith of men in the Bible, or lose their place in the church, or their standing in society, they would at once give up their labors for the slave. They work for no reforms at home but as are popular. They set themselves against no abuses or inequities that are popular. They persecute reformers that are as generously and wisely laboring for the oppressed in Europe, as you are for the oppressed in America. They would be as much ashamed to be found in company with a republican, or an opponent of the State priesthood, or an advocate of teetotalism, as Orville Dewey or Dr. Cox would be to see assisting in a meeting of American abolitionists.

The clergy and churches of England did never set themselves earnestly against slavery in the West Indies, till the slaveholders there began to persecute their missionaries. So long as the English missionaries were allowed to preach to the slaves, and form them into churches, and save their souls, they allowed the slaveholders to go on in their calling without disturbance. It was when the slaveholders imprudently interfered with the missionaries, that the missionaries began to preach against slaveholding, and the churches and priesthood to petition for its abolition. It was then, as now, every thing must give way to the Church; the Church must give way to nothing.

It seems clear to my mind, that it depends wholly on circumstances whether or not guilt attaches to the partaker of stolen goods, even when the partaker knows them to have been stolen. If the goods are received with the intent to connive at the theft and encourage it, then it becomes guilt, but not otherwise. On the ground taken by your subscriber, which, moreover, you seem to endorse, it would follow, as a logical necessity, that every thing, the product of human effort, that was

not sinlessly produced, would become contaminated, so that every partaker of such, knowing the facts, would be as guilty as the producer.

Now, there are numberless cases in which it would be impossible to return stolen property to the owner. Shall the stolen horse, whose owner cannot be reached, be turned loose into the highway, there to live a useless life, a public annoyance, or die of neglect and starvation? Shall every bushel of wheat or every barrel of flour, in the production of which either fraud or force has wronged honest labor of its just compensation, be left to rot in the warehouse, or be devoured by vermin while hungry millions of useful domestic animals and human beings look on and starve? To ask such questions is to answer them in the negative. Unperverted nature and sound reason would seem to unite in saying, that whatever is good in itself, and can be obtained without intending to connive at or encourage the wrong known to have been committed in its production, may be used freely for the sustenance and comfort of man and beast, without the slightest taint of guilt. It seems to me that the contrary involves absurdities and impossibilities.

All our books, and every form of literary production, are either written or printed on cotton; and cotton is a staple product of America. Even the Portland Pleasure Boat, that floats its weekly freight to its delighted patrons, has more of cotton than any thing else in its tangible substance; nay, there is not probably a sheet of paper on the American continent that has not more or less of cotton in its composition. Now, shall we burn all our books, repudiate every paper and periodical, including the Pleasure Boat, and touch no more writing paper henceforth, until we find some into which we know cotton enters not? Well, when we have done all this, if I am right in the foregoing reasoning, (and if I am not, I wish to be corrected,) it will be seen that we have scarcely begun our work of fruitless impossibilities.

But I will not enlarge; my time and your space alike forbid. I will, however, add a word. If abstention from things which have been produced wholly, or in part, by wrong-doing, was a feasible enterprise, and not liable to the objections above stated, still, it would be a sort of stomach or pocket argument, not very well calculated to affect favorably the wrong-doer, and seems much better adapted to the low grounds of the statesman and politician, than for the high moral elevation of the reformer and philanthropist.

COLORED PEOPLE OF BOSTON. LYNN, June 25, 1854. MR. GARRISON: By the side of the developments of depravity in the late slave case at Boston, the conduct of the colored people of that city stands out in bold and gratifying contrast. That long week of agony, the vicinity of the slave pen was thronged by colored men and women, watching from dawn till eve, and some of them the long night through, patiently awaiting, amid the jeers and insults of pro-slavery Irishmen and pro-slavery Americans, the fate of their poor brother or sister in bonds; seeking in every way in their power to show their sympathy for him, and hoping and praying, to the last moment, for his deliverance from the hand of the kidnapper. This was done, too, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, for the greater part of the colored people being debarred by prejudice from most of the chances of earning money, are, of course, poor.

I would commend as an example to some of the noisiest and loudest praying professors of the religion of Christ in Boston, the conduct of the colored man who met Burns on a wintry day in Washington street. This man was poor, out of employment, awaiting for days a job by which to earn a little money. He had every excuse to turn aside from the outcast fugitive, but he took him to his home, kept him there, went with him from place to place to obtain work, and when found, shared that employment with him. In his testimony, in answer to a question, he says he generally had 'one meal a day,' and this he shared with his outcast friend from slavery.

In some hastily-written lines in the last LIBERATOR, I alluded to this last fact; but somebody printed 'own' for 'one,' and made nonsense of it. But the fact of this man's truly Christian conduct should be noticed; and when we hear any one decrying the colored race, let us ask him where, among the priests and churches of the negro-haters, a white Christian could be found who would thus fulfil the command of Christ, and thus defend the friendless?

A NEW ADVOCATE IN THE FIELD. DEAR SIR,—Last Sabbath evening, I had the pleasure (with many others,) of listening to a lecture on the subject of Temperance, from Miss Anna E. Ruggles, of Worcester, which, for richness of thought and thrilling pathos, I have seldom if ever seen or heard excelled. The large and somewhat spacious school-room in District No. 4 in this town (Holden) was well filled with attentive listeners, and many evidently came with an itching, prejudicial curiosity to hear a woman speak; and, judging from the effect produced, the winking of falling tears, &c., they must have gone away satisfied, that while 'woman's heart is bleeding, woman's voice will not be hushed.'

Information Wanted. STROUGHTON, May 28, 1854. FRIEND GARRISON: In rummaging over my old trumpery to-day, my attention was accidentally attracted by an old production, with a respectable number of signatures attached to it, having these words:—'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

Dr. H. HALSTED, formerly of Haled Hill, Boston, N. Y., well known as the author of the 'History of Chronic and Female Diseases,' has recently published 'CURE RETZEL' at Northampton, Mass. It is a work with improved facilities, he will continue the progress of his peculiar system, in connection with the Hydropathic Treatment.

Dr. H. was one of the earliest advocates, and has been and still is one of the most successful practitioners of the Water-Cure system. Nevertheless, in the treatment of Chronic Diseases, and especially those incident to Woman, experience has taught that the Water-Cure, combined with the Water-Cure Treatment, in all cases who are beyond the reach of Hydropathy alone, has been made apparent in the cure of very many nervous and spinal affections heretofore unremedied, and complicated diseases of the liver and kidneys.

Worcester Hydropathic Institution. No. 1 GLEN STREET. THIS Institution is under the medical direction of Dr. Seth Rogers, and is well arranged for treatment on all seasons. Terms.—Usually from \$7 to \$9 per week. For the improved facilities of Boston, and the pleasant and delightful scenery have given it a world-wide reputation. His former Institution at Rochester is for sale. He works on Motopathy can be obtained by remitting the postage stamps. Address H. HALSTED, M. D., Round Hill, Northampton, Mass. April 28.

CAPE COD WATER-CURE. AN Establishment of this character is commencing at Harwich, under the direction of G. W. C. Smith, Proprietor, W. Felch, Physician, and Miss Elizabeth Smith, Assistant. Miss Smith is a young lady of medical education, and Dr. Felch has, for many years, been extensively known as a popular teacher of the whole Science of Man, and a successful Practitioner of the Natural Treatment of Disease, (the Hydropathic in concurrence with the Mesmeric.) Several patients can board in Capt. Smith's family, in a pleasant, rural, healthy location, within a mile of the sea shore on Vineyard Sound. Terms, from \$6 per week to \$9. Address, Dr. F. FELCH, Harwich Port, Mass.

DR. NICHOLS'S NEW WORK ON MARRIAGE. MARRIAGE: its History, Character, and Sanctities, and its Influence on the Progress of the Race. By T. L. Nichols, M. D., and Mrs. Mary S. Gove Nichols. Price \$1. Just published and for sale by BELLA MARSH, 16 Franklin st. March 8.

THE BIBLE DISCUSSION. FOR sale at the Liberator Office, 21 Cornhill, and by BELLA MARSH, 15 Franklin Street, the 'Great Discussion on the Origin, Character and Tendency of the Bible,' between Rev. J. F. Berg, D. D., of Philadelphia, and Joseph Barker, of Ohio, in January last. Price, 31 cts. single—\$1.00 for 4 copies.

THE RELIGION OF MANHOOD: or, The Age Thought. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Price, 30 cts. The Philosophy of Creation; unfolding the Law of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and Spirits. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of James Wood, Medium. Price, 38 cts.

WHITES' DAGUERRETYPE ROOMS. No. 26 WASHINGTON ST. ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840. STILL continue in successful operation; and having been recently refitted and improved by the addition of a large northern sky-light, (the only one of the kind in the city,) the proprietors feel confident that they now offer inducements unsurpassed, if not unequalled elsewhere.

IMPROVED METHOD OF Champrooing and Hair-Dyeing. MADAME CARTEAUX having established herself over the Cornhill and a Parfumerie Store of A. S. Jordan, No. 191 Washington street, (entrance in Norfolk Avenue,) would avail herself of this medium for tendering thanks to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity for the liberal patronage awarded her, and would respectfully assure them that, by unremitting endeavors to please, she hopes for a continuance of their favors.

REV. THEODORE PARKER'S GREAT SERMON ON THE NEBRASKA QUESTION. JUST published and for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, and at the Commonwealth Office, 'An Address delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1854, by William Lloyd Garrison.' Price, 1 cent, single—60 cents per dozen—\$1 00 for 25 copies. March 17.

VALUABLE PAMPHLET. FOR sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, the 'Proceedings of the National Women's Rights Convention, held at Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1853.' Photographically reported by T. C. Leland, of New York City. It is a hand-somely printed pamphlet, making 174 large octavo pages, and contains the speeches of Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Antoinette L. Brown, Elizabeth C. Rose, Caroline M. Severance, Abby Kelley Foster, Emma R. Cook, Frances D. Gage, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Joseph Barker, Charles C. Burleigh, Stephen S. Foster, H. B. Blackwell, Pres. Mahan, Rev. Mr. Nevins, &c. &c.

PORTRAIT OF MR. GARRISON. THOSE who would secure early and good impressions should engage them without delay. A few good copies remain, at \$1 25 each. The others are offered at \$1. Persons at a distance can have them safely enveloped and mailed for eight cents, if pre-paid. The frames can be furnished on order, including gold and silver. Gilt and dark wood at prices varying from \$1 25 to \$5 00, and upwards. W. M. C. NELL, 21 Cornhill. Apply to May 20.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE: or, the Reproductive Element in Man, as a means to his elevation and happiness. By Henry C. Wright. The first edition is the Child of the Past, and the Parent of the Future. Price, 50 cents. Just published and for sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 16 Franklin Street. April 14.