

a year, we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the champions of Liberty! How we point out the infancy of the British oppressors! They would make our Fathers shudder, say we, and we level the opprobrium—SIC SEXTER TRANNIS!

Do you suppose this will fall to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping 'Independence Day,' or else keep it in a less noble thorough fashion. No, it is not all; the Southern man is a miserable nature. 'You are only half human,' says they, 'not capable of freedom.' 'Hay is good for horses, not for hogs,' said the philosophic American who now 'represents the great Democracy at the Court of Turin.' So, liberty is good for white men, not for negroes. Have they souls? I don't know that. Non mi ricordo. Contempt, says the proverb, will out through the shell of the tortoise! and one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the three-fold stimulus of the Fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his heartless mockery. Then, if 'oppression maketh wise men mad,' what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more, if the negroes have not general power of mind or instinctive love of liberty equal to the whites, they are as much our superiors in power of courage, and in contempt for death—rather formidable qualities in a servile war. There already have been several risings of slaves in this country; they spread fear and consternation. The future will not be more terrible. Now, in case of an insurrection, not only is there, as Jefferson said, 'no attribute of the Almighty' which can take sides with the master, but there will be many white men who will take part with the slave. Men like the heroes of the last century, and the Dr. Hoses of this, will give the insurgent negro as effectual aid as that once rendered to America and Greece; and the public opinion of an enlightened world will rank them among its heroes of noblest mark.

If I remember rightly, some of your fathers were in the battle of Lexington, and that at Bunker Hill, I believe, in the course of the war which followed. Every able-bodied man in your town was in actual service. Now-a-days, they are as much our superiors in the fact. One day, it will be thought not less heroic for a negro to fight for his personal liberty, than for a white man to fight for his political independence, and against a tax of three-pence a pound on tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of Slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this, if only tolerated as an exceptional measure—a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an insistent principle, a rule of national conduct for all time and in every place. Look at this:—In 1790, there were (say) 300,000 slaves; since they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2,400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year 1900, A. D., there will be twenty million slaves!

Such a common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that Slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social and ecclesiastical power; and that all that gains for the slaveholders is just so much taken from the free-men.

Look at this!—There are twenty Southern Representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the twenty Northern men who stand for the will of 1,400,000 free-men. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President; consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the Federal Power of the nation.

Look at the recent acts of the Slave Power! The Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dill Scott decision, the filibustering against Cuba (the Dill found too strong), and now against Mexico, and other feeble neighbors, and, to crown all, the actual re-opening of the African slave-trade!

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made the Judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the court of justice. She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas; and the perpetrators of these crimes were rewarded by the Federal Government with high office and great pay. Those things are notorious; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and free-men begin to think of defending their liberty; thence comes the Free-Soil party, thence the Republican party. It contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defence of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and will hold its own against the principle of platform to work its measures on; the principle will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that they cannot defend the natural rights of free-men without destroying that Slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro.

So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Capt. Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough, and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection—that is, by destroying Slavery itself.

An Anti-Slavery party, under one name or another, will before long control the Federal Government, and will exercise its Constitutional Right, and perform its Constitutional Duty, and guarantee a Republican form of government to every State in the Union. That is a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will be often tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood.

IV. But there is yet another agency that will act against Slavery. There are many mischievous persons who are ready for any wicked work of violence. They abound in the City of New York (a sort of sink where the villainy of both hemispheres settles down, and genders that moral pestilence which steams up along the columns of The New York Herald and The New York Observer, the great escape-pipes of secular and ecclesiastical wickedness)—they commit their crimes in the City of New York; they plunder emigrants, engage in the slave-trade, or venture on filibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her 'peculiar institution,' they are familiar with violence and ready and able to murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Now-a-days they are fond of Slavery, and it is not to be expected that they will come one day—it may come any time, even when the lovers of mischief will do a little filibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar, or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth, slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to store her carpenter's shop with shavings, and fill it full through the agency of incendiary sons—William Franklin, Adams, and his illustrious sons—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Henry, Laurens, Rutledge, Jefferson—and both together adjuring us to stand fast in the ranks where they stood, fight valiantly in the cause they fought for, and finish the historic purchase of freedom to those which they paid so heavy an installment!

Can the slaveholder extinguish the North Star, turn back the hand on the dial-plate of time, erase the teaching of history, uneducate the human race, and pluck the moral law from the throne of God? Besieged by the civilized world, four millions of slaves within his camp, God frowning on him, the very air teeming with phantoms and hurling with invisible weapons to his disordered fancy, what can the Southern despot do, but either, with self-freedom petard, hoist his all, or surrender? Let dunder and conflict come, and the abolition of slavery will be the consequence, as surely as the sun sets. But so long as there is a hope, we do not care for that method of the issue. Nor will it come, unless precipitated by the South, drunk with passion. The North desires simply freedom, justice, honor, not dunder. Do not all our Northern politicians boast to sail in the magnetic equator, or line of no dip? But the slaveholders attempt no concealment of their enormous Southern inclination. Our watchword is

agencies are needed to oppose it with—those, and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I, the peaceful abolitionists, but I, at least, shall welcome the violent, if he can accomplish the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North: else why do we honor the heroes of the Revolution, and build them monuments all over our blessed New England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill. I once thought it folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in stone, which not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood that was shed in its construction. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain—at the North. I mean, for the logic of slavery will keep the South on its lower course and drive it on more swiftly than before.

Capt. Brown's expedition was a failure. I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five more by the fall of the tortoise; and it shows the weakness of the greatest Slave State in America, the worthless-ness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which Slavery engenders in the bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the City of Washington while Brown was at work!

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanor, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men; yes, and Southern men. 'For every human heart is human,' &c. I do not think the money wasted, nor the lives thrown away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; and even then, the plant grows slow; but it is an oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and with Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a gallows from a tree, the great tree on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, the American Church damn his soul: still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the infinitely Perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from a throne, perhaps, as easy.

I suppose you would like to hear something about me. Rome has treated me to bad weather, which tells its story in my health, and certainly does not mend me. But I look for brighter days and happier nights. The sad tidings from America—my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung—have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Ever affectionately yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

THE HISTORIC PURCHASE OF FREEDOM.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. ALGER.

The Lecture Committee of the Fraternity Association, whose course of lectures has been so popular the present winter, generously offered to their patrons an extra lecture, which was delivered on Thursday evening, Dec. 23d, at the Music Hall, by Rev. William B. Alger, who took for his subject, 'The Historic Purchase of Freedom'—an appropriate theme for Forefathers' Day. The audience was large, the hall being almost entirely filled, and the lecture one of great ability, abounding in vigorous passages, and expressed in most felicitous language. It occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, and held the undivided attention of the audience from the first sentence to the last—frequently eliciting the most enthusiastic applause. It has since been published in a handsome pamphlet, with a valuable appendix, by Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington Street, Boston. We can find room for only the latter portion of it, the perusal of which, we are sure, will quicken the desire to possess it unbridged.

Many respectable men affirm, in depreciation of the great Slave Power, that it results in an evil, exasperating the South to an insane tenacity. Even so, the inference is not sound. Shall Nathan refrain to lift his finger and cry, 'Thou art the man,' for fear David will be enraged and cleave closer to his sin? But I vehemently disbelieve, that had no abolitionist sound been heard, whole States would before now have abolished slavery. The reverse is the fact. The fierce determination of the South is a natural growth from its unimpaired right, and from the increased value of the property. What in contact with the brightness and ferocity of Southern civilization, we place the fact that the winning of one new territory to their domain instantly adds a hundred million dollars to their wealth, and helps them towards a preponderance of power, who believes that slavery would have died there, had Mr. Garrison not been born here? In his seventh of March, Daniel Webster says, (Quid ad medicos? Nilil ad remane?)—What have been the causes which have created so new a feeling in favor of slavery in the South? I suppose, sir, this is owing to the rapid growth of the COTTON plantations. The plea which asks us to serve our cause by being dumb, is the sophistry of cowardice and indifference. Have we not, with our own eyes, seen a definite and solid good won by determined agitation? Like Venus from the foam of the sea, the Goddess of Liberty rose out of the dust of the commotion in Kansas.

It is clear that there are but three issues for this dilating controversy. First, through the singleness of purpose and avalanche will of the South, and through an increased servility in the North, the slave power may triumph, and, in its supremacy, make slavery national in usage as it already is in theory. My God! shall this ever be permitted? Among the green hills of Vermont small gangs of Negroes are doing their best to liberate the South of the Whip? Shall the click of the planter's rattle, the snap of the overseer's lash, and the clank of the chattel's gyres, be added to the sounds of our Massachusetts forge, and loom, and press, while some meek successor of the insolent and lugubrious Tombs calls the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, and great Warren's statue crimson through the marble? For if that ever happen, farewell to the distant future following. For in that case, far away, a horoscope of demoralization, impoverishment, brutality, and rottenness, sinking into the night. We must prevent that. It is our duty to prevent it. A bottomless damnation awaits us if we do not prevent it. Unquestionably we shall prevent it: although Charles O'Connor does stand up in the free city of New York, and say, 'Slavery is just, wise, and beneficent, and ought to be maintained.' Indignation, of O'Connell, why didst thou not arise, and blast thy recalcitrant countryman? Insulted shades of Curran, Grattan, Emmet, why were ye not invoked to rise, and lay the renegade Irishman who dared to utter, in the face of a free people, sentiments of such transcendental atrocity!

Secondly, in consequence of the deepening exasperation of feeling, and widening opposition of interest, between the advocates of slavery and its assailants, the Union may be shattered by a fratricidal convulsion, and the question settled by violence. Should such a crisis of desperation arrive, however rent, blackened, drenched the confederacy, there can be no doubt as to the result. The right and the strength and the certain victory are all on one side, where stands the solemn group of the Pilgrims—Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, John Alden and Primitia, the Standishes, both Miles and Rose, and the shining host of their great Revolutionary and illustrious sons—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Henry, Laurens, Rutledge, Jefferson—and both together adjuring us to stand fast in the ranks where they stood, fight valiantly in the cause they fought for, and finish the historic purchase of freedom to those which they paid so heavy an installment!

Can the slaveholder extinguish the North Star, turn back the hand on the dial-plate of time, erase the teaching of history, uneducate the human race, and pluck the moral law from the throne of God? Besieged by the civilized world, four millions of slaves within his camp, God frowning on him, the very air teeming with phantoms and hurling with invisible weapons to his disordered fancy, what can the Southern despot do, but either, with self-freedom petard, hoist his all, or surrender? Let dunder and conflict come, and the abolition of slavery will be the consequence, as surely as the sun sets. But so long as there is a hope, we do not care for that method of the issue. Nor will it come, unless precipitated by the South, drunk with passion. The North desires simply freedom, justice, honor, not dunder. Do not all our Northern politicians boast to sail in the magnetic equator, or line of no dip? But the slaveholders attempt no concealment of their enormous Southern inclination. Our watchword is

'The welfare of the country'; theirs, 'The interests of the South.' It is the South alone that constantly threatens withdrawal, and plots treason. Her government writes it in her messages; her legislators enact it in their laws; her congresses deliberate it in the halls of the capitol; her barbeque orators, great and little, scream it amidst bowie knives and pistols; her newspapers keep it standing in their columns; her mobs yell it as they burn the houses of freemen, ride abolitionists on rails, in coats of tar and feathers, throw printing-presses into rivers, shoot schoolmasters before their eyes, and shake every man who utters a word for liberty, and shake every man who opens his eyes to the sufferings of his fellow-men, until they are ready to die for slavery, and yield whatever it demands, I verily believe disunion and civil war will come from the unbridled madness of the South, if she is permitted to make them come. It is our duty to prevent them from that quarter. How can we do it?

We can never cease opposing slavery until it ceases to exist. This the laws of Providence demand. It is to go. The sacred crusade having once begun, must go on to the end. The man who can scan the lessons of history, and then expect the agitating moral power of anti-slavery to withdraw from the field and extinguish itself, is no better than a fool. How, then, can we avert the rending catastrophe? There is but one way clean of blood. The free States must take the initiative of their guaranteed rights under the Constitution, and prevent the disruption of the Union in behalf of slavery, as President Jackson prevented South Carolina nullification. In the last general election, eleven hundred thousand votes were cast in the free States, twenty-nine hundred thousand in the slave States. Ought we not, then, to have the control of the national government? A slaveholder is unfit to fill any national representative office. Mr. Calhoun was made Vice-President of the United States, and made the check of every honorable man in his burn with shame, by flaring an atrocious eulogy of slavery in the eyes of the nations! The civilization of the age, and our own compromised moral sensibility, command us to cry, No slavery propagandist in any governmental place! Let the offices of the country, water, be filled with men who are pledged to the interests of freedom and righteousness, and they are now filled with men generally devoted to the interests of slavery and partizanship, and there will be no further danger of disunion. The gigantic of the slave power of the nation will no longer be propitiously to delude the consciences, and buy the principles of our aspirants. The South, ever eager for office, will grow considerate, allow the right of free men to be recognized, and will be induced to bring herself up to the standard of the rest of the country. And, perhaps, by soon obeying the voice of her brave Helper, and introducing the redemptive force of Northern institutions, she will quietly avert her impending crisis. Our last duty, therefore, in the free States, is, by the ballots of a majority of the population, to grasp the government, and administer it fairly in the interests of truth and humanity, and to secure to the slave the same rights, and the Union be safe.

The Southern party in the North brand themselves with infamy by the audacious cry they keep up about the disunionist and incendiary spirit of the free-soil voters. They profess to monopolize the civil virtues. All others hate their country and their fellow-men. Precisely the same inversion of the truth was made in the sad early days of our Religion. Nero, in his cruel and crazy frolic of fiddling, set Rome on fire, and then accused the Christians, who were his enemies. Tacitus says: 'They were convicted of this crime from hatred of the human race!' Nero and his pagans loved the human race! Christ and his followers hated the human race! Henry A. Wise and Franklin Pierce love justice, mercy, and mankind! Ralph Waldo Emerson and John G. Whittier love robbery and murder, and hate mankind!

Just, following Tacitus, so teaches the Boston Convention, that the habit of the party, and the journal is well known. I did not know that American patriotism consisted in brawling at corrupt causes, screwing fendishly for the flag, whether right or wrong, living on the public treasury, and threatening to deluge our streets and villages with fraternal blood rather than have that darling supply of salaried pap cut off. I thought patriotism sacrificed selfish interest, that its country might stand pure and honest, and that the patriot loved his country so well that he would keep his life clean and his tongue truthful, for his sake.

The slaveholders are steering the ship of state towards a reef. The freedom party wish to turn her into the safe channel. The slaveholders swear if he do, they will scuttle her. Their northern allies help them to keep her on her fatal course, crying, 'The republicans mean to sink the ship!' I desire her to be wrecked, but from her mast, to pilot, preserve her from the reef, and guide her to the haven. And these calculators know it perfectly well.

The falsely named Conservative party of the North is mainly responsible for the spasms of terror and rage which have recently shot through the South, the fear and hate which, at the apparition of twenty armed men, for forty days and forty nights kept a great State pale and blustering, a half ludicrous, and half pitiable spectacle. I dare have assured you that the South that this poor squad of heroic but misguided adventurers were supported by a large majority of the people of the North, animated by an irrepressible desire for their destruction. Dwelling, as the slaveholders do, in a magazine of explosive elements, no wonder they quake and are filled with rallying wrath when their pretended friends inform them that millions of the people of the free States, with numbers as intelligible, are forming an insurrection against the slave power, and are marching with flags and cannon. Did he not know, when he said it, that he was uttering a naked lie huge enough to split any other throat, and virulent enough to blister any other lips?

Listen! 'A part of the pulpit has set up among us a religion of hate, such as belongs only to the condemned devils in hell.' A band of drunken misers, and the black flag of the pirate, with the death and head fare and all have seized the commonwealth, and are about to blow her up, with all she contains.' All the political influences dominant here are founded on the single emotion of treacherous, ferocious, fendish hate of our fellow-citizens in the Southern States.' This is the soothing message which the Conservative whig, learning, respectability, and conscience of Massachusetts, in Faneuil Hall assembled, send out to the agitated half of the confederacy, through the immaculate mouth of Caleb Cushing. A more inflammatory slander was never uttered. A more inflammatory falsehood was never blown Southward. Caleb, Cushing, was ever the Presidency in this humor wood?

That meeting in Faneuil Hall was to be condemned because it accused the great majority of Northern voters of a treasonable purpose and a demoralized sentiment they do not harbor, and are known to harbor. The meeting was a loyal New England stands by their Fathers, the honor, the glory of England, and whenever confronted with her slave-breeding sisters, conscious of her innocence and good aims, she may proudly say to them, as noble Banquo said to the hags on the heath of Forres, 'I neither beg nor fear your favors nor respect.' That meeting in Faneuil Hall commands no respect, because, stripped of verbiage and disguise, it really expressed the feelings, sentiments, and moral, or dignified, or despotic, or arbitrary character, Mr. Greeley accounts as follows:—

'Gentlemen of the South, we are frightened, we will compromise principle for peace; put your feet on our necks!' Secondly, a little louder, it said, 'Gentlemen of the South, some of us are holders of office, others are candidates for office, and we want your votes; put your feet on our necks!' And, thirdly, with a voice like multitudinous waters, it said, 'Gentlemen of the South, we want your trade; give us money; please put your feet on our necks a little more!' Such selfish cynophany is simply loathsome.

Is not the foreign slave trade carried on by the South at this moment, with impunity, in defiance of the Constitution, in defiance of the civilized world, in defiance of decency, in defiance of God? Does a week pass in which some helpless traveller, pedlar, or piano-forte tuner, is not subjected to the cowardly and brutal violence of a Southern mob because he expressed the moral law, or because he has a few thousand dollars been set on William Lloyd Garrison by the State of Georgia these twenty-eight years past? Did not slaveholder Foote say to a New Hampshire Senator, in session of Congress, 'Visit my constituents, and we will gibbet you in the nearest tree? Did not the unhappy person who represented South Carolina try to murder a Massa-

chusetts Senator in his seat? Did not slaveholder Davis sit in the House of Representatives fourteen days ago?—Virginia has hung the traitor Brown, and if they get hold of Seward they will hang him?' The simple business of opposing slavery, the illustrious senator who ought to be the next President of the United States. Was not the reward of ten thousand dollars recently offered by responsible persons for the delivery of Joshua Giddings, in the city of Richmond, that a mob might tear and trample him? What have we ever done corresponding to these acts? Caleb Cushing, if we are animated by the single emotion of treacherous, ferocious, fendish hate, what, in Heaven's name, must they be animated by?

No, gentlemen of the South—thus would a Faneuil Hall meeting, expressing the genuine feeling of the Freedom Party, say—we do not hate you. We feel kindly towards you. We wish you all blessings. The anti-slavery sentiment is nourished by solemn convictions of conscience, allegiance to the welfare of the country, regard to the claims of mankind, and obedience to the will of God; and does not rest and feed on hatred, or malice, or any not that flattering union to your souls! When Virginia sent over the Union her appeal for the relief of pestilence-stricken Norfolk, while from all the other slave States she received only twelve thousand dollars, did we not send her forty-two thousand? You must discriminate the asserted malignity against yourselves, which we do not feel, from the wrong which we wish for slavery; an institution which sustains barbarism, and is a sure source of strife and danger, destroys the sanctity of the mail, adopts the Austrian passport system, and tends equally to degrade its victims into animals, and to inflame its lords into fiends. Opposed to the iniquities of your system, we wish you well.

We beseech you to refrain from those mobocratic acts, every one of which drives up to the heart, through the warm channels of our blood, more far-ther the power of the slave, and more far-ther the power of anti-slavery conviction than do ethical demonstrations would generate. Violence is a losing game for you, gentlemen! Sowing the wind of border-ruffianism in Kansas, did you not reap the whirlwind of John Brown at Harper's Ferry?—John Brown, the fifth lineal descendant of Peter Brown, who landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock two hundred and thirty-nine years ago today! You strangled him, but could not strangle the power of the lesson he taught, nor the ideal shape of splendor which rose from his gallows to hover over the historic continent forever. As friends, we tell you you had better desist from your guilty advocacy. We implore you to put aside the braggadocio attitude and the filibuster array by which you offend our moral sensibilities, and disgrace us before mankind. We ask you to cause yourselves to be represented in the national councils by your cultured and enlightened gentlemen, who will bring grammar in their brains and purity in their hearts, not by your vicious braggarts and fanatics, with butcher knives in their bosoms and revolvers in their pockets. We invite you to grant us our rights as the majority, and fraternally to co-operate with us in prudent measures prospective to emancipation. Do this, and all will be well. But if you obstinately refuse, remember we are stronger than you, are in the right, and shall no longer submit to be driven by you. That is the true voice of the free States. We hate not the slaveholders. We hate not the Union. But we do hate the sin which thrives in their shadow. And we say to them, 'For God's sake cease to nourish it! A French naturalist once saw, in the fastnesses of a mountain land, an enormous black serpent coiled at the foot of a cliff on whose summit was an eagle's nest, into which two of the serpent's young had crawled and destroyed the eggs. The eagle, suddenly returning, tore the intruders from his nest, during them, mangled away, and darted on the parent snake. The reptile twisted and struck at its assailant with its fangs. When the contest had continued for some time, the bruised and wearied snake sought to retreat into its hole; but the determined bird, planting himself before the entrance, guarded his body with one wing, while with the other he struck his enemy prostrate, and with a blow of his beak laid its head open—and the conflict was over. We say to you, beware lest by straying beyond your home, and attempting to thrust your offspring into the nest of Public Territory, to suck the unhatched eggs of freedom there, you provoke the assault of the aroused Genius of the Republic!

We are also bound to rescue the general government from the Slave-Power, by the claims of consistency, as well as to prevent the otherwise threatened power of the slave, the inalienable right of every man to the pursuit and enjoyment of the best property of existence is the basis on which our country properly stands. We flaunt this principle on our great charter, and have proclaimed it to the whole earth. And now to stand up in the face of mankind, and declare that we mean freedom and equality for ourselves, but abject bondage for those in our power, is conduct so flagrant, it is no wonder our moral indignation is neutralized, and our name a hissing. America is now represented before the world by that illustrious and noble man, the President of the United States, who has ordered two hundred manacled slaves to be hurled aboard in his fight, and beneath which were crowded five hundred more, had in his bosom a bowie-knife, bearing on one side the inscription, 'THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE'; ON THE OTHER SIDE, 'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU!' If it be not our duty to reverse all this, why then there is no duty. Let us pledge ourselves to discharge our duty. We can do it. We have nothing to give us distrust, either in Southern propagandists or Northern apologists. The allegiant East affiliating itself with the Middle States, and the generous North West, may put a stop to the fearful demoralization and political degeneracy of the country, and restore the nobler strain of the Fathers. Rescuing the administrative power of the land from its long perversion, and giving its policy and patronage to issues of righteousness and liberty, the President of the United States, can save the country and fulfil the hopes of mankind, showing that not even the most formidable league of falsehood and power can always avail to hide the omnipotence of justice, or to fetter the Truth as she moves through the world. With her hand to the sword and her banner unfurled, Friends, Citizens of the Free States! If we do our duty without flinching, civil strife, bloodshed and ruin will be forever averted. The national conscience will be thoroughly awakened, the public mind illuminated, the common heart touched. The brightening fires of truth and love will burn so intensely and so widely, that all fetters will melt, the collected corruption of ages consumed, the country agree with one consent to put her hands on the plow, and the splendid vision of a Republic realizing the logical consequences of the Declaration of Independence, will emerge on the gaze of the world. Swiftly the time will speed forward when the enjoyment of the prerogatives of humanity shall be the universal birthright, not the purchased privilege of a few. Then, as from the far-off and blackened peaks of the Pyrenees, the gathering generations, amid the meteor lights and crimson standards of war, will suddenly weapons in their hands, shout across the intervening chasm, 'With a great sin obtained us this freedom, from the green summits of the Present, the congregated multitudes, under the white flags of peace, and in the sweet smile of heaven, with implements of industry and symbols of plenty in their hands, shall cry, in glad and grateful response, 'But we were free-born.'

The Postmaster at Lynchburg, Va., having notified Mr. Greeley that he must stop sending copies of the Tribune to that place, on account of its 'incendiary' character, Mr. Greeley replies as follows:—

MR. POSTMASTER OF LYNCHBURG, VA.—SIR.—I take leave to assure you that I shall do nothing of the sort. The subscribers to the Tribune in Lynchburg have paid for their papers; we have taken their money, and shall fairly and fully earn it, according to contract. If they direct us to send their papers to some other post office, we shall obey the request; otherwise, we shall send them as originally contracted. If you or your masters choose to steal and destroy them, that is your affair at all events, not ours; and if there is no law in Virginia to punish the larceny, so much the worse for her, and our plundered subscribers. If the Federal Administration, whereof you are the tool, after monopolizing the business of mail carrying, sees fit to become the accomplice and patron of mail robbery, I suppose the outrage must be borne until more honest and upright men are called into the office. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, HORAEE GREELEY.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION.

The Anti-Slavery families who have so long made Boston the seat of this annual social occasion, gratefully renew their invitation to all the early friends of Freedom, and cordially extend it to the multitudes of new friends in every part of the land, whom the past year has made; earnestly entreating the satisfaction of their company at

The Liberator.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

REMEMBER THE TERMS. To our SUBSCRIBERS. Those of our subscribers who have not paid for the current year,—that is, from January 1st, 1859, to January 1st, 1860,—are reminded of the standing rule by which their papers will be discontinued after February 1st, 1860, unless payment for the same be previously sent in.

The Financial Committee, in calling attention to the above standing rule, would also ask every subscriber, for the sake of the cause, as well as for the sake of the paper, to do what in him lies to extend the circulation of the Liberator, at least to the extent of procuring each one an additional name for our list.

On Wednesday, January 25th. Soirée at 7 o'clock. The general arrangements for the day and evening the same as last year.

We, who now unite in this heartfelt invitation, are not of Northern origin exclusively; some are of the South, and some have been slaveholders. But all seeing clearly that the present must be a year of un-wanted moral exertion, if our country is to be carried successfully through the present hopeful crisis, unite in entreating our friends to meet us in this way at its opening, for mutual understanding and co-operation, counsel and encouragement, sympathy and congratulation. Never were the signs of the peaceful extinction of slavery so full and propitious to the eyes long trained to read them aright.

We shall shortly send special invitations to both the earlier and later friends. In the mean time, we entreat all who love their native land, and are beginning to feel deeply moved, to serve and save it, to consider the necessity of steady, long-sustained, unremitting exertion, such as we carry on, and to uphold it now by presence, if possible—at all events by letter and by sympathy. The names of such as have reasons for avoiding publicity will be sacredly kept, and our grateful expressions conveyed to them by private acknowledgment.

Let none who sympathize with us be absent because our special invitation may fail to reach them, for accident and omission, however carefully guarded against, are almost unavoidable in issuing invitations on so large a scale; and the occasion is one that will, we trust, bring to our acquaintance many now unknown to us, whose co-operation will be most valuable.

We entreat any whose love of the cause induces them to hesitate about making what they account a small subscription, to remember that the largest sum is small in comparison with the grandeur of the Cause, the smallest may be the expression of high feeling, high thinking, and self-sacrifice.

- MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, MARY MAX, LOUISA LORING, ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, L. MARIA CHILD, HENRIETTA SARGENT, ANNE WARREN WESTON, MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, CAROLINE WESTON, SARAH P. REMOND, MARY WILLEY, SARAH BLAKE SHAW, SUSAN C. CABOT, ELIZA ANDREW, SARAH P. ATKINSON, LYDIA D. PARKER, ELIZA F. EDDY, ABBY FRANCIS, SARAH RUSSELL MAX, ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, EVELINA A. S. SMITH, ANN REBECCA DRAMHALL, AUGUSTA G. KING, ELIZABETH VON ARNIM, ANNA SHAW GREENE, ELIZA APHORTH, MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT, MATTIE GRIFFITH, ANNE LANGDON ALGER, MARY E. STEARNS.

VICTOR HUGO ON JOHN BROWN.

The following eloquent and impressive letter to the Editor of the London News, from the distinguished French poet, patriot, and exile for Liberty's sake, Victor Hugo, will be read by millions with thrilling emotions. All honor to the man!

To the Editor of the London News. Six.—When one thinks of the United States of America, a majestic figure rises to the mind—Washington. Now, in that country of Washington, see what is going on at this hour!

There are slaves in the Southern States, a fact which strikes with indignation as the most monstrous of contradictions, the reasonable and freer conscience of the Northern States. These slaves, these negroes, a white man, a free man, one John Brown, wanted to deliver. Certainly, if insurrection be ever a sacred duty, it is against slavery. Brown wished to begin the good work by the deliverance of the slaves in Virginia. Being a Puritan, a religious and austere man, and full of the gospel, he cried aloud to these men—his brothers—the cry of emancipation, 'Christ has set us free!' The slaves, enervated by slavery, made no response to his appeal—slavery makes deafness in the soul. Brown, finding himself abandoned, fought with a handful of heroic men; he struggled; he fell riddled with bullets; his two young sons, martyrs of a holy cause, dead at his side. This is what is called the Harper's Ferry affair.

John Brown, taken prisoner, has just been tried with four of his fellows—Stephens, Coppie, Green and Copeland. What sort of trial it was, a word will tell. Brown, stretched upon a truckle bed, with six half-closed wounds—a gun-shot wound in his arm, one in his loins, two in the chest, two in the head—almost bereft of hearing, bleeding through his mattress, the spirits of his two dead sons attending him; his four fellow-prisoners crawling around him; Stephens with four sabre wounds; 'justice' in a hurry to have done with the case; an attorney, Hunter, demanding that it be despatched with sharp speed; a judge, Parker, assenting; the defence cut short; scarcely any delay allowed; forged or garbled documents put in evidence; the witnesses for the prisoner shut out; the defence clogged; two guns loaded with grape brought into the court, with an order to the jailers to shoot the prisoners in case an attempt at rescue; forty minutes' deliberation; three sentences to death. I affirm, on my honor, that all this took place, not in Turkey, but in America.

Such things are not done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of mankind is an ever-watchful eye. Let the Judge of Charleston, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slaves holding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia ponder it well; they are seen! They are not alone fixed on America. John Brown, condemned to die, was to have been hanged on the 2d of December—this very day. But news has this instant reached us. A respite is granted him. It is not until the 16th that he is to die. The interval is short. Has a cry of mercy time to make itself heard? No matter. It is a duty to lift up the voice. Perhaps a second respite may be granted. America is a noble land. The sentiment of humanity is soon quickened among a free people. Woe that John Brown may be saved. If it were otherwise, if Brown should die on the scaffold on the 16th of December, what a terrible calamity!

The executioner of Brown, let us avow it openly (for the day of the kings is past, and the day of the people dawns, and to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth)—the executioner of Brown would be neither the Attorney Hunter, nor the Judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, we say it, and we think it with a shudder, the whole American republic.

The more one loves the republic, the more one admires the more one reveres the republic, the more heart-breakingly one feels at such a catastrophe. A single State ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case federal intervention is a clear right. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes an accomplice. No matter how intense be the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States associate them with the disgrace of this murder. All of us, whoever we may be,—for whom the democratic cause is a common country—feel ourselves in a manner compromised and hurt. If the scaffold should be erected on the 16th of December, the inextinguishable voices of history would thenceforward testify that the august confederation of the New World had added to all its ties of holy brotherhood a brotherhood of blood, and the faces of that splendid republic would be bound together with the running noose that hung from the gibbet of Brown.

This is a bond that kills. When we reflect on what John Brown, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American republic, the crime assumes the proportions of the nation which commits it; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is a glory of the human race; that—like France, like England, like Germany—she is one of the organs of civilization; that she sometimes even out-marches Europe by the sublime audacity of her progress; that she is the queen of an entire world; and that she bears on her brow an immense light of freedom; we affirm that John Brown will not die, for we recall, honor-struck, from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

In a political light, the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would penetrate the Union with a secret

PARKER PILLSBURY IN ILLINOIS.

Dear Mr. Garrison:—As our beloved friend, Parker Pillsbury, seldom reports his own labors, through the Liberator, nor indeed elsewhere, so far as I know, I have felt it a duty (until now neglected) incumbent upon myself to give you some account of his visit and labors in this place in October last, on his return from Dunleith, Wisconsin, where he had been to see some of his family connections. I need not say that it was an occasion, with us, as rare as unexpected; and that especially me and my house have never enjoyed a more 'blessed season' than during his three days' sojourn among us. The pleasure and benefit of friend P's rare social and conversational qualities by the fireside, were especially enjoyed by those conferred by his three transcendent intellectual and oratorical efforts before the public. To those acquainted with Parker Pillsbury, it will not seem like exaggeration to say, that before an audience under favorable circumstances in his greatest moments, he has no parallel except himself. It is only men of decided genius, whose intellectual range is so wide, and at the same time so minute, who in speaking extemporaneously many times in succession upon the same theme, do not find it impossible to avoid frequently repeating the same thoughts, as well as the same illustrations and figures of speech. And I am well aware that it is bestowing the highest praise, when I say that Mr. Pillsbury rarely, if ever, repeats a thought in the same dress. I have listened to his speeches every day for weeks together, and have been astonished to hear, in every successive effort, a fresh speech, and could scarcely have been more interested and benefited in listening to a succession of new speakers of the first class. And what is more, as it is necessary to the highest success, in extemporaneous speaking, is that what Mr. P. says, the thoughts as well as the illustrations seem to be quite as new and deeply interesting to himself, as to his audience; which could not be the case if he worked up old speeches into new ones. Mr. P. is always in earnest; what he says comes from his heart, and is sure to reach the hearts of his listeners. He is unlike any of his contemporaries in his style of oratory, as well as in his method of treating his subject. He never arranges a speech beforehand, never depends in the least upon artificialities, or studied contrivances of speech; never introduces anything which smells of learning, but always speaks wholly extempore; and yet never appears to lack a fresh and an appropriate illustration, either imaginative, classical, or scientific. Mr. P. is not an amusing speaker. He does not amuse, but deeply interests his audience, and stirs up the depths of the feelings and conscience, and awakens and arouses the utmost powers of the intellect and the imagination; and by his ability and faithfulness, calls out the fiercest opposition to, or the most earnest endorsement of, his views. He is sometimes, perhaps often, charged with being harsh and uncharitable, but such charges are false, and are made by those who misunderstand or intentionally misrepresent him. No man living is more mild and genial in spirit, or more fair and candid in argument, than he. It is not because he does not, but because he does, speak the truth with effect that he meets with opposition, and is misunderstood. All good great men, from Jesus to John Brown, have been misunderstood, and of necessity will continue to be misunderstood, whenever they appear on the stage. Men understand and generally applaud only what is on the plane, or below the plane they occupy themselves, but misunderstand and generally denounce what is above and superior to themselves. But I did not want my pen to draw a portrait of friend Pillsbury, which others have often done, and can do with far more skill than I can, and doubtless much more satisfactorily to himself and the public. Therefore I will stop short, whatever I have already done or left undone. Friend P. spoke three times in Evanville, on three successive evenings, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. As every body knew him, by reputation at least, every body went to hear him, if from no other motive, out of mere curiosity. Mr. Pillsbury never can have done more honor to himself as an anti-slavery orator than he did on these occasions. Each lecture was complete in one volume, as the publishers say, embracing the whole field of Anti-Slavery reform. I have never listened to three able or more effective anti-slavery efforts, and I do not expect soon to do so again. Freedom of discussion was invited, if any one felt disposed to correct or controvert any statement or position of the speaker. The last evening, a pious Presbyterian red-haired Dutch school-master entered the lists, backed by a renegade Methodist minister, who, I have heard it said, divides his time between preaching, horse-stealing, and hunting 'niggers.' The school-master said he agreed generally with Mr. P., but thought it very improper to use such language as 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' which he said he was confident had a vulgar origin. Mr. P. enlightened him as to the origin of the 'vulgar sentence' referred to, much to the mortification of the audience, and the discomfiture of the well red, but awful green' knight of the female. The preacher, &c., made a great fuss about Mr. P.'s 'abuse of Scripture,' as he called it. Mr. P. inquired if he had said anything at all of Washington, except that he signed the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793? It was admitted that he had not; but then the noisy fellow went on a long time to make 'much ado about nothing,' greatly to the amusement of Mr. P., as well as of his audience, which, it being late, dispersed while the poor man was in the very belly of his inflated harangue. Yesterday, Dec. 24, was observed in all the principal cities of Northern Illinois and Wisconsin by appropriate services, such as prayer-meetings, speaking, the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, &c. Never yet in this country, has the public heart been so generally and so deeply moved as by sympathy for John Brown. Never was there such an anti-slavery revival as now. Never have words been spoken so eloquent, so laden with power, in the slave's behalf, as those which have come from the martyr John Brown; and never before has an anti-slavery lecturer had such an audience! John Brown has multiplied himself ten thousand fold by his glorious death! The feeling produced throughout the West by the noble deeds, noble words and noblest death of John Brown, is strikingly akin to that which was produced throughout England by the perfidious attempt of Charles to impeach Hampden, Pym and Hollis before the House of Lords, which speedily resulted in bringing the head of the tyrant to the block, and in placing Cromwell virtually upon the throne. A desire is expressed on every hand to avenge the death of this noble martyr to liberty. Burning words of denunciation are muttered by laborers and mechanics, who take no general interest in public affairs. Cool, conservative Democrats are willing 'to join an army to wipe out slavery, or die in the attempt.' What outward substantial form this universal sympathy for John Brown will take, it is impossible to predict with certainty. But one thing is certain from all history, that when the great mass of common humanity 'begin to growl and howl,' woe to the tyrants who have roused their vengeance! A. J. GROVER.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Peterboro', (N. Y.) Dec. 11, 1859. MR. GARRISON:— On looking over the Liberator of the last week, I saw an article, copied from the Boston Post, containing the following most terrible threat, that 'the Democrats of New England intend to live under the Constitution, maintain this Union, and protect Southern rights and Southern men; and they will do it, if need be, with arms in their hands!' Well, we are not much scared yet. Did the warlike editor of the Post ever happen to think this arming and fighting was a game that two could play at? Of this, however, I think he and his compeers, North and South, may be assured—that among the freemen of the North, the child's play is over! and they must not dream that the abolitionists of the future are to be the patient, long-forbearing creatures of the past. The lesson these bragadoos should have learned years ago must be taught them now. The abolitionists ought, years ago, to have done what events now oblige them to do, viz: arm themselves fully, and resist any and every attack upon their rights. Had they done this years ago, when their meetings were broken up, and their halls and homes burned, one half of the outrages they have suffered would have been avoided, and the insolence of the Slave Power, North and South, would never have reached its present gigantic proportions. Two thousand armed Virginians stood aghast at John Brown and his seventeen brave men, the long day through, at Harper's Ferry; but twenty-five hundred men, thoroughly armed with artillery and cavalry, after days and nights of trepidation, succeeded in murdering the chained old man on the gallows! This is courage for you! Aint you scared now, O abolitionists! The fact is, the Slave Power, North and South, is cowardly. Brooks did not dare to assault Sumner until he knew he was unarmed, and then not till Wilson and others had left the hall, and even then he did not till he knew that Keith, with pistol in hand, was at his elbow; and we all remember how he backed out when the brave little Burlingame, God bless him! gave him a warm invitation to a little rifle practice in Canada. Moreover, so far as I know, not a single poor fugitive slave has yet been taken under the Fugitive Slave Act who was known to be armed, and ready to use his weapons!—and since the fugitive slave learned George such that beautiful lesson at Christina, Pa., slave-hunting has been considered rather a risky business. Why, after Knight and Hughes obtained their writ for the arrest of the Crafts, the United States marshal, with fear and trembling, refused to serve it. No threats or persuasions could induce him to visit the house of Lewis Hayden, who so nobly sheltered the fugitives. Why? Because he knew that Crafts and his friends were all armed, and would, beyond doubt, defend themselves. He knew that the road to hell lay over Lewis Hayden's threshold; and the cost to him would be rather more than the Slave Power would be ready to make up to him; and so the Crafts remained quietly, and when they got ready, they went to England. Twenty-five years ago or more, Gerrit Smith and his friends had their meeting broken up, and were driven out of Utica by a fierce mob. They adjourned to Peterboro', and the mob threatened to follow; but in an hour or two after the news of the violence reached Peterboro', sixty good men, well armed and ready for action, stood in line on Peterboro' Green, (they would come in thousands now,) but they did not come, not they! Men will blow for slavery, will lie for slavery, will creep in the dust and lick the spittle from the feet of the slaveholder, for office and emolument; but after twenty-five years of close observation, I have never yet seen the man who was willing to die for slavery! For, after that little event takes place, all chance for wealth and office is supposed to cease; and there is 'a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation,' which is not a pleasant prospect generally to professed politicians and supporters of human slavery. For these reasons, we may not feel a great deal of alarm at the belligerent demonstrations of the Post, and the poor trembling slaveholders should not put much confidence in the declaration of their Northern friends of their readiness to 'fight for slavery.' The very selfishness which makes the Democrat of the North the pimp of the Slave Power, simply for what he can make out of it, will ever induce him to keep his precious carcass out of the way of a rifle ball. The slaveholders of the entire South are in great alarm; they certainly do not at all exaggerate the causes of alarm. These are but the first drops of the storm—their first draught from that 'cup of trembling' which God always presents to the lips of the oppressor. Let them drain it to the dregs! It must be fun alive to you in Boston to see the gathering of the fossils in Faneuil Hall, 'to stop the agitation.' I expect to see the story 'trilobites' of the lower strata wag their stony old tails yet! Has Everett forgotten how he failed, years ago, to get the Legislature of Massachusetts to indict some of you agitators for talking about slavery? Cannot even a fossil learn by experience? Look back, good editor of the Boston Post, look back through your files, and see the amount of ink and venom you have in past years wasted, yes, absolutely wasted, on Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and the Anti-Slavery Cause, and don't try it any more. And the Faneuil Hall meeting! We remember the Faneuil Hall meeting, more than twenty-five years ago, when Lovejoy died at Alton, when Austin, the Attorney General, said, 'Lovejoy died as the fool dieh,' and when the youthful Phillips, in that hour of darkness, sprang upon the platform, and bade 'the pictured lips of the heroes above him break their silence, and rebuke the recreant American!' He called upon the earth to 'yawn and swallow him!' The Slave Power in Boston never yet recovered the blow that fair-haired, brave young man gave it on that night. To-day he is ripe and strong, and perfectly imbedded in the hearts not only of the people of Massachusetts, but of all the Free States, and a nation pauses to listen when he speaks. Will the denunciations of the Post or the Union-savers at Faneuil Hall harm him now? If they could, they could not. And the agitation? If they could not stop it a quarter of a century ago, can they hope to quell it now? Then, only a few thunder-clouds loomed along the horizon; now, the storm is up, and the heavens are black with clouds! Can they dissipate the tempest by Union-saving resolutions, or threats of fighting, &c.? The storm now up will never abate till slavery is in the dust! So let the last great struggle come, and God defend the Right! Yours, truly, G. W. P.

THE END APPROACHING.

DEAR GARRISON:— Your work will soon be done; your life-labor is near its consummation. Virginia has done a deed that has but one parallel in the world's history. The sacrifice of John Brown is a striking reproduction of the tragedy on Calvary, by which the name of Jew became a loathing and hissing among all nations unto this day. VIRGINIAN! God be thanked I am not a Virginian! The Calvary sacrifice sealed the doom of a nation older, stronger and wiser than the 'mother of Presidents.' If like causes produce like effects, the end of the Charleston butchery is not yet. Eighteen hundred years of civilization and Christianity have brought us back to Pilate's judgment hall, with all the mockery of trial—Wise with his men of war, and the maniac multitude clamorously thirsting for the victim's blood,—all has been most vividly re-enacted in the martyrdom of Brown. The pen of history has recorded both transactions, and the one is as imperishable as the other. 'His blood be upon us and upon our children,' cried the Jew; 'His blood be upon us and on our children,' responds Virginia. The prayer of the Jew has been answered; now let the Slave Power read, and, if possible, understand. We can hardly be reconciled to the fact, that we are living in the nineteenth century of the Christian religion. Vinet, an able Christian writer, says, 'Even now, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, we may be involved in some enormous error, of which the Christianity of the future will make us ashamed.' The second of December shows clearly that we are involved in some enormous error, or scenes so full and running over with devilry we cannot perceive. I cannot find half the mitigating circumstances for Virginia that can be found for Jerusalem. The Jew acted under the profound conviction that the worship of the true God was at stake. Virginia had no such conviction, but feared lest the black hell of nameless atrocities should be thrown open, and the imprisoned and tortured escape. It will be hardly worth while to call upon the D.D.'s of this sin-fostering and man-killing religion to review and reverse their creeds. As well might Peter at a John have called upon the Sanhedrim to retrace their greater crime, Moses and the prophets. They would have been answered with curses and with curses.—Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us? Nay, gentlemen, we do not presume to teach you; we have not lost our common sense so far as to engage in a task so hopeless. We do not expect the Ethiopian to change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. We still say this, however—the martyrdom of John Brown would never have been recorded had Christianity been the religion of the country. Every precept within the lids of the New Testament forbids the act, yet ye knowingly suffered in silence the consummation of that foul deed of darkness and blood. Ye suffered sin upon your brother—the slaveholder—by allowing him, without a word of warning, to bring blood-guiltiness upon his soul. For all this, you must give an account to the coming ages. What if we do not approve the overt act of John Brown—does the Christian religion require that one wrong should be met by a much greater wrong?—Here and there, we now hear a few notes of clerical disapprobation; but it is the long silent man in the heart that speaks, not the priest—it is the voice of nature, struggling to free itself from the meshes of a false theology—a religion, stupid and barbarous. I would not waste a single penful of ink in discussing the merits of a religion that tolerates in silence the horrible system of American Slavery. We dispose of the whole subject in a single sentence.—It is earthly, sensual, devilish. I come, therefore, to the conclusion, that the less any man has to do with such a religion, the better. Humanity has little to hope from God; and the sooner it takes its place among those who go down to the sides of the pit, the sooner will the world breathe freely. I speak of a slaveholding and man-killing religion—not of the Bible, nor the principles it teaches. Were the book allowed to utter its voice, it would honor its author, and cover the evildoer with eternal shame and confusion of face. It is astonishing how far theologians—from the days of Origen down—have succeeded in blotting out the common sense of mankind, and fastening on the mind the most monstrous notions respecting the Almighty, making Him a prominent party to the blackest crimes. There is something so shocking in this, that the mind sickens at the thought, and turns away in utter loathing from the whole system. We are in great danger of becoming Atheists, in head and heart, when we are told by the sober and sanctified, that Slavery exists by the appointment of God, for some good and wise purpose, and that we sin when we interfere with his decrees. If all the men that ever wore a black coat and white neck-tie should tell me it is of God, I should reply, in the language of John Brown to the slaveholding minister, 'I worship a different God from yours.' Theologians have yet to present that an age of restitution is to follow the present, though the fact is, to follow the wrong-doer must restore us to the utmost farthing, or perish forever from a Universe that he has dishonored and polluted. But theology has found a panacea for the troubled-conscience, by transferring guilt to the account of the innocent. I should not be at all surprised if some Solon should yet discover that John Brown died for the sins of the slaveholder. He certainly died on account of their guilt. Their sins made him a curse; 'for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree.' But for the sins of slaveholders, John Brown would never have died a malefactor's death. He died that they might live, and they may truthfully say, 'By his death we are saved.' It is the salvation of a respite—would to God they might understand! Almost every passage applied to Christ, as suffering death for the sins of others, may be truthfully applied to John Brown. 'Would it be anything wonderful, then, if, after fifty years, we should find Brown churches all over the South? The colored race can say at this moment, 'He died for us'—and soon they may add, 'By his stripes we are healed.' I have said that your work is nearly done. God grant that, in joy and peace, you may live long to rejoice over the fruit of your self-sacrificing labors! I may say something hereafter of the 'enormous error' contained in our present type of Christianity. Yours for the truth, DRUMGOOL.

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENT.

Whereas, we the oppressed portion of this community, many of whom have worn the galling chain, and felt the smarting lash of slavery, and know by sad experience its brutalizing effects upon both the body and the mind, and its damning influence upon the soul of its victim; and, Whereas, we, by the help of Almighty God, have been enabled to make our escape from the prison-house of slavery, and partially to obtain our liberty; and having become personally acquainted with the life and character of our much beloved and highly esteemed friend, Captain John Brown, and his band of valiant men, who, at Harper's Ferry, on the 16th day of October, 1859, demonstrated to the world his sympathy with and fidelity to the cause of the suffering slaves of this country, by bearing the Hydra-headed monster in its den, freely delivering up his life, to-day, as a ransom for our enslaved race; therefore, be it Resolved, That we hold the names of Captain John Brown in the most sacred remembrance, as the first disinterested martyr who, upon the true Christian principles of his divine Lord and Master, has freely delivered up his life for the liberty of our race in this country. Therefore will we ever revere his character, and regard his temporal redeemer whose name shall never die. Resolved, That as the long lost rights and liberties of an oppressed people are only gained in proportion as they act in their own cause; therefore are we now loudly called upon to arouse to our own interest, and to concentrate our efforts in keeping the Old Brown Liberty Ball in motion; and thereby continue to kindle the fires of liberty upon the altar of every determined heart among us. Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family of Captain John Brown in their sad bereavement, and pledge to them that they shall ever be held by us as our special friends, in whose welfare we hope ever to manifest a deep interest. After the reading of the Declaration, the 'Marseilles Hymn' was sung, with soul-stirring effect. Able and eloquent speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Anderson, Green, Webb, and John D. Richards. After a general expression upon the Declaration, it was Resolved, That the several colored churches be dressed in mourning for thirty days, and that an appointment be made for the preaching of the funeral sermon of our much beloved friend, John Brown, within that time. Rev. Mr. Webb, from the finance committee, reported that the League had twenty-five dollars on hand, ready to send to Mrs. Brown, which would be forwarded to her. On motion, it was Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be presented to the city papers for publication, and that copies be sent to the several Anti-Slavery papers throughout the country, requesting them to publish the same. Adjourned to meet on Friday evening, the 16th inst., the choir singing the patriotic song—'On, to battle—we fear no foe'—&c. G. HANNIBAL PARKER, Pres. O. C. J. B. L. L. WILLIAM LAMBERT, Car. P. A. C.

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN DAPOWAN COUNTY.

His rescue by the Missouri. Our usually quiet city was thrown into a state of intense excitement on Wednesday evening last. A Mr. Peter Durand, hailing from Alabama, made his appearance in this place about ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and took rooms at the Bates House. During the afternoon he walked down to the river, and returned back again about five o'clock, having in charge William Phillips, a colored man, otherwise known as nigger Bill, and who, it is contended, has resided at Sergeant's Bluffs—a town directly opposite here on the Iowa side of the river—for nearly three years past. Durand claimed that the negro was his property, having escaped from him little more than a year ago; and having the proper papers obtained the assistance of Deputy Marshal Crookwell, in effecting his arrest. The negro at the time he was taken was on a sand-bar in the river, in company with Captain Hollman, engaged in procuring a load of drift-wood. The Marshal brought the negro to the Bates House, and was strenuously urged by Durand to proceed directly to Omaha. To this the Marshal would not assent; nor would the citizens allow the negro to go one step further until an examination into the matter was had. The negro obtained the services of Judge Lockwood. Some hours were running here and there, trying to bring up the friends of liberty, and adjuring them, by all they held sacred, to resist any attempt to remove the negro, even to the bitter end. But the citizens promptly frowned down all demonstrations of mob violence. Quiet apparently was restored to the place, when an armed mob, from Sergeant's Bluffs, came within about eight o'clock in the evening, and this was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the first intimation our citizens had of their presence was a formal demand for the negro. After consulting together for a few moments, they announced themselves willing to abide the result of an examination, and to 'let the law have its course,' but insisted that the trial should take place immediately. Durand felt confident of establishing his claim to the negro, and believing they would offer no serious obstructions to a fair investigation, consented to the arrangement. When all things were ready, the Marshal, in whose charge the negro remained, started with Bill for the Commissioner's office. He had hardly reached the open air when he was seized by a number of stalwart fellows, and the negro torn from his grasp by force. The latter then started for the river, through the darkness, on a keen run.—Dapowan (Nebraska) Herald of Dec. 17th.

THE TABLES TURNED.

OSAWATOMIE, KANSAS, Dec. 15th, 1859. Editors of the Missouri Democrat:— Report of a reliable character, says that a man named Bell, living on Mulberry Creek, in Bates county, Missouri, stated he had lost a negro, and had heard of him near Osawatomie, in Kansas. He employed a Mr. Bennett to start with Bill for the Commissioner's office. He had hardly reached the open air when he was seized by a number of stalwart fellows, and the negro torn from his grasp by force. The latter then started for the river, through the darkness, on a keen run.—Dapowan (Nebraska) Herald of Dec. 17th.

FOURTEEN SLAVES.—Mr. Grover, on the 13th, introduced into the Legislature of Kentucky a resolution instructing the Representatives and Senators from that State in Congress, to urge upon the treaty-making power of the Government the necessity of inserting in the treaty of 1842 a provision making the rendition of fugitives from Kentucky a binding upon Great Britain with that of those from justice. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

A severe accident occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Galitzien, Va., on Thursday, which resulted in the death of Edward Kelly and Bernard Blake. They were walking on the track, and were struck by a passing train. The remains of both were so shockingly mutilated, that it was impossible to say to which the different fragments belonged, and they were consequently placed together in a coffin prepared for the purpose. Among the signers for the Union meeting to be held in Haverhill—which is understood to be a bid for the Southern shoe trade—is the name of the man who presided at a meeting in the same town to raise funds for John Brown's family. It is stated that under the late decision of Postmaster General Holt, Mr. Jesse Thorne, Postmaster at New-Market, Middlesex County, Va., is prohibited from distributing abolition tracts, and especially Helder's *Pending Crisis*, shall not be delivered from his office. The Legislature of Virginia, by a joint resolution, has accepted the flag presented to that Commonwealth by the citizens of Philadelphia, receiving it as a renewal of the evidence of its heroic donors' devoted patriotism. Bartholomew Conner was killed on Saturday night, in Bergen cut, New Jersey, by being run over by a train of cars. He attempted to cross the track in front of the train. FREE NEGROES IN TENNESSEE. Hon. John C. Catron has written to the Nashville *Union and Courier* a letter, protesting earnestly against the proposed legislation of Tennessee, to exclude free negroes from that State. Judge Catron, it will be remembered, is one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. A bill is before the Minnesota Legislature, the object of which is to prevent the immigration and settlement of free negroes in that State. Also, reasons condemning the Harper's Ferry conspiracy, and their attempt to incite servile insurrection, and affirming allegiance to the Constitution and the Union. The Richmond *Whig* says:— 'If Virginia and the South can't be saved, without being Democratically saved, they both may be damned to all eternity, so far as we and the Southern Opposition generally are concerned.' Among the acts passed by the Legislature of Georgia, which adjourned the 16th inst., was one to prohibit the post mortem manumission of slaves, and another to abolish the public execution of criminals. It has been decided, by the Republican National Committee, that their party's National Convention shall meet on the 13th of June, 1860, at Chicago. CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 2. A meeting was held here to-night in commemoration of the execution of John Brown. Over 6000 people were present. Able addresses were made by D. R. Tilden, R. P. Spalding, C. H. Langston, A. G. Riddle, and Reverend Messrs. J. C. White, W. H. Brewster, Crooks and H. V. Tooley. Joyous resolutions were adopted, and the hall was dressed in mourning.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alternative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Pare Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish its cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:— SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUBERCLES, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, STYLLIAS AND STYLLIAC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOULOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPERSIA AND INDURATION, LAMENESS, RASH, RHEUMATISM, GONORRHOEA, AND THE WHOLE CLASS OF COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD. This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the poisons which have gathered in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them, many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system wastes and strives to rid itself of corruption, if not cured, do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is impure, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this purgative of life disorders, there can be no wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown. Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of this kind, partly because they are not all the virtues that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else. During late years the public has been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, and the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. As we think we have grounds for believing it has virtues which are irretrievable by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle. PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS. Price, 25 cents per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$1.50.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. It has been used in constant and successful use, and we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR THE CURE OF Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Piles, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Eruptions, and all the various Complaints, Liver, Gall, and Biliary Disorders, Worms, Gonorrhoea, Neuralgia, and all the various Purifying the Blood. They are agreeable, and they are the best in the world for all the purposes of a family physic. Price, 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for \$1.00. Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these pills, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC, in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure. Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which make no pretense of curing. Demand Ayer's, and take no other. Stick with the best all there is for them, and they should have it. All our Remedies are for sale by THEODORE METCALF & CO., BOSTON, BREWER, STEVENS & CUSHING, BOSTON. BROWN & PRICE, Salem; H. H. HAY, Portland; J. N. MORTON & CO., Concord, N. H. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine every where. May 7.

'JOHN BROWN' IS DEAD!

'He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle.' The rope with which Virginia strangled the old man to death was the result of slave labor. Slavery has at last put its iron grip upon the throat of Liberty. The Vulture and Eagle have met. The Eagle fell, but amid the stormy splendor, soared again to gaze upon the Morning Star of Liberty in a world of peace, where the monarch merchant and mendicant slaves are equal before the throne of God, and the stripes of tyrant cease. The 'gallows' of noble and patriotic Virginia has done its barbarous work, but the great principle written by Nature on the heart of John Brown will survive the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.' His name will echo in every slave-hovel in the more than arctic midnight confines of Slavery, and the motive of his action will illumine every heart like the blaze of a million beacons. While the hearts of Virginia as coward soldiers quaked with fear, he smiled on their 'bristling steel,' and bore their gibes and jeers with heroic fortitude. His thoughts are 'thoughts that breathe,' and his 'words will burn' in the breast of all honest men, when the ashes of the soldier's camp-fires shall be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and those who built them forgotten; for 'Man cannot hide what God will reveal.' The oppressor for every broken law will feel the retributive power of insulted justice. 'The vote that shakes the turrets of the land, The freemen will cast with unparaphed hand, and that which to-day is denounced as criminal before the law, will be the Golden Rule of life; and the 'sad music of humanity' will cease, and our country be the 'Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.' In defence of Liberty, four millions of slaves will fill the rank and file, and redress the accumulated infamy which ages have heaped upon their forefathers. It will be no 'tea-party sizzle,' or Harper's Ferry bubble; it will be the indomitable spirit of John Brown's will before them, like a 'pillar of fire by night,' and light them to the proud eyrie where the eagle now dreams in her nest. One scream from her now strangled throat, and every slave would be a tiger in his den, thirsting for blood, and the 'pound of flesh' alone would cancel the deep damning wrong they seek to renege. The North would have no voice in this; it would be the oppressor and the oppressed; and the beauties of 'disunion' would be seen and felt, and the South be heard to exclaim, 'God save the United States of America!' not the institution of Slavery. John Brown failed for the hour, but success will grow out of the rashness of his act. The South have sown the seeds of discord broad-cast among the slaves; who see 'how the wind will reap the whirlwind'; the wrath of God will overtake the wicked, and the 'Green Bay Tree' will flourish, when they shall have all fallen, and gone down to their dishonored resting place. S. E.

JOHN BROWN.

Martyrdom was not the creation or the making of the character of John Brown of Pottowottomie memory, more especially of Harper's Ferry note. It was but the blossom of a life intent upon the liberation of those that are in bondage. The scaffold was the place of ascension of a brave, truthful, liberty-loving old man. His madness against oppression drove him rashly upon it. His execution was the Virginia stamp—her seal of his enmity to her cherished institution, robbery of human freedom. The scaffold has raised and elevated his memory to the notice of the humane world. In the most obscure and hidden places, however distant, men of reflection and feeling, love and hope, will visit in thought this scene of scenes, and dwell much upon it. His death was a two-fold birth—the one immortal, into the world of light, the eternal abode of the spirit; the other, the spirit of his life, the essence of his actions, his historical nature, into the hearts of philanthropists the world over, where it will be cradled and cherished from generation to generation, far away down the stream of time. We behold his image of kindness and compassion, of truth and firmness, overhanging old Virginia, that never tires in steps of oppression, a bright and shining contrast to the Virginian character of oppression and despotism. Whenever the memory of this brave old spirit is excited within us, we shall see the dark outlines of Virginian character, policy and laws, her institution of oppression of a poor and weak race of God's people in its acutest. May this awaken old Virginia to a sense of human rights, to progress, to her own higher interests, to a higher destiny! P. P. P.

EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

Demonstration of the Colored Citizens of Detroit, Michigan, in favor of Captain John Brown, on Friday evening, Dec. 24, 1859. Pursuant to previous notice, a densely crowded meeting of colored citizens convened at the Second Baptist Church, Chroam Street. The meeting was called to order by Wm. Lambert, who briefly referred to the solemn event of the day as the cause of the meeting. He then introduced the evening's exercises, according to the following programme:—Prayer by Rev. Wm. Webb; reading IX. Psalm by Rev. A. R. Green; music—Ode to Captain John Brown, by Prof. Martin and Thompson; religious and anti-slavery character of Brown, by Rev. Messrs. Anderson and Green; music—'Daughter of Zion'—by Liberty Songsters; Brown's Christian fortitude, by Rev. Wm. Webb; music—'Might speak the right'—by the Liberty songsters. The religious exercises now being over, Mr. George H. Parker, President of the Old Captain John Brown Liberty League, took the chair. The meeting then assumed a more deliberative and revolutionary character; whereupon Wm. Lambert presented and read the following Declaration of Sentiment and resolves, which were enthusiastically received:—

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

PROTEST BY DR. HARRIOT K. HUNT. To FREDERICK U. TRACY, Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other authorities of the city of Boston, and the citizens generally:— Your remonstrant, in the compulsory payment of her taxes for the current year, protests with increased earnestness against the infringement of that article of the Constitution which declares that there shall be no taxation without representation.

HARRIOT K. HUNT.

Boston, Forefathers' Day, 22d Dec., 1859.

