

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXV. NO. 10.

SELECTIONS.

THE USURPATIONS OF SLAVERY.

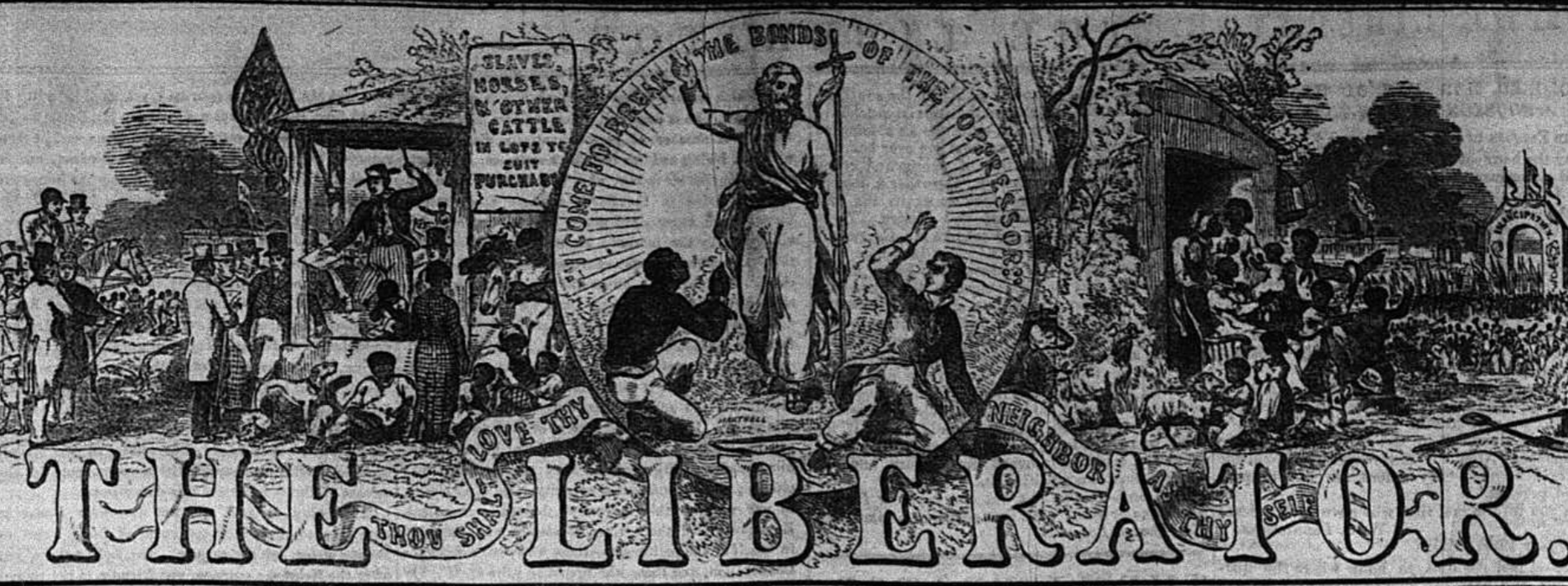
SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 23, 1855.

ON THE BILL TO PROTECT OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. PRESIDENT. The scene before me, and all its circumstances and incidents, admonish me that the time has come when the Senate of the United States is about to grant another of those concessions which have become habitual here, to the power of slavery in this Republic.

For myself, there is a painful association connected with the rise of this debate. I arose in my place at 11 o'clock this morning, simultaneously with the honorable Senator from Connecticut, (Mr. Torrey), and each of us addressed an audience, which was seated in the Chair to him.

Mr. President, as there is nothing new in the circumstances of this transaction, so it has happened, as on all similar occasions heretofore, that everything foreign from the question at issue has been brought into the debate.



Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 9 1855.

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

IF 'YOU' IT CANNOT BE DENIED—the slaveholding lords of the South, proscribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

WHOLE NUMBER 1077.

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POETRY.

For the Liberator. IDOL WORSHIP. Many a heart is pained and saddened by the guilt of other lands; For the Pagan ones of Asia, lo! the Church lifts prayerful hands:

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER FROM MISS HOLLEY. Dover, (N. H.) Feb. 26, 1855. DEAR MR. GARRISON: The subtle and powerful Frost King, through whose dominions we were lately forced to go, noxious volens, had bridged the Merrimack river with ice, and we safely reached Haverhill over it in a sleigh.

THE POPULAR RELIGION.

TO-day is Sunday, a day set apart by popular usage to long faces, long prayers, and all those formal ceremonies which go to make up what is denominated religious worship. The popular religion teaches that this is a holy day, and that its sanctity is of such a peculiar character that it transmutes into benignity any man an act which, if performed to-morrow, would not only be innocent, but commendable and just.

THE ELECTION SERMON.

As no better compliment can be paid to any man than to show him his errors, I proceed to remark upon a few sentences in the Election Sermon, by Rev. Dr. LOTTING, which seem to me either wrong or doubtful in doctrine. The first is, 'A government that cannot enforce law through the destruction of life if life be jeopardized by opposition, is no government.'

JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

HEARING BEFORE THE ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE. SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 17. The Select Committee of the Assembly, to which was referred the petition for WOMAN'S RIGHTS, consisting of Messrs. RICKERSON, WELLS, BROWN, BAKER, STANTON, LOUIS, J. BAKER, and ATKINS, reported a hearing to the petitioners, who were represented by Rev. A. A. A. BROWN, Miss SARAH B. A. and Mrs. ESTHER L. ROSS, in the Assembly Chamber, Saturday evening.

USE THE MAGIC IMPRESSION PAPER.

For Writing with Pen or Ink, Copying Letters, Plants, Flowers, Pictures, Patterns for Embroidery, Marking Linen, &c. MANIFOLD WRITING. This article is absolutely the best portable and placed in the pocket constitutes a travelling library which cannot be broken. No pen is needed, as the stick, sharpened to a point, is used as the best gold pen in the universe.

ADDRESS.

To the Americans of the United States, on their reported want of Sympathy. BY AN ENGLISH LADY. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' says the new world to the old; It cannot be—it cannot be your hearts have grown so cold.

THE NORTH WIND.

Who is he that travelleth over the world, With his spear well poised, and his flag unfurled? The old and the young he is ever among; To the fear of the weak, and the dread of the strong.

GOOD NIGHT.

Daylight is past, and rising high, Is the silvery moon in the eastern sky; And the stars shine forth in splendor bright—Give me your hand—Good night.

THE NORTH WIND.

While awaiting the train for Portsmouth, at Newburyport depot, a little elderly woman came in. Her dress and appearance bespoke no ordinary traveller. Our interest was at once awakened. The anxious manner with which she moved about from window to window, and seat to seat, showed one unaccustomed to the art of taking and leaving cars without worry and bustle.

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