



THE LIBERATOR

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

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THE LIBERATOR.

ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FORMATION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. YERRINTON.

(Concluded.)

At the conclusion of Mr. ANDREWS' remarks, another song was sung by the Hutchinsons, after which the President said:

THE PRESIDENT.—In England, as you are aware, they have what are called 'Pluralists,'—clergymen having livings in different parts of the country. We have them in America, also, and one of them is here to-night—a minister who has one parish in Worcester, and another in Kansas. Not only so; they hold different professions as well as different livings; and in proof of my position, I shall call upon my reverend and gallant friend, the Reverend General HIGGINSON. (Laughter and applause.)

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been among you Non-Resistant before, and I know if you get a sight at even the ghost of a minister, or less than the ghost of a military man, you must have a shot at him. It runs in your blood, sir. What you say reminds me of a flash that will answer your flash, for it came out of the same Quincy granite. I remember, sir, on one occasion, that your brother Josiah, who is as ready to overwhelm an innocent man with his wit as you are, presided at a political entertainment, occupying the same position that you do here to-night. It was about the time when Gen. Cass and Gen. Taylor were running neck and neck for the Presidency, and it was necessary to toast, not only the President that was, but the man who was to be the future President, and it was somewhat difficult to know how to do it. But the President of the evening was perfectly up to a delicate matter like that, and he gave for his toast—'The next President—Since the two great parties of the land both lead in Generals, it is useless to descend to particulars.' (Laughter.) So, I shall not descend to particulars on that subject to-night, rejoicing, for the sake of being here, in one reflection, at least, that I have a living in Worcester, I have not had a dying in Kansas. (Applause.)

You, sir, have spoken of Kansas, and honor me by giving me an opportunity of referring to that present battle-ground of Freedom. The day I entered Kansas, there were no such tables as are spread here to-night. The time of open markets and well-filled tables was beginning to dawn once again; but in many a house, when I went into that unhappy territory, there was a very simple bill of fare. The people breakfasted on squash and green corn; they dined on green corn and squash; and for supper, they took their own. We smile at it, and they can, too, now it is over; but in the festivals of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth, they always spread the table with all the luxuries that Massachusetts can supply, but place beside each plate six grains of parched corn, in memory of the first banquet of those winter wanderers, we can place the grains of corn of Kansas, if not upon our plates, at least in our memories to-night. (Cheers.)

I found a great deal in Kansas, sir. I found a beautiful climate, a fertile soil, stone, coal, timber enough to lay an underground railroad, and, in fact, all the necessities of life. But I did not go out there to see an 'underground railroad,' for I had seen that in Massachusetts. I wanted to see something above the ground. All my life I had been a citizen of a Republic where I had seen my fellow-citizens retreating, and retreating, and retreating, before the Slave Power, and I heard that away off, a thousand miles west, there was one town where men had made their stand, and said to Slavery, 'Thus far, and no farther.' I went the thousand miles to see it, and I saw it. I saw there the American Revolution, and every great Revolution of bygone days, in still living progress. I was tired of reading of Leonidas; I wanted to see him. I was tired of reading of Lafayette; I wanted to see him. I saw in Kansas the history of the past, clothed in living flesh before me. I saw in CHARLES ROBINSON the Puritan soldier,—the Hampton of Cromwell's days; so simple, so modest, so moderate, so cheerful, so absolutely noble. (Applause.) I saw in LANE NAPAOLEON the Marshal; so brilliant, so daring, so gifted with a heart to inspire enthusiasm; unscrupulous on minor points, egotistical, vain,—Frenchman all over! And if I wanted a genuine warrior of the Revolution, where could I find him better than in the old Vermont, Capt. JOHN BROWN, the defender of Osawatimie, the defender of a little log fort, with twenty-seven men, against two hundred, sending away eighty-two of the two hundred killed and wounded, with only the loss of one man of his own (applause).—I saw in the old Captain Brown, the Ethan Allen, the Israel Putnam of to-day, who has prayers every morning, and then sallies forth, with seven soldiers, wherever duty or danger calls; who swallows a Missourian whole, and says grace after the meal. (Laughter and applause.)

I saw these men of Kansas, for I went to see them. Was I ignorant as to imagine that there alone the light of liberty was being fought?—that there its picked soldiers would be found?—that Kansas was the great heroic soil, and that there was no heroism, no greatness in Massachusetts? I should have stood in vain upon the Anti-Slavery platform, I should have been in vain beneath such teachings, if I had had a Kansas, and well we may; but girls and boys go to Kansas, and are enabled into heroes by the great cause they sustain. You can make a thousand soldiers for Kansas in Boston to-morrow; but Massachusetts and New England have been sifted for twenty-five years to make as many Abolitionists as could be gathered upon this platform to-night. It is no great matter to be a Free State man in Kansas; it is to be a Massachusetts Abolitionist; it is a thing to thank God for, all the rest of time and eternity. (Loud cheers.) To my mind, among all the eloquence of this evening,

Mr. President, it is time for us to go home, yet a little more I must say. We think, for the moment, we see peace and dawning prosperity in Kansas, and we have temporary quiet in Massachusetts. That peace and quiet will be all the more dangerous to us, if they lull us into a dream that they are to be perpetual. It is one central fire, philosophers say, which now lights the world through the throes of the volcano, and now shakes it in the convulsions of the earthquake. It is one central excitement beneath the soil of Kansas and in the streets of Boston, when cannon and armed men are marshalled there. And as they say, that when the volcano is for a moment still, the earthquake recommences, and when the earthquake ceases, the volcano begins afresh, so the quenching of that fire in Kansas may bring home to ourselves the renewal of the excitement here, because the fire still exists, and the laws of nature are a guaranty for its revival in terror. I am not satisfied, for one, to see the conflict in Kansas, when we need it nearer home. We need it in Massachusetts, if it must be anywhere. (Applause.) God forbid that any one should invoke the thunder-stroke! but if we believe that it, and it alone, will purify the atmosphere, we may at least say, 'If it must come, let it come here and now!' If ever again we in Massachusetts are to test the rights of our own citizens, if ever again we are to learn whether our soil is free or not, would to Heaven that the time would come quickly! We are falling asleep, dying, in this sense of temporary security. We are relying upon the Personal Liberty Bill. What is that bill but a statute which protects freedom in practice, and denies it in principle? The Personal Liberty Bill in Massachusetts, noble as it is as a measure, what does it do for the slave? It accumulates between him and his pursuer every legal obstacle that the ingenuity of JOHN A. ANDREWS can conjure up; but when, by force, or bribery, or cunning, the claimant has penetrated all these defenses, Massachusetts stands back powerless at last, and says, 'Take your slave!' Abolitionists do not say that, do they, Mr. President?

MR. QUINCY.—I never heard that they did. (Laughter and applause.)

MR. HIGGINSON continued.—The Abolitionist says, 'Pass your fugitive slave through every jury from Essex to Berkshire; establish the master's title by a deed so clear that even the wit of ANDREWS cannot find a flaw in it, and when all is said and done, what then?—the case is just the same as before. We protected the slave, not because he was not a slave, but because he was a man!' (Enthusiastic applause.) But, powerless as we may be to save him, we have at least the power for this: we will make the streets of Boston bristle with her own bayonets, before you touch a hair of his head!' (Loud cheers.)

MR. PRESIDENT.—It is what I call talking freedom in earnest. I am tired of hearing people talk freedom in Congress. HENRY WILSON told me that he felt himself in a tight place there. It was when CHARLES SUMNER stood in Faneuil Hall, and told the assembled world (for the world heard that speech) that 'he was a man before he was a Commissioner, that he touched the chords of a nation's heart, and won us all to him for ever. (Loud applause.) Nothing, nothing that he can say at Washington will ever be more than the echo of that superb speech. (Cheers.) O, sir, if we want to be alive in this world, if we want to meet the demands of the age, and pass on to the next age with power remembering, we have got to be more than politicians, more than Republicans. We have got to come to the actual facts of our nation's existence, and look Disunion in the face. And thank God! tens of thousands, if they have not got to that point, are within an inch of it, at most, and that inch is lessening every day. (Applause.)

I have occupied more than my share of the time of this evening. I thank you for giving me your attention so long. We have come together for one moment,—a rare moment in the life of an Abolitionist,—for a social enjoyment. To-morrow may call us to some work so stern that the joys of this evening will seem years away. To-morrow may make this evening only the 'sound of revelry by night,' before Waterloo. May we be prepared for it!

'One throb of strength, one thrill of hope,
From joy to-night we borrow;
Then forward with the trumpet call,
To do or die to-morrow!' (Loud applause.)

MR. PRESIDENT.—It was the custom of the ancients, my friends, to take their angry from birds; and I had hoped that we should, this evening, hear some notes from one of that order, which might encourage us in our progress; but I am afraid the Bird (Hon. FRANCIS W. BIRD, of Waltham) has flown.

I intended to call upon another minister, (Rev. NATHANIEL HALL, of Dorchester,) a man who stood up one Fourth of July, and prayed EDWARD EVERETT out of countenance. (Applause.) But that eloquent gentleman has also left us.

We must not go out of this Hall without hearing the voice of at least one colored man. We have had a letter from our distinguished friend Wm. W. BROWN, but we have with us a gentleman who is untiring in his labors in behalf of his race, from whom we shall all be glad to hear. I call upon Wm. C. NELL.

SPEECH OF WM. C. NELL.

MR. PRESIDENT.—I will endeavor to show my appreciation of the kind manner in which you have been pleased to announce me, by remembering not to monopolize these golden moments.

It was my happy privilege, sir, in the exercise of a boy's curiosity, to be a looker-on through the basement window of the Belknap street church that memorable evening, January 2d, just twenty-five years ago, when this Society began to live, move, and have its being.

In taking a retrospective glance at what has been accomplished since that dark hour to the present, by WM. LLOYD GARRISON, the Liberator, and this glorious pioneer Society, I would fain adopt those familiar lines of the poet—

'Transported with the view, I am lost
In wonder, love and praise.'

I need not attempt, on this occasion, to analyze the why and wherefore of these my emotions, for they must be apparent to this assembly of Freedom's cho-

sen veterans, champions and orators. You know, as all know even at the 'free North,' as this section of the country is sometimes called, slavery was deemed a subject not fit to be talked about in circles misnamed polite, nor even humane; but now, over the entire nation, South as well as North, in Church and State, in highways and byways, as also in the social circle, slavery is emphatically the thing thought of, and in most instances the prolific theme of discussion.

Another fact, and one no less significant, is the change wrought in public sentiment in its recognition of the manhood of that class with whom I stand identified by complexion and condition. Then the colored man was treated as though his very presence was a 'spell to conjure up the devil with.' Now, through the precept and example of this Society, he has secured an audience, and is beginning to be regarded as a man and a brother.

Among the instrumentalities contributing to this encouraging aspect of the times, I have Mr. Garrison's assurance and authority confirming my own experience and observation, that the influence and co-operation of Woman have been signally manifest.

ELIZABETH HAYRICK of England, coincidental with WM. LLOYD GARRISON, first promulgated the idea of immediate emancipation. The anti-slavery women of America rallied under that banner, consecrating their exertions and sacrifices in times of persecution and peril—the persevering and complicated taxation of their mental, moral and industrial powers—upon the altar of the slave's redemption, active in season and out of season, always remembering those in bonds as bound with them.

In behalf of the millions of slaves now groaning in the Southern prison-house, and the half-free colored citizens of the North, I tender the anti-slavery Women the united homage of grateful hearts; a just tribute for those labors of love. Like the Homeric chain of gold, one end rests upon the earth, and the other terminates in heaven.

THE PRESIDENT.—You know that a good General, when his army is about to retreat, always puts his best soldiers in the rear, in order to cover the retreat. As I am afraid that this army will commence its retreat before a great while, I am sure that they will not consent to go, unless their rear is covered by the veterans of the cause. I trust our two veteran friends, PARKER PILLSBURY, (applause,) and CHARLES C. BURLINGAME (renewed applause,) will at least let us gaze upon the light of their countenances, and let us hear a few words from their lips. If Mr. PILLSBURY is in the Hall, we shall be glad to see him, for we consider him not only 'useful,' but 'ornamental.' (Applause.)

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

I do not quite like the conditions upon which I have been called up. I have long since struck the word 'retreat' out of my military vocabulary. Besides, I do not see the propriety of my being called to this platform at all, on the occasion of the first celebration of the 'Ancient and Honorable Artillery' of our movement. I was not a member of the corps at its formation, although, I trust, the only reason was, that which a British member of Parliament gave for a defect in his constitution—it was only the 'atrocious crime of being a young man' that prevented my being enlisted in the ranks at its organization.

Some reminiscences have been introduced here this evening, and while I have been listening very earnestly and pleasantly to the eloquent remarks which have been made, I have asked myself just where I was at the organization of this Society, and I find, on looking back, that although I was not in Boston, I was not very far from it, and I was engaged in the soap-bolling and chandlery business,—a very honorable and to some lucrative employment, although I never found it particularly lucrative. I was thinking if there was not something prophetic in that calling, for in the 'scrubbing' in which I have since engaged, the article of soap has come into requisition; and I believe, so far as I was engaged in the sale of candles, never a nation more needed light. (Laughter and applause.) My only regret is, that I have not been a more worthy candle-holder since.

I was led to think of these things, because I wanted to find the most honorable connection I could with the Anti-Slavery movement; for I certainly sympathize most fully with the remark of Mr. JOHNSON, to which allusion has been before made. It is very little I can do or have done for the Anti-Slavery cause, but I am sure, when I find myself standing here at this time of night, and that, too, after such eloquence as these words have echoed to-night, that this Anti-Slavery movement has done something for me. I desire immortality for this, if for no other reason, that I may sing anthems of gratitude to that movement for what it has done for me; for I fear I never should have attained salvation without it,—certainly, no salvation that was worth the cost.

There is another thing that comes home to me this evening. Some allusion has been made to the predictions of our friend Mr. GARRISON. On looking over the old records of this Society, I find that, in 1837, here in Boston, our prophet stood up,—without claiming any special inspiration, without boasting that he was 'a prophet, or the son of a prophet,'—and prophesied the annexation of Texas, and the atrocities that followed, almost in chronological order, down to the year 1850, and with such unerring exactness, that I am sure, had he lived in the days of Isaiah and Jeremiah, there would have been one more canonical book in the Old Testament for Dr. Adams to extract solemn texts from,—the burden of the word of the Lord, by the mouth of his servant, GARRISON. (Laughter and applause.) For all these things have come to pass, though the end is not yet.

I fear Massachusetts has yet to be somewhat renovated and purified before she will be quite worthy of the distinction which our friend PILLSBURY referred to when he said he would spread Massachusetts out over the Union. I could see no very good reason for that, when this very night, a fugitive slave, as white as I am, (though that is not saying much,) has had to fly to Canada, that he may find shelter in the name of the British lion from the bloody beak and terrible talons of the American eagle. I do not think it best yet to spread Massachusetts out over the whole Union, when our friend PHILLIPS counsels a slave, and a white slave, too, to fly to Canada, in order that he may

be free. I fear, if Massachusetts were to be thus extended, it would be in a manner like what one neighbor of mine said of another neighbor.—I am sorry to say that President Pierce is my neighbor, for we are commanded to 'love our neighbor as ourselves,' in order to secure salvation, and I greatly fear, if that is the requisite, my damnation is sure. (Laughter.) But the anecdote is simply this. A neighbor of mine, a mechanic, was down in the State of Maine last winter, and while there, somebody asked him if Pierce wasn't a pretty fair sort of a man, after all that had been said about him. 'Well,' said he, 'he is a clever fellow enough when you take him there at home, but when you come to spread him out over the country, he is most mighty thin.' (Laughter and applause.) I am greatly in doubt about the expediency of extending Massachusetts over the whole country quite yet.

But, Mr. Chairman, I will not detain the audience. I did not want to stand here after the bold, the stirring, the eloquent, the truly eloquent, words of our friend, Mr. HIGGINSON. I think myself he has struck the key-note of our movement in the present crisis, and that we may as well make up our minds to the sentiment with which THEODORE PARKER closed his letter to-night. I am sure I respond to that sentiment—'Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must!' (Loud cheers.) With him, I think we are unworthy to stand in the old Cradle of Liberty, if we shrink even from the baptism of blood, if such be the will of God; and I am not sure but it is, for if there was ever a time when we might say, 'There is no remission of sins without the shedding of blood,' we have reached that time; and if even by seas of blood we can wash out our sins and stains, we may thank God for that baptism, and accept salvation even on terms so fearful. I think we had better familiarize our minds to the possibility, at least, that the streets of Boston may yet run with blood. I do not believe that every yet a nation wandered so far from the true spirit of freedom, justice and humanity, as we have gone, and then returned, without passing through that metaphorical Red Sea to which allusion was made by THEODORE PARKER; and though I know that war is a curse always, and probably always a crime too, yet I think we have gone beyond the time to question the right of war, for I expect scenes of violence, just as I expect Etna will vomit the blazing bile from her sickening stomach, in obedience to the same law of God which operates upon the human mind as well. And I think if we escape even with blood and battle—the battle where the 'garments shall be rolled in blood, and accompanied with confusion and noise'—that even then, considering how great a loss we have sustained, salvation will be cheap even at such a price as that. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLINGAME.

I will venture none of the few remaining moments in apologizing for standing before you; for surely, if deep interest in the cause, and if the privilege of having given many years' service to it, can give any man a claim to stand here, I may put in that claim.

The friends who have spoken before me have alluded to the fact of their not having been members of this Society at its organization, and have assigned various reasons for it. Mine is not chronological, but geographical, simply; for had I been a citizen of Boston at that time, or had I been so near Boston as to have been able, with the limited means at my command, to transport myself there, you would not have had just the Apostolic number. However, for my absence on that occasion, I can console myself with the reflection, that of the twenty-five years that have passed since the organization of this Society, twenty-four of them have been spent by me in the service of the cause it was formed to promote. (Applause.) So you will excuse me if I feel a little patriarchal on this occasion, and, standing here in your presence, should even stretch out my hands and pronounce the patriarchal benediction,—to bless you in basket and in store, in your outgoing and your incoming, in your uprising and your down sitting,—to bless you whosoever you may be, and in whatsoever work the Anti-Slavery cause shall employ your hands, and your brains, and your hearts. And I am confident, that this blessing of mine will reach so far and sink so deep, that to every Abolitionist in my presence, it will leave nothing of the entire sum of his being that is not baptized and saturated with it.

I believe we have come together here to-night, as we have been told by one and another, with only the purpose of a brief cessation of toil and strife, that may nerve us up to yet more earnest efforts in the future of toil and strife that lies before us. We have all been taught not to despair. The whole history of the past has been teaching us that lesson. After all that has been said to us to-night, it seems as if 'darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people'; yet in this day of darkness, there are more than seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and of those who have, there are many who are becoming converts to our principles, and taking up the cross of entire consecration to this work of human deliverance. We go forward, then, confident in the principles which we have adopted, confident in the measures which we have employed and are employing to render these principles effective in their practical application.

We have been told here to-night, that our lesson was taught us by the very church that now brands us as heretics and infidels, because, true to the lesson that has been taught us, we have refused to keep with in the pale of that church, where all hateful and unclean things are to be associated with us; because we have refused to accept, as the full measure of our faith, the empty and hollow profession of belief in the lessons we have learned. It is true we have been taught by the clergy the lesson of immediate repentance and the forsaking of sin, which we apply to the sin of slavery. It is also true, that the text we apply to slavery, whereby we prove it to be a sin, has been taught us by the same instructors. They have taught us that all men are brethren, all children of one common Father, and all, therefore, equal in nature and equal in rights. Having learned that lesson, we go on, and applying it to slavery, denounce it as a sin; and, having learned that other lesson, we go on, and demand the immediate abolition of that sin, and the abolition of the institutions which have grown up under its commission.

It is a plain, straight road, therefore. We have the world's conscience on our side, if we could only get at it. We have the church's conscience on our side, and by and by we shall reach it; and all the more certain are we that we have it, by reason of the fierce denunciations that are visited upon us because we are telling the church's truth in a tone which convinces it that it is not safe to show, or sham, that it is not told for the sake of respectability, popularity, or prosperity in business. It is a plain road, and if we travel it, we shall be sure to come to our journey's end. We appeal, then, to the conscience of the world and the church, in the full confidence that, at last, they will and will answer to our appeal. I do not know whether the contest is to be ended in peace or by violence. If it is to end in blood, I suppose I may be permitted, when it comes, at least to accept between two alternatives—between the bloodshed of the enemies and the bloodshed of the friends of the oppressed; to say, let the liberty of the slave be purchased rather by the blood of his advocates, than by that of his oppressors. Let every man act according to his own conscience in this behalf, while it all determine to go forward in the right, because it is right, still strong in the confidence, that by one method or another, victory must come, success must be attained.

'In the war against oppression,
In the battle on the wrong,
When the armies of the Alien
Seem unconquerably strong,
And the Elect a moment waver,
Chilled by waning fortune's frost,
Mark the word!
Victory is but deferred;
Never lost.

All the martyrs of old ages
Have bequeathed that faith to this;
Lifting, through the flames, their beakers
Of imperishable bliss;
Rome and Smithfield and Geneva,
Smoking with hell's holocaust,
Shriek the word,
That our hopes, though long deferred,
Are not lost.

The grim courage of our fathers
Fighting backward down the hill,
While their burning homes at Charlestown
Only fired their dauntless will,
Speaks from all their lowly tombstones,
Worn by time and over-mossed,
The same awfully strong,
That a victory long deferred
Is not lost.

Freedom's martyr-souls in Kansas,
Well who fought alone their fight,
Till the land's inaugurate traitor
With her wronged arm crushed their might,
From their blazing homes in Lawrence
Yet shall teach, at Slavery's cost,
That their hour is but deferred,
And not lost.

All the accumulated wrongs of the bondman, all the stifled groans of his anguish, all the earnest hopes for deliverance, and prayers wrung out from almost despairing hearts, that go up from the gloom of the prison-house to that ear which is ever open to the cry of the afflicted and the oppressed, are poured together to-night into the one channel of our movement, and are bearing on this enterprise to its certain triumph. As there is a God in heaven, as there is yet a possibility of justice upon earth, as the Creator of this universe has not given it up to the Evil Spirit of perdition, to be his through all eternity, we are certain to triumph; and whether that triumph come amid the songs of rejoicing, or amid the cries of anguish and the shrieks of agony; whether it come floating upon the sparkling current of prosperity, or whether it come through a red sea of blood, it shall come with a treasure of blessing more than ample to afford all the cost of its purchase, more than ample to fill us with rejoicing and thanksgiving, that we have been chosen as the instruments, even in the smallest measure and the feeblest degree, to help on its triumph. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT then called upon Rev. Mr. FROTHINGHAM, of Portland.

SPEECH OF REV. FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I left my home, this morning, with no intention, certainly, of making a speech here to-night. I came here rather because, feeling the great significance of the occasion, I desired to refresh my own soul with the sight of the fathers of this great movement. I felt how great and glorious is this Anti-Slavery struggle, and I wished to place myself in connection with those who have been its great movers, and therefore I came here to-night.

I am not worthy to speak in this presence. I have not ventured to speak, heretofore, because I had not said a word before the public on the matter, and I did not know whether I should dare do so; but now, since, by God's blessing, strength has been given me to speak, I am prepared to come here and add my word of testimony, and adopt that noble strain of Mr. GARRISON:—

'I am an Abolitionist,
I glory in the name.' (Applause.)

There is but one thing for me to say at this late hour. It is a thing worth thinking of, and bearing away with us. It is this: that whatever else this Anti-Slavery movement has done, it has made us men and women. That is what we want more than any thing else. Not associations, not governments, not laws, but MEN and WOMEN! These, sir, the Anti-Slavery movement has given us; and these, I find, it will give us, wherever it goes. This is the reason, sir, why I rejoice to take my part in it, and become, so far as I may, a humble helper in aiding on the cause. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT.—I know you will all unite in regretting the absence of our beloved friend ANSEL BALLOT, whom I intended to call upon at an earlier period of the evening, to whose mild but strong words we should have been glad to listen. But as he has left the hall, we must submit to be deprived of that privilege and enjoyment.

There is but one other name on my list, and that is an honored name throughout the world. I allude to the name of CHANNING. (Applause.) We have a son of the illustrious WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, who, I trust, will allow us to see and hear him; after which, the meeting will adjourn with a song by the Hutchinsons.

THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH, AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, our FATHERS, in FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, STERVENT FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it

SPEECH OF WILLIAM F. CHANNING.

I feel, Mr. President, that the quarter century notch has been so well cut, that very little more remains to be said; and yet, I would add one word. We are not here to celebrate the passage of twenty-five years, but the passage of twenty-five years of an era; and an era in civilization means this: it means that God has put into some man's or some woman's heart, impulses that shall move mankind. It is God's work, and not man's; and I wish to add that word to what has been said here to-night. God has helped this work on from small beginnings to its present magnitude, and I look to Him for its success. I have no discouragement—I can feel none. I have watched for many years, with more interest than any other subject, the spread of sympathy—the contagion of higher thoughts than those to which men have been accustomed. We had an instance of this in 1848, when 'Fraternity' was added to 'Equality' in France. And I will just add this, as a solution of the question of slavery. It does not seem to me impossible, if a thought of freedom should be communicated to those masses at the South held in bondage, and a very few outbreaks should take place,—I will not contemplate bloodshed,—that the whole value of slavery, as a pecuniary institution, would be at an end, and its whole political power would collapse. It is a feeble thing, and it requires but the slightest internal commotion to cause it to subside. I do not believe that Disunion is necessary. I believe it is in God's power to give life to this nation, and to save it. [Applause.]

CLOSING REMARKS OF MR. GARRISON.

Our honored and revered friend, FRANCIS JACKSON, before leaving the Hall, handed me a sentiment, which he modestly said if I thought well of, I might propose in his behalf. I will do so; and I am sure it will be heartily responded to by all—

The American Anti-Slavery Society—Founded upon the principles of justice and truth, it aims directly to promote its one distinctive object,—the immediate and entire abolition of slavery. It neither fears nor favors any religious sect or political party; it has no political offices or emoluments to get, and none to give. If its praise is in none of the churches or legislative halls, it is, we are happy to believe, in the hearts of the crushed and outraged bondmen of the South, whose claims to liberty it regards as paramount to Unions, Constitutions, Covenants, or Compromises, framed to oppress them. [Applause.]

I wish to read a printed card which I hold in my hand, by way of reminiscence:—

Fifth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Wednesday, January 25, 1837. [The public meetings, during the day, will be held in the SPACIOUS LOFT OVER THE STABLE OF THE MARLBOROUGH HOTEL, in the evening, in the REPRESENTATIVE'S HALL.]

The Committee of Arrangements respectfully inform the ladies that ample accommodations have been prepared for them. The loft is spacious, clean, well warmed, and will accommodate, with ease and perfect safety, at least 1000 persons.

AMOS DRESBACH, a citizen of this State, who was 'lynched' at Nashville, for the crime of being an Abolitionist, will be present, and during the meetings in the afternoon and evening, will give a history of that affair.

That was at a time when we could get no place in which to hold a meeting in Boston, except a stable! From a stable to Faneuil Hall—you see, the world moves! [Applause.]

Pardon me a moment more. On every occasion like this,—and these occasions are very rare,—we should not separate without remembering (next to our beloved and eloquent coadjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON,) one who did our cause great service, beyond all expression great, during her sojourn here from the old world. It was done in Massachusetts, and in the city of Boston—directly in the face of the mob of 1835. I allude to that gifted and heroic woman, HARRIET MARTINEAU, of England (applause)—who deliberately and intelligently offered up, on the altar of Humanity, all her literary fame in this country, to make herself one with those who were treated as outcasts, in order that freedom might be vindicated in its darkest hour; and who, although an invalid for many years, has worked in England as scarcely any other person there has worked, to impregnate the British mind with hatred against slavery, and to concentrate the influence of the wise and good for its abolition in America. Be our gratitude professed to her afresh! (Renewed applause.)

Sir, we have been to-night, in apostolic language, 'fools in glorying.' Here we are in the majority; here Anti-Slavery is in the ascendant. Now, we are to go out into the world, there to find scorn, contumely, and opposition. There we are in a minority, and we need all the faith in God and in the triumph of justice that we can exercise to enable us to endure to the end. 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.' May God give us grace so to endure! To him be all the glory for whatever has been achieved!

On motion of Mr. JOHNSON, it was Voted, That the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society be requested, if they deem it expedient, to publish the proceedings of this festival in pamphlet form.

Another song was then sung by the Hutchinsons, and the company, a few minutes past midnight, separated.

The following additional Letters have been received since the Festival:—

LETTER FROM REV. MOSES THACHER. FITCHER, Cherrango Co., (N. Y.), Jan. 6, 1837.

Gentlemen: Your invitation in behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to attend a 'Public Festival in Faneuil Hall' on the evening of the 2d inst., reached me on the evening of New Year's day. Most sincerely do I thank you and the Managers for your kind remembrance. To have been present on the occasion designated would have afforded me unfeigned satisfaction; but the notice came too late for me to think of attending, even if I had not been prevented by other imperative duties. Have the goodness to accept this reply as an assurance to all my anti-slavery friends in Massachusetts, that my absence from the celebration of the 'twenty-fifth anniversary' of the original 'New England Anti-Slavery Society' is not, by any means, because I have grown 'lukewarm' in the great and good work to which they are still devoted; but from other providential circumstances beyond my power to control.

God bless the Anti-Slavery enterprise! It is indeed second to 'the most beneficent and glorious movement of the nineteenth century'; and of nothing am I more certain than that, as a branch of the gospel of Jesus Christ, its result is to be, the freedom of our country and the world from oppression.

No event of former days, in which I had any agency, is more vivid in my recollection, than the formation of the 'New England Anti-Slavery Society.' Although one quarter of a century has since elapsed, and they begin to call me an 'old man,' I will remember the day, rainy evening; the obscure part of Boston, to which we tramped through sloppy streets; the despaired 'African school-house,' in which we convened; the earnest and honest discussion of principles to be adopted as our 'platform,' made up, not of rotten timbers and slabs, to answer as a temporary raft to convey a political party over the turbid waters of a Presidential canvass, but of materials as lasting as the lapse of time and the duration of eternity; and the liberal (not a baker's) dozen, induced, on that eventful evening, to subscribe the Constitution. Surely, the 'mistard-seed' was then too small to be crushed, and too insignificant to be feared; but in the branches of its 'tree,' both 'clean and unclean birds,' and even the foulest political parties, are now fast to lodge; and even build their nests.

In looking over my old papers, for other purposes, I accidentally find the original draft of the Address (1) which was published with the Constitution of the 'New England Anti-Slavery Society,' and with the choreography of which I ought to be more familiar than any other individual. The mere preservation of such an instrument is, of itself, of no importance; but it is to me a matter of interest and gratification, that, on a critical review, after the lapse of twenty-five years, I find no occasion to swerve from a single sentiment or principle therein set forth. Men and things change; and we are encouraged to labor for their mutation when they can be changed for the better. The truth and right never change; hence their potency and prevalence.

At the incipency of your momentous enterprise, the whole North and South agreed that the subject of slavery should not be agitated. Now, there seems to be almost a universal determination that it shall be agitated; and, thanks to God, who 'causeth the wrath of man to praise him,' the South are taking the lead in the agitation. No publications were ever more incendiary, in the parlance of despots, or so directly adapted to kindle up the fires of insurrection, as the published sentiments which slaveholders are now scattering, broadcast, over their own plantations. This, with many other evils equally striking, is a token for good. Our country is now like the ocean, swelling and rocking, and roaring under the fury of the tempest; and no vessel, driven to leeward upon a reef, was ever more certain to be wrecked, than we may be sure that the days of slavery are numbered, and will shortly be finished.

Looking back upon the last quarter of a century, connected with the subject of your kind invitation, it is quite natural that a shade of sadness should come over my mind. I know that some—how many I do not know—of the eleven who united with me in first subscribing the Constitution of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, have gone to the resting place of the dead. This affecting truth, as well as my own advancing years, reminds me that my time is short, and 'the King's business requires haste.' But, it is a matter for devout thanksgiving, that among many of my early co-laborers, the head of ONE, for which a large premium was once offered, is still on his shoulders, and may yet there remain, to witness still greater things during the next twenty-five years, than have transpired in the quarter of a century just terminated.

Accept, gentlemen, the renewed expression of my gratitude for your courtesy and kind remembrance, and believe me, as ever,

Yours, 'to break every yoke,' MOSES THACHER.

Messrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, } Committee. Francis Jackson, } Samuel May, Jr., }

(1) This Address was not delivered in the Essex Street Church, (as erroneously stated in our speech at the Festival), but was written for publication at the request of the Board of Managers. It is extremely gratifying to hear from our early, unvarying, much esteemed, but long silent coadjutor.—Ed. Lib.

LETTER FROM HON. WILLIAM JAY. NEW YORK, January 10, 1837.

I this day received the invitation of the Committee of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to the Festival of the 2d inst. It would not have been in my power to attend, had the invitation reached me in time; but I would have embraced the opportunity of expressing in a letter my admiration of the zeal and fidelity exhibited by the members of the Society in the cause of human freedom, and my own undiminished devotion to the same great and righteous cause; a cause in my opinion identified with the present and future happiness of millions, in the life that now is, and in that which is to come.

I remain, dear sir, with great respect, Your obedient servant, W. L. GARRISON, Esq. WILLIAM JAY.

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard. ANTI-SLAVERY IN FANEUIL HALL.

Our readers will find, in another place, a sketch of the Festival held in Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 2d, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society, and on the principles of Immediate Emancipation. We confess that the first blush we doubted the fitness of a festive celebration of any event in the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement, at its present stage. When we considered, as men engaged in such a work as ours should chiefly consider, how much yet remains to do, and regarded the state of the country and the immediate prospects of its affairs, it did not seem to us as if the time had come for going to the House of Feasting, and there rejoicing over what we had done. But a little reflection changed the current of our ideas, and brought us to what now seems to us a more normal perception of the true relation of things. For who in this land lying in wickedness has a right to rejoice and be glad, if not those who have been devoting the best years of their lives to its deliverance from its sins and their penalties, by preaching unto its inhabitants repentance, and pointing out to them the only way of escape? It is true that a curse rests on those who, having put their hand to the plough of a great reformation, look back, in the furrow, tired of their work and content to believe that they have done their possible, or that the work is impossible to be done. But the Lord of the Harvest will never condemn his laborers for resting from their toil for a moment, to look back for the purpose of deriving fresh strength and new hope from the prospect of what progress they have made towards the conquest of that barren soil, that they may thus address themselves with renewed zeal to their task of making it to blossom as the rose.

It is difficult for one whose memory does not run back to the date of the birth of the New England Anti-Slavery Society to comprehend the state of public feeling as to slavery prevailing at that time, so as to understand the magnitude of the change which has since reversed or modified it. The old traditional opposition to slavery had died out, as it seemed, in the struggle which ended in the Missouri Compromise. Its existence was recognised, if not as a thing right in itself, at least as one for which the South was not responsible, and with which the North had nothing to do. Indeed, the fact of slavery seemed, for the last half of the decade succeeding the Missouri Compromise, to have passed away from the thoughts of men. If it ever recurred to their minds, it was repelled as a hateful idea on which it was of no use to dwell, and which should be passed by and kept out of one's own sight like the person or the deformity of a brother or a friend. The state of slavery was utterly forgotten. If any compassion was felt for any of the parties concerned in the institution, it was for the master that all the sympathy was reserved. In those days, a master could lay his hands upon his slave in New York or Boston, and carry him back to bondage with as little molestation as in Louisville or Natchez. In the Summer months, the watering places and the country towns all over New England were teeming with the black faces of the slaves of Southern visitors, and no man dreamed of their having any harm in the relation in which they stood to the one to the other. Humane lawyers would volunteer to hunt up the slaves of their Southern friends who had given them the slip, and no man regarded it except as a regular and proper effort of business or of friendship. The infamy which would be burnt into the memories of the Ingrahams, Kanes, Mortons, Curtises and Lorings, had not yet loomed upon the dim horizon of possibilities.

It was in a day like this, when darkness covered the land and a thick dew of the other side of the coming of the perfect day of liberty, that the morning star of a great principle dimly heralded a new one, and, like all new ideas, the prevalence of which it is instinctively perceived will produce great social changes, it was despised and rejected of men. That slavery was an uncomfortable affair, that the masters were very much to be pitied, was generally allowed. It was even agreed upon by general consent. Such as well as North, that it was a Great Moral Evil. But, then, when the matters to be done? They had the wolf by the ear, and they could neither hold him nor let him go. They were not to blame for the relations in which they found themselves by the fortune of inheritance. They were do-

ing what they could to ameliorate the condition of the slave, and would joyfully co-operate with Divine Providence when it should see fit to make gradual arrangements for its entire abolition. These platitudes were received as logic, philosophy and religion, and were applied as deadly drugs to the Northern conscience, eagerly hunkering after opiates. But as soon as the question was looked at from the standpoint of the slave, and the everlasting truth enumerated, that he stood equally with his master in the light of sonship before God, that there was no difference in their rights for their duties, and that any human contrivance by which the one was robbed of his rights for the benefit of the other was a crime of the deepest dye, at the first flash of light there was as wild confusion among these dormant errors as among spectres and witches when the earliest beams of the sun pierces their unhallowed revels. They were all really routed by the first ray of truth, which exposed all their deformities and absurdities, and it is only in the persistence of desperation, that they still strive to make a darkness in which they may yet tarry for a little.

It is hard to figure to oneself a time when only a dozen men held to the opinion that every man had a right to the custody of his own body and soul, that it was the highest kind of robbery to wrest this from him and apply it to the uses of another, that it was the duty of the master to let go his hold upon the slave, and that it was a duty which, like all duties, it would be safety and blessing to perform. We see where into this thing has grown, how it has been the motive power (in spite of the absurd efforts of blundering managers to conceal the fact) of a great political party which came near getting possession of the nation, how it has even compelled the reluctant notice of the Church, and how it has affected and modified the general sentiment of Northern society, it is hard to make it real to the mind that it was from so very few and so small a number of all seeds—that this growth and outgrowth has sprung and flourished. The slaveholders saw the end from the beginning, and they did their best, and their Northern tools for them, to trample it out of being, but only with the result of giving it a firmer hold of the soil. They knew, with the unerring instinct of tyrants, that darkness, and all the creatures that love and live by it, cannot coexist with the presence of light, and therefore they tried with ineffectual fingers to quench the dawn of the hastening day. Their very desperation proves the immortal quality of the light from the presence of which they shrink—a desperation which grows desperate, more and more, as they see its radiance beginning to penetrate the remotest corners of the land.

In view of the mighty change which has come over the nation within the last quarter of a century, we think that the Abolitionists of Massachusetts should in celebrating the Anniversary of the gathering of the Society, and the confounding of the names of a sin against God and against man, the slaveholders attribute the altered complexion of these affairs at the North to the impertinent persistence of Abolitionism, and the New England Anti-Slavery Society was the first shape which Abolitionism took into itself, from which the whole movement, in all its multitudinous forms, has sprung. It was a good thing to do, and it was a good thing well done. The place chosen was doubly fitting for the scene of that memorable festival, for it was the Old Cradle where Liberty was rocked by the men of Seventy-five, and then as the one in which the degenerate sons of Thirty-Five strove to strangle her as an acceptable service to slavery. Who would have thought when Harrison Gray Otis and Peleg Sprague were making the rock resound with their cries of Peace! to wicked slavery, that in about twenty years it would look down on a cheerful company of Abolitionists, met to celebrate their own cooling life, and an downfall of the slave, and domestic plagues of their enemies, because they would give them no peace? The floor of Faneuil Hall was entirely covered with tables which were entirely filled. In point of numbers, it would have been reckoned a success had it been a Festival of any of the parties or of any of the sects. The entertainment was abundant and elegant, and the speeches, of mingled seriousness and gaiety, were of the happiest description. We have never attended an occasion so successful, and we were literally so sedulously successful. There was literally no sedulousness bestowed upon the audience, which remained patient and eager for more until past midnight. What political party can say as much after four or five hours of speech-making? It was good to be there, and it will be good to remember for a lifetime.

THE LATE PROJECTED NEGRO INSURRECTION—SIX NEGROES HUNG.

The Canton (Ky.) Dispatch publishes the following extract of a letter, giving an account of the late projected negro insurrection in that State:—

PEMBROKE, December 13, 1836. Last Wednesday week, about 12 o'clock, the news came here that the negroes at the furnace at Stewart county had rebelled, and that they had crossed the Cumberland river, and would attack Lafayette that night, and with this came other rumors from Dover. I fixed up immediately, and went to Lafayette that night, getting there about half an hour in the night. The report I found to be false; but the town was in a state of perfect excitement upon the negro question. The citizens had called together their most substantial men, and formed a committee, and were engaged in the examination of the negroes. I was permitted to witness the investigation, which was rather general and indefinite. But others had told startling facts in regard to the insurrection. Mr. Rust, owing to the excitement, had adjourned his school that morning.

Tuesday morning I went to Dover, and arrived there about two o'clock. The people had hung four negroes at 11 o'clock that morning, and two more then in town to be hung. I got to the place of execution in time to see the last one go off. Of the six that were hung, three were preachers. They were all good men, and industrious. I learned that the men at the forge were not permitted to go out, and that their negroes, so I rode out there that night, and was up with them all night. I never had such feelings in my life. I saw a list of negroes that had been whipped, and was told what they all had said, and then I heard the balance examined—some taking five and six hundred lashes before they would tell the tale; but when they did tell it, it was the same that all the others had told. Some told the whole story with all the particulars. Those that were examined were not permitted to see each other, and were kept entirely separate, and a guard over each. One of the negroes at the forge died from whipping that night, several hours after the operation.

The substance of the testimony there, was that Christmas eve night, they were all to rise. Old Hal, Amos, Anderson, Grey and Ishmael, were to murder Parish, the manager, and his family, except his wife, and she in future was to be the wife of Ishmael. They were to kill young Pepper next, (brother of Judge Pepper), and other whites they might be about the place. They were then to meet the Mill negroes at the forks of the road, at Pigdit's, near Long Creek, and were to make a joint capture over Dover; after they had cleaned up Dover, and provided themselves with arms and ammunition, they were to scatter out over the country generally. At the mill, the negroes, or rather Bob Murrell, and then the balance indiscriminately. Lewis and Erwin whipped Bob Murrell to death.

At the old Dover furnace, Charles Napier was to kill brother George first; Mat Hutson was to kill young Tom Buckingham next, and Bill Blair was to kill Edwin, George's son, and Henry and Willie Wynns, and then go to the mill. Brother George hung Charlie Napier one day about 11 o'clock, and let him hang till next day about 1 o'clock—26 hours.

We are at work here to-day. We have one negro in chains, and will hang him, I think, certain, if the committee will not, the community are determined to do it. I think we will have quite an exciting time here before we get through. I have no doubt but that it is a universal thing all over the Southern States, and that every negro, fifteen years old, either knows of it or is into it; and the most confidential house servants are the ones that are to be the most active in the destruction of their own families. The negroes everywhere are determined to do all they can, and the men, women and children are to be slain, and that the young women are to be kept as wives for themselves, and a good many of them about Dover and the furnace went so far as to select their future companions.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, JANUARY 16, 1837.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 29th and 30th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., each day, and holding morning, afternoon and evening sessions. The result of the late Presidential struggle, though indicative of a growing union of sentiment and purpose, in all the Free States, to resist the further extension of slavery, shows that a mighty yet remains to be accomplished to divorce the North from all complicity with slavery at the South, in a religious, political, and governmental sense. Surely, at a time when the slave oligarchy were never more active in carrying their nefarious designs into execution,—having the army and navy, the treasury, and all the departments of the national government at their control, with a strong majority in both houses of Congress on their side,—it is not for the friends of freedom to take their repose because so many cheering victories have been won since the great struggle commenced, but rather a time to be more determined and self-sacrificing, 'forgetting the things that are behind,' and pressing onward to the goal of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION, that ours may indeed be 'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' and no longer cursed and disgraced by the most hideous form of despotism now existing on earth.

A large and general attendance of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause is urgently invited. On behalf of the Board of Managers, FRANCIS JACKSON, President. ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Sec.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By Paul Crayton, Author of 'Father Brightshopes,' 'Martin Merivale,' &c. &c. Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1837.

We have already noticed this work in commendatory terms, upon the strength of a somewhat cursory examination of it, but having since given it a careful and thorough perusal, we desire to call the attention to it of all whose sympathies are roused in behalf of the fettered slave on the Southern plantation, and of the fugitive hunted like a wild beast here on our Northern soil. The motto placed on its title-page is most significant of its import—'A certain woman went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves'—the heroine, in this instance, being a young, beautiful female slave, named Camille by the father, who was a French merchant at New Orleans,—her mother also being very beautiful, with scarcely any trace of African blood in her veins. Camille makes her escape to the North in the disguise of an old woman, and first obtains shelter and succor in the old, weather-worn farm-house of Abimelech Jackwood, in Vermont, who proves to her a true friend to the last, and whose character, and that of his wife and children, and the old grandmother, is drawn to the life, with all their Yankee peculiarities. Some time elapses before her real character, as a fugitive, is made known, as she was supposed to be an unfortunate white girl, whose case was indeed mysterious, but not by any possibility having anything to do with a state of slavery. How she was discovered,—hunted,—captured,—and, finally, rescued, and what sufferings and sorrows she had to encounter even on New England soil, the reader must learn from a perusal of the work itself—a work of thrilling interest and great descriptive power, and not only possible, but probable, in every scene described and every statement made, for it has been transcended in experience by many a fugitive from the South, and so is not open to the charge of exaggeration in any particular. We wish it could find a place in every family at the North, that the great revolution in public sentiment, which is all too slowly going on, might be hastened to the eternal overthrow of the system of slavery, or, at least, the divorce of the North from all complicity with the Southern men-stealers. The terrible scenes so vividly described in its pages are liable to take place at any time in the mis-called 'free North'—all in consequence of the agreement in that 'covenant with death,' the United States Constitution, to the pursuit and capture of the fugitive slave over our hills and through our valleys, in every town and village, in the crowded city and in the solitary wilderness, wherever the slave-hunters may choose to venture. In this case, Camille was not set free by Northern courage, or generosity, oradroitness; nothing saved her from being sent back to the hell of horrors from which she had fled but the ransom paid to her 'owner,' by one to whom she had given herself in wedlock; and who is the hero of the story, if 'Neighbor Jackwood' may not fairly claim to be such. An 'application' should have been made, at the close of the volume, to the consciences of the people of the North, in thus allowing their soil to be made slave hunting-ground; but, perhaps, the author thought the story itself would be the sternest rebuke that could be given, and needed no 'improvement.' This will be so in some cases; but the deliverance of the fugitive may serve to quiet the minds of readers generally, in that direction, and, therefore, a direct call to have that part of the covenant annulled would have been timely.

Some extracts from this remarkable work, which we have marked for insertion, will be given hereafter.

INDEPENDENT CLASS-READER. Gleanings from Divers Fields. A First and Second Class Book, intended for Public or Private Schools and Academies. Boston: James Robinson & Co., 119 Washington Street. 1837.

We are greatly rejoiced to see a work of this character—compiled, we understand, by a lady of taste, wealth, and philanthropic character, in one of our cities in this State. Its selections, both in prose and poetry, (upwards of two hundred,) evince excellent literary discrimination, moral elevation of sentiment, and an all-pervading spirit of humanity. They have been culled from such writers as Milton, Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Blair, Cowper, Burns, Barbauld, Hemans, Eliza Cook, Wordsworth, Chalmers, Sydney Smith, Jonathan Dymond, Heber, Bowring, Nicoll, Howitt, Channing, Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, and a multitude of others. The design of the work, however, is not so much with reference to its literary merits as to its reformatory character, especially touching the Anti-Slavery and Peace movements, which are excluded from every Class-Reader now used generally in the schools. The author frankly says in her preface:—

'The chief peculiarity of this book, and perhaps its best feature, is the stand it takes for Anti-Slavery principles, having the honor to be in this nineteenth century the only Class-Reader published in free New England which admits a single page on this forbidden subject—the only school-book from which every line referring to the troublesome question has not been carefully erased within the last few years, for the all-prevailing reason that the most careful reference to the principles of freedom has been found to injure their sale and limit their circulation in our public schools; and to meet this delicate taste, all such offending matter has been sifted out. We are assured this characteristic of our selection may ruin the Independent Reader; but we venture to throw it upon the winds of heaven, believing the day will yet be granted to the citizens of this great Republic, and when our children may safely be permitted and taught to breathe a prayer for the emancipation of the slave.'

On looking at the pieces, referring to the slavery question, we find they do not exceed eleven in number, all of which are exceedingly brief, nearly all in an anecdotal form, and not one with reference to the present anti-slavery struggle; so that morbid indeed must be the mind, and incurably pro-slavery, that can take any exception to the work on this account. They are just such pieces as used to be in all the reading-books in the days of our boyhood, and which have been gradually excluded from them all by the growing severity of the North to the impious exertions of the Slave Power. So great, however, has been the change wrought in Northern sentiment and feeling, on the subject, within the last few years, through the indefatigable labors of the Abolitionists, that the compiler of this work might have safely made it much more distinctively anti-slavery than it really is, even with reference to its sale and adoption. As it is, we hail its publication, trusting that the day is not far distant when 'strong meat' may be substituted for 'milk,' and the cause of the enslaved espoused without pecuniary risk, or the necessity of any apology or explanation.

PARLOR DRAMAS; OR, DRAMATIC SCENES, FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. By William B. Fowle, Author of 'The Hundred Dialogues,' &c. &c. Boston: Published by Morris Cotton. 1837.

Mr. Fowle says, that the success which attended the publication of his 'Hundred Original Dialogues for Schools' has induced him to prepare the present work, in which are pieces of greater length and variety of representation, to be used at family parties, or at exhibitions in our higher seminaries. There are fifteen pieces in all:—1. Woman's Rights. 2. Country Cousins. 3. The Will. 4. The Fugitive Slave. 5. The Pedant. 6. Love at Sight. 7. William Tell. 8. The Courtier. 9. The Well of St. Keyne. 10. The Oddity. 11. The Tables Turned. 12. The Double Guess. 13. The Tea Party. 14. The Tear. 15. The Jesuit in America. As a whole, the work is very entertaining, and well adapted to promote domestic amusement of an innocent and instructive character; but the piece on 'Woman's Rights' is such a fly in this pot of ointment as to tempt us to throw the whole away with disgust. If it was designed as a representation of the Woman's Rights movement—its claims, purposes, tendencies and results—it is a very silly caricature, for which there is no excuse. If the author had no such design, we cannot discern what was his object, as the piece is as destitute of wit as it is of sense. We hope to see it excluded from another edition of the work, should such an edition be published; because its effect must be, in the present prejudiced state of public sentiment, to excite and perpetuate a senseless opposition to one of the most important, far-reaching and sublime movements for the elevation of the human race, to which time has yet given birth. [Read the speech of WINDY PHILLIPS, on this subject, on our last page.] The pieces entitled 'The Fugitive Slave,' and 'The Tables Turned,' show that Mr. Fowle's head and heart are on the right side in the great struggle to procure freedom for the enslaved in our land; and that he has allowed no mercenary motive, in relation to the circulation of his 'Parlor Dramas' at the South, to suppress his humane feelings for a race that is 'peeled, mated out, and trodden under foot.' For this, he deserves high commendation and liberal patronage.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE; its History, Mode of Culture, Manufacture of the Sugar, &c. With reports of its success in different portions of the United States, and letters from distinguished men. Written and compiled by James F. C. Hyde, of Walnut Grove Nursery, Newton Centre, Mass. Boston: Published by John P. Jewett & Co. 1837.

Though the length of the title might seem to indicate a voluminous work, it represents only a neat pamphlet of 106 pages, very carefully prepared, and embodying all the information that could be obtained on the subject. The object of it is to supply the public with accurate knowledge concerning this new and valuable plant, the Chinese Sugar-Cane. It was attended with some difficulties, owing to the fact of the recent introduction of the plant, and, consequently, the short time there has been to try experiments with it. Now that the price of sugar has doubled within the last three or four years, making that necessity of every household a very dear one as to cost,—and particularly in view of the outrageous monopoly which is enjoyed by the sugar-planters at the South, by which a tax of millions of dollars is unjustly wrung out of the people of the North, who are the great consumers of sugar in our land,—it becomes a matter of personal and universal concern to see if there be not some other mode of obtaining an article so indispensable, and at a much more reasonable rate. The facts respecting the Chinese Sugar-Cane, and the experiments made with it in different parts of the country, contained in this pamphlet, are of a most interesting and encouraging nature, and cannot fail to stimulate to further experiments. Mr. Hyde has succeeded in manufacturing from it molasses equal to the best syrup, of a light brown color and an excellent flavor. He says that the seed which it yields so profusely possesses all the rich qualities of rice or other grain, so feed out to cattle, swine or fowls; so that it would seem to be almost worth growing for that alone, as it yields from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre. He recommends its trial as a green crop for soiling, or for curing, for winter food for cattle; as he thinks it will prove far superior to any and all crops that are now grown for that purpose. Horses, cows and swine eat the stalks with the greatest avidity, even like shelled corn. It seems to adapt itself to all the vicissitudes of our varied climate and soil, and with a facility unsurpassed by corn or wheat. The stalks, when nearly mature, are filled with a rich saccharine juice, which may be converted into sugar, syrup, alcohol, or beer, or may be used for dyeing wool or silk a permanent red or pink. D. J. Brown, Esq., of the Patent Office, Washington, D. C., who introduced it into this country, says in his late report:—'Without wishing to present the subject in an extravagant light, it may be stated that this crop is susceptible of being cultivated within the territory of the United States to an extent equal to that of Indian corn, say, 25,000,000 acres per annum; and estimating the average yield of dry or cured fodder to the acre at two tons, the yearly amount produced would be 50,000,000 tons, which, to keep within bounds, would be worth at least \$500,000,000, besides the profit derived from the animals in milk, flesh, labor, and wool.' Farmers—men of enterprise—lovers of cheap sugar—procure this pamphlet, and behold a vast field of hopeful and remunerative labor opened before you!

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC, for 1837, besides the usual astronomical calculations and calendars, contains a large amount of valuable information respecting Kansas, Nicaragua, the condition of Europe, the Ordinance of 1784, &c., together with the several Party Platforms, the Election Returns from all the States in the Union, carefully compiled and compared with former elections, an account of the remarkable contest for Speaker of the 34th Congress, a list of members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, classified and duration of office, a list of States, Capitals, Governors, (with their salaries), times of Legislative meetings, holding of elections, &c., statistics of Banking in the United States, population of the United States, &c. &c. Sold at 12 1/2 cents single—\$1 per dozen—or \$7 per hundred. 'Cheap enough' for the poorest, and useful many times over its cost for reference.

ERASMUS. In the obituary notice of RACHEL HANLINGTON, (in THE LIBERATOR of Jan. 2d.) sixth line, read, 'one by one the bonds are strengthened that draw us hence.'

Read the admirable extract from Rev. A. BARNES'S discourse, at Bangor, on our last page.

ABOLITIONISTS AND THE CHURCH.

'If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be called?' A correspondent of last week's Christian Watchman and Reflector wonders if the time is ever coming when anti-slavery agents will cease their constant hammering against the Church. We assure him that they will discontinue that unpleasant labor with the great Christianized to quit her present pro-slavery position. It is true that the Church is very unpromising as requiring hard labor, incessant watchfulness and long endurance on the part of him who labors for its reformation. It is hard and stony ground, abounding in thorns, and seeming to have little prospect of ever being converted. The confirmed churching is a harder subject of preaching righteousness than even the confirmed worldling. His vices are of a kind more wearing and indurating to the conscience than those even of the thoughtless, self-indulgent trifler. When you have once aroused the latter to serious reflection, he may be further guided towards the true reformation, by such reflection, a turning away from wrong and to wards right; but the same effort with a hardened church-member is apt to do nothing more than set him moving again in the old grooves of cant and formalism. As soon as he has begun to conform himself (through the nose) 'a miserable sinner,' the chance of moving him to any practically useful purpose is gone for that time.

It is gone for that time. But constant dropping wears away stones, even church stones, and we propose to persevere in the labor. Our Baptist friends may as well reconcile himself to the idea of hammering these calls to the Church to repent, until she does repent; and furthermore, until she is converted; and yet again, until she brings forth fruit meet for repentance. If he wishes this painful process shortened, let him use his influence to move the Baptist church to begin to do, if not her duty, at least something towards her duty in the great Christian work of breaking every yoke and letting the oppressed go free. If he shrinks, as a churching may naturally be expected to do, from preaching the whole truth, and calling for immediate abandonment of all sin, let him try the work of removing obstacles, and preparing the way of the Lord in that desert region. For instance: it is not to be expected that Boston Street church in Rowe street should interest themselves much about black slaves, while they cherish the principle of 'caste' so strongly as to forbid even black freemen to buy pews in their meeting-house. Let him urge them to remove this stumbling-block, and at least take their church out of the Methodist communion, whether they can bring it into the Christian communion or not. Let him speak to the deacons, or to some of the most pious brethren, if he deems them more accessible to truth than others. Let him go to one of their conference meetings, and make his subject first 'a matter of prayer,' and then 'a matter of exhortation.' Let him call upon the Rev. Barnes Street himself, and urge him to preach upon this subject at his next 'preparatory lecture'; let him, if necessary, the evidence that the colored people have been to be saved; and suggest to him the advantage (if he really wishes to call sinners to repentance) of engaging from his pew-deeds that clause which restricts the ownership of pews to 'respectable white persons,' and even of not shrinking from the extreme radicalism of saying, 'Whoever will, let him come and hear the gospel preached in Rowe street church.'

But, to return to our Baptist friend's complaint about abolition lecturers, it is somewhat unreasonable to require them to stop hammering at the Church just as they have begun to make an impression upon it. It is not the want of faithful preachers to come from their labors just when they see the first evidence of conviction of sin in their hearers. And just evidence of conviction of sin in their hearers. They are irresistibly compelled to some change of position. They must go slowly and as slightly as possible, but move they must, unless they would see the community, when they wish to lead, and to have the credit of leading, push forward and leave them in the rear. With all sorts of evasion, tergiversation and equivocation, and with frequent recantations and self-contradictions to preserve the reputation of the Church, (its character

Similar admissions are made, mingled with similar... in a 'Letter from Western...

DOWNFALL OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

DEAR GARRISON: I am here at the station, awaiting a train to take...

Resolved, that the American Union has, as might have been expected from its very nature, proved a...

Resolved, that as the present American government has not only failed to establish justice and to...

Resolved, that the people of the non-slave States owe it to themselves, to their posterity, and to justice...

The above resolutions, in substance, have been presented and discussed at most of the Conventions...

Such a revolution in the political world would be most pertinent to the hour, and the men and women...

The authority of the individual soul is the authority of ecclesiastical and governmental organizations...

No government, no religion, no theology, no God, can exist, that does not practically recognize and...

Resolved, that to arraign and try a man, before any tribunal, on the issue, is he a man or a beast...

Resolved, that it is the right and duty of the non-slave States to protect all persons living on their...

Resolved, that we will use our efforts to procure the passage of such laws, by the non-slave States...

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Even of the Northern States are now in the

hands of the Republicans. These men, who boast that they are the only efficient practical political...

By the way, the Democrats of the West feel that their victory will be their certain overthrow.

The last national party is in its death struggle. The last national election is past.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL. Rome, (Oneida Co.) N. Y., Jan. 10, 1857.

DEAR MR. GARRISON: We have just held a very successful Convention at Oswego, N. Y.,—the first of a second series of...

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LETTER FROM MISS C. F. PUTNAM.

UNION SPRINGS, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1856. DEAR MR. GARRISON: This winter's travels bring us to the hospitable...

Mr. SLOCUM HOWLAND, a liberal Quaker and his family, received us with warm cordiality at Sherwood's, in Scipio.

On entering the house, I was struck with the air of contentment within, and the cheerful demeanor of the inmates.

Mr. HOWLAND sent us forward in his carriage to this pretty town on the banks of Cayuga Lake, and which commands a fine prospect, even in this bare...

Miss HOLLEY spoke twice here yesterday, to a multitude who were pleased to acknowledge their interest by grateful looks and a liberal donation to the Anti-Slavery cause.

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Even of the Northern States are now in the

THE JURY BOX AND RIGHTS OF JURORS.

We publish below, as prepared by a distinguished legal gentleman, two important petitions, which the author trusts will be numerously signed, and forwarded to the Legislature early in the session...

To the Legislature of Massachusetts: We, the subscribers, citizens of Massachusetts, believing that it is a constitutional right of every adult male citizen to have his name in the jury-box...

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ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AT FITZBURGH.

The annual Anti-Slavery Fair of Worcester North will be opened in the Town Hall in Fitzburgh, on Wednesday, January 14th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and continue through Thursday and Friday, 16th and 17th.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1857. Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence, by the ablest writers, and is profusely illustrated with Engravings.

THE JANUARY NUMBER—now ready—contains more than twenty ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS, including The New Year; Self-Culture and Improvement; Utility of Phrenology in selecting Life Partners; Dr. Kane and his Arctic Explorations; Illustrated; Power of Body over Mind; Nomenclature of Phrenology; Education of Girls; Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie; Character and Biography, with Portrait; Dr. Gall, with New Portrait; Art Association Illustrated; Interesting Events; Utah, Mormon Developments; Fulton and Livingston; Words of Greeting; Prizes and Premiums—Notes and Queries; Definition of the Mental Faculties and Temperaments, etc.

For THREE DOLLARS (\$3) in advance, a copy of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, LIFE ILLUSTRATED (weekly) and THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL, will be sent a year to one address. Now is the time to subscribe and form Clubs.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS. To the American Anti-Slavery Society. Collected by Caroline F. Putnam.

Table with columns: Name, No. of Persons, Amount. Includes Stoneham, Ludlowville, Northville, Goodyear's Corners, Peruville, Groton, Etha, Ithaca, Dryden, Five Corners, Sherwood, Union Springs, Ledyard, Genoa.

Also, friends in Manchester, Mass., by Lizzie A. Ellwell, Rev. Samuel J. May, Syracuse, N. Y., By Parker Pillsbury: Collected in Providence, Upton, Salem, Malden, Worcester Co. North Society, Stoneham, by Joseph A. Howland.

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Heralds of Freedom.

'TRUTH, LOVE, JUSTICE' PUBLISHED THIS DAY, BY O. H. BRAINARD, 124 Washington Street.

A MAGNIFICENT Lithographic Print, with the above title and motto, intended as a companion to the 'Champions of Freedom,' in which are presented the Portraits of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, THEODORE PARKER, RALPHE WALDO EMERSON, GERRIT SMITH, JOSHUA B. GIDDINGS, SAMUEL J. MAY.

These Portraits have been drawn in the highest style of the art by that unrivalled French artist, L. Grosselet, from daguerotypes taken expressly for the purpose, and are the most faithful likenesses of the distinguished originals ever presented to the public.

FOUND AT LAST! AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL! The publishers confidently recommend Neighbor Jackwood, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FATHER BRIGHTHOOD,' &c. As a story which will delight every reader; a story which, for truth, naturalness, pathos, humor, and absorbing interest, has had few superiors in America.

OTHER RECENT PUBLICATIONS. PRESCOTT'S Robertson's Charles V. 3 vols. 8 vo., with Portrait. Uniform with Ferdinand and Isabella. 3 vols. Conquest of Mexico. 3 vols. Philip II. Vols. I. and II. Conquest of Peru. 2 vols. Miscellanies. 1 vol., with Portrait of the Author. Mr. Prescott's works are sold at \$2.00 per volume, in cloth binding. They are bound, also, in various elegant styles.

A New Work by Dr. Hitchcock, the Geologist. Religious Truth; Illustrated from Science, in Addresses and Sermons on Special Occasions. BY REV. EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D. (Late President of Amherst College,) author of 'The Religion of Geology,' &c. In one volume, 12 mo. \$1.25.

Biographical Essays. BY H. T. TUCKERMAN. In one volume, 8 vo. \$1.75. These Essays contain succinct biographies and critical estimates of Washington, (Chattahoochee, Lord Chesapeake, Franklin, Campbell, (the poet), De Witt Clinton, Bishop Berkeley, Audobon, (the Naturalist), De Foe, (the author of Robinson Crusoe), and other eminent persons. About half the subjects are American, and embrace the most distinguished names known in our annals.

EMERSON'S English Traits. In one volume, 12 mo. Uniform with Essays, First and Second Series, 2 vols. Miscellanies, including 'Nature,' &c. Representative Men. Bound in various elegant styles.

D R E D; A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. BY HARRIET BECHER STOWE. Author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' etc. etc. Two volumes. \$1.75.

PHILLIPS, SAMPTON AND COMPANY, Publishers, 13 Winter Street, Boston. J2 2w.

Amusement and Instruction. PARLOR DRAMAS: Dramatic Scenes FOR HOME AMUSEMENT, SOIREES, EXHIBITIONS, &c. By the Author of 'The Hundred Dialogues.' All new and original—of a high moral tone. Just published. Price \$1.00. Sent safely by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Sold by Booksellers generally. MORRIS COTTON, PUBLISHER, Boston. January 2. 5w

Boston Hall of Arts. THIS Institution is now open for the reception of Machines, Models, Manufactured Fabrics, Raw Materials for Manufacture, and all objects of novelty or interest connected with the useful or ornamental arts. It consists of two well lighted rooms, each 210 by 50, and 14 feet high, in a substantial new brick building, centrally located. It is designed to be a permanent INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, on the following TERMS: Such articles only will be admitted as are deemed by the Superintendent to be of public interest, and worth paying something to see. Each exhibitor, not occupying more than three square feet of space, will pay a rent of \$1. This rent will be payable quarterly in advance. For every dollar thus paid, the exhibitor will receive ten tickets, each giving admission to one person. The first of April, exhibitors will be admitted free of rent, and it will be at their option to continue, on the above terms, or withdraw. Every exhibitor will be allowed free admission for himself, and to keep in attendance a person, or persons necessary to take care of his exhibition, but not to introduce visitors without tickets. The rooms will be warmed, lighted and kept in order at the expense of the proprietor. The price of a single ticket, admitting one person, will be TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. It is intended to open the Exhibition to the public as soon as the space is sufficiently occupied, of which due notice will be given. Those who would secure space, should make immediate application, by letter, to the SUPERINTENDENT, setting the nature of the article to be exhibited, and the amount of space required, as personally, at the Hall of Arts, corner of Essex and Lincoln streets, entrance in Essex street, up stairs. EMERY B. FAX, Proprietor. ELIZABETH WRIGHT, Superintendent. Boston, Jan. 1, 1857.

DISMISSAL OF PARTNERSHIP. REUBEN H. OBER retires from our firm this day, by mutual consent. The business of the firm will be settled by either of the late partners. Those indebted will please call and adjust the same as soon as possible. DAVID B. MOREY, REUBEN H. OBER, THOMAS SMITH. Boston, Jan. 1, 1857.

THE BUSINESS HEREAFTER will be carried on under the style of MOREY & SMITH, who will continue to manufacture Block Tin and Britannia Ware; will also keep on hand a general assortment of Glass and Japanned Ware, at Nos. 5 and 7 Haverhill street, and would solicit a continuance of the patronage which has been so liberally bestowed on the late firm. DAVID B. MOREY, THOMAS SMITH. Boston, January 1, 1857.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.—Mr. B. B. Mussey, for many years an influential citizen and member of the book trade of Boston, died at the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Trumbull, in Poplar street, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. He has been falling in health for about two years, but did not give up his business and confine himself to his room till within a fortnight. Mrs. Warren and Jackson were his medical attendants. His disease was of a complicated nature, but not such as to deprive him of his reason till the very hour of his decease. He was about fifty-two years of age, and had been an active business man in Boston for a period of thirty years. He was born in Bradford, Vt., and came to this city when a young man, where he engaged as a book auctioneer. Mr. Mussey had retired from active business sometime since the death of his wife, Mrs. Carter. He had a family of four children, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. B. B. Mussey, Jr. He was a man of great energy and industry, and his death is a great loss to the community.

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POETRY.

MY POOR LOUISE.

AS BY WILLIAM WINTER. Pale she was as a lily leaf, My poor Louise!

And we knew from the calm of her saintly eyes, From the gentle tone of her sweet replies,

At sunset of an August day, Her ad eyes closed, and tranquilly She breathed her sweet, young life away,

THE SLEEPING DEAD.

BY LONGFELLOW. When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night

IN THE RIGHT BE STRONG. Go boldly forth, and fear no ill, When fierce oppressors rise;

The Liberator.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON REVIEWING THE PAST YEAR.

BY REV. A. BATTLES, OF BANGOR, ME.

With all these things before us, we entered a Presidential campaign. As it seems to me, the only real question was, shall the policy of the Slave Power be endorsed, and the iniquities in Kansas go unrebuked?

At one time, it was the boast of Athens, that the rights of her humblest and poorest citizen were protected by law. Here, more than three millions of human beings are stripped of all their rights, and made to suffer what broods rebellion in their hearts, and there is no law to protect them.

I have said the extension of slavery was the only question before the people in the late campaign. I am not ignorant that many espoused the pro-slavery cause under the pretence of saving the Union, which they affirmed was in danger.

Some go so far as to charge upon the 'speculative philanthropy' of the North, the guilt of having caused the retrograde movement at the South.

Again, it is said the agitation at the North produced agitation among the slaves, as it is now doing. Agitation may hasten such outbreaks, but does not cause them.

The country is in danger, but the anti-slavery portion of our community is not responsible for it. Tell me that there is danger in exposing the wrongs of slavery!

over us in 1820? What was it that plunged us into a war with Mexico in 1848? What was it that threw the whole land into such a ferment in 1850, and has again the past season created such an agitation as never shook the country before?

Men may invoke us to silence, and 'cry Peace! Peace!' but there is no peace. Slavery has murdered peace. The war is actually begun 'between freedom and slavery.

De you want to know who the most efficient anti-slavery lecturers have been during the past year? It is not Theodore Parker, nor Henry Ward Beecher, nor Charles Sumner, nor William Lloyd Garrison, but Franklin Pierce, Stephen A. Douglas, and Preston S. Brooks.

Mr. Clay, in 1839, said it was moral treason to introduce the subject of slavery into Congress. Now, the President occupies nearly one half of his message in discussing the question, and Congress talks of little beside.

Europe has known three phases. The first was the dominion of force; the second, the dominion of money; the third is beginning—the dominion of truth. When it comes, woman will step out on the platform side by side with her brother.

I have read a story of a wonder-working physician, who, by some occult art, succeeded in creating a plant that emitted a sweet and delicious, yet poisonous fragrance, and all who came within reach of its fatal exhalations were infected by it.

It is idle to talk of keeping quiet, and as criminal as idle. But little less so is it to think of being satisfied with the non-extension of this institution.

Now, my claim for woman's right to vote—and I claim it as the very central nucleus of the whole cause—my claim for her right to political recognition is simply a corollary to the principle of non-extension.

There are more brains among the signers to that petition to Parliament for a recognition of the civil rights of woman, than there are to the American Declaration of Independence, and signed by a dozen of the literary eminces of Great Britain.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The following admirable speech was delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., at the Seventh National Woman's Rights Convention, held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Nov. 25th, 1856:—

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am told that the Times of to-day warns the women of this Convention, that if they proceed in their course, they will forfeit the protection of the men.

In fact, this is a question of civilization, and the test of civilization. I challenge any doubts as to that statement. We all know that wherever we go in history, or in the present, the position of women is the test of civilization.

But in fact, there is no use of blinking the issue. It is a fact against the Saxon blood; it is a religious prejudice against the blood of the race. The blood of the race accords to woman equality. It is a religious superstition which stands in the way, and balks the effort.

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other nine hundred millions ought to be dumb on the subject of brains.

But it is not intellectual capacity upon which we base the claim for the right of ballot. We do not deny to man the right to the ballot because he is not very intellectual; we give it to him if he is sane.

Woman, while she shows the capacity to conduct herself, to remain at the head of her family, to take an ordinary interest in domestic affairs, shows as much capacity to use the ballot as her husband, ordinarily.

Now I contend that woman, broadly considered, makes half the money that is made. Go the world over, take either Europe or America; the first source of money is the labor of man and woman.

Again, take thought. I know our sister has modestly told us how utterly they are deprived of what are called the institutions of education; but we know very well that book learning is a miserably poor thing, and that the best education in the world is what we clutch in the streets; and of that education, by hook or by crook, woman has so far gained enough, that Europe and America through, where the hand of woman is not, as much on the helm of public opinion as that of man.

In this country, too, at this hour, woman does as much to give the impulse to public opinion as man does.

Now, wherever I find silent power, I want recognition of the responsibility. I am not in favor of a power behind the throne. I do not want half the race concealed behind the curtain, and controlling without being responsible.

Then again, we spoke of education. You cannot educate woman, in the sense that we use education. She has no model cases.

I welcome this movement, because it shows that we have got a great amount of civilization. Every other movement to redress a wrong in the past generation of the world has yielded only to fear.

There are more brains among the signers to that petition to Parliament for a recognition of the civil rights of woman, than there are to the American Declaration of Independence, and signed by a dozen of the literary eminces of Great Britain.

But the difficulty is, no man can defend the right to vote, without dragging woman up.

Our fathers proclaimed, sixty years ago, that government was equal with the right to take part in the management of the government.

We also have ample time to-morrow to go very closely into these questions. But remember that we do not claim, and what we do. We do not only claim the right to vote, but we do not only prove it. I rather suspect that her prove it, who is not willing to have it proved.

That is each human being's sphere, which he is capable of filling; and all we have got to do is stand out of the way, and let him fill it; let a woman make up her mind to let her try the experiment.

Little, it has progressed from the time of Boetius of Comacina, a Jew stood at the doors of the house of Comacina, and he has no right to vote.



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OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood, and stimulate it into healthy action.

FOR COSTIVENESS.—Take one or two pills, or such quantity as will gently stimulate the bowels, frequently the aggravating cause of Piles, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both.

FOR SCURFV, ERYSIPELAS, and all diseases of the skin, take the Pills freely, and you will see the bowels open, and the skin clear.

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, and all Inflammatory Fevers, are rapidly cured by the purifying effects of these Pills upon the blood, and the stimulus which they afford to the principle of Life.

J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.