

istics, to prove that slavery is a bad thing, for the same reason that 'Colburn's First Lessons' is not the text-book at Harvard—it has got beyond that—it is something else to do. This is a University, not a school of A, B, C. In the writings of THOMPSON D. WELB, of Mrs. CHUBB, and others—in the accumulated 'Refuges of Oppression' in THE LIBERATOR—there has been heaped up a mass of information in regard to the workings of slavery, of which the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin' and Olmstead's 'Slave States' are but the poor and superficial reproduction. But, long ago, something greater opened itself before Abolitionists as a duty. It has entered on a new course of existence; it has found a new work; and that work is seen in the pulpits and their changes, seen in the caucuses and its transformations. Every great religious party in the land, that had a South side to split off from them, has split it off, as far as it dared to do it. Every young preacher, in any denomination, who has a reputation among his own brethren worth having, has gained it, like my noble cousin, DEWEY TYNG, of Philadelphia, by his fidelity to this stern test. It speaks to all the clergy of the nation, and tests all the religion of the nation; and, compared with it, there is nothing by which you can judge a man or an institution.

But, sir, these tests and these workings are to me less absorbing, partly because we keep a special professor for that line of business, PARKER PILBURY, (applause) who, I suppose, is here with his file of newspapers and documents—less absorbing, less startling, than the influence upon the political condition of the nation, and the public sentiment that lies behind it. I do not care what doctrine is taught by the pulpits. I have been in the pulpits, and I know what that means; but I do care for the public sentiment that heaves and swells in caucuses, and stamps itself in legislation, (and in such legislation!) at the polls. I do care to live in a State that is true to its instincts of liberty. Let the Union go—the quicker the better; but in Heaven's name, while we live in Massachusetts, let us be in Massachusetts, and seek for something here that is worth standing upon. What have we in Massachusetts now? What baseness, what littleness is around us, in the institutions in what calls itself the Anti-Slavery and Republicanism of Massachusetts now? Why, a few years ago, we took account of stock, and we found that slavery had demoralized all our public existence; and that in this State, so far, that we actually formed a Coalition and Knowledge to lift us out of it. Coalition came, and had its course. It came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb—and Caleb Cushing fled it. (Laughter.) Know-nothingism came, and my anti-slavery neighbors were actually disposed to think there was joy in heaven over the first election of Henry J. Gardner, as if he were a sinner, and had repented. They thought themselves rich in that prize, but they soon found that they were like the man who drew the elephant in a lottery, and that they have been trying to get rid of him ever since. At this moment, go into any Republican cabal, and the one absorbing question is, not what shall we do against slavery, and for liberty? but what shall we do with Gardner, and for Wilson and Banks? In every place, every secret conclave, the grand theme is, rebuke of Gardner, and the grand question, how he is to be got out of his seat, and who shall hop into it when he is out! O, it is humiliating to see those who call themselves the anti-slavery politicians or statesmen of the Commonwealth resorting, when they get into power, to the same despicable chicanery that roused the indignation of the people a few years ago, and threw the power into their hands. These leading men appeal to the selfishness that reigns in the men beneath them. There are so many applicants, and so few offices, that it gives to each one who holds office, or offers it, a command upon the sympathies or torments of many. There is that little handful of places—a few seats in the House of Representatives at Washington, two seats in the Senate—five leaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many? (Applause.) When we came to Anniversary Week, we heard a great deal said in the newspapers about the cant of reform, and we see a good deal more of the re-cant of it. (Laughter and applause.)

Why, sir, we had in Worcester an illustration of this state of things lately. We had last week, a consignment from the State of Kentucky of two small representatives of colored humanity, who were sent by express, paid through, to one of the editors of the Spy, with the intimation, that if he could take better care of them than their master could, he was welcome to them. He thought he could not take worse, and so accepted the charge. They say the fugitives cannot take care of themselves. Perhaps they can't; but I know that, these two boys strayed out in the streets, and when found, they were engaged in turning somersets in the shops, at a penny apiece, and came back with half a dollar in their pockets. We soon put a stop to that species of enterprise. We told them there were plenty of white men in Massachusetts, who made their living by that sort of business, and that turning somersets at a penny apiece would injure their prospects. (Laughter and applause.) But I fear their example has been demoralizing already, by some things I see recorded as spoken at the anniversaries yesterday.

We have got to go deeper, and take a stronger hold of the people of Massachusetts, before we can dream of getting a foot of free soil to stand upon. There are persons, I find, who are very ready, as soon as a young man shows any instinct for freedom, to suggest to him that he will be very useful in Kansas, or very useful in Virginia—in Eli Thayer's new band of brothers there. They seem to think there is no opportunity for any effort for freedom in Massachusetts, we have got to free already. Mr. Chairman, I know of one man who does not desire to remove to Kansas, or to Virginia, until somewhere in Massachusetts there is at least the beginning of a free State to date from. (Applause.) God forbid that any of us, who understand the true condition of things, should go out of Massachusetts, so long as trading politicians govern the State! And while they do, there are no laws, there are no securities that can give us any hope. Since Margaret Garner had pledged to her, in Cincinnati, all the resources of the State of Ohio for her protection and that of her children, and after all, could find no avenue for them to liberty larger than the dagger's little point, I have no hope of politicians, or of laws, or of any thing but the roused instinct of the people, to stand by a fugitive slave. All else is vain. I have seen, within the last month, no less than five female slaves of different families, all born slaves, every one of them as white, I will not say as Rufus Choate or Daniel Webster, but as the average whiteness of the finest type of the Anglo-Saxon race. Take the whitest of these women, give her five minutes into the clutches of the coward Butman, put her and the safeguards of your Personal Liberty Bill around her, and I tell you, there is not a politician in Massachusetts with backbone enough to save her—not one; for CHARLES SUMNER is not in Massachusetts. (Loud applause.) Were she my own sister, I could give her no hope of safety in the tribunals of the law—no glimpse of freedom—unless she, and we for her, despairing of justice, were willing, like Brennus of old, to turn the balance with the sword. (Loud applause.) She would be safe then, and not until then. I know how the 'Optimists and Quietists' talk; and I don't mean by the respectabilities of the Boston Courier, or the hell demons of the Boston Post—I mean the Republicans; as WENDELL PHILLIPS once said, 'the Republicans and sinners.' (Laughter.) I mean such men as the Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune—the men who encourage the same vain dream that has always defeated us hitherto, that there will be no more fugitive slave cases in Massachusetts, or if there be, that the Personal Liberty Bill will protect them. 'Sir, I wish from my soul the Personal Liberty

Bill were repealed. It is nothing but a useless waste of time, with a Supreme Court that is openly against it, and a Governor that is worse, because he is not even openly against it. There is not a section, not a clause in it, through which the tyranny of man will not, drive itself in safety. There never was a time when we did not have law enough in Massachusetts to protect the fugitive in the bill of personal privilege; but the difficulty has been, that we had no officer willing to serve a writ, and no man above him who would bid him do it; and we have not now—and when shall we have? I have read what the New York Herald says about that formidable organization which is in operation here, and I can only say of it, as the veteran traveller did of his own narrative, when it was read to him in his old age: he said it was very wonderful and interesting, but sometimes he could not help wondering if it was all true. (Laughter.)

The trouble is, Mr. Chairman, that you cannot get a formidable organization to meet slavery face to face, unless you let slavery come face to face to meet it. You cannot learn men to swim on a table. You have no chance to turn men into freemen by giving them a sense of duty, but by giving them something to defend. What made the men of Bunker Hill, but the dangers and experiences of the French wars? These made them brave. What makes men cowards now? The halist regarding every fugitive slave who comes among us as something already stamped and endorsed, and with a way-bill-forwarding him to Canada as soon as possible. We educate ourselves into cowardism every time we patronize the Underground Railroad. (Applause.) Gov. Gardner vetoes the Hoose Tunnel Bill; I wish he would veto the Underground tunnel as well, and we would thank him for it.—Those 'optimists and quietists,' who think there cannot be another fugitive slave case in Massachusetts, do not know the mighty terrors, the caution and secrecy, of the men and women around me on this platform, to keep them from occurring, by sending them away before the danger comes. They do it, because they do not dare, in the present condition of the community, to do any thing else. They do it, because you make them do it; because, by your cowardice, you lead them to think that there is no help for the fugitive, but in continuing a fugitive. Once resolve that Boston is the terminus of the Underground Railroad henceforth, and Boston is Canada—these streets, though part of a Republic, are as free as if they were ruled by a Queen. You do it in your own hearts already, many of you; but your hearts do not fully take counsel with each other; you do not keep, through years of inaction, the same spirit of determination that swells in a thousand hearts the day after a fugitive slave has been carried away. Keep alive the feeling of the men of Massachusetts the day after Burns was carried back, and another Burns case would never come. But we are not accustomed to these dangers; we do not have a daily experience to excite us, and we Abolitionists sometimes yield to the spirit around us, and endeavor to evade the direct contest with slavery, which alone can save us. We cannot gain organization without experience; we cannot defend our principles without meeting danger face to face, and grappling with it. We shrink from risking the safety of a fugitive slave by encouraging him to remain; but the fugitive slave defended is the safety of thousands yet to be defended; one slaveholder defeated openly in Massachusetts is worth a million defeated by manoeuvres, and cheated by the swift decision of the Canada train. (Applause.) I long to see something of that despicable virtue, prudence,—a virtue though it may be sometimes,—and something of resolution that the time has come for retreating no longer.

What is the use of the Dred Scott case, if it leads us not an inch further on than we were before? What is the use of Judge Taney deciding that the black man has no rights, unless we respect him a little more, to restore the equilibrium? I looked to see a people who would rise with one firm determination, that henceforth the die was cast, and the time had come; and I see some signs of acquiescence in the abstract tyranny of that decision. We have all of us seen them. And the reason is, that men always acquiesce in abstraction. Nothing but the concrete case, the exercise of tyranny, the actual danger, the immediate issue, rouses them. One fugitive slave standing here black and plain before you, is worth more than a million added steps of a tyranny that we have been accustomed to. We need some new change in the heart of the people of Massachusetts. If we had a fugitive slave case every year in Anniversary Week, the ministers would bring their rides to Boston, instead of sending them to Kansas, and they might, perhaps, take them back without their being needed; but as long as they do not bring them down, they are needed. So long as they do not defend the fugitive, we need to defend him. As soon as we begin to defend him, there will be an end to the necessity for defence. One success settles the question forever.

I knew it was said nobly in New York, 'Massachusetts men, Anglo-Saxon men, do not find Sharpe's rifles their legitimate weapons.' Thank God, they do not! But, sir, if we have not got the best tool to work with, we must take the next best. If we have not got the tongue of STEPHEN FOSTER, we must take the next sharpest thing; if we cannot roll out the cannon balls that come every week, out of THE LIBERATOR, we must take pistol bullets. Any thing, any weapon, so that for one instant in our lives we may know the sensation of being freemen!

Here is the vital question for us in Massachusetts. As for the Union, that may settle itself; it is settling itself every day. It is of no use for us to talk one way or the other—mere talking is so insignificant in comparison with the vast processes that, beneath God's laws, are going on. Why argue the separation of the States? We must separate when we learn to hate each other; and we are learning, sadly, sternly, the sense of separation, the deep feeling of foreignness, every year. Nothing I saw in Kansas impressed me so deeply as this one thing,—the general, deep, vague, but unquestionable, absolute, total alienation between every man in Kansas who came from a free State, and every man who came from a slave State. It was an actual, inevitable thing. They did not know why it was. They might meet for purposes of trade, they might meet for the interchange of social enjoyment, the same stern fact was visible. Going down the Missouri river, the young men whom I travelled with, from Virginia, from South Carolina, from Mississippi, did not go into Kansas to fight the men of Kansas as such. What did they care about the men of Kansas, as such? Nothing—noting! They went there to fight the men from Massachusetts, from Vermont, from New York, from Wisconsin, from Minnesota. They went to fight Yankees,—and they would have marched into New York, or into Massachusetts, just as readily, and from just the same impulses, if they dared to do it. As somebody said the other day in South Carolina, you know, 'South Carolina wants nothing to do with Massachusetts, except on the battle-field'; and somebody else added, 'And not much there.' (Laughter.)

We are not one nation. It is idle to call us so. Every fibre of social life asserts an ingrained separation that makes us hostile in spite of ourselves. You read Olmstead's 'Tour in Texas,' and you find him going from house to house among the Texans, native Americans, speaking the same language with himself, voting under the same Constitution, a part of the same Union; and you find him a stranger among his kindred there; and then you follow him into the German settlements, among men of a foreign language, and customs, and race, and he feels at home. Talk of a Union, when every principle, every institution, that Massachusetts asserts, every principle in South Carolina denies! Talk of a Union! Why, the world has not seen the existence of a permanent Union between two races and two nations so dissimilar as that. It is

idle to oppose the disunion settlement of the question. It is not a question of the meaning of the Constitution; if it were, the mass of the people would never care for it. The only merit of the Worcester Disunion Convention was this—that it presented the problem for the first time as a practical one—a question, not of an instrument, but of a nation; not the severing of a parchment, but the severing of two hostile races. As such, the battle is hereafter to be fought. We do not make the materials—we take them as they are, and deal with them. We take slavery and freedom, and say that they separate, not because we want them to separate, but because they are intrinsically hostile. They separate because they must separate; and all we say upon this platform is, if they must separate, for God's sake, let us save the pieces—let us save Massachusetts!

It is for this reason, that in these few words I have urged upon you the one desire which controls my heart in the question of freedom,—that we should leave these dodgings and equivocations, these disguises and feints, which keep us from the main issue; that we should take, either in our laws, or without our laws, the position that henceforth Massachusetts is Canada—and call it 'Treason,' if you please. 'Treason!' if there is not a man here, there is not a woman, who, if true to his or her instincts of freedom, does not commit treason every week; and all I say is, that the secret treason which demoralizes and weakens us all, should be transformed henceforth into open, active treason, that will make us free men, at least, and give free soil to Massachusetts. (Loud applause.)

From the Newburyport Herald.
ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION IN BOSTON
—ANTI-SLAVERY.

Many religious associations held their anniversaries last week in Boston, but none, in our opinion, more worthy of attention than the Anti-Slavery Convention at the Melodion. It was a meeting unlike the others, emphatically sui generis. It was a mixed assembly, and curious to look at. Many ladies were present, sympathizing with all the warm words of the speakers; the dark son of Africa was there, with his head erect as if among friends acknowledging him to be of the self same blood. There were many in lineaments; many strangers were present, curious to hear the new doctrines, and not a few of the clergy to listen to a theology unlike that taught by the old divines; and last, and by no means least, were those who for years had devoted their lives with singleness of purpose to all the views they had embraced, who had suffered and gloried in the suffering, and who would now offer up their lives as willingly as ever martyr did, if the Anti-Slavery cause demanded the sacrifice. These were gathered the originators of the slavery agitation in its present phase, calm, clear, persuasive, uttering in the mildest tones words that, if heeded, would create a revolution. Phillips was prominent, as in years past, holding every assembly he addresses in rapt attention, with an eloquence few living Americans possess. Belonging to one of the oldest and most respectable families in Massachusetts, wealthy, cultivated, able to shine in any avocation, keen, witty, argumentative, using the purest syntax and the choicest language, he has devoted his talents to the one cause. In his own language, we saw an ultimate analysis made of his body by Dr. Jackson, there would be found as the essence of his being, *curse on Carolina*. No one who has ever heard this man denounce slaveholders and their abettors, will ever forget his terrible power. Parker was in the crowd, though a recent illness probably prevented him from taking an active part. His influence on the slavery sentiment of the country has been great, but more so on its theology. When a boy, we were taught to regard him as the originator of the new heresies. Those views he has infused into the mind of New England, beyond all conception. In thousands of minds trained to speak even the name of the Bible with reverence, it has become like a newspaper of the day, a mixture of truth and folly, to be weighed in the balance of reason, and received or rejected as human wisdom may determine.

In this convention, however it may have been elsewhere, there was no concealment of opinion. Each one spoke out as he felt. No one cared for popularity; no one wanted an office. Whatever others might think of them, it was to them a religious convention; for with them opposition to slavery is religion, the test of Christianity, the touchstone of faith. They denounced the Union as an unholy thing, from all the evils of which they would wash their hands. The Tract Society was especially denounced for refusing to publish tracts containing anti-slavery sentiments, and for expurgating some formerly published. The 'practical' report of the committee to whom the subject was referred, was much commented upon. Orthodoxy was dwelt upon—all Orthodoxy is wriggling,' said Mr. Phillips, with much applause. One of the speakers said he would denounce God himself if he sanctioned slavery, and again the applause was loud and long. The 'half divine' lips even of Beecher and Cheever did not go far enough, and they with the whole Republican party might prove more dangerous to the slave than avowed enemies. This and much more formed the topics of the day, and the audience, in regard to whom the subject was referred, was not only intelligent and respectful throughout. Notice of the meeting had been given in the papers, and placarded throughout the city; but so great has been the change wrought in public sentiment within the past ten years, (chiefly through the example and active influence of our estimable Quaker friend, THOMAS GARRETT, one of the most remarkable men now living,) not the slightest opposition or uneasiness was manifested at our presence. Friend GARRETT sat by our side on the platform, and gave us the benefit of his countenance, as well as extended to us a warm-hearted hospitality, in which so many have shared, especially the needy and the outcast. By priority of age, his interest in the cause of the slave began at an earlier period than our own. A veteran abolitionist, he has stood at his post in a slave State for more than thirty years, the faithful, undisguised, outspoken opponent of slavery; and never has shrunk from sheltering and succoring the poor fugitives, more than two thousand of whom (and this is no secret) have safely passed through his hands, 'bound for the land of Canaan.' Of course, all this has been done at great pecuniary cost, self-sacrifice, and imminent peril. A few years since, he was stripped of every farthing of his property by the courts, on the ground of harboring fugitive slaves, and reduced from competency to poverty. His life has been repeatedly threatened; the bowie-knife has been presented to his breast, and the revolver to his head; but none of these things could intimidate or discourage him. Possessing a dauntless spirit, a lion-like courage blended with a lamb-like gentleness, uncommon tact and sagacity, admirable perseverance and inflexible determination, a massive personal presence, exhaustless sympathy, and the largest benevolence, he has never faltered where multitudes would have abandoned the field. No one who knows him doubts his sincerity, the purity of his motives, or the disinterestedness of his acts. His case is perfectly unique—and will be found quite as remarkable as that of the venerated ISAAC T. HOPPER. As we drove into Wilmington with him in his own carriage, we noticed with what pleasure his benevolent countenance was hailed by the colored people about the streets, manifested by various unmistakable signs. It was a literal fulfillment of the declaration of Job—'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; and because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and I broke the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of their hands.'

We doubt whether there lives the man in all Delaware, who is really more respected for his integrity of character and rare moral heroism than THOMAS GARRETT; or one whose memory will be more proudly cherished by that State, long after she shall have emancipated every bondman on her soil, and inaugurated the reign of freedom. She has now less than two thousand slaves, and if she would ransom them, can be at a doubt in regard to the extent of the anti-slavery sentiment of New England. It has become ingrafted into our religion and politics; and soon, if it is not now, will be paramount to all other questions, currency, tariff, and whatever so long divided the old parties. People sometimes wish they lived in the age of stirring events. We need no such wish, for we are so placed. Those who live now will have to grapple with trying scenes, and determine momentous questions. No reason alone is to be enlisted, but passion, and all that stirs men to good and evil. It is to be indeed hoped that a higher wisdom than man's may direct; and as in former scenes of trial our country has been preserved and prospered, so it may be in the present and future.

In an editorial article on Anniversary Week in Boston, the New York Christian Inquirer says:—
The Anti-Slavery meetings have, in like manner, subsided in practical importance. The Northern public now agree pretty generally with whatever was sober and practical in their original positions or intentions; and it is very much owing to 'abolition' exertions that this state of sentiment has been brought about. While there was a chance of effecting practical changes in legislation, or even in public opinion, these meetings had an intense reality. Their eloquence was always extravagant and in shocking taste, but it was tremendously effective. It rived and splintered like lightning. It encountered solid resistance, and struck fire from the iron face of the public sentiment, against which it set itself like a flint. But not even 'the Dred Scott decision' has been able to give the original freshness and reality to the Anti-Slavery meetings. Indeed, the contrary. The Kansas excitement took the wind out of their sails, by doing their business better than they could, and the Supreme Court has finished them. Little seems left but a set of admirable notions, unsurpassed delators, armed at all points—magnificently unscrupulous, sublimely impudent, gloriously extravagant—men used to making grand, exciting speeches once a week year in and year out—always expected to stun the audience, and always fulfilling the expectation—but now out of business—and practicing as amateurs at their old calling. At the Anti-Slavery Convention, the right to come in on 'meeting days,' of the Anti-Slavery gladiators claim the privilege of occupying their old place in Anniversary week. And really it would seriously detract from the charms and even the uses of that occasion, if this extraordinary class of public speakers was to disappear. 'Practice makes perfect,' and we have never had a school in which all the excellencies, and all the defects—all that should be copied, and all that should be shunned—in popular eloquence, have been so perfectly ripened. The wind-flowers, and the sun-flowers—never the poppies—of rhetoric have all bloomed in utmost perfection upon the abolition rock. Argument and sophistry, sense and madness, principles and personalities, piety and profanity, noble aspiration and grovelling blasphemy, all have found their aptest tongues on their platform. If one wanted to laugh or cry, be pleased or irritated, delighted or disgusted, the Anti-Slavery meeting was the place for him. Such a school of healthy and morbid anatomy in eloquence was never yet so perfectly ripened. The wind-flowers, and the sun-flowers—never the poppies—of rhetoric have all bloomed in utmost perfection upon the abolition rock. 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POETRY.

THE venerable Past—is past; 'Tis dark, and shines not in the ray; 'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gone at last; 'Twas dawned another day, Why should we sit where ivies creep, And shroud ourselves in charnel deep; Or the world's yesterdays deplore, Mid crumbling ruins, mossy, hoar? Why should we see with dead men's eyes, Looking at Was from morn to night, When the beautiful Now, the divine To us, Woo with their charms our living sight? Why should we hear but echoes dead, When the world of sound so beautiful, Will give us music of our own? Why in the darkness should we grope, When the sun in heaven's resplendent cope Shines as bright as ever it shone? We will not dwell amid the graves, Nor in dim twilight sit alone, To gaze at moulder'd architraves, Or pilings and columns overthrown; We will not only see the light, Through painted windows, cobwebb'd o'er, Nor know the beauty of the night, Save by the moonbeam on the floor; But in the presence of the sun, Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow; We'll look at Nature face to face, And we shall love, because we know. The present needs us. Every age Bequeaths the next for heritage. No lazy luxury or delight— No strenuous labor for the right; For Now, the child and sire of Time, Demands the deeds of earnest men, To make it better than the past, And stretch the circle of its ken. Now is a fact that men deplore, Though it might blush them evermore, Would they but fashion it aright; 'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright. Time, not eternity, hath seen A repetition of delight. In all its phases, ne'er hath been For men or angels that which is; And that which is hath ceased to be Ere we have breathed it, and its place Is lost in the Eternity. But Now is ever good and fair, Of the Infinite the heir, And we of it. So let us live, That from the Past we may receive Light for the Now—from Now a joy That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

The Liberator.

A CONDENSED REPORT OF THE UNPRECEDENTED CASE OF Dred Scott } In the Supreme Court of the United States of America. Judge Taney comes into court with great dignity. He driveth five negroes. He carrieth whips, and chains, and manacles. He placeth a large negro in front. He putteth gyres on his ankles. He fasteneth handcuffs on his wrists. He prostrateth another negro with his face downward, behind the negro aforesaid. He compelleth the third negro to stand on all fours, between the two aforementioned negroes. He placeth the two remaining negroes, one at one end, and the other at the other end, of the negro who standeth on all fours. Six of the other Judges appear in Court, dressed in long, black silk robes; mounted on the shoulders of negroes. Three of these Judges take position on the right, and three of them on the left hand of Chief Justice Taney. Judge Taney then placeth one foot on the back of the prostrate negro. He putteth a hand on the shoulder of either negro who standeth in position before him. He placeth his other foot on the back of the quadruped negro, and he vaulteth himself on to the shoulders of the manacled negro, with such judicial dignity as persuadeth all persons that he is in truth and fact a just Judge, who will impartially administer the law. He putteth a padlock on the lips of the negro. He directeth the marshal to open court. He inviteth Dr. Prime to pray. He unfoldeth a manuscript, and readeth as follows:— This is an important case. It has been twice argued at length, but for obvious reasons the decision has been deferred 'until after the Presidential election. We feel that it would not be inappropriate in this place to indulge, for a moment, in a commendatory gratulation on the happy practical working of our free government,—the most glorious the world ever beheld. Here alone in all the earth freedom has taken up her abode, and here she has established the patriarchal institution of slavery, as the chief corner-stone of her temple. 'Respect for the Constitution and the laws,' is the motto inscribed over her altars; while the polar star of our courts, in their interpretation and administration of the laws, are truth and justice. Progress and improvement mark the path of our destiny, and a perfect liberty will soon be ours. Within the last half century, the most dangerous opinions to liberty, and to a republican form of government, have pervaded the whole land. It will not be amiss to enumerate a few of them, as we can thereby more readily see how great has been our progress. It has been held—that slavery was wrong,—that man could not hold property in man,—that it was the policy of the country to eradicate, and not to foster slavery,—that a slave taken or sent into a free State, thereby became free,—that a voluntary return to bondage did not clothe his former master with his original right,—that a slave owner could not even sojourn in a free State with his slave, without losing him, if the slave should claim his freedom,—that slaveholders had no right to hold slaves in the territories of the United States,—that black men from the free States had the right of ingress and regress to and from the slave States,—that vessels from the free States had a right to navigate the public waters of the slave States, free from the right of search,—that the slave States had no right to close the United States Courts against suitors from the free States, nor to imprison men for speaking and writing against slavery,—that the mails might carry Abolition newspapers into the slave States,—that resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law was not treason,—and that it was the duty of the Courts to protect the rights of all persons, without regard to their condition. By the happy and benign working of our free institutions, all these heresies have been corrected. But the last grand step, taken in the true direction of freedom, is that which was taken in the passage of the Kansas Nebraska Act. This act asserts and maintains the true position of unshackled and unfettered liberty,—that the people are supreme; that they have a right to establish such institutions as please them, whether of the highest virtue, or of the deepest wickedness; and so absolutely is this right of self-government asserted, that it is claimed to be above the laws of God, and 'subject only to the Constitution of the United States.' This we think is the true ground, and the only one a free people can assert to. But to return from this digression. The plaintiff alleges, that being a slave, he was voluntarily taken into a free State, by his master, whereby he became ipso facto free; and he comes into court, and claims his freedom. The court is not inclined to consider the law, the justice, nor the reasons urged in his behalf. To do so would be useless supererogation. The plaintiff has no right to sue. He is not legally in court. He is not a citizen of the United States, and can sustain no suit in this court. We have no jurisdiction of his case. But we prefer to place our decision on other and broader grounds;—on a principle so broad, that it will exclude all the most troublesome cases that have ever vexed this court. The opinion of the court then is, 'That the black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect.' This covers the whole ground. If the plaintiff was free, when taken to a free State, he could at any time be again reduced to bondage, being a negro; because a black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect.' He has been so reduced to bondage, by his own showing, and 'having no rights that the white man is bound to respect,' he is held in lawful slavery. It may be urged that our decision is too verbose, and that it would better suit the terseness of legal lore to say that 'the black man had no legal rights.' We do not think so. We understand too well the force of language. Even a horse has rights, which the court will protect when he is beaten with unfeeling cruelty. The court do not hesitate to declare that they will go farther to protect the rights of the black man, than they will to protect those of the horse. The black man has rights. He has the right to life, to liberty, and to property. If he raises a horse, he has a right to that horse, and nobody but a white man can legally divest him of it without his consent. But if the white man takes the horse without his consent, or without paying therefor, he may well do so, for 'the black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect.' Should the white man elect to reduce the black man to slavery, and wife and children also,—to sell one to one man, and another to another person, he may do so, because 'the black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect.' It will be readily seen that though 'the black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect,' the rule does not apply to a case where both parties are black. In the case now before the court, if it should appear on the face of the pleadings that both parties are black, a very different rule would govern. We do not decide that one black man may not hold another as his slave, but we do decide 'that the black man is bound to respect the rights of his brother black man.' He is bound in law and in justice, to respect the rights of both black and white

men. There is nothing in the pleadings nor other proceedings in this case, to show whether Sanford is black or white, but standing as he does in the relation of a slave master, the legal presumption is that he is white, and hence he is not bound to respect the rights of the black man. The court decide that the plaintiff is not a citizen of the United States, and that being a black man, he has no rights that the white man is bound to respect.' This case is dismissed for want of jurisdiction. As the plaintiff is a slave, no judgment can be rendered against him for costs; but unless the costs are paid by the United States, the court order a decree, that the defendant pay the costs within sixty days from the rising of the court, and that in default thereof, the plaintiff be sold at public outcry to the highest bidder, to pay said costs, and if the amount so made be not sufficient to pay the same, that the plaintiff's wife, and then his children consecutively, in the order of their ages, be sold to pay the same, and that the marshal make return of his proceedings to the next term of this court. Judge Taney then ordered the marshal to adjourn the court; the judges retired in the same order that they entered, greatly rejoicing that they had once more 'saved our glorious Union.'—

UNIVERSALISM vs. SLAVERY. FRIEND GARRISON.—We need not despair at the 'signs of the times.' Not in the least—since darkness is receding, and the 'morning light is breaking.' Anniversary week was full of promise to the soul sighing for the advent of a kingdom of liberty, holiness, and love. The leaven of Anti-Slavery is at work, and its potent influence is permeating through the darkest cavern of the human soul. As I reluctantly stole away, from time to time, from our Convention at the Melodeon, to catch the current of thought in the clerical meetings, I was well paid. I found the ghost of Abolition haunting the temple, and refusing to be down at the priestly bidding. Good, said I, with a hearty will, for some there are who must be 'tormented before their time,' or better still, 'provoked to love and good works.' At the School Street Church, I found the Universalist brethren in the heat of the contest, and the conservative and hunker spirits were 'few and far between,' but I am glad to say, they were. What an incongruity—Universal Love taking sides with hatred and oppression! God a father—a brotherhood; and yet, among such believers, words of apology and justification for 'the sum of all villainies!' But, then, this may be denied. For the denouncing brethren against the free and full current, awakened by a veritable slave, who, in their very midst, was pleading for his restoration to manhood—for his wife and six children—made the danger apparent that they should 'go too fast and too far.' And then, too, Brother Tomlinson's Report would commit that reputable body—think of it! every mother's son—to 'Garrisonism!' Oh, shocking! for, believe it or not—in the creed or out of it, this might, nay, it would lead to future damnation! So there was trembling, and shaking, and nervous fearfulness at the 'raw-bones' and bloody form of Garrison. Ay, the halter, gallows, and death were after them. Brother Whittemore, of the *Trumpet*, a now Christian instrument, not in use when the Master watched with his disciples, was in great trepidation. Said he, 'I am not prepared to adopt the doctrines of Mr. Garrison—the gods for disunion—would rejoice to see the States severed by the bayonet. You may put your neck in the halter, I shall not put mine there—this doctrine is treason.' And yet he added, 'When Burns was carried back, my blood was up to boiling heat, and I was unmannered, and prayed that something might turn up to rescue the man. Had it then possessed the power, I would have called twelve legions of angels to have rescued Burns from the power that held him.'—What is this but treason of the deepest dye? But Brother Whittemore, like many others, forgot to be consistent. He will open his eyes wider by and by, at least when he ceases to blow his *Trumpet*. But of all that was then and there said, nothing equalled the pro-slavery talk and twaddle of Rev. Mr. Gaylord, one of your par-excellent Boston ministers. He bore off the palm in defence of the 'peculiar institution,' and bids fair, if he improves in this direction, to receive high honors from the 'sunny South,' the place of his former residence. Nehemiah Adams, of 'South-side' notoriety, is no longer alone in his glory, and if there was not such a gulf between Orthodoxy and Universalism, this fellow-feeling would make them 'wondrous kind.' But who knows that heresy of faith even, may not be forgiven for an adherence to the patriarchal institution of American slavery? We are a great people, and our patriotism and love of a religion of formality is exceeded by nothing but our meanness. The result, however, of the School Street discussion was a victory for the right. The objectionable paragraph was not expunged; it will appear in the truthful Report, and should be hailed as another sign of progress. And such was the work of Anniversary Week. To God be the glory. o. w. s. *Milford, June 2, 1857.*

FROM OUR KANSAS CORRESPONDENT. MAPLETON, Bourbon Co., (K. T.) May 20, 1857. DEAR GARRISON.—I am in what you would call the 'far West,' yet not far from the centre of our country. I am out on the boundless prairie. Look off in what direction you please, the blue horizon is the distant boundary of the vast, rolling Kansas prairie. Shall I describe the scene of which I am just now a part? I am seated on a trunk, by a rough table, around which are three young men from Vermont, engaged as I am in writing home. We are in a cloth tent. Without are three men of the same company, also writing letters. I am expecting to start on my way back to Lawrence to-morrow or the next day. So all are preparing letters for me to take to the post-office, which is some ten or twelve miles from this place. A company of forty men and twenty women and children, left Vermont last March, to find a settlement together in Southern Kansas. When I landed at Quindaro, (K. T.) I heard of this company, and as once resolved to visit them, and see if I might not find a home with them. I arrived here on Monday, May 18th, at 4 P. M. The company have pre-empted a town site of 320 acres, in township 23 cast, range 23 east of Southern Kansas. They have taken also some fifty claims around this centre, running off from two to three miles each way. They are busy now turning over the prairie, and planting corn. They are the right kind of men, strong-headed and stout-hearted, and inspired by an earnest love of freedom. They are building up here a New England village, and mean to unite with the energy and patience of the Puritans, the generosity and liberality of the best of the people of the Great West. I think an important enterprise is here commencing. There have been points in Northern Kansas, such as Lawrence and Topeka, where Freedom has held up boldly her head; but in Southern Kansas the pro-slavery party has had all things till now their own way. It is to be so longer. The coming of this company, their bold, unshrinking front, and the fearless way in which they meet the first advances of the Border Ruffians, produced an immediate and marked change. To illustrate this matter: one of the company found a claim near the company's location, which suited him, and which a violent Missourian was holding illegally, i. e.

was holding two claims at once; so the stalwart Vermont took his large wagon, and moved on. He was ordered to leave, with direct threats of blood and thunder if he remained, but he was immovable and undisturbed. He told the blustering fire-eater, 'You have no right to this claim—I have, and I shall hold it against all comers. We are all prepared to defend our rights, and to stand by each other in an emergency.' The Missourian referred to a law of the last Bogus Legislature, allowing a man to pre-empt two claims, one on timber land, and one on prairie. The Vermont replied:—'We care nothing for your Bogus laws, and shall render them no respect. We stand by the law of Congress, which says, no man shall hold two claims by pre-emption, and standing there, I shall keep this claim.' The Missourian swore and threatened, and but a few days afterwards sold his other claim, and moved South to Texas. There was a Methodist preacher of the South-side view order here, who went on swimmingly preaching the gospel of slavery till the arrival of the Vermonters; since that he has gone south, declaring that he could not live here with such a set of Abolitionists. So they go, and in the meantime a desirable class of emigration is attracted to this section, and the prospect is encouraging. Every thing seems to show that the war is over. The Border Ruffians are thoroughly frightened. The immense emigration of this Spring has covered them completely. I think the free States will stand firm, and win the day. I think Kansas will be made an earnest free State. I may locate here, and if I do, you shall before long hear from me again. Yours, truly, PURITAN. From the Dover (New-Hampshire) Baptist Morning Star. REV. I. S. KALLOCH. Our readers are aware that the columns of the *Star* have been silent in the case of the occupant of the prominent pulpit—Rev. I. S. Kalloch—the ablest, temperate, anti-slavery, and lyceum lecturer, and late on trial for adultery in Cambridge, Mass. And we may say that our silence has been chosen. We have not intended to be an exception to the press, both religious and secular. We have chosen to wait—not to speak too soon, lest we should do some injury, and say things we should regret. But we must remain silent no longer. It is our duty as a Christian public in reference to Mr. Kalloch. We have never considered the evidence in the case. We have looked at it in the light of the best reason God has given us, and have brought our best unprejudiced judgment to sit upon it, as every man is in honor and justice bound to do. We will ask, then, a few questions. Why did Mr. Kalloch go to the Lechmere House? Why did he not go to the clergyman's house where he promised to go? Why did he drink liquor at the Lechmere House, as he acknowledges he did? Why did he drink beer at all? Is it the first instance in which Mr. K. has been intoxicated during on a lecturing or any other occasion? Is a man who is laboring under the excitement of a public effort, and who has added to that excitement by the stimulus of the intoxicating bowl, in a good state to resist temptation? Why did Mr. K. pay \$50 readily? Why did he not have taken and brought into court the deposition of the woman alleged to be implicated with him? Has all, if any, of the government evidence been broken down? We know the answers that have been given to these questions, and which may be given again. But they do not fully satisfy us. The answers follow the questions, but are themselves new questions to be answered again. And so we make no headway. We remain befogged. In a word, a dark cloud hangs as a mystery over the whole matter. Nothing has been settled. The jury on the first ballot equally divided, and their final verdict is four out of the twelve for guilty. We do not know that Mr. K. is guilty. We do not know that he is innocent. Mr. Kalloch knows the truth about the case. The woman said to be implicated knows. God knows. We don't know. Suffice it to say that four men on their oaths say he is guilty. A large and respectable portion of the public incline to the opinion that he is guilty. Again, would we wish to sit under the teachings of Mr. Kalloch as a temperance lecturer? Have not all temperance men lost confidence in him? Besides, why has not Mr. K. appeared in some of the late public Baptist gatherings in Boston? Does not Mr. K. have no other avocations? Mr. K. has not done, he has dishonored the cause of temperance, the gospel ministry, and the Christian religion, and our wonder is that he and his particular friends should persist in thrusting him into the pulpit so hastily. If he is guilty, he is disgracing the Christian pulpit. If innocent, even then, he should, in love for the wounded cause of a pure religion, at least suspend his labors for a time. We can hardly see how a man under such circumstances, with so much that is wrong, and acknowledged to be wrong, can so utterly disregard the public voice, and go into his pulpit Sabbath after Sabbath. When we go to drink intoxicating drinks, we shall expect to be 'laid on the shelf' a twelvemonth, if no longer; for by our penitence and our bitter tears in retirement, we think we could do more real service to the cause of religion, than by any public effort. The best way for a man who has thus sinned is to keep still. This is the surest course to restore confidence. We are no enemy to Mr. K. God knows that we hope the judgment day will bring his innocence apparent. But, innocent or guilty of the crime for which he has lately been on trial, he should, in our humble mind, retire from the pulpit, leaving the question of his return, if he shall ever return, for future consideration. We know there has been much said by some against the Christian ministry, and especially against those ministers who have opened their mouths for the dumb, and have remembered the drunkard's wife and children. We know there are men who would, were it in their power, 'put down' the truth about the case. But, innocent or guilty, we do not look at the charges preferred against any minister in the light of the circumstances and evidence. It is rather a reason why we should be more careful, more cautious, and not countenance anything in a professedly Christian minister, as we would not in any other person, that is wrong. The world expects ministers to set an example. That they expect too much may be true, and this makes the true minister at times tremble under the weight of what is expected of him, and groaning out will the inquiry of his heart, 'Who is to blame for these things?' The world, we know is often hard and harsh, and cruel upon the ministry. They make no allowances worthy of the name. They look for angels and not men to preach to them. And yet after all, the truth returns, and to him who has been called of God to preach the gospel, the truth solemnly returns that the minister of Christ should seek to be an example to others. 'Wherefore, I beseech you, be ye followers of me.' 'A bishop must be blameless.' 'Moreover, he must have a good report of them which are without, lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil.' 'Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' 'O Timothy, keep that which is committed unto thee.' Mr. Kalloch is a young man—only some twenty-five, we believe, at this stage of his profession. He is but a year in the ministry. He has grown too fast. He is a genius, a young man of fine oratorical powers, and he knows it well as well as we know it. He has judged also himself and his calling. We should judge he had neglected his college, and has supposed that his talents would allow him to do that which others would not dare to do. Mr. K. has needed some Father Phiney to 'brush his back' in ministers' conference. He has, to speak as softly as possible, been among the most independent of men. We mourn over his sad position before the public—over the doubts that rest upon his character. May God overrule all in regard to him for good.

GOV. GARDNER AND JUDGE LORING. The Legislature of Massachusetts has again, and for a second time in accordance with a clear and simple constitutional provision, requested Henry J. Gardner, the Dark-Lantern Governor, to remove Judge Loring, and a second time has the said Gardner opposed his personal opinion to the will of the people clearly expressed through their representatives. And these gentlemen have usually managed to rule the 'Church,' as was charged by the speaker. We think, however, there is a change at hand in this respect. We notice that, only last week, the American Board of Home Missions, at their annual meeting, resolved not to appropriate their means to the support of churches composed in part even of voluntary slaveholders.—*Adrian Expositor.*

LETTERS TO A SORROW. The Old School General Association of Massachusetts, Ohio, &c., have decided to hold their next annual meeting at New Orleans, La.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it to healthy action. They remove the obstructions in the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, and by restoring their irregular action to health, correct wherever they exist, such derangements as give rise to various diseases. An extensive trial of these Pills, by Professor P. H. RAY, has shown that they are not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character as to justify the suspicion of eulogy. Their certificates are published in the American Almanac, which the Agents below are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

FOR NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, take the Pills freely and frequently, to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally soon begin to diminish, and the itching and burning will cease. These Pills have been healed up by the purging effect of the Pills, which remove all the morbid humors from the system, and saturate the whole system, having completely healed their patients; your duty to society forbids that you should parade yourself around the world covered with pimples, blotches, and sores, and all any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system was cleansing.

J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, LOWELL, MASS., AND SOLD BY THEODORE METCALF & CO., BROWN & PRICE, H. H. HAY, Portland; J. N. MORTON & CO., Concord, N. H.; And by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine every where.

IT IS NOT A DYE! PRESIDENT J. H. EATON; L. L. D., Union University, Mercersburg, Tennessee. Says: 'Notwithstanding the irregular use of Mrs. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, &c., the falling off of my hair ceased, and my grey locks were restored to their original color.' REV. M. THACHER, (60 years of age), Fisher, Chenango Co., N. Y. My hair is now restored to its natural color, and ceases to fall off. REV. WM. CUTLER, Ed. Mother's Magazine, N. Y. My hair is changed to its natural color, &c. REV. B. P. STONE, D. D., Concord, N. H. My hair which was grey, is now restored to its natural color, &c. REV. D. CLENDENIN, Chicago, Ill. 'I can add my testimony, and recommend it to my friends.' REV. D. T. WOOD, Middletown, N. Y. My own hair has greatly thickened, also that of one of my family who was becoming bald. REV. J. P. TUSTIN, Charleston, S. C. The white hair is becoming obviated, and new hair forming, &c. REV. A. FRINK, Silver Creek, N. Y. 'It has produced a good effect on my hair, and I can and will recommend it.' REV. A. BLANCHARD, Meriden, N. H. 'We think very highly of your preparation, &c.' REV. B. C. SMITH, Ferrisburgh, N. Y. 'I was surprised to find my grey hair turn as when I was young.'

MISS HOLLEY'S SECOND LECTURE. Miss Holley favored a large audience of our citizens with another lecture on Wednesday evening. She was even more interesting and eloquent than in her appearance last week, and with most of her lecture all were delighted. We must be permitted, however, to take exceptions to the speaker's 'bearing down upon the churches' with so much emphasis, and giving so little praise to a very large part of the religious societies and clergymen in the North, which are as plain and outspoken on the slavery question as are the Abolitionists themselves. No sect or men, the candidates and editors of the Republican party not excepted, have been more shamefully attacked by all the venom of the tyrant press of the North and the South, than these clergymen of the North, who have so manfully stood up and thundered against the sin of slavery and slavery-extension. And these gentlemen usually manage to rule the 'Church,' as was charged by the speaker. We think, however, there is a change at hand in this respect. We notice that, only last week, the American Board of Home Missions, at their annual meeting, resolved not to appropriate their means to the support of churches composed in part even of voluntary slaveholders.—*Adrian Expositor.*

ELOCUTION. TS rapidly rising in favor, and a complete teacher of this art will supply a long-felt want. Miss E. G. GUNDERSON, 16 Bradford Street, New York. Addresses in this department to Colleges, Academies, Normal Schools, professional gentlemen, ladies, and all who wish to acquire a correct style of reading and speaking with to acquire a correct style of reading and speaking with to acquire a correct style of reading and speaking with.

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