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THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

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

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons. . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

VOL. XXII. NO. 45. BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1137.

Refuge of Oppression.

☞ The following is from the New York Journal of Commerce, being part of a letter addressed by Mr. Hallock, editor of that paper, to Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven:—

'These Five Points, amplified, are the staple of your fourth letter, (second series.) Your argument, reduced to a single sentence, appears to be this, viz: Admitting that the Constitution imposes upon the free States the duty of surrendering fugitive slaves, yet, as the slave States owe to the free States the 'sacred and more sacred duty' of commencing a system of gradual emancipation, which duty they have failed to perform. Therefore—what? You do not say what, but the obvious inference is,—therefore, the free States are released from their obligation to surrender fugitive slaves! If this is not your meaning, it is impossible to perceive what bearing your argument has upon the question of surrender. If it is your meaning, I should like to know by what system of 'ethics' one wrong justifies another. Here is the point of your argument, if there is any point to it; for, even though it were admitted that the South had failed to fulfil some of its duties to the North, and particularly the duty of commencing the gradual abolition of slavery, yet this admission would avail you nothing, unless it follows that an omission of duty on their part justifies an omission of duty on ours. To the obligation of surrendering fugitive slaves when demanded by or in behalf of their owners, we are bound by the strongest obligations which man can pledge to his fellow-man; an obligation stronger than a promissory note, or an individual bond, because more solemnly ratified, and involving more momentous interests. The obligation which you contrast with this, and which you again and again speak of as a duty owed by the slaveholding States to 'their neighbor States in the great Union,'—showing that you are contemplating it as a political duty between State and State, and not as a moral duty owed immediately to God, or to the slaves,—is, by your own confession, nowhere recorded, but rests upon the 'expectation' of the people of the United States when the Constitution was formed. Thus you make an imperfect, unwritten, and, on the part of the South, unadmitted obligation to do something which they never promised to do, a 'more sacred' duty than the fulfilment, on the part of the North, of a plain stipulation of the National Compact, signed, sealed and delivered in the most solemn and formal manner, and so important that it was declared by Judge Story, when pronouncing the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the famous Prigg case, to have been 'a fundamental article, without the adoption of which the Constitution could never have been formed.' If such be the low estimate which you put upon the obligations of the Constitution, no wonder that you find many laws 'superior' to it, both written and unwritten. 'A duty only under the Constitution' appears in your view to be a matter of very imperfect obligation.

One word in regard to 'expectations.' Not only is it true that such expectations as you speak of, even if they existed, would avail nothing against the Constitution,—the very object of which was to establish certain of the covenants in such a definite, unmistakable and permanent form, that not even the power which created could annul or impair them, except under the formalities prescribed by the instrument itself,—but I maintain that they did not exist, to any such extent as that which your language implies. That several of our leading statesmen, and many of the people, both North and South, at the date of the Constitution, expected, or rather hoped for, the extinguishment of slavery at some period not very far remote, is doubtless true, and the same is true at the present day; but this expectation, I apprehend, was far from being universal. You will not pretend that there is any thing in the Constitution which justifies such an idea, and you well know, that if a proposition had been made to embody such a provision in the Constitution, it would have been 'scouted' (to use a favorite word of yours) with disdain. And I need not remind you that the whole spirit, and even the letter of the Constitution, is, that whatever powers and prerogatives were not expressly conveyed by that instrument to the general government, remain unimpaired in the several States. How little the framers of the Constitution (and their contemporaries) expected a speedy extinguishment of slavery, when by way of signing that instrument, they expressly prohibited, for twenty years, the enactment of any law by Congress, forbidding the importation of slaves from abroad. While this clause was under debate, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, said, 'If the Convention thinks that North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, will ever agree to the plan, unless their right to import slaves be untouched, the expectation is vain.' And your own Roger Sherman said, 'It was better to let the Southern States import slaves than to part with them, if they made it a sine qua non.' This virtual permission to import slaves for twenty years implied an 'expectation' of a large increase of that description of population; which the men of 1787 well knew would increase the difficulty of getting rid of the system, except by expulsion, after the manner of St. Domingo.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

☞ The following paragraph is from a biographical sketch of the late Daniel Webster, published as an editorial in that canting sheet, the Daily Evening Traveller of the 25th ult.:

'Congress met in December, 1849; and hardly had the members assembled, before the admission of California and the whole slavery question came up for discussion. In the House, especially, numerous inflammatory and sectional speeches were made, which gave fresh excitement to the popular fervor outside. Matters had reached an alarming state, and men's hearts were failing, when Mr. Webster delivered his great speech of the 7th of March, 1850,—the crowning glory of his life, and a speech never to be mentioned without gratitude. In it he put forth all his strength in a conciliatory and just language presenting a clear and impartial view of the various questions of controversy which the North and the South might respectively urge, and pointed out a practical course of compromise and reconciliation. This speech gave the first impulse for a settlement of the exciting questions at issue, in which fair-minded and moderate men, in every portion of the country, might unite. It was, however, vehemently assailed at the time from various quarters; but the lapse of a few months only fully justified it. And the national conventions of both of the great parties have since confessed its wisdom by incorporating its principles into their platforms.'

☞ The following is from a Baptist paper, published in Richmond, Virginia:—

'WHO WANTS $35,000 IN PROPERTY? I am desirous to spend the balance of my life as a missionary of the Lord Jesus, and, therefore, offer for sale my farm, the Vineyard, adjacent to Williamsburg, and containing about 600 acres, well-watered, well-wooded, and abounding in marl,—together with all the crops and stock, and utensils thereon.

'Also, my house and lot in town, fitted up as a boarding establishment, with all the furniture belonging to the same. Also, about forty servants, mostly young and likely, and rapidly increasing in number and value.

'To a kind master I would put the whole at the reduced price of thirty-five thousand dollars, and arrange the payment entirely to suit the purchaser, provided the interest be annually paid.

SCERVANT JONES.'

The Liberator.

☞ Such was the demand for last week's Liberator, in consequence of its containing the following discriminating and just remarks, that the edition was at once exhausted. We republish the article this week, for the benefit of those who were disappointed of last week's paper, and that stomachs, which have been sickened by the utterly nauseating fustian that has just been launched upon the community by way of panegyric, may be rectified, and restored to their natural tone. While thousands of thoughtless souls join 'with alacrity' in the senseless if not hypocritical wail now sounding in the land, and heaven is insulted and its light obscured by the clouds of sombre drapery that offend the visual orbs; all in whose veins burns the fire of freedom, or whose hearts throb with pulsations of humanity, will find it 'slightly inconvenient' to be moved by the mournful rub-a-dub agitation.' It would not be necessary to inform the reader that the subjoined article was from the pen of EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., even if the signature did not indicate it. Every candid mind will acknowledge the calm and accurate manner in which he traces the devious course of the political luminary which has just sunk below the horizon with the 'October sun' of 1852, as it were amid the glare and within hearing of the torch-light processions of his satellites, as they, in nocturnal revelry, moved in staggering ranks to light him to the tomb.—Y.

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

This topic must be the inevitable text of the weekly discourse of the Liberator, as well as of every other paper in the country. We are sorry that the editor is not at home, to bestow upon this task the strength of emphasis he would be sure to give it. The world would then know that there was at least one man who did not join in that chorus of flattery which Whigs, Democrats, and even Free Soilers, have united in raising over Mr. Webster's coffin. We trust that he will express his sense of what is due to him in the next paper. In the midst of the fulsome panegyric with which the air is thick, it will be our effort to help clear away the fog, and to show the Dead somewhat as he will appear to impartial posterity. We shall not attempt to do justice to this topic, but it is due to the Abolitionists and to the Slaves, that it be known that they have no incense to burn before his shrine,—that Death has worked no change in their opinion of his acts when living.

It is perhaps a natural feeling which shrinks from uttering, in the sternest language, one's sense of the evil deeds of the newly dead. Even Murder loses some of its horror in the ghastly presence of the strangled assassin. But Death, while it may soften for a moment the feelings which Justice extorts towards the criminal, can work no change in his guilt, or in the permanent character of his actions. Death but sets his seal upon both, and delivers them over to the unprejudiced verdict of after times. Nothing can be more weak or absurd than the trite apothegm, 'Nil de mortuis nisi bonum!' Truth and Justice are the due of the Dead and of the Living. Flattery is as misplaced in treating of the Dead as Detraction. 'Suum Cuique' is a better rule of action—'to every man his due!' And the common sense of the world accepts this as just, or History would be a mere collection of lying Epitaphs.

We certainly have no praise for Mr. Webster. But that is of the less consequence, as almost every Meeting-house reeked with the most nauseous adulation on the day of his death—as every Court has responded to the lamentations of every Bar—as every organic Body, from the Cabinet at Washington to the Board of Brokers in State street, have joined in one sympathizing wail—as every newspaper has wrapped itself in the sable garb of wo—as every flag now flaps at half mast, and as these demonstrations are but the first drops that run before the inundation of Eulogy which is to come. But we have no disposition to employ bitter words, however fit, to describe his character and his public life. The simple juxtaposition of his words at Springfield, in 1848, and those at Washington on the Seventh of March, 1850, would make all severity of language as unnecessary as it would be tame and weak. The gloomy terseness of Tacitus, or the glowing exuberance of Gibbon, could give no darker coloring to that portrait drawn by his own hand. We are content to let posterity judge of him from that picture furnished by himself, seen in the light of the circumstances of the last years of his life. While we have no regret to express for Mr. Webster's death, we can certainly feel no exultation in view of it. If God have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, much less should man. Had we any personal hostility towards him, we might lament his dying just at this time,—for it was, surely, most fortunately timed for him. But we regard the event as one of the slightest possible importance, for good or for evil. Mr. Webster had passed the time appointed for man on earth, and his political career would have ended on the Fourth of next March, if he had been permitted to hold his office till then. The slaveholders, whom he had ruined his fame to conciliate, had shown the esteem they held him in at the Baltimore Convention, and the bitter diatribe of Mr. Mangum, of N. C., just before Congress adjourned, was but a foretaste of what they had in store for him, for his treachery to the candidate of his party. His desertion of the Whig party, while he was enjoying the premiership under it, had necessarily forfeited their respect, and confidence, and left him nothing to fall back upon but a paltry handful of sycophants and parasites, equally destitute of political weight and personal influence. His strength for good and for evil expired before his breath.

Indeed, his political influence was never great. Even his speech of the 7th of March, though fatal to his fame, was immaterial to the result. The Compromise bills would have passed in his despite, if not with his assistance. The slaveholders really owed him no return for his service that day, for it made no difference in the issue. They were willing, of course, to have his aid, and, doubtless, were profuse of promises and flatteries to secure it; but, substantially, it was of no consequence to them. They were sure of their game before they cajoled him into playing into their hands. So, as to the effect that speech had in developing the atheous character of the Chief Priests and Levites, of the Doctors of Divinity and Church-members, of the Northern Church, it did not make the Stuarts and Deweys and Sharps, the Springs, the Spencers and the Lords, the moral monsters that they boasted themselves to be. It merely gave them the occasion to show themselves as they really were. It was Slavery that had been moulding their characters for years, through the necessity it imposed of reconciling its existence and its necessary enormities with the Christian Religion.

Indeed, it is curious to consider how inconsequential the forty years of Mr. Webster's public life have been. His professional career has been brilliant, and has produced results of vast profits and just reputation. But his parliamentary success has fallen far short of what his forensic triumphs had promised. First at the Bar, he was never more than third or fourth in the Senate. It is the cant of the hyperbolic adulation of the day to call him the 'Great Statesman,' the 'Illustrious Statesman,' &c.; but we think it would be hard to point out an instance of his statesmanship. Where is the scheme of public policy that he originated and carried through? The hand of Jackson and of Clay and of Calhoun are to be seen in the web of American history for the last forty years; but where is the golden thread that Webster has woven into the tissue? He was never led, but always followed. And, which seems to us fatal to the claim made for him of the character of a Great Statesman, even where he has followed, he has failed! He began his public life as an Advocate for Free Trade. He failed of success, and Protection was forced upon the country by Mr. Clay and the South. He then became the Champion of American Industry, and his labors have resulted in the Tariff of 1846. He was a strenuous friend of the United States Bank, and he, himself, lived long enough to pronounce that, too, 'an obsolete idea.' Even in the crowning act of his life-long devotion to Slavery, he did not lead. He did but follow his leaders. He did not invent or propose the Compromise Measures. The Fugitive Slave Law was no 'thunder' of his. Mr. Clay gave the key-note of that speech, as he had of so many others, of Mr. Webster. It was a service more than he expected, but he condescended to throw his follower a morsel of praise for it,—but when it came to the serious dispensation of rewards, Mr. Clay gave the vote of the South, not to Mr. Webster, but to Mr. Fillmore. The genius of Mr. Webster ever stood rebuked before that of Mr. Clay. He felt the chain, and it galled him; but though he winced under it, he wore it, reluctantly and sullenly sometimes, to be sure, to the end.

Then Mr. Webster's Diplomacy with Great Britain is cited as a proof of his Statesmanship. He saved us, forsooth, from a War with England! Perhaps he did, in the sense in which a man, when put in the dilemma of 'your money or your life,' saves his life by giving up his money. A war with England was morally and politically impossible, under the circumstances. Neither nation wanted war, but America would have sacrificed all in dispute to avoid it. As long as we live under the pacific dominion of the Southern Patriarchs, we are absolutely safe from any War for Free territory! Mr. Webster's diplomatic skill consisted in giving to England all we had the face to ask for. Had he refused to concede whatever was necessary to satisfy her, even to the half of Maine and the whole of Oregon, had he suffered the smallest cloud of War to gather on our horizon, he would have been hurled into a political annihilation from which he would have risen no more. Mr. Webster has nowhere impressed himself upon American History. He has made no mark. The country owes nothing, good or bad, to him; but it is not on such men, however loud may be the plaudits of their contemporaries, that History bestows the meed of her highest praise.

Mr. Webster adds another to the list of victims to Slaveholding ingratitude. It was no evidence of his State-craft, that he ever hoped better things from the quarter toward which he looked than he got. He was the bound victim of Slavery for his whole forty years, though the sacrifice was delayed till he was three score and ten;—for he was hampered and checked and held down by the links of the chain that sorceress weaves round politicians from the beginning to the end. He sometimes struggled in it, but he never had strength to break it. He lacked the vision which a true Statesman would have had, that the time had come when Resistance to Slavery was possible and hopeful,—the only possible and hopeful career for a Northern man. Had he placed himself at the head of the Northern Movement against Slavery, he would undoubtedly have been now a hopeful aspirant for the Presidency, in the heat of an animated and honorable conflict. But he chose to be the Tool of the South rather than the Leader of the North. The South used the tool, and threw it contemptuously away. Disappointed, mortified, ashamed, heart-broken, he turned his face to the wall and died. It was the only thing left for him to do.—Q.

AN HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF RANTOUL. We have it through a reliable private channel, that the lamented Robert Rantoul, as early as last April, drafted a bill for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and left it in his desk, (where it was found at his death,) in readiness to be presented, with a speech in its support, on the occurrence of the first favorable opportunity. All honor to the memory of that gifted champion of the Right, and fearless foe of the Wrong!—Salem Freeman.

MONUMENT TO RANTOUL. At the late Convention at Danvers, a committee was appointed to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Mr. Rantoul.

Selections.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

'LIFE OF FRANKLIN PIERCE. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields, 1852.' 12mo. pp. 144. Paper.

Sent to us, as was our copy of this book, by 'the National Democratic Committee at Washington,' and accompanied as it was by the following letter from that patriotic committee, both under the frank of Charles H. Peaslee, M. C., of New Hampshire, who is too good a Democrat not to use the 'people's privilege' (as Cass calls the franking monopoly) for his party's benefit; so sent to us, and under such circumstances, we could hardly refuse to notice this last romance of our friend Hawthorne, without incurring the imputation, almost, of shabbiness. We give the letter, with all the Capitals and Italics, neither fewer nor more, employed by its patriotic authors:

'DEAR SIR:—The enclosed life of GENERAL PIERCE has the warm approval of the NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE at Washington, and it seems very important that the book be in the way of having a large circulation over the country, by means of favorable and immediate notices of it by the Democratic press.

'We think this life of General Pierce should be in the hands of every person who seeks truth in the present canvass.

It is furnished by the Publishers, Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, Mass., at the low price of 37 1-2 cents in Paper Covers, and 50 cents in Muslin Binding, with a liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.

Truly yours,
WM. M. GWIN,
ALEX. G. PENN,
A. P. EDGERTON,
GILBERT DEAN,
JOHN W. FORNEY,
CHARLES H. PEASLEE.

Washington, D. C., Sept., 1852.'

When it was first intimated to us that Nathaniel Hawthorne was engaged on a 'Life of Franklin Pierce,' we did that pretty, fluent writer the justice to discredit the report. Though we knew him to be a stringent practical stickler for Johnson's theory, that 'he who writes otherwise than for money is a fool,' and though we knew he was never so tempted by 'the mammon of unrighteousness' to ply his pen in any other direction as in this of writing the biography of that college mate of his, who had been so suddenly raised to the surface of our partisan Democracy's bubbling cauldron, we yet believed the author of 'Twice-Told Tales' to possess quite too much pride of character, and quite too strong a desire of permanent fame, to prostitute his powers to manufacturing a sheer electioneering pamphlet. We doubt if there was ever a more contemptuous curl of the lip than might have been seen on that of Hawthorne, when his literary brother, N. P. Willis, devoted his gifts to doggrel, to help the election of 'Old Zack.' Yet we believe Willis was never suspected of favoring reform of any sort. Is it possible that Nathaniel Hawthorne remembers, with prurient longings, the leeks and onions of the custom-house, whose sneaking, indolent sinecurists he exposes to public contempt in the 'Scarlet Letter,' written soon after his own ejection from the Salem custom-house by Fillmore's administration? Be that as it may, and whatever may be the effect of this biography upon the author's notoriety as a writer of fiction, we are sure it will add no laurels to the literary chaplet he has hitherto worn, and we believe it will arouse, in nine-tenths of his past and most appreciative admirers, an inextinguishable feeling of contempt.

'Tom Marshall' lately observed: 'They say Frank Pierce was in Congress when I was there; but if he was, I never knew it.' But 'Tom,' if not an ass, clearly knows nothing of the manufacturing business. A quondam political friend of ours, on hearing it objected to the nomination of a man for the same high office for which General Pierce stands nominated, that he had no reputation, exclaimed: 'Pshaw! we can manufacture enough of that for him.' Hawthorne's work was evidently written under the inspiration of a plenary faith in the same possibility. Had he been content to exhibit his subject as possessing talents not inferior to some men who have occupied, though not filled, the office to which General Pierce aspires, the exhibition would not have struck us as 'o'erstepping the modesty of nature.' But either this new novel of his is sadly disfigured by unveracities, or we have, in its hero, more of the patriot, more of the Democrat, more of the statesman, more of the senator, more of the lawyer, more of the soldier, and more of the Christian, than we had supposed to exist in Washington, in Jefferson, in Hamilton, in Webster, in Napoleon, and in Thomas a Kempis, all combined.

But our author, with a circumspect communicativeness which does him infinite credit, informs the public, that 'Frank Pierce' did not become the man he is all at once; that his soul grew into its present Colossal dimensions not only; but that, by some idiosyncratic force, it commanded more time for its growth than is allotted to that of ordinary souls. And what is stranger still, and not less deserving the physiologist's especial attention, than the fact just referred to deserves that of the psychologist, our novelist tells us—

'This peculiarity of intellectual growth, continued beyond the ordinary period, has its analogy in his physical constitution—it being a fact that he continued to grow in stature between his twenty-first and twenty-fifth years.'

Of his subject's 'Democracy,' our author says it was 'inherited'; somehow, perhaps, as divines tell us we have all 'inherited' certain analagous qualities from Adam; for, unless high Whig authorities lie more 'terribly' than 'our army in Flanders swore,' the father of 'Frank Pierce' voted, with the overwhelming majority of the New Hampshire Legislature, for a resolve of 'unqualified approbation' of 'the Alien and Sedition Laws,' so beautifully condemned by the last Democratic Baltimorean platform.

His subject's piety, a thing not likely to escape the commendation of a biographer of Hawthorne's religious turn of mind, his subject's piety, and the proof of it, are thus referred to:—

'General Pierce has naturally a strong endowment of religious feeling.' When he 'received the news of his nomination,' 'it awoke in his breast a sense of religious dependence, a sentiment which has been growing continually in him, through all the trials and experiences of his life.'

The transition from the interest so 'naturally' felt by Gen. Pierce in the Gospel, to his success in the law, is easy, though not in the chronological order. As a lawyer, we are assured that he occupies the remarkable position of 'never undertaking a case which he believes to be unjust;' that 'his demeanor at the bar may be pronounced faultless;' that 'his argumentative powers are of the highest order;' and that 'Mr. Atherton,' more generally known as Charles Gag Atherton, 'is his most formidable antagonist in the State!' And Mr. Hawthorne, with an openness equalling that of a sieve of magnificent interstices, adds:

'It may appear singular that Franklin Pierce has not taken up his residence in some metropolis, where his great forensic abilities would so rapidly find a more conspicuous field, and a far richer remuneration than heretofore.'

'It may appear singular.' Verily, we think it does so appear, man.

As a statesman and an orator, Gen. Pierce strongly reminds Mr. Hawthorne of those sterling old blades of the Long Parliament, and of the clear-headed and terse-spoken men of the Convention that framed our National Constitution; men who spoke only when they had something to say, and therefore always hit the nail on the head, driving it home, and clinching it. And if he did not shine a conspicuous sun in the Senatorial firmament, it was only because of the simultaneous presence of such refulgent orbs as Cass, Benton, and Buchanan.

His biographer claims, and this claim is well founded, that Gen. P. has ever opposed the Catholic test of his own narrow-souled, Granite State; but intimates, with gross injustice, that the sin of that test's continuance lies at the door of the Whigs:

'At the suggestion of General Pierce, the amendment abolishing the religious test was again brought forward, and, in spite of the opposition of the leading Whig members, was a second time submitted to the people.'

But what, if one may judge from the great proportion of space devoted to the subject, chiefly engrosses the imaginative Hawthorne's admiration, is Gen. Pierce's greatness on the field of Mars. As we judge of Cæsar's war exploits very much from his own account of them, so our author favors his readers with very large quotations from Gen. Pierce's private military diary, and says of these quotations:

'The reader cannot fail to see,—although written with no purpose of displaying them,—the native qualities of a brave soldier, together with the sagacity of an experienced one.'

And of Gen. P.'s capacity of physical endurance, and of the extraordinary recuperative powers of his corporiety, both capital preparatives for prodigies in the art of war, Mr. Hawthorne remarks:

'After the severest toil, a single night's rest does as much for him, in the way of refreshment, as a week could do for most other men.'

The explanation given of the New Hampshire Ajax's fall from his horse is full of romance. For, in the antecedents and subsequences of that catastrophe,—if, indeed, it should not be deemed a special providence, designed to display, for the admiration of the American people, the General's vast capabilities,—our author finds more than enough to eclipse the essential glories of either Wellington or Hannibal. And among the former, we find, that, on a time, 'the General was stunned, and almost insensible;' but that he soon insisted on taking the head of his command, and, on being told he was too weak to keep in the saddle, exclaimed, 'Then you must tie me on.' 'But,' continues the author of 'Railroads in the Air,' 'whether this precaution was actually taken, is a point on which authorities differ.' Hawthorne is sure only, that his hero contrived to get into the saddle, and actually to enter the battle. Of the subsequences of that unfortunate, or providential, fall,—whichever it should be called,—we need say 'nothing in particular,' saving that in 'the last grand battle of the country' in which Gen. P. had so ardently hoped to participate, he was prevented from doing so only because that battle did not happen to be fought. However, with the grand result of all his soldiering, taking it, that is to say, 'by and large,' Gen. Pierce, it is gratifying to learn, was himself prodigiously satisfied. Says our novelist on that head:

'All the desires of his youth were now fulfilled; the military ardor, that struck an hereditary root in his breast, had enjoyed its scope, and was satisfied.'

We should, perhaps, have earlier remarked,—for we regard it as a happy illustration of Hawthorne's Yankee 'cuteness,—that he had opened the way for his eulogy on 'Frank Pierce's' military career, by the following sidewind at the Regulars:

'The valor that wins our battles is not the trained hardihood of veterans, but a native and spontaneous fire; and there is surely a chivalrous beauty in the devotion of the citizen soldier to his country's cause, which the man who makes arms his profession, and is but doing his regular business on the field of battle, cannot pretend to rival.'

Yet, despite of Scott's being a Regular, and while we would not deny that Pierce wields a sharper pen, has more culture, and less vanity, we must still assure our quondam friend Hawthorne, that we can but think the former's military career has not fallen very far below the latter's, even in 'chivalrous beauty.'

Only second in importance to Pierce's soldiering in Mexico, Hawthorne insists, is the Democratic Nominee's unflinching servility to the Slavocracy:

'One of the occasions on which he most honorably exerted himself was in holding the Democratic party loyal to its principles, in opposition to the course of John P. Hale.'

All the meannesses, and all the rascalities involved in that disgusting and atrocious servility, are lauded in this 'Life,' as if they were so many angel virtues. The author's ingenuity and ampler rhetoric are both exhausted, in sinister efforts to put darkness for light, and evil for good; as if inspired by the very genius of Pandemonium, to insult the common sense of mankind, to scout the humanity of the age, and to mock Almighty God.

Of course, he does not pretend, on the contrary he takes occasion clearly to deny, that any one who reveres God's laws more than the Whig and Democratic compromise of those laws, who hates slavery and abhors man-stealing, who would withdraw the National Government from its support of Despotism, and place it on the side of Freedom, who would make his franchise an expression and a means of helping the realization of his convictions; that such a man either can or should cast his vote for Franklin Pierce, even this biographer, so far from pretending it, plainly affirms the contrary. O, Hawthorne, Hawthorne, how art thou fallen! Or, is all this but a development of the author of 'The House of Seven Gables?'

There are two things in this book that we like. One is, its scouting the notion, that a man may be entitled to the Presidency by his services to the country: 'What he has done is of no importance, except as proving what he can do.' True, considering who it is that says that, and for whom it is said, we can not give the author much credit for uttering the sentiment. But the sentiment is not, therefore, any the less true and important. And it is one which we have long iterated, and reiterated; and we mean to adhere to it, notwithstanding its assertion by Hawthorne, and its 'warm approval' by 'the National Democratic Committee at Washington,' for a purpose having so little to do with either its truthfulness or its importance.

The other thing we like, and more especially like, in this work, is, its unqualified endorsement of another and still more important opinion of ours; the opinion, that there are no practical issues between the Whig party and the Democratic party; that all such issues between these parties ceased, long ago, to exist; and that—for this is the inevitable inference—the battle now pending between them is simply a struggle for office, its 'honors,' and emoluments. We are glad to have an endorsement of the entire correctness of that opinion, by the great 'NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE at Washington,' because some of 'the Democratic Press' which that Committee beseeches to circulate 'favorable and immediate notices' of Hawthorne's work, have often attempted to disprove it. What will they say of its 'WARM APPROVAL,' by 'the National Democratic Committee at Washington?' Here is the endorsement:

'The two great parties of the nation appear,—at least, to an observer somewhat removed from both,—to have nearly merged into one another; for they preserve the attitude of political antagonism rather through the effect of their old organizations, than because any great and cardinal principles are at present in dispute between them. The measures advocated by the one party, and resisted by the other, through a long series of years, have now ceased to be the pivots on which the election turns. The prominent statesmen, so long identified with those measures, will henceforth relinquish their controlling influence over public affairs.'

From the New York Evangelist.

WHAT IS A LAW?

We have recently noticed, in some quarters, what we deem a very singular and indefensible position in regard to the nature of a law, especially the method of identifying it. It is said, for instance, that slavery is wrong, a gross and wicked usurpation of another's rights; and, therefore, that a law which creates or sanctions slavery, is no law. It loses all the elements of its legal nature by its moral viciousness. Some of the opponents of slavery have recently taken this ground. We object to the principle that lies at the bottom of this reasoning.

The principle is this: No civil statute is a law, unless it be morally perfect, entirely free from any defects in a moral point of view. If it be wrong, it is no law. Of course, then, there are no unjust laws: there never were, and there never can be. The element of justice, of rectitude, is made the absolute criterion of law. And who is to apply this criterion? We suppose, each individual for himself. Those then are laws in the body politic, which the individual thinks to be right; and no others are such. Unjust laws have no existence, except in name. The denunciations of God's word against wicked legislation refer to a mere name, not to a real, existing and operative thing.

Now, we are aware that this is an age of progress, and have no disposition to stay its movements: yet, for ourselves, we must hold on to the old-fashioned terminology on this subject. We identify a law, not by its rectitude, but its source. We believe in such a thing as legal authority—a law-making power in heaven and upon earth, somewhere embodied, not in a floating abstraction, but a living personality, complex or simple. The mandates of this authority are laws. The statutes enacted by the Legislature of this State, duly elected and convened, are laws. They are the laws of this State—right or wrong, they are laws: and it is perfect nonsense to say that they are not. They proceed from the legal authority of the State; and every such product is, and must be, the law of the State—the authority of the source being the true criterion. The obligation of a law is another and a different question. If it require us to sin against God, then we ought not to obey it, simply because his law is superior to man's; yet it is a law, since it came from the law-making source, and since, moreover, it is made our duty passively to submit to its penalty.

Slavery, for example, is doubtless a cruel injustice. We think it to be such: yet to say that it does not exist, is not established by law, is so to spin a theory as to deny a fact. There are such concrete things as slave-laws, that burden their unhappy victims and prove the injustice of the source: they do not cease to be, or to do their work, because they are wrong. There is such a reality on the statute book of the nation as the Fugitive Slave Law. It was placed there by the law-making power; and there it is by the national authority. To say that it is not there, or being there, is still no law, is to reverse the dialect of common sense. Its moral qualities, as expounded by 'the higher law' of God, form another question. We do not mean to underrate the element of rectitude; neither can we ignore the principle of authority, as fundamental to all government, whether it be that of God or man. Both are great ideas, and neither will gain anything by that moon-struck philosophy, that literally runs itself to death. Law ought always to be right—to be both the expression and the guardian of justice; yet, unhappily, it is not so, being the work of imperfect men, and sometimes of terribly wicked men. We make no apology for its wrongs; but we protest against the insanity of saying, that a statute duly enacted by competent legal authority, is no statute, unless it be morally perfect. This is the denial of a plain fact; and theoretically undermines all authority as invested in persons, by an abstraction of morals. We think it far better to keep sober, to take things as they are, and speak of them as such.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Richard D. Webb, the Dublin correspondent of the National A. S. Standard, in the course of some remarks on the disparaging notice of Uncle Tom's Cabin in the London Times, says:

'God bless Harriet Beecher Stowe! She has written a book that all the pens that ever wrote in the Times could not put down, and that will surely continue to thrill the hearts and rouse the sympathies of coming ages, when American Slavery, like the Slavery of the British West Indies, shall be a wonder of the past. The truth is, that the English press is infested by American pro-slavery writers. A pro-slavery American has impudence for anything, and would thrust himself anywhere to lessen the infamy of his own practice and principle by excusing the participators of his guilt in other countries. The ignorance and indifference respecting other parts of the world, so prevalent in England, lay Englishmen peculiarly open to be infested by these travelling wolves. From my past acquaintance with American Slavery and the Abolition movement, I have foreseen and declared that unless we are contented to imbibe the unprincipled doctrines of the pro-slavery portion of the American people, our only safety lies in cultivating the friendship and becoming imbued with the doctrines and acquainted with the designs of the Abolitionists. A book like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," imbued as it is for the great part (always excepting its leanings to Colonization) with the power and force of truth, and the passion of a noble nature, was needed to neutralize the subtle moral poison instilled by thousands of American visitors who hate the slave more than they love liberty, and of no small number of recreant British ministers of the Gospel—wolves in sheep's clothing—who have done more, since returning from their American travels, to deaden the once vigorous Anti-Slavery feeling of the British people than they have ever done good in their capacity of guides to Heaven.'

From the New York Evangelist.

THE SLAVE MART.

Some months since, I visited Richmond, Va., for the first time. It is in many respects a beautiful city, and the inhabitants have a good reputation for hospitality and kind attention to strangers. I passed a Sabbath there, and on Monday morning, I took a long walk, to see all that was to be seen. In my ramble, I passed a dismal-looking place, which, on inquiry, I found to be appropriated to the buying and selling of 'human chattels.' Curiosity prompted me to go in, and the scene I witnessed will never be forgotten. It was painfully impressive, and I suppose the great mass of the people of the free States would have felt just as I did. There I saw one feature of slavery, an awfully abhorrent one, as it is. The weather was unpleasant, and the number of slaves brought in for sale did not exceed ten or twelve. I looked round upon them, and did not wonder that England should point her finger of scorn at us, for our utter inconsistency in 'proclaiming liberty to all the people,' while we tolerate the odious and abominably wicked domestic traffic in men, women and children. All these were there. One young woman of 22 attracted my special attention. She was remarkably well proportioned, possessed a fine open countenance, and, in spite of all her ignorance and degradation, was vastly superior to her brutal master. I was shocked at the revolting manner in which buyers examined her, to see how much muscle and power of endurance she possessed. Says one, 'Open your mouth'; and then the wretch made his observation, as he would into the mouth of a horse. She held in her arms a child about two years old, as I judged. I said to her, 'How old is your child?' The reply I shall never forget, coming from one who was treated as a horse or a dog: 'He will be two years old, sir, the 11th day of next February.' What a burning indignation I felt, that my country should be so degraded and disgraced in the eyes of the civilized world, by a spectacle of this kind!

At length, she was ordered to take the stand. The bidding was spirited, and soon she ran up to $660. At this point, the auctioneer was about striking her down. Her brutal owner, perceiving it, called out: 'She shall not go at that price: I will sooner take her back to North Carolina. So fine a woman has not been in market for twelve months.' And he took her from the stand. Much as I detested him, I talked a little with him about her good qualities. He told me what an amount of labor she could perform—*how many rails she could split in a day*, and remarked, '*She left one child at home.* I was sorry for it, but could not help it.' I tell you, Mr. Editor, my Puritan blood got almost to the boiling point, and I felt like making an explosion. But it is well that I exercised a little prudence. I could not have helped the poor woman, and should have been lynched, or got a coat of tar and feathers, or at best been put into the lock-up, and fined for a breach of the peace.

I saw and heard other things, that filled me with the direst apprehensions with regard to the slavery issue. I had a conversation with a gentleman of Richmond, on the slavery question. He represented the system as fraught with innumerable evils and worse, said he, for the master than the slave. You would have supposed he was a 'son of thunder' in denouncing slavery, and a real Boanerges in his efforts to get rid of it. After saying so much about its abominations, I remarked, 'Why not, then, at least confine it within its present limits? Why extend the area of slavery, as some of your Southern friends wish to do?' His reply was prompt and emphatic; I shall never forget it. '*Our slaves*,' said he, '*are our property; we can't afford to lose it. We want a market for our slaves.*' There it is, in a nutshell. I fear, greatly fear, a spirit of practical emancipation does not exist to any considerable extent at the South.

Another fact, for the truth of which I will hold myself responsible, confirms this conviction. A gentleman residing in Philadelphia, who was a native of Virginia, received, as a part of his patrimony, some twenty-five slaves. He became an abolitionist of the right stamp. Soon after he received his inheritance, he emancipated all his slaves, took them to Illinois, gave to each family 200 acres of land, and saw them all prosperously settled. They have done remarkably well, better, said he, in a pecuniary point of view, than I have done myself. This gentleman's father had an overseer or superintendent, who at length became the owner of a farm and 25 or 30 slaves. The course of his employer's son in emancipating his slaves occasioned a good deal of remark. One day, when they met, he said to him, Edward, I have always approved of your course in making your slaves free. Said he, I hate slavery, and if I could to-day get rid of my slaves, without any expense to myself, I would do it. Are you really in earnest? said Edward. I knew you did not like the system, but I was not aware that your opposition to it was so strong. Yes, I am in earnest, he replied. I call God to witness that I would to-day emancipate my slaves, if I could do it without expense. Well, said Edward, I will take you at your word. I will take your slaves, and give them an outfit to Liberia, and you shall not be subjected to a dollar of expense. Call them up, and we will settle this business on the spot. The slave-owner was taken all aback. He knew not what to say. At length he replied, It will be an expensive business to you. That's my look-out, said Edward. If I choose to spend my money in that way, it need not give you concern. Well, I don't believe they will be willing to go with you. If not, said Edward, your responsibility ceases. But call them, and give them the offer. Yes, but what a sum it is going to cost you, and I am sure they would not go. After a long parley of this kind, Edward rose and said, Now just see how you have been deceiving yourself. You have appealed to God to witness your sincerity, and yet you see you never had an honest purpose in regard to emancipating your slaves. I must go, and if I never meet you again, one of the last persons you will think of in your dying hour will be Edward ——. They never met again. The slave-owner died, leaving his 'human chattels' an inheritance to his heirs. A.

THE REFUGEE'S HOME.

This Association, since its late annual meeting in Detroit, Michigan, has been marching forward, accomplishing its legitimate work with signal success. It has furnished permanent homes, and self-employment for twelve worthy settlers, who are now slaying down the tall forest and converting it into cord-wood, which is worth 50 cents per cord on the ground. All of these persons can now for the first time in their lives say that they are landholders in a free country; and that they can dwell safely 'under their own vine and fig tree, where none dare to molest or make them afraid.'

To the honor of this Society, it has made the most systematic and ample provision for the physical and intellectual development for the parents, as well as the children who settle on its land. Five acres are to be given to every actual settler, on conditions, viz: that they shall clear off and cultivate the same, within three years from the date of occupancy; and for twenty acres adjoining it, they shall pay, within ten years, just what the land cost the Society, and that without interest; and one half of all monies they pay for the land shall be used to keep up schools in such settlements for the education of their children.

There has been some feeble opposition shown to the Society, in Windsor, only by a set of half cracked, hot-headed individuals, who have had the vanity to think that because the Society would not show the same favors to those who have been free all their lives, that they do to the fugitives from slavery, that they could call a meeting and break up the Refugee's Home. Oh! what folly is this? It is true that they did succeed in getting up a public meeting under a delusive plea, and therein took advantage of the ignorance of two or three individuals who acted as officers of the meeting, including the projector of the scheme; and what made the whole thing perfectly ridiculous, neither the Chairman or Secretary could read, write, or even answer a single question asked them intelligibly.

Poor creatures, they were not so much to blame, however, for their ignorance, as old Dr. Slavery had laid the foundation for this in the cotton and tobacco fields of the South. They passed a batch of resolutions, which were published as an 'advertisement' in the *Canada Oak*.

Were it not that our time could be more profitably spent in the cause we are trying to serve, we should give a full description of the whole of that disgraceful meeting.

The whole house was thrown into mad confusion. The resolutions were snatched from the table, and carried off by one who became disgusted at his own party, and the cause which they were trying to defend; and a poor deluded sister ran out of doors in the dark after the man who carried off the resolutions; and just at this time, several men were smiting their fists together, and had they not been prevented by the interference of women, blood would have been shed; so that no person opposed to their disgraceful meeting voted for or against their resolutions; and the Refugee's Home is marching forward with giant strides, in the accomplishment of its legitimate work.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

THE JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.

A very interesting account of this meeting, which our readers know was recently held at Syracuse, was communicated to the *Pennsylvania Freeman* by Prof. W. G. Allen, of New York Central College. From this account, we copy the following grateful and warm-hearted tribute of this gentleman to those whom he honors and loves as the devoted friends of his race and of the Anti-Slavery cause:—

Heaven never looked upon a more glorious day, nor earth held upon its bosom hearts more true, than those which were assembled in Syracuse, to lead in the celebration on the first of October, 1852. There was Garrison, with his heart of love, and sympathies which know no sex nor color—only *man*, with the rights of a common humanity, and with powers and faculties, desires, dispositions and inclinations, which link his heart with the heart of the Great Jehovah. This man was there, and this, of itself, was glory enough for one day, and for one such occasion, though that one occasion was no less than the celebration of the most remarkable event in the history of American freedom. Yes, William Lloyd Garrison was there; and oh, how in my heart of hearts I love that man! I can never think of the poor printer and his garret, and his crust of bread and cup of water, and only a little negro boy for his assistant,—I say, I can never think of all these, and of the greatest wrong which ever saw the sun, and concerning which all was stillness, and in which all was acquiescence, and think now of the concentrated energies of the entire American people directed to the subject of slavery, without thanking God that he has given us such a man. O, there was something sublime, grandly, gloriously, magnificently sublime in the bare conception of the idea, to say nothing of the attempt to actualize it, that with not a friend in the world to whom he could go in confidence, and without a particle of present and personal influence, he could bring the world to truth, to justice, to humanity and to God. Here was the sublimity of faith, not in man, but in God. What else than faith in God, in rectitude, could it have been that induced William Lloyd Garrison to launch his bark upon a sea where for long years he could have expected to encounter nothing else than storms, tempests, darkness, the raging of billows, the lightning's flash, and the thunder's roar? Bring the world to God, did I say? That may not be yet; but, as Charles Sumner said of the Anti-Slavery spirit—'It may not at present be seen in the high places of the earth, but if you but put your ears to the ground, you may hear its tread coming on,' so the angels of heaven have but to put their ears to the feet of Jehovah, to hear the onward tread of earth, as it marches upward to God. Was there ever in these latter days a high priest anointed of God, that priest is William Lloyd Garrison. Faults he may have; so, also, but only with a telescope, may be seen spots on the face of the sun.

But I pass on. Gerrit Smith was there—the noble, the generous, the magnanimous—he who dwells in the region where, it may be almost said,

'Celestial powers alone have sway.'

And Douglass, too, was there—the eloquent, the powerful—he who, though

'Born in servitude, and nurtured in scorn,
Yet did cast aside its weary weight,
In that strong majesty of soul,
Which knows no color, tongue or clime.'

And Lucy Stone was there—she of angelic eloquence and seraphic whisperings;—and Lucretia Mott was there, the matron lady of dignity, firmness, intellect, the leader of her sex against the wrongs of which, from time immemorial, woman has been the recipient;—and R. R. Raymond was there—he whose eloquence thrills the soul, and stirs up the blood till it is fit to leap out of the heart;—and Samuel J. May was there, than whom no purer or more loving spirit lives—Samuel J. May, whose gracious heart finds expression not only in beauteous smiles and gentle tones, but in deeds of hourly benevolence—Samuel J. May, whose days are of a truth

'Bound each to each by a *natural* piety.'

And Lyndon King was there—God bless him! Brave old man!—with the heart of a lion for the right, and a power of prayer which even Jacob might have envied. All these were there;—and why, therefore, should not the day have been a grand and glorious one? And we were in the city of Syracuse, too, which, though 'little to look at, is mighty to cope with;'—the city of Syracuse, which, when hundreds of years hence the poet and historian shall sing and write of the greatness of American cities, shall receive their grandest and most glowing eulogies:

'Nations since born have wept o'er thy decay,
Science and arts have flourished and have died;
And though thy glory like a dream hath passed away,
Yet thine imperishable fame for ever shall abide.'

MR. GIDDINGS ELECTED.

Every friend of free principles, every man who loves his country and liberty, will rejoice that this glorious and fearless old veteran is once more returned to the theatre of his former struggles and triumphs for freedom; and that, in the face of the most bitter, malignant and unscrupulous warfare ever waged against any public man. From the moment that the two old parties baptized themselves in the black pool of slavery at Baltimore, the decree was issued at Washington, that 'Giddings must be defeated.' The Whig Herods and Democratic Pilates, however at war on other points, were perfectly agreed on this, 'Giddings must be kept at home.' Else the covenant to 'resist' and 'discountenance' agitation was a rope of sand. With Giddings in Congress, a renewal of the 'gag' will be impossible. '*He will* agitate.' So thought and so talked, and so resolved to act, the leaders of the two old parties. Not so thought the unbought free men of Northern Ohio. Not so would they act. Mr. Giddings went before them, boldly proclaiming his principles wherever he went, and trampling the infamous Baltimore platforms under his feet. And although the last Legislature districted the State on purpose to secure his defeat by cutting him off from almost the entire body of his former constituents, yet gloriously, triumphantly is he sustained. Gloriously have his new constituents vindicated their new Representative, and thus honored themselves and their country.

Thrice honored is any constituency that can be worthy of such a representative as Joshua R. Giddings. Never will we despair of Freedom, while he stands to guard its interests.

We ought to add, that while Mr. Giddings' *new* district has thus gallantly returned *him*, his *old* district has not been false to its former history. That district, too, has sent, in place of the former representative, EDWARD WADE, one of the 'old liberty guard,' than whom a truer, bolder, longer-tried champion of free principles, does not live.—*Independent Democrat.*

POLITICAL INTOLERANCE IN BOSTON.

'*His hatred warred not with the dead.*'

No notice has been taken by the Bar of Boston of the death of Mr. Rantoul. No city in the Union is more attentive to the usage of noticing at bar meetings, and by resolutions in court, the death of its leading lawyers. Since the death of Mr. Rantoul, a meeting of the bar was held and resolutions passed, speeches made and replied to from the bench, and the Supreme Court adjourned, on the occasion of the death of Mr. H. H. Fuller. Mr. Fuller, it would seem from the resolutions, was not of a first-class reputation even in the city, and of no celebrity beyond that limit. He was, no doubt, a highly respectable lawyer, of long standing. It was proper the bar should notice his death. But, except in a single voluntary reference by Mr. King, not responded to by the bench or bar, no notice was taken of the death of Mr. Rantoul, whose reputation was national, and whose name stands high among the distinguished sons of Massachusetts.

Mr. Rantoul held for four years the office of United States District Attorney, which made him the official head of the bar of the United States Circuit Court. This court has opened, its bar meeting has been held, under the direction of Mr. Rantoul's immediate successor, Mr. George Lunt, but no notice has been taken of his late official head.

The reason for this is simply and only the bigotry and intolerance of the political and social systems of Boston. Mr. Fuller was a highly conservative whig. In Mr. Rantoul's case, the whig hostility was unfortunately supported by an influential clique of the democrats, who feared and hated Mr. Rantoul for his too successful advocacy of the true doctrines of his party.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE LIFE OF WEBSTER.

A SERMON

Preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, Oct. 31, 1852, by

THEODORE PARKER.

Phonographically reported for the Boston "Commonwealth," by RUFUS LEIGHTON and J. M. W. YERRINTON.

When Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was, indeed, the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse, and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, the Father of the Church, the sorrows of her birth and her estate, made it easy for him to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten their faces with their own tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child to her bosom, to still its grief. To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position; its delicacy, too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New England ever bore—conspicuous, not by greatness, but by the nature of his mind—one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of a great man, in a great office, of a great power, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low. He seemed so great, that some men thought that he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday—while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man—you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to it. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear; there are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion because popular; I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts, great station and opportunities; I cannot censure a man for trivial wrongs. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter, to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame. Only the truth is beautiful in speech, and it is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of—I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont—for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed; if I tax your time the more, I will tire your patience the less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no DANIEL WEBSTER left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care by my speech that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will take care that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world—the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God; far transcending earth, and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is a little lower than the angels, and, like the aloe tree, it blooms but once an age. So we should value, love and cherish it the more. America has not many great men living now—scarce one. There have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in great men, —her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day, the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we, her child. Sir Robert Peel has for years been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy and Russia, few great men appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found every thing else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa, and a sadder countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. These two are the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philogians,—but of great men, Christendom has not many. From politics great men recede, and in all Europe, no kingly intellect throbs now beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

Yet how we love to honor great men. Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when for the first time in adult years you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in Switzerland! Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you were confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of thought, justice, philanthropy, religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up! It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth—like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over; down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then? A New England shipmaster, wrecked on an island in the Indian sea, was seized by his conquerors and made their chief; their captive became their king. After years of rule, he managed to escape. Then he once more visited his former realm. He found that the savages had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a god, greater than their fancied deities. He had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a god. So loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy!—we are all looking for a master: a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us—to break the rock that lies in our way—to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stents to do, long for the passing by of some great brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognise the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or in Dante; and if a great man were to come, as much before us as they are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say to him? It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness and know it at the first—greatness of the highest kind. Bulk, any body can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler more than Franklin. Herod and Pilate were popular in their day—men of property and standing. They got nominations and honor enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination—got a cross between two thieves—was crowned with thorns—and when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord. Any man can measure a walking-stick—so many hands wide and so many nails beside—but it takes a mountain intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

But now and then, God creates a great, mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into other ages. Such a man, if he is of the greatest, will by and by unite in himself the four great forces of society—business, politics, literature and the church; himself a greater force than all of these, will sway them every one; but just as he is greater than other men, in the highest mood of greatness, will he be opposed, and hated, too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his light sooner than before.

Human nature loves to honor great men, and often honors many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honor the really great men—Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus, the loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived—men whose life leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind! If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, wherever neither Dives nor Abraham, nor yet Moses himself, can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne, with his lesson for to-day, which is also no lesson.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas, absolute truth and absolute right, as the norm of conduct. With most men, the affections are before the intellect and the conscience, and the affections want a person. A great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad, and by the affection men accept the great intellect, bad or good, and with him, the principle he has got. But as the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honor him, love him, reverence him, trust him! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither; his person passes for reason, justice and religion.

Intellect attaches us to an idea of truth and beauty, conscience to a principle of right, affection to a man. They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons, least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, crush into her bosomy heart. But when a great man comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will,—the good great man, the bad great man; for as each particle of matter has an attractive force which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind and each great man has an attractive force which attracts all other mind.

But, as we somewhat control our activity with progressive increase of power over matter and mind, so we ought to know if what we follow be real greatness or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, if it be good or ill; for men ought not to gravitate, passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely, to follow great wisdom, justice, love, and faith in God. Hence, it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of great men, for they represent great social forces, for good or ill.

Merchants watch the markets; they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans, how much gold in the banks. They learn these things, because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honor and office by their skill. So, a man who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love and piety, to human welfare—he must watch the great men, knowing the quantity of truth, of justice, of love and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay, because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks, 'Thy kingdom come!'

What a great power is a great man! Aristotle rode on the top of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyrite, and mounted there himself, himself in turn to be unhorsed. What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England, for the last twenty or thirty years! What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century!—Napoleon in Europe for the last half century! In America, it is above all things necessary to study the great men. Their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the power of great men is checked by the great families, the great classes, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no great families; historical men are not from or for such, had not historic fathers, leave not historic sons. *Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.* Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

It is a wonder how many famous Americans have no children at all. Hancock, Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson—each broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. And of the great men that leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them, so little they are lost, —a single needle from the American pine to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods. No great families here hold great men in check. There is no great class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years, half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any great man. Here is no hereditary power. So the personal greatness of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that three-fold check, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole, our State is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of mo ey or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or hereditary privileges. If our great intellect runs up hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down hill, that also is on his side. The great man is amenable, with us, to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe—only to public opinion, and that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; these are the two factors of the American product; the multiplier and the multiplicand; millions of money, millions of men.

Hence it is more important to study such great men before they take our heart, to know their quality and quantity; for this is to measure one of the greatest popular forces for guiding the present and shaping the future. It is needful, also, to separate the real great from the great seeming; and of the real great, the great good from the great evil. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipped of justice, he will change those ideas again; not for the world, but for the saloons of Paris, for its journals and its mob.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle, the best ally, if you can keep him in the ranks, fronting the right way; but if he turns about, he is the fatalest foe, and treads his master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes! The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon:—

"Monseigneur: The government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the Elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no Constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are entrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought—to restore to the country those tutelar institutions which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations.'

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are only equalled by his public sins. How different he looks to different men! To me, he is Napoleon the Little; to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse, he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sydney, 'Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece or wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made.

It is this great importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by posture, on money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr. Channing, whose word went like morning over the continents. Hence, I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and I did not fear to point out every error in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right. Hence, I spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a mere 'accidental' great man. You see why. We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems; but burn that clay in the fire, and though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks so with nations.

A great man may do one of two things in influencing men: either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet may never reach far onward into the future. He will have power, in his time, in America, by having the common sentiments and ideas, an extraordinary power to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and will. Such a man differs from mankind in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power might be represented by two parallel lines, beginning, one, where his influence begins, the other, where his influence extends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance betwixt the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward, in the the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind; not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas and actions; he will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd have nothing at all. His power, also, may be represented by two lines, beginning at his birth, pointing forwards, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend; and and containing time by their stretch, and space by their spread. Jesus of Nazareth was of this class; he spread laterally in his life-time, and took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man. Daniel Webster was a great man—for many years the favored son of New England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a mighty eloquence; there were two millions of readers for every speech he spoke, and of late years, he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done great service; spoken noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the public eye; his public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what the result for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Capt. Ebenezer and Abigail Eastman Webster. No New Englander had pitched his cabin so near the north star as Capt. Webster. The family was anything but rich, living first in a log cabin, then in a frame-house, and sometimes keeping tavern. The father was a soldier of the French war, and in the Revolution: a great, brave, big, brawny man. The mother was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When the virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness is of women's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come,—the two Adamses, Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and almost every living notable of our time. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him, recognized him, and asked, 'Is this the son of Capt. Webster?' 'It is, indeed,' said the great man. 'What,' said he, 'is this the little black Dan that used to water the horses?' And the great Daniel Webster said, 'It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses.' He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was 'abroad' in New Hampshire; he was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in the year was there a school; and that was two or three miles off. Thither went Daniel Webster, a brave, bright boy, 'father of the man.' The school-house of New England is the cradle of all her greatness.

When fourteen years old, he went to the Phillips Academy for a few months; then to study with Mr. Wood, at Boscawen, paying 'a dollar a week' for the food for the body, and for the food of the mind. He was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, to carry a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit?

I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, 'I shall send you to college, Daniel,' and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder, and wept right out.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he fought his own way, with his own fist, keeping school in the vacation. He graduated at Dartmouth, in his twentieth year, largely distinguished, though he scorned his degree; and when the faculty gave him his diploma, he tore it to pieces, 'tis said, and trod it under his feet. Then he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other; and yet finding a third hand—this Yankee Briarius—to serve as Register of Deeds. This went on till he reached the age of twenty-two. Then he was here in Boston, studying law with Mr. Gore, and helping his older brother to keep school. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from his preceptor, Mr. Gore,—a prophecy which might readily be made—such a head as that was its own prophecy. Next, he is a lawyer at Boscawen for two years; then at Portsmouth, in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice; 'known all over the State of New Hampshire;' known also in Massachusetts. In 1812, when he was thirty years of age, he is elected to the House of Representatives in Congress. He has a wife, and soon has two daughters and two sons. Next, his house is burned; and his wife dies; he is in Boston in 1816; in 1820, then 38 years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there, provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry of men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel, at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822, he was elected to Congress from Boston. In 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841, he is Secretary of State. Again a private citizen in 1843. In the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued, until, 'on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!'

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen Senator; the Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of the great man's outward history.

Look next at the Headlands of his Life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a Citizen and Public Officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but in the briefness of a sermon, I must pass by his labors in the law.

As a citizen, I am to speak of him chiefly as a public orator. In that capacity, he made three great speeches, not at all political,—at Plymouth Rock, in 1820, on the two hundredth anniversary of New England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the great battle of New England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honor the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these speeches was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say:—

'Our ancestors established their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing on which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come.'

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution—venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman,—would to God that France had many such to-day!—who periled his fortune, life and reputation for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown, till France also was a Republic. Fayette was there—the Fayette of two revolutions, the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say:—

'Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!'

On another occasion, when two great men—who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the first to peril 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor;'—men who had first been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death—then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young; and Webster chanted the psalm of commemoration to the younger Adams and Jefferson, who helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead—in his words they fought their battles o'er again; heard them resolve that, 'sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,' they gave their hand and their heart for liberty; and they grew greater before the eyes of the people as he brought up Adams and Jefferson, and showed the massive services of these men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric that had grown to the grave.

'Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.'

How proudly could he say:

'If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.'

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a legislator, and executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

It is said that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. His speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they show the strength of a great man not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. His leaning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power; not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test, as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property, and not population, as the basis of representation in the Senate. The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. Said he, 'It would seem to be the part of political wisdom, to found government on property;' yet he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was not jealous of the legislature, but he wanted an independent judiciary. In Congress, in 1813, he was with the Federal party, and of course not friendly to the war; yet he went for the defence of the country, and especially for naval defence. He had an eye on the commerce of America. He saw its value, and defended it as a unit. He early did large service by promoting the passage of a law for the payment of bills in a better currency. That was the greatest service, I think, he ever performed, in matters of currency or national finance. In later years, he defended the United States Bank; but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed by the driver's lash. In 1816, he opposed the protective tariff, and so in 1824. His speech at that time is a work of large ability [illegible]

In 1828, he voted for the 'bill of abominations,' as the tariff was called; not because he was in favor of the measure, but as the least of sundry evils. Afterwards, he became a strong advocate for the protective tariff. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion [illegible] his last opinion [illegible] he never answered his first great speech [illegible] to me that he was honest in the change.

In 1816 and 1824, the South wanted a protective tariff; the North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun that introduced the measure first. Calhoun at that time was in favor of an United States protective tariff. There was Mr. Webster, it seems to me, a good and sufficient reason for this change [illegible] fluctuations on this matter, which, I grieve to say, not seem capable of an explanation quite so honorable.

...defended the Constitution against South Caro-
...claim of the right to secede. It is customary
...the North to think Mr. Webster wholly in the
...and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on
...; but it should be remembered that
...of the ablest men that the South ever sent to
Washington thought otherwise. Mr. Calhoun de-
...a profound man, a man of unimpeachable integ-
...in public and in private. Mr. Clay was certainly
...man, wise and subtle, and far-sighted. I wish
...that he was as honest as Calhoun, or could be
...that he was as generous as Webster; but in
...Mr. Clay would not vote for the Force bill,
...Webster had so proudly defended against the
South Carolinian idea. Mr. Clay would not vote
...; he avoided the question; the air of the
...was so bad he could not stay.

South Carolina claimed that the federal government
...exceeded the Constitution; that she (South Caro-
...was judge in that matter, and had a constitution-
...right to nullify. The question is a deep one. It is
...the question of Federal and Democrat—the ques-
...between the constitutional power of the whole
...the power of the parts—Federal power and State
...Mr. Webster was always in favor of a strong
...government; honestly in favor of it, I doubt
...His speeches on that subject were most master-
...I refer in particular to the speech in
...reply to Mr. Hayne, and the speech in 1833
...Mr. Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is the ...in political ethics, or the deepest in the met-...of politics, or the farthest-sighted in its po-...providence. I only mean to say that it surpass-...others in the massive intellectual power of state-... Mr. Webster was then eight-and-forty years ...defended New England against Mr. Hayne; ...defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid ...; he reached high, and put the capstone ...of his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall.

While Secretary of State, he performed the great ...of his public life—the one deed on which his ...as a political officer will settle down and rest—the Ashburton Treaty in 1842. The matter was diffi-...; the claims intricate. There were four parties to ...—England, the United States, Massachusetts and Maine; nay, it is whispered that there was a fifth ...—the Government at the time. The difficulty ...almost sixty years old. Many political doctors ...laid their hands on the immediate wound, which ...worse under their touch. The British ...sent an honorable representative, and ...an honorable Secretary; the two trustworthy ...settled the difficulty, honestly, fairly, and above-... I am not niggard of my praise; but I think ...is the one great deed of Mr. Webster. Perhaps ...other man in America could have done so well, and ...the thunder out of the gathered cloud. I am ...judge of that. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England, the apprehension of war, and the delight when these two countries shook hands, as ...were done. Then we all felt that there was ...one English nation—the English Briton and the English American—that Webster and Ashburton ...fellow-citizens,—yes, were brothers in the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letter on the Right of Search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honor to any statesman in the world. He refused to England the right to visit and search our ships on the plea of their being engaged in the slave trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in this matter.

On the other side, his celebrated letter to Mr. Ashburton, in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust; false in law, and wicked in morality. It is the one stain on that negotiation, and it is wonderful that, in 1846, Mr. Webster could himself declare that he thought that letter was the most triumphant production from his pen in all that correspondence.

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember the speech in 1842, in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Every body knew the importance of his speech. I counted ... reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. He had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation; the sullen cloud still hung over his own head. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud—the great ground lightning of his Olympian mind. I always thought that on that occasion, Daniel Webster was in the right, and his opponents in the wrong; and I grieved at the reproach which public newspapers heaped on him, and the obloquy which the Convention of Massachusetts poured upon his head. What was his sin? He had faltered in the tariff, and did not declare that money was the great object of government, and the manufacture of ...the chief end of God in the creation of man!

At first, he opposed the annexation of Texas; he warned men against it in 1837. He prepared some resolutions which were passed at the anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting, and favored annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York. In 1845, he voted against annexation. He had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to the annexation principally because it was a slave State. Here he stood with Adams; but against him were Calhoun, Clay, and almost all the Democrats. Van Buren was then on his side; and many of the capitalists of the North wanted a thing that Webster wanted not. He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why? Because it tied up the hands of the legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said that, on Forefathers' Day, two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said that New England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only she could not be roused. If ...United ...had been ...in '50 and '51, Massachusetts would have been ...and New England would have risen as a single ...and annexation would have been put aside to ...the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity.

...now to speak of his relation to slavery. ...1820, his conduct had been just and honorable. ...a private citizen, in 1820, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. On Forefathers' Day, in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say,—

'I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must forever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth and at midnight labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.'

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he vowed his entire unwillingness to do anything that should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. Said he,—

'On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with, it may be made willing, I believe it is entirely willing, to fulfil all existing engagements and all existing duties, to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it,—should this be attempted, I know nothing, even in the Constitution or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow.'

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South; sectional, not national. He took the ground in 1830, that the general government had nothing to with it. In 1840, standing under the October sun at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the 'institution' of the South.

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech—you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would 'irritate' the South, would 're-enact the law of God.' He declared Congress was bound to make four new States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36 degrees 30 minutes to become slave States; he declared that he would give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave territory and ten millions of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sales of the public lands, to expatriate the free colored people from her soil; that he would support the Fugitive Bill, with all its amendments, with all its provisions, 'to the fullest extent.'

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; then it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America became a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our Massachusetts to support it, and that with alacrity. My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March—you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news. They could not believe the lightning. You know how the Whig party, and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster 'seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect.' You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-three men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had 'pointed out the path of *duty*; convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;' and they expressed to him their 'entire coincidence in the sentiments of that speech,' and their 'heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union.'

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston; the speech at the Revere House; his word that 'discussion' on the subject of slavery must 'in some manner be suppressed;' you remember the 'disagreeable duty;' the question if Massachusetts 'will be just against temptation?' whether 'she will conquer her prejudices' in favor of the trial by jury, of the inalienable rights of man, in favor of the Christian religion, and 'those thoughts which wander through eternity.'

You remember the agony of our colored men. The Son of Man came to Jerusalem to seek and to save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave Bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the colored people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia,—all over the land. You remember the speeches of Mr. Webster, at Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany—his industry, never equalled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-Slavery convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for the welfare of men.

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster from Newburyport and Kennebec. You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You remember the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits,—I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar,—they went also for kidnapping. There went up a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth!—Kidnap him, kidnap him!' And when we said, timidly remonstrating, 'Why, what evil has the poor black man done?' the answer was, 'We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!'

You remember the first kidnappers that came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them,—an ugly-looking fellow. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft. You remember the seizure of Shadrach; you remember his deliverance out of his fiery furnace-dungeon. Of course, it was an angel who let him out—for that Court, after six trials, I think, has not found a man, who, at noonday, and in the centre of the town, did the deed. So I suppose it was an angel that did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims—Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court-house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851—at least, I do. You remember the 'Acorn,' and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing on the grave of Judge Story, he said—'Justice is the great interest of mankind.' I think he thought so too; but at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said—'The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad.'

You have not forgotten the speech at Capron Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. 'When nothing else will answer,' says he, 'they,' the abolitionists, 'invoke religion, and speak of the "higher law."' He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, 'Gentlemen, the North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this "higher law" ranges an eagle's flight higher than the highest peak of the Alleghanies.' This speech was made at a dinner. The next 'sentiment' given after his was this:—

'*The Fugitive Slave Law*—On its execution depends the perpetuity of the Union.'

Mr. Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared, 'You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce.'

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said—'What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when everything respected, everything good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America—America, the land of Washington, the model republic of the world—is it for America to come to its assistance, and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions!'

How do you think the audience answered? With six and twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Said Webster, 'These are Whig principles,' and with these, 'Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn.' That speech is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 7th of March?

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, NOV. 5, 1852.

RETRIBUTION!

The day of Retribution is come! The Whig party is annihilated. The rotten platform which they had laid hold of for their salvation has failed them in their utmost need, and they have gone down into the depths, and the floods have closed over them. They sacrificed their principles, their consistency, their honor, for the sake of slave-driving votes, and defeat, disgrace and political ruin have been their reward. They made haste to catch slaves, that so they might gain the good will of men-stealers, and establish themselves in the nation, and now their name and place are taken away from them for ever. Daniel Webster, when he went down, disgraced, defeated, disappointed, broken-hearted, to his grave, was but the precursor of his former party, as it rushed to its political ruin. Their pro-slavery proclivity was the ruin of the one and of the other. They both of them in vain attempted to outbid the Democratic Party in the servility which was to buy the favor of the basest of tyrants; and they have both of them failed ridiculously and ignominiously. God be thanked for this proof that he still lives, in spite of the blasphemous hands of politician and priest that have been raised against him! Be such ever the doom of profligate politicians! — q.

PRO-SLAVERY LITERATURE.

When the wide-spread popularity and immense influence of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' became apparent, notices were extensively circulated of books to be written in reply to it. The work first and most loudly heralded by these anticipatory announcements was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin As It Is,' published in Buffalo, and written by Mr. Smith. It is fair to mention the publisher before the author, as the former did his portion of the work far better than the latter. The book was well printed, on good paper, and the widely-distributed prospectus had such a capital portrait of Uncle Tom, its hero, who was represented smoking his home-made pipe with a nonchalant air expressing absolute leisure and perfect independence, that great curiosity was excited to see the book, and some expectation felt that it would display originality, if not merit. These hopes were doomed to disappointment. The book was *bosh*, nothing; it contained not a single well-drawn character, not a single natural conversation, not a single skilfully-adapted incident, not a single interesting chapter or page. A Buffalo editor very judiciously regretted, for the town's sake, that so wretched a book should have been published there, and the witty reviewer of the Boston *Post* remarked that for every copy of the book sold, one free and independent citizen was *sold* also.

The book next advertised, (though it actually appeared in the market earlier than the one just mentioned,) was 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin,' by Mrs. Eastman, the southern wife of an army-officer. Though possessing no positive merit, either as a literary production or as a delineation of manners and customs in the South, it is a far more readable book than Mr. Smith's. Its chief characteristic is piety. Mrs. Eastman is by no means regardless of the *civil* right and privilege of every white American to 'larrup his nigger;' one of her most vividly described scenes is the meeting of two persons on a spacious sidewalk in Baltimore or Washington, where, neither having sufficient courtesy to deviate for the other from the exact line in which he is walking, they meet face to face, and the black man is knocked by the white into the gutter, with the hearty approbation of the slaveholding eye-witnesses, who seem quite unconscious that any one could regard the transaction otherwise. But the *serious* turn of mind which the book implies to be habitual with the author, is gratified chiefly by the fact, that the course of discipline which the colored people, bond and free, receive in this country, is a fulfilment of prophecy. Slaveholders, throughout her book, are represented as—by the fact of their enslaving the blacks—friends and supporters of religion; abolitionists—by the fact of their seeking to elevate the blacks through freedom—the opposers of Christianity. A long preface, devoted to Noah, Ham and Canaan, gives the key-note of the book, in which the profane and revengeful speech attributed to the old patriarch, after awaking from his wine, is assumed, not only to be as precious a portion of holy writ as 'The Lord is my shepherd,' and to have been inspired and authorized by the Infinite Father equally with the Golden Rule, but to impose on Christians of the nineteenth century the duty of keeping all persons of African descent in a subjugated and degraded condition—as a fulfilment of prophecy. The doing of whatever it was declared by 'them of old time' *would* be done, seems to be Mrs. Eastman's highest idea of right and duty. If consistent with herself, she must feel a high veneration for the crucifiers of Jesus and the persecutors of the early Christians.

The next production put forth in reply to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was a handsome pamphlet, published at Cambridge, and probably written by a Southern student of the University, called 'Slavery in the Southern States.' This excelled its predecessors in the points of good English and good temper, stating, in a quiet and gentlemanly way, the considerations generally urged in favor of slavery by men of the world who are interested in its continuance, and impartially presenting some of the very weakest of these, as entitled to consideration equally with the more plausible. Entirely without force as an argument, this pamphlet will answer a useful purpose, by its practical protest against the doctrine of Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and other pro-slavery Northern men, that the discussion of slavery, by speech or writing, should be forcibly prevented.

Next came a reprint, in pamphlet form, of an editorial article from the London *Times*, which, with some small criticism upon the literary execution of Mrs. Stowe's work, declared it an altogether exaggerated and overdrawn account, the incidents of which were too shocking for belief, only to be admitted, if at all, as very rarely exceptional instances. This long article was briefly, but very effectively, replied to in the *Times* a few days after, by one who said that, though not familiar with *American* slavery, he was well acquainted with *slavery*, and knew what vices did and must necessarily belong to it. He referred the editor and readers of the *Times* to abundant evidence in the reports of Parliamentary commissions, in the time of Wilberforce and Clarkson, upon West Indian Slavery, for the common occurrence of horrors greater than those described in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and gave his judgment that in that work the evils of slavery were too feebly rather than too strongly stated. But no notice was taken of this reply in the pamphlet referred to.

The last work on our list is 'The Cabin and Parlor, or Slaves and Masters,' by J. Thornton Randolph, who is boasted of, in the publisher's newspaper recommendations of the work, as perfectly competent, in every way, to be the defender of slavery. The book is very interesting, and well written, except for the feeble stuff put into the mouths of those whom it suits the writer's purpose to represent as abolitionists. Having these unfortunate people completely in his own power, he routs them, right and left, horse, foot and dragoons, by the following ingenious process. When his model slaveholder, Mr. Walworth, says anything by way of argument to an abolitionist, the latter becomes either confused or angry, gives up that branch of the subject, and brings up another, from which he is driven by the same means, and so on till the conversation is finished. Apart from this feebleness, (which, however, was the only way of gaining the victory, while appearing to let the abolitionists speak at all,) the book is much more skilfully managed than its two predecessors of the same size. It makes two principal points, each well adapted to produce an impression upon the careless reader. The first is to describe his slaveholders, for the most part, not in relation to their slaves, but to their equals and each other. He draws beautiful pictures, and represents amiable traits of character, and the manifestations of benevolence, friendship and love, in persons whom we know to be slaveholders, but who seldom appear exercising the functions of that relation. The book opens by narrating the death and insolvency of a planter who had been reputed wealthy. His slaves are sold, of course, to satisfy the creditors. But if you suppose, poor deluded hearers of Anti-Slavery lectures, that they are sold to go South, or sold to traders at all, or sold in lots to suit purchasers, you are very much mistaken. They were sold, *as always happens in such cases*, to neighbors interested in the family and in the slaves themselves, and with particular care that no families should be separated. A trader who wished to buy was hustled off the ground, and dared not bid for them as he had designed. N. B. Slave-traders are never allowed to bid at a sheriff's sale.

Well, a scheming Yankee, who has been paying his addresses to the planter's daughter, of course deserts her when she is no longer an heiress; and this incident is certainly true to nature. The daughter nobly sacrifices every thing to pay her father's debts, and undertakes, regardless of the inevitable loss of caste in a slaveholding region, to support herself, her mother and two young brothers, by school-teaching and domestic labor at home. In a short time, the elder brother, a spirited lad of fifteen, goes North to seek some occupation by which he may aid his sister in supporting the family. His expected clerkship dwindles to the post of errand-boy in the warehouse of a *rich and fashionable abolitionist*, who gives him one dollar a week for very hard labor, and pays even that in uncurrent money, which he buys at a discount of two per cent. *for that purpose*. After exhausting his strength in the fruitless effort to recommend himself, by assiduity and faithfulness, to his employers, and thus obtain an increased compensation, he falls sick and ultimately dies, in utter destitution. But meantime, a slaveholder (who, while dining at the house of the rich and fashionable abolitionist, had accidentally discovered his refusal to send a physician to the boy who had fallen sick of over-exertion in his service) seeks out the poor boy, supplies his necessities, comforts his dying moments, writes the sad story in the most sympathizing manner to his friends, and acts the part of the good Samaritan also to certain fugitive slaves, who had been treated with great outrage and cruelty by Northern people.

This is the first great point in the book—the delineation of amiable and excellent traits in slaveholders, represented apart from slaves; the hero of the book never appearing in connection with his own slaves, and the heroine developing the fine traits in her character while she is too poor to own any.

The second great point is a very graphic and very faithful representation of the privation, suffering, contumely and outrage to which colored people are exposed in the city of Philadelphia, and of the vicious and degraded state in which many of them live there.

Upon these two elements of truth (truth which abolitionists have never denied) as a basis, Mr. J. Thornton Randolph has erected, partly by insinuation and partly by direct assertion, the following false and sophistical positions:

1st. That the negroes of Philadelphia fairly represent those of all the Northern States and Canada.

2d. That the most vulgar and brutal portion of the white people of Philadelphia fairly represent the entire white population of the North.

3d. That slaves are very rarely sold from the Northern slave regions to the Southern, and that families are very rarely separated in the selling.

4th. That both the happiness and welfare of the slaves generally are abundantly cared for by their masters.

5th. That it is wrong, and that the more intelligent slaves think it is wrong, for slaves to take and keep their own liberty, and that of their wives and children; in other words, that religion approves the enslavement, and discourages the emancipation of the colored people.

6th. That the condition of the slave is always made worse by running away. And finally,

7th. That the injustice and contumely with which colored people are treated at the North, (instead of being, as it is, a direct and natural consequence of slavery, and incapable of even the commencement of a radical reform until slavery shall cease,) is an independent fact, leading fairly to the inference that slavery is better for the colored race than freedom.

If, instead of inventing a rich, fashionable and stupid abolitionist for confutation, Mr. Randolph will put himself in correspondence with one of the ready-made ones, (say Foster, Pillsbury, or Burleigh,) he may find the confusion and defeat to have changed sides.

The appearance of these attempts to defend slavery is very welcome to abolitionists. The ill-temper of many of them, and the distorted facts and transparent sophistry of all, serve as useful foils to display the superiority, both in beauty and power, of Anti-Slavery literature. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' (even with its unsightly excrescence of Colonization,) 'The White Slave,' 'Despotism in America,' 'Slavery As It Is,' (on the testimony of a thousand Southern Witnesses,) and the 'Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans commonly called Africans,' with the auto-biographies of Douglass, Brown and Crafts, are doing a great and steadily increasing work, which *such* defences of slavery as the above will stimulate rather than check, but cannot by any possibility destroy.—c. k. w.

A WORD ON POSTAGE.

We feel it incumbent on us, as one of the financial committee of the *Liberator*, to call the attention of the correspondents of the paper to the propriety and necessity of pre-paying their postage. The tax upon each correspondent will be very small, while that on the *Liberator*, through their neglect, is by no means inconsiderable. But whether small or great, it is an unjust imposition, which no person asking the favor of an insertion in his paper has a right to ask of the editor. Communications from great distances, sometimes from the British provinces, often over-weight, are sent to the *Liberator* for publication, charged twenty-five or thirty cents postage. And this for articles, however excellent, in which the editor has no particular interest, and which he publishes as a favor to the writer. No person sending an unpaid communication has any right to expect to be noticed. If this fault be not amended, we shall have to adopt the general rule of refusing to take any such from the Post Office, and allow them to go down among the Dead Letters. We are bound to say, however, that our correspondents, for the most part, are not unmindful in this respect. But there are exceptions; and, once for all, we say to all, PAY YOUR POSTAGE!!—q.

TWO WEEKS' EXPERIENCE IN THE ANTI-SLAVERY FIELD.

FRIEND GARRISON:

After a brief rest at home, I went, on Saturday, Oct. 16th, to Feltonville, where I gave four lectures for the Massachusetts Society, and took up a collection of ten dollars. We had a series of very interesting meetings. It was more interesting to me, in consequence of having given my regular course of lectures there, under very happy circumstances, last spring. On Sunday evening, I was to lecture on the duty of Christians in regard to American slavery. I called upon the pastor of the Baptist church, and asked him to allow me to occupy his house on that occasion. His reply was that he would not allow a Garrisonian to speak in his pulpit. It is a pity that men should have a religion of such dwarfing influence as this. Men claim to have the truth on their side, and then refuse to bring it to a fair encounter with error! What moral cowardice marks the action of the sectarian towards radical reform! I have ever stood up for free discussion. When I was a pro-slavery Whig, idolizing Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, I was honestly and earnestly so. When I was a strict Calvinist, I was ready and anxious to try my views by every practical test. And when I opposed William Lloyd Garrison, I did it because I verily thought I was doing God service in persecuting him and his co-workers. I was ready to meet any one on these questions, in a fair and open discussion. Well, in the autumn of 1848, Parker Pillsbury came to Danvers, where I was then preaching, and working as an earnest Free Soiler. At his meeting, I subscribed for the *Liberator*. I have read that paper ever since, have attended the meetings of the Massachusetts Society whenever I have had an opportunity, and have earnestly investigated the subjects which have been discussed in these meetings. The result is my departure from Andover, and my arrival at what I hope is practical Christianity. Now, I esteem Mr. Garrison above most men, and I prize the *Liberator* above every other paper. The anti-slavery meeting, and the reformatory work in all its branches, I love with all my heart. There are thousands to-day who oppose the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society because of prejudice, which would soon disappear before candid investigation. But I fear many of the bigoted sectarians are dishonest in their opposition. They foster prejudice by false reports and industrious misrepresentation. They hate the light, because it reproves their deeds of darkness. Resolved to continue in the service of wrong, they join with the crafty politicians to suppress agitation, and thus perpetuate error. Pity joins with indignation in our feelings towards such men.

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings following the meetings at Feltonville, I spoke in Acton. There is a most auspicious feeling in the minds of the young men of that town. The *Liberator* has done and is doing a great work there. No priest will again bear the sway in Acton that Mr. Woodbury has done. A free, earnest generation is coming there upon the stage of action, destined to create and direct a higher and nobler sentiment than Acton has yet known. The friends there are very anxious to have a Convention some Sunday this autumn or winter. I think it desirable to hold such a meeting there, and hope it may be done.

On Thursday evening, I lectured at Bolton, where also, last spring, I gave my five lyceum lectures. We had a very interesting meeting. The Baptist clergyman there allowed me to speak in his pulpit, for which I trust his careful brother at Feltonville will not excommunicate him. He is not afraid to hear a Garrisonian, nor to support him so far as he thinks him right. All honor to the preacher who occupies so noble a position! The Unitarian minister who officiated at Bolton last spring has left, and I was informed that Mr. Stone, of Salem, had preached for them several times, and was engaged to do so again. He was spoken of in terms of the highest admiration, by those whom I heard allude to him.

On Saturday, Oct. 23d, I went to Concord, where I have preached a greater length of time than in any other place. I spoke there three times, and took up a collection for the Society of over six dollars. At noon of Sunday, news came of Daniel Webster's death. In the afternoon, I tried to improve this intelligence, by some impressive lessons to be drawn from Mr. Webster's career. We had a solemn meeting, and I hope an impression was made which will abide for good upon the minds of some of the young men who heard the discourse. Our meeting in the evening was one of the best I have ever had. My mind was wrought up by the kindness apparent in the looks and words of old friends, so that I was under a happy inspiration all day. How grateful and glad is the despised reformer, when sympathy and love light up his toilsome way! There are some friends of humanity in Concord, who have the true Christian, self-sacrificing spirit, and their influence is potent and pervading there. May this band be increased, till the society there may be truly designated by the holy name given to the town! But peace and good will can prevail on no part of the earth, where the spirit of selfish compromise rules, as it now does in most of the towns of this old Commonwealth.

I lectured in Bedford on Wednesday evening, instituting a comparison between the platform of Slavery and that of Freedom. I had a full and most enthusiastic meeting, and took up a collection for the Massachusetts Society of some over three dollars.

Thursday evening, I spoke in Danvers, one of my former homes, and there I met warm friends, as I always do when I go thither. I gave my course of four lectures last spring in Danvers, when I first began to act as an agent of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society. I had better success there in getting subscribers for the *Liberator* than I have had in any other place. I also had great success in selling anti-slavery books. A prophet is sometimes more honored in his own country, and where he is thoroughly known, than among strangers. So, at least, I find it when I go to some one of the half dozen parishes in which I have been settled in the itinerant ministry.

On last Saturday, I lectured in Marlboro'. Notwithstanding the darkness and rain of the evening, we had a good meeting. A collection was taken of over two dollars.

Yesterday, I spoke three times in Feltonville. In the afternoon, on the character of Daniel Webster. It was a sour, dark, wet day; yet we had a full attendance in the afternoon and evening. A collection was taken up for the Society, exceeding six dollars. I love to speak in Feltonville. I hope to be sent to Marlboro' for a week's work sometime this season.

Thus ends the record of a fortnight's anti-slavery effort. God be praised for the success which dawns upon this great Christian enterprise!

Yours fraternally, DANIEL FOSTER.

Cambridge, Nov. 1st, 1852.

FAIR AT WEYMOUTH. It will be seen by the notice below, that the anti-slavery ladies of Weymouth commence their Annual Fair on Monday evening next, Nov. 8, and continue it until the Friday following. For the cause's sake, and theirs, we hope that their labors may be justly appreciated and extensively rewarded.

THEODORE PARKER'S SERMON. We need not call the attention of our readers to this exceedingly able, eloquent and timely discourse—the theme, and the fame of the author, will ensure it a careful perusal. We hoped to be able to publish it entire this week, but its length, and our space, forbid. It is having, we are glad to learn, a wide circulation, and we hope soon to see it in a more durable form.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. The *Voice of the Fugitive*, edited by Henry Bibb, himself a fugitive from the land of slavery, and published at Windsor, Canada West, in the midst of those who have escaped from the house of bondage, gives us the following encouraging information:—

'Never, since the first utterance of anti-slavery sentiments from the pulpit and press, on the American continent, was the underground railroad doing so successful a business as now. Within the last ten days, we have had the pleasure of greeting twenty-four refugees, just from slavery. First came four able-bodied young men—then two women with six children—then two men—then two women—two men and six children more, not one of whom have met with any difficulty in making their way to Canada.

Since the above was written, we have had the pleasure of taking by the hand two more who have just escaped; and all of these have come in defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law, and by the aid of practical abolitionists.'

☞ Several communications (among them, an interesting letter from Parker Pillsbury, and an obituary notice of Hiram Bearse) are unavoidably omitted.

ANNUAL FAIR OF THE WEYMOUTH FEMALE A. S. SOCIETY.

The Annual Fair of this Society will open on the evening of *Monday, November the 8th*, in the Hall of Mr. Wales's Hotel, and will be continued till the Friday evening of the same week.

The collection of articles will be superior, both in beauty and variety, to that of any former year.

On the evening of *Thursday, the 11th*, addresses at the Hall may be expected from Messrs. Wm. L. Garrison and Wendell Phillips.

The sales will close on Friday afternoon, and on Friday evening, the last evening of the Fair, there will be dancing from 7 till 12.

One admission to the Fair,	6 cts.
Season ticket,	12 "
Admission to the Addresses, Thursday evening,	10 "
Tickets for Friday evening, for a gentleman and lady,	50 "

The latter may be obtained by application to Mrs. Charles E. Hunt, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. E. Richards, Miss Sarah Cowing, Miss A. W. Weston.

LEWIS W. PAINE,

Who was imprisoned in Georgia for aid given to a slave, will give a narrative of his life in that State, in the places named below. Friends of the cause in these places are requested to make arrangements for these meetings.

Mr. Paine is about publishing a second edition of his work entitled 'Six Years in a Georgia Prison.' It is a work of interest and value, and we doubt not he will find a ready sale for it.

Hingham,	Friday,	Oct. 5.
Port Norfolk,	Saturday,	" 6.

LECTURES.

The NINTH COURSE OF LECTURES before the *Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society*, comprising eight in number, will be delivered upon successive Sunday Evenings, at Lyceum Hall, at 7 o'clock.

Nov. 7th—Rev. F. P. Appleton, of Danvers. 21st—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston.

Admittance, 6 1-4 cents. Tickets for the course, 37 1-2 cts. E. J. KENNY, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DANIEL FOSTER,

An Agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, will give anti-slavery lectures as follows:—

Keene,	N. H.,	Monday,	Nov. 8.
Dublin,	"	Thursday,	" 11.
Peterboro',	"	Saturday,	" 13.
New Ipswich,	"	Monday,	" 15.
Mason Village,	"	Thursday,	" 18.
Townsend,	Mass.,	Saturday,	" 20.

N. B. In each case it may be expected that Mr. F. will remain in the place named until the date of his next following appointment, closing at Townsend on Sunday, Nov. 21.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREE DISCUSSION.

The undersigned, solicitous for the advancement of Truth and Humanity, hereby invite all who are friendly to free discussion, to attend a Convention to be held at Salem, Ohio, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, 28th, 29th, and 30th of November instant, for the purpose of freely and fully canvassing the ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE OF THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES.

[Signed by Joseph Barker of Milwood, L. A. Hine of Cincinnati, Samuel Brooke, of Salem, James Barnaby of do., Ohio; Milo A. Townsend of New Brighton, Pa., and twenty-three others, whose names will be given next week.]

NOTICE.

The Congregation at Leyden Hall, Plymouth, will be addressed on Sunday, Nov. 7, by C. Lenox Remond, of Salem. Hours, 2 and 7 o'clock. Admittance free. The public are respectfully invited. A box will be placed at the door to receive the contributions of those who choose to aid the meetings.

On Sunday, November 14, the Congregation will be addressed by Adin Ballou of Milford.

TO LYCEUM COMMITTEES.

Prof. W. S. BROWN, Author of 'Chemistry for Beginners,' &c., is now ready to enter into engagements with Lyceum Committees and others, to deliver Lectures on *Chemistry* and *Physiology*. His stock of Chemical Apparatus is large, and specially adapted for illustrating Popular Lectures.

Prof. B. would direct particular attention to his new lecture, prepared for the approaching season, entitled 'Poetry and Magic of Science.'

☞ Address W. S. BROWN, Blackstone, Mass.

MEETINGS IN HARWICH.

John M. Spear expects to spend Sunday, 14th inst., with his friends in HARWICH. Meetings may be held in Union Hall.

NOTICE.

Is there any friend of the colored people who will give a home and instruction to a bright Cuban boy, some twelve years old, who has had some three years' common school teaching in New England?

Address WENDELL PHILLIPS, Northampton.

NOTICE.

Letters, &c. for Wendell Phillips should be addressed to him at Northampton, Mass.

☞ Mr. WHIPPLE, with his usual success, has obtained decidedly the best likeness of the Democratic nominee, Gen. Pierce, that has yet been made. So say his friends. The *Yankee Blade* thus justly remarks of Mr. W's skill in his favorite art:—

The daguerreotypes taken by J. A. Whipple, 96 Washington street, can be recognized at a glance, as possessing all those traits which stamp them as the production of a genius of no 'common mould.' There is an excellent taste displayed in the pictures, a knowledge of artistic effect, a depth of tone, a softness and beauty of finish, which make his portraits and groups unrivalled. More beautiful specimens of the art are no where to be found. We would say to all our readers, if you want a life portrait and exquisite picture, visit the gallery of Mr. Whipple.

JOHN OLIVER,
CARPENTER,
No. 7 TRAVERSE STREET, CORNER OF FRIEND STREET
BOSTON.

THE TWO INCENDIARIES.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

The fire alarm!—the cry of 'Fire!'
Swells on the night wind, higher, higher:—
Touched by the lightning, every bell
Swings in its tower, the tale to tell.
Forth rush the firemen, one and all,
At duty's or at danger's call,
The peril and the praise to share;
Their engines rush, their torches flare;—
The light of the devouring fire,
Reflected from the church's spire,
Piercing the clouds with ruddy glow,
Tells of the ruin wrought below.

Why sounds that midnight tocsin dread?
Why towers that column black and red,
That, leading to the leeward, shows
The way that the destroyer goes?

Let your imagination stretch,
And you shall see a dastard wretch
Skulking away from human sight,
And, wrapped up in the cloak of night,
Putting a *loco foco* match
Where he is sure the flame will catch,
That, when the crowd is thither drawn,
He may, before the 'peep of dawn,'
With his light fingers force a loan
From others' pockets to his own.

What are to him the *larum* bell,
The blazing roof, the fearful yell
Of horses, roasting in their stalls,
Of firemen, crushed by tumbling walls?
What are to *him* the crash and din
Of slates and rafters falling in;
The shrieks of houseless women flying,
The feeble gasp of infants dying,
And the loud wailings of despair,
That load the suffocating air?
What are all these to him? his turn
By them is served:—let others burn!

What is all this to him?—Why, Sir,
He *wakes up people*, and they *stir*;
And, if they catch the villain, he
Is tried, and hanged—or used to be;—
Laws may, but justice does not, alter;—
He 'scapes, tho' he deserves the halter;
And were he doomed to it again,
The people would all say, 'Amen!'

And yet—now coolly let's inquire—
What does *this* villain set on fire?
Boards, shingles, timber—'wood, hay, stubble,'
The body's life, 'an empty bubble';
'A vapor,' that is seen a day,
Or hour—then 'vanishes away';
That's all. Th' incendiary felon
Does nothing more we need to tell on.

But, he that fills his neighbor's cup
With liquid fire, is burning up,
Not edifices framed of wood,
Not princely mansions, fair and good,
But that for which such mansions rise;—
The heir apparent to the skies—
Man, who from heaven derives his birth,
Man, God's vicegerent here on earth,—
A house that only God can build,
A temple, with His spirit filled;
A tenement, indeed, of clay,
That holds its dweller, for his day;
A house that falls, in time, to dust,
As other earthly dwellings must;
But one that holds—*if not burned down*—
The heir of an immortal crown.
But let the fire that fills the cup
Be, in that house, well kindled up,
And strength, and peace, and pure desire,
And manly purpose, feel the fire:
And Reason stumbles on, and gropes,
Darkling, 'mid smothered joys and hopes;
And Faith, and every upward aim
And heavenward impulse, feed the flame!
And Virtue falls, and Courage flags,
And Childhood roams in tattered rags,
And haggard Want makes earth his bed,
And homeless Hunger begs his bread,
And sottish Dullness mopes along,
And maniac Mirth bawls out his song,
And Frenzy stands with vacant stare,
And Madness rends his matted hair,
And Murder stabs his weeping bride,
Then dies himself,—a suicide.

And yet, what is all this to him,
Who fills up, to its sparkling brim,
The glowing mass of liquid fire,
Drowned in whose poisonous depths expire
Wit, Wisdom, common Manhood, even,
All earthly joy—all hope of heaven?

These two incendiaries stand
Before you, neighbors, torch in hand;—
Both ply their trade,—both fill their purses;—
Tell me—which, of the two, the worse is?

OCTOBER—A WOOD HYMN.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

My soul has grown too great to-day
To utter all it would.
Oh! these preventing bonds of clay!
When will my spirit learn to say,
Unfettered, all it should?

I'm out in the free woods once more,
With whispering boughs o'erhead;
Strange influences round me steal,
And yet, what deepliest I feel,
Must ever be unsaid.

These glowing, glowing Autumn hours!
These wildering, gorgeous days!
This dainty show of painted flowers—
As though with dusty, golden showers,
The air were all a-blaze!

This living, shining, burnished wood,
Tricked with a thousand dyes!
Its strong ribs laced with crimson sheen,
And decked with gold, and glittering green,
Like kingly tapestries!

This tangled roof of braided light
Above me richly flung!
These glimpses of the sky's soft blue!
This quivering sunshine melting through!
This wide Earth, glory-hung!

How shall I utter all I would!
Alas! my struggling soul—
It strives to grasp these glorious things,
As strives a bird on broken wings
To struggle to its goal.

NIGHT.

[SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY A GIRL OF ONLY TEN YEARS.]

And now the beaming day is past,
And night, like age, comes on at last,
Upon my pillow soft I lay
My weary, drooping head;
Safe from the cares and toils of day,
I rest upon my bed.
The moon, with all its glorious light,
Shines on the sheets so clean and white;
It looks as if some angel's face
Was looking into mine,
Sent there by the Almighty's grace
And kindness so divine;
And in my heart so softly there,
I lay and breathe an evening prayer.

Reformatory.

JOSEPH BARKER AND ELIZABETH WILSON.

10 South College St., Edinburgh, }
Oct. 1, 1852. }

Wm. Lloyd Garrison:

Dear Sir,—In the *Liberator* of Sept. 10th, which reached me yesterday, I find an article from the pen of Elizabeth Wilson, on the Bible question. It is not my intention to follow the writer throughout her lengthened remarks, but to confine myself to that portion wherein she says that 'He (Joseph Barker) has been specially particular in speaking of himself.' E. W. does not say why this is so offensive to her, and yet it seems to be necessary, seeing that the religious world is teeming with the experience of those who believe in the doctrines of the Bible. Does E. W. mean to say that they are entitled to a monopoly in this respect? or is it that she herself does not feel any interest in the operations of the inner man, and wishes to deny to others the opportunity of making observations in this most interesting department of study? On the same ground, she may quarrel with the Bible also, for it abounds with such things. Who does not feel indebted to David for recording his thoughts and feelings, and how many have derived encouragement from the autobiography of Paul? The history of the individual man outweighs in importance every other, and we can scarcely over-estimate the importance of thus noting the progress of the inner life; nor can we have an adequate idea of the purifying and elevating effects that would result to society from a more general commingling of our inmost thoughts, especially on these interesting subjects. As one of the readers of the *Liberator*, I intend to speak for myself, and to assure E. W. that it has indeed 'been satisfactory' to me to know '*his opinions*, and *reasonings*, and *prospects*, and *plan of operations*, and the *changes* his opinions have undergone and are undergoing.' And I take this opportunity of recording my special thanks to Joseph Barker for the publication of his interesting letter to Richard D. Webb, of April 9th. I especially regard that portion narrating his experience as a valuable and generous donation to the human family. But E. W. is somewhat ambiguous on this part of her subject, and I am not sure, after all, that it ought to be understood as any thing more than a mere advertisement of the disturbed state of her feelings, for she adds, 'it has enabled us to judge of the *effects of these changes on the man*;' thus acknowledging that she has derived information which she thinks of some importance. There is much spurious humility abroad in the world, and it would be difficult to estimate the amount of injury done to our moral natures in consequence. The question for every true lover of our race to ask is not, Has a man been particular in speaking of himself? but, Why has he thus spoken? It is not the number of personal pronouns made use of, but the purpose to which they are applied, that is the thing of greatest importance for us to find out.

I believe that it will be gratifying to the benevolent mind of Joseph Barker to know that his letter was, at least, in one instance, felt to be both timely and encouraging. It reached me when I had just decided on giving up my place in what is popularly called the Church of Christ, and there was so much in the letter, and also in the article on the Bible and Slavery, that was but an echo to my own opinions and experience, that the reception of them was to me another evidence and an additional instance of the long and silent operation which have been going on in so many minds, preparing them each for their own particular department of labor in the formation of one of the most important eras in the religious history of our world. The Bible question is truly a most important one, and Joseph Barker, with the indefatigable Henry C. Wright, appear to have been specially trained and disciplined for their respective parts in its discussion. There are several here, in the circle of my own acquaintance, who have experienced the same gradual preparation of their minds for a complete overturning of their early taught religious opinions. In Hebrew language, we may say, 'the Spirit of the Lord' is being poured out upon the people, and we are now in the dawn of a brighter and more glorious day.

You seem to me to have arrived at that stage in your anti-slavery progress where you will find it necessary to take up the position recommended by Joseph Barker. I have observed that the Bible and the churches of Great Britain have frequently been brought in for a large share of credit in the struggle for West India emancipation. I cannot but think, however, that they get more than they are entitled to in this respect. Not that I am going to deny that the churches aided, and that their influence was felt and acknowledged, just as the influence of your Northern churches may yet be felt and acknowledged, when *genuine* anti-slavery becomes the most popular thing amongst you; and when it comes to this, what is it but the people, having determined that their voice shall be heard on a given question, making use of their combined influence as churches, in addition to their individual influence as citizens; and, so far as they are of any weight on such occasions, churches would serve the purpose quite as well were it their business to teach any other *equally popular* branch of instruction, instead of the doctrine of the Bible. They do not act at such times because they are churches of Christ, but because they are congregations of the people; not because they are the embodiment, the living, practical exponents of the spirit and principles of Jesus Christ, but because they are so much ready-made machinery at the hands of the people, which the benevolent gladly put in motion in order to aid them in their designs. The influence of the church in this respect is in its popularity, not in its opposition to *popular* evils; and instead of continuing to make use of *such* an influence, reformers would bring more success if they were to go to work for its destruction. The world has yet to be reformed on principles which go deep down below the foundations of the church, and will, when rightly applied, send its shattered fragments to the four winds of heaven.

The absence of hostility to the anti-slavery cause on the part of the churches here was altogether a matter of circumstance, there being nothing in their constitution and general character to entitle any one to suppose that they would have acted differently from the American churches, had slavery existed *in the midst of us*, and been entwined around the interests of the people generally. I think you have had some evidence of the truth of what I am now stating. *Our anti-slavery* priests have gone over and got into conversation with *your pro-slavery* ones, and it has been proved that there did not exist sufficient anti-slavery *principle* on the one side to withstand the plausible representations of the other; and they have returned to tell us that the American churches were not so bad after all, and that there were a great many *circumstances* in *their* case that required to be taken into consideration. The church here is essentially the same as the church in America. It is neither the salt of the earth nor the light of the world; but it is quite up to the ideas of the church and the world, for here, at least, they are both one concern. The British church embraces the bulk of the British people, and the Bible is to each of its numerous sections a reflection of its own peculiar opinions.

The work of the abolitionists here was of a different description from what it is with you. It was not so much to convince the people of the evil nature of slavery as it was to rouse them into action, and to demand that the evil thing be put away from them. I am aware that there was some disputing about the Bible, but so far as the great majority of the people were concerned, there was no need to argue this part of the question. They were not personally interested in the maintenance of slavery, and, as a matter of course, their Bible was an anti-slavery book. But when a portion of them afterwards found themselves in church fellowship with slaveholders, then they began to examine their Bibles more closely, and not a few who had anti-slavery Bibles during the struggle for West Indian emancipation, found themselves in possession of pro-slavery ones, when the cry went up, 'Send back the money!' When you hear, therefore, that the battle for freedom was fought out here *with* the Bible, you only hear what is quite true; but then, there is no force whatever in the statement. Were you to hear of a battle having been fought out on a field under certain colors, you would not think of attributing the victory to those colors; and yet, it would be quite as reasonable as to attribute the successful termination of anti-slavery struggles here to the anti-slavery character of the Bible.

All who take the Bible to aid them in the prosecution of any philanthropic enterprise, press into its record their own benevolent thoughts, even to its utmost capacity of holding; and then, I doubt not, secretly wish that it was capable of containing more, and that the opponents of their disinterested and humane designs could not find so much in the book to countenance them in their opposition.

Such is the present state of things; it is not desirable, neither is it possible for it to continue. I have, therefore, only words of encouragement to send to Henry C. Wright, Joseph Barker, and all of you who are laboring to dispel the cloud in which the minds of the people are enveloped in regard to the Bible. From my own happy experience, I know it is a good, a blessed work in which you are engaged, and that all the powers of darkness will not be able to prevail against you.

The *Liberator* has brought me much pleasant and profitable reading, and it has introduced me into sweet fellowship with kindred spirits. To all of them I send a sisterly greeting.

Our city is placarded all over with advertisements of Uncle Tom's Cabin. There are quite a number of cheap editions. It has a rapid sale, and is very universally read.

ISABELLA SCOTT.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Tribune.

A LETTER FROM KOSSUTH.

To the Congress of the American Revolutions-bund for Europe:

The truly fraternal sympathies with which the Germans have universally responded to my words in America, have formed a new tie, connecting my cause, the cause of German freedom, which I have always regarded as closely connected, nay, as identical, with the freedom of Hungary and Italy. The fraternal union of these three nations is not only founded on the common endeavor after freedom, but is enforced by the peculiar condition of affairs, and indissolubly established by the logical connection of events. Not that this union excludes other nations from the common object, not that it indicates the sufficiency of these three nations to each other, as able to reject or despise any other friendly hand which is offered them, from whatever quarter—for whoso works for the same object, the emancipation of the European continent from the fetters of despotism, in the spirit of national brotherhood, is always a welcome ally—yet there are nations who, according to the nature of things, are unable to fight in the front ranks of the battle against tyrants; and, on the other hand, there is also a nation which is called by its position to strike the decisive blow against absolutism, with all its abominations.

A few days, perhaps only a few hours, will suffice to determine the fate of France by a sudden revolution, without compelling her to conduct a long and bloody war against oppression—and when once she rouses herself from the iron sleep in which she has been sunk, the electric shock of freedom will thrill through all nations as heretofore. But Germany, Hungary and Italy cannot, like France, obtain their freedom with a single blow—here it is not the reward of a brief revolution, but of a protracted war; and the enemy with whom the combat is to be waged is always the same—it is the perjured dynasty of the house of Austria, whose yoke, from Hamburg to Pharus, and from the Rhine to the Red Tower, weighs down every effort for freedom.

So long as this power remains unbroken, neither Germany, nor Hungary, nor Italy, can be free. The freedom of each of these three nations depends on the freedom of the other two; it is only this common freedom that can guaranty the permanence and security of each. The common enemy, the necessity of co-operation, and the natural inutility of any isolated attempt, present the foundation on which the league of Italy, Germany and Hungary is established, and which completely identifies their efforts for freedom.

From this point of view, I can communicate to you many encouraging facts, of course confining myself to such as admit of publicity. American travellers, and among them one of your German fellow-countrymen, who have lately returned from Hungary, say that the people are prepared to rise *en masse* on the first summons, against their oppressors; toward the Americans, there can be no reserve in Hungary—every one speaks openly in regard to the future and the impending conflict; it is not a secret conspiracy which is here at work, but a general national resolution, which is every where shown, and which can scarcely assume a more decided form by waiting.

In Germany, the idea of a republic is daily gaining ground—the necessity of united action is more clearly established; and this is the more surprising, inasmuch as by reason of the historical progress of the nation in separate portions, a combined organization appears far more difficult here than any where else; while in the east, Russia is busy with a crisis in the Turkish Empire, and seems likely soon to occupy it, so that, to my own astonishment, the opinion which I publicly expressed at Boston and Syracuse is verified, and the political complications present themselves in immediate prospect, which are necessarily favorable to the freedom of the people.

Wherever we cast our glance, we must come to the conclusion that the moment for action is at hand—that it is time for the friends of Europe in America to be ready for the duty which may be imposed upon them.

If I correctly understand the object of the Revolution league which meets in Congress at Wheeling, it has a two-fold direction—one relating to the internal action of the Germans in America, the other to their action in regard to foreign affairs. In respect to the first, I hope that the Germans in America, conscious that they hold the balance of power in their hands; have not thrown their influence unconditionally into the scale; but true to the Philadelphia platform, have obtained from their candidate a pledge that he will carry out the principles, which, powerfully furthering the cause of popular emancipation in Europe, also involve the honor and the interest of America. If they have not already done this, permit me to remind them, that as the decisive moment approaches, an independent position becomes the more important, and that if they unconditionally pledge themselves in advance to a party leader, it may be long before the mass of German citizens in the United States will be again in a condition to exercise so great an influence as at present.

In regard to the external direction of the League, it first of all necessary to create the means of action, and then to 'choose the right men,' who shall give these means the proper application. The material aid to the preparations for the conflict daily becomes more necessary, as the day for action draws nearer and nearer. These means may be summed up in a single word—money. With sufficient money, it is easy to effect a decisive intervention in the fate of Europe, while with inadequate means, even the greatest energy of action can produce only half-way results, which, on account of their ineffectual character, will in the long run require more victims than would have been necessary had a vigorous blow been struck at the right time.

Confiding in the sympathy of the Germans in America, who have so nobly and effectively taken up the cause of Hungary, upon my departure from America, I entrusted the general agency of the Hungarian Loan to the German Committee in Philadelphia; and the instructions which I left with my friend, Dr. Tochman, of that city, will show that it was not my intention to apply the avails of that loan exclusively to my own country, but, in the spirit of brotherhood alliance between the three nations, am ready to place a portion of the means at the disposal of the Revolution-League in America, for the special purpose of the emancipation of Germany.

Taking it for granted that it is more easy to carry on and extend a movement already commenced than to start a new one, as so much time would be required even for the material preparations necessary in that case, that perhaps the most brilliant results would arrive too late, I cannot but express the conviction, that if the German American League would effectually and officially promote the objects of the committee for the Hungarian Loan, the most important results for the special needs of Germany would be sooner realized in this way than by striking out any new methods.

I am also persuaded that this mode of action will make the most rapid progress also among those American citizens who are not of German origin, and the more, as it gives the greatest chance for individual immunity from temporary sacrifices; and thus much is certain, that whatever may be the private views of individuals in regard to the final issue of the European popular movement, every one must know that a conflict is inevitable, and that the moment the fight commences, containing the Hungarian scrip which is in circulation will receive a market value, so that it will be possible for those who may find it inconvenient to wait the issue of the war to realize the value of their stock.

Should I be so happy as to obtain the approbation of the Congress for these views, I have to request that resolutions may be passed to that effect, and that they may receive the support of the official organ of the League. Meantime, I hope, that even if my views should not be shared by the Congress, you will not forget that the fate of my fatherland is identical with that of Germany, and that you will show to the world, with the peculiar German consistency, that the seed which I have sown in America, and committed to the trusty charge of the Germans, has not perished in my necessary absence, but under your hands has begun already to put forth shoots.

With regard to the choice of the right men to manage the means that are to be procured, I have often said in America, that however difficult it is, on account of the historical development of Germany already alluded to, for the national movement to be concentrated in a single individual, the more does the direction of the movement belong in the hands of the collective German citizens in America. Still, they can claim this direction, in proportion as they create the means which are necessary to an effectual intervention. When the means are created, the organs chosen for their management by the Germans of America must remain contiguous to the scene of action. They must take up their residence in Europe.

The case is one of so much urgency, that I venture earnestly to recommend this circumstance, as well as the necessity of a choice, to your consideration. If the League should resolve upon the choice of a committee consisting of a few, perhaps no more than three German patriots—one from the north, one from the south of Germany, and one who is personally acquainted with the state of things in America, and, in case of the last, should honor with their trust that man of the people who possesses the confidence of a great part of Germany, and who certainly has withdrawn only a short time, to resume his appropriate functions with fresh power, I hope that on the summons of the League, he will gladly exchange his retirement for the post of danger.

As concerns myself—perfectly aware that a foreigner can take part in the affairs of another nation only so far as the brotherhood of nations and the identity of the object permit, on whomsoever the choice of the League shall fall, I shall always be ready to unite with them for counsel and action.

May the spirit of unity direct your proceedings, and, under the richest blessing of God, may you have the joy of giving to the republican principle represented by the United States its true place among the powers of the world, thus securing the glorious future of your adopted country, and gaining for the German name in America the honor of regenerating the freedom of Europe.

L. KOSSUTH.

London, 31st August, 1852.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE AFFAIR OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

Yesterday, we published the protest of Captain Porter against the treatment which, as commander of the steamer *Crescent City*, he received in the port of Havana, not being allowed to land or hold any communication with the city, on account of having on board a person, Mr. Smith, the purser of the steamer, who had made himself obnoxious to the government of the island, and who was suspected by it of being an agent or accomplice of the disaffected Creoles. The intelligence of Captain Porter's reception, the narrative of which, with the attendant circumstances, we have in the words of those who consider themselves as aggrieved by it, has excited considerable feeling both here and in several of the Southern ports, and there are some who talk of going to war with Spain, to teach the government of Cuba better manners. It will be found, we think, on reflection, that the occasion for resentment is not quite so manifest as many suppose; that the authorities of Cuba have simply done what any other government would do in revolutionary times, and that, in fact, we have not by any means endured so great an insult as is frequently offered to certain States of the Union without the federal government holding itself bound to interfere.

The offence of Mr. Smith was, that at the time of the last attempt to revolutionize Cuba, he conveyed from that island to the United States accounts of the disposition of the inhabitants and of their arrangements for insurrection, which the Cuban government complain were exaggerated and false, and the effect of which was, to encourage an invasion of the island from this country. They consider him as a medium of communication between those who meditate a revolt in Cuba and those in the United States who are disposed to give them assistance.

With this view of the matter, the government of Cuba, as a measure of self-defence, could not do otherwise than forbid his landing. If Mr. Smith had been a Cuban, he would have been banished from the country, or put in prison. The authorities of Cuba have clearly a right to say that they will not allow any person to come on the island, or communicate with the inhabitants, who, in their judgment, comes upon an errand of revolt, or who is likely to leave the island charged with any message of any sort which endangers the safety of the present order of things. Nor is it enough to prohibit his landing merely. If other persons from the vessel are permitted to land, or if communication with the shore is allowed, the prohibition would be nugatory; he might have his agents or accomplices, who would act as effectually as he could do.

But it is said that there is no ground for supposing that Mr. Smith had any understanding of any kind with the insurgents, and that, on his arrival in the United States, he merely reported what was true concerning the condition of the island and the state of feeling among the people. Who is to judge in this matter? Clearly, the authorities of the island; it is they who are in danger and not we; and it is for them to take such measures as seem to them calculated to insure their safety. We recognise the Spanish rule in the island of Cuba; and in doing this, we recognise its right to take the steps it deems necessary for its own preservation, among which is the removal of any person whose presence on the island may be thought to bring its present government in danger. As long as they exercise this right in good faith and not capriciously towards our citizens, we have no right to complain. We must not assume to govern the island.

In revolutionary times, in such a state of things as now exists in Cuba, when insurrection is threatened, and the disaffected hope for aid from the United States, we must expect to see this right exercised with more latitude than usual, and it is reasonable that it should be.

In the case of Smith, the government of the island had given the most ample notice of the light in which it regards him, and its determination not to allow him to communicate with the people of Cuba. Notwithstanding this, the commander of the *Crescent City* brought him again, in the capacity of purser, to Havana. The government of the island, irritated at this proceeding, refused to allow the steamer to land its mails, and informed the captain that any vessel, having Smith on board, as passenger or in any employment, would not be allowed to enter the harbor. In defiance of this prohibition, Captain Porter, on his return from New Orleans, again entered the harbor with Smith on board, and was not allowed any communication with the shore. The conduct of the Cuban government has respect to Smith only, who has made himself obnoxious, and not to our countrymen generally. He has got himself into a scrape with the Cuban authorities, in a matter of which they are necessarily the proper judges, and he must settle it with them as he best can. If Captain Porter chooses to take up the quarrel, he can do so, but we do not see why the whole country should be drawn into it.

Suppose the anti-slavery society in England should form a scheme of helping the blacks in South Carolina to recover their liberty. Suppose an Englishman, just arrived from Charleston in England, should cause to be published in all the newspapers intelligence that the slaves are ripe for revolt, organized among themselves, with every preparation but arms, and should give it to be understood that all now wanted was a few intelligent whites to lead them, and a supply of weapons and ammunition, to put them in the condition to drive their masters from the State. If that Englishman should afterwards enter the harbor of South Carolina on board of one of the vessels of his country, would he be allowed to land? So far from being allowed to land, he would scarce be allowed to leave the harbor with his life. The people of South Carolina would obey what would be universally recognised as a law of necessity, in allowing no such man to enter the State.

The State of South Carolina carries this right of excluding obnoxious persons from its territory to a still greater extent. A citizen of New York, who is not suspected of any design against the peace of the country or the continuance of the established order of things, in the most quiet, untroubled times, is not allowed, if he have not the orthodox color of skin, to come into the State. He is as rigidly excluded as the Cuban government excludes the purser of the *Crescent City*; nay, worse, if he happens to be on board of a vessel, he is taken out by force, and confined in a jail till the moment the vessel departs from the harbor. The federal government does not think this a case justifying its interference. Yet this is an infinitely stronger case than that of Smith's, which is the subject of so many indignation meetings.

We believe the government of Cuba to be nearly as bad as it can well be, and hope that this system of despotism will come, as it deserves, to an early end. But we protest against any attempt to connect in any manner two matters so wholly distinct as the tyranny of the Cuban government, and the exclusion of an obnoxious individual who happens to be an American from the soil of the island.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVES IN OHIO.

The Sandusky *Commercial Register* of the 21st ult. gives the following particulars of the fugitive slave affair at Sandusky, which we announced in a brief manner last week:—

'Our city was thrown into intense excitement last evening, by an attempt to arrest two negro men, two negro women, and several children, on board the steamboat Arrow, at the moment of her departure for Detroit. Just before the boat left the dock, the women and their children were forcibly dragged on shore, and taken to the office of F. M. Follett, Mayor, by an individual claiming to own them, assisted by Mr. Rice, the City Marshal, who, we presume, was deceived by his title into the belief that his powers were co-extensive with those of the United States Marshal, or one of his deputies.

'The Mayor's office was instantly filled by a crowd of anxious and excited spectators, among whom were more than twenty blacks. A number of both blacks and whites had clubs in their hands, and much confusion prevailed.

'R. R. Sloane, Esq., was employed by the colored persons of the city as counsel for the alleged fugitives. After waiting nearly half an hour for some movement to be made by the claimant, as provided under the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Sloane inquired if Mr. Rice was in the room? After a little delay, Mr. R. came forward, and in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Sloane, as to whether the women and children were in his custody, he said that they were not. Mr. S. then inquired if the negroes were in the custody of any United States officer or Commissioner within the room? No reply was made. Mr. S. then demanded that the warrants or writs, by authority of which the alleged fugitives were detained, should be produced.

'To this demand, Mr. Rice replied that there were none; whereupon, Mr. Sloane demanded to be informed if there were *any* papers or evidences under which the women and their children were detained. To this demand, also, there was no reply. Mr. Sloane then turned to the colored people in the room, and intimated that there appeared to be nothing which required their detention. Immediately, the entire assemblage rushed to the door, and, while crowding out, a man, claiming to be the owner of the negroes, who had been standing near Mr. Sloane during the entire proceedings, said to him, "Here are the papers—I own the negroes—I'll hold you individually responsible for their escape." At the same time he said to Mr. Rice—"I gave you the papers once, and will hold you, too, responsible, for you might have stopped them."

'The above is a statement of the facts, as we have derived them from several citizens present during the whole transaction, and we presume it is substantially correct. If so, the mode of proceeding on the part of the claimant, and of Marshal Rice, was certainly a singular one,—not even approximating to the requirements of the Fugitive Slave Law. It will be seen that Mr. Sloane's interrogatories gave the claimant an opportunity to produce the testimony sustaining his claim, and the legal authority for the detention of the negroes, neither of which was done. Besides, the seizure was not made by the proper officer, (the United States Marshal or Deputy Marshal,) whose official act would, of itself, have been sufficient authority, without any exhibition of their papers. In this case, as far as could be ascertained at the time, none of those persons seeking to detain the negroes had any authority to do so. Nor were they brought before an United States Commissioner for a hearing "forthwith," as provided for by the law.

'It is proper to add, that, in our opinion, the course pursued by Mr. Sloane, the counsel for the negroes, indicated no desire to violate the law or its provisions; but that, if the individuals thus informally detained had been arrested by the proper authorities and arraigned before a competent tribunal, both parties would have had a fair hearing.'

The *Sandusky Mirror* contains the following additional items in regard to the same affair:—

'The fugitives, meantime, it is said, took a sail boat for Canada, the evening steamboats having previously left. The slave-hunters were unable to find a sailor in the city, to their honor be it said, who would go himself, or permit his vessel or boat to be used in pursuit. A portion of them left for Huron, it is reported, with a view to get a boat and try to intercept the fugitives before they reach Canada.

'Although great excitement prevailed in the community, and the Southerners freely flourished their pistols and bowie knives, they did not use them, and nobody was hurt, though threats were made with considerable freedom.'

The last quoted paper contains also the following, under the head of 'An Incident for another *Uncle Tom's Cabin*':—

'Last evening, as the slave-hunters were arresting the fugitives from slavery, on Mad River dock, one of them seized hold of a young woman with an infant child, eight or nine months old, in her arms. She jerked loose from him, ran some steps, threw the child upon the ground, and returned toward the slave catcher. She was seized and marched towards the Mayor's office. The child was picked up by one of our citizens. One of the Kentuckians claimed to be the owner. Mr. B. refused to give up the child without evidence. The infant was taken to the mother, who, supposing herself doomed again to slavery, disowned it—denied in the most positive terms that it was her child. To own her offspring was to doom the child to slavery; to disown and desert it, she hoped, was to allow the dearest treasure of her heart to grow up breathing the air of freedom. For this she stood nobly ready to dismember the ties of such affection as a mother only knows, and leave to chance, or other hands, the rearing of the infant, dearer than life itself. Truly, a mother's love, though an ignorant and uncultivated slave mother,

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