





connected with the Universalist body, and he could testify that there was but one Universalist church in Essex county open to the anti-slavery cause.

Rev. A. P. CLEVELAND [Universalist minister at Milton] said that his church was open to Messrs. Garrison, May, and other respectable men, black or white; or if closed to them, it was closed to him also.

Mr. BROWN said that his pulpit, as far as under his control, was open to anti-slavery speakers.

A Universalist minister present said that the Church in question—in Warren—was once granted to an anti-slavery speaker. On arriving at the house, it was found closed, and it was kept closed, and the speaker addressed the audience from the meeting-house steps.

Mr. FOSTER—at length recovering the floor—declared that the pulpits of Boston had taught the citizens of Boston to arm themselves and carry Anthony Burns into slavery. He quoted Dr. Sharp, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Adams, Dr. Gannett, Dr. Blagden, to the point of the duty of sustaining the Fugitive Slave Law, and to shoot down such as might resist.

Rev. J. PIERPONT said, that although what Mr. Foster said of Dr. Gannett might have been true two years ago, he thought it was not now. He related how Dr. Gannett had refused to exchange pulpits with him, expressly on the ground that he [Mr. P.] had, at a Springfield Convention, affirmed that the Law of God was superior in authority to the laws made by Congress, and the Fugitive Slave Law, being in violation of the Law of God, ought not to be obeyed. That was four years ago, and for four years this non-intercourse had lasted. But a month ago, he received a friendly note from Dr. Gannett, inviting him to exchange pulpits with him, and to attend a ministerial association meeting at his house, which he did.

Mr. MAY, Jr., came forward to inquire of Mr. Pierpont whether it was not plainly Dr. Gannett's duty, if he had undergone a change, in regard to slavery, frankly to make it known,—acknowledge the wrong he had done to the anti-slavery cause, and to its advocates,—why not frankly and generously say to Mr. Pierpont, that he regretted the unjust censure he had cast upon him for nobly counselling disobedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, instead of approaching him in an underhand way, as now, and, utterly ignoring the past, say, 'We would make one or two ineffectual attempts to exchange,'— 'I will you exchange with me now?' The time was when Dr. Gannett openly said, and it was known and published everywhere, 'If a fugitive slave came to my door, asking shelter and food, I should turn him [or her] from the door.' And again he had openly said,—'The leading men of my Society tell me, if the Fugitive Law is not enforced, the Union will be destroyed, and I shall go for the enforcement of the law.' And now, said Mr. May, that the times have changed, that the anti-slavery tide is rising, the anti-slavery temperature around him is getting warmer, Dr. Gannett finds it convenient to be on good terms, and exchange pulpits and civilities with an old-fashioned minister like Mr. Pierpont. This is no way for Dr. Gannett to command respect, it is sinning in the open air—in State street, and repenting in the chimney-corner.

S. S. FOSTER asked if Mr. Pierpont had invalidated, by his statement, the remark he made about Dr. Gannett. Did he not volunteer to say that George T. Curtis had the most honorable motives in his course? Mr. FOSTER referred to what Dr. Gannett's language referred to was spoken four years ago,—and that he had since preached a sermon in which he had said, 'Better dissolve the Union than execute the Fugitive Slave Law.'

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., said that he believed Dr. Gannett's language and meaning were not accurately quoted; he had read Dr. Gannett's sermon referred to, and his recollection was, that Dr. G. said that, rather than continue to submit to such encroachments upon Northern rights, he should be ready to advocate a dissolution of the Union.

S. S. FOSTER. Yes! that is it. It is the encroachments upon the North—not the gross outrages upon three million of our brethren and sisters at the South. The Convention adjourned till evening.

Evening. Wendell Phillips in the chair. Notwithstanding the admission fee, and the long series of meetings preceding the evening session, a very large and most intelligent and deeply interested audience filled the Melodion, and remained to a late hour—the first speaker being the Rev. T. W. HIGGINSON, of Worcester, who, on taking the platform, was most enthusiastically applauded, and spoke in the following impressive and eloquent manner.

SPEECH OF REV. MR. HIGGINSON. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have haste to be the first to speak to the first resolution, claiming it my right to speak upon a resolution as to the relation between religion and anti-slavery; first, as a minister, and secondly, as a child of the anti-slavery platform,—for the anti-slavery platform, I see more and more, as I look back, was my theological school (applause), and all I learned elsewhere was slight in comparison; and I rejoice to know, as I do, that on anniversary week, while the people go to the churches to be taught by ministers, the ministers come here to be taught from the anti-slavery platform. (Loud cheers.)

The anti-slavery platform has done for the clergy of New England what no other power has ever done. The theological schools give them the learning of the schools, but the anti-slavery platform has given them the power to call their souls their own—and they are beginning to do it. (Cheers.) We hear a great deal said about the difficulty of ministers being abolitionists, and how hard it is for them to be anti-slavery men. I say, sir, that in these days, ministers cannot afford not to be abolitionists. (Loud applause.) He loses his moral training, if he does not have that, a most important part of it; and all that he can know of Scriptural criticism, and all that he can remember of the counsels and teachings and learning of men, is but a trifling preparation for the duties of these times, without the fact of the malignant evil of this land perpetually before him, which he cannot dodge if he is a man. The recollection of what Luther taught, or what Calvin taught, is distant and far off to him, compared with what he feels when he lies awake sometimes at midnight, and remembers the anti-slavery duty he has not done, and begins to turn uneasily in his bed, as if Strachan Foster were after him! (Laughter and cheers.)

We hear it lamented sometimes, among the clergy, and among literary and professional men, that science and literature and theology are interfered with by this absorbing practical question. I know it is so, and I thank God for it. We have something more important to do in this age than to be mere scholars. Without the anti-slavery movement, our literary men would have been what the literary men of England in the last century were, a slavish race. They would have been what the theologians and preachers of England in the Established Church are now, a race of time-servers and little men. Without the anti-slavery movement, Whittier and Lowell would have been but Byron and Moore; Wendell Phillips might have been a Judge of Probate, and Theodore Parker a Doctor of Divinity! (Laughter and cheers.) You see incredulous, friends. We know what we are; we know not what we might have become. There was once an old Turk at Constantinople, who, looking one day from his shop window, where he sat cross-legged, like a true Mussulman, saw the latest arrival of French dandyism walking down the street, dressed in the last Parisian costume; and, calling his little son, and pointing out the warning to him, he said,—'My son! if you ever desert the faith of your fathers, you may come to look like that!' (Laughter.) I saw the Rev. Cream Cheese walking Washington street to-day, with his sleek corporation and lily-white face, and I said to the young divinity student by my side, 'Take care, my young friend, lest you forsake your anti-slavery faith, or you may be the Rev. Cream Cheese, D.D.' (Laughter and loud applause.)

I say this, Mr. Chairman, the more readily, because this is a time when, both here and elsewhere, the relations of the clergy to reform are being agitated; and I see that in New York, the other day, you had a new plea made, a new rope thrown out, for the timid and compromising clergy, by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of that city. I want to say a word about that matter, before I go further, not because I do not believe the Rev. Dr. Bellows to be a true man,—although one of his parishioners told me the other day, that the only difficulty about him was, that when you thought you had got him firmly fixed on a great principle, before a fortnight had passed, he had changed his mind. I trust it is not so. But I do not speak of him as a man—I speak of him as a Doctor of Divinity; because there are many persons in our community, who are ready to endorse anything that bears the name of 'D. D.' without even siding the mercantile 'E. E.' for 'Errors Excepted.' (Laughter and cheers.) His theory seems to be different from that which prevails among us here, in this respect, namely,—it is a question whether the minister should carry a whole man into his pulpit, or only half a man. The difficulty lies behind Mr. Bellows; it lies in our system of church architecture. We do not build our pulpits large enough for whole men. It takes the whole platform of the Melodion, it takes the whole platform of the Music Hall, to make room for a whole man. (Loud cheers.) And it takes all the seats in the Music Hall to make room for the whole congregation that the whole man brings with him. (Renewed cheering.) I am told they do not have that trouble in Broadway, New York. (Laughter.) I incline to suspect, from what I hear, that a half minister is very likely to have a half congregation; I mean, a half congregation in the morning, and none at all in the afternoon. And it ought to be so, because, to undertake to divide the two parts of a man's nature, and separate the preacher and the pastor, is to put asunder what God joins, and man was never meant to separate. It may be scriptural, this theory; and I can find one authority for it in Scripture, and that is in the case of the prophet Amos. He was advised to drop the part of the prophet, and the reason was, because his parishioners were kings and kings' sons. I think that there is somewhat of the same trouble here. We know how it was with the true prophets of the Old Testament. We do not find so much in their sayings about what some people call 'that despicable virtue, prudence.' We do not find, for instance, what it was prudent for Nathan to say to David. We know what he did say. He said, 'Thou art the man!' And it is my belief, if David had been a New York merchant, worth five millions of dollars, Nathan would have said much the same thing. I tell you, the worst enemies of the souls of these millionaires and hunkers are those who teach them that their souls are to be saved in a different manner from the souls of paupers, and by a more gradual process. What is truth for the pauper is truth for the millionaire; what is truth on the anti-slavery platform is truth in the church. Gentlemen may call this new philosophy 'prudence,' if they will; I call it a business and delusion. I want to call sin sin, in his pulpit or out of it; and I mean to call it so, as our fillipusters say, 'Peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must.' (Applause.)

When they asked the English Coleridge what he thought of preaching against actual sins—smuggling, for instance—Coleridge said to them, 'If I lived in an inland town, where nobody knew what smuggling was, of course, I should say nothing about it; but if I lived in a seaport town, where it was the main sin of the people, I should preach against smuggling fifty-two Sundays every year.' Where pro-slavery, or the hunkerism which makes pro-slavery, is the chief sin of the people, how dare any man, calling himself a teacher of the people, stand up and talk about the beauty of virtue and the exceeding sinfulness of sin in the abstract, and let that go unrebuked! There is no apostolical succession there. When such is the teaching of the churches, the apostolical succession has departed from them, and gone on to the anti-slavery platform, and here it is around me now. And I tell you, friends, although I have been somewhat favored in my pulpit exchanges, and have had the heroes of the age to take my place,—the Pierponts, the Mays, and the Parkers,—my pulpit was never so honored as when you, Mr. President, took my place there. (Loud cheers.) You preached from a text—five of them, if I remember rightly—and it was sound doctrine. I tell you, sir, we ministers need the tonic of the anti-slavery movement. We cannot spare it. We cannot separate our functions. The true preacher will be the true pastor, and the true pastor will be the true prophet. The best refutation of this weak theory of separating the offices is Theodore Parker's six volumes of unequalled sermons, and the unequalled congregation to which he preaches every Sunday. (Cheers.) And although it may be said that preaching is not the whole office of the minister, still, those who have heard, as I have, the blessings of the poor women whom his daily, unnoticed visits have comforted in their time of need, and the blessings of the invalids whose sick beds he has daily visited, know how powerfully these blessings rise up to refute the absurd theory that the prophet must be a prophet only, and that a man may not speak with all the thunder of THEOPHORE PARKER, and yet have a woman's tenderness for every one in his parish who needs his aid. (Great applause.)

Then, sir, we poor ministers, with the responsibilities of the time and the age thrown around us, and we be called to account for all, we need to have our theology corrected by the actual observation of the world which the anti-slavery movement gives us. The tendency of those who look around at these church gatherings on Anniversary Week, and who go from place to place, and hear the exultation professed at the addition of one undivided sixteenth of a member to each Church in the last six months, is to fancy that the world is reformed already, or evangelized, or Christianized, except that one black corner in the Sandwich Islands, and that one dark place, Liberia, which is always crying 'Give! give!' and cannot be brought over, although we have sent, I do not know how many black men there, who cannot read or write, to preach the gospel of Christ.

We need, Mr. Chairman, to study the past, and learn humility. We need to look backward and see the past, as compared with the present. We say that Greece was a pagan nation. Perhaps it was; but I read in history, that when an Athenian judge once sat in his judgment hall, and a dove came flying through the window, pursued by a hawk, and took refuge in the judge's breast, and the judge threw him out on the ground, the indignant people threw out the judge. (Loud cheers.) These were pagan times, but they did not have to wait for unequalled eloquence to address Legislative committees five times; they did not have to wait the action of the Legislature; they did not have to wait for a Governor to veto that action, and then to veto that veto in turn;—the spontaneous indignation of the people was too strong for the inhumanity of the judge, and though it was a pagan race, a human feeling triumphed there. Rome may have been a pagan nation; but I read that Virginia plunged a knife into his daughter's bosom, sooner than allow her to be a slave. But it is American Doctors of Divinity who will send their own mothers into slavery, only that they find at last that it is a better bargain to send their brothers! Rome was a pagan nation, yet once more, sir; but I read that, in the darkest periods of her history, there was heroism enough in Rome for that, that when those wretched slaves were doomed to order to get those slaves safe to execution, military death, unjustly and wickedly, as the people thought, in companies had to be called out, and the streets through which the procession passed had to be lined with soldiers, to keep back the population of Rome, in their just indignation. Do you remember the scene in this city of Boston one year ago? Do you think those soldiers were needed to keep back the population of Boston? I tell you that the Marshall's guard would have been sufficient, if there had not been all Massachusetts

behind Boston at that moment, to press Boston on with three inches of revolution; and next time, perhaps, those three inches will be overpass. (Applause.)

No, sir, we have nothing to boast of; least of all, the clergy, whose work it is to bring up people from a low moral condition in which they linger now. We boast of little things, Mr. Chairman. Ever since I knew any thing about the anti-slavery movement, the great bane of it has been, that we have all thought too much of little triumphs; and we were pleased too much of too much hope. If one election went the right way, if one fugitive was rescued by night in Boston, and sent through Worcester to Canada,—if one act on the right side was passed by the Legislature,—we thought (I mean, the people thought, not every one, not the wise) that the work was done, that there was no more danger, and so our vigilance was relaxed, until the next time, when we found that the work had to be done all over again. I see, in the reception of the late anti-slavery triumphs, the same danger. I rejoice, for one, that something has been done to check the current of these triumphs. I rejoice at the veto of Governor Gardner. I rejoice that he refused to remove Judge Loring, and I will tell you why; because, if Judge Loring had been removed at first, it would have been a triumph indeed; but, after so long an argument, for Governor Gardner to have removed him, would have been a triumph on Governor Gardner's side,—and the Governor needed one. He needed one, and we needed a check. We had had too many things to make us sanguine; and as one of those ancient times, when the Emperor went on one of his great triumphal marches through the city, he had a slave at his shoulder to whisper to him, 'Remember that thou art a man!' so we need Edward Greely Loring, still sitting in his place as Judge of Probate, to say to us, 'Remember that Massachusetts is still pro-slavery, and you have yet a work before you to do.' (Applause.)

I tell you, sir, and those of our friends who think they are Abolitionists, and have enlisted for that, that the war has yet a great many years to last. I tell you, times may come again in Massachusetts that will call as loudly for manhood as did the times a year ago. I tell you that you have 'scotched the snake, not killed it,' and you will find it so. 'Who is so pleased at that victory of a few defendants in the United States Court House over Judge Curtis? That was easily accounted for. It was not strange that where all the power of argument, and all the influence of personal presence, and all the weight of the public opinion of the State, were on one side,—it was not strange that Judge Curtis should, for once, decide in favor of justice and liberty. Do you suppose that Judge Curtis is 'born again,' and abolitionized, because we beat him that time? You will find your mistake if you do. 'Circumstances alter cases'—and 'Curties' (Laughter and cheers.) If you had looked in there once in a while, as I did, [I believe you, Mr. President, never cared enough about the matter to look in at all], and seen what Judge Curtis had to see, you might have changed your opinion of his course. Do you think it is in mortal man, to be on the judicial seat day after day, and see THEOPHORE PARKER sitting there like a recording angel, with pen in hand, writing sheet after sheet, sheet after sheet, and know that was all coming down on his head at last, and not feel it! (Applause.) If you do, you overrate the stuff of which United States Judges are made. I tell you, it is not strange that the judgment was pronounced before all the arguments were heard: 'Coming events cast their shadows before'; especially when one of them is the rather dark shadow of JOHN P. HALE,—may his shadow never be less! (Loud cheers.) It is the old story of Captain Scott and his crew—nothing more nor less. When Phillips and Hale stand behind the rifle, coons and Curties come out! (Great applause.) They come down and counterfeited death, both of them; but they are up again, as soon as the danger is past.

No, sir, we have got more work before us than is imagined by these too sanguine friends of ours. There is that 'Personal Liberty Bill.' I heard one of the men who was on trial in the cases that grew out of Anthony Burns's arrest say, since the passage of the 'Personal Liberty Bill,' that we should have no more trouble in Massachusetts. I envy the peace of mind of that man, but I should be sorry to be thrown off my guard quite so easily. Protection by law in Massachusetts that was ever carried over her borders, if we could have got the law enforced. In the Sims case, CHARLES SUMNER,—and he is commonly considered a good lawyer,—said to Sheriff Evelett, eagerly, 'If the laws of Massachusetts are executed, that man is in no more danger of being carried back than you or I; and I hold you responsible!' But what was the use of holding Sheriff Evelett responsible? Yet what more could he say under the 'Personal Liberty Bill' than that? In the Sims case, on one of those mornings when the Boston police indulged themselves with a parade in Court Square, as I was looking on,—it was about five minutes after Marshal Tukey had threatened to arrest our friend Wm. H. Channing for laughing at the rather extraordinary manœuvres of a raw recruit,—that officer approached me, and said,—I know that I am violating the laws of Massachusetts just as well as you do; but what then? I am under the orders of the Mayor and Aldermen. What more can your 'Personal Liberty Bill' give us than that? Laws are good tools, good instruments, but a 'Personal Liberty Bill' without men to enforce it is like the steam fire engine,—worth all your other engines put together when properly operated, but when taken to pieces and stored away in a stable, what good is it going to do any body?

We do not want 'Personal Liberty Bills,' so much as we want a man with a backbone for Governor of Massachusetts! (Cheers.) When are we going to get him? A Voice.—Next fall! Mr. HIGGINSON.—Next fall? Well, I hope you will not be disappointed. But what did the Telegraph newspaper say last fall,—the only anti-slavery paper belonging to Boston,—

A Voice.—Except the Liberator.

Mr. HIGGINSON.—That does not belong to Boston; it belongs to the world. (Cheers.) The Boston Telegraph, in criticising the course of Governor Washburn, said: 'Under these circumstances, we must consider what kind of a man there was to act. Governor Washburn probably acted as they thought best. A man with a backbone, like Henry Wilson, or Mr. Gardner, would have acted differently.' That was before last fall, then, that election was going to be next fall, and Mr. Gardner was the man whom enthusiasts but not very far-sighted persons in the back part of the Melodion expected to elect Governor, and make the thing all right. No, sir, the difficulty is not with the politicians,—it lies behind them. The politicians reflect their constituencies. The people of Massachusetts, with all their professions, have not yet got to the pitch of wanting a man with a backbone for Governor. If they have, why did they choose Mr. Gardner, after every act of his previous political life had been sifted, and his character written upon the wall in pretty plain words. The difficulty lies behind the politicians, sir. It lies with the people; and it is, it is you, and it is all of us working on the anti-slavery platform, who have got to bring Massachusetts up to the pitch of opposing the Fugitive Slave Law, before we shall get anything under the name of freedom here that is worth the name.

which you can put your finger, and say, 'Here freedom dwells!' I never was there. I should like to go there. I have been to Bunker Hill—it is not there. I have been to Lexington—it is not there. I have been to Concord—it is not there. They say that there is a land of the west,—not under a republican government, you have to get under a monarchy to reach it,—where the black man can stand, and call his soul and body his own. I went there the last winter, and I blush to own it, that when I stood on Canadian soil, I felt that thrill of freedom I had sought for in vain at Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill. I stood in a place where I could give free vent to my impulses of freedom, and it is a strange sensation, friends, I advise you to go there, and try it.

Do not be cheated by what men tell you. It is not freedom to meet a man in the street, and feel that, in order to save him from the wickedest bondage on earth, there is no other way but to give him a dollar, tell him there is the railroad, and those iron tracks lead to Canada and freedom. The underground railroad is not freedom. We boast of that—hoist of it! I tell you, sir, the underground railroad is a shame and disgrace to every spot, except the place which is its terminus. (Cheers.) There it is honorable. I blush to think that the fugitive slave should ever pass through Worcester; and I thank God one never did pass through without my doing all I could to make him stay.

No, sir; what we want is not to dream of a land of freedom somewhere at the west, but to make a land of freedom here (applause); not to send slaves to Canada, but to make Canada on the spot where we stand. (Loud cheers.) There is some honor in that. It is not to be done without danger; it is not to be done without revolution; for the instant you begin to do it, a revolution has begun in you. Where on earth are these such materials for revolution as here? We talk of the dangers of Europe. What country of Europe has anything to exhibit as materials for revolution compared with ours? Where in Europe is there such antagonism as exists on our soil—two such powers brought in conflict, freedom on the one side, and slavery on the other? I do not know where it is. It is not so in Russia. In Russia, all are slaves. The serf is a slave to the master; the master is a slave to the noble; the noble is a slave to the higher noble; the higher noble is a slave to the minister; the minister is a slave to the Czar; and the Czar is a slave to the fear of assassination. In Russia, every body is a slave. There is no antagonism there; there is no material for a revolution. But here, all our dreams are of freedom, and all our practice has to be conformed to slavery. America takes us, and brings us into a land of so-called liberty; feeds us on Declarations of Independence, Fourth of July orations, and the ballot-box, and then, when she has exhausted all her teachings, and turned us out free men in heart indeed, what does she do with us? She shoots us down in the streets of Boston, if we try to put her lessons in practice! There is revolution for you, and all the materials for revolution—materials such as exist nowhere else on earth.

Did you ever hear what were the last words of our Senator in Congress, that noble man, JOHN DAVIS?—for I call him a noble man, because, in his instincts, he was always true to freedom. His first impulses were always for freedom. When bound down and corrupted by the atmosphere of slavery, if he was left free for one moment to forget policy, the noble impulses of his nature came up, and he was a man again. Did you ever hear what his last words at Washington were? It is a conversation which CHARLES SUMNER told me, and which I should not dare repeat if CHARLES SUMNER had ever told it in public himself, but I believe he has not. It was the last night of Mr. Davis's Congressional career. The clock was approaching the hour of twelve, and the old man sat quietly in his seat, waiting for the end of his long public life. Senators who had known him for so many years stood by watching him, to see if they could mark any change in his quiet face. They saw none. The clock struck twelve at last, and the old man rose from his seat with the last stroke, and took his place outside the railing, no more a Senator, but a humble, private man. His successor had not been appointed; there was no reason why he should resign his seat; his friends urged him to retain it, simply from courtesy, if nothing more; but he said, 'No! my public life is ended, and went home to his hotel. Mr. Sumner followed him, wishing to present his compliments and respects on the conclusion of his long term of service. As he entered the door of Mr. Davis's parlor, he found the old man sitting with his elbows on the table, and his face buried in his hands, absorbed in thought. Said Mr. Davis, 'Would you like to hear what are the thoughts passing through my mind at the end of this, my long experience?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply; 'the thoughts of such a man, at such a time, must be deeply interesting.' 'Well, sir,' said the veteran, drawing himself up, 'this is the consummation of the whole: here in our national government, Slavery rules every thing! Slavery rules every thing! Slavery rules every thing!' 'Yes, sir,' said CHARLES SUMNER, 'Slavery rules every thing!' 'Yes, CHARLES SUMNER did hear, and made other people hear, to some purpose.' (Cheers.) Mr. DAVIS, of whom we had all complained, whose course we had all regarded as not being sufficiently true to freedom on great emergencies, at last came to the simple conclusion, that Mr. GARRISON had been an outcast for twenty years for uttering the important truth, that 'Slavery rules every thing!' [Cheers.] Every thing! No, there is one thing that Slavery does not rule, and never can rule, and that is, the hearts of Abolitionists! (Loud applause.) That alone is the preservation of this Union from destruction. Do not confound Disunion with destruction. Union with Slavery is destruction! [hear, 'hear, 'hear;] Disunion from Slavery is safety! [hear, 'hear, 'hear, and loud cheers.] While Slavery is building up its power upon one hand, Freedom is marshalling its forces on the other; and the time is surely before us,—politicians are beginning to see it already,—when these two mighty forces will come together with a shock like that when those great vessels met in the Atlantic ocean, and you know what followed. God grant that the name of that hapless bark may not be prophetic, and that in this case it may not be the NORRIE—the ANCORI—that will stagger and go down! [Prolonged cheering.]

Mr. HIGGINSON was succeeded by Mrs. ENNESTINE L. ROSE, of New York, (a native of Poland,) who, on taking the platform, was warmly applauded.

SPEECH OF MRS. ROSE.

It gives me unspeakable pleasure to have the opportunity to make my voice heard here before you in behalf of human freedom. It gives me, indeed, great satisfaction to be able to enter my protest against that terrible scourge that afflicts, not only the colored slave, nor, indeed, the South, but which afflicts the whole United States of America. It gives me great gratification in being able to do my duty in entering my protest against that eternal crime against humanity—the holding of a man as a slave; and also against that great, inconceivable inconsistency, that slavery should exist in a country that calls itself a Republic.

Mr. Higginson well vindicated here the position of Russia. Truth is consistent; Error is always inconsistent. Truth is a unit, consistent with itself, and consistent with every other truth. And as Truth is, so also is Freedom. Human freedom, also, is a unit, and consistent with itself, and where freedom is, slavery cannot be. In comparing the two countries, Russia and America—alas! that we should be able to institute a comparison between such a dark and beighted land with one that calls itself a Republic—yet, sad as the fact is, it is nevertheless true, that in instituting a comparison between the two countries, Russia, dark and beighted as she is, much as she oppresses man, we at least must give her the credit of consistency, for she professes no freedom; while here, with all the glorious professions of republicanism and freedom, the whole land is cursed with the most odious system of slavery. I remember I was but a little child, hardly able to

understand the import of words, that I had already listened to those who pronounced it the Republic of the United States of America; and even then, though entirely unable to appreciate the import, the nobility of it, yet, somehow or other, it touched a vibrating chord in my heart, and I thought, if I lived to grow up a woman, O how I should like to see a Republic! (Applause.) I did grow up, and attained that great hope; and, friends, I will remember—I doubt whether I shall ever forget—the sensations and emotions I experienced when I first placed my foot on the soil of a Republic;—may, more, the first Fourth of July that I spent here. Why, everything in nature appeared to have changed and become superior. The sun shone brighter; the trees looked more beautiful; the grass looked greener; the birds sang sweeter; all the beauties of nature became enhanced in my estimation, for I viewed them all through the beautiful rainbow colors of human freedom. (Loud cheers.) Alas! I little knew then what I should experience, if I remained longer. Had I left this country on the fifth of that July, I should have gone away with the glorious emotion, that there was one spot of earth on the whole globe where a man may stand, and call himself fully and entirely his own. But I remained here too long; and what a change has come over the spirit of my dreams! All the enchantments have disappeared, one by one. Not, indeed, the enchantments of what a Republic ought to be, or the beauties that would result from a true Republic, but the enchantments of the idea that there was such a Republic in this new world. Instead of the poor fugitive from the old world coming to this place of refuge, and calling himself a freeman, we have to send the poor fugitive from the new world to the old, to an aristocratic, monarchical government, and there, however oppressed he may be in many instances, at least, he may call himself, his wife and children—except, indeed, in Russia—his own.

It gives me no pleasure, I assure you, my friends, to dwell upon the dark side of humanity. I wish I could always dwell upon the bright and fair side; but facts and truths always demand plain utterance. This country has sent forth to the world a great and glorious truth—that eternal truth of the equality of men upon which the Declaration of Independence is based,—that 'all men are created equal, and endowed with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' That declaration, waited like a bright vision of hope on the breezes of heaven to the remotest parts of the earth, to whisper freedom and equality to the downtrodden millions of men. And yet, while that declaration is thus wafted by the genius of freedom all over the earth, here, under its shadow, the children that have been born and brought up here are subjected to dark and bitter bondage. This country, therefore, stands before the moral consistency of the world, to be judged thereby. From monarchical and despotic countries we do not expect much; but these countries have a right to hold you to your professions. The Quakers say, that according to the light you possess, is the demand made upon you. It is a true and correct saying. According to your professions, we have a right to hold you responsible; and therefore, this country stands responsible for its false and hypocritical professions, without carrying out the great, eternal truth of the equality of man. (Cheers.)

You know all about the evils of slavery. It would be presumption, as well as folly, in me, even to attempt to describe what slavery is. No man can place himself so entirely in the position of the slave as adequately to describe the horrors of that relation. He only who has experienced them, and who has felt, at the same time, the flame of freedom burning within him, can tell what slavery is. I have heard many eloquent speeches from this platform, and from other anti-slavery platforms, but I was never so affected as I was this morning by the few simple words that fell from the lips of ANTHONY BURNS. (Applause.) He stood here as a living, breathing, moving witness of the great iniquity of slavery. Only one year ago, he was doomed to slavery once more; and were it not that a few benevolent men were untiring and persistent in their determination to rescue him, cost what it would, Anthony Burns would not have seen here this morning to give his evidence, as he did, to the large audience, that, slave as he was, crushed and oppressed as he was, chained, not only in body, but also in mind, nevertheless, he was a MAN; for there was the love of freedom, and the determined purpose to achieve it, whenever the opportunity was afforded. And when he told of the pleasure he felt in being able to stand here, I appreciated it, I felt it; it touched my heart as no other speech, no matter from whose eloquent lips it fell, had ever touched me, and confirmed me in my estimation of the depth of iniquity involved in keeping human beings in the darkness of bondage.

Who can tell what Anthony Burns might have been, had he been deemed free from the moment he drew his first breath? How often do we hear the South say that slaves are not the same as white men—that they are not human beings! Why, it is only as if it were yesterday that any portion of the slaveholders,—and not only the slaveholders at the South, but the slaveholders at the North,—acknowledged that the colored man is a human being at all. And there are many now who take that position. Even scientists have come down from the glorious heights of science low enough to be bought by Southern gold, and endeavor to prove that the colored man is a different being from the white man, and therefore it is right to hold him as a slave. I will not attempt to enter into any consideration of this subject, for there is no need of it. Like or unlike, he is a human being; and I will use the same argument with regard to him that I use when pleading—no, not when pleading—when claiming the rights of woman. Like or unlike, he is a human being, and entitled to all the rights that humanity can bestow and man can enjoy. (Applause.) It is worse than time lost to enter into any such consideration, because human rights do not depend on the shade of color; they do not even depend on a somewhat different construction, or somewhat different shape of body, or somewhat different shape of mind. I will say of the slave, as I often say when claiming the rights of woman—humanity recognizes no color, mind recognizes no color; pleasure or pain, happiness or misery, life or death, recognizes no color. Like the white man, the colored man comes involuntarily into existence. Like him, he possesses physical, mental and moral powers, upon the proper cultivation of which depends his highest happiness. Like him, he is subject to all the vicissitudes of life. Like him, when he breaks the laws of his being, he has to pay the penalty. Like him, when he breaks the laws of the land, he has to endure the punishment. Like him, he ought to enjoy or suffer—but he only suffers—with the prosperity or adversity of his country; and therefore, like him, he ought to have all the rights and all the privileges that the country can bestow. (Loud applause.) Is that any more than any man ought to claim, and ought any man to be satisfied with less?

But if it be a fact that the color of a man, that his having been born in a certain geographical position, gives another man the right to enslave him, I would say, as I often say when advocating the equality of the sexes, why not reverse the order, and let the white man know what it is to be subject to eternal bondage? Let not this bondage remain only with the black man.

I have named here none of the evils of slavery. It were vain for me to attempt to do so. You can all understand it as well as I can, as I have never been in the position of a slave. It not only deprives a human being of his own identity, of his own person, but it subjects him eternally to the bitter degradation of bondage. I need not tell you of the pangs and misery caused by slavery, arising from the fact that the nearest and dearest buds are severed and broken asunder. I need not depict before your eyes the fact that parents and children are placed alternately on the auction-block, and they are bid off and knocked down like merchandise, and then separated, never again to behold each other. I will not repeat these things, for you know them too well.

As I said before, the curse of slavery is not confined to the poor black victim alone; but, my friends, the whole country is cursed by slavery. The Southern population are cursed by it; and so much in my mind and alleviating, while all my sympathies go forth in commiseration for the slaveholder; for it is a violation of principle of right, that the evil-doer shall be punished by the poor slave, by a violation of all human rights. I will not enter into an explanation here of the numerous ways in which the South is cursed through slavery. The very soil shows it; hence the strength of our constant endeavor to obtain the accession of new territory, for without it, they cannot live. Their industry with content. Wherever slavery exists, industry is ungraded. Wherever slavery exists, the soil, and only the soil of the slave; but of the tyrant slaveholder, is degraded and degraded. And this influence affects not only the South, not only the slaveholder and the slave, but it extends to the North. The evil of slavery has shown itself of late very more distinctly than ever before. I heard Mr. Foster say this morning, that he seemed to rejoice that the influence of slavery was beginning to be better understood than formerly. I think it is always better to have it thrown to the surface, than to have it confined internally, for two reasons,—one, it shows the strength of nature to throw it off; and the other is, to give the skillful physician a better knowledge how to attack the cause of the disease.

Slavery has shown itself distinctly within the last five years. Until that time, it was more confined to the South; at any rate, we did not so distinctly perceive it here at the North. At the time when the Fugitive Slave Bill was enacted, it commenced showing itself on the surface. I was one of those who, at that time, did not understand its bearings. I deeply deplored the fact that slavery existed here at all. I deeply deplored the fact that slavery cured the head; and I said at the time, I am glad that the disease is coming to the surface; I am glad it is beginning to manifest more and more upon the North. It seems to be the belief that a man can never appreciate a thing so well as he does it, when it is brought home to himself. That Fugitive Slave Bill brought the subject home to tens of thousands in the falsely so-called free States. I say falsely so-called, for if they were truly free, there would be no slavery in the country. If they were truly free, we should have no union or communion with slavery, for freedom and slavery can no more exist together than truth and falsehood. It is all true or all false; all free or all slave; and as we are not all free, we are all slaves, and we are all slaveholders to some extent; at any rate, in holding and abetting, unless we raise our voice against it, and use the utmost efforts in our power to dislodge it, and that unholy Union—for it is not a righteous Union, of wickedness, of crime, of sin, and of shame. A time of freedom and slavery cannot exist, any more than life and water.

When the South took the second great step to encroach upon the North, I hailed it as the freedom of freedom,—that was the Nebraska Bill. Whatever the Union might have been before that Bill was passed, the slender thread which held it together is now snapped asunder—and who has done it? Did the Abolitionists, the Disunionists, snap that thread asunder? The slender link which once held the Union together broken—who broke it? The South. The index,—in my opinion—there is to be attached to the dissolution of this Union,—will be attached to the South; for it was in South, or Southern slavery, that snapped the link; the snapping of that link is the surest forecast of the dissolution of that false, corrupt Union, where there is no liberty and no humanity. (Applause.)

My friends, I was not always of this opinion. It was more than a year ago last March, I was in Washington, and while there, I spoke on the Nebraska Bill. What I went to the lecture-room, I had no idea that I was a Disunionist; I never knew it; I never suspected it; but while there, in speaking of the Nebraska Bill, I endeavored to find some reason to show why the Union need not be dissolved, and yet slavery still existed—for I have been anti-slavery all my life long. While I thus endeavored to find the reasons and suggest the means for abolishing slavery, without dissolving the Union, I convinced myself of the impossibility of it, and I said so at the time; for, like a true Quaker, I always depend upon the 'moving of the Spirit'; for I always believe, and whatever comes into my mind, I give utterance to it; and when I went home from that lecture, I said to a friend of mine, 'If I have not succeeded in convincing any one else, I have succeeded,—and I am very happy to know it,—in convincing myself!' (Loud cheers.)

Yes, my friends, we often hear it said, by politicians, Free Soilers and others, that there is no need to dissolve the Union, because the Constitution of the United States is not a pro-slavery instrument, and therefore, it will not enter into any discussion on this point. I will simply say, 'Take your alternative, and abide by the consequences. If, on the other side, the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument, then it is not fit for a Republic, and therefore must be annihilated, and a free Constitution formed. But of course the South will not submit to this, and therefore there will be a dissolution of the Union.' If, on the other side, the Constitution is an anti-slavery instrument, then, in the name of mercy, how dare the South call for the protection of the general government in the maintenance of its slaves? This would be the surest way to dissolve the Union; and, sir, I would say to these Free Soilers who insist that the Constitution is an anti-slavery instrument, that I am glad to hear it. If it is an anti-slavery instrument, then rescue it from the hands of the slaveholders, and say to them—'You must abolish slavery, or you cannot come under the banner of the Constitution, which is based on this instrument—the Constitution of the country.' (Cheers.) So, in either case, whether it is a pro-slavery instrument, or an anti-slavery instrument, by that instrument itself, Disunion must ensue. There can be no union between freedom and slavery; unless, indeed, we are prepared to unite more fully with the South, and go more deeply into slavery than we have ever gone before; and then, at any rate, we shall be more consistent than we have ever been before.

In conclusion, Mrs. Rose said she was ever for human freedom, irrespective of sex, of sect, or color, or country.—Know-Nothing to the contrary notwithstanding. She said there was slavery in Massachusetts, mentioning our Sabbatical laws and the law excluding certain persons from the witness-stand



JUNE 8.

interesting and touching as it was, of JOHN DAVIS... his last words—his death-bed words, politically con-

for he gives us his assistance. [Cheers.] But, deluded, as I think, by party policy, which misleads him, he has gone off, leaving to us the regeneration of that public sentiment which is the best lever,—lever and fulcrum at once,—to move the country.

Mr. PHILLIPS concluded by inviting all to be present to-morrow, when the Disunion question would be discussed, and give, not only their audience, but their voices, that they might be able to create a unanimous public sentiment throughout Massachusetts, to make her indeed a free and sovereign State within her borders. [Loud cheers.]

THURSDAY. Re-assembled in the Melodeon, Wendell Phillips in the chair. NATHANIEL H. WHITING, of Marshfield, objected to what had been said of forming a new political Confederacy, that the materials did not exist out of which to form it. The timber must be got ready before the house can be built.

Rev. C. STRETON, of South Scituate, made an eloquent speech. He said he had no patience with the apologists of slavery at this day. He had recently met such a one, and he was sorry to say, a woman. He could not possibly allow such a person, in the same day, credit for both common sense and common honesty.

Mr. HIGGINSON—HENRY WILSON has been here. Mr. PHILLIPS—Yes, but he is the exception; and, in the inference I am worth nothing. He is the single exception that proves the rule.

Rev. D. A. WASSON, of Georgetown, differed from those who say that the only way to war upon the institution of Slavery is to dissolve the Union with slaveholders. If I caught a robber in my house, said Mr. W., I would compel him to stay at least till he had given up the plundered goods. So I would keep the slaveholders in the Union, until they gave up the plundered property.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolution:— 10. Resolved, That the American Union is the supremacy of the bowie knife, the freedom, the slave-driver's lash, and lynch law, over freedom of speech, of the press, of conscience, of locomotion, in more than one half of the nation—and the degrading vassalage of the entire North to the accursed Slave Power; that no other Union has existed since the adoption of the United States Constitution; that such a Union is to be resisted, denounced and abandoned, by every lover of liberty, until its utter overthrow shall be consummated; and that, to effect this glorious object, there should be one united shout of 'No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!'

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the Melodeon. The principal topic of comment was the abuse of the free-soil leaders, such as Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and others. The audience were small, and the tirades and blasphemies of the speakers only served to disgust all sensible men.

11. Resolved, That in the demise of CYRUS M. BUCKLEIGH, so long and so usefully identified with the anti-slavery enterprise as a lecturer and editor, that enterprise was bereft of a brave, clear-sighted and uncompromising advocate, whose rare example of youthful self-consecration and many devotedness is worthy of universal imitation, and should keep his name in grateful remembrance among those who still live to share the labors and toils from which he was so early removed.

12. Resolved, That in the invasion of Kansas by the armed ruffians and brigands of Missouri—the subversion by them of all the legitimate forms and functions of government—the usurpation of all legislative power—their audacious defiance of the free spirit of the North—their sanction of all their high-handed villainies, either by silence or connivance, by the general government—we are furnished with a fresh illustration of the impotence of the Union to protect even the free settlers of the West in their civil and political rights.

13. Resolved, That the warmest thanks of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, together with those of all American Abolitionists, are given to the members of the Anti-Slavery Conference held in Manchester, England, on the First of August last; for the clear, strong and emphatic condemnation given in their resolutions and proceedings to the infamous system of American Slavery, against which it is like the business and the duty of men in all climes and countries to lift up the voice of indignant protest; and for the generous manner in which they reached forth the hand of fellowship and co-operation to the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. And we earnestly entreat them not to be weary in well-doing, but to continue to cheer, by their earnest testimonies and their welcome sympathy, the labors of all who are contending for impartial Liberty, for Justice, and for Right.

14. Resolved, That we deeply regret that the value of the testimony against American Slavery, borne by the London Anti-Slavery Conference in November last, was so much impaired by its refusal to acknowledge the labors of the oldest, most devoted and faithful servants which the anti-slavery cause has ever had in this land, or in any other; and especially must we condemn the imperfect and garbled manner, in which, after a long delay, the report of that Convention has been given by its official servants to the world.

15. Resolved, That with words of affectionate remembrance and greeting, we extend our hands to our old fellow-laborer in the cause, now in Great Britain, PARKER PILLSBURY; assuring him of our undiminished confidence; thanking him for the brave and faithful words for our common cause which he has spoken in the Old World; congratulating him upon the friendship and respect he has gained for himself there; and pledging to him our heartfelt welcome and embrace when he shall again set foot on his native land.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, President. SAMUEL MAY, JR., WILLIAM P. ATKINSON, } Secretaries. AARON M. POWELL, } Secretary.

EVERING. Edmund Quincy in the chair. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:— 11. Resolved, That in the demise of CYRUS M. BUCKLEIGH, so long and so usefully identified with the anti-slavery enterprise as a lecturer and editor, that enterprise was bereft of a brave, clear-sighted and uncompromising advocate, whose rare example of youthful self-consecration and many devotedness is worthy of universal imitation, and should keep his name in grateful remembrance among those who still live to share the labors and toils from which he was so early removed.

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ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE. The Executive Committee of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY invites the friends of freedom in New Hampshire, without distinction of party, to meet in CONCORD, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, June 21st and 22nd, 1855, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the day first named. The objects of the Convention will be to consider the whole subject of Slavery, in its relations to the Politics and the Religion of the country, and to adopt the most efficient measures for the regeneration of public opinion, and the destruction thereby of the whole slave system, root and branch. The signs of the times indicate the approach of a grand Moral and Political Revolution, which shall array the whole power of the Free States in uncompromising hostility to the Slave Oligarchy. In this movement, the people of New Hampshire have important duties to perform, and it is met that they should come together in Convention to examine the principles by which those duties must be determined.

Among those who may be expected to attend the Convention are WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, STEPHEN S. ANDREWS, K. FOSTER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and A. T. FOSTER. For the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. SAMUEL MAY, JR. Boston, May 30th, 1855.

CORRECTION OF A MISTAKE. Mr. Anon. At the Anti-Slavery Convention during the Anniversary, I stated that the Committee of the Universalist Society of Warren, Mass., promised Sojourner Truth their meeting-house for a lecture on Sunday, at 6 o'clock, P. M., and that notice was given accordingly; but when she and those who wished to hear her arrived there, the house was locked. I was present at the time, and was informed that the sexton had locked the house on his own responsibility; but as the Committee did not offer to open it for the next evening, allowing the citizens to procure another place for a meeting, it was evident to me that they either told the sexton to fasten the house, or justified him in the deed. This happened about a year ago, and Rev. C. H. Webster was then the pastor of the Society, and was absent from home. Since I made the above statement, Sojourner Truth has informed me, that when Mr. Webster returned, the house was opened for her, and that she received from him only kindness and gentlemanly treatment. Rev. D. H. Plumb is now pastor of the Universalist Society at Warren.

W. G. CAMBRIDGE. 'HOLD!—ENOUGH!'—We return our most grateful acknowledgments to such of our subscribers as have sent back their copies of THE LIBERATOR for May 18th, in order to enable us to repair a serious blunder that was made in mailing that number. So promptly and so widely has our request been complied with, that we have more copies already on hand than we need; so that we can send some of them back again, if desired, to such as cannot conveniently spare them.

Mr. E. L. Rose returned to New York on Monday. In addition to her lectures in this city, to which we alluded last week, she held a meeting in West Newton and also in Natick, in both of which places she spoke with good acceptance.

The Post office address of AARON M. POWELL will be Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y., until further notice. The Post office address of LUCY BRONX BLACKWELL is 90 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio. All communications for the Liberator, until further notice, should be sent to Leicester, Mass. SAMUEL MAY, JR.

GARRISON'S RECEPTION IN VIRGINIA. The sad effects of newspaper rivalry (says the N. Y. Evening Post) were never more forcibly exhibited than in the following querulous passage from the Richmond Enquirer of the 20th. It would appear that Garrison's Boston Liberator, the organ of the abolitionists, is seriously competing with the circulation of that staunch old organ of southern ultraism, through which the late Thomas Ritchie and his family have so long flourished.

TO WHAT USES MAY WE COME AT LAST?—The Liberator, the organ of the abolitionists, of the Pillsbury, Garrison and Phillips stamp, is being actively circulated in the western counties. This in Virginia! Have we not upon our statutes a law providing for the punishment of those who aid in the circulating of such documents? And yet packages containing upwards of twenty of these same papers went through the mail yesterday, to a man in Wythe county.

FESTIVAL OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION. This meeting was held in Brooklyn during anniversary week. Feasting, joking, low wit, and buffoonery, interspersed with an occasional slang thrust at Presbyterians, constituted a large part of the entertainment. (2) of the evening. Thus, Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, said: 'I knew that many who went from New England to the West turned towards Presbyterianism, and I held them, as I still hold, that the tendency of emigration is to barbarism of the meeting is a caricature; but after reading the report of the proceedings and speeches in the Independent, the special patron of the Congregational Union, we are compelled to say that it is just—Free Presbyterian.'

COLLECTIONS. By the Finance Committee for Expenses of New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May, 1855.

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: William Whiting 1.00, Rufus Bates 0.50, Oliver Johnson 1.00, J. M. Spear 1.00, E. Quincy 1.00, Thomas Whitson 1.00, Richard Clay 1.00, C. F. Harvey 1.00, Wm. Wells Brown 1.00, Wm. Ashby 1.00, John Rogers 1.00, E. F. Eddy 1.00, John O'Connell 1.00, N. H. Whiting 1.00, E. L. Capron 1.00, Samuel May 1.00, Alden Sampson 1.00, H. C. Fifield 1.00, G. Dodge 0.50, R. H. Ober 1.00, Phebe A. Carland 1.00, Jona. P. Gifford 2.00, T. W. Hartshorn 0.50, George Howe 1.00, Sarah Southworth 0.50, J. C. Lindley 1.00, Mary Whiting 0.50, Geo. W. Simonds 1.00, John Noyes 0.25, Samuel May, Jr. 2.00, Joseph Moore 1.00, Jesse W. Pope 0.25, R. S. Harlow 1.00, R. S. 1.00, M. Haskell 0.50, Anna E. Sibley 1.00, G. Walker 1.00, Sarah R. Remond 1.00, Eliza Whiting 1.00, Elijah Hobart 1.00, Mrs. L. Hobart 0.50, Mrs. S. May 2.00, Emeline Randall 0.50, Mrs. L. S. Otis 1.00, G. Otis 1.00, S. E. Wall 1.00, O. S. Brastow 1.25, Luther Melendy 1.00, Thomas F. Knox 1.00, S. Russell 0.50, E. A. E. H. Richards 2.00, C. E. H. 1.00, Peleg Clarke 1.00, N. N. 0.50, C. B. McIntire 0.25, D. Kimball 1.00, Dr. J. L. Glarke 1.00, S. Johnson 2.00, G. Bates 0.50, E. Sprague 0.50, Isaac McDowell 0.50, C. Follen 0.25, D. Dyer 0.50, Eliza Gordon 0.50, Thomas B. Rice 0.50, Sarah Batebeller 1.00, H. L. Bowditch 1.00, Sally Hill -0.25, William Sparrell 1.00, Lewis Ford 1.00, Nancy L. Howes 1.00, Catharine Hinckley 1.00, Catharine H. Doane 0.50, M. A. Crocker 1.00, Abigail Kent 0.50, M. B. Goodrich 1.00, William Spooner 1.00, J. M. Aldrich 1.00, Helen A. Aldrich 1.00, Mary Plumer 1.00, S. W. Wheeler 1.00, B. Spooner 1.00, G. W. Putnam 1.00, Robert R. Crosby 1.00, W. L. Garrison 1.00, Cornelius Bramhall 1.00, A. D. Manson 1.00, W. Warden 0.25, C. F. Baxter 1.00.

DONATIONS. To the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, made at New England Convention, May, 1855. Sarah S. Russell 100.00, Mary May, Boston 10.00, David P. Harmon 10.00, E. Slade Gifford 10.00, William Ashby, Newburyport 10.00, J. C. Lindley 5.00, A. A. Bent 5.00, Henrietta Sargent, Natick 5.00, Samuel May, Jr. 5.00, Samuel Barrett 5.00, Lydia L. Dennett 5.00, Joseph Moore 5.00, Lucinda Melendy 4.00, C. Houghton 4.00, Elijah Hobart 3.00, H. B. Draper 3.00, George S. Flint 3.00, Francis W. Bird 3.00, E. & H. Richards 3.00, J. M. Charles K. Whipple 3.00, A. Jeffersonian Democrat 3.00, Edwin Thompson 2.00, Mary T. Congdon 2.00, Thomas Whitson 1.00, Sarah P. Remond 1.00, G. W. Putnam 1.00, H. C. Fifield 1.00, N. H. Whiting 1.00, E. L. Capron 1.00, Hervey Dyer 1.00, A. B. Gray, W. Warden 1.00, William Warden 0.25.

PLEDGES. To Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, made at New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May, 1855. Francis Jackson 200.00, Samuel Philbrick 200.00, Wendell Phillips 100.00, Friends in Abington 150.00, Charles F. Harvey 100.00, Edmund Jackson 50.00, James N. Buffum 25.00, Bourne Spooner 25.00, Weymouth Female A. S. Society 25.00, M. M. Brooks 20.00, Richard Clay 20.00, Reuben H. Ober 20.00, Samuel F. Tappan, Kansas 5.00, N. H. Whiting 5.00, C. Lenox Remond 5.00, Amy M. Remond 5.00, Sumner Chassey 5.00, J. W. Spaulding, Peppercell 5.00, Charles B. McIntire 3.00, J. G. Dodge 3.00, Robert H. Moorehead 2.00, John M. Spear 2.00, Zenas E. Bourne 2.00, T. W. Bailey 1.00.

ABINGTON.—An Anti-Slavery meeting, for the town of Abington, will be held on Sunday, June 17th, at the Town Hall. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON and CHARLES LENOX REMOND, on behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will attend the meeting.

WILLIAM W. BROWN, an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows: Hyannis, Friday, June 8. Harwich, Sunday, " 10. Brewster, Wednesday, " 13. East Dennis, Thursday, " 14. North Dennis, Sunday, " 17.

AARON M. POWELL, Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings in Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y., on Sunday, June 10th. SITUATION WANTED. A young colored woman of excellent family desires to learn the dress-making business. Two colored boys are seeking a chance to become printers. Those who can promote the above will please confer with WM. C. NELL, 21 Cornhill.

THE LIBERATOR. No Union with Slaveholders. BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1855.

NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION. Anniversary Week in Boston was all that could have been desired, on the score of brilliancy of weather. The throng of visitors from the interior was even larger than usual, and the various religious and philanthropic meetings were numerously attended.

As usual, the NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION—with its free platform, its godlike object, its eloquent speech, its searching test of the actual condition of sects and parties, its uncompromising adherence to principle, its variety of thought and expression, together with its prolonged sessions—was the centre of interest and the great source of attraction, eliciting more of inquiry, conversation and criticism, than all the other gatherings combined. No less than nine public meetings were held in succession at the Melodeon, each averaging at least three hours in length; and as the time was not occupied with any of the dry details of business, but was almost entirely devoted to discussion, those who were not present may be sure to form an idea of the vast amount that was uttered on the occasion.

Never was so little time wasted, never was there less of inopportune or extraneous talk, as at any previous Convention—the principal speakers being Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Samuel J. May, John Pierpont, Thomas W. Higginson, James Freeman Clarke, Caleb Stetson, Wm. W. Brown, Henry C. Wright, Charles C. Burleigh, Stephen S. Foster, Andrew T. Foss, Nathaniel H. Whiting, D. A. Wasson, and Ernestine L. Rose, (eight of these being clergymen, but representing nothing more than their own individuality, as they have all lost caste in the respective denominations with which they are or have been identified,) the whole constituting an array of talent and reformatory power of no ordinary character. In what manner, and with what power, the axe was laid at the root of the tree,—what doctrines were avowed and what conclusions arrived at,—may be readily ascertained by reading the series of Resolutions, discussed and adopted, and the copious report of the proceedings which occupies so large a portion of our present number, and which will occupy much of our next paper.

The rebuke which was administered, at the opening session of the Convention, to the daily papers of Boston, and their corps of reporters, for having year after year falsely and maliciously misrepresented and caricatured the proceedings of the Convention, proved as efficacious as it was timely. Never before has the city press had so little blackguardism on the subject. The pious Traveller, remarking in reference to the various announcements, declared—'With a single exception, perhaps, we may regard these benevolent combinations as salutary and hopeful. That exception is the Anti-Slavery Convention, where even the good of the slave seems to be lost sight of amid the bitterness of party rancor and personal animosity! What more of fairness or justice could be expected from that quarter? Of course, the Traveller did not permit its readers to see what was actually said and done at the Convention. That dirty little sheet, the Mail, had the following characteristic notice, instead of the columns of scurrility which it has usually devoted to the Convention:—'The Anti-Slavery Convention, with the same old stereotyped officers and speakers, assembled yesterday, at

Serious Liquor Riot in Portland.—The City Agency attacked.—The Military Called Out.—A Bowler Fired into the Crowd.—One Man Killed, and others mangled.—On Saturday night last, a rucumocatic and mubrogatic gang of rowdies, in Portland, attempted to destroy \$1600 worth of spirituous liquor bought by Mayor Dow for the City Agency. Every effort having been made in vain to disperse the mob, the military was called out, and the riot, and the rioters' distribution of every weapon, and assailed the soldiers and authorities with stones and other missiles, when the order was given to fire, and the ringleader (John Robinson of Deer Isle) killed on the spot, and several others wounded. The excitement in Portland was very great, but we have no room for particulars.

Destructive Fire in South Boston.—A fire occurred last Saturday morning, near the corner of Quincy and D. streets, South Boston, destroying the rope walk of S. Barton, the occupation mill of Ward & Root, the variath factory of King and Dexter, together with twelve dwelling houses, occupied by poor families. The Methodist church, Suffolk lead works, and other buildings, caught fire, but were saved by the energy of the firemen. The loss is about \$25,000.

Hon. Charles Sumner yesterday left the city on an extended tour to the western country—his first visit. He will pass through Pennsylvania and down the Ohio river to St. Louis, thence to St. Paul, Minnesota, returning by way of Chicago and the Lakes. He will make warm friends wherever he tarries.—Evening Telegraph, May 31. A. A. Lawrence, of Boston, has subscribed \$1,000 to furnish arms to the free settlers in Kansas, and it is said that a quantity of arms and ammunition has been forwarded, including sixty of Sharp's rifles.

Marriage Extraordinary.—Thomas Thum, Esq., the celebrated little great man, was married at Webster, on Thursday last, to Miss Vinton, of Bridgeport, Ct.

The Parkville Outrage.—Mr. Park, the proprietor of the press which was destroyed by the Missouri mob at Parkville, has commenced a suit against the rioters, and employed Edward Bates, of St. Louis, as his counsel. Mr. Park says the Albany Journal, in regard to every war, and will get push the perpetrators of the riot wherever he tarries.—Evening Telegraph, May 31.

The Marietta (Ohio) Advocate says that many farmers in that section have refused to sell their corn to speculators at \$1.40, and have chosen to sell it to their neighbors at one dollar per bushel. True benevolence. Important Decisions.—The Superior Court of this city has decided that when the wife of a man is killed by accident by or on a railroad, the husband cannot recover damages therefor. The decision will be published in full in a few days. It is written with much ability.—Cincinnati Gazette.



POETRY.

THE 'PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.'

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Thursday Evening, May 31, 1855.

The clouds roll up—and o'er their bodied white tops, In glory matted, towers an awful form...

Joy! for the slave may rest him by our fountains, And laugh to scorn the hunter and the chain—

Joy rises the land! Our State, as comes the dawning, Has risen at last from her long night's eclipse;

Say—heard ye of that creature of an hour, Who scorned the justice, and the truth defied?

And when, amid a nation's mirth and wonder, He raised his puny arm to ward the stroke,

Mark ye! what time the autumn winds are lifting The withered leaves upon the upland sea,

Upon this platform, many a year, undaunted, A Nation's outlaw, Freedom faced her foes;

And they who planted it, in tears and sorrow, Walked the dark path by Earth's best martyrs trod,

The sacred Cause, offspring of Truth and Reason, Despised of men—the babe twice manger-born—

Hourly man's life upon the earth enhancing, Gathering to God the weary souls astray,

From her deep sleep, New England is awaking— New Hampshire's cliff, Maine's silent solitudes,

Each to the other calls!—and brave Rhode Island, Looking far out upon the heaving main,

Lies to that cry! where now the darkness gathers, Its startling summons rings along the line:

No more by battle plain, hill-side and meadow, Shall Southern hunters sound their rallying horn;

No more with tyrant breath our air be tainted— The crimed plains of Crime are groveling low;

The village maidens on the hill-side straying, The farmer standing by the homestead gate,

'Ay!' cries the sailor, 'let our sons and daughters Throw from their hearts the tyrant's bloody code;

Here rests the slave. Ho! brothers, never let him Flee for his safety to the frontier gates—

'Thou'lt find thy thrall beside our cooling fountains; Thou'lt hear along the rales our Slogan peal;

So raise we—whether morn or midnight gathers— New England's stern and glorious battle-cry,

ODE TO THE PLOUGH.

BY RALPH RIVINGTON.

Up from its wintry covert bring The plow beside the wall!

Time-honored implement of worth! Proud badge of peaceful lands!

Glad harbinger of bliss! in thee Each blessing has its source;

True source of wealth! the golden zone May yield up all its treasure;

The thrifty arts are nursed by thee; Who flannels in silks and ables,

All honor to the noble share Which even kingly pride Has not disdained, with rustic care

Go, from its covert by the wall, This prince of servants bring;

The plow its moral lesson gives; Who'd fame or wealth acquire,

'Life is a warfare'; who'd come out A victor from the strife,

Must gird his workman's coat about, And plow in May of life.

Up, then, and from its covert bring The plow beside the wall!

THE JUST MAN.

Peace to the just man's memory!—let it grow Greener with years, and blossom through the flight Of age; let the mimic cavasses show

SELECTIONS.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ. ON THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.

The following is the conclusion of a long, elaborate, faithful and eloquent speech delivered in Sheffield, England by George Thompson, Esq., on 'The Right or Wrong of the War with Russia,' and published in full in a Supplement to the Sheffield and Botherham Independent of May 12th.

England had now been seven months at war. On the 25th of September, the first shot was fired by England in this great battle.

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But suppose it were permissible to put aside the terms of the declaration of war, and revert to other objects, are those objects likely to be gained by this war? I am not a whit behind any gentleman in Sheffield in my desire to see constitutional governments prevail in Europe.

What, then, are we fighting for? If to crush Russia, let those who think that ought to have been done, and can be done, be kind enough to instruct such ignorant men as myself, and tell us how it can be done.

Another question which I would like to see discussed, is the question of the use of tobacco. It was drawn up by Mrs. Henrietta Johnson, of New York, and was strongly against any and all use of the weed.

MISS BEECHER AND THE VIRGINIA STUDENTS. A correspondent of an exchange paper, (says the Anti-Slavery Standard,) writing from Charlottesville, Va., confirms the story of the insult to Miss Catherine Beecher, and the burning of her name.

From the Philadelphia Woman's Advocate. THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS. This is the name of a society that now has its annual gatherings at Longwood, Old Genesee-Township, Pa.

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CASE OF REV. MR. PENNINGTON AND THE SIXTH AVENUE RAILROAD. The following letter relating to the alleged assault upon Rev. Mr. Pennington, a colored man, who was ejected from one of the Sixth Avenue railroad cars a few days ago, was received at the Mayor's office to-day.

THE JUST MAN. Peace to the just man's memory!—let it grow Greener with years, and blossom through the flight Of age; let the mimic cavasses show

practise as he had preached, the only thing in the whole matter which redounds to his credit. As to the right of colored persons to be conveyed by common carriers, we have nothing to say for it.

On the request of the trustees of the Colored Half-Orphan Asylum, near our depot, and of the more respectable portion of the colored people, this road set a pair of first class cars, and finally a car every half hour for their accommodation.

On all the roads in the Union, we know of no other that does as much. Besides this, colored people are allowed to stand on the front platform of any of our cars. The old stage of 'giving an inch and taking an ell' is verified by Rev. Mr. Pennington.

Very respectfully, T. BAILEY MYERS, Sec. From the Wilmington (Del.) Reporter. HORRIBLE OUTRAGE! One of the most revolting tragedies that has ever been our painful duty to record in the columns of the Reporter, was perpetrated at an early hour yesterday morning, some three miles distant from Dover.

At an early hour yesterday morning, Parker attempted to shoot through the head the woman who lived as nurse in his family; but she threw up her right arm, and therein received the greater portion of the charge; her face and head received but little damage.

The party, finding that they could not manage the desperado, sent to Dover for Deputy Sheriff Cooper, who, in company with Constable Adams, proceeded directly to the scene of the disturbance, which was now Parker's own premises; he having taken left Gibbs's, after doing his property all the damage he could.

At this juncture, the Deputy Sheriff, Cooper, and Constable Adams, reached the ground, and quickly assisted in further securing him by placing him in heavy irons. The fire in the house was now speedily extinguished, and the remains of the children laid aside to await the Coroner's inquest.

It was with great difficulty that the officers and their assistants got him to the cell, and it was only managed by tying a rope around his neck, and dragging him head foremost down the stairway and into the dungeon.

MOTHPATHY.

D. H. HALSTEAD, the present proprietor of the Round Hill Mothpathy Water Cure, at Northampton, Mass., formerly of Rochester, New York, known for his success in the cure of chronic diseases, especially those of the lungs, will be at the Revere House, Boston, on Monday, the 10th of June.

Chronic Diseases of either sex, and it is the only effectual restorer of the constitution, from the effects of dissipation, indulgence and over-exertion. Many forms of disease heretofore considered unmanageable are cured by its aid.

Consultations, (hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.) without charge. His work on Mothpathy will be sent postage free to any address, on the receipt of ten post office stamps; or it can be had of him at 25 cents.

TERMS, (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.) Instruction in Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Analysis, Composition, History, Physiology, First Lessons in Natural Philosophy, Election, Intellectual and Elementary Algebra, Elementary Drawing, Rudiments of Vocal Music; board, washing, mending, fuel, lights, use of textbooks, access to the Library, stationery; Calisthenics or Gymnastic exercises, use of velocipedes, rackets, sleighs, bats, balls, hoops, game hoops and pointers, croquet, battledore, and several games, puzzles, etc., (per quarter of eleven weeks) \$40 00

EXTRAS, (WITH USE OF TEXT-BOOK.) Elements of Agriculture..... 1 00 Higher Algebra..... 2 00 Elementary Geometry..... 2 00 Modern..... 2 00 Book-Keeping by single entry..... 2 00 by double entry..... 2 00 Astronomy..... 2 00 Ancient Languages, each..... 2 00 Modern..... 2 00 Instruction on Piano Forte, with use of Instrument..... 10 00 Melodeon, do..... 10 00 All books for instruction in Instrumental Music, extra.....

Boarding for Children. MRS. CATHERINE LEWIS has located herself in North Bridgewater, Mass., where she can accommodate a few children with Board, on reasonable terms. Good school in the neighborhood. Apply to JOEL W. LEWIS, 15 Richmond street, Boston, April 27. 3m.

ADDITIONAL SPEECHES, ADDRESS, AND OCCASIONAL SERMONS. IN two volumes. By Theodore Parker, Pastor, \$2 00. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin street. May 11. 4w

LETTERS ON SLAVERY. ADDRESSED to the Pro-Slavery Men of America; showing its illegality in all Ages and Nations; its destructive war upon Society and Government; and its violation of the principles of Christianity, and of the rights of humanity. By O. S. Freeman, Pastor, 25 cents. Postage, 8 cents. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin street. May 11. 4w

Worcester Hydropathic Institution. THE Proprietors of this Institution aim to make it a comfortable home for invalids at all seasons. The location is elevated and healthy, yet easy of access from all parts of the city. For particulars, address S. ROGERS, M. D., or E. F. ROGERS, Sup't., Worcester, Mass. Worcester, April 13.