



The Sabbath to read the Bible and hear a sermon. A rumor got round the village that "Seaver preached abolition sermons, but nothing was done about it until Saturday night, Christmas Eve. At 10 o'clock in the morning, he was seated upon a large delegation, who, after ransacking his papers and books, and obtaining from him an admission that five negroes had attended his meetings—how many whites attended is not stated—ordered him to leave within twenty days. Seaver offered to go at once if they would buy his place, but this they refused, and he came away within the specified time, finding it impossible to dispose of his property.

**EXERCISES AT ABERVILLE, MASS.** The Oxford Mercury of Thursday, 24th, says: Considerable excitement was produced in our neighboring town of Abberville, last Sunday and Monday, by a gang of tea peddlars. Some stories represent them to us as having been Irish or German, and others that they were Abolitionists, endeavoring to stir up an insurrection. The neighborhood became greatly alarmed when they appeared, as so many of that kind of traders do not often travel together. They were, the whole ten, arrested on Monday, and taken to Abberville and examined, but no proof was elicited against them, except that several were operating without licenses. They were ordered to leave the State within a given time.

**THE NORRISTOWN (Pa.) Republican** says:—Christian Stout, a good Democrat, long a resident of Upper Dublin, and for a year or two of Plymouth township, removed to Maryland a few years ago to work a farm for Wm. Earnest, Hon. John McNair, and others, and has resided there ever since. About two weeks ago, he appeared amongst us again, and informed us that he was a fugitive from his home. He says that a short time after the opening of Congress, and the introduction of Clark's resolution, a wealthy Englishman, his neighbor, handed him Helmer's book to read. He read it, and then seeing his neighbor, he told him that he was done with it, and desired him to take it; but he said, "No, never mind giving it to me, hand it to one of your neighbors." He did so, and shortly afterwards the Englishman was arrested, as were some others. He was then informed that the slaveholders had sixty-two names on their paper of persons who were to be arrested for circulating Helmer's book, uttering abolition sentiments, and sympathizing with Brown. His name was among the proscribed, and he was taken for Pennsylvania. The Englishman was bailed in the sum of \$500, and immediately left for New York, intending to forfeit the bail, and abandon the State. Before Stout left he consulted a lawyer, who told him that although they might perhaps not convict him, they would probably keep him in jail a year or two, and put him to much cost, so he concluded he had better leave. He is now waiting the result of the trial of others.

**A young man named Baker, formerly an organist and daguerreotypist at Rome, New York, and son of Rev. Mr. Baker of Utica, was lately driven from August, Georgia, by slaveholding mobs.** Mr. Baker went to Augusta to take the position of organist in an Episcopal church, and had played but one Sabbath when he was warned to leave, or submit to a coat of tar and feathers.

**THE APPEAL OF ONE IN BOND.** The Rev. Daniel Worth writes from Greensboro' Prison, N. C., that he is held to answer in two countries in the State on a charge of circulating Helmer's book, and he asks all who read this paper to write to him to abstain from allusions to slavery, and all else which can excite the South, as his letters undergo a close scrutiny, and all inflammatory matter will greatly prejudice him. He adds:—"Lines of Christian condolence and sympathy gladly received, and the prayers of all Christians earnestly solicited."

**MR. ANDREW BEFORE THE HARPER'S FERRY COMMITTEE.** John A. Andrew, Esq., of Boston, seems to have given the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee the benefit of his views in a plain and unreserved manner, which we trust was satisfactory to his questioners. We take the following from the N. Y. Tribune's report:

John A. Andrew, of Boston, also appeared before the Committee. He was summoned because the Committee had learned through Mr. Chilton of this city, that he had been retained as counsel for the defense of John Brown, the warrior in the defense of the Committee desired to know from what source funds were derived, what interest he represented, and what motives influenced his intervention. Mr. Andrew stated, that when intelligence reached Boston that John Brown had been urged to trial without time for preparation, without opportunity of being reached by his friends, and having a case properly examined, and while prostrate on his bed, and unable to sit up and instruct counsel, if he had any, the whole proceeding struck his mind, and that of most people whom he met, as a judicial outrage—certainly without any parallel in the history of Massachusetts. He supposed Virginia was strong enough to contend with a case with justice and propriety, and without being soited by unfounded apprehensions. He confessed, then, sympathy for a man whom he believed the victim of an idea, and whose misfortune had probably been precipitated by what his family and friends had seen and suffered at the hands of the Slave Power in Kansas. He had entertained a good opinion of him as a brave and conscientious man, who had sacrificed his life for the cause of liberty and good government, in which he felt free settlers of Kansas, whether from North or South, had a common interest. As a consequence of his own reflections, and the suggestions of others representing all shades of opinion, and as there seemed time to lose, he assumed the responsibility of a complete and unreserved defense of Washington and Richmond, whose business it should be to secure John Brown the fullest and fairest trial of which the circumstances would admit. He accordingly guaranteed and paid \$1300 in fees, of which Mr. Chilton of Washington received one thousand, and Mr. Green of Richmond three hundred dollars. This money was refunded by the State parties, the names of various gentlemen, when they became informed of his interference, and who approved its purpose and accomplishment. Many contributed who were less anti-slavery than himself, but who thought the excitement would be quieted by a proper defence. No concealment was observed or desired, in the whole matter.

The Committee inquired Mr. Andrew's opinion concerning John Brown's conduct in Kansas, and the transactions attributed to him, particularly horse-stealing, and the Potawatomic homicides. Mr. Andrew answered, he had always understood that the conflicts between the Free and Slave State parties, the horses were regarded as the spoils of war, and he was not aware that Brown formed any exception. He had no belief, from information which had reached him, that Brown was present at the Potawatomic homicides; but he had long since heard that Brown and many other people were convinced that the Potawatomic affair was one of imperative necessity, and he would give them frankly. Intending no disrespect to anybody, he considered John Brown and Harper's Ferry as the fruit native to the tree which the slave power had planted; that in view of the aggressions upon Free State men in the Territories, organized in the slave States, and approved by leading Southern men, and the sufferings and distresses to those settlers which flowed therefrom, he did not think it remarkable that a few men should have been educated thereby up to the point of armed retaliation. However much this transaction was to be condemned or deplored, it was not comparable, in point of public danger, to the assault made upon a Senator of Massachusetts on the very floor of the Senate. That which has passed there as a badge of honor and duty and a fearless expression of his opinions, which was generally applauded throughout the South. That was a direct and deadly blow aimed at civil liberty and representative government in America. Among other facts, Mr. Andrew stated that he had never seen Brown but once, and that accidently. That while he was engaged in these measures of a decided character, he then believed his mind was strangely disturbed; and in writing here to Judge Blair to provide counsel for his defence, he had expressed the opinion that evidence of his insanity could be procured from Boston to Kansas, which was afterward literally verified. After answering these and other questions, Mr. Andrew desired to record his protest against this assumption of undelimited power.

**The Liberator.**  
**NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.**

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 17, 1860.

**SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON,**  
**AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS**  
**ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,**  
In the Tremont Temple, Boston, Jan. 27, 1860.

MR. CHAIRMAN—I hardly know what to say, in addition to the resolves which I have submitted to the Society, from time to time. They constitute my fulfilment; and though I might multiply words in illustration and enforcement of the propositions therein set forth, I could add nothing at all to their manifest truthfulness.

Let me make a passing reference to our general retirement. At the last New England Convention, in the course of some remarks which fell from my lips in regard to the removal of our lamented friend, CHARLES F. HOVEY, I think I observed that every such gathering as this is, in the nature of things, a farwell meeting to some of us. The early and tried Abolitionists have been wonderfully preserved, during the fiery trials through which they have been called to pass, for thirty years. But now, in the course of nature, they must be summoned, ere long, to their eternal home; and so, one by one, they are dropping off—though we will thank God that the new recruits are outnumbering those who are called hence, and we are therefore stronger, numerically, than before.

The last year has been the most remarkable in the weight of these bereavements. We have lost our faithful and long-tried Treasurer, SAMUEL PHILLIPS; we have lost him to whom I have just alluded—our generous associate, CHARLES F. HOVEY; we have lost our venerable friend, EPPINGHAM L. CARSON, who was as early in the field as it was possible for any man to be, after the first sounding of the Anti-Slavery trumpet; and now, while we are in session, the sad tidings come to us that our dear, faithful, early, loving coadjutor, ELIZA LEW FOLLEN, is no more! The blow has come so suddenly that I have no words to express the feelings of my heart in view of the event. I am reminded by it of the glorious spirit of her martyr-companion, the widely-lamented Professor CHARLES FOLLEN. I remember who and what he was—an exile from his own native land to ours, because he was not willing to submit to the rod of the tyrant. I remember his early support to this unpopular enterprise, which cost him, for the time being, his reputation, his position at Harvard, and almost everything that men usually regard as worth having. It is praise enough to say that he was as true here, on American soil, to those in bondage, as he was true in his own land to the cause of his own countrymen. He was a rare instance of a universal love of liberty, based upon principle, and proof against every temptation and trial. For, alas! of the great mass of those who come over to us from the Old World, who have been in some measure faithful to the cause of freedom there, in their own behalf, nearly every one of them has proved traitorous to the cause of struggling humanity here, about as soon as he has touched our soil.

Mrs. Follen was of a spirit kindred to that of her heroic husband. She was of high social rank, as we count rank in this country, and most respectfully connected here in Boston, though she had no countenance or support in her anti-slavery efforts in that direction. But she did not count anything dear to her, in comparison with that beneficent cause to which she gave her fine endowments, her literary talents, and her philanthropic labors, with a never-tiring zeal. Hers was, indeed, a world-embracing, Christ-like spirit. I never looked into a human face where I saw more of divine love and benevolence than in that of hers. She did not need any translation to become an angel, for she was an angel here.

Turning to the subject, for the consideration of which we are here assembled, it seems to me that all of us need to understand, thoroughly, what Slavery is, in its spirit, in its claims, in its purposes; that, having obtained this knowledge, we may be prepared for whatever Slavery must inevitably and necessarily do, or attempt to do, to preserve its own existence and supremacy. We want not merely intelligence, but a heart. Abolitionism does not mean any holiday recreation—absence of the cross—something that will lead to fame and popularity, to office and power; but it means self-sacrifice—opposition to a corrupt public opinion—a willingness to bear the cross as Jesus himself bore it—the most entire faith in the overruling wisdom and goodness of God, and the certainty that, in due time, the right will triumph, and the wrong be put down. And how many have we of that stamp? On the right hand and on the left, there is any amount of Anti-Slavery profession; but how much Anti-Slavery consistency of conduct? I see but very few who are disposed to carry out what is demanded by the exigencies of the times, and the principles to which they have given their subscription. What do you expect of a Christian in an idolatrous country? That he will stand up, as Paul did, and say, "I glory in the cross of Christ." But what if you see him compromising with those who are bowing down to stocks and stones—allowing Christianity to be disparaged, insulted, and proscribed? Why, a man who would thus play fast and loose with Christianity, in the midst of idols, you would say, is not a Christian. Of course he is not; the moment he undertakes to join hands with idolaters, to any extent, he is treacherous to the cause of Christ, and cannot be a Christian. So, any man who says he is on the side of liberty, and then strikes hands with slaveholders, whether in the State or in the Church,—does it intelligently, does it deliberately, does it because he thereby hopes to promote his own ends,—is he not a hypocrite?

Where does all this lead? It leads to our seeing things as they are, if we will let the Spirit of Truth anoint our eyes, and purge our vision. The Abolitionists are simply carrying out their own heaven-attested principles, and, in so doing, they have won for themselves the hatred of the tyrants, and the blessings of the oppressed. A pro-slavery Church trembles at their approach, and a blood-stained State is uneasy in their presence; for they cannot be put down, nor turned back by any device.

Let no man talk about the duty of moral power being over, nor say that, henceforth, the work to be done must be after the manner of John Brown at Harper's Ferry; for we greatly mistake if we think that tragedy has wrought any great moral change in the sentiments of the people. What if John Brown had fired his gun twenty years ago? It would have been the judgment of the nation, generally, that he died as a fool and a madman. But the sympathy and admiration now so widely felt for him prove how marvellous has been the change effected in public opinion during thirty years of moral agitation,—a change so great, indeed, that whereas, ten years since, there were thousands who could not endure my lightest word of rebuke of the South, they can now easily swallow John Brown whole, and his rifle into the bargain. (Laughter and applause.) In firing his gun, he has merely told us what time of day it is. It is high noon, thank God! (Renewed applause.)

What compromise shall we enter into, and with whom? Liberty is not to be compromised. The slaveholders are for maintaining slavery intact; they are consistent. They are for sacrificing whatever stands in the way of their slave system; they are consistent. They boldly call for the suppression of free speech, even at the North, and deny the right of the people to assemble to discuss the subject of slavery; they are consistent. In whatever they do, and in whatever they say, in support of slavery, they are

acting with logical consistency, from beginning to end.

Now, what we want on our side of the line is, just that uncompromising spirit on behalf of Liberty. Whatever stands in the way of this sacred cause, put it down. If it is a party, let the party be abandoned; if it is the Church, let the Church be anathematized; if it is the Government, let the Government be repudiated. Let us, at least, have Liberty to begin with, and we will achieve everything worth having, afterward, with Liberty. (Applause.)

But where are our natural, inalienable, constitutional rights? What protection of them in any portion of the South, where the 'reign of terror' is in full operation? It is a matter of daily occurrence for Northern citizens to be tarred and feathered, or otherwise brutally outraged, and driven out from that section of our common country, under the pressure of Lynch law, without any proof or imputation of crime. It is enough that they are from the North, and suspected of preferring Liberty to Slavery—what business have they south of Mason and Dixon's line? They are Northern teachers—what business have they to teach in a slaveholding State? They are engaged in trade and other laudable pursuits—it is not for them to expect either protection or toleration! And for such atrocities there is no remedy; at least, none is looked for, none ever attempted. The submission to them is as absolute as that exacted of the scourged and cowering slaves on the plantation!

But suppose the tables were turned; suppose there existed here a little of the spirit of '76, such as our fathers manifested in their treatment of the Tories at that time, and we should catch, and tar and feather, every slaveholder coming into this Commonwealth, by way of retaliation, and to show our jealous appreciation of the sacred cause of freedom—how long do you think 'our glorious Union' would hold together? How many victims would be subjected to Northern Lynch law, before the South would bring this matter to a head? And yet, there are scores of Northern men so treated at the South,—not one of them an Abolitionist, or in sympathy with their movement,—and the intelligence excites no popular indignation among us, and scarcely elicits a comment from the press. In one half of the country, there is, practically, no Constitution or Union now; there, all constitutional rights are ruthlessly violated in the persons of those who believe in the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule; there, a bloody usurpation holds undisputed sway. Go to the South, ye Republicans, who are 'no abolitionists'—who yeciferously insist that the 'Union must and shall be preserved'—who are ready to fulfill all the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution—go to the South, if you dare, and taking the Union, the Constitution, and the star-spangled banner along with you, in vindication of your citizenship, proclaim your hostility to the further extension of slavery! A long farewell to you, if you go! Be sure and make your will before leaving, for you will in all probability never come back again! (Laughter and applause.)

Do I exaggerate? Is there any justice, any personal security at the South for Northern freemen, unwilling to wear a padlock upon their lips? No. However widely we may differ in sentiment from each other, if we do not recognize slavery as an institution too sacred to be assailed or circumscribed, we are all equally doomed the moment we step over the Southern border. O, was there ever a party so lacking in self-respect, true courage, and moral consistency, as the Republican party!—knowing, as it does, that, at the last Presidential election, no man could express his preference at the South for Mr. Fremont, without being outraged in his person, and compelled to flee to the North to save his life—yet still shouting, 'Our glorious Union forever! Was ever fatuity like this?'

What do you expect, Republicans, in regard to the coming Presidential election? Are you going to exercise your constitutional rights at the South? When the campaign shall be fairly open, the Democratic gatherings at the North will be addressed by such men as Senator Mason, Senator Toombs, and Gov. Wise, who, whether standing upon Plymouth Rock, or in Faneuil Hall, or on Bunker Hill, will not hesitate to preach absolute loyalty to the Slave Power, and cheerful obedience to the Fugitive Slave Bill, and to insist upon new safeguards for their horrible slave system. They will spit their contempt upon the Republican party, brand it as factious and treasonable, and denounce free society and free institutions generally; and they will do it, not only without personal danger, but with all possible impunity. Well, ye Union-loving Republicans, will Mr. Seward go to Virginia, Mr. Sumner to Alabama, Mr. Wilson to Louisiana, Mr. Hale to Florida, Mr. Sherman to Mississippi,—will anybody, conspicuous in the ranks of the Republican party, volunteer to go to the South, and there advocate the election of the Republican candidate for the Presidency? Why, to ask the question is to answer it. Nothing of the kind is ever dreamed of! All constitutional freedom is annihilated at the South, and the right of free speech in all parts of the country is to be exercised only by the 'lords of the lash' and their servile Democratic minions!

Yes—nothing is more certain in the future than that there is to be no CONSTITUTIONAL Presidential election, so far as the entire South is concerned, in the approaching campaign, as there was none at the last; for when, in one half of the Union, all freedom of expression and choice is destroyed by brute force, and independent electors are kept from the polls by armed ruffians, it is not an election—it is a mockery, a bloody usurpation; and such we are all now living under, in the person of James Buchanan. And yet, the very party that is ostracised and outlawed in all the South, and is not allowed to present its own candidate for the Presidency in that section, is at this very time throwing up its cap heaven high in praise of 'the glorious Union,' and making fresh professions of unabated loyalty to it! O, the meanness, the cowardice, the fatuity of such conduct! A 'glorious Union,' soothed, in one half of which they dare not say their souls are their own, and will surely be lynched if they shall venture to make the attempt!

Now I maintain, that, if any men deserve the treatment meted out to them at the South, it is those who behave in this truckling manner; and I do not think this a harsh expression.

O, this American Union, falsely so called!—what a sham, what a snare, what a curse it has been from the beginning, and how entirely one-sided and sectional! 'There is no North,' said Mr. Webster, and the declaration still remains true. Tell me not that the Constitution of the United States is an Anti-Slavery instrument—that it was made to subvert the purposes of liberty, as against all injustice. I know the history of this country; I know the American people; and I know that they never did make, nor intend to make, a Constitution whereby they rendered slavery unlawful in our country. I know that they agreed, in veiled phraseology which all understood, that the piratical foreign slave-trade should be prosecuted under our national flag for a score of years, which agreement was fulfilled to the letter. I know that, in veiled phraseology, they provided for a slave representation in Congress; and it is enjoyed to this day. I know that, in veiled phraseology, they provided for the hunting and seizure of runaway slaves in every part of our broad domains; and this is still conceded to the South. And I know that, in very plain phraseology, they pledged the whole strength of the country to put down every insurrection in the land; and it was this strength that put John Brown and his associates into the murderous hands of Virginia. Now, if this is not a 'covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,' what is it? Make yourselves the victims of it. Is there a man here who would stand by this Government, if it should turn

him into a chattel, or take from him his wife or his children? No! never!

Our fathers were verily guilty in trying to assimilate elements essentially and eternally antagonistic. But I have a thousand more reasons for denouncing those who uphold the Constitution at this hour, than I have for denouncing the framers of it; for while the latter were without excuse, they did not clearly see the end from the beginning, as we now see it. They had not the terrible experiment fairly wrought out, so that they could understand exactly the consequences that would inevitably grow out of it. But to us, all is 'open, palpable as a mountain'; and we are left without defence or apology. The people are rendered powerless in the presence of slavery, by the compromises of the Constitution. If it had not been for these compromises, neither Thomas Simms nor Anthony Burns would have been carried from Boston, back to chains and stripes. In the presence of those dreadful scenes men stood paralyzed, because of their admitted constitutional obligations. Hence, I say,—ACCUSED BY THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES! (Loud applause.) If, however, any man can make out the Constitution to be anti-slavery, honestly and conscientiously to himself, let him do so; but let him take care that he votes for no party that does not agree with him in regard to the instrument. (Renewed applause.) Let him take care that he does not, in one breath, say it is anti-slavery, and in the next acknowledge it to be pro-slavery, by voting for a man who does not believe a word that he says on that point. If any man can scare up an Anti-Slavery party in this country, under the Constitution, I have no objection to it; but tell him, beforehand, he has got to begin by converting the people of the United States to his opinion, (laughter and applause,) which is tantamount to an entire revolution of sentiment and feeling throughout the nation.

But I will not continue these remarks; for I want to hear my friend Mr. Phillips, and I know that you do. I want to hear him, because what is unpleasant to the ear of the tyrant, is very pleasant to mine, (cheers,) because I know that his are words of great power, as well as of great beauty and eloquence, and because he has a statesmanship of mind, and a grasp of philosophy, comprehensive, enlightening, and inspiring; and under his magnificent leadership we all of us may march on, hopefully and exultingly, to the goal that is before us.—UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. (Warm applause.)

**SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.**  
**MR. PHILLIPS, on rising, was greeted with cordial applause. He said:**

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**—I have been requested to bring to your notice a picture executed, in this city, by two of the first artists in their line, Mr. Messrs. Black & Bacheiler, from a recently finished bust of John Brown by Mr. Brackett, who, you will recollect, visited Charleston during the imprisonment of Captain Brown, and enjoyed what little opportunity the fear of Virginia would allow him, to see the living head of the martyr. From measurements, this glimpse, and the pictures in existence, he has executed what every one who knew Captain Brown regards as an excellent likeness, and what those who did not know him, but only look upon it as a work of art, have found themselves compelled, as it were, to acknowledge one of the most impressive and masterly heads known to sculpture since Michael Angelo blocked out his Moses for the admiration of three hundred years. This print, the inspiration of your houses, the monitor of your daily life, the model of one whose memory is to be kept ever before you, more freshly by this living remembrance, is just finished. It is hoped that every Abolitionist will begin the education, and will continue his daily and public protest, by that best of all provocatives of discussion, the sentiments or the lineaments of those who have been identified with this irrepressible conflict. Hang this picture up in your rooms, that every comer may know on which side you are. Nail your colors to the mast, by letting this be your daily monitor. And every one that stands beneath your roof, if he has the disposition to ask you why, will lead to a debate that shall be the best Anti-Slavery lecture, the first lesson of an Anti-Slavery education, the best banner under which you can sail. There are some for sale here at the platform; and those who have not the leisure to attend to it this evening, will find, at the studio of Mr. Brackett, 24 Tremont Row, not only this, but even the better thing of the original bust. I exhorted them to avail themselves of the privilege.

Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know what I can add to the discussion of these six sessions. Almost everything appears to have been said, and I can only come to glean a little, after such efficient reapers. I hardly know where to begin. Mr. Garrison has said a little in regard to what he calls an Anti-Slavery or a Pro-Slavery character of the Constitution. Well, after all, friends, where do you go to learn the character of the Constitution? Do you go to the parchment, laid up at Washington? Suppose we take it out, and as the Roman Catholic used to carry his saint's image in days of pestilence or storm, in order to bring back health or peace, suppose you carry it up and down the streets of Charleston, South Carolina, when they are about to tar and feather a Northern merchant who has been guilty of the sin of passing a Massachusetts bank bill—do you think it will save him? Suppose you take it, sacred and covered with the hoar of seventy years, and bearing the name of Washington—take it to Syracuse, on the evening when Gerrit Smith—God bless him! (applause)—and some dozen others are met, debating the question of the rescue of Jerry, and an anxious inquirer into the means of salvation says, 'Mr. Smith, what do you think of muskets?' 'I don't think the time has come for axes,' said Gerrit. 'Well, what do you think of axes?' 'The more the better.' And so they walked out with axes, and Jerry walked to Canada. (Applause.) Do you think the parchment of the United States Constitution would have held Gerrit Smith, and the immortal jury of twelve that followed him, armed with axes, although they couldn't quite stomach rifles in that early period, in the twilight of the chapter of violence? I trow not. I do not learn the Constitution of the United States in the parchment at Washington. I learn it in Wall Street and State Street. For Constitutions are not made; they grow. Our fathers made, probably, the best Constitution they could make; for they were the mere scribbles to write out the prevalent will of the American people. And as long as slavery exists, and controls thirty States, there is no question whether the Constitution—properly speaking; the government of this country—is a Pro-Slavery or an Anti-Slavery instrument. For that government of which slavery takes the control, must be a Pro-Slavery government. But this is a mere dispute about words. I went down, recently, to lecture in Bristol, Rhode Island. As I passed out of the town, I rode through a very fine farm, and was told that the man who owned it was very much disturbed by a question which had arisen up between Warren and Bristol, whether that farm, which had hitherto belonged to Bristol, should be set off to Warren; and the old farmer objected, and went up to town-meeting, very much agitated, and said: 'I don't want to be set off to Warren; for Bristol has always been a healthier town than Warren!' (Laughter.) Just as idle is the discussion as to what the parchment says at Washington. Constitutions grow; they are not made; and while the Constitution of this country sanctions slavery, to the extent that slavery rules the country, the government is a Pro-Slavery one, and we need not concern ourselves about the precise wording of the instrument that represents it. I said, to an audience somewhat larger than this, last Sunday,—and probably most of you heard it,—that it reminded me only of the anecdote of the savage that Bayard Taylor, I think, met, who had painted upon

himself a blue coat and brass buttons—he was still a naked savage. And if the American people, in 1789, had painted upon themselves an Anti-Slavery Constitution, they would still have been a Pro-Slavery people, because State Street, and Harvard College, and Princeton, and every one of the advance guards of what are called the Free States, are Pro-Slavery; they are made out of a public opinion that is willing to support slavery for certain ends. I maintain that there is no irrepressible conflict, and has not been, for sixty years, between the governing influences of these Northern States and those of the South. If there had been, there could not have been peace between the two sections of the Government—which there has been. The money of the North and the money of the South were identical. The religion of the North and the religion of the South were identical. The literature of the North and that of the South were identical. And they framed the Government. But we were like a family of children, all in loving harmony; we couldn't live separated, while we were boys and girls. Our dispositions lie cradled and folded, and character does not come out, strong and broadly marked. We are beginning to grow; we have got to be twenty-one, and thirty, and forty, and fifty—married, and have children; we have entered into business. The keen competitions of active manhood have begun among thirty States; and with them has commenced the irrepressible conflict to which Mr. Seward alludes.

It will necessarily be a very slow progress, as it has been. The only thing that I know like it, is the introduction of Christianity into the Roman Empire. But it took three centuries to put Constantine on the throne of that Roman Empire. Meantime, Christianity had been doing exactly what we have been doing—remodelling literature, undermining the army, changing domestic life; it left law inoperative, authority powerless, an altar deserted; and the irrepressible conflict between the two ideas went on, without the sword, by the undermining and converting influence of thought, until, at last, Christianity ascended the throne, and took her place as the controlling element of the future, and Paganism died away. Just so will it be with slavery. For sixty years she has held the empire. There has been no irrepressible conflict, because the whole nation was a slave government. No freedom in Massachusetts, any more than in the South,—that is, no freedom against anything that South Carolina wished to oppose. From the very first moment, there has been no such freedom. Sam Dexter, of this State, merely launched a taunt in the first Congress, at the slave system. The oath of naturalization, you know, requires, if a stray noble comes, that he must renounce his titles. Dexter merely proposed to add, that if a slaveholder comes, he should renounce his slaves; and he was a bankrupt politician, therefore, in Massachusetts. Nobody knew what killed the Federal Party. The difficulty was, they had found out the secret which no American dared utter, that in the Presidential chair sat the slave whip; and that they were foolish enough to attack it. The party died of the mistake; and there has been none since, that has not taken a lesson by that fatal mistake, and avoided the revelation that Mokanna, the veiled President of thirty masquerading States. (Applause.)

But now the irrepressible conflict has begun. The only difficulty is, that men are so half-and-half awake that they do not know themselves, and are trying to resist the very influences of their own creation. Now begin the free press, the individual conscience, the interests of trade, the natural independence and the awakened conscience of the Northern people, to interfere with the South. It began, first, in this matter of fugitive slaves. We were unwilling to return them. Our Christianity rose to that level. It was the first symptom of life in the Northern conscience. You could not return the fugitive slave. A law safely defied touches its downfall. The moment that, even in a dozen or a score of towns, the Fugitive Slave Law of '53 was safely defied, it touched its downfall. The moment that, in the towns of the South, that provision of the Constitution, which gives you and me right to go there, is safely defied, it has touched its downfall. That is the reason it does not cease to exist. But, to-day, within twenty years, in this generation, we have launched a new issue. You know when the Great Eastern was launched, she had two ponderous engines, of immense power, splendidly finished, the product of two rival machine shops; and the head of each shop claimed the right to go to sea with his own machine, one, of course, hating the other, and each meaning to prove, within twenty-four hours, that the other's engine was a failure. The consequence was, that while one went forward, the other backed water; and the Great Eastern stood still. (Laughter.) Just so stand the thirty States at this moment,—William H. Seward, representing the average of Northern intelligence and commerce and thrift,—feeling that, for once, the shield he has hung out to the nation has been touched, and the challenge made; and, of course, the nation rocks in the trough of the sea, and can make no headway. One after another commence the evidences of this irrepressible conflict. An honest clergyman, who thinks he lives in a Free State, preaches a sermon, somewhere in the country, against the system of slavery; they turn him out, and he comes to Boston to beg bread; and he is one of the evidences. The Tribune puts in competition the merciless satire of Congdon; and he puts eighteen millions of people, twice a week, on a broad grin—another evidence of the conflict. The wit of the North, that irrepressible love of fun which marks it, and in which the South, in her phantasmagoria of horrors, seems to have no share—her conscience is too much disturbed to love frolic—the free-hearted, jovial North, from the Atlantic back to the river, who has no concealed skeleton at her feast; it is that really creates American humor; and the high priest of it stands in the Tribune, with his pitiless arrows assailing the system of slavery, in the face of the world. And, better than all, Puritan conscience awakes, and flings its spear down into the centre of Virginia, in the revolt of John Brown; and the world says, 'Do I approve of him? Well, he is your eldest born, you ought to know him; he bears your lineaments, you ought to acknowledge him. He is the natural product of the thought of the North, seeking vent somewhere. The irrepressible conflict has begun—now between State street and Charleston—there is none. As Vespaasian said, when they brought him the tax from a foul source, *non olet*, it does not smell; so State street touches the gold that comes from the coinage of New Orleans, and says, 'It weighs as much as that which comes from the free State of California; it doesn't matter to me, so long as it is gold, and rings on the counter of the bank vault. No, the irrepressible conflict has not begun there; it will be a long time before it begins. It has begun in different quarters.

Mr. Garrison has told us that we cannot go to the South, and talk anti-slavery, yet we will allow a slaveholder, in Massachusetts, to talk slavery forever. Aye, to be sure; but the case is different. If you were walking down Washington street, to-night, and saw a match, even burning, you would not care, you wouldn't step aside and tread it out. No, you must have a whole house in conflagration before you will cry fire, and send for an engine. A Southerner here is nothing but a dead match—what do we care? There is nothing for him to set on fire. (Applause and laughter.) But every man who walks Oliver Whipple's powder manufactory, if he sees even a dead match, stoops down and throws it out of the window. South Carolina has a keen scent for a Northern match—it may be even a dead one—she doesn't like the look of it. (Renewed laughter and applause.) When the Spaniards and English took a town from the French, in the Peninsular war, if there was a manufactory or a mill of powder, they always went searching among the stones, to see whether the treach-

erous French had put a flint there, so that the first motion of the revolving wheels would strike fire, and blow the whole to pieces. Now you might send down Nehemiah Adams, dead as a flint—but he had a mother, and a grandmother—and if you should put even him between the upper and nether millstone of a Southern persecution, I am not sure but he would strike a little of his grandmother's sparks out. (Great merriment.) It is the single man, therefore, like the single match, that is too dangerous in a powder factory like the whole South; she doesn't wait for a conflagration, she doesn't want all Massachusetts; a sample brick is as perilous.

This irrepressible conflict, then, has begun in just that shape. What we are doing is to acknowledge, to recognize, to confess, to bid it God speed, to see it wherever it starts up, to keep the public informed of how far it has travelled. Men say there will be insurrections at the South. Well, you can buy drunken marines to put them down; you can gather the refuse of New York and Boston, and pay ten dollars a month, and it will do anything. Put out its eyes, and it will be just as good; it has no need that it should see; only let it hear the order, and it will act. But I doubt much whether if Virginia should rise—I mean the only Virginia that has a right to come to an honest man's imagination when he pronounces the words—the Virginians that live on the bread they earn, and that make the soil blossom and bear something, in the providence of God—not the tyrants that live by selling, and keep safe by shedding, the blood of honest men,—if Virginia and Carolina should rise to-morrow, I doubt, much, whether you could recruit an army in New York and New England to go down and put out an insurrection in these States, as the Constitution calls it. The irrepressible conflict has gone that far. The people of the North are very willing that South Carolina should keep her slaves if she can; they never will help her. They are willing she should enlist militia, at our expense, if she can get them; but I doubt, very much, if she can get Northern men to go down and put out insurrections. We have reached a very distinct and unequivocal point. 'We will do nothing to help slavery'—I am speaking now in the name of the masses.—We will do nothing to help, and we will do nothing to harm; they fight it out.' I think—and it is a very important point—that the Yankee says, 'I have no time to help you abolish slavery; I am making needles and pins, cotton and woolen, money and bread; I have no time to help you put down slavery, nor to help you put down insurrection; settle your own muss'; I think that is the mood of the public mind; it is a great gain. In 1826, Edward Everett said, on the floor of the United States House of Representatives, 'I will buckle on my musket, readily, to aid you to put down an insurrection of slaves.' Twenty years later, Robert C. Winthrop said in this city, to a friend of mine, 'Do you know that Mr. Everett never meant to be reported? He said that, it is true, and then they made him print it!' (Laughter.) Poor man! He meant, like any other weed, to drift on, and always be found on the crest of the wave; but they nailed him down in the trough, and there he is to-day. (Fresh laughter and applause.) But, meantime, the sorry apology shows where the public mind around him had travelled. They were not ready for such a sentiment. The Northern mind has got beyond it; the South feels that this is so. She knows that only so long as she elaps the Government does she stay safety. The moment it goes out of her hands, the moment the latent public sentiment can get itself organized, that Government itself will be on the other side.

Now, what have we to do? It seems to me that we are simply to go about warning into life these little spots on the surface of the dead body of the State, that show where the blood begins to circulate. We are to take, for instance, the text of John Brown's movement in Virginia—not merely to create the man,—he needs no eulogy of ours,—history has gathered him into her bosom, and marches proudly down to posterity with her immortal train,—(applause)—what we need is, to take the ethics which he has started, the collision of principles which he has made evident before the American people. May a slave rise? May and ought a man to help him? Has this nation any fulcrum upon which to criticize revolts? All these questions we are to carry into the Church and State, fearlessly. There will be a dreadful abating of the dry bones. It is one of those dividing periods when men shrink back from the issue. 'It is a fresh movement of the upper and under stones of the mill of public retribution; and Ward Beecher has been ground to fine powder in the crisis. (Applause and laughter.) He has not stood the conflict to which one man's gallant moment of life has summoned him. Tried, and found wanting, will be written on many a man who calls himself an Abolitionist. He never believed that the black man was, in reality, the same as the white. Charles Remond touched the very kernel of the question—he thought he did, but that man ran out the inference to its logical result, and he started back from it. What is to be our twelve or twenty-four months of labor? That argument. It does not need another revolt; it does not need another bullet. They will come, beyond all doubt; the echoes in those Virginia mountains will be repeated, farther South and further West, till the great organ-hymn of instruction ascends to the presence of God. (Applause.) You will not live twelve months, nor six months, without hearing them; it is not possible that the North and Northwest, as excited as ourselves, such a torch should have been lighted, and no other conflagration be seen except that at Harper's Ferry. But whether you see that conflagration or not, like the torch which genius gives us, and all else is imitation, the first blow struck at the slave system, with the public mind in such readiness to interpret and respond to it, as Mr. Garrison said, to show us the hour of the day,—and is striking a new hour—a mark of the time—a new epoch. We have turned over a leaf—we see a new side of American character.

I know Northern men have hardly dared, hitherto, to pronounce the veto on national conduct. It was not possible for a man to do it. We blame Henry Wilson, we have blamed Daniel Webster. What are they? Creatures, only, of their times, as good as the times called for—the results of things about them. They stood up as much as we held them. I think it is the saddest logic—the very saddest of all logic—to stand in front of that bronze statue before the State-house, and argue for an Anti-Slavery Constitution. It is only for me to look up at the great plategate, idolized, and a monument erected for him, by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the model of thirty States—it is enough to show me the character of the Constitution. He was not born to eat dirt. He didn't inherit from his New Hampshire hills any proclivity to creep upon his belly, like the first accursed brute. No; he was born a man; God gave him a brain, and his mortal gear gave him a heart. But he went down to grind in the mill of the Egyptians, because, as in too many cases in history, man is not iron enough to stand up against the temptations of his time and his country. He is the proof of the character of the Government, for proof enough of the character of the Government, for that crushed him, and it must have taken all the momentous force of the collected Government of that God States to crush the iron engine, and still more magnificent into that magnificent body, and still more magnificent brain. I believe in the wickedness of the present American Government, as I should believe in the passage of a caravan over the desert; because, as I trace its path, it is marked with the skeletons of honest men; and such is the history of sixty years, the Constitution of the Polish Diet secured to every knight the right of giving a veto upon the act of the majority; but the man who dared to cry 'Veto' the majority; but the man who dared to cry 'Veto' the edge of the assembly, mounted, with spurs sharpened, and, the moment he shouted the word, put spurs

So the American who dared, to say in politics, 'Veto!' to the demands of the South, if he did not put to his horse, sunk, at once, into the grave of a political suicide.

We have created the possibility of a man's doing what he would like to do. It is possible Wm. H. Seward, who has been elected, may yet live to stand in the Presidential chair. I hope to God he will. Not that I believe anything remarkable as an Abolitionist—not that I believe he would carry there the purpose to liberate Slavery. I believe, and South Carolina knows, that she could not have a safer man than the man who sits in the chair than William H. Seward. But she has elected Seward, and I will leave the Union. I will leave the Union. (Great laughter and applause.) And if we elect Seward, and she does not, the Union, the devil has gone out of Paradise. (Loud merriment.) It is worth trying. I would like to have the Republican party get that it was only to try the experiment. The experiment of victory, if it were only to see whether the Carolinas should be allowed to secede. If they did have a few heroic men, we should, at least, have another turn on the wheel, and hear something else. The organization would have gone to the next house, and we would have a new turn. (Laughter.) Better still than that, I think, if the Slave States saw, on one side, coming up like the veto of Fate, the popularity of Mr. Seward, and on the other, the political threat of the election of the very man they had decried, and the man that dared to fling his spear so far into the very thickest of the enemy as to pronounce the words "irrepressible conflict"—to take the term from the kernel where the Abolitionists had carried it, and place it in a clean spot in the United States Senate—if they were to see that man elected, they would begin to believe that the beginning of the end had come, I think they would be almost ready to say, 'Let us negotiate, let us bargain, while we may; let us sell the system as dearly as we can; let us see how much can be saved out of the wreck; for the shrouds and the masts and the rigging are all gone, and unless we float now, we are lost forever.' I think they will come to that conclusion. I shall, therefore, such a step of progress. I think I fully approve of Republicanism. No; but at the twilight dawn of the irrepressible political conflict. (Applause.) Wilson is an uncertain twinkling star in the Eastern mountains, (laughter,) and Summer is a broader sunlight spreading over the arc of the rainbow heavens, (cheers,) and by and by we shall see the sun himself start to view in the face of the masses—some radical Abolitionist, with a heart in the right place, with unfettered lips, after the model of John Randolph, an Arab in the United States Senate, butting on either side, carrying his principles with the burden of a President on his back, sure to excite the public opinion which our Pioneer will give him, and which the pulpit of America, with Cheever and others, will yet baptize into the Christianity of America. (Cheers.)

**NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.**  
We announce, with much pleasure, the issue of our new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to them the attention of all our readers. As they are to be sold at the simple cost, (or less,) we hope that orders for them will be numerous. The series is to be continued, from time to time. The series already published are as follows:

1. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOVERNOR WISE AND MRS. MASON, OF VIRGINIA. 28 pp.

2. VICTOR HUGO ON AMERICAN SLAVERY, WITH LETTERS OF OTHER DISTINGUISHED EUROPEANS, viz.: DE TOUCQUEVILLE, MAZINI, HEMBRLOT, LAFAYETTE, &c. 24 pp.

3. AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SLAVE INSURRECTIONS DURING THE LAST TWO CENTURIES. BY JOSEPH COFFIN. 36 pp.

Price of the first two of the above, five cents single; the third, ten cents. Of No. 3, five cents single, ten cents the dozen; \$4.00 the hundred.

These tracts are to be had of the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman Street, New York; 107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia; and the American Anti-Slavery Society, also published in a neat pamphlet form, the able and eloquent speech of THOMPSON TILTON, Esq., in reply to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the American Board of Foreign Missions. Orders for these should be sent to the Society's Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York. Price, three cents single; \$2.50 per hundred.

**A VIRGINIA TESTIMONY.** 1845. In August, 1845, a large TUGBOY of Virginia was on board a steamboat named the Old Point Comfort, Virginia; and as the boat moved the fort, a company of soldiers were taken to come forth, preceded by a wretched-looking man, who was undergoing the punishment of being drawn out in a boat on an unoccupied island in the river, and left there. Seeing these things, Judge Tucker remarked to a lady, (who is our authority for the story,) and to his now residing in this immediate vicinity, that 'The Army System, Duelling and Slavery were the three greatest curses of the country, and he hoped to see them all pass away.'

**NEW BEDFORD FRIENDS,** and all that vicinity, will see that FREDERICK BROWN, brother of Capt. John Brown, with DANIEL BONNELL of Ohio, and CHARLES LENOX REMOND, will hold a meeting in New Bedford on Sunday next, 19th inst., afternoon and evening.

Mr. Brown is a true man, and a worthy brother of our great Martyr of Liberty. Let all see and hear him.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for February is received. The following are the contents:

Counting and Measuring; My Last Love; A Shetland Sheep; Roba di Roma; The Amber Gods; The Friends; The Memorial of A. B. or Matilda; Some Account of a Visionary; The Truce of Paragana (a poem by Whittier); The Maroons of France; The Professor's Story; Mexico; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, at \$3 per annum.

**NO MORE SLAVE-HUNTING.** Another hearing was granted by the Joint Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, on Tuesday forenoon, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, to the petitioners for a law, forever abolishing slave-hunting in this Commonwealth. The Committee were addressed by Rev. John Pierpont, Samuel E. Sewall, Esq., Francis W. Park, Esq., and William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Pierpont made a very able and elaborate argument in denunciation of the 'Higher Law,' as against and paramount to all wicked laws and covenants of men. Mr. Sewall submitted the form of such a statute as he thought would meet the wishes of the petitioners. A favorable response is expected from the Committee, who have exhibited every wish to give the petitioners the fullest hearing. Upwards of a hundred petitions have been sent to the Legislature, containing 1,400 names.

**CHARLES O'CONNOR AND THE ISSUE.**

Thanks to Charles O'Connor, Esq., for the clearness and boldness with which he has stated the real question involved in the matter of American Slavery; which question he understands to be,—Is slavery a sin, or is it innocent? Is it a curse, or is it a benefit? Admit, says Mr. O'Connor, the premises of the Abolitionists, that slavery is a sin and a curse, and you cannot escape their conclusions; it is your duty, even, to accept them, promptly and fearlessly. The government that upholds it, the Union that supports it, (slavery,) does not deserve to live.

Now, clearly enough, this is the question. Mr. O'Connor takes his position—he goes for slavery—he calls it good and wholesome, both for the master and the slave. No matter how many, having tested the draught, pronounce it more bitter than gall, he persists in declaring it sweet. Very well for Mr. O'Connor. Most of us happen to be of a very different opinion, however. Nevertheless, if circumstances should, in the future, so strangely conspire as to place Charles O'Connor, Esq., of New York, in the hands of some new race of *Barbary Corsairs*, claiming him as property, backing the claim with the plausible argument, that the two races could not possibly inhabit the same country except as masters and slaves, we might feel it to be our duty to permit the gentleman to imbibe, as deeply as possible, of the 'sweet, delicious draught,' and not attempt to coerce the happy fellow into the acceptance of our standard of bliss for his own, well remembering how 'tastes differ.'

Very likely, the ungrateful recipient of so much happiness would cry out, in the agony of excessive joy, 'It was not white, but negro slavery which I defended. O, give me liberty, or give me death, for I belong to the superior race!' The plea is inadmissible. Mr. O'Connor's negro slavery does lay its iron yoke on white, as well as black. Not only in that it degrades and makes wretched the poor whites, which may possibly be denied by men without eyes, but that many of the so-called negroes are nearer white than black, and so present us our own race in bondage—a fact which will not be denied by men having eyes. No, Mr. O'Connor, we can't release you on that plea. Your detestable ethics, practically illustrated, enslaves both white and black; and why should you not wear the chain, as well as many others white as yourself? And what is the amount of the argument of superiority of race? The sublime compliance with which some persons consign others to eternal bondage would be exceedingly refreshing, were it not so intensely diabolical. Standing in New York, exclusively surrounded by the dominant race, with thousands to applaud, Mr. O'Connor may possibly have satisfied himself of the soundness and strength of his logic. But he forgets that the heart has its logic, as well as the head; and in every great epoch, in every great revolution, the bounding pulse of a rising people has proved an overmatch for the icy, glittering fetters of rhetoric and intellect. Then do the realizing, hearing masses of humanity let loose the imprisoned forces of the human breast, and seizing upon first principles, with a precision which the head cannot excel, and a power which it cannot equal, rush on, like a resistless avalanche, crashing through States and sweeping away thrones, kingdoms and constitutions, to the consummation of the great desire;—and all with a mighty, iron-linked chain of sequence which the heart only knows, and it alone can execute.

Yes; there is a logic of *Instinct*, as well as of *Reason*. One is the earthquake and the volcano; the elemental forces of Nature, that toss in the seas, slumber in the ground, smite in the blossoms, and laugh in the fruit;—the other is a moon-beam—ray of light without heat. To Charles O'Connor, and all like him, we say, the first of the powers, the *terrible logic of Instinct*, you have got to encounter! You announce yourself ready for the conflict. So are we. You seem to be confident of victory, and perhaps really are so; but we must say, your chances do not appear half so good as Satan's, before the awful encounter with the embattled hosts of Heaven; or the moment before that little 'brush' with faithful Abdiel, which is thus chronicled by the poet:

'Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me serene In heaven, God ever bless'd, and his divine Behests obey, worstiest to be obeyed; Yet chains in hell, 'not realus exopt; meanwhile From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight, This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high, Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield, Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee His massy spear upstayed; as if on earth Winds underground, or waters forcing way, Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat, Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized The rebel thrones, at that greater rage to see Thus foiled their mightiest; ours, joy filled, and shout, *Off battle!*

Gentlemen! are you quite sure you have figured up all the forces that will be inevitably marshaled against you? When a Webster mustered off your ranks, when an Everett volunteered, armed and equipped, in your service, when a Choate rolled along your lines his 'rattling ordnance of rhetoric,' and when a Southside Adams came sweating under the weight of an old Queen's arm—with all these accessories to your army, you felt yourselves mighty, if not invincible. We, too, have those of whose intellects we might boast—but we forbear. In kindness, in mercy to your souls, we give you this parting admonition: listen, ponder and beware.

The most calamitous defeats with which parties or armies have ever met, are those where the instincts of ranged on the side of the victors. Those errors of humanity and justice, common to our race, have theology and morals, and those crimes of governments, that fly in the face of the deeper and humane impulses of the heart, are the surest to be displaced, overturned and avenged!

**E. R. PLACE.**  
D'ye mind that now, ye O'Connors?

**ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AT SOUTH DANVERS.**  
**FRIEND GARRISON:**  
Lest you should have no report of the meeting at the Town Hall, Feb. 5, I will send you a few words, giving merely my impressions of the same. For me, there was a mingling of pleasure and pain through the entire meeting. It gave me pleasure to see an unusually large number, for the place, at an Anti-Slavery meeting. It gave me pain to know that among them was more of curiosity to see and hear the brother of John Brown, than strong and heartfelt sympathy with the slaves we hold. It gave me pain to feel that the brother of the martyr could come before us, and justly accuse us of standing cold and careless on his bowed and fettered form. But I was glad to perceive that, in the midst of this apathy or unalloyed selfishness, the hearts of many seemed thrilled with a new sensation, as if they caught glimpses of a higher and better life from the living words of the man before them. All hope of arousing the consciences of men need not be given up, until the last dim perceptions of truth are wanting; and they who can best lead men to any work of high moral reform are those who are uncompromisingly faithful and unmistakably sincere. It gave me pleasure to see even one man who could, with zeal and appreciative earnestness, urge us to be true to our highest and holiest perceptions of right, and, without fear or favor of man, be guided by the Light within.

It was pleasant to see these four or five members of that Society of peaceful men, whose early standard-bearers were Fox, and Barclay, and Pennington, and Penn; but it was painful to know that they, in their human and Christian sympathy, were there without

the approbation of the Society to which they are joined. The men who, by unwarlike efforts, founded a church upon the principle of individual responsibility to the inward Light, have passed away. The active, loving, earnest, working men, who made place on earth for such a church to stand, are gone. The favored ones on whom their mantles have fallen, half forgetting that they too should be governed and guided by the Light Divine, look backward for their duties to ancient men, and records, and forms. They seem now to think that they perform the most sacred duty by standing carefully, though uselessly, in the worn garments of those worthies of olden time.

I understood, from some remarks of his, that Francis Brown has still some faith in war as a last means of defence, and a last resort against despotism. Remond cannot yet give up all his earthly rights and hopes without resistance unto blood and death. Brown has some faith yet in the higher and more Christian principles of peace. An honest man must be respected, though in error. A spirit which I cannot respect is that which would honor Washington and Lafayette, and dishonor the still more generous and unselfish Brown. He won the crown of a martyr, by carrying in his bosom too many of the virtues and principles of peace to succeed in war.

I ought to say that there was one man at the meeting, in the garb of a Friend, who dared to stand on the platform with even a Buffum, a Brown, and a Remond, and boldly lift up his voice to proclaim a truth; and to blast an error. Of course, he was not of New England, but from Ohio. Doubtless, he felt that, in performing that duty, he no more endangered his distinctive principles than if he were seeking moneyed profits in constant intercourse with more unprincipled and mammon-worshipping men of the world. Truth-loving people must some time learn that neither benevolence, nor kindness, nor truth, nor love, nor light, can be chained in forms and creeds. Always new needs brings new duties. Whatever of any creed crumbles at the touch of an honest man had better fall. It were well to remember that, where truth is, there is God; and that, where evil is, God's foremost messengers should be. The unfaithful messengers of Christ do hold their peace until the very stones cry aloud.

Respectfully,  
N. PAGE, Jr.  
Danversport, Feb. 6, 1850.

**EQUAL PRIVILEGES FOR WOMAN.** Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones, of Ohio, lectured in Music Hall on Sunday last, on the above subject, by invitation of Rev. Theodore Parker's society. In commencing, she referred to the American Revolution, and the independence which followed it, and which had made white male citizens of the United States the freest people in the world. Then she alluded to other countries where the oppressed in other countries who are struggling for freedom. She would confess to a weakness in regard to her country. But it was her duty, on that occasion, to show the faults as well as the advantages of our government. And one of its principal objectionable features was, its degradation of woman, socially, morally, and in every way; and until this heathenish opinion ceased, woman could never fill the sphere God designed for her to occupy.

She set forth in plain words the absurdity of allowing a half-witted drunkard to vote, while an intelligent woman, though endowed with all the ability of a statesman, is forbidden to appear at the polls, and to submit to a decree effected by this tyrannical abuse of the franchise. Woman was restricted in all the pursuits of life, and a pittance was allowed to her where a male would receive good wages for the same work. She then alluded to the many women who chose to shut themselves up in garrets, and to wear the most unbecoming and unwomanly rags. What wonder that they fall!

If they do not go astray, they are patronizingly complimented as the 'virtuous poor'; if they do, they are looked upon with horror, while the man who is equally a participant in the crime, and who effected her disgrace, is welcomed back to society with open arms. If we admit of no such partiality in every way, and until this heathenish opinion ceased, woman could never fill the sphere God designed for her to occupy.

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**FOURTH SLAVE CASE AT CENTRALIA.**—We take the following from the Chicago Press.

A gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the affair, informs us that at Centralia on Friday of last week, a negro train was about starting for Chicago, a negro apparently about twenty-five years of age stepped up to the ticket office, and called for a through ticket. As he did so, several persons who were probably on the watch for him, sprang upon him, claiming that he was a fugitive slave. Several of the bystanders came to the negro's assistance, but were repelled. One of them was instantly knocked to the ground, and two of his teeth being driven out by the blow. His son, who saw the fellow strike, drew his dagger and forced him to the wall, but the presentation of a revolver caused him to lower it and retreat. A border-ruffian in the crowd was prevented from shooting the 'd—d Abolitionist,' as he called him, by persons seizing his arm. During the scuffle the negro managed to elude their grasp, and started on a run up the track, followed by several of the crowd. One of them discharged his pistol, but missed him; the discharge, however, frightened the poor negro so that he stopped, and was overtaken by his pursuers. It was handed over to a constable, who took him to the jail, where he was held for the negro sundered materially his arm and hand, and person during the fray. The man who fired at him was afterwards arrested, and held to bail in the enormous sum of four hundred dollars.

A letter to the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, dated St. Helena, Nov. 30, says:—H. M. S. Viper, steaming round our island, quietly dropped anchor under the hill on the 21st ult., just from the coast, having on board 94 negroes, being a portion of 519 poor souls stowed away on board the 'Tavernier, of New York' (so reads her sternboard), which vessel was captured on the morning of the 4th of November, off Bahai Fonda. She is a French built vessel, but evidently fitted out in New York, and arrived here under the name of the 'Rebecca.' She has on board a steamer, having lost 74 of the wretched souls in the space of sixteen days, and the commander assures me that not more than two hundred of the whole could possibly have been landed in Cuba. I learn that the trade was never more thriving than now. The American fleet were hourly looked for on the South Coast, where a rich harvest if actively employed. The beautiful bark 'Rebecca,' which took out some of the emigrants of the McDonough estate to Monrovia, and consequently had every preparation legally manifested for such a voyage, has lately gone from the Congo with a cargo of 900 negroes; and among other successful escapes have been the 'Lameus' (fitted as a whaler), the 'Marion,' the 'Ottawa,' and the 'A. Fitch,' all with full complements of men, and formed that the famous 'Orion,' recently sent home by the 'Marion,' and escaped condemnation, has just arrived out in the Congo again, with the same cargo, the same kind of fittings, and as bold as more, these captives make no secret of their intentions.

**NEW YORK, Feb. 11.** (Tribune Washington correspondence.) A person of difficulty happened after the adjournment of the House, as Mr. H. Chapman was returning home through the Capitol grounds, he was overtaken by Mr. Edmundson of Virginia, who, upon approaching him, called out and drew his hand to strike. Mr. Clingman, who was accidentally passing, hastened up and seized his arm, when Mr. Edmundson struck him with his left hand, knocking off his hat, but doing him no injury.

The whole affair was instantaneous, and seemed to surprise Mr. Hickman. Mr. Breckenridge who came up, took him away, and the scene ended. The alleged provocation for this attack was an insulting reflection upon A. Hickman, contained in a recent speech of Mr. Hickman's, in which he charged that seventeen men and a cow had frightened the State.

**A BUSINESS OPERATION.**—The Cincinnati Gazette of the 6th, says that a Dr. Hanks of that city, persuaded a likely negro boy that both could make good operation by the ally allowing the Doctor to sell him into slavery at Louisville, and then taking the underground road again to liberty. The Doctor took the boy to Louisville, sold him for \$1100, and pocketed the money. He then returned to Cincinnati, and, in a tight fit, he could not get the 'track,' and therefore divulged the fraud. Louisville officers have arrested the Doctor at Cincinnati, and he will probably land in the Penitentiary.

**THE SLAYER AT CHARLESTON.** The two mates who were brought into the port of Charleston on board the brig Delicia, have been discharged from custody. The Delicia being a Spanish vessel, her crew all Spanish, and the Spanish government being no party to the Tripartite Treaty of England, France and the United States, for the suppression of the slave trade, there is no act of Congress under which these parties can be prosecuted for the charge brought against them. The first mate confessed to the Commissioner that they were on the coast of Guinea for the purpose of taking the cargo of slaves, when they captured the captain and supercargo being on shore making the preliminary negotiations. In regard to the disposition of the vessel itself, the U. S. District Attorney has referred the matter to the authorities at Washington.

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**COLLECTIONS,**

By Finance Committee, for Expenses of Annual Meeting, January, 1850.

D. Ricketson,	1 00	S. Dodge, Jr.,	1 00
M. W. Chapman,	1 00	Caroline Wellington,	1 00
D. Weston,	1 00	Edward B. Perkins,	25
Perley King,	1 00	Caro. White,	1 00
Warren Low,	1 00	Rebecca Howland,	1 00
E. P. Burnham,	1 00	Mary Osborn,	1 00
J. Russell,	1 00	Elihu A. Lawton,	50
Joseph Merrill,	1 00	John T. Sargent,	1 00
Jacob Leonard,	50	R. R. Crosby,	1 00
A. K. Foster,	1 00	Bourne Spooner,	1 00
Mary May,	2 00	William Jenkins,	1 00
J. M. Aldrich,	1 00	C. Lenox Remond,	1 00
George Miles,	1 00	George W. Simonds,	1 00
E. V. Perry,	1 00	E. L. Hammond,	1 00
C. C. McLaughlin,	1 00	Wm. H. Hammond,	1 00
John T. Page,	1 00	John T. Page,	1 00
Mary P. Clough,	50	A. Stanwood,	1 00
Adeline Hardy,	50	Samuel Barrett,	1 00
Charles E. Hodges,	1 00	C. Pitts,	1 00
E. H. York,	1 00	J. K. McIntire,	1 00
E. Richards,	1 00	Alvan Howes,	1 00
A. F. Tilton,	25	G. C. Hickok,	1 00
J. Buffum,	1 00	Abby S. Stephenson,	1 00
A. H. Harlow,	1 00	C. B. McIntire,	25
Charles W. Warren,	1 00	Nelson W. Cook,	50
S. H. Cowing,	1 00	L. D. Gray,	50
F. H. Ayres,	1 00	D. J. Griffin,	25
G. H. Smith,	1 00	P. F. Hilton,	50
D. Kimball,	1 00	Ambrose Merrill,	1 00
H. E. Merrill,	1 00	M. S. Jenkins,	1 00
Olis G. Cheever,	1 00	L. M. Child,	50
E. P. Perkins,	1 00	Wm. Sparrell,	1 00
George W. Gilmore,	50	Greene,	50
D. B. Bartlett,	50	Catharine L. Barba-	25
E. I. Smith,	50	Doos,	25
S. May, Jr.,	1 00	George Draper,	1 00
William Ashby,	1 00	Mary M. Brooks,	1 00
W. Lloyd Garrison,	1 00	L. S. Thaxter,	1 00
E. Quincy,	1 00	L. A. Allen,	1 00
Nancy L. Gilmore,	1 00	Miss L. Sines,	1 00
Elbridge Sprague,	1 00	Anna E. Gray,	1 00
Josiah Hayward,	1 00	Mrs. R. W. Hen-	1 00
David Merritt,	1 00	shaw,	1 00
Joshua Perry,	1 00	Brigham,	1 00
George W. Stacy,	50	R. Locke, Jr.,	1 00
R. S. Southwick,	1 00	P. Shaw,	1 00
Stephen Albee,	1 00	C. Cowing,	1 00
Nancy L. Gilmore,	1 00	Mrs. J. K. Lawrence,	1 00
Thomas P. Knox,	1 00	T. Bicknell,	1 00
H. G. Jackson,	1 00	W. H. Logan,	1 00
Lydia G. Jarvis,	50	L. S. Pease,	1 00
E. D. Draper,	1 00	W. I. Bowditch,	1 00
Anna T. Draper,	1 00	Mrs. A. Kent,	1 00
Fannett B. Draper,	1 00	Paulina Gerry,	1 00
Warren W. Dutcher,	1 00	Mrs. Richardson,	1 00
A. Keith,	50	Richard Clap,	1 00
Mrs. N. White,	1 00	L. S. Richards,	75
Lima H. Ober,	1 00	J. C. Lindsley,	1 00
R. H. Ober,	1 00	Georgina Otis,	1 00
Harriette M. Carlton,	50	Mrs. E. A. Lawton,	1 00
H. Hinekey,	50	Mrs. Emerson,	50
J. M. Aulderson,	1 00	M. B. H. Rogers,	1 00
Lucy M. Rogers,	1 00	Melzar Sprague,	1 00
Helen E. Garrison,	1 00	Robert Hassall,	50
Mary Willey,	1 00	Fredrick Frothing-	1 00
A. Simonds,	2 00	ham,	1 00
Martha B. Goodrich,	1 00	Mrs. J. M. Robbins,	1 00
Francis Jackson,	5 00	Mrs. Eliza P. Eddy,	1 00
Catharine Clap,	5 00	Friends, and Cash,	1 00
Mrs. W. B. Trask,	1 00	various amounts,	85

**DONATIONS**

To Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, Annual Meeting, 1850.

Francis W. Bird, Walpole,	\$50 00
A. M. Chase, Canton,	20 00
J. M. Aldrich, Fall River,	20 00
Samuel Barrett, Concord,	15 00
Mercy P. Osborn, Dover, N. H.,	10 00
Abner Sanger, Danvers,	10 00
Joshua Coolidge, Jr., Watertown,	

POETRY.

TO NEW ENGLAND.

New England, quickly ground thine arms,
Heed not the tocsin's wild alarms;
Speak never more the Adams name;

THE LIBERATOR.

ATTITUDE OF THE 'RELIGIOUS' PRESS TOWARDS SLAVERY AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

Will Mr. Garrison please insert in the Liberator the following article, which has been refused admission into the Congregationalist?

REPLY TO A PRO-SLAVERY ARGUMENT.

To the Editor of the Congregationalist:—Dear Sir—Your correspondent J. S. R. (Jan. 13) gives us an article, entitled 'Rights of the Slaves to Forfeiture of Property.'

In my judgment, truth and justice require these questions to be answered in the very opposite manner. In my judgment, the things which your correspondent pronounces absurd are perfectly accordant with reason and the nature of things.

Your correspondent lays great stress upon the declaration of Scripture, that 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and upon the duty of submitting peaceably to existing authority.

But it is certain that our most pious clergymen and our most learned commentators on the Bible explain these passages (and these other quotations from Scripture) by which the Non-Resistants try to defend their theory in a manner to allow the correctness of our Revolutionary War, and the right of an oppressed people generally to throw off the yoke of their oppressors by an armed revolution.

But, with headlong recklessness, J. S. R. goes on to say of the present government of this country, with its frightful tyranny over the blacks, both South and North, and with its suppression in Southern States of freedom of speech, of the press, of the mail, of the preaching of the Gospel, and of the free residence and locomotion of Northern citizens, (not to speak of brutal assaults, maimings and lynchings inflicted on white people from the North who have committed no crime.)—of this, he proceeds to say—

'Such a government, with all its faults, is not only much better than anarchy, but better, probably than any government which the blacks, if set free to-morrow, would be likely to establish for themselves.'

J. S. R. is enormously in error in both particulars of this statement. To take his latter assertion first: if the slaves should receive their liberty and their franchise to-morrow, and should vote with perfect unanimity (an absurd supposition,) they could only modify, not control, the next election, since they are far inferior to the whites in numbers.

What else has he to stand upon? After stating the argument of the Abolitionist, namely—that the slave has been stolen from himself, and has at all times the right to resume possession of the stolen property, whenever and wherever he can come by it—J. S. R. proceeds to controvert the doctrine thus—

However true such assertions may be of an African just stolen from his native country, they are utterly absurd when applied to classes of men whose mutual relations have been established for many generations, and have become incorporated with all their modes of life and habits of thought, and interwoven with the whole frame-work of society.

What makes the above assertion of the Abolitionist 'utterly absurd'? When a system of robbery (J. S. R. admits that such was its origin) has been established for many generations, and become incorporated with all the modes of life and habits of thought of the robbers, and interwoven with the whole frame-work of the 'society' established by them, is the vicious character of the robbery thereby destroyed, or in the least degree diminished?

We have seen J. S. R.'s perversion of Scripture and recklessness in false assertion. His attempts at reasoning are not less amazing—and amusing. See him attempting a Socratic argument with the Abolitionist, as follows:—

'Suppose, now, that the whole South should be suddenly convinced of the evils of slavery, and should in earnest set about its abolition. Suppose that all buying and selling of slaves, and all legal recognition of them as chattels, should cease at once; that their testimony should be cautiously admitted in courts of justice, and that other prerogatives of freedom should be conceded as fast as it could prudently be done.'

This is the very state of things that Mr. Garrison and his associates have always been trying to bring about. And, moreover, it is the very state of things that was brought about, in a single day, in the British colonies of Antigua and Bermuda—to the unspeakable advantage both of the black and white population. As to J. S. R.'s reservations, testimony is always 'cautiously' admitted in courts of justice, (not to mention the fact that lying is a vice of slaveholders quite as much as of slaves,) and prudence, in an emancipation of slaves, would dictate the giving of all the prerogatives of freedom at once, leaving no oppression to be resisted, and no arrears of credit for the attainment of which to make insurrection; but, instead, establishing gratitude and good feeling in the minds of the freed towards their voluntary benefactors. This would immediately place the two classes in their right relation to each other. And it is precisely for want of such action by the masters that the Good Samaritan, John Brown, (the Lafayette of the black race in this country, as Nathaniel Turner of Virginia was their Washington,) felt called of God to interfere for their help.

I repeat it. If that which J. S. R. above 'supposes' were done, the whole work of the abolition of slavery would be accomplished, and a foundation laid for the commencement of civilization and Christianity in the Southern States. But see what unspeakable folly he proceeds to deduce from this proposition!—

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'Would the most sanguine Abolitionist venture at once to do away with compulsory labor, or to propose political equality with the whites, involving universal suffrage? If not, we must infer that at least some elements of the present system are not only lawful, but even desirable, in the present condition of the blacks.'

Your correspondent actually does not see that his own proposition has already done away with compulsory labor; with the legal authority (there was never any rightful authority) to extort it, and with the pretended necessity for trying to extort it. Now the natural state of demand and supply has taken the place of violent injustice. The planters, merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, want work done; the liberated slaves want wages, wherewith to support themselves and their families. Those who want work go to the laborers and hire them, as the custom is in civilized and Christian countries; and the end of the matter is, that the relation between employer and laborer becomes just instead of unjust, and the work is better done than it ever was before, because now, for the first time, the laborer has an interest in doing it promptly and faithfully.

So much for the work. But J. S. R. fears, and imagines, in his ignorance, that the Abolitionists also fear, the giving of political rights, including suffrage, to the freedmen. Let me call to his mind a few of the self-evident truths of his political catechism, the Declaration of Independence:—

'We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.'

There can be no doubt that the slaves are 'governed,' very much governed! Their 'consent' to the government, then, and their voice in making it, are matters of justice. J. S. R. perhaps supposes himself to be a Christian. Has not his Christianity taught him so much as that old heathen king, who said—'Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!'

Let him take with him also this crumb of comfort: how much soever ignorance may interfere with the best use of the elective franchise, intelligent wickedness will abuse it yet worse; and the adult male freedmen cannot possibly vote so ill, either for themselves or the country at large, as the slaveholders have done!

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WOMEN AND WORK.

A subject which has excited a great deal of discussion, and which the laws of the various States are constantly recognizing more and more, has just received most thoughtful treatment, and therefore a treatment full of practical good sense, in a small pamphlet, entitled 'Woman's Question,' by Mrs. Dall, published by Wm. Wise & Co. in Boston.

The question is not treated by her in the manner of the Woman's Rights Conventions, that is, by declamation and appeals; but by a calm presentation of copious facts, based upon very careful study and observation. She invokes no other charity than that of thought. She is willing to allow for the pressure of habit and adverse taste. But starting from the fact, which is beyond denial, that most women in the world have to support themselves, and that at least half of the hard work is done by them, she insists that what is wanting is not so much money to help the needy (whether men or women), but thought, to enable them to help themselves. She shows from Dr. Sanger's terrible book of New York misery, and Mayhew's Statistics in London, and Duchatelet, and other competent authorities, that the few avenues of employment open to woman force upon her the awful problem of Death or Dishonor; and then, meeting the question boldly whether women are not poorly paid because they are poor workers, she shows quite clearly that the difficulty lies in a want of respect for women as workers, based upon considerations that their industrial ability is then a jealousy of them on the part of other laborers.

By showing what women have done, and what they are now doing, she reminds us how many spheres might yet be opened to them, and go bravely into enumeration and detail. Nor does she forget to allude to the moral amelioration of affairs that would ensue upon a more general participation of women in the higher work of the world. The book concludes with some practical plans by which the young women of a happier fortune in life, and who are constantly asking what they can do for the world, may find something to do. The whole work is prepared in the most earnest, practical, intelligent spirit. She does not forget that, in the order of nature, there are peculiar cares that fall upon women. But she does not also forget—that it is so universally forgotten—that upon most women, whether mothers or not, the necessity of labor is heavily laid. 'Plenty of employments are open to them,' she says, 'but all are unrequited.' And she believes that they will always be underpaid until women of the higher classes, by engaging in some kind of work, create a respect for woman's labor; and women of the higher classes never will do this until American men feel what all American men profess—a proper respect for labor as God's own demand upon every human soul.

The spirit of this little book is so candid, its tone is so earnest, and it is so interesting with curious facts and comparisons, that it properly challenges the consideration of all thoughtful men and women. Whether you agree, or whether you differ, you will hardly deny, when you have read it, that this is the way in which the question is to be discussed.—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Dall has done in this book what has not been done before, and what was wanted. She has given us the reasons, and stern, why woman's opportunities for work should be enlarged. She has shown what women are already doing, and have done, in a great variety of occupations. She suggests what other pursuits, hitherto untrodden, may be opened to them. The work is timely. To how many young women, longing for some sphere of usefulness, it may bring the hint of that which God meant them to do in the world. Mrs. Dall under-values her book in calling it, in her motto, 'A song for the women, "emancipator," at the close, "beautiful." It is better than any other book of the time being than beauty. It is solid, wholesome, useful. It is a practical treatise on an important social question. The good, however, of it is in the fact that a resume of it cannot be given in a book notice. It is crammed with facts. Its merit is in its being a collection of numerous details concerning all that women have succeeded in doing, and in regard to all wherein they may succeed. For this reason it is a book to be bought, kept, referred to, and lent. Its suggestions will be tried and become actual methods. They will lead to other suggestions. The first lecture shows the low rate of wages paid to women for equal work to that for which men are paid much more; shows that many are driven into the grave, and many into lives of sin, by starvation; shows the hardships, sufferings, course and degrading labor, into which women are sent by the want of occupations suited to their nature and varied to their demand for it. We do not see how any practical man, any man of common sense, can read these statements, and not feel their force, and by all will to do half for exemptions (though we see no need of them) that will remain enough for full conviction. The second lecture shows that women have already succeeded, under special circumstances, as inventors, agriculturists, masons, translators, teachers of languages, &c., sea-captains, watch-makers, physicians, painters of china, type-setters, newspaper editors, post-mistresses, cashiers and tellers in banks, book-keepers, fishermen, ticket-sellers on railways, pen-masters, wool-engravers, steel-engravers, drug-gists, calculators for the Coast Survey, and the Nautical Almanac, and as school-keepers, school-committee women, (in the town of Ashfield,) restorers of deeds, painters, sculptors, librarians, lecturers, actresses, &c. The third lecture suggests that they be educated and employed as inspectors of hospitals, prisons, factories, &c.; as box-openers, check-takers, &c.; as barbers and hair-dressers, especially for the sick; as wood-carvers, makers of preserves, &c.; as assistants in jails, insane asylums, hospitals; parish ministers or deaconesses, as distinguished from preachers; teachers of schools for servants, and of industrial schools, &c. It also contains some suggestions which we can only refer to, in regard to offices of intelligence on the part of men, and some other improvements. This book, we repeat, is one to be bought and kept and read.—Christian Examiner.

This book comes to us just as we are sending our last sheets to the press; but we cannot forbear seconding its benignant aim by a few earnest words. Of the many controverted questions under the head of 'Woman's Rights,' Mrs. Dall says nothing. She pleads only for the undoubted right of the female to do any work that she may choose, and to suffer, to remunerate her work, as the men do. In her first lecture, she brings forward a formidable array of facts to prove that the alternative of starvation is the most frequent cause of female infamy and ruin.—a statement amply confirmed by Mayhew of London, and Dr. Sanger's History of Prostitution. The second lecture is devoted to the credentials of female competency to various employments, furnished by their actual success; and the third, to practical suggestions as to avenues which might be opened to women, and which we are surprised to find it so—no ultraism in the book, not a word which could alarm the sense of propriety in the most invertebrate conservative; but it is full of considerations which need only to be placed before the public to insure the thoughtful heed of every philanthropist, and gradually to lead to a social condition, in which the women who need employment shall be able to find it, and with it that equality of compensation with their brethren which, in the same or similar callings, has hitherto been denied them. Mrs. Dall's explicitness, directness, and earnestness, we may say, claim our hearty commendation.—North American Review.

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to provide for the hour of release. Sad stories are on record and can be told, concerning the present state of things. Our ministers at large are on hand to bear witness. The earnestness of the treatment seems to have taken hold of the critics; no one says anything about its literary ability or the beautiful mechanical execution of the work.—Transcript.

We envy not the moral characteristics of the man whose heart this little work does not set throbbing with sympathy for the class whose wrongs it depicts, or who can rise from its perusal without a fixed resolve, God helping him, to do all that he can to right those wrongs. We have read much upon the "woman question," but nothing more convincing or more powerful than this. The questions at issue are fairly stated, and the argument for the equal rights of women is set in a light so clear that we see not how any candid reader can fail to be convinced. The first chapter, in which 'Death or Dishonor' is shown to be the dread alternative forced upon thousands of women by social environments which they are powerless to shake off, is full of startling facts and heart-moving experiences. It is an appeal to all that is most Divine in human nature, in behalf of those whose rights and wrongs involve every interest of society. We earnestly commend the whole work to the thoughtful attention of all our readers. We wish it might be read aloud at every fireside in the land.—Anti-Slavery Standard.

If any one desires to read a work of the deepest interest and of unanswerable reasoning upon which is commonly called the 'Woman question,' presented by a woman, let him obtain and carefully peruse these lectures by Mrs. Dall. She has spoken a word both bold and kind, and deserves the gratitude of women and the approbation of men.—S. School Gazette.

I have just read, with much interest, a book called 'Woman's Right to Labor, or Low Wages and Hard Work,' three lectures delivered in Boston, Nov. 1859, by Caroline H. Dall, and now published by Walker, Wise & Co. In the first lecture—'Death or Dishonor'—the author brings startling facts, to show that, from the present wages paid for woman's work, there is, often than is supposed, the alternative of starvation or a life of shame. The poor pittance which barely enables her to eke out existence, is quite too small if a helpless parent, invalid sister or children are to be cared for. She clearly shows the truth contained in the girl's remark, when she whole of a day's work brings only a few pennies, a smile will buy me a dinner. The sisterly, sensible and just views which the author takes of her subject, must meet the approbation of every well-wisher to woman, to man also, for she falls not alone. In the second, 'Verify your credentials,' she brings reliable statistics, the result of much care and labor, to show what practical opposition man offers to her advance: what faults lie in herself; and presents much interesting information as to what woman has accomplished and is able to do. She maintains that there are evils which can be remedied only by regular employment for woman and for labor, that all women need an occupation, since there is no greater enemy to body and soul than idleness, unless it be the absurd phantasm which compels to idleness. Much that is wrong in society may be ascribed to the prevalent opinion, that the chief aim of woman should be to get a husband; and too many are fitted for nothing else. It is to be hoped that all who read the work, (and every one should,) will see the necessity of fitting girls, as well as boys, for some useful occupation. In the third lecture, 'The opening of the Gates,' she makes many excellent and practical suggestions whereby the laboring class of women may be benefited; she shows how much more numerous are the occupations open than is generally supposed. The work has much valuable, interesting, and sometimes saddening information, gathered from all quarters, and pertinent to the subject, which has been carefully studied by the author. The evidences of a kind heart, close observation, faithful labor, and clear, strong reasoning faculties, are visible in the work, which is *multum in parvo*, and deserves a place in every family.—Montreal Pilot.

It is not always the best and most needed book that gets at once the widest circulation. Therefore, we are not sure that Mrs. Dall's book, on 'Woman and Her Right to Labor,' has yet found a circulation equal to its merits. It has quietly found its way into the hands of many persons, who either sympathize earnestly with the author's purpose, or have been attracted to her topic by such notices of it as have appeared in the public journals. But this book should be read carefully in every family, and by all who are engaged in feeling the obligations imposed by our human relationships; for Mrs. Dall's topic is of the first importance to society, and there needs to be a truer and more generous public sentiment in regard to it.

Mrs. Dall has not manufactured the book to which we refer. It was an irrepressible growth from her thought and feeling. She has given the subject much earnest attention, and she has the ability and intelligence to treat the subject properly. Her views are illustrated and enforced by an array of facts which will surprise those who have not been led to pursue the subject carefully. The first part of her book, which she titles 'Death or Dishonor,' treats of the circumstances under which some women are led to lives of shame through want and friendlessness. She introduces the topic by saying, 'Already the chemist furnishes the attire of Cashmere from heaps of efful that lie rotting by the way.' Then follow explanations and statements of fact which will awaken wholesome emotions in those to whom they may be new. Mrs. Dall maintains that, in most cases, the wages of working women are inadequate, and that such women are often exposed, by want and friendless circumstances, to temptations for which society is, in a measure, responsible. In the second and third lectures, Mrs. Dall shows the great varieties of employments for which women are adapted, and some of the obstructions in the way of such just and generous arrangements in regard to working women as are demanded, not only in justice to them, but also to protect the well-being of society.

It is not possible to contradict her facts; and we do not see how it is possible to confute her argument. Why should a woman be paid less than a man, for doing the same work? If there be a valid reason for it, it is not that she is weaker than the other. But in some departments of work, there is unquestioned equality in the matter of wages. When a paper of first rate excellence is offered for publication in the North American Review, or the Atlantic Monthly, the publishers do not wait to know whether it comes from a man or woman, before determining the rate of pay. In such cases, there is no confident assumption that a woman must work for half or quarter pay. And there should be none in any case where the work is precisely the same. It is an assumption that we are not prepared to see in the character and quality of the work by the sex of the worker. Yet it is necessary to understand that the injustice here attacked is not the work of any single individual, nor of any special class of individuals. It is organic. It is more or less intertwined with the very framework of society, and, therefore, cannot be removed in a day, perhaps not in a half century.

The views urged by Mrs. Dall are nowhere so much needed as in this country. Our women are generally much better educated than women in Europe; and many of the works by which they are morally and intellectually elevated, are excluded from many kinds of work to which women seem especially adapted. No person can spend a week in Paris, it is said, without seeing the difference. Most of our young women have no opportunity to develop habits of profitable industry and skillful self-reliance. Custom has no career for them, beyond a few limited opportunities for employment. They must wait at home, living to little or no purpose, until they are given to somebody in marriage, and encouraged to do nothing but the work of a housewife. There should be open to them such ways to varied and profitable