

HOW SLAVERY IS DEFENDED, &c.

Extracts from a Discourse, entitled 'Our Duty in

relation to Southern Slavery,' delivered at South

Hingham, Jan. 29, 1859, by Rev. J. J. BRAYTON. —

There are arguments, not without apparent plausi-

— bility, in favor of the proposition that Slavery is

— a necessary evil. I notice them, for I am speaking impartially.

I only regret that I have not read the South-

— ern views of Dr. Adams, that I might present them

— more fully, and in their best possible light.

It is claimed, that, in general, the physical condi-

— tion of the Slaves of the South is preferable to that

— of the free negroes of the North, — that they are

— better fed, better clothed, and enjoy more bodily

— comforts; when rendered helpless by illness or old

— age, they are not turned out to the cold and uncer-

— tain charities of the world, but kindly nourished

— and cherished to the last. It is claimed, that our

— lawless and unscrupulous distinction on the ground of color

— is less than that of the North; — that, instead

— of the Northern coldness, which passes by the colored

— man on the other side, there are often genuine

— and tender attachments between the families of

— the slaveholders and slaves themselves. It is also

— claimed, that even the intellectual, and, above all,

— the religious condition of the slaves in the Southern

— States, is rendered greatly superior to that of their

— own nation on their native soil. In mitigation of

— the acknowledged evils of the system, it is claimed,

— that they are not so much punished as the soldiers

— of the North; that, in the face of northern

— prejudice, which loves to make the most of the

— worst features of slavery, holding them up constantly

— to view, and which is slow to admit any plea

— whatever in apology or mitigation of its acknowl-

— edged evils, I cordially, freely, gladly admit those

— claims. I admit them on the ground of the unani-

— mous and undisputed professions of Southern men;

— of the testimony of anti-slavery men who have visited

— the South, and become acquainted with the

— institutions and its workings; and I admit them

— because, also, they are reasonable in themselves,

— inasmuch as humanity, even in its coldest aspect,

— could not be expected to withhold all that these

— claims demand. But, in admitting these claims so

— cordially and freely, it must not be overlooked that

— they do not justify, but only mitigate the evil in

— behalf of which they are made. It is welcome to

— our hearts to know that the slaveholder, notwith-

— standing his unfortunate connection with a system

— so contrary to humanity, may be, nevertheless,

— far from destitute of humanity itself. And if our

— interest for the slave be genuine, we will welcome



THE LIBERATOR

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

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1860.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

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It is claimed, that, in general, the physical condition of the Slaves of the South is preferable to that of the free negroes of the North, — that they are better fed, better clothed, and enjoy more bodily comforts;

It is claimed, that even the intellectual, and, above all, the religious condition of the slaves in the Southern States, is rendered greatly superior to that of their own nation on their native soil.

It is claimed, that they are not so much punished as the soldiers of the North; that, in the face of northern prejudice, which loves to make the most of the worst features of slavery, holding them up constantly to view, and which is slow to admit any plea whatever in apology or mitigation of its acknowledged evils, I cordially, freely, gladly admit those claims.

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DESPICABLE DIABOLISM IN THE DIS-TRICT.

Some three months since, two colored men, free citizens of Philadelphia, returned from the Paraguay Expedition on board a Government vessel, and were landed at the Navy Yard in Washington, where they were honorably discharged.

But the slave-fund would not let these innocent young men alone. About ten days since, being still at work at the Avenue House, they were arrested, under a municipal regulation or ordinance, as non-resident negroes; this ordinance requiring that persons of African descent, coming into Washington, should be registered, and pay fifty dollars, or be liable to a fine of ten dollars for every five days that they remain in the city without complying with the ordinance.

These young men, discharged at the Federal Capital on board a United States vessel, on which they had performed faithful service, when met with this rascally Federal ordinance, knew nothing about the requisition as to registration, and they had no fifty dollars to pay for a license for remaining in Washington.

They explained the case to the Mayor of Washington. He admitted the law to be a hard one, and suggested that, as these young men were servants at the hotel of Messrs. Potter and Covode, they might properly claim that they (the colored persons) be exempt from the operation of the ordinance as their servants; and that, in this way, and in this way only, could they be saved from the payment of the \$50 each, and a fine of \$10 each for every five days during which they had neglected to register their names.

They were again put into the wagon, and I was forced to mount my horse, amid the yells and execrations of the infuriated mob. Our captors surrounded us, and thus attended, we paraded through the town for the space of an hour, which seemed much longer to us.

After having gratified their malice in this manner, our captors proceeded to the door of a frame building, known as Lawson's law office, and we were ordered to go in. As I entered, some one standing in the doorway seized me by the beard, and beat my head against the wall. With blows and threats we were violently pushed into a bar-room, and told that it was our quarters for the rest of the night.

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SELECTIONS.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the Sligo Champion: — DEAR SIR, — Mr. William Smith O'Brien having given his opinions to his country, and to the world, on American slavery, they have become a legitimate subject for criticism; and when we reflect on the attitude which he has assumed towards Ireland and the United States, we are not surprised that his population being Irishmen, the opinions of so distinguished an Irishman as Mr. O'Brien, on that subject, should be strictly canvassed; particularly as (I assert) it is a fact, which will not be denied by any truthful and well-informed man, that our countrymen in America have not been faithful, as a body, (there are, doubtless, many noble exceptions to this rule,) to those principles of liberty which were to be expected from a people who exclaimed loudly before the world against oppression at home, and who left the land of their birth in the expectation of finding greater freedom in the country of their adoption; but in which country they joined hands with the oppressor, and have always been found among the determined foes of the equal rights of the colored race; thus giving belief to their own convictions of duty, and telling the stranger that Ireland sent forth unworthy men, who prated of their own wrongs, but who were willing to heap tenfold greater wrongs upon others, who ought to be the object of their warmest sympathies, because they, too, were passing through the furnace of affliction. I have been long jealous of the honor of my country on this point; it is a vital point, one upon which there can be no halting between two opinions. That man who makes a slave of his fellow-man, who holds him as a chattel, a thing, a brute, not entitled to any of the rights of humanity; that man is a robber in the first degree, and the Irishman who does not hold him as such, almost deserves to be made the slave of himself.

What said Jefferson, one of the first of American statesmen, and himself a slaveholder: — 'One hour of American slavery outweighs whole ages of the oppression we rose against England to shake off.' It is with feelings such as these, and with warm desires for the true honor and glory of my country, that I now canvass the opinions of Mr. O'Brien on slavery in America. I attended his lecture in our Mechanics' Institution, and I left it with a feeling of deep disappointment. This distinguished man expressed, it is true, in plain language, his own personal disapproval of slavery, which he considered an institution opposed to the rule of right; but he uttered no strong words of condemnation against the man-stealer, unless he went to Africa to do the

same. On the contrary, he extenuated his conduct, by looking upon him as an involuntary agent in the wrong; that he merely inherited a plantation and the stock upon it — human cattle among the rest. Even if this were true, which it is not, in the case of any Irishman, is that a reason for plundering the child of God of all his rights? And who sounds the sentiment from the lips of Irishmen who were willing, for a wrong not to be compared in magnitude, to take the world, and he in their hands in blood? I expected from Smith O'Brien, and I had a right to expect it from him, a stern denunciation of slavery, and this Ireland had a right to expect from him, because some of her sons are actual slaveholders in America, and thousands of them in the free, as well as in the slave States, are supporters of the infernal system.

Every Irishman in America (and Mr. O'Brien names several of them with approval) who holds these relations to his colored fellow-citizens, is untrue to the principle of liberty, and therefore a disgrace to the land of his birth; and he is thus unfaithful to principle, without any fancied compulsion as an inheritor, for he went abroad to do the wrong. If this were the proper time, or if it had anything to do with the question at issue, — which is purely one of right and justice, — I should be prepared to prove, on testimony hardly to be questioned, that the immediate emancipation of every slave in America would be a large pecuniary gain to the masters. But this is not the time or place for a discussion. I shall, however, be happy to submit my proof to any candid inquirer.

My great anxiety in this matter is, that my country may be relieved from the stigma of supporting slavery in America; it would do us incalculable good at home, to have the noble principle of liberty imbedded in our hearts, so as that it should form a part of our very nature. According to the logical conclusion of Mr. O'Brien's argument, slavery must be perpetual in America; he makes no proposition for its abolition. One suggestion, indeed, he offers, and I heard it with great pain. I could scarcely believe my ears, that it was William Smith O'Brien, the advocate of the right to freedom of every man in Ireland, and who has suffered so much to prove his sincerity in the cause of their rights, should have given utterance to it. He advises that the man created free by God, and declared, by the written words of the American Constitution, to be 'equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' shall be allowed to purchase his freedom at the market price; — to buy his own body and his own soul — and then, if he be able, he may sell it, and what is this man, this equal brother of us all, thus to give his life-long labor for — hear it, Irishmen, and hear it from Smith O'Brien — that he may 'prove his fitness to become a free member of society.' I am sick at heart when I think of these words; I hope they will find no response in our bosoms, but Irishmen will declare to the world that God has given to every man his right to liberty, 'without money and without price.' These I hold to be the sentiments which every Irishman, every true man, the world over, should entertain; and I have the first of Irishmen in all ages at my side. I call back to earth the spirits of the noble men who, at Armagh, in the twelfth century, banished slavery from Ireland, because it was a sin against God, and a crime against man, to hold human beings as slaves; and I ask these departed worthies to frown on their successors who palliate, even in the smallest degree, the outrage on our common humanity, which keeps man as a chattel, and places him on the auction block.

I invite back to earth the spirit of that good man, who, perhaps a century ago, in Belfast, avowed Ireland from the curse of a participation in the slave trade; and I ask my countrymen, will they, with such a bright example before them, cover over, as with a garment of iniquity, the doings of Irishmen in America, who give any aid to keeping four millions of their fellow-creatures in that condition of bondage which rejects the marriage tie, which denies the wife to the husband, and the children to their parents, as if they were all brutes, and not men, who made in the image of God, and placed but a little lower than the angels in heaven? I appeal to the departed spirits of those Irishmen in the British Parliament, who, to a man, — not one member proving renegade — supported Wilberforce in his motion for the abolition of the slave trade; and I entreat my countrymen, in this more advanced day of civilization, to follow their lead for the speedy overthrow of every remaining vestige of a system so adverse to every noble principle in the heart of man, as chattel slavery unquestionably is. We, in Ireland, have never yet, as we ought to have done, taken a right and manly grip on our consciences, of the principle of liberty; that principle which we demand for others the freedom we claimed for ourselves — and to make no statement in America. There, as a general rule, the Irish emigrant has taken sides with the man-stealer; he has either done so directly, by open advocacy of his criminal practices, or, indirectly, by sneaking away from his duty, and holding his tongue, while giving his vote on the wrong side. This criminal and unmanly conduct on the part of Irishmen is the true cause of our unpopularity in America. Our people are published, and, therefore, the Americans would welcome us to their shores; — and to make no doubt to often by our aid inconsistency to our professed principles of liberty and justice, and also by the intemperate habits we so frequently take with us from home. We must become a self-respecting people before others will respect us, and this means that we must be honest to our own convictions of duty.

I am utterly at a loss to conceive why it is that millions of Irishmen in America are so pro-slavery in sentiment. Mr. O'Brien referred with much good feeling to the hatred which follows a colored man in the Free States; but he blamed the Abolitionists unjustly for this; the true Abolitionists have no such feeling towards their colored brethren. It is, unfortunately, the general sentiment of the white population, and Irishmen are no more free from censure in this respect than others, except that in the Catholic churches, and in these alone, and the Baptists, I apprehend, the black people are permitted to worship God along with their white brethren. But the colored free man is driven, by this wicked prejudice, to the lowest social employment, as white men will not work in company with them as artisans.

Countrymen, is this — or the slavery in which it has its origin — right, in the sight of God? Did He not make of one blood all the nations of men? And are we not doing despite to Him when we despise our brethren who are colored like ourselves? My countrymen, I entreat you to think on these things; we must be for, or against God; we must be for, or against man; we must be for, or against liberty; we are unworthy if we halt between two opinions on these points. I remain, Mr. Editor, faithfully yours, JAMES HAUGHTON. 35 Eccles-street, Nov. 1859.

TREATMENT OF DR. DOYNE AND HIS SON IN MISSOURI.

Dr. Doy, one of the earliest settlers in Lawrence, Kansas, and among the bravest defenders of that Territory, who, with his son, was kidnapped by a band of Missouri ruffians, and incarcerated some weeks in Platte city jail, and subsequently in the jail at St. Joseph, from which he was adroitly liberated by a company of friends from Lawrence, after having experienced much suffering, has just published a pamphlet, entitled — 'The Narrative of John Doy, of Kansas — a plain, unvarnished tale' — making 132 pages, and sold at 25 cents. To give our readers an idea of the insults, outrages and sufferings inflicted upon Dr. Doy and his son, we make the following extracts from this thrilling narrative: —

As we landed at Weston, we were greeted by the most unceremoniously conceivable yelling and swearing. The firing of guns and pistols, the ringing of bells, and the hideous combination of other noises, made it appear as if all the evil spirits had been let loose at once. I doubt if they could exhibit more malignity in gloating over their victims, than did those howling ruffians in the streets of Weston, over the captives who had fallen into their power.

The colored people, with Charles and Clough, were again put into the wagon, and I was forced to mount my horse, amid the yells and execrations of the infuriated mob. Our captors surrounded us, and thus attended, we paraded through the town for the space of an hour, which seemed much longer to us.

After having gratified their malice in this manner, our captors proceeded to the door of a frame building, known as Lawson's law office, and we were ordered to go in. As I entered, some one standing in the doorway seized me by the beard, and beat my head against the wall. With blows and threats we were violently pushed into a bar-room, and told that it was our quarters for the rest of the night.

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NO UNION WITH SLAVERHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell!'

'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWORED FOR THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.' — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

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doors, in order that the curiosity of the people might thus be gratified. Hundreds of persons came and peered through the windows of the room to look at us.

After eating, we were again marched into the streets. Our reception there was even more denunciated than on the previous night. Everybody seemed to be out; and oaths, yells, and insults, with cries of 'Give 'em hemp!' 'The rope is ready!' accompanied us to the Court House, whither we were carried for examination.

There we were taken into a large unfinished room, filled to overflowing with the unwashed and unrefined Democracy of Weston. It was a rough room, with bare brick walls, and open rafters overhead, from which hung down, directly above where we were placed, three new ropes with twisted man's knots at the end of each. The prospect, at this moment, would certainly have been alarming to a nervous man, or to any one who had not our five years' experience in Kansas. The fierce faces, rough and dirty, with the inevitable pipe, or tobacco saliv, marking the corners of the mouth, that glowered savagely upon us; the significant ropes that dangled above our heads, and the open, fiercely uttered throats which filled the hall, interspersed with the strangest oaths that ears ever listened to, suggested all the horrors of mobocratic violence.

At this time I thought, as did my son, that our hour had come, and that two of the hangman's nooses above our heads would not long remain empty. It was evident, from the muttered threats of the crowd, that violence would be attempted; while from the windows we could see the streets, through which we should have to pass, filled with an excited mob, whose cries and shouts rent the air. We were both ready to meet our expected fate like men; but, to leave no stone unturned, I again addressed the magistrates, and demanded their protection. They were evidently alarmed for the result, and, after a short consultation, we were hastily taken out by a side door, down the stairs into a deserted back street, and hurried into a little filthy calaboose. While there, I said to the marshal, 'Lewis, I would rather have been hung by the mob than treated in this manner.' 'Ah!' he replied; 'we don't mean to let the abolitionists make capital out of our hanging you.' About dark, when the streets were empty, we were taken to the hotel, where we were carried into the attic, handcuffed, and a guard kept over us; the colored people being already there, in another part of it.

While we lay thus chained in that dismal garret, we were infamously abused. Drunken ruffians continually came in to look at, and gratify their malice on the live abolitionists, as they called us. Some kicked us in the body as we lay on the floor; some, more brutal, in the face. At last my son, goaded to frenzy by the continued insult and abuse, jumped up, and lifting his shackled hands above his head, his face being covered with blood from the blows he had received, he exclaimed, 'You think you can cheaply insult, and even whipper a free man, but you can never, never subdue me,' and using his chains as a weapon, he drove them all out, clearing the room.

It was a sight to behold: two American citizens, kidnapped from our own soil, unconvicted of crime, our clothes almost torn from our backs, ourselves covered with blood flowing from wounds inflicted by men who arrogated to themselves also the title of American citizens!

Soon after breakfast, on the second day after our examination, the materials, constable, and several others came into the garret where we were confined, and ordered Charles and me to get up and follow them. They led the way down stairs, and helped us into a carriage, to which two horses were harnessed. A large crowd of ruffians greeted our appearance, and amused themselves by comments upon our condition, which was certainly pitiable. One of them said, 'Well, old doctor, we'll pay you a visit at Platte City, and give you another dose.'

Eight men soon rode up on horseback, and ordered the driver to move on. As we left the crowd, our mounted escort was advised to keep a sharp lookout for the d-d Yankees who had tried to rescue them. They followed the advice, and did keep a sharp lookout for Yankees all the way, four horsemen preceding us about five or six hundred yards, and the others following behind. After a drive of about seven miles, over almost impassable roads cut through the timber, we reached Platte City, a village of some eight hundred inhabitants, where we were received by another excited crowd, who repeated the insults.

They followed us to the jail, a gloomy-looking log building, two stories high and about twenty-four feet square, with a narrow two feet thick. Here we had to wait a short time for the jailer to bring the keys, while the mob clustered round the carriage in which we sat chained, amusing themselves as usual.

Some days after we were thus immured, when the jailer's son brought us our dinner, we saved the fat of the meat, and put it into a tin plate; then we manufactured a wick by unravelling some of the threads of our cotton coverlid, and getting some matches from the slaves confined in the hall, lighted our improvised lamp; and this was the only light we had until my wife brought us some candles.

We entered the County Jail on the 28th January, 1850, and remained in the iron coffin I have described until the 24th March. That cell we were not allowed to leave until called before the Grand Jury a few days before our departure. There was no other furniture than that mentioned, except an iron bucket with a broken lid—which often remained unemptied for weeks—and a Bible, which, it would almost seem, was put there in mockery. We were thrust in as we came from the hands of the Western mob. For more than a week we had not enough water to drink, and none to wash with; but were compelled to remove the blood from our faces by rubbing them with the old horse-rug, moistened with spittle. No clothes were furnished to us, nor did we get a change until my wife, after the lapse of three weeks, found out where we were, and brought some to us. Our condition may be better imagined than described.

About eight o'clock every evening, a guard of two men came, and remained in the hall through the night. The jailer came in occasionally, though the first and last of his visitation, there was a regular camp of some three hundred Border Ruffians round the jail. They were armed with muskets and rifles, and had a brass cannon planted in front of the door. The first night they fired the cannon in triumph at our arrival, and, as the jailer informed us, broke every window in the Court House. A description of that night will answer for every other. We could hear them all night shouting, yelling, screaming, firing guns, and threatening the Yankees, Jim Lane and the Kansas abolitionists, with the direst vengeance. All this preparation was to meet and prevent the rescue which it was supposed John Brown and Jim Lane would attempt. Fifty determined Kansas men would have sent them all running.

Shortly after our imprisonment, a public meeting was held in the town, at which highly inflammatory resolutions respecting us were passed, and the people talked of hanging and burning the "d-d abolitionists then in prison for stealing niggers."

Late that evening, some one came to the jail, and shouted to the prisoner to get up and get ready to go to the old doctor and his wife to get ready and say their prayers, for twenty-five men have voted in the meeting to come down, take them out and hang them, and they'll be here soon." Soon after, another person came to the jail, and in a loud voice called to me and communicated the same information.

We resolved to be prepared to meet the ruffians, and to sell our lives as dearly as possible. So we called to our fellow-prisoners in the hall to pass us some sticks of fire-wood through the hole in our door, which they did, after cutting them to the right length for the fire, and smoothing one end for a handle. With means and light which they also furnished, we wrote a note to the family, informing them of our situation and probable fate, and bidding them farewell. This was sent to a prisoner in the other cell, who expected to be out in a few days, and he promised to mail it for Lawrence at the first opportunity. We then barricaded our door with the iron bedstead, so that it could be only partially opened, and stood till dawn in readiness to meet the expected hangmen; but no one appeared to molest us.

This soul-quickening narrative may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, and at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. As Dr. Doy led everything at the hands of the Border Ruffians in Kansas, we hope it will be readily purchased, that he and his family may derive some pecuniary benefit from it.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

The Belfast Age publishes a letter from a correspondent in Georgia, giving the revolting particulars of a gross outrage committed upon a ship's crew near Jefferson town, in that State. We give the following extracts:

The brig B. G. Chaloner, of East Machias, Me., was chartered in New York to come to Stella Mills, on the St. Lawrence river, to load lumber. Capt. A. V. Kinney was master, who had with him his wife, Mr. Patterson the mate, and a crew of four men.

Mr. Patterson was well acquainted with the river, having once been wrecked upon White Oak Creek. At that time, while stripping the vessel, he lived with a wealthy planter, who became so attached to him, that he was more than a friend—Mr. Morrison—learned that he was again on the river, than he sent a negro to conduct him to the house. Mr. Morrison, learning the Captain had his wife with him, sent a pressing invitation by Mr. Patterson for the Captain to come, and bring his wife with him, to take a Christmas dinner with his family.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 25th, the Captain, with his crew and mate, took the crew in the boat and started for Mr. Morrison's plantation, having to go about 15 miles, by a narrow and rocky channel, from which, to the plantation, was five miles. After landing, he sent his men to Mr. Peters' house, (he being acquainted with Mr. P.) to tarry until his return. The crew had been in the boat but a short time, before six armed men came there, by the names of David Brown, and his two sons, Burrill Brown and Nathan Brown, with their brother-in-law, Thomas Harrison, and two others whose names I don't recollect, and told them they must go to jail. The sailors, being taken unawares, concluded to obey their orders, supposing they were authoritative; they were then taken into the woods, tied to a tree, and a negro made to give three of them fifty lashes each. The reserved one was a tall man, of the height of six feet three inches, whom they called 'the captain of the crew.' Upon his back they dealt one hundred lashes. After he was taken down, they asked him if he would run as fast as the others, as they had been compelled to do so, as fast as he could.

He did not do so, and one of the gang raised his gun, saying, "—you you, you won't run, will you?" and fired, the ball passing near his head, and lodging in a tree. With what strength remained, the suffering man then started, hastened by the profane threats of his menacing tormentors. By the kindness of Burrill Brown's wife, the men were shown the way down, and a boat was provided to take them on board the vessel.

On Monday morning, as Capt. Kinney, his wife, and Mr. Patterson were coming down toward Stella Mills, they were met by the men who took the sailors aboard, and told what had happened, and advised to go back to Mr. Morrison's and leave the woman, and then go round the other way, and send a sheriff for the boat. This advice was acted upon.

They had not gone more than half a mile, before they were overtaken by a man on horseback, who pointed a double-barrelled gun at the captain's head, and told him to stop. Presently old Brown and his gang came along, armed with pistols and guns, and ordered the captain and mate to take off their coats, which they refused to do. Guns were at once cocked and levelled at their heads, and compliance demanded, by threatening to blow out their brains.

After they had divested themselves of their outer garments, a negro was ordered to give them fifty lashes apiece. The captain's wife piteously interceded in behalf of her husband and companion, but they coarsely told her to stop her d-d crying, or they would give her the same number of lashes they were now giving her husband. After the negro had completed his task, old Brown, who was unable to walk without a cane, came hobbling along, and commanded the slave to give them four more for tally.

The six inquisitors then marched the sufferers before their guns to the boat, and then shoved it off, leaving them to row fifteen miles, against the tide, to their vessels.

A few days after the transaction, the mate showed me his back, which was bruised and cut from his neck to his knees, as was also the case with the colored who were flogged.

The only reason given for committing this outrage was that the captain and his men were "damned Northerners."

The above is only one of a multitude of similar outrages which have been perpetrated upon Northern men at the South, within the last four months, and which ought to unite the whole North as one man in demanding redress and protection at any cost. These cannot be obtained within the Union.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS. BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1860.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. H. SEWARD.

In our last number, we occupied as much space as we could conveniently spare, in making some comments upon the recent speech of Mr. Seward in the Senate of the United States. We proceed to finish our review of it.

On the 7th of March, 1860, Daniel Webster made his fatal speech upon the odious Compromise Bill of Mr. Clay—a speech which took the entire North by surprise, kindled a flame of indignation universally, and sent its author reeling to his grave, like one stricken and blinded by the lightning of heaven. On the 29th of February, 1860, William H. Seward, the most prominent candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency, in the same Senate chamber, reverts to this melancholy occurrence as a praiseworthy act, and in complimentary terms speaks of it as an evidence of "unquestionable devotion to the Union." It was, unquestionably, the last desperate bid for the Presidential chair by the recent New Englander, under the pretence of "devotion to the Union"; and the retributive consequences which so speedily and so fearfully followed it, should admonish Mr. Seward that, if he desires to "go down to an honored grave," or to be truly respected while living, he must pursue a very different course.

Of his speech we said, last week—"Its effect will be highly detrimental to the moral sentiment of the North on the subject of slavery"—and the truth of this assertion is already beginning to be seen in the altered tone of the Republican journals generally. Not one of them, as yet, ventures to express any objection to anything contained in the speech; all of them, so far as we have seen, are loud in praise of it for its "moderate," "conciliatory," "conservative," "Union-loving" tone—ominous and detestable terms, because always significant of treachery to the cause of freedom, through concession and compromise when that cause is most imperilled!

It would be an unwarrantable impeachment of the intelligence and discernment of the Republican party to suppose that it perceives no change for the worse in Mr. Seward's alteration of tone or mind—no lowering of the standard as originally erected—no retraction of the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict." Thousands of its members are mortified, disappointed, and privately indignant at the cautious, calculating, retreating policy of their favorite candidate; but, at the same time, they feel that, in order to achieve the success of the party in the approaching struggle, they must smother their feelings, and assume to be satisfied with what he has recently said and done. It is by such a process, in such an exigency, that demoralization on a wide scale is effected, because there are few whose moral integrity is proof against a powerful political temptation. Such are ever pronounced impracticable, unwise, visionary. So, in his 7th of March speech, Mr. Webster sneeringly said—

"There are men who are of opinion that human duties may be ascertained with the exactness of mathematics. They deal with morals as with mathematics; and they think what is right may be distinguished from what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic equation. They are apt to think that nothing is good but what is perfect, and that there are no compromises or modifications to be made in consideration of difference of opinion, or in deference to other men's judgment."

Here we have any amount of moral profligacy concealed in the drapery of a deceptive phraseology. The sneer is intended expressly, and only, for those who maintain that it is a crime to "strike hands with thieves and consent with adulterers"; whose motto is, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall"; who believe it is at all times better to obey God than to violate his laws; who enforce the doctrine of immediate emancipation as the duty of the master, and the right of the slave; and who cannot be coaxed nor bribed to play fast-and-loose with principle. They deal with morals as with mathematics, and do not make them matters of convenience or barter. They are not, as Mr. Webster says, "too impatient to wait for the slow progress of moral causes in the improvement of mankind"; but they see, by a close examination of history from its earliest to its latest date, that such causes make "slow progress" because of the tendency of public men, like Mr. Webster and Mr. Seward, to substitute policy for principle, and they say to every such overture, as Jesus said in a similar case, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" In subserving the slaveholding interest of the South, Mr. Webster finds no difficulty in discovering "what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic equation!"—"I put it," he says, "to all the sober and sound minds at the North, as a question of morals [what] 'dealing with morals as with mathematics'! and a question of conscience, what right have they, in their legislative capacity or any other capacity, to endeavor to get round this Constitution, or to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the Constitution to the persons whose slaves escape from them? None at all; none at all!" It is such reasoning, or rather such sophistry, that bewilders, misleads and corrupts the multitude, and at times almost "deceives the very elect." Hence, the artful collocation of specious words by Mr. Seward, (whereby it is hoped the plunderers of the poor and needy will be propitiated, and the friends of freedom made less exacting, in order to make national and party success a possible event at the coming presidential election,) renders his speech seductive and dangerous to an incalculable extent.

In noticing the Southern allegation that the Republican party in the North is hostile to the South, Mr. Seward soothingly says—

"It already is proved to be a majority in the North; it is, therefore, practically, the people of the North. Will it not still be the same North that has furnished us with our slaves, and afforded to you so much? Can you justly assume that affection which has been so complying, can all at once change to hatred intense and inexorable?"

Will the reader analyze this pregnant language? Hitherto, the forbearance of the North with the South has been a combination of selfishness and cowardice; and this is to be continued, forsooth, if the Republican party shall triumph! It will be the same North that has "conceded to you [the slaveholders and slave-breeds of the South] so much"—yes, till not a vestige of constitutional liberty remains at the South for any Northern citizen! And further concessions, therefore, may be expected in the same direction, and to the same end! What nonsense to talk of the "affection which has been so complying!" Say, rather, the passion for money-making, the lack of backbone, the absence of moral principle, the want of self-respect and true courage! What the South calls "hatred intense and inexorable," means anything that threatens the safety and non-extension of her slave system; and, therefore, if his words have any meaning, Mr. Seward desires her to believe that the "affection" which has been so complying, hitherto, will characterize the North as much under a Republican as under a Democratic administration. For what is the object of such language, except to disavow the necessity of any conflict with the South, on account of her slave institutions, "irrepressible" or otherwise? Is it not a promise to keep the peace—to abstain from whatever policy may cause irritation or alarm at the South—to make the preservation of the Union paramount to the preservation of Northern liberty?

Not less objectionable is his language concerning the colored race, whether bond or free. The South, he says, accuses the Republican party of having ulterior and secret designs, but she names only one—

"That one is to introduce negro equality among the white man's people. . . . In which of the [free] States has white man's pride . . . Did Washington, Jefferson, and Henry, when they employed you to relinquish your system, and accept the one we have adopted, propose to sink you down to the level of the African, or was it their desire to exalt all white men to a common political elevation?"

If this is not to evince and encourage the unnatural, malevolent, and all-prevailing prejudice against a most wickedly abused and outraged people—if this is not to justify the distinction of race by unjust and crushing legislation in the future as in the past, in the North as well as in the South—what is the meaning of it? It cannot relate to social tastes or conventional associations, for these exist in strong diversity and striking contrast among the white population whose "equality" is declared to be fully recognized and enjoyed. It means, therefore, that the Republican party is exclusively the white man's party, and will give no countenance to POLITICAL EQUALITY, irrespective of complexional differences. It is the confession of Mr. Seward—our own accusation.

Like every self-seeking aspirant for office, Mr. Seward deems it profitable and politic to burn incense upon the altar of the Union, and to bend the knee in worship thereof, after the manner of a heathen deity. Instead of rebuking the idolatrous spirit which prevails at the North for a mere piece of parchment, he seeks to intensify it, and to diffuse it where it seems to be wanting. The Republican party is the party of the Union; no party can hope for success without upholding the Union; "the firm-set earth" is not more sure than the perpetuity of the Union! The Union, then, must be of heaven, not of men—the creation of God, and not the contrivance of independent colonies to assimilate under one form of government; else the analogy is impious and absurd. Not such is the doctrine laid down in 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 inalienable 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; that 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."

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Hence those who affect special reverence for the Union, and make its perpetuity the test of patriotism, are mere babblers, as blind as they are foolish; for by the rule we have quoted from the Declaration, an experiment of seventy years proves that it is time to "institute a new government," the old one having irretrievably proved a failure by its incongruous and irreconcilable elements. "For Jerusalem [the North] is ruined, and Judah [the South] is fallen, because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of his glory. The show of their countenance doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom; they hide it not. The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of his people, and the princes thereof; for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts. . . . Your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand. . . . Associate yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together, it shall come to nought. Say ye not, A confederacy, to them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear; and he shall be for a sanctuary."

Compare the following complacent language with the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict," and observe what an alteration in the tone of Mr. Seward's well as what idolatry for a man-made Union!

"Mr. President, we are perpetually forgetting this fact, and we are forgetting it because we forget it because we are continually wondering how it is that a Confederacy of thirty and more States, covering regions so vast, and regulating interests so various of so many millions of men, constituted and conditioned so diversely, works right on. We are continually looking for it to stop and stand still, so suddenly and so abruptly. But, in truth, it will not stop; it cannot stop; it was made not to stop, but to keep in motion—in motion always, and without force. For my own part, say I, and I am not alone, when I had newly come from the hands of its almost divine inventors, was the admiration of my earlier years, although it was then but imperfectly known, and so suddenly and so abruptly, was the central figure in the economy of the world's civilization, and the best sympathies of mankind for its continuance. I expect that it will stand and work right on until men shall fear its failure no more than we now apprehend that the sun will cease to hold its eternal place in the heavens."

The South is "full of the habitations of cruelty"—her soil is daily saturated with the blood of her oppressed victims—and she proclaims her determination never to yield up her revolting slave system. What does Mr. Seward say about it?

"Use your authority to maintain what system you please. We are not distrustful of the result. We have wisely, as we think, exercised ours to protect and perfect the manhood of the members of the State. The whole sovereignty upon domestic concerns within the Union is divided between us by unmistakable boundaries. You have your fifteen distinct parts; we eighteen parts, equally distinct. Each must be maintained in order that the whole may be preserved. If ours should be assailed, within or without, by any enemy, or for any cause, and we shall have need, we shall expect you to defend it. If yours shall be assailed, in any emergency, no matter what the cause or the pretext, or who the foe, we shall defend your sovereignty as the equivalent of our own."

"Use your authority to maintain what system you please! Rob the poor, oppress the needy, trade in slaves and the souls of men, according to your own taste; and if thereby you get yourselves into trouble—if other John Browns shall try to 'deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor,' and to bring your tyrannical power to an end—we stand ready to assist in hanging them, and protecting you against all harm! Horrible!"

Here is another significant comment upon the "irrepressible conflict" doctrine. Now how altered the tune! "Mutual toleration and a fraternal spirit" between Liberty and Slavery—freemen and men-stealers—Christ and Belial! Statesmanship, forsooth!

"You are equally at liberty to reject our system and its ethics, and to maintain the superiority of your own by all the force of persuasion and argument. We must, and we do, maintain both systems. All the world discusses all systems. Especially must we discuss them, since we have to decide as a nation which of the two we ought to ingraft on the new and future States growing up in the great public domain. Discussion, then, being unavoidable, what could be more wise than to conduct it with mutual toleration and in a fraternal spirit?"

Perhaps no statement in the whole speech will excite more surprise at home, or more indignation abroad, than the following—

"I am no assailant of States. All of the States are parcels of my own country—the best of them not so wise or great as I am sure it will hereafter be; the State least developed and perfected among them all, is wiser and better than any foreign State I know."

The most barbarous and benighted slave-driving State "wiser and better" than England, France, or Germany! So says William H. Seward!

The entire speech is as impious as marble, and as bloodless as a corpse.

A very searching review of it appears in the Boston "Pioneer" (German), which, translated, we shall lay before our readers next week, with additional remarks. We are still for the "irrepressible conflict."

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOSTON MASSACRE, MARCH 5, 1860.

This occasion was duly observed as announced, at the Melrosean, on Monday evening, March 5, 1860. Revolutionary relics and emblems were in full view upon the platform.

Mr. WILLIAM C. NELL, of Boston, came forward, and addressed the meeting as follows:—

REMARKS OF WILLIAM C. NELL.

Though there are many good things appropriately set down to the credit of our tri-mountain city, there is yet a trinity of events connected with its history and the great cause of Human Freedom, seldom thought of or referred to. They are these: 1st. The first slave revolt that we have any knowledge of in this country, took place at East Boston, October 2d, 1638, by a slave claimed by Mr. Samuel Maverick. 2d. The leadership and martyrdom of Crispus Attucks, a slave, in the scene of the Boston Massacre, March 5th, 1770. 3d. The advent of the Liberator, January 1st, 1831, by William Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer, and persevering advocate of immediate emancipation.

Notwithstanding the many historical references by Botts, Hewes, Goodrich, and others, to Crispus Attucks and his prominence in the scene of March 5th, 1770, there has been a studied attempt, as you are well aware, on the part of the wrong-headed and the hollow-hearted, to ignore his patriotic claims, and assign him the position of an incidental disturber of the peace. One writer, animated by the spirit of the old trines, intimated in a Boston paper of March 7, 1851, that if Attucks had not fallen a martyr, he would richly have deserved hanging as an incendiary; and the Boston Courier, of only last Saturday, in an article on the Boston massacre, speaks of Attucks as "a fierce and turbulent black man, who was temporarily here on his way to North Carolina."

Without attempting to refute the aspersions thrown upon Attucks, though the materials are ample, I beg leave to submit, as pertinent to this occasion, some gleanings from historical documents, traditional records, and private correspondence, significant and interesting.

I have a letter from a member of the present Legislature, dated 'House of Representatives, Boston, Feb. 18th, 1860,' from which I extract the following:—

"He [Crispus] was the slave of my great grandfather, Deacon William Brown, of Framingham. He returned after his runaway excursion, and was a faithful servant. He was allowed to buy and sell cattle on his own judgment. It was probably upon one of these trading tours that he was drawn into the fray of March 5th. He pressed close upon the British troops, who received him and the other people with loaded muskets.

Attucks beat down their guns with a heavy stick, and shouted, 'They dare not fire!' They did fire, and with what effect is known to all. Of stout and vigorous frame, athletic, bold and patriotic, had he lived, he would, doubtless, have acted a conspicuous and useful part in our great revolutionary struggle.

Yours, &c.

From a letter dated 'Natick, Feb. 17th, 1860,' I select the following:—

"Several persons are now living in Natick, who remember the Attucks family—viz. Cris, who was killed March 5th; Sam, whose name was abbreviated into Sam Attucks, or Smattox; Sal, also known as Slattox; and Peter, called Pea Tattox.

My mother, still living, aged 89, remembers Sal in particular, who used to be called the gourd-shell squaw, from the fact that she used to carry her rum in a gourd shell. [This unfortunate drinking propensity, in accordance with the all-prevailing custom of the times, gives evidence that Sal was, at least, an ardent-spirited member of a patriotic family.]

The whole family are described as having been uncommonly large, and are said to have been the children of Jacob Peter Attucks, who lived with Capt. Thomas Buckminster, of Framingham.

It has been conjectured that Jacob and Nanny were of Indian blood; but all who know the descendants, describe them as negroes. Crispus lived in many different places in Natick and Framingham.

When the inhabitants were detained in Boston, he used to smuggle their horses out of the town. He brought out three or four horses, which he took to Framingham, and then returned to kill the red-coats. His sister used to say that if they had not killed Cris, Cris would have killed them. Cris is said to have been in every street fight with the soldiers for some time previous to March 5th, 1770.

John Adams, calling for the British soldiers, admitted that 'Attucks appeared to have undertaken to be the hero of the night, and to lead the people.' He was foremost in resisting, and the first slain. As proof of a front engagement, he fell face to the foe, having received two balls, one in each breast.

It is easy to infer that he had an intelligent appreciation of his mission, which should long since have secured to all other colored Americans an "equality of those rights, to-day, so unjustly monopolized by the dominant class.

In the popular compilation, entitled 'The Hundred Boston Orators,' are narrated the following facts:—

"The Boston Athenæum overlooks the cemetery where were deposited the remains of our fellow-citizen, martyred in the cause of liberty, March 5th, 1770. Four of the victims were covered on hearses, and buried on the 8th of March in one vault, in the middle burying-ground. The funeral consisted of an immense number of persons in ranks of six, followed by a long train of carriages belonging to the principal gentry of the town, at which time the bells of Boston and adjoining towns were tolled. It is supposed that a greater number of people attend the funeral than ever assembled on this continent on any occasion."

Attucks and Caldwell, not being residents of Boston, were both buried from Faneuil Hall. A stone was erected, and on it carved this inscription:—

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wide contented, Dear to your country, shall your fame extend; While to the world the lettered stone shall tell How CALDWELL, ATTUCKS, GRAY and MAVERICK fell."

No remains of the stone are now visible, as it was probably destroyed by the British regulars.

On the 5th of March, 1851, a petition was presented to the Legislature, asking an appropriation for the erection of a monument to the memory of Attucks; but that body decided it to be inexpedient; though the same session awarded one to Isaac Davis, of Concord! Both were active promoters of the American Revolution; but one was white, the other black—and this is the only solution of the problem, why justice was not fairly meted out.

But, if I rightly interpret the signs of the times, they warrant the prediction that, by the 5th of March, 1870—the centennial anniversary of the Boston massacre—a monument will be erected, commemorative of the day, and of the man whose martyrdom invests it with a halo of historical glory.

Among some of the early races of the North, each man who passed the tomb of a hero cast a stone upon it as his contribution to a commemorative monument. The pile rose high, and furnished a most impressive lesson to new generations, appealing to them in like manner to secure the grateful remembrance of mankind.

In view of the zeal with which the Bunker Hill, Lexington, and other monuments, typical of events and persons of revolutionary fame, have been erected, let the claims of Attucks not be forgotten, inasmuch as his offering upon the altar of American freedom preceded them all.

Senator Toombs is reported to have said, in a lecture in the Tremont Temple, a few years since, that 'if the colored race were blotted out to-day, there would be no record left to tell that they had ever existed.'

Let this aspersions of a whole race be effect by the Attucks' monument, and by keeping green the memories, in each locality throughout the Union, of all other Colored Patriots of the American Revolution!

SPEECH OF DR. JOHN S. ROCK.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have been invited by my friend Mr. Nell to say something to you on the occasion of this, the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of the American Revolution, and that, too, in the face of my recorded opinion that that event was ushered in by the rashness of one of our 'noble, but misguided ancestors.' If, under the circumstances, I should give you a little plain talk, differing somewhat from that which you have been accustomed to hear, on occasions like this, you need not be surprised. The times require us to speak out. I am free to confess, that the remembrance of the details of the event which we are assembled here to celebrate are, by no means, dear to me. I am not yet ready to idolize the actions of Crispus Attucks, who was a leader among those who resorted to forcible measures to create a new government which has used every means in its power to outrage and degrade his race and posterity, in order to oppress them more easily, and to render their condition more hopeless in this country.

I am free to confess that I have strong attachments here, in this my native country, and desire to see it prosperous and happy; yet, situated and outraged as I am, in common with a race whose lives have been one of toil to make this country what it is, I would deny the many promptings of my own soul, if I should not say that American liberty is a word which has no charms for me. It is a name without meaning—a shadow without substance, which retains not even so much as the ghost of the original.

The only events in the history of this country which I think deserve to be commemorated, are the organization of the Anti-Slavery Society and the insurrections of Nat Turner and John Brown. (Applause.)

I believe in insurrections (applause)—and especially those of the pen and of the sword. Wm. Lloyd Garrison is, I think, a perfect embodiment of the moral insurrection of thought, which is continually teaching the people of this country that unjust laws and compact made by fathers are not binding upon their sons, and that the 'higher law' of God, which we are bound to execute, teaches us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. William H. Seward, (the most prominent Republican candidate for the Presidency,) who has been a 'Helper' in speeding on the 'irrepressible conflict' between freedom and slavery, has suddenly lowered his moral standard, and dwindled from a great statesman to a cunning politician. I agree with *Le Courier des Etats Unis*, that 'his recent speech has disappointed both his friends and his foes—the former he has deceived, and the latter are authorized to look upon it as a snare.' Chicago and the Presidency have done this. But when the crisis is passed, I think you will agree with me, that while he has sinned, he has not wholly fallen from grace.

John Brown was, and is, the representative of that potent power, the sword, which proposes to settle at once the relation between master and slave—precisely if it can, forcibly if it must. This, no doubt, the method by which the freedom of the blacks will be brought about in this country. It is a severe method; but to severe ills it is necessary to apply severe remedies. Slavery has taken up the sword, and it is but just that it should perish by it. (Applause.) The John Brown of the second Revolution, is but the Crispus Attucks of the first. A few years hence, and this assertion will be a matter of history.

Crispus Attucks was a brave man, and he fought with our fathers in a good cause; but they were not victorious. They fought for liberty, but they got slavery. The white man was benefited, but the black man was injured. I do not envy the white American the little liberty which they enjoy. It is their right, and they ought to have it. I wish them success, though I do not think they deserve it. I desire to see all men enjoy freedom and prosperity. (Applause.) But by this I do not mean to imply, that should our country be again situated as it was then, we would be willing to re-commit the errors of our Revolutionary fathers. The Scotch have a saying, 'When a man deceives me once, shame on him; but when he deceives me twice, shame on me.'

I see one thing in celebrating this day, which it would be well not to overlook, and that is, Crispus Attucks has demonstrated to us that insurrections, when properly planned, may lead to successful revolutions.

If the present aspect of things is an index to the future, then, indeed, our prospects are gloomy. Of the two great political parties in this country, one is openly hostile to us, and seeks to reduce us to the position of beasts of burden; and the other has evidently but little sympathy for us, only as we may serve to advance its interests. The only class who avow themselves openly as the friends of the black man are the Abolitionists; and it would be well for the colored people to remember this fact. (Applause.) I do not wish to be understood as saying, that we have no friends in the Republican party, for I know that we have. But the most of those who sacrifice for our cause are among the Abolitionists. Next to them I place the Republicans, many of whom I have found more practically interested in our welfare, than the rank and file of the Abolitionists. But I place one before the leading Abolitionists in this country—they who have spoken for the dumb, and who have braved the storms in their fury. In this connection, I must not omit Gerrit Smith, (applause,) the leader of the Liberty party, who is one of the most liberal and disinterested of nature's noblemen. He has done more for our race, pecuniarily, than any other man in this country. May a kind Providence preserve him! (Applause.)

It is the Anti-Slavery men and women, who have made our cause a holy thing. I always feel proud of my humanity, after an interview with any one of them. In the language of Moore, I can say—

"Oh, there are looks and tones that start
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought."

The position of the colored man to-day, is a trying one; trying, because the whole country has entered into a conspiracy to crush him; and it is against this mighty power that he is forced to contend. Some persons think we are oppressed only in the South; this is a mistake. We are oppressed everywhere on this slavery-cursed land. To be sure, we are seldom insulted here by the vulgar passers by. We have the right of suffrage. The free schools are open to our children, and from them have come forth young men who have finished their studies elsewhere, who speak two or three languages, and are capable of filling any post of profit and honor. But there is no field for these men. Their education only makes them suffer the more keenly. The educated colored man meets, on the one hand, the embittered prejudices of the whites, and on the other the jealousies of his own race. Perhaps you may think that there are exceptions. This is true; but there are not enough of them in the whole United States to sustain, properly, a half dozen educated colored men. The colored man who educates his son, educates him to suffer. When La Martine said to an Armenian chief at Damascus, 'You should send your son to Europe, and give him that education you regret the want of yourself,' the Armenian answered, 'Alas! what service should I render to my son, if I were to raise him above the age and the country in which he is destined to live? What would he do at Damascus, on returning thither with the information, the manners, and the taste for liberty he has acquired in Europe? If one must be a slave, it is better never to have known anything but slavery. Woe to the man who precede their times; their times crush them.' And woe to the black man who is educated; there is no field for him.

The other day, when a man who makes loud anti-slavery pretensions, and who has the reputation of

being the friend of the blacks, had it in his power to advance the interests of a colored man, and was asked to do so, he said, 'Colored men have gentlemen no doubt regrets that he did not originate the ideas that 'black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect,' and that 'a white man is

and wealthy, and then the roughest looking colored man that you ever saw or ever will see will be pleasant to the harmonies of Orpheus, and black will be a very pretty color. (Laughter.) It will make our jargon wit; our words, oracles; fatuity will take the place of slander, and you will find no prejudice in the Yankee whatever. (Applause.)

The question whether freedom or slavery shall triumph in this country will no doubt be settled ere long, and settled in accordance with the eternal principles of justice. Whether the result is to be brought about by the gradual diffusion of an anti-slavery gospel, or the method introduced by Crispus Attucks, and seconded by John Brown, no one can tell. I hope it may be done peaceably; but if, as appears to be the case, there is no use in crying peace, then let us not shrink from the responsibility. My motto has always been, 'Better die freemen than live to be slaves.' In case of a contest with our enemies, fifty negroes would take the State of Virginia without the loss of a man. Gov. Wise, as a matter of course, would be the first to surrender. (Applause.) One thousand negroes would sweep the slave States from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the time and places that know the slaveholders now would shortly know them no more forever. It has been said that 'Virginia was frightened by seventeen men and a cow'; but, if I remember aright, Virginia, even when under arms, was frightened by a cow. (Laughter.) Verily, verily, I say unto you, the slaveholders are a base race of cowards. (Laughter and applause.)

The slaveholders affect to despise the leaders of the Anti-Slavery cause, as you have a fair illustration in Gov. Wise's bombastic speech to the half-civilized southern medical students, who left Philadelphia for Philadelphia's good. But we too well know that it is common for men to affect disdain, when in reality their only sentiment is fear. Metellus ridiculed Scipio, and called him 'fugitive' and 'outlaw'; and yet he feared for the head of this 'fugitive' and 'outlaw' no less than one hundred talents of silver, and twenty thousand acres of land. The barons of the heads of prominent anti-slavery men prove that the latter are a power that is not to be despised. All efforts, thus far, to crush the pioneers in our cause have proved the most miserable failures. Our cause is of God, and cannot be overthrown. (Applause.) Governor Wise, the distinguished Virginia knight-errant, after his imaginary victory of driving Wendell Phillips into Canada, might have quoted these lines from Homer:—

'I saw my shaft with aim unerring go,
And deemed it sent him to the shades below;
But still he lives;—some angry god withstands
Whose malice thwarts these unavailing hands.'

And when he commences his raid upon the North, he will find it exceedingly difficult to drive a windmill with a pair of bellows. (Laughter.)

Our cause is moving onward. The driving of the free colored people from the slave States, and the laws preventing their ingress into the free States, is only the tightening of the already strangled cord that binds the slave; and I am daily looking for some additional force to sever it, and thereby annihilate forever the relation existing between master and slave. (Applause.)

Mr. NELL next introduced WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON to the audience, who was received with the warmest demonstrations of applause. He paid a merited tribute to the memories of Crispus Attucks and Peter Salem, and other colored Americans who have freely shed their blood on every battle-field for American independence; and spoke of the atrocious injustice which had ever since been meted out to them. He examined some of the most plausible objections urged against the emancipation of the slaves, and showed them to be 'empty as the whistling wind.' He then passed to a review of the political parties, and the issues before the country, and concluded by uttering words of cheer to the colored people in view of the signs of the times.

Rev. J. SELLAS MARTIN referred to the disparagement of Attucks by the Tory press of the past and present day, as the usual treatment awarded to colored men, however meritorious. In his usual eloquent tone, he gave a graphic sketch from the history of Hayti, during her days of peril and suffering, and illustrated the heroism and diplomacy of her colored patriots by cogent examples; closing with a beautiful tribute to Crispus Attucks and John Brown.

[We regret not having a report of Mr. M's speech.]

The following letter, not received in time to be read at the meeting, is inserted in place of Mr. Downing's anticipated speech:—

Newport, March 3, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Attucks' celebration at Boston, on the 5th inst. I have been cherishing the hope that I could be present; but I find it impossible. I will be with you, because it is an occasion of which I feel proud; proud, because it is to commemorate one, and a prominent one, of a number of incidents, in which colored Americans have played parts for liberty, which will cause their names to live. I might allude to many; I will mention Margaret Garner, who, when hunted by ruthless slave-hunters, killed her little ones; calling upon her mother to assist her in sending their pure spirits to God, to make them really free, and not continue to breathe, and be slaves. Then the noble, nameless black hero of Tennessee; the slave who received seven hundred lashes, and died, refusing to disclose who his associates were, that were plotting for freedom. Then Leary, Copeland and Green, who risked and lost all, save immortal names, for liberty; and that liberty to be enjoyed by others.

As for the colored hero who is the subject of your celebration, I will leave him to the able array of speakers announced to speak; they will speak of him as his high merits deserve.

I will allude to an idea, in connection with Crispus Attucks, which I would be proud to hear Wendell Phillips discuss upon. It is well known that, up to the 5th of March, 1776, there was a hesitancy and a dread felt by the Colonies' best friends, shared by Adams and others equally true to their interest, who hoped for concessions on the part of the mother country; this, though then deemed almost impossible, was reverently cherished. But the blow struck by Attucks; his bold defiance of all England; his intrepid leading on the populace, and the encounter—was the decisive blow that led to independence. Had it not been thus struck, there might have been delays and delays, and some concessions following, resulting in a resolve to remain subjects of the mother country. And it is not possible that we might, in that event, now, like Canada, sustain such a relation to England? Then may we not say, that, but for the blow struck at the right time by a black man, the United States, with all that it is entitled to and justice boasts, might not have been an independent republic?

May the moral blows now being struck for freedom by our friends, be as effectual in their consequences as were the blows struck by our forefathers, in so far as they struck off English shackles!

Yours, for the freedom for which Attucks died,
GEO. T. DOWNING.

The speakers were listened to with deep interest, and their remarks much applauded; while the music imparted great pleasure and satisfaction. At 10 o'clock, the audience separated; many, however, wending their way to the levee, where greetings of friends and social conversation wound up the nineteenth anniversary of the Boston massacre.

The Republican National Convention will not meet on the 13th of June, but on the 16th of May, the persistent efforts of the early-coming men having succeeded in bringing about the change desired.

WENDELL PHILLIPS—DEMOCRACY.
Extracts of a letter from a highly intelligent and respected colored citizen of Connecticut:—
New London, Feb. 20, 1860.

Wm. C. NELL, Esq.—DEAR FRIEND:—This city has been favored with a lecture from WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., on the 'Lost Arts,' and I echo the words of every one I have heard speak of it, (and those are not few) that it was the best of the course of lyceum lectures that has been delivered here this season. Indeed, so great is the enthusiasm to hear him again, that he is to be invited to speak on any subject that he may choose. To me, who have always resided here, I consider it a significant move in the right quarter. John Brown's campaign has set white men to thinking, and the only thing that has brought it about is the fact that white men have been made to feel the crushing weight of slavery. Northern Democracy cannot save them. Here is a case in point, since the Brown invasion: Two young men (brothers) took letters from ———, a noted Democrat of Woodstock, Ct., to Gov. Letcher of Virginia, stating that they were all right, i. e., 'sound on the goose' in regard to slavery. But, (mark this!) they were mechanics—carpenters—and, of course, 'had no rights that slaveholders were bound to respect'; consequently, they were watched in words and actions. One day, some of the butterfly troops of Virginia were on parade, and a remark was made by one of the brothers that they were a fine looking set of men! The other replied, 'Yes, they were; but twenty Yankees would drive them all into the swamp; which observation was overheard by a slaveholder, who instantly had the mob upon them, and they barely escaped with their lives, glad to get home to old Woodstock—changed in their views in regard to the peculiar institution and Democracy. For me, there is not much difference between a Democrat and a Republican; they are both unsound. The Republicans in this section are as much afraid of any thing dark as a booby would be in passing through the woods. They have to keep crying out about this country being free for the white man, just as the booby whistles going through the woods, and for the same reason, because they are afraid! It is no use to waste power on the Democrats; the game is not worth it. A man, to be a Democrat now-a-days, must take an oath similar to what sailors used to when crossing the equinoctial line, that is, to go contrary to what they knew to be their better nature. Thus they say, 'Slavery we go for, even if it enslaves us, our children, and their posterity.'

My dear friend, you know we have no votes here, but we have tongues, and mean to use them. When white men ask me if I do not feel bad about slavery, and the wrong of it upon the colored people, I tell them the time has been when I thought it touched none but the colored man, but now I say, 'Weep not for me, but rather for yourselves and your children, and the evil that shall come upon you.' I tell them I have prayed that the white man might feel what the colored man felt in regard to slavery; and they are feeling it; and, unless slavery is abolished within fifty years, white men will feel it shifted upon their own shoulders, for slavery grows whiter every day; and the whiter it grows, the dearer it grows.

Yours, truly,
W. C. NELL.

MASSACRE OF INDIANS IN CALIFORNIA.
Heavy claims for fighting the Indians of California have recently been presented to the Legislature of that State for payment. The correspondence of the San Francisco Alta California gives a history of the operations of one of the military companies who wish to be paid for their services in exterminating the poor savages. The recital is a horrible one. It appears that a body of volunteers, under Lieut. Langley, known as the 'Pitt River Rangers,' were sent to California, to the valley of the Pitt river, last summer at Lockhart's Ferry, on Pitt river, where they commenced drinking and carousing. Here they formed the plan of attacking a tribe known as the Rolf Indians, a quiet and peaceable band. The company, which numbered twenty-one, arrived at the Indian camp at night, and commenced a furious attack. The Indians knew they were innocent of any depredations, and were confident of the kind feelings of the whites towards them. The greater part of the male Indians fled at the onset, and the inhuman white troop perpetrated a brutal massacre upon the squaws and children. The account says:—

'The attacking party rushed upon them, blowing out their brains, and spilling open their skulls, and even babes, had their heads smashed to pieces or cut open. Mothers and infants shared the common fate. The screams and cries of the victims were frightful to hear, but no supplications could avail to avert the work of devilish butchery. It will scarcely be credited that this horrible scene occurred in Christian California, within the sacred days of travel of the State capital. Humanity sickens at the thought. Many of the fugitives were chased and shot as they ran.—Where whole families had been butchered was indicated by heaps of bodies composed of the mother and her little ones. The children, scarcely able to run, toddled towards the protection, crying for help, but were overtaken, slaughtered like wild animals, and thrown into piles. From under some haycocks, where some of them had taken refuge, they were dragged out and slain. One woman got into a pond-hole, where she hid herself under a mass of grass, with her head above water, and concealed her face. She was discovered, and her head blown to pieces, the muzzle of the gun being placed against her skull, and the child was drowned in the pond. The ground was covered with blood, and the brushwood ranches, of which there were fifty or sixty, were filled with the bodies of Old decrepit squaws, young girls, and infants, none were spared. Knives and hatchets were used, but the favorite method appears to have been staying in the head with tomahawks. The bluish dawn alone upon this fearful spectacle, and still the massacre went on.

Some of these wretched creatures had lived with the very men who now struck them down. Thus, one had become intimate with them, and had other claims than the common humanity which ought to suffice every breast. But even this relationship did not induce to save them. One of the butchers named Lee, had been attended to, while sick almost to death, by the Indian woman, who had shown him all the simple medicines that she had, and brought him around to his senses; some of them recognizing the man whose life they had saved, cried out, 'Lee! Lee!' raising their hands towards him with gestures of supplication, but in vain. Lee was among the most infuriated of the party, and he had boasted of the number of Indians he had split open, and exhibited his tomahawk, hacked and broken in the dreadful work.

It is stated that when the slaughter was over, more than six squaws and children were found dead on the field. The Indian boys were then set on fire, and the smell of burning flesh, the crackling of the flames, and clouds of smoke, marked the closing scene of the tragedy. The Indians crept down at night, and carried away a few of the remnants of the bodies, and some of the bones were found to be those of the children. The rest were left a prey to the buzzards, and the bones lie bleaching there yet. Their murderers now claim pay for the California Legislature for the fiendish atrocities they perpetrated. This account of the affair is given by Mr. Lounsbury, a resident of the Pitt river valley.—Boston Journal.

SLAVE TRADE BETWEEN THE STATES.
Mr. Charles Reemelin, of Ohio, is publishing in the Cincinnati Commercial notes of a Southern tour he is now making. Attached to the train he was on in Alabama, were two car loads of negroes, and Mr. R. writes:—

'We went forward to have a look at them, and a slight rest my eye never to be forgotten. There were some 150 negroes, young and old, men, women and children, mothers of large families, some alone, some surrounded by their offspring. Their clothing was of the most modest character, and the gifts of fair white ladies of cast off bonnets and gowns, and of fine white gentlemen of worn out hats and coats, were there, to show that at parting there was some natural feeling. The negroes came, as the trader said, from Virginia and North Carolina, from which region and Tennessee 100,000 are taken South each year; at this time the emigration amounts to 3,000 a week. They were destined for the New Orleans slave market, where the trader expected to get \$2,000 for every healthy, full grown negro. When I first entered the car, a fetid stench, like that of a menagerie of monkeys, made me doubt, for the first time in my life, that the sleeping bodies before me belonged to human beings, and had I not afterwards heard them talk, and seen them exhibit other attributes and propensities, my nose would have taken judgment by default. Some among them looked just as if imported from Africa. They were nearly naked, and seemed unable to reply to questions put to them. The conductor frankly admitted that negroes, whom he could not mistake to be slaves directly from Africa, did frequently come on their road; that 200 such came the week previous, and that 800 more were contracted for.

The NEGRO EXODUS FROM MISSOURI.—The St. Louis Democrat states that the exodus of slaves from Missouri, since Sherman M. Booth was yesterday arrested by the United States Marshal, on the Glover rescue case, should our State Supreme Court issue a habeas corpus as before, the writ will be resisted by the United States authorities, and the question tested as to the power of the State court over the U. S. court.

The Wisconsin Rescue Case, AGAIN. Milwaukee, March 2.—Sherman M. Booth was yesterday arrested by the United States Marshal, on the Glover rescue case. Should our State Supreme Court issue a habeas corpus as before, the writ will be resisted by the United States authorities, and the question tested as to the power of the State court over the U. S. court.

The Virginia Commissioners appointed to audit the expenses incurred at Harper's Ferry report the total amount at \$185,667.00.

Last Saturday, the atmosphere at Newport was such that people within the city saw distinctly, with the naked eye, Block Island, thirty miles distant. So clearly could this be done, that the slope of the hills and color of the sand were traced. By the aid of a glass, the people moving about were seen.

Senator Sumner sends to the New York Tribune one of Macaulay's articles on slavery, never before published in this country, accompanying it with some remarks on the subject of the article and its writer.

Hon. J. R. Giddings writes to the New York Evening Post, saying in substance that he finds the Republicans, in eleven States through which he has recently travelled, are opposed to taking a Presidential candidate from outside the party, and that he himself thinks it would neither be right nor politic to do so.

The democratic bill to banish free negroes failed to pass, but an act graciously allowing free negroes the blessed privilege of choosing masters and becoming slaves, is recorded among the enlightened statutes of the sovereign State of Alabama. 'Will you walk into my parlor,' says the spider, &c.

MANUMISSION OF A BEAUTIFUL SLAVE. A young female, of almost classic beauty, about eighteen years old, so nearly white that the tinge of African blood in her veins was scarcely perceptible, and perfect enough to have been taken for a white girl, was yesterday manumitted in the Probate Court by a well-known New Orleans merchant. Her countenance was beaming, expressive, intelligent, her dark eye brilliant, melting, and her general appearance quite spirituelle, owing partly to the worm of consumption that was evidently feeding on her cheek. She was elegantly attired, and in point of personal appearance would contrast favorably with most fashionable Fourth-street belles.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The New York Times has a correspondent on board the United States sloop-of-war Portsmouth, who writes as follows from St. Paul de Loando, Dec. 20:—

'The few months' experience we have had on the coast, has not altogether been thrown away. It has thoroughly convinced us that the whole slave coast is, we may say, lined with slaves, who are generally from New York, cleared from the Custom House, and maneuvering about on the coast, under various pretences and disguises of legal traffic; particularly under that most specious blind—the obtaining palm oil—until the favorable moment having arrived, the cargo is shipped, and a few hours finds them out of danger, on their way to the West Indies.'

The Traveller was captured by a British cruiser, the Viper, and sent to St. Helena. When captured, she had on board six hundred slaves. Most of them were from eight to sixteen years old; some were women, all were naked. When visited by the officers of the Portsmouth, although the slaves were then in a better condition than when captured, some were dying, and nearly all were sick. The writer states that when ophthalmia broke out among the miserable Africans, every new case was thrown aboard, under the supposition that the disease is contagious.

THE NON-INTERCOURSE BUGBEAR.—The following communication in a recent number of the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, shows what a bugbear the cry of non-intercourse is, which some people are trying to use for political ends. The writer asks:—

'Will any well-informed and intelligent citizen of this State who has turned his attention to the subject, think that the high falutin, rushing, prancing and pitching resolutions about non-intercourse, domestic manufactures, buying at home, encouraging Virginia cities, employing Virginia mechanics, &c., &c., passed lately, not only in this city, but in nearly every town and county in the Commonwealth? I was in New York and Philadelphia last week and had some opportunities of knowing, and am firmly of the opinion that more goods of all kinds have been sold in both places to Southern markets than was ever before the case. Southern merchants and Southern people, despite of everything done and said, will buy where they think they can get the best assortment and purchase at the cheapest rates. They are mistaken frequently about the cheapest rates. But what merchant has yet stopped going to the North? How can they?

LINSEY WOOLSEY.'

FRIDAY, THE 16TH OF MARCH, 1860.
THE MARTYRDOM OF STEVENS AND HAZLETT.
Let the day and the event be duly observed. The friends of freedom in Boston and vicinity will hold a public meeting in the evening, at the MEIGANOON, at half-past 7 o'clock, for this purpose.

Dr. JOSEPH DOY and JOSEPH GARDNER of Kansas—the former who was rescued from the Missouri ruffians by the latter and his brave associates—also, R. J. HINTON, of Kansas, and WM. LLOYD GARRISON, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, T. W. HIGGINSON, and other speakers, will be present.

A meeting will be held for consultation and a free interchange of sentiment, at the same place, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to which all who desire the overthrow of slavery, by all suitable means, are cordially invited.

WM. WELLS BROWN will lecture as follows:—

Northampton,	Wednesday, March 28.
Florence,	Thursday, " 29.
Haydenville,	Friday, " 30.
Cumington,	Sunday, April 1.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON will address the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society (Rev. Theodore Parker's) at Music Hall, on Sunday forenoon, March 18.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON will lecture in Worcester on Sunday next, forenoon and afternoon.

DIED.—In this city, March 12th, MARGARET B. KUR, aged 75 years and eleven months. She was grand-daughter of the ensign of the colored military company to whom Gov. Hancock presented a flag, at the close of the Revolutionary war.

Funeral services were conducted at Christ Church, of which she was a member. Her remains were deposited at Mount Auburn.

In Dorchester, Dec. 10, at the residence of D. B. Stedman, Esq., DERTY THORNTON, colored, aged 101 years.

In Brighton, March 13, CHARLES WILLIAM, son of John M. and Lucretia Hilton Lenox, aged 2 months and 13 days.

AN EVENTFUL DAY AT SOUTH NATICK.
The last Sunday in February, Mr. Garrison had large and appreciating audiences, afternoon and evening, at South Natick meeting-house. He spoke upon 'Conscience,' and upon 'Anti-Slavery,' with his remarkable ability and persuasiveness. No wonder that his power is feared, and his name revered, by pro-slavery advocates and apologists, by slaveholders and tyrants; for whoever hears him, becomes a believer in him and in his cause.

What made his lectures at South Natick the more effectual and timely, was the disgraceful attempt of the Parish Committee to keep the church locked against the pastor, just closing his third year in the place. All through the fall and winter, eminent speakers have occupied the pulpit, and edified good-sized audiences, and no objections were offered by the Parish Committee to such a wise and beneficent course; but on this occasion, owing mostly to the minister's sympathy with the working-men's strike, and in part to his carrying out his programme of lectures by having Mr. Garrison in the place, and, in fact, without giving any reasons, the Committee took it upon themselves to disturb the succession of Sunday services, by closing the church, and calling upon a constable to prevent any one's entering it. The pastor, with a few friends, did open the church, and make the fires, and the constable was not present till meeting time. A large delegation of working men attended church in the forenoon, with South Natick people, to listen to what proved to be the farewell sermon of the pastor; and in fact, three large and interesting meetings would have been lost, if the Committee's orders had not been disregarded.

The readers of the Liberator know the position of the pastor, in all movements for the liberation of slaves, North and South, and will not be surprised, therefore, at some of his difficulties with the money power. He can now say that having Mr. Garrison with him on that eventful Sunday, has crowned his labors for South Natick, from which he can now depart in peace.

W. G. B.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE; A New Pocket Dictionary and Reference Book; Embracing Extensive Collections of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations, and Foreign Phrases; Chapters on Writing for the Press, Punctuation, and Proof-reading; and other interesting and Valuable Information. By the author of 'How to Write,' 'How to Talk,' &c. Price 50 cents.

This volume contains the essence of three or four heavy works, condensed into a size and form adapting it to the Desk or the Pocket, and afforded at a price which brings it within the reach of all. We hazard nothing in pronouncing it almost indispensable to the writer and speaker. It short, this work should be a universal pocket and desk companion. Sent by mail, to any address, on receipt of the price, by FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

RIGHTS OF COLORED CITIZENS.
The Review of Gov. Banks' Veto of the Revised Code, an account of the Enrollment of Colored Citizens in the Militia, an octavo pamphlet of 62 pages, by F. W. BIRD, Esq., is a masterly examination of the whole course of reasoning and action which was followed necessary in order to put a stigma on our fellow-citizens of African extraction. Mr. Bird is probably most of our readers well known as one of the original free-soilers of 1848, and now is a Republican of the ultra class. He manfully accepts the consequences of his principles, and while fighting the slave power, admits the equality of the African race. Indeed, no honest man can deny these consequences, unless his mind is perverted by always long language. This 'Review' will be extensively read, and will be most of all, to the minds of those who are proud, the pride of race. If we cannot make up our mind to treat the colored man as our equal before the law, we are far from feeling sure that we have any moral right to object to anything the slaveholders may see fit to do with their 'people.' To break down slavery merely to create a low caste race, is a possible thing, and has been felt called upon to take the view he took of the subject; but we are not disposed to call in question his intentions. Mr. Bird has stated, clearly and learnedly, the reasons why a different course might have been taken, and he has enlightened the discussion by the use of very pointed language. This 'Review' will be extensively read, embodying as it does the sentiments of thousands who do not feel called upon to protest under their own names. (John P. Jewett & Co., Publishers.)—Traveller.

HATED TOWARDS THE NEGRO.—The New York Evening Post, in referring to the recent action of the Legislature of Missouri, in excluding Kentucky and Tennessee, in regard to expelling free negroes from those States, very truly states:—

No, these provisions are not the effects of drunken frolic, but of malignant hate towards a race which has hitherto returned good for evil. There is too evident a determination to tear up the very foundation stones of the temple of Liberty; to outrage the moral sense of the human race; to create a proof how rapidly it is possible to bring white people to renounce the principles with which they set out—to attribute the legislation to any influence short of the atheist.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE scheme was defeated in Virginia, although nearly all the Democratic papers, and both the aspirants for the Presidency, Wise and Hunter, favored it strongly. The Richmond Vindicator says:—

'Virginia still occupies her ancient proud position of perfect independence and unsuspected loyalty to the Constitution and the Union—and there let her stand beside an overwhelming majority of her Southern sisters, allowing South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi to go out of the Union in a blaze of glory, if they choose. But they will not choose, and there will be an end to the whole matter.'

The porter of the steamship Marion, named Francis Mitchell, has been tried at Charleston, S. C., for aiding a slave in trying to escape, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged! As a sort of companion to this, a grand juror sitting in the county court at Charlotte, N. C.—Mr. Francis Davis—was, on the 26th of January, on motion of solicitor D. B. Rea, expelled from the jury for expressing sentiments in opposition to the institution of slavery. He was subsequently arrested, thrown into prison, and a thousand dollars bail demanded for his appearance at the next sitting of the Supreme Court! Austria is a paradise compared to such instances of American inhumanity.

SLAVEHOLDERS SHOULD LOVE THEM.—The New York Journal of Commerce (Democratic slaveholders' organ) says that the efforts of Northern anti-slavery men have completely tied the hands and silenced the tongues of anti-slavery men at the South, and have postponed the final extinction of slavery at least half a century. If this be so, the slaveholders ought to change their anathemas upon anti-slavery men into blessings. But who believes that it is so?

NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.
We announce with much pleasure the issue of three new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to their 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 three already published are as follows:—

- No. 1. Correspondence between Lydia Maria Child and Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia. 25 pp.
- No. 2. Victor Hugo on American Slavery, with letters of other distinguished individuals, viz., De Tocqueville, Mazzini, Humboldt, Lafayette, &c. 24 pp.
- No. 3. An Account of some of the Principal Slave Insurrections during the last two Centuries. By JOSEPH COFFIN. 35 pp.

Price of the first two of the above, five cents single; 60 cts. the dozen; \$3 50 the hundred. Of No. 3, six cts. single; 60 cents the dozen; \$4 the hundred.

To be had at the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and 21 Cornhill, Boston.

The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY has also just published, in a neat pamphlet form, the able and eloquent speech of THEODORE TILTON, Esq., of New York, in reply to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Orders for these should be sent to the Secretary's Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. Price, three cents single; \$2 50 per hundred.

READ THIS.
The subscriber can now furnish copies of the Photograph of LYDIA MARIA CHILD, with photographic fac simile, executed by Ormabee, at the low price of 50 cents. Also, the few remaining Lithographs of JOHN BROWN, at \$1.00 each; and will receive orders for the handsome Colored Engraving, 20 by 25 inches, of the BOSTON MASSACRE—on sheet, \$1.50; gilt frame, \$3.50. As the stone on which this design was drawn has been accidentally destroyed, this is a rare chance for purchasing, as the stock on hand is very limited.

All the above will be mailed safely without additional cost.

WILLIAM C. NELL,
Boston, March 12, 1860. 21 Cornhill.

CASELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Caspell, Pitter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York, the first number of this splendid work, which our exchanges are continually praisings. It is published in semi-monthly parts, and so cheap that it can come within the reach of all—the price being only 15 cents per number. The present number contains no less than 32 engravings, illustrative of Natural History, Geography, &c., and the printing and quality of paper are excellent. This work, when complete, will form one of the most magnificent copies of the Scriptures ever published in this or any other country.

The following are the contents of the CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for March:—I. Womanhood. II. The Liberal Religious Movement in the United States. III. The Book of Job. IV. Robert Burton. V. Dr. Bellows and the Pulpit. VI. Dr. Huntington on the Trinity. VII. The Heart of the Andes. VIII. Review of Current Literature. New Publications received. A very able and interesting number. The Examiner is worthy of the widest circulation.

THE MILITIA LAW. The amendment to the Militia Law of Massachusetts, striking out therefrom the invidious, unconstitutional and absurd word 'WHITE,' which passed the Senate, last week, by a very large majority, was adopted by the House of Representatives, on Tuesday, on the passage of the bill to its third reading, by a vote of 105 to 97. Further particulars, with a list of the Yess and Nays, next week.

SENT TO PRISON. Last week, THADDEUS HYATT, Esq., of New York, appeared before the bar of the U. S. Senate, and read to that body a long and elaborate protest in defence of his refusal to appear before the Harper's Ferry Inquisitorial Committee as a witness, placing it on constitutional grounds. He was subsequently committed to jail, and must remain there until a venomous pro-slavery majority of that body shall see fit to release him!

SLAVEBONDAGE VINDICTIVENESS. This day—Friday, March 16—Virginia will strangle upon the gallows two more of the brave associates of John Brown—STEVENS and HAZLETT—the slaughter of fifteen of them at Harper's Ferry, and the previous hanging of four others, only whetting, instead of appeasing, her appetite for human blood! But a day of reckoning is coming. It will be seen that a commemorative meeting is to be held this day and evening at the Meiganoon in this city. Let the hall be crowded.

COLLEGE SONG BOOK. A Collection of American College Songs, with Piano-Forte Accompaniment. Compiled and arranged by C. Wistar Stevens, and dedicated to the Class of '60 of Harvard, and to all music-loving Students of American Colleges. Boston: Published by Russell & Tolman, 291 Washington street.

This volume is intended as a companion to College Words and Customs. It has been the Editor's aim to select nearly all the melodies of all Colleges which cultivate music. The whole number of songs here brought together is about sixty. It is neatly and handsomely executed, and no doubt will find a sale outside of the college precincts.

THE GUILT OF SLAVERY AND THE CRIME OF SLAVEHOLDING, demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. By Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans; author of 'Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Wanderings of a Pilgrim,' 'Windings of the River of the Water of Life,' 'Voices of Nature,' 'Powers of the World to Come,' 'God against Slavery,' &c. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co., 20 Washington street. 1860. pp. 472.

Dr. Cheever has here set the pro-slavery arguments drawn from the Bible with consummate logical acumen, scholarly ability, and irresistible power. We commend this work to all who profess to revere the Scriptures; at the same time protesting against making the rights of man to depend upon any parchment whatever.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, THE DISTINGUISHED QUAKER PHILANTHROPIST.

IS one of the most intensely interesting and useful biographies of MODERN TIMES. His was emphatically 'A TRUE LIFE!'

A NEW EDITION.

THE TWELFTH THOUSAND

Is just published. No library is complete without the record of this TRUE LIFE—a life spent in deeds of the most active philanthropy and benevolence.

PRICE, \$1 25.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
No. 20 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
March 9. 6w1s

ISAAC AMES, Judge of Probate and Involuntary.

PHRENOLOGY.
BY urgent request, Prof. N. WHEELER, well known as a scientific and truthful Phrenologist, has opened rooms at 99 Court street, corner of Hancock, Boston, where he will make Phrenological Examinations, give written delineations of Character, and furnish Charts; heal the sick, impart instructions relative to health and habits, and the management of children.

March 4.

CARPETING.
'All the Year Round!'

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN CARPETING, 285 WASHINGTON STREET, (NEAR WINTER STREET.)

RECEIVE, by Steamers and Packets from England, the latest and best styles and qualities of Carpeting, comprising Wiltons, Velvets, best qualities of Brussels, Tapestries, Three-pls, Kidderminster, &c., Painted Floor Cloths (of all widths and qualities), Rugs, Mats, Bookings, Feltings, Canton and Cocoa Matting.

—ALSO—
AMERICAN CARPETING.
ALL WHICH ARE OFFERED AT THE LOWEST PRICES, For cash or approved credit.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
SCYTHIA, &c. To the next of kin, and all other persons interested in the person of ELLEN STARR, of Boston, in said county, a minor.

WHEREAS, application has been made to me by Lewis HOWARD, and NANCY HOWARD, wife of said Lewis, of said Boston, to adopt said minor; you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at said Boston, on Monday, the nineteenth day of March next, at 10 o'clock, before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

They, the said Lewis and Nancy, are hereby directed to give public notice thereof three weeks successively in the newspaper called the Liberator, printed in said Boston.

Given under my hand, this twenty-seventh day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty.

ISAAC AMES, Judge of Probate and Involuntary.

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From the Atlantic Monthly for March. TO THE MUSE.

Whither? albet I follow fast, In all life's circuit I but find Not where thou art, but where thou wast, Fleet Beckoner, more shy than wind!

THE LIBERATOR.

CRITICISM ON THE CREATOR. A London paper (quoted by the New York Tribune) says of the historian Macaulay— 'A true friend of liberty, he preferred to deduce it from the immemorial practice of our ancient monarchy, instead of from the fallacious doctrines of natural right.'

THE NON-RESISTANCE PRINCIPLE.

DEAR MR. GARRISON: Your correspondence with friend Whittier, and your mutual recognition of non-resistance as an inviolable principle, remind me of a request I long ago intended to make, viz., that yourself or Mr. Whipple (who never fails to make things clear) would state the moral or the logical grounds of the non-resistance principle.

THE PEOPLE IN CONVENTION.

GREAT UNION SAVIN MEETIN IN HORNBY. I do suppose, that of this ere blessed old country of ourn has bin on the very verge and pint of eternal smash since I fust wore trowsers, it has bin in that alarmin' situation at least fifty times.

BUGGING AN OVERSEER.

We will tell the tale 'as 'twas told us,' by a jolly steamboat captain, at the theatre, a night or two since, substituting fictitious for real names: 'Down the Alabama River, in a country which we shall name Derby, lives an enormously rich and very clever young planter, who sometimes takes a grand frolic, and who, when whiskey is in his head, cuts up tricks and capers the most fantastical that ever were generated by a heated brain.'

Is there any virtue in MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:—My eye is sixty. One year ago, my hair was very gray, and had been gradually falling, until, on the March of the present year, I commenced using Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer, No. 1, according to the directions, and have continued to apply a slight dressing of the same since three or four weeks, on setting to bed. My hair now appears to be permanent. I AM SATISFIED THAT THE PREPARATION IS NOTHING LIKE A DYE, BUT OPERATES UPON THE SECRETS. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to one who is in danger of becoming bald.

THE PRODUCTS OF SLAVE LABOR.

To what extent are the consumers responsible for the system? The consumer creates the demand. The demand does not create the supply. It is only one occasion of it. The other occasion, Deity (or Nature) creates.

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

In the legislative report of proceedings in the Senate, not long since, we find the following: 'Mr. Simmons, of Plymouth, from the Committee on the Judiciary, on petition of Lydia Emmons and 49 others, demanding the right of suffrage to women, report that while the Committee assent to all the principles set forth in the petition, the Committee are constrained to ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject, until it appears that a majority of the women of the Commonwealth ask for the right of suffrage.'

A SLAVE SELLS HIS OWN MASTER.

Matthew Hobson, (generally called 'Black Matt,' on account of the darkness of his complexion,) was well known by the inhabitants of the seaboard of Virginia, years ago, as a slave-dealer, and an accomplished 'breaker-in' of bad flesh. He once purchased a bright mulatto by the name of Sam, at a very low price, on account of his numerous bad qualities—such as shivering, being, and drunkenness.

THE BLIND NEGRO BOY PIANIST—THE SINGULAR EFFORT OF HIS MUSIC UPON HIMSELF.

He has been alluded to the remarkable musical talent of the blind slave boy Tom, the property of a slaveholder in Savannah. The report of this boy's wonderful powers is thus confirmed by the Charleston Courier of January 24. The editor says:— 'He strikes the keys with all the confidence of one largely gifted with the musical faculty, or talent. His manipulation is most graceful; his touch is most exquisitely delicate, and then all the strength of his frail body is thrown into his hands, and he strikes the instrument with impassioned earnestness.'

TOOMBS ON DRELLING.

Senator Toombs says that the noblest death any man could die was death in a duel.

THE CALUMNY.

The CALUMNY is the name of a monthly of 32 pages, the first number of which is before us. It is issued by John Beeson, Indian Aid Office, No. 55 Broadway, New York, and is furnished to subscribers at \$1 per year.

OUR LAND, OUR GREEN AS PARADISE.

'Our land, our green as paradise, is hoary 'E'en in its youth, with tyrannic and cruel; Its soil with blood of Africa's sons is gory; Whose wrongs Eternity can tell—Not time; The red man's wrong shall tell the damning story, To be rehearsed in every age and clime.'

WE ASPIRE TO HAVE THE BEST.

One bottle of the Restorer will last a year; \$1.50 a bottle. Address all letters for information, &c., to Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer Depot, No. 365 Broadway Street, New York.

SOLD BY EVERY DRUG AND FANCY GOOD DEALER.

Oct 14. 1857