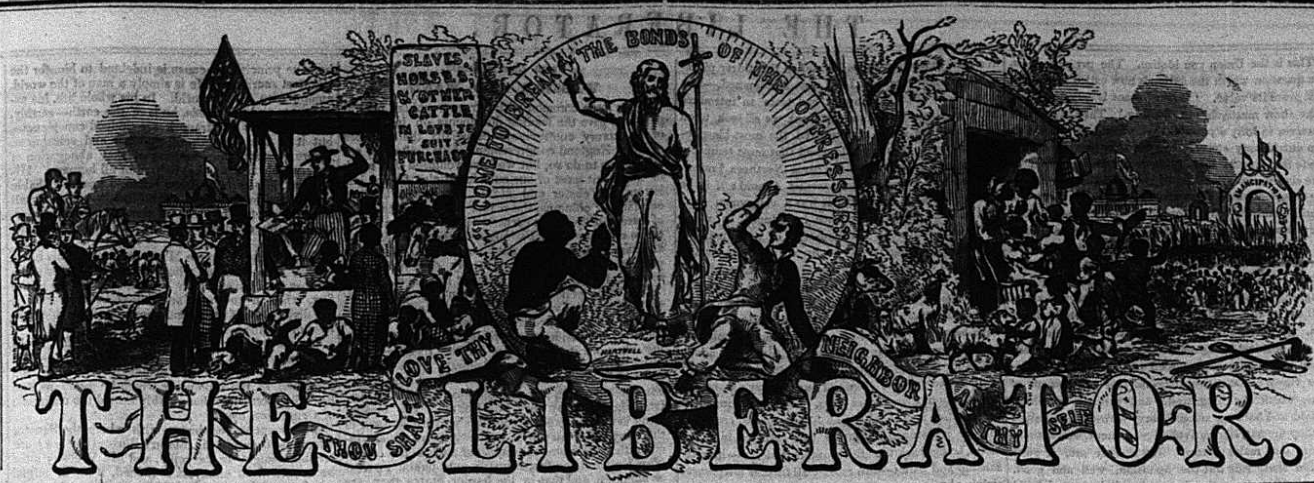


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NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!  
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION "A COVENANT WITH DEATH,  
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL."  
"Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding  
Jords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their  
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to  
secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their  
slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,  
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was  
the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an en-  
gagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,  
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal  
to the principles of popular representation, of a repre-  
sentation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under  
the name of persons. . . . To call government thus con-  
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of  
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of  
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the  
government of the nation is to establish an artificial  
majority in the slave representation over that of the  
free people, in the American Congress, and thereby  
to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION  
AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VIT-  
AL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL  
GOVERNMENT."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS. VOL XX. NO. 26. BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1016.

Refuge of Oppression.  
GARRISON'S LIBERATOR.  
(Continued from the Boston Daily Bee.)  
WASHINGTON, June 18.  
A Southern Senator gave me, yesterday, Garrison's Liberator of the 14th inst., which had been sent to him, as I believe it is to members generally, of both Houses of Congress; and he called my attention particularly to the group of assailants of Mr. Webster, who figure in its columns. First, there was Garrison himself, a head and shoulders above the rest, like Abraham; then H. C. Wright, Brig. Gen. Henry Wilson, whose horse Mr. White of Waterbury could not ride; the Boston Atlas, whose editorials were as bold as ever; Parker Pillsbury, who reverences the Bible; Horace Mann, who reverences himself; Wendell Phillips, C. C. Burleigh, and a woman rejoicing in the protracted name of Caroline H. W. Dall, a hurricane of a woman, doubtless. Each seemingly entitled to hit Mr. Webster, the hardest blow, in which the woman of the protracted name seems to have been the most successful. A coalition of various elements, devoted to the single purpose of hunting down Mr. Webster? Garrison publishes from the Atlas, Mann's letter, with the following endorsement, and what Garrison endorses must be paper of the right sort. None is genuine which does not bear his superscription, and whatever bears his superscription must be after his own image:  
"I have read your reply to Daniel Webster. In order to give the first half (we regret to give the whole) of this matter reply in our present number, we are compelled to omit a large amount of foreign and domestic intelligence of an interesting nature."  
Here we have it! Garrison is so delighted with Mr. Mann's letter to the Atlas, and so eager to give it an appropriate setting and currency in his own columns, that he regrets he is "compelled to omit a large amount of foreign and domestic intelligence of an interesting character." Thence abroad may have been ordered, dynasties rooted out, emperors or Kaisers murdered, and yet the readers of the Liberator's Atlas letter will be as little indifferent and careless to hear, so long as their petty malice may be gorged with such rank condemnation as the correspondent of these two papers prepares for them.  
Into the cauldron of bitter ingredients which these spirits stir up—black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey—Mr. W. H. Channing casts the following morsel:  
"That once great man, who, by his own weak ambition, has committed moral suicide. [Cheers and hisses.]"  
And Mr. H. C. Wright this, (speaking of Prof. Stuart and Mr. Webster):  
"Their God and their Bible permitted all those atrocious sins, and when he [Wright] should take off his hat to such a God, his head should come off with it."  
Atrocious abuse, calumny, falsehood, and blasphemy—such are the ingredients they throw into their seething cauldron; and of such ingredients, what must be the product?  
\* This critic must read his Bible afresh. Saul, and not Abimelech, was remarkable for his height.—Ed.

Louisiana, to the Presidency. Freedom is a beautiful word. It falls like music upon the American ear; it has been the theme for the poet's pen—the subject upon which the patriot loves to dwell. But, like beauty in a woman, it hides a multitude of faults; and although the mantle is broad, it cannot cover all. Now let no democratic free-soiler go off in a tangent. With them we intend to have no quarrel, so long as they vote the Democratic ticket, support Democratic men and Democratic measures, stand by the old time-honored Democratic platform, without attempting to tear up the planks and narrow its dimensions, so that a Northern and sectional party can only stand on it. The Democratic party is a national party, and we shall quarrel with the man who attempts to make it sectional. We are opposed to extending slavery into any territory now free; and although we may differ with many Democrats, good and true, upon the mode by which this thing is to be done, with man professing Democracy, who requires us to believe that there is a law higher than the Constitution, which prohibits the surrender of fugitive slaves according to one of the plainest provisions of that instrument, who would place the negro on a social and political equality with the white man, who would allow him to vote at the ballot-box, and to hold office—who, in violation of law, and of the decision of the Supreme Court, would prohibit, by act of Congress, the trade between the States,—who would make these heresies a passport to office—to such we say, you are not Democrats; you are abolitionists, and with you we must part company. Your doctrines, if carried out, would dissolve this Union, and uproot the foundations of Society. Take your seats in the Omnibus with the Southern Disunionists. You differ in your doctrines, but you are all driving to the same destination.

any other manner. That is just the whole story; for if there were no tyranny there, then would freedom of speech and of inquiry be allowed to the fullest extent.  
Well, sir, how is it in this country? We live in a republic, as the French people do. Have we the liberty of speech more than they?—I mean on all subjects, in all parts of the country? Every one knows that, in the slaveholding States of this Union, no man may dare to give free utterance to his thoughts, on one particular subject, at least,—the last subject to seal up the lips of a freeman, that of chattel slavery,—whatever else he may be permitted to say; for he must speak by permission, if he speak at all. There is one subject, I say, in that vast section of the country, which no man can discuss safely, and at the same time fearlessly; for if he should boldly proclaim—"I abhor slavery in every form, most of all that which makes men, women and children marketable commodities—I regard the negro as a man and a brother—I am in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation"—he is (hear, O Heaven! and give ear, O Earth!) a doomed man; upon him will be visited the vengeance of Lynch law; for him the dungeon yawns; and, peradventure, he must die a felon's death!  
Why this prohibition of free speech? Why this murderous treatment, in case that prohibition is manfully disregarded? Precisely for the same reason that exists for the suppression of thought and speech in Europe. Tyranny will not, cannot bear investigation, whether at home or abroad.  
\* The thief doth fear each bush an officer.  
So much for the South. There is nothing in Italy, nothing in Austria, nothing in Russia, more ferocious or more terrible in its opposition to the spirit of liberty, than exists in the slaveholding States.  
How is it with ourselves, on Puritan soil—in the old Bay State? The excitement, the confusion, the wild uproar, created among us by a free discussion of this question of slavery—what does it indicate? Have we a right to speak our own thoughts, or not? Remember, I am not talking about the Southern slaves, but endeavoring to ascertain whether we have any rights of our own.  
Be the consequences what they may, we are here to protest against slavery—who doubts it? We are here to advocate the cause of impartial liberty—who doubts it? We are here for the purpose of completing the revolution begun by our fathers, and left by them to be perfected by their descendants. So far as they struck for independence, and trampled the tyranny of the mother country under their feet, they did well. But, alas! they did not break every yoke; and the fetters of their own bondmen remained heavy and strong. It is for us to perform what they left undone, and to decree that there shall not be tolerated on the American soil a despot or a slave.  
Sir, as a people, we are free to criticize the deeds and institutions of nations far removed from us. We criticize their manners and their morals—strongly denounce what we deem unjust, and warmly applaud what we find worthy of commendation, among them. Whether it be the monarch on the throne, or the minister in the cabinet, we record our opinions of him and his acts in plain terms, and with all possible freedom. Now, wherein is our justification to be found for this intermeddling? What right have we to talk of persons out of our own country? How dare we rebuke, say, to anatomize the tyranny of Russia and of Austria? We dare to do this, because we claim to be freemen, and maintain that despots are everywhere to be executed. We are freemen, and therefore are not afraid of the Austrian Emperor or the Russian Autocrat. We are not afraid of any body outside of our country—not we! Are we afraid of any body inside of it?  
Again, I ask, what right have we to meddle with the affairs of other nations? Yet it will be recollected that, only a short time since, the most distinguished leader of the Democratic party, General Cass, stood up in his place in the United States Senate, and made an earnest and eloquent speech in vindication of the right of the American government to manifest its abhorrence of Austrian despotism, in a most pointed form. He moved that our diplomatic intercourse with Austria be suspended, and forcibly urged the duty and importance of registering a strong moral protest, in relation to her sanguinary treatment of the noble Hungarians. He maintained that, if we could not directly interfere, there was one thing we had a right to do—to raise a note of remonstrance, that would cause even a Haynau to cower, and the despot of Russia to tremble. Such a testimony, he said, would sink deeply into the heart of the civilized world. General Cass was right, in this estimate of moral power: he did not exaggerate the potency of a rectified public sentiment arrayed against atrocious cruelty.  
Mr. Chairman, if we may travel out of our country with all possible freedom around the globe, and assume the right to concern ourselves with affairs in which we are not immediately interested—with nations, for whose government we are not responsible; if we may do this, I say, and no one be found to raise his voice against it, may we not exercise as much liberty in examining our own institutions, as we do in reviewing those of other countries? If it is not impertinent, if it is not improper, nay, if it is commendable and patriotic, for us to censure what is cruel and despotic in Austria, if it is impertinent, for us to do so, it is not equally commendable and patriotic, for us to denounce what is atrocious and indefensible in this denunciate of our own institutions, as we do in reviewing those of other countries? If it is not impertinent, if it is not improper, nay, if it is commendable and patriotic, for us to censure what is cruel and despotic in Austria, if it is impertinent, for us to do so, it is not equally commendable and patriotic, for us to denounce what is atrocious and indefensible in this denunciate of our own institutions, as we do in reviewing those of other countries? If it is not impertinent, if it is not improper, nay, if it is commendable and patriotic, for us to censure what is cruel and despotic in Austria, if it is impertinent, for us to do so, it is not equally commendable and patriotic, for us to denounce what is atrocious and indefensible in this denunciate of our own institutions, as we do in reviewing those of other countries?

they may be legally hunted with blood-hounds, and shot down with rifles. You know it all. And I ask, has it come to this, that we are not, even in Faneuil Hall, to protest against such injustice, to denounce such barbarity, to execrate such tyranny, to declare our undying attachment to the cause of universal freedom? [Prolonged cheering.]  
Now, sir, I appeal to the good sense of this vast assembly, whether there should be tolerated in our country any thing which is opposed to free discussion; which dreads investigation; which relies on a lawless mob, or the summary infliction of Lynch law, for its protection; which, like the voice of conscious Guilt, continually cries—  
"Put out the light, and then—put out the light!" which, after the manner of despotism, in all ages exclaims—Let us have nothing but darkness here! Let us insist on all tongues being mute! The warm pulsations of the heart must be suppressed! There is security only in stagnation and gloom!  
The defenders of slavery maintain that it is a valuable institution, and cannot be overthrown without disastrous results. Well, fellow-citizens, does a good thing skulk from the light? Is an excellent thing afraid to be looked at? Is that, on which the true prosperity of the country is based, something which cannot be handled and must not be examined? Ah, sirs! Every reflecting man knows, that whatever practice, custom, or institution, forbids discussion or dreads scrutiny, must be incapable of defence; or, at least, justly subjects itself to suspicion as inherently vicious.  
How is it with us at the North? What is there in our agricultural, manufacturing or commercial pursuits,—in any of our institutions, "peculiar" or common,—that may not be investigated, censured and assailed, without the risk of personal outrage? Nothing! And why is this? Because we have confidence in their rectitude; or, if it can be shown that they are oppressive or dangerous, we are willing to be instructed.  
In this whole country, nothing should be allowed to exist on the soil, for one moment, which cannot challenge as close a scrutiny, and welcome as unfettered a discussion. Is it not so?  
Now, then, if slavery be a system worth preserving—if it be a desirable condition for those who are under it—it can be shown by fair argument, by manly reasoning, by undeniable facts; shown, too, not merely by the slaveholders, but by the testimony of far better witnesses—the slaves themselves! O, sirs, it is said, the slaves are happy; they are contented; they desire nothing more. Well, if this be true, I tell you that a happy and contented people are able to give utterance to their feelings, and to let the world know their wishes. I therefore turn to them, and ask—Are you so happy as slaves, that you do not desire to be freemen?  
[Cries of "Fire!" and considerable disturbance, which lasted for some minutes. A person who fired a torpedo was arrested, and removed from the hall by the police. Order being at length restored, Mr. Garrison proceeded.]  
Sir, these three millions of slaves are voiceless, for they dare not speak of their wrongs.  
There is a good deal said against the abolitionists, because they avow themselves to be disunionists. What do you mean by union? Are the American people one body? [Yes!] Be it so! We are one body—East and West, North and South; one body, but many members. Now, then, "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." Hence it is plain, that if there be any thing which tends to injure, degrade or peril one portion of the country, or which is destructive to the welfare and prosperity of the nation, we are all the more entitled to speak freely in regard to it, from the fact of our consolidation; therefore, it cannot be truthfully said, that we have nothing to do with what is done in the South, touching the continuance of slavery in that section; for the growth of that foul system threatens a general catastrophe.  
Sir, I ask, whether the Southern slaveholders are at all squeamish in discussing any question pertaining to the interests of New England? Do they not both claim and exercise the right to speak of our institutions, our manners and customs, just as freely as they please? Does any one in New England object, or is any one offended? No. We acknowledge their right to dissent from us, to warn and rebuke us; and when they come among us, we neither insist on conformity, nor threaten to tar and feather them if they dare to tell us what they think of us.  
On the other hand, is nothing of freedom left to us, men of New England? Have we no right to sit in judgment upon any thing done in the slaveholding South? Remember, no one here proposes to act unlawfully or unconstitutionally. We only claim a common right to utter our honest convictions manfully, and to enjoy protection in so doing. Yet, the moment we turn our eyes southward, (we cannot go there in person, except at the peril of our lives,) and speak in terms of honest indignation against its vast system of blood, and crime, and tyranny, unparalleled beneath the sun, there are those who admonish us to mind our own business, and to cease meddling with other people's affairs! And yet these very people tell us that we are members of one body,—involved, for weal or woe, in one common destiny,—and embraced in a common union! Then I say, if one portion of the country be foully recalcitrant to God and liberty, and the other does not lift up a voice of remonstrance against such a suicidal policy, we must go down in one common ruin!  
The Union of our country! Mr. Chairman, I am not a disunionist, in an evil sense. I advocate a disunion of freemen. I am for union! [Sensation.] I am—as Daniel Webster said he was, in his reply to Haynes of South Carolina—for "LAWRENCE AND UNION, now and for ever!" [Immense enthusiasm.] For where liberty truly exists, there will be union, of course. But I am not for SLAVERY AND UNION, or for any compact of which slavery is recognized as one of its elements, or in which slavery finds any security. This is the issue we make before the country and the world: The American Union is tainted, corrupted, cursed by slavery. We are ruled by the Slave Power, which is omnipotent to raise to all places of honor and prefer-

ment, to strike down those who occupy those places, and to shape the destiny of the republic as now organized. Now, this is our declaration: God never yet made it possible for freemen and tyrants to coalesce, or for liberty and slavery to flourish together. Be not cheated by a name. The American Union, so called, is not a union in reality. It is a despotism, after all; and, for one, I declare my uncompromising hostility to despotism in every form, call it what you may, and howsoever it may disguise itself. [Cheers and groans.]  
Well, there appears to be a dissent from this. [Laughter and hisses.] Let us have the freest expression, and yet preserve our self-respect. I repeat it: we are living under a despotism, which we have christened by the name of "Union," and so are deluded by the notion that we are freemen.  
One word further in regard to the free expression of opinion. Doubtless, there are some in this assembly, who neither sympathize with the slave, nor desire to utter a word for his deliverance; and, therefore, they may see no evil in preventing by violence others from pleading his cause. But, remember, we are creatures of change. Remember, we do not want the right to talk to-night only, but to-morrow also, in accordance with our convictions. It may be that, to-morrow, better thoughts—at least, other thoughts—may take possession of our minds, and we may see in that poor manacled slave the image of Jesus, and a brother man, and may wish to cry aloud for his emancipation. Some of you are Democrats—others are Whigs. As such, your particular party enlists your feelings and secures your allegiance. You may not dream of changing your sentiments, and perhaps may not do so; that is not the question. But what if, to-morrow, you should see good reason for altering your position: ought you not to have the right to do so? Beware, then, how you trample upon a principle, the sacrifice of which interferes with your freedom as men, as much as it does with ours, who happen to espouse an unpopular cause.  
Let me appeal to the democrat portion of this audience. Democracy is based upon the Declaration of Independence, is it not? It goes for the freedom and equality of the entire human race—in theory at least. Well, what is your freedom in this "glorious Union," under your "glorious Constitution"? Test this matter practically. You travel south of Mason and Dixon's line, and there behold the slave coffin, driven in chains to a distant market—the human flesh auction—the scared and crouching slaves on the plantation. Indignant at such a spectacle, you loudly exclaim against it; you pronounce it inhuman and anti-democratic, to the last degree; you avow your sympathy with the slave as "a man and a brother." What then? None will rally more promptly to your tarring and feathering, than your southern democratic brethren! And this is your "glorious Union!" [Applause and hisses.] Is it not so? I draw no fancy sketch—I exaggerate nothing. Yes, you may cry out—"I am an American citizen, from the old Bay State, and a member of the great democratic party!"—it will avail you nothing. If you persist in denouncing slavery, by democratic hands you shall be outraged, and peradventure choked to death! You can live in safety there, only by not daring to be a man, and by making slaveholding and slave-breeding compatible with genuine democracy! What a "glorious Union!"  
How is it with you whigs! You profess to be quite as democratic as the democrats themselves. You also hold to the Declaration of Independence. You believe in preserving the Union. And what is your liberty under it? Let one of you venture to the South, and proclaim uncompromising opposition to the slave system—let him demand the immediate liberation of the enslaved, and arraign the slaveholders for their grievous oppression—and, though it should be Daniel Webster himself, his southern whig brethren would instantly make the soil too hot for him to tread upon! To save his life, an ignominious flight would be necessary. Is such a Union "glorious"? Is it to be perpetuated at all hazards?  
Whigs and democrats of the North, do you not know that when a blow is aimed at the existence of slavery, the whigs and democrats of the South act by one impulse?  
"Like kindred drops, they mingle into one!"  
Their whiggery is nothing, their democracy is nothing, party triumph nothing, the Constitution nothing, the Union nothing, in comparison with the safety and perpetuity of that hideous system. Do you not see, therefore, that the condition of your alliance with them in this—be treacherous to freedom, and succumb to their despotic sway? How is it that you are so blind?  
The times are troublous; the wheels of government move heavily; anxiety and dismay are everywhere visible; men's hearts are falling them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the land. But who or what is justly responsible for this state of things? Not the abolitionists—not the anti-slavery movement. No! It is slavery—slavery—NOTHING BUT SLAVERY. Let the blame rest heavily on those who advocate or apologize for slavery, for the dread responsibility is theirs. Take that disturbing element out of the republic, and we are one; our institutions are one; our interests are one; our aims and aspirations are one; our hearts are one; and the God we worship is one. Are we of the free States in fierce collision with each other? Is Ohio arrayed against Massachusetts, or Maine against Iowa? No—we are all one, because we are the free fillers of the soil, and ours are the interests of freemen. Abolish slavery, and God will give us peace, property, safety, in largest measure—not lift, then, shall we have a "glorious Union" in fact, as well as in form, such as the world has never seen. I am here to advocate such a Union, that justice may triumph and liberty prevail universally. [Repeated cheers.]  
Who are they who would clamor down freedom of speech, on the ground that it cannot be safely tolerated? Who are they who deny the right of secession, and declare that revolution is a reasonable act? Bragg, who talk of their Puritan blood, and boast of their revolutionary sires! Let them not dare to insult the memory of Washington, by raising a shout when his name is mentioned. Our fathers never claimed infallibility; they never said, "We cannot err"; they

never said, "Our government is perfection itself, and so admits of no change, and calls for no amendment." They exhibited no such folly. They left in the Constitution a provision for you to alter or abrogate it, as clay is moulded in the hands of the potter.  
So in regard to a change in the form of government—they imposed no yoke on their descendants. Among the "self-evident truths" which they recognized in their Declaration of Independence was this: "that when any form of government becomes oppressive, it is not only the right, but the duty of the people to throw off such government, and to provide new safeguards for their future security." This is the lesson of rebellion they have taught us! Do we indeed revere their memories? Are we worthy to be called their sons?  
\* Now, by our fathers' ashes, whose is the spirit of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone? Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit their names alone?  
Shall our New England stand erect no longer, But stoop in chains upon her downward way, Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger, Day after day?  
The revolution we stand here to advocate is a moral one. We counsel no shedding of blood. We implore that our enslaved countrymen may be instantly liberated. We will not give any aid or countenance to their enslavement, however strong the temptation or liberal the reward. Is this a crime? Is this to be hissed at? What, then, is virtuous in action or glorious in example?  
Too long have we been corrupted by slavery; too long split upon by it; too long subjugated to its fiendish will. But, thank God, the spirit of liberty is rising! In spite of opposition, fierce and formidable, that spirit is going on, "conquering and to conquer." We have no cause for discouragement or dismay. It is for tyrants alone to tremble! Whatever compromises, plots, coalitions may be formed, in Congress or out of it, to stop down this great movement, as well attempt to stop the swing of the ocean when the tempest is at its height, as to crush or intimidate the spirit which animates its advocates.  
\* Glory to them who die in this great cause! Mobs, judges, can inflict no brand of shame, Or shape of death, to ahroud them from applause! No, manglers of the martyr's earthly frame, Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame! Still in this guilty land there shall be some, [True hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame: Long trains of ill may pass unheeded—dumb— But Vengeance is behind, and Justice is to come!] (Applause—confusion—and three cheers for Webster!)

The Liberator.  
PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.  
[PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORT BY DR. STONE.]  
SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.  
FANEUIL HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 30.  
MR. CHAIRMAN:  
If I were sure that there is here a candid disposition to bear something in regard to the appalling condition of three millions of our countrymen in chains at the South, I should be glad to occupy a very short time in holding them up to the view of this great assembly, in their wretchedness, their degradation, their hopeless despair. If I thought they were not altogether given over to popular contempt, derision and hatred,—not that, in the present excited state of feeling, there seems to be no willingness to listen to the story of their wrongs,—I should like to speak directly to the question of their enslavement.  
But, sir, I am now going to forget them all—not in reality, but for the occasion. While I stand on this platform, I will not think of their fetters; I will not speak of their stripes; I will not tell how they are herded with four footed beasts, denied all light and knowledge, plundered of every right. No, sir. Let them be forgotten! If it has come to this, men of Massachusetts, that you care nothing for their wrongs; that you are unwilling to hear their groans; that you refuse to mark their tears, or count their sighs; that you are hostile to their liberation; be it so, at least for this occasion.  
Sir, it is not a question, to-night, about Southern slaves, which is first in order; but it is, where do we ourselves stand? What is the freedom that we enjoy? If the slaves at the South may be justly held in bondage, are we at the North to lose our liberties? If black men may lawfully be made chattels, what is to be our condition? Shall we enjoy the rights, as Massachusetts men, as Bostonians, under the Constitution, peaceably to assemble together to consult about common grievances and common dangers; or with the liberties of the black man, is that right to be closed down for ever? If the slaves of the South may not speak their thoughts, have we of the North a right to speak ours? That, sir, is the question for us to settle here in Faneuil Hall.  
What is the freedom of speech enjoyed on the other side of the Atlantic? They have a republic in France—a republic in form—as we have here. Is the liberty of speech, or of the press, tolerated therein? No. Who does not know that the despotism of Louis Napoleon is as stringent as that of Louis Philippe; that every outspoken friend of freedom and equality is under the ban of the government; that every press, which dares to arraign existing tyranny, is proscribed, and its editor heavily fined or thrown into prison? (1)  
What is the liberty of speech in Italy? What is it in Austria? What is it in Russia? No man may attempt to exercise it in those countries, except at the peril of his life.  
Now, every American says—and says truly,—that the reason, the only reason of this, is because despotism is triumphant there; because the people are ground down to the dust; because the tyrants are conscious that they cannot maintain their position in (1) A Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, in his last letter, says—  
"Paris is fuller than ever of soldiers; 150,000 is now the number of troops of the line actually here. It is difficult for us to imagine such vast multitudes of men, regularly disciplined, every one in his place, marching like death machines, hard, fierce, terrible. The drum is stouter than the locust's song of spring. It echoes through miles of stones. I can see any day in Paris more drummers, side by side, thumping like one, than ever I saw of regular troops in the United States. This will give the reader an idea of the multitudinous, roaring subdivisions of war, which now distinguish this Art-Pivot of the Universe."  
If you go to the Assembly, you will see the palace of the French Congress garnished with a few hundreds of the grim Chasseurs of Vincennes, the most daring and desperate of French soldiers. It is a new Democratic architecture. Columns *à la Russe*, buttresses *à la Grecque*, friezes *à la Moderne*.  
It is useful, as well as ornamental. This architecture protects the men whom the people have elected against the people, and the inquiring mind will discover in the city of Paris 135,000 soldiers for the same purpose.  
The city is studied in the army as the map of an enemy's country. Every street, every wall, and every known. Every officer has his special spot assigned, and the higher officers' successors are already named, in case of sudden death or inability.

Speech of Mr. Pillsbury.  
[Mr. Pillsbury was unable to commence his remarks for several minutes, in consequence of the disturbance in the hall.]  
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NORTHERN PANATONISMS.  
In our last number, we endeavored to show the course of Southern Ultraism; its effect upon the country, the peace and perpetuity of the Union. That the tendency of their doctrines was to a dissolution of this glorious confederacy, the down fall of the republic, and the utter destruction of all the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout the world. On the other hand, there is a set of misanthropic and fanatical men, whose very nature is fanaticism. It is the food which has nurtured them. It is the diet upon which they live. They are made up of Socialists, Infidels, and theoretic, if not practical, amalgamationists. They are in favor of holding all property in common, repudiate the Bible, talk of humility and servitude, preach the doctrine of equality among the nations, and declare that a white man is as good as a nigger, if he behaves himself as well. This is the root from which Northern Abolition has sprung. It originates in the infidel principle, that the Almighty is incapable of protecting the work of his own hands. Into this church has been drawn many honest, sincere and confiding Christians—men whose hearts are filled with the milk of human kindness—and that kind of universal philanthropy which would elevate the Hindoo, the Hottentot, and the African from the interior of Africa to the level with himself in the social and political world, and who honestly believe that, as God created the lower orders of the human species, to deny their equality is to rush madly upon the "thick bosom of Jehovah's buckler." With this latter class we neither sympathize than condemn them. But there is still another class, the disappointed politicians, men who conceive that they have been neglected by their party. Disappointed ambition has rankled around their pangred hearts, until, blind, blind, with fury, they strength of Sampson, they would pull down the Temple of Liberty, and destroy all who have sought a shelter within its walls. This party was at the head of the "Whig" party, headed by William Lloyd Garrison of Boston. In 1840, they cast a few votes at the Presidential election. In 1844 they had a regularly organized ticket, with James G. Birney of Michigan for President, and Thomas Morris of Ohio for Vice President. In 1848, they had great accessions to their party from the ranks of the two great political parties that had existed from the foundation of the republic; the federalists or modern whigs and the democrats. Whigs disgusted and disappointed at the nomination of Gen. Taylor, and Democrats who had never supported the administration of Mr. Polk, because he had supplanted Mr. Van Buren, who for four long years had been nursing their wrath, sought an occasion to separate themselves from their brethren, and to rush into the arms of Northern Abolitionism—not for the purpose of opposing in the coming election, but to gratify their malignant revenge, and with their own impious hands to pull down that which they helped to erect. The portals of the church were crowded with new converts, who were completely overwhelmed, and the ranks were soon more than filled by new accessions. This motley crew assembled at Buffalo, and laid a platform broad and wide upon which whigs and democrats, abolitionists and land reformers, Liberty men and niggers, could all stand. This great gathering nominated Martin Van Buren for President, and great political ark they invited, "both of low and high respect upon the







POETRY

For the Liberator. NEW YORK FIERY AND PATRIOTIC. 'They eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.'

Put him down! the truth he's speakin' strikes a blow at Church and State! If their safety ye are seekin', Put him down, at any rate! Church and Statesmen, call out Rynders— Let his crew of bullies come— Bring out all the famed 'high-binders'— Drive the Garrisonians 'hum!

MASSACHUSETTS. From the National Era. THE ADVENT OF TRAUER.

She came, the troubled land to cheer, Her wondrous mien with love o'erflowing; She came, as if some holy sphere, On ours, its splendor were bestowing. The men, in whom the worrall'd life, All heavenly movements quite benumbing, Had choked the heart and quenched the eye, Could neither see nor feel her coming.

From the New York Tribune. LINES. BY MRS. F. H. COOK.

'And God said, Let there be light.' God said, 'Let there be light!' The glorious word Thrilled to the bosom of primal Night, And hovering choirs of listening angels heard, And echoed back the mandate with delight.

Reformatory.

THE WRONGS OF WOMAN. London, May, 1850.

DEAR GARRISON: I observe in the National Anti-Slavery Standard, a report of the late 'Woman's Convention' in Ohio. It is noticed also in the 'Leader,' a weekly newspaper of recent birth in this country.

In noticing the Convention, the 'Leader' says—'From all we have ever heard, American women have much less ground for complaint against the laws and social usages than English women have; and yet they are the first to denounce their grievances and demand redress. They complain that they are taxed without representation, oppressed, degraded, ill paid for their labor, and subjected to misery and crime. Yet they are better off than English women of corresponding classes, to say nothing of 'distressed needle-women.'

But they prove the old rule: oppression begets abject submission; comparative freedom begets the desire for absolute independence. We shall hear more of American 'rights of women.'

Just at this very time, a decision has been pronounced by the judges of one of our Superior Courts at Westminster, showing the state of degradation in which by law women are held in this country. The following report is from the 'Sun' daily newspaper, of Saturday, May 25, 1850:

EXCHEQUER.—(THIS DAY.) Before the LORD CHIEF BARON, and BARONS ALDERSON, ROBEY and PLATT. MESSINGER v. CLARK.

In this case, which was tried at the last sittings at Guildhall, before the Lord Chief Baron and a special jury, and in which a verdict was found for the plaintiff for 741 15s.

Mr. M. Chambers moved for a rule to show cause why the verdict should not be set aside, and a new trial had, on the ground of misdirection. The case involved a question of considerable importance, viz., whether a wife, who was separated from her husband, and made a separate maintenance, had a right to sue for or dispose of her savings as she thought proper.

It appeared that the plaintiff separated from her husband in 1840, and allowed her 15s. a week for her maintenance; out of that sum, she was enabled to save as much as 100l., which she invested in Government stock, in her maiden name. Some time in the year 1840, she became affected with a tumor, and being told that she could not possibly long survive the disorder, she went, in company with her brother, the present defendant, to the bank of England, and sold out the stock. The amount realized she placed in the hands of her brother, who was to keep it in the event of her death. Two days afterwards, viz., on the 8th of September, 1840, she was seized with cholera, and suddenly expired. Her husband, therefore, instituted the present suit to recover the amount which was deposited with the defendant; and at the trial, the learned judge told the jury that they must find a verdict for the plaintiff.

Mr. Chambers now contended that that direction was wrong, and that his Lordship ought to have left it to the jury to say, first, whether there was an implied authority given by the husband to the wife to deal with the money handed over to her as she thought proper, and secondly, whether she had not a right to give to any one out of her savings a donatio mortis causa.

Mr. Baron Platt—Supposing she bought a watch, and made a present of it to a person, whose watch would it be? Mr. Chambers—The watch would be her husband's property, but then he might give her absolute control over it.

Mr. Baron Platt—Again, if a wife deposited money in a savings' bank, would it not be the property of the husband? Mr. Chambers—Certainly, but the wife might have an implied authority to dispose of it as she liked.

In the present case, the money was given to the defendant in the shape of a gift, and surely, if a wife out of her separate allowance, made presents of money, or any valuable articles, to her friends at different times, the husband could not recover against the persons who had received the gifts.

The Court considered that no reason had been shown for granting a rule. The whole authority given to the wife by the husband was that she should maintain herself out of the allowance, and if she saved any money, because the property of her husband, and she could not dispose of it either in the shape of gifts or presents of money, because that formed no part of the authority that had been given to her.

Rule refused accordingly. I should like you to insert it, as it will be a document, which, by showing what is done in the old country, may act as a warning to the new, not to go further in the course of error.

Seeing that the tendency of things is to raise your great continent in importance and influence upon the world's well-being of ill-doing, I am happy to welcome this movement on the part of our sisters, upon whose emancipation the world's progress, so far as it is committed to human agency, so much depends.

More of moral influence is committed to woman than to man. The earlier impressions and habits of every generation are committed by nature to them. We are none of us consulted as to when or where we shall be born; what constitution, temperament, language or brains we shall receive; who shall be our parents; what nurture, religion, literature, habits or sympathies shall be ours. These latter, so far as they are voluntary and free, on the part of those who surround us, we receive more largely from the mother than from the father. They are impressed and fixed by the mother; and, though they may, to some extent, be influenced by men in after years, it is certain that these earlier impressions, in the mass of cases, control more largely the conduct of the after-coming generation than many of the subsequent circumstances, because they are the first, and therefore the most abiding impressions, and they enter into and compound the after-comings. Hence, in whatever the mother may be interested, and whatever may become with her an habitual thought or idea, is sure to pass onward, to fructify and become, as a general rule, strongly impressed on the child.

Whenever trouble or distress overtakes the young, how constantly they refer back to the impressions of the anxiety they may have caused to their mother, and the faithfulness with which nature responds to this feeling is manifest in the universality with which all men respect the manifestation of reverence to the mother.

Look in the case before you, how completely we are the creatures of circumstances. Observe how readily the judges, who presided in the case above quoted, put cases illustrative of the law, without making a single allusion to the slavish principles on which those proceeded! Mark, the case itself proceeds upon the fact that the husband had himself given the money to the wife, and the sum sought to be recovered was the savings from that money, which she had given to her brother. I am disposed to think, but I do not profess to know, that this is rather worse than your slave law—that if a master had given his slave a dollar, his slave would have been at liberty to give that dollar, or a portion of it, to his brother or sister; but not so the English wife, as you see.

You will observe it is put as conclusive law by one of the judges—'Supposing a wife bought a watch, and made a present of it to a person, whose property would it be?' The counsel, as you will perceive, admits that the watch in that case would be the husband's.

I don't hear of an anti-slavery meeting during this month of May by the Broad street folks here, but I find that you are abused by those who have Southern interests at heart, and that you have been bullied and abused in New York; and, therefore, I conclude you are in health, bodily and mentally.

lars. Political economy has somehow or other swallowed up philanthropic economy, and the calculations of the head have left out the feelings of the heart. God created man and woman, and unless we have the affections and feelings of both influencing the institutions of society, we shall not realize the good there is in nature, nor carry it forward with the perfection of which human agency is capable. The advance of the world, which each generation in its day is intended to accomplish, and has laid upon it as a duty, cannot be so properly advanced by a part as by the due proportion of those thinking and moral influences which God has called into being. The highest aspirations of both sexes are needed to carry on the moral agencies of our being.

EDWARD SEARCH.

Selections.

From the Boston Republican.

WHAT I SAW AT NOON-DAY, IN THE STREETS OF CINCINNATI.

Friday, May 10, was a delightful day,—the sun seemed to shine with more than usual splendor; and as the several preceding days had been characterized by cold rains and muddy streets, the inhabitants were out in great numbers to enjoy the balmy air of the cheering spring. The whole city appeared to wear an aspect of peace and mildness that I had not before observed during my short sojourn within its busy limits.

I was on this day, while sitting at my window, studying the phases of human nature, that passed with the lively throng that crowded one of the most public and fashionable of her streets, that my eye was startled with the cry of 'Murder!' I looked out, and behold multitudes rushing toward the market square. But so dense became the crowd, that nothing could be seen save the cloud of dust that arose from their centre, giving unerring indications that a struggle for life was there going on. Yet above the din and confusion attendant upon such a scene, was heard the cry of an unfortunate victim for 'Help!' Suddenly the cry ceases, and the gathering crowd gives way in all directions. One blow from a weapon held in the hand of a Kentuckian has prostrated the struggling victim, and silenced his cries. The captors, four in number, then drew their huge bowie-knives, and cocked their loaded pistols, and one exclaimed with stentorian voice, 'Stand back, or I will fire!' The nigger is mine, and I'll have him!' They then seized the negro, who had sufficiently recovered to stand upon his feet, and, with the blood streaming down his sable cheeks, they began to push him toward the river. The captive was a mulatto, much better dressed than his captors, and looked much more the man; he was slim and tall, and straight as an arrow. He had been at the fountain of freedom, and appreciated its worth. He had received his freedom, not dreamed of molestation; and the thought of being again returned to the lash of his master caused him to renew his feeble exertions to escape the grasp of his inhuman pursuers. 'Help, friends, help!' he cried, as they hurried him on, 'for the love of God, or I am lost forever!' Then, by a superhuman endeavor, he had nearly cleared their grasp, when a heavy blow from a cudgel felled him again to the earth. No helping hand was raised in his behalf. The savage Kentuckians then seized him by the collar of his coat, and raised him to his feet—then placing themselves, one on either side, one before and one behind, they hurried him down the street at a rapid run, with pistols in hand, and their 'shining blades' glittering in a noon-day sun, shaking them at the crowd, and threatening death to all who should interfere.

The negro, from his exertions to escape, and from his bruises, had become so feebly unable to keep his feet at all times, and was, therefore, dragged a portion of the distance. On they rushed amid the thousand gazers, taking the centre of the street, and teams, and carriages, and vehicles of every description turning aside at their approach, until they had gained the hill that overlooks the banks of the Ken-tuckian river; but, upon being hailed by the Kentuckians, the captive immediately turned back, and the captives were tumbled upon her stern, followed by his captors, who had scarcely time to clear her rails before she was off again. When the boat had gained the centre of the river, and was beyond the reach of the missiles that were hurled after her by the crowd, the 'gallant' Kentuckians made the welkin ring with cheer after cheer, in triumph over their achievement in seizing at mid-day, a man of helping hand, and raised city, a human slave, and bearing him back to the land of chains and perpetual slavery. The boat soon reached the opposite shore, and the negro landed in Kentucky.

From the Cincinnati Christian Journal & Messenger.

ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.

On Friday noon last, about one o'clock, two men were seen on Walnut street, in the corner of Fifth, armed with pistols and bowie-knives, hurrying a colored man towards the river. A crowd followed in the rear, but made no effort to molest, until near the river, when some stones were cast. The kidnappers soon got on board of the ferry-boat which was waiting, and as the boat receded, set up a shout. This transaction took place in broad daylight, in the streets of a free city! A man, on free soil kidnapped, stolen with a momentary effort, and hurried into bondage, more cruel than death. This in the nineteenth century—in broad daylight, in Cincinnati! The colored man's name was George Jackson: he has resided in this city some two or three years in various employments. We hope the time is not far distant, when the attempt to steal a man in a state of freedom, may be deemed of sufficient importance to summon the citizens together by alarm bells, and to drive the fugitives of slavery back to their own place. In revolutionary times, the town of Boston was roused from centre to circumference, on the occasion of the massacre of a few soldiers. If a white man should thus be hurried into hopeless bondage, the whole city would come together. But this was a black man. Such scenes have become so frequent, it is to be feared, our hearts have become insensible. The day of reckoning will come.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

SOUTHERN SLAVERY, BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

RICHMOND, Va., May 13. As I was conversing with some Southerners in Washington upon Free Soil, they expressed a desire that I should go South, and see slavery as it exists there, and I would come back freed of all Free Soil notions. One from Florida was particularly anxious that I should go home with him, and he would show me a tame nigger, nine feet high, that he fed on terrapin and dead niggers, never costs me anything but a head nigger, said he. I thought to go as far South as this place, to see if there was much difference between the practice and theory of slavery. As I sallied forth this morning to see the place, almost the first thing that met my view was a large house, surrounded by a very high brick wall. Upon asking the first passer-by what it was, he informed me that it was a nigger jail, where traders confined their slaves preparatory to taking them South. He very politely offered to conduct me through it, which I gladly accepted. I have heretofore supposed that the term 'slaves in chains' as used in the newspapers, was a figure of speech, used comparatively. But here they were chained together, sitting round on benches in the most filthy and loathsome place I ever saw. I questioned one too, why he was chained. He said he had been sold to go south, and had run away to go back to his old master's for that purpose. My heart was too full to question any of the others.

In the female department, there was a very pretty white woman with two children. By close inspection, it might be seen that she had a little African blood in her veins, apparently not over one tenth, but the children did not show the least trace of it. I expressed my surprise at this to my conductor, as I had supposed slaves to be confined to the lower place, when I was informed that there was no limit of race in this State. So long as the mother is a slave, the offspring is also, no matter of what color. I have learned that there are numerous slaves in this city as white as their masters.

My next move was to attend a slave auction. The slaves of all colors, from sooty black to perfect white, were brought in and seated on benches. Here they were subjected to most particular examination. It was curious to see the manner of the

speculators in examining their teeth. They would order them to open their mouths, then press back their lips with their two thumbs, just as a jockey would examine a horse. On a window sill lay a large pile of manacles; some were constructed of a large rod of iron with handcuffs on each side, so as to form a row. The first lot sold was the white woman and her children, and I before spoke of. The auctioneer extolled her qualities by representing her to be a first rate seamstress, &c. She was struck down at \$1,105.

The lackey of the place (himself a slave) then leads up a man of about 25. 'Unharness yourself, old boy,' says he. The man, trembling like a leaf all the while, strips himself, with the assistance of the lackey, in full view of the street and of the female slaves. The lackey asks him 'what he is slaving for?' as he is not going to be hurt. The auctioneer announces no scars on his neck of any consequence, and the sale proceeds: sold at \$425. Next comes a little girl of 13, about half white. Then, two twin brothers of 14, sold to different masters, one I was told was a Southern trader, and so on to the end of the sale, when the gentlemen were thanked for their attention, and attendance requested to-morrow, when they would be shown some more. During the day, my attention was called to the door by a string of slaves going past, chained together, probably on their way to some southern plantation.

Altogether, this was the most heart-sickening sight I ever saw. I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Is it possible that this is permitted in my own native country—the country I loved so well, and whose institutions I have exultingly pointed to as an example for the world?' I am confident that the most efficient way for abolitionists to gain converts to their cause is to send Northerners as far South as this place, and let them attend one of these slave auctions. Hard, indeed, must be the heart of one who could look upon such a scene, and not blush for his country's shame. I remonstrated with some of the inhabitants for permitting such a thing among them. They all have their Bible and Christianity at their tongue's end, and are ready to point out passages to justify and show that it is a God-ordained institution. 'If this is Christianity,' I replied, 'don't call me a Christian.'

A. S. W.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, May 22, 1850.

In the National Intelligencer (daily) will be found the advertisement of a slave dealer, which has grazed the columns of that national Whig organ since the first of the present month. This barbarian advertisement for ten thousand dollars' worth of men and women, and his head-quarters are at King's Hotel, on Pennsylvania street, near the Capitol of the United States, under the protection of the American flag. He desires to purchase those human chattels for the Southern market, and up to the present time, he has had very good success in his devil-dragging business here—many sales and good bargains. This, however, is a mere prelude to a heart-rending incident resulting from this monster's employment.

A short distance from my residence lived a very honest and industrious colored woman, with some half-dozen children. This woman was employed as a cook by a family near the Capitol. By her industry and good deportment, she had gained the esteem of all who knew her, and, though a slave, she was permitted to apply a portion of her wages to the support of her family, and was making efforts to purchase her freedom.

As I was passing down the Avenue yesterday, I saw a tall, thin fellow, a crowd of people gathered around two African fellows, who had a colored woman in their custody, bound hand and foot. She could not stand upon her feet, her hands were tied behind her, and she was moaning as though in great anguish, and in broken sobs, beseeching the bystanders to protect her. Blood was running profusely from a frightful wound in her head, and with ruthless hands she was rudely thrust into a hack, and under the guardianship of her miscreant captors, was hurried to Webster's slave pen.

Upon inquiry, I learned that while engaged in her usual avocations, a constable laid hands upon her, and ordered her to follow him to the slave pen. Had a thunderbolt crashed her to the earth, she could not have been more shocked than at this summons.

She reluctantly obeyed. Her steps, however, were not sufficiently rapid to suit the convenience of the fellow who attended her, and, laying hold of her with considerable violence, he attempted to force her on faster. But he was balked in his intention, for she refused to go at all, unless he kept his hands off of her.

'By God!' says the constable, 'I'll see if you won't go;' and with that he attempted to carry his threat into execution. But he had no sooner commenced his desperate undertaking, than he found himself sprawling on his back, and the woman standing over him, in a menacing attitude, and resolutely informing him that she would not be dragged over to the pen 'by him—she would die first!' She would 'go peacefully if he would keep his hands off her, and not otherwise.'

The fellow was allowed to get up, when he again undertook the driving process, but he could not move her, and called lustily upon the numerous spectators that had gathered round for help; but not a man moved, although he threatened, raved and swore, as an officer, to arrest them. A brother constable, however, soon came to the scene, and to the rescue. But she was too much for the two together, and handled them both as though they were mere infants in her grasp.

Having worried them both out, (declaring, all the while, however, that she would go peacefully if they would keep their hands off) one of the miscreants raised a heavy cane, and with a furious and well directed blow, felled her senseless to the earth; and while in that state, he bound her, and her torn and bloody garments, followed by the execrations and curses of the multitude, hurried her off to the head-quarters of these land pirates, there to die, or await her shipment to the Southern market.

Her little children, the while, were at home. They knew nothing of the capture or treatment of their mother. You can imagine their sorrow when left under such circumstances without a protector. They are free, but their mother is a slave in the hands of man, who has no fear of God before their eyes, 'who no piety can awe, no benevolence conciliate, no tears, no orphan cries, no broken hearts, no dishonored name, no fears of death, the judgment, and a long eternity of we can arrest. Yours.

SUICIDE.

We learn that a likely negro girl, a slave of a passenger on the steamer Gen. Lafayette, drowned herself by jumping overboard, last Wednesday morning. She was a valuable servant, and her master had been offered \$1000 for her. She had been corrected by him for some offence or other, and she was heard to declare that he should never slap her again. When the boat was some distance above Evansville, and while the passengers were at the dinner table, she jumped into the water from the after-guard, and was drowned.—Louisville Courier.

The above article affords a very apt illustration of the moral influence of the slave system on the people among whom it exists. Here was a young female, likely and sensible, and as the article clearly enough indicates, of keen sensibility and self-respect—driven by the barbarity of the creature calling himself her master to the commission of suicide, and yet the public press, in the opulent and refined city of Louisville, in chronicling the event, has no word of condemnation for the oppression and cruelty which drove her to the fatal act. It does not seem even to realize or apprehend that the subject of its paragraphs was a human being, and that she had a humanity, driven thus early to her final account, there to appear not only to answer for herself, but as the accuser of her oppressor; but treats the matter in quite a business sort of style, as deriving its chief, if not only consequence from the value of the property lost to the master. She was a 'very valuable servant,' and was worth a thousand dollars! Had it been a horse of the same 'value' which had accidentally tumbled overboard the subject could not be more coolly appraised. Surely, those who have no connection with this curse of curses may deem themselves happy in their exemption. In view of the enormities of the system, who will forbear to do all he can do to prevent its further extension, and to bring about its final eradication from our land?—Mass. Spy.

Mr. Horace Mann has written a scathing Reply to the addresses of Daniel Webster, contained in his Newburyport Letter. Mann will carry Massachusetts with him in such a contest, whether logically a match for the great expounder, or not. Mark that!—Practical Christian.

From the Practical Christian. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

This veteran ex-editor of the Boston Courier, well known to all much acquainted with the New England newspaper press, seems to be entering for himself fresh and beautiful laurels in the field of Reform, wherewith to be crowned on his exit from our world—an event which cannot, in the course of nature, be far distant. Some of our readers will recollect that he made a manly and excellent speech in the Massachusetts Senate, last winter, in behalf of Freedom, the close of which, especially, expressing his purpose respecting slavery, was morally sublime. Now our attention is drawn to him again, and in admiration and gratitude, by his remarks, somewhat extended, on the meetings of the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Boston during the late Anniversary Week. It is almost the first article that we ever read in a political newspaper, that did anything like justice to the Garrison Abolitionists. But Mr. Buckingham speaks of the sentiments uttered in his hearing at the meetings, with unqualified approbation, and of the manner in which they were uttered with much praise. His article is so entirely the reverse of the catch-penny, vulgar caricatures on our meetings that generally find their way into the papers, that we wish we had room to insert the whole of it in our columns. It is worthy to be put on record for durable preservation. But we can only make brief extracts.

Mr. Buckingham repudiates the idea that such men as Francis Jackson, Theodore Parker, Wm. Phillips, and Wm. L. Garrison, can be in any way alleged—have any desire to create riots, or that they are 'covetous of martyrdom.' The imputation of such a wish to them is no better, he thinks, 'than a gratuitous and wanton misrepresentation.' And he speaks respectfully of all the speakers, being able to appreciate even Stephen S. Foster, and to do him justice,—something not often done by many of the papers. But we have only room for what he says of Wm. L. Phillips.

We believe the encomium of Mr. Buckingham is also that which posterity will yet pronounce. We have no doubt that Mr. Phillips is destined to increase his revilers to degree. He stands on Christianity, 'the rock of ages,' and is a brave and eloquent pioneer of one of the most important reforms that ever sprung up in the earth to bless it. When mankind come to their senses, they will give to his friends, and it gives me satisfaction to state to his friends, with admiration and gratitude. He is not writing his name in the sand,—and for the simple reason, that a name is not what he seeks. He has given himself to the cause of freedom, which is with him a religious, a Christian cause,—the cause of God as well as of humanity. Mr. Buckingham says still further of the Anti-Slavery meetings—

'When I saw the caricatures and misrepresentations that were published concerning the speakers in the recent Convention,—and when I saw the dishonorable attempts of certain persons (unknown to me) to interrupt the proceedings, and when I heard the insulting hisses and clamors of a party, and saw the calmness, and patience, and fortitude, approaching to indifference, with which these unmoved, untiring advocates of freedom received the reproaches and contemptuous jeers of their opponents,—I confess I was strongly tempted to go on to the aid of the speakers, to sustain their principles, and to partake of their fate, whatever it might be.'

We are sorry Mr. Buckingham resisted the temptation of which he speaks, for we are sure that a speech from him, under the circumstances, would have been of inestimable value. The blessings of many 'ready to perish' would have been upon him, and the blessings also of the whole family of the faithful both on earth and in heaven. Speaking in the spirit of his late speech in the Senate, the Melodion would have presented, we have no doubt, a most deeply impressive and thrilling scene, and an opportunity well lost,—that an opportunity to aid a despised and persecuted cause!

But this one thing we hope,—that Mr. Buckingham will yet live to enjoy another such opportunity, and that enjoying it he will improve it, blessing himself thereby, and blessing humanity. For such a man, from such a sphere of social, and political, and religious life, could not take the anti-slavery platform, and speak a sincere, earnest, and strong word against tyranny and tyrants, and in favour of abolitionism, without producing a deep and wide-spread and abiding impression for good. It would give a new impetus to the reform, and new strength and encouragement to those who have so long labored in it amidst obloquy, and scorn, and hate. As the fire exists within, then, let it manifest itself without—manifest itself in the burning words of the sincere, honest, earnest, strong convictions of duty owed to God and man, guided by the wisdom of many years, and a fitting act near the close of life! And the benediction of the faithful on earth would be but a prelude to the plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, from the great Master of the faithful now in heaven—'

MRS. SWISSELM AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mrs. Swisshelm has made the feathers fly upon the Whig goose. Her shafts Daniel Webster has told more than all the shafts that have been aimed at him. It obviously 'hit him where he lives.' The wise portion of the Whig press is still in the matter, and the unwise were still, until they felt the ranking of the wound so painfully, they could not stand it. Thurlow Weed was the first to break the silence, and hint a get off. He ventures to impute her description of Webster to inattention to her on Webster's part, and to say she was 'unwarrantably' in giving such a description of the great Whig apostle, and the lesser orator over her country, and to repeat the ridiculous imputation. Mr. Weed's good sense would have kept him still, but his relations to Mr. Webster made it necessary that he should speak for him.

Here is evidence of the power of woman's truthfulness, purity, and talent. Daniel Webster is slain by a woman. His late surprising apostasy from honor, and all allegiance with Northern feeling, has brought him down, and Mrs. Swisshelm anticipated the public execution, by driving the nail into his temples—and whatever were her intentions, killed him.—Union Liberty Party Paper.

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION is actually in session, and astonishing as it may seem, no earthquake shock has yet reached 'down east.' Indeed, it appears to be a very harmless, insignificant body, although no less a hero than the redoubtable Gen. Pillow is one of the prominent members. The President, Hon. N. L. Sharkey, of Miss., on taking the chair, denied that they had 'assembled to protect the rights and property of the Southern people; it was to preserve the government, which had been handed down to them unannounced—it was to perpetuate the Union!'

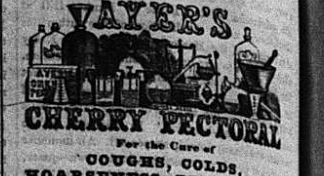
Only think of it! Was such disinterested patriotism ever shown before! The 'Union' is everlastingly indebted to them, and should furnish each member with a lead medal bearing a likeness of the long eared animal with the lion skin! But how the Union is to be perpetuated, does not seem so clear to these patriots, for at the last accounts some fifty different propositions were before the convention, all of which were to be thrown into the hopper of a committee to be ground into a string of resolutions 'satisfactory to the South.' But nine States are represented, and some of those only in part.—Portland Transcript.

NEGRO DELEGATES. We learn from the Saturday Evening Post, that at the late Episcopal Convention, a final decision was made upon the question of admitting representatives from the African Church of St. Thomas.

The majority of the committee appointed to consider the subject, reported adversely to the admission, arguing that the color, and physical and social condition and education of the blacks, render them unfit to participate in legislative bodies. The Rev. Mr. Montgomery submitted a minority report, which stated that, in the month of September, 1794, Bishop White laid before the Convention the constitution of St. Thomas's Church, and it was then resolved, that as soon as they should sign the Act of Association, they should be admitted to all the privileges of the Diocese. It also argued that the exclusion of Delegates on account of their color, was contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and the practice of the church in apostolic times.

After a short discussion, the vote was taken upon adopting the report of the majority, which was decided as follows:—Clerical, ayes 44, nays 42. Lay votes, by churches, ayes 50, nays 17. So it is resolved that the delegates from St. Thomas's Church should not be admitted to seats in the Convention!—Practical Christian.

Great Cough Remedy!



For the Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION.

I'm offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs. It is not our wish to trifly with the lives and health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men, and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which we will not warrant.

Many proofs are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

From BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, M.D., LL.D., etc., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c., Yale College, Member of the Lit. Hist. Med. Phil. and Econ. Societies of America and Europe.

I deem the CHERRY PECTORAL an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the classes of disease it is intended to cure. New Haven, Conn., Nov. 1, 1849.

PROF. CLEVELAND, of Bowdoin College, Me. Writes—'I have witnessed the effects of your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own family and in those of my friends, and it gives me satisfaction to state to his honor, that no medicine I ever have known has proved so eminently successful in curing diseases of the throat and lungs.'

REV. DR. OSGOOD. Writes—'That he considers the CHERRY PECTORAL the best medicine for Pulmonary Affections every given to the public, and states that his daughter, after being obliged to seek the room for several months with a severe settled cough, accompanied by rising of blood, night sweats, and the attendant symptoms of Consumption, commenced the use of the CHERRY PECTORAL, and had completely recovered.'

HEAR THE PATIENT! Dr. Ayer—Dear Sir—For two years I was afflicted with a very severe cough, accompanied by spitting of blood, and profuse night sweats. By the advice of my attending physician, I was induced to use your CHERRY PECTORAL, and continued to use it until I considered myself cured, and ascribe the effect to your preparation. JAMES RANDALL, Hampton, ss.

SPRINGFIELD, November 27, 1848. This day appeared before named James Rand, and pronounced the above statement true in every respect.

ALONZO NORTON, Justice. At the office of the Hon. George Ashmun, M.C.

THE REMEDY THAT CURES. PORTLAND, Me. Jan. 16, 1847. Dr. Ayer: I have been long afflicted with a cough, which grew yearly worse, until last autumn it brought on a cough which confined me to my chamber, and began to assume the alarming symptoms of consumption. I had tried the best advice and the best medicine, but no purpose was effected. I saw your CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may well believe me that I gratefully yours, J. D. PHELPS.

If there is any value in the judgment of the wise, who speak from experience, here is a medicine worthy of the public confidence. Prepared by J. C. AYER, Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally throughout the United States. June 21. 1844.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER'S ANTI-SCROFULOUS PANACEA.

The Great Remedy of the Age.

A PREPARATION of extraordinary power, for the cure of Scrofulous Affections, Humors of every description, secondary Syphilis, ill-conditioned Ulcers, Erysipelas, Scarcia, Chronic Liver and Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Spitting of Blood, Scrophulous General Debility common to Females, Cold Feet, sluggish Circulation, &c. A sure and certain cure of Scrophulous Tumors on the neck, which it will never fail to remove, if taken according to directions, and faithfully preserved in.

NEW CERTIFICATES. Drs. CLARK & PORTER: I have a great desire to let the world know the value of your Panacea. My daughter has been sick one year, with what our family physician called Painsy Consumption. She had a severe cough, pain in the side, short breath, poor appetite, loss of flesh, great prostration of strength, pulse very frequent, often 130 a minute, hectic fever, and several night sweats.

She became exceedingly reduced, and so feeble that she was obliged to keep her bed more than half the time. Our Physician—a very skillful man—examined her lungs thoroughly, and pronounced her to be in an advanced condition. He looked upon her case as a critical one, and said it was impossible to give her permanent relief. He suggested a trial of the Cod Liver Oil, of which she used eight bottles, without any apparent benefit whatever. I had the advice of two other physicians, who examined her case, all of whom concurred in the opinion that she was no possible chance for her; it was doubtful if she lived through the month of May.

Wishing to do every thing for her recovery that I could, I went to Boston to obtain some medicine, and by mere accident, heard of your Panacea. It was recommended so highly, and had performed such astonishing cures, that I was induced to give it a trial. After my daughter had taken