







Poetry.

For the Liberator. SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING. The signs, there's no mistaking, Beside judgments near. The captive's chains are breaking, Sweet Freedom's trump we hear.

The Liberator.

SPEECH OF CHARLES O. BURLEIGH.

At the Meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, at the Tremont Temple, Thursday Afternoon, Jan. 24, 1861. MR. CHAIRMAN.—I am glad that in this series of resolutions that are before us, [see Liberator, Feb. 1st]

done; and just that, we say, the Legislature of the Union has a right to do within all the territory of that Union, for which the Constitution authorizes the Congress to make all needful rules and regulations.

Now, we say that the Legislature of Massachusetts has no right to tolerate slavery in Massachusetts; that it is not a matter at the discretion of the Legislature; that the great, eternal principles of justice have already prescribed to that body the course which it must pursue; and even if the Constitution of Massachusetts had been silent on the subject, and even if the Supreme Court of Massachusetts had not anticipated all legislative action by deciding that slavery is contrary to the common law, and cannot exist at all but by positive institution—even if these obstacles were not in the way of any attempt to introduce slavery, still, it would be the duty of the Legislature of Massachusetts to prevent the introduction of slavery here.

will far rather surrender slavery, and come back into the Union, than to continue to live such a life.

There is neither policy nor right to justify the course that is recommended to you. I would say—Repeal no Personal Liberty Bills—run no compromise lines across the country. I would say—Enact no statute, the aim of which is to buy concession. This is the ground which the North ought to occupy. She ought to turn upon the slaveholder and say, "We have done nothing wrong; we have done nothing but what we have done deliberately; we have done nothing but what has been the full purpose of our hearts to do; and now, if you will concede because we have done our simple duty; if you will concede because we have simply asserted our own rights, then you must concede, for we will never buy back; we will never give you bribes to accept the favors and the advantages which the Union confers upon you; we will never treat you, as the weak, indignant mother treats the spoiled child, hiring him to be good. If you desire to reject the advantages of the Union, if you desire to cut yourself off from that which has been the source of whatever prosperity you have derived from the Union, then do it on your own responsibility, and take to yourselves the natural consequences of what you have done."

THE RECENT MOB IN BOSTON.

Extracts from a Sermon, entitled "Truth not to be Overthrown nor Silenced," preached at Dorchester, Sunday, Jan. 27, 1861, by Rev. NATHANIEL HALL, printed by John Wilson and Son, 22 School Street, Boston, and published by request.—As, three days ago, I sat on the platform of the Tremont Temple, and took in the scene there before me, and saw in it more than the eye perceived, I felt then and there that text and subject were given by Providence, which I might for no reason refuse. Do any deem it a theme unbecoming the pulpit? Let me say, I know of none more fitting, connected as it is with the very existence of the pulpit, or of the freedom which alone makes its existence worth anything.

A HYMN.

Suggested by the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke's Sermon on Slavery, and dedicated to the use of Democratic Churches. Oh, Lord! as Abraham did of old—In Genesis we read the story—They crept and have sought and sold, And scourged them on their way to glory!

MR. PUNCH ON SECESSION.

Secede, ye Southern States, secede, No better plan could be, If you of secession would be freed, To set your niggers free, Runaway slaves by federal law At present you remain; So from the Union straight withdraw, And play the free-soil game.

COMPROMISE.

Aye! fill ere Freedom's work is done, Falter before the Southern rod, Betray the victory we won, Add compromise the truth of God! Drag Freedom's banner in the dust, To endless scorn consign her name; For transient peace and hollow truce, Barter the Future's hope and fame!

WEST NEWTON ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

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of this new imperial and despotic power, with its secret edicts and its ruffian bands and its social and itself a little broader and struck itself a little deeper, to take the pulpits into its closer keeping, and dictate to its terms of peace? Well! truth, freedom, right, have always had their martyrs,—always needed them. It may be they need them now. Not the martyrs merely (for these are always) who are such by slowly wasting labors and endurance, but those also who shall seal their testimony with their blood. I believe there are multitudes ready for this; that, with all the reputed and actual wealth and materialism of the age, there would come forth thousands from the bosom of this community, lay down, if need were, their lives, for that which is dearer to them than life. Those men and women whom you hunt so, in the interest of slavery; whose lips you attempt to shut, whether by the hands of ruffian violence or the pressure of public sentiment—do you think they are not ready to sacrifice for the principles to which conviction and feeling have been clinging the closer, year after year, until they are a part of their very being; which have become dearer by the sacrifices they have already endured for them, and which you have made dearer than ever by this latest outrage: do you think they are not ready, many of them, to sacrifice whatever may be the future cost of an unswerving fidelity, though that cost were life? Friends, I desire, in this connection, to speak as I feel (all the more now, because they are under the ban of public odium and the fear of lawless power) of this class of persons called Abolitionists. My testimony may be worth little to you; but it will be worth something to myself to have given it. It is common in almost all circles and spheres, not only in political speeches but in pulpits discourses, (I have been led to note of late how common it is,) to style them "fanatics," "madmen," "insane," as if to signify, by these opprobrious epithets, that they are without claims to a respectful consideration. Will it be said that opprobrious epithets are not all on one side? Allowed! It is poor business, too, to stand aloof from a righteous enterprise, and criticize, in a spirit of prejudice and distrust, the works and words of its earnest and honest laborers, and let what is judged censurable in these sent from view the great underlying principles of the movement, and the consistent and uncompromising faith to them of its followers; allowing nothing to the fervors of a zeal, which, if it be fanatical, is so on the side of freedom and humanity. Let any one, of fair mind, give himself for a few months only, as they have done for years, to a contemplation of slavery, in all its aspects and details, its inhumanities and wrongs, and I think their zeal would bear to him a different aspect; that he would forgive, if he did not respect it. "Fanatics" would to God all were such in an unflinching and all-consuming loyalty to the cause of freedom and humanity, instead of being so coldly and selfishly indifferent to it, or languidly and passively in its interest, as such multitudes are who yet claim to be in sympathy with it! Knowing against whom this cry has been raised in the past, those who proposed to employ it in this connection would do well to hesitate, and look a little more deeply into the matter, lest perchance they may be placing themselves in company they might not feel honored by. For myself, I cannot withhold my respect, nor the expression of it, from a movement which bases itself on an abstract moral principle, and is unalterably true to it; which recognizes, as no other does, the Scripture-spoken duty of "remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them," which takes the ground, that slavery is intrinsically and absolutely and eternally wrong, an offence and crime against God and humanity,—as such, to be unceasingly denounced, and striven against,—as such, on the part of those upholding or in any way in compliance with it, to be at once repented of, and put away; which throws this assertion in the face of the nation, and challenges the world to a disproof of it; which allows no palliations of slavery, no excuses, no specious sophisms, no politic considerations, to veil its naked, essential hatefulness, as seen in the light of God's truth and the divine instincts of the heart; which declares all compromise with it sinful, and all compacts and laws upholding and favoring it, as, by that fact, null and void. I cannot withhold my respect, nor the expression of it, from those who have planned themselves on this adamant base, and amidst obloquy and reproach and denunciation and threat, amidst all the variations and whifflings of popular sentiment, and in the face of all consequences, have nobly stood there. I was speaking of the age as needing its confessors and martyrs. And I believe they would be found, at the call of a providential necessity, not alone in those who thus give organized expression to extreme anti-slavery sentiments; but also in many more, who, repelled from their organization and, from any active sympathy with them,—less by their views than by the form and tone of their advocacy of them,—yet, essentially and at heart, with them. It cannot be the spirit of the old time, the spirit of New England's founders, the spirit of a whole-hearted and self-dedicating care for human rights and human demerit, which has died away, has gone out, among us. Slavery, I know, has done its best towards killing it, and has done, alas! much,—our constitutional complicity with that accursed barbarism, and the attempts to which self-interest prompts, and a love of peace, and a timid conservatism, to extenuate and justify and defend it. But the spirit lives,—lives and spreads. Thanks for this, more than to aught else of human instrumentalities, to the anti-slavery enterprise, as such; to the voice, clear and stern, crying, long since and still, in the wilderness of our Judaea, "Repent!" and laying the axe at the root of the tree. The Abolitionists are charged with bringing about the present state of things in our land. So far as this state of things is resolvable into a rising of the free spirit of the North to curb and beat back the waves of an arrogant and aggressive despotism, the charge has truth, and, so far, honors them. But, for what is evil in the condition of affairs, they are chargeable only as the truth is chargeable for the passions and violence its assaults provoke. Or, if the truth given them has been too harshly spoken or too personally applied, charge the consequences upon the evil assailed and its upholders, rather than upon its fervid assailants. Oh that this people would consent to see it; that God would coach, from films of custom and self, the heart-blindness which perceives it not,—that the fount and origin of all our ills, our disquiet and content and perils, is slavery itself,—that dark anomaly in our republic, floated down from a barbarous past, and anchored by, and joined in baleful alliance to, the ark of our freedom; refusing to unloose itself not only, but more and more increasing its overshadowing presence and ingulfing weight; slavery,—setting itself against the natural conscience, the dictates of humanity, the spirit of the age. Here is the cause of trouble. Eternal Justice has a controversy with this nation, which can have no peace till that controversy is settled on the side of God. It is the "irrepressible conflict" of truth and falsehood, right and wrong; irrepressible because the human heart will be true to itself, and God to his own cause.

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I close, then, as I began. The cause, the "work and counsel," based on the immutability of God's truth and being,—ye cannot overthrow it. If Hebrew Gamaliel could say it, much more the Christian of to-day, with eighteen centuries added to the heroic retrospect through which the assurance beams; with a purified and ascendant God,—a Christ whose fraternal Christ and a parental God,—a Christ whose commission was and is to "break every yoke"; a God who lays on each soul a like commission, and who works in and by each faithful soul for the same end.

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