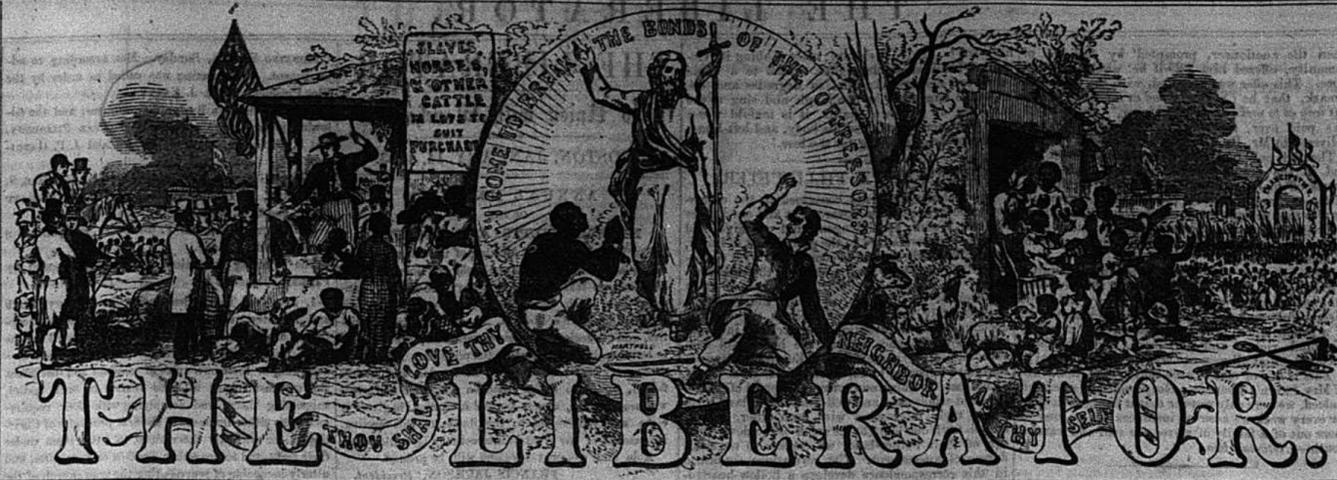


THE LIBERATOR  
PUBLISHED  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
AT THE  
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.  
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.  
Two Dollars and fifty cents per annum,  
in advance.  
Five copies will be sent to one address for the  
same price, if payment be made in advance.  
All communications to be made, and all letters  
relating to the business of the paper are to  
be addressed to the General Agent.  
Advertisements making less than one square in-  
clude three lines for 75 cents—one square for \$1.00.  
The Agents of the American, Massachusetts,  
New-York and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are au-  
thorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.  
The following gentlemen constitute the Financial  
Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts  
of the paper, viz.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY,  
SAMUEL GENT, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and  
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Editors.  
VOL. XXIII. NO. 2.



No Union with Slaveholders!  
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH,  
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.  
Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding  
lords 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  
engagement 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—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 PERPETU-  
ATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT  
OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—John Quincy Adams.

REFUGEE OF OPPRESSION.

ANOTHER INFAMOUS DECISION.  
Richard Ellis, plaintiff in error, vs. The People of the State of Illinois. In Supreme Court of the United States. On appeal from the Supreme Court of Illinois. (Case and Mr. Dixons, for plaintiffs; Mr. McLean, for defendant in error.)  
Mr. Justice Grier delivered the opinion of the Court, as follows:  
The plaintiff in error was indicted and convicted under the criminal code of Illinois for harboring and concealing a negro slave. The record was returned by writ of error to the Supreme Court of that State, and it was there contended, on behalf of the plaintiff in error, that the judgment and conviction were reversed, because the statute of Illinois, under which the indictment was founded, is void by reason of its being in conflict with that article of the Constitution of the United States which declares that no person shall be held to answer for a crime, until he has been indicted in another State, unless the crime was committed in that State. The plaintiff in error claims that the act of Congress, which authorized the removal of the case to this Court, is in conflict with the act of Congress on the same subject.  
This record presents a case of which this Court has jurisdiction under the twenty-fifth section of the Judiciary Act, is not disputed.  
The statute of Illinois, whose validity is called in question, is contained in the 14th section of the criminal code, and is as follows:  
"Whoever shall harbor or receive any negro, mulatto, or person of color, the same being a slave, or who shall harbor or receive any other person, whether he be a slave or not, in any other State, Territory, or district, within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States, or shall in anywise aid or assist in the escape of any such person, or shall prevent the lawful owner or owners of such person from retaking them, it shall be deemed a felony, and the offender shall be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars, and imprisoned not exceeding six months."  
The bill of indictment framed under this statute charges four counts. The first charges that Richard Ellis, a certain negro slave owing service to one C. D., of the State of Missouri, did unlawfully and feloniously, contrary to the form of the statute, &c.  
2. That he harbored the same.  
3. For unlawfully preventing C. D., the lawful owner of said slave, from retaking him in a lawful manner, by securing the said negro contrary to the form of the statute, &c.  
4. For unlawfully preventing C. D., the lawful owner of said slave, from retaking him in a lawful manner, by securing the said negro contrary to the form of the statute, &c.

SELECTIONS.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.  
BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1853. WHOLE NUMBER 1147.  
From the Perth Constitutional of Dec. 15.  
AMERICAN SLAVERY.  
PUBLIC NOTICE.  
On Thursday evening, a public tea-meeting was held, at the instance of the Perth Anti-Slavery Society, in the Large Session-House of the South United Presbyterian Church, (Dr. Newland's), which was well and respectfully attended, and included the leading friends of the cause in this quarter, both ladies and gentlemen. The soiree took place, in the terms of the printed announcement, "to promote the Penny Offering to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; and to join in the National Remonstrance to the United States against American Slavery."  
By the motion of Mr. David Turnbull, General Agent, the Rev. William Lindsay, of the East United Presbyterian Church, was called to the chair; and, (after tea had been served,) in opening the proceedings, he referred, at considerable length, to the circumstances of the present meeting, originating, as it did, in the impetus which had been given to the cause of the oppressed slave by the admirable, wonderful book alluded to, and which, he had no doubt, had rung the knell of as base and degrading a system as had ever ventured to trample upon the rights of injured and insulted humanity.  
The first resolution was moved by the Rev. John Pillans, of the Independent Chapel, Canal Crescent, and is as follows:  
"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the system of slavery, as by law established in the United States of America, whereby three millions and a half of human beings are held as property by their fellow-men, bought and sold as such, and subjected every moment to all the liabilities attaching to any other description of property, is utterly opposed to those inalienable rights with which God has invested every man, to all principles of truth and justice, to the provisions of all righteous government, and to the law of God; and that, therefore, it becomes our duty, as men and Christians, to seek, by all scriptural and lawful means, its entire overthrow. Therefore, believing that the Press is one of the mightiest instrumentalities that can be employed for the annihilation of systems of error, cruelty and despotism, we hail, with especial pleasure, the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and express our deep gratitude to that gifted lady for the timely production of her graphic pen; and that, considering it extremely desirable that the present deep and powerful anti-slavery feeling caused by the circulation of that book should not be suffered to pass away without resulting in some practical measure, we resolve to originate a Penny Offering, from the readers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' to help the cause of the slave, and to appeal to such throughout the land to contribute to this object."  
From the variety of topics, the speaker remarked, embraced in the resolution, it was obviously imperative to take but a slight and cursory glance at each; in doing which, the reverend gentleman riveted the attention of the audience for a considerable time, in a speech replete with eloquence and appropriateness to the circumstances of the meeting. He alluded, in sound and healthy terms, to the innate and incurable evils of slavery, alike as regarded the past, present, and future—contending that, in its essential essence, it was evil, and that continually—alleging that no mitigation of its sterner cruelties could palliate the thing itself; and spoke hopefully of the means that are now being employed to effect its overthrow, paying a graceful tribute to the power of the Press in a matter where its influence had been, and would continue to be, felt and acknowledged.  
Mr. James Readie, builder, seconded the resolution, which, with all those subsequently proposed, was carried unanimously.  
The Rev. Dr. Young moved the second resolution, to the following effect:  
"That this meeting, relying on the influence of public opinion in this country, to further the speedy and successful issue of the arduous struggle for the abolition of slavery, through which the United States of America must sooner or later pass, resolve to transmit to that nation a memorial, calmly and earnestly setting forth the inherent evils of the system, and beseeching them to adopt immediate and effective measures for its utter annihilation; and inasmuch as the present effort, and not a little of the powerful anti-slavery feeling which at present exists, is directly attributable to the invaluable work of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, we hereby resolve respectfully to request that lady to become a donor of the 'Penny Offering,' and to distribute it as she shall deem most fit for the benefit of the slave."  
The venerable Doctor supported this resolution at some length, and in his usual pithy but telling manner. He argued that, in expressing his opinion to Brother Jonathan, John Bull ought by no means to be 'mealy-mouthed'—that the attitude which the British nation should assume in this matter was one which ought to be respectful, but, at the same time, firm and unmistakable—and that no compromise, short of the final extinction of slavery, ought for a moment to be entertained. With regard to America itself, it ought, for very shame, as a political community, to rise and wipe out the foul stain. The Doctor illustrated the growing feeling in favor of abolition in the transatlantic republic, by reference to the recent case of the eight slaves who had obtained their liberation, in consequence of their owner landing them in New York, in *Irving's* *Journal*. That feeling should be fostered with paternal care, and just in proportion to the amount of zeal and earnestness with which the subject is advocated in this country, in a corresponding ratio would the waning star of slavery hurry to its final and irreversible doom.  
Mr. Wm. Greig, City Clerk, in a few brief but well-chosen remarks, seconded the resolution.  
The Rev. John C. George, Wesleyan minister, proposed the third resolution, viz.:  
"That this meeting would embrace the present opportunity of expressing the opinion, that the Liberator's scheme of colonization is not a remedy for the evils of slavery which this meeting can approve of, and that the entire and immediate emancipation of the deeply-injured colored population of America is the only adequate remedy in the circumstances of the case."  
The reverend gentleman commenced by alluding to the ill-effects of the Liberator's scheme, from attending the meeting, and listening to the speeches of the various gentlemen by whom it had been addressed. In allusion to a remark which had fallen from a previous speaker, to the effect that he had 'no patience with Christian slaveholders,' Mr. George endeavored to show that patience must be exercised towards those who held a

SELECTIONS.

position, anomalous, he was ready to admit, but certainly one of undeniable reality; and contended that a lengthened experience had proved that slaveholders, would they be successfully wrought upon, must be reasoned with, plied with argument and persuasion, and appealed to as men—a course of conduct which could hardly fail of ultimately producing that relenting of heart which kindness, more than force and attempt at coercion, must inevitably awaken. Many of the American slaveholders had been, by birth, education and habit, brought into circumstances over which they had no control; and while, therefore, they were guilty, both in the sight of Heaven, and in the eyes of correct humanity, of being a bitter and accursed thing, still that charity which thinketh no evil ought to induce us to believe, that, but for those circumstances, they might have been as ardent haters of slavery as we are ourselves, and that, with increasing light, they will be brought to regard the system with an abhorrence in no degree inferior to that with which we look upon it. He had great pleasure in moving the resolution.  
Mr. David Irons, tea-merchant, seconded the resolution, confirmatory of the truth of which he read one or two extracts from the *Electric Review*.  
Mr. John M'Neill, of Kinnoull Street Academy, moved the adoption of a Friendly Remonstrance of the People of Scotland to the People of the United States, on the subject of slavery; to be signed by the Chairman in the name of the meeting, and forwarded in due course. This was read and adopted.  
The Rev. Mr. Knowles, of Mill Street Independent Chapel, proposed that the following gentlemen be appointed a Committee to carry into effect the objects of the meeting—  
Mr. James Fenwick, George-street;  
Mr. James Morson,  
Mr. David Irons, High-street;  
Mr. Robert Morton, St. John-street;  
Mr. David Morton,  
Mr. James Barlas, High-street;  
Mr. Peter Campbell, Methven-street.  
Mr. Nairne, mill-spinner, in seconding the resolution, referred to a fact that had been omitted by all the previous speakers, and which, he contended, formed a very important consideration in this connection. He alluded to the fact that the Americans on this point, it should be shown that slavery was no less an erroneous system, than it was unprofitable in a financial point of view; and entered into statistical details to prove that free labor was the cheapest, and, per consequence, the most profitable to all parties. Before sitting down, Mr. Nairne proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried by acclamation.  
Mr. Lindsay, in acknowledging the compliment, assured the meeting that his presidency was a privilege, and therefore that it was a duty, the omission of which he could not reconcile with the obligations devolving upon him as a Christian and a Briton.  
This terminated the proceedings of this very interesting meeting. During the night, subscription books were circulated amongst the ladies present, who, we believe, with as many more as they can enlist, are to afford all classes of the inhabitants an opportunity of contributing their mite towards the object contemplated. Between the speeches, Messrs. Kennedy favored the meeting with pieces of music of an auspicious character, and we are sure that, in parting, there was not one in the company who did not feel it to be a privilege to be present at a ceremony which we will describe as at least the insertion of another nail in the coffin of American Slavery.

SELECTIONS.

THE FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE  
OF THE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.  
ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.  
AMERICANS.—You acknowledge the brotherhood of nations. You avow the doctrine, that the nations of the earth constitute one great family, and that as such they are bound to each other by common interests and common ties. And in avowing this, you grant the right of any one member of that brotherhood to lift up a calm and truthful testimony before any other member, on behalf of humanity, justice and freedom, when these are assailed or outraged.  
We are at one with you in the maintenance of this principle; and it is because we look to you as brethren—bound to us by the most sacred associations—that we now address you on a subject which it is in no spirit of pride or fancied superiority that we make our appeal, but rather in a spirit of self-humiliation, calling to mind that we also were once partakers in this iniquity. And we hope that the fact of our having done what we could to wipe out our reproach as a nation—once implicated in upholding slavery—will induce you to give the more willing and earnest heed to our remonstrance.  
Americans.—We plead with you on behalf of three millions of our fellow beings whom you hold in bondage. We plead for the man whose blood is cursed from their brow, the gall from their earthly cup, the chain from their limbs, the iron from their souls. We plead for the immediate, unqualified and entire abolition of slavery throughout your land.  
It is not necessary that we enter on any lengthened proof of the evils of this system. It carries its condemnation with it. That condemnation is written in grand and English and written in tears of blood. It has been inscribed, as with letters of fire, on the desolated hearts and homes of millions. The voice of the Eternal proclaims it. A system which subjects three millions of human beings to the condition of mere 'chattel personal' in the eye of the law—which deprives them of all their rights and privileges as intelligent and accountable creatures—which disallows or breaks asunder the most sacred ties of life—which virtually annuls the higher law of God, and substitutes in its stead the absolute will of a selfish man as the rule of obedience—which robs its victims of the fruits of their toil, and denies to them the means and opportunities of cultivating their destitute faculties—such a system which sanctions atrocities like these—must be essentially wrong and unutterably shameful, and cannot be mentioned in the same breath with truth, righteousness and freedom.  
Americans.—We appeal to you, on the ground of our common humanity, to abolish this system. We assert the manhood of the enslaved. These three millions who are in bondage are men and women like ourselves; gifted with like thoughts, like feelings, like aspirations; and, like us, too, destined for immortality. Why, then, treat them as if they belonged not to human kind? That there are humane men among the upholders of the

SELECTIONS.

slave system, and slaves who receive humane treatment, we readily acknowledge; and yet we are compelled to say, that the inevitable tendency of such a system must be to subject the colored to treatment that is anything but humane. Where is the humanity of treating men and women as if they were brute beasts or creeping things! of trampling in the dust the most sacred relationships of life! of rearing slaves like cattle for the market! of subjecting them to the lash, and to numerous indignities and immoralities! and this, according to the caprice or passion of an irresponsible owner? Is there even the semblance of humanity here? We plead with you to treat the slave as a man.  
We appeal to you on the ground of justice. Where is the justice that is dealt out to the slave! Where is there any thing meriting the sacred name! The system takes from the slave all that he has, all that he gains, from life's commencement even to its close. It strips him of money, house, wife, children. It deprives him of education, civil rights, liberty of conscience, the Bible. It condemns him without a hearing, and subjects him without a trial to bonds, imprisonment, and even death. In vain does he look for justice at the hand of his oppressor. There is no tribunal of righteousness to which he can appeal. In the preamble to your noble Constitution, it is affirmed that it was framed 'to establish justice'; and yet there are three millions of human beings at this hour within the bounds of your republic, who may be treated with every indignity and cruelty, while the justice of your land extends no shield over their helpless heads.  
We appeal to you on the ground of consistency. And is not this the fundamental principle set forth in your glorious Declaration of Independence, that 'all men are born free and equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'? What means this language! Does it mean that the man of color as well as the white is a man? that the black man is born free as well as the white? that God has given to the black man, as well as the white, those sacred, inalienable rights? Where, then, is the consistency between your profession and your practice as a people!  
Again, in your past history, you have shown that you are ever ready to sympathize with the victims of despotism in other lands, in their struggles for freedom. In this you do well. We mingle our sympathies with yours. But where is the consistency of having overflowing sympathies for the enslaved afar off, and bondage and oppression for millions in your own land!  
We appeal to you on the sacred ground of our common Christianity. Shall our appeal here be based on the American promise itself, to be a Christian land? And is not the very spirit of Christianity one of love? But where is the manifestation of that spirit in the enslavement of three million of our fellow-men! Is not this the teaching of Christianity's divine Author, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself'! And who is thy neighbor! That down-trodden slave is he. But where is your love, when you even deny him the right to be a man! Does not Christianity teach that God has 'made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth'? But how can you reconcile this great truth with your conduct in shutting out the poor slave from the brotherhood of humanity! Is not this the grand law for the regulation of conduct between man and man, as laid down by the Great Teacher, himself, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them'? But if that law be honored in the midst of you, does it not follow that you will bid every slave go free? As ye would that men should bind no fetters on your limbs, does not that law demand that ye bind no fetters on theirs? As ye would not be enslaved, Christ bids you make none. Have you not Bible and Missionary Societies, and do you not regard them as the glory of your nation? But why send the Bible to slaves of Satan in other climes, and deny it to the slaves of your own land? Why seek to illumine India or China, while you doom to heathen darkness millions in your own country! Americans! by every thing that is sacred and awful in our holy religion, we appeal to you to be consistent here. As you profess to be a Christian people, listen to the word of the Most High.—Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. Proclaim liberty to the captive; and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.—Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.  
Americans.—Shall slavery continue? Shall the accursed system still live under the shadow of law—still be tolerated, fostered, propagated? Shall the foul blot still remain on your national escutcheon? Will you still forsake the good old paths of your fathers, and set your feet upon the altar-fires of liberty which they kindled? Will you continue to undo the work of patriots, reformers, philanthropists, and to affiliate with tyrants, traitors, usurpers, and men-stealers? Surely an indignant nation will say, It shall not be!  
Americans.—Bear with us in our impurity. We love you as brethren; therefore do we plead with you. We love your magnificent country, your noble institutions, your spirit of progress; therefore do we plead with you. We love liberty, our dearest birthright and yours, for which our fathers and your fathers shed their blood—liberty the birth-right of all; therefore do we plead with you. We love Religion, and would see her divine and glorious form making triumphant progress through your land; therefore we plead with you. We love the image of Jesus, in his disciples of whatever color, and would not see that image in chains; therefore do we plead with you.  
Americans.—We know that there are difficulties in your way, but these are nothing in comparison with the measureless good to be achieved. Your moral influence, your position among the nations, and your glory as a people, will be all the more eminent and enduring, if by one act of magnanimity, you trample these difficulties in the dust. Retrace, then, your steps, we entreat you! Give to the slave his in-born, inalienable rights. Give to the toiler the fruits of his toil. Give to the husband the wife of his bosom, and to the wife the moral image of her youth. Give to the fond mother the child whom God has given to her. Give to the mortal mind the priceless blessing of education. Give to the weary, the wretched, and the lost the light of life, and the hope of eternal repose. Give to man the right to be his own,—free amongst his fellows, and accountable to his God. Then shall the Union Flag of Freedom float above a land without a slave! and the good upon earth will rejoice, and the God of heaven will bless you.

SELECTIONS.

From the Perth [Scottish] Constitutional of Dec. 15.  
THE SLAVERY QUESTION.  
The subject of American slavery is at present 'tholing an ass'—we trust a last one—at the bar of British Public Opinion. This fresh trial has been instituted at the instance of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has got up the case so admirably on behalf of the slave, in her story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that the verdict has been an unqualified condemnation of slaveholding, as alike inhuman and unchristian. This verdict has been pronounced by a common jury, fairly empaneled from all classes of the community—the million readers of Mrs. Stowe's inimitable book.  
Not, indeed, that the British public have discovered any thing new in the science of moral ethics bearing against slavery; but the simple fact being that this faithful, though fictitious picture exhibits the enormities of the system, even under its most favorable auspices, in such a clear and striking light, that they feel impelled, in the name of Civilization, not to speak of Christianity, to remonstrate against its continuance.  
We are glad to observe that the movement is likely to be a united and universal one. The Bibles of Christians and Unitarians are now its promoters; and the DUCHESSES of SUTHERLAND and other ladies of rank and influence, have shown the women of England a bright example, but one which, after all, they will require very little prompting to follow. In our own city, the Anti-Slavery Society has taken the initiative; and, in order to enable it to make an effective appeal to the American slaveholders, it has resolved to submit an application to the pockets of the citizens, but for a sum so small that we have no fear of an unfavorable response.  
In the midst of the excitement, the abettors of slavery have not allowed judgment to go against them by default. They have regularly entered appearance; and in *Aunt Phillis's Cabin*—written, too, by a lady—have drawn such a fascinating picture of the frolicsome, devil-may-care life of the slave, and of the kind and considerate usage he receives at the hands of the calumniated slaveholder, that one almost fancies his eyes betray him, and instead of 'Virginia,' ought to read 'Canada,' feels so utterly miserable in a state of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that he loved freedom less, but that he loved his wife and family more? And is not this, gentlemen, a far too much, and therefore worthy nothing of the name of freedom, that he returns to the scene of his former servitude, and is fain to surrender himself voluntarily to his legal owner. All very well, Messrs. Haley, Legree & Co.; but does it not peep out, on your own showing, that it was the affection he bore to the wife and children left behind, rather than the liking he had to bondage, which induced him to rush back to it—not that



EMANCIPATION OF COLORED REFUGEES IN ENGLAND.

London, Dec. 8, 1862. A relationship, not of distant affinity, but of near...

of patronizing charity, purchased at the expense of a status of social inferiority, like that in which eminent scholars have been placed in our universities. These American refugees have not been entered as burers, or poor pensioners, whose position in the institution is but a grade above the kitchen. As students, they are on a footing of perfect social equality, having formed friendships as fast, and been received into the best company as freely, as though their features were of the most perfect Caucasian mould, and their cheeks were untinged with a shade of ebony.

Sad Railroad Accident. Gen. Pierce's Son Killed.—Narrow Escape of Gen. Pierce and his Wife. The express train consisting of one large car, containing about 60 passengers, which left the depot of Boston and Maine Railroad in this city, at 12 o'clock on Thursday, was thrown off the track about two miles from the depot, by the breaking of the forward axle. The car was dragged about 20 rods, and then overturned under an embankment, a distance of about 15 feet, upon some rocks. Gen. Pierce, President elect, and his wife, and only son, were passengers in the car, having taken their seats at Andover, where they had passed the previous night. His son Benjamin, whose head was badly bruised, was almost instantly killed. Gen. Pierce was bruised upon the back, and suffered some loss of consciousness. His wife was considerably bruised, and labored under great excitement on account of the loss of her son.

An Indian War in Prospect.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald reports the following intelligence from Billy Bowlegs, and the Seminole Indians. Private letters have been received here from Florida, stating that Billy Bowlegs and the rest of the Seminole chiefs had refused to ratify the treaty made with Gen. Blake, and that Billy and his followers, gathering all the arms they could, had fled. General Blake had proceeded to the Florida Legislature, and asked for the immediate raising of a large number of volunteers to quell the war. It appears that when Billy got back, he informed his people that he had signed a treaty agreeing to leave Florida, if they at once refused to ratify it, and, as a means of reducing Billy to obedience, took his wives away from him, and threatened to place another man at the head of their affairs. Billy stood to his word about four weeks, when he gave in, and telling Gen. Blake that he could not help it, fled. The War Department has not yet received official notice of the matter, but will, as soon as it is received, order all the available troops to the scene of difficulty.

Worse than California.—Last spring, Mr. Dabman, Kanawha county, Va., emigrated to Texas with his negro servants, with the expectation of doing better in the world, although his circumstances in Virginia were very comfortable. When he reached his Texas home, some of his servants died, and sickness in his family so operated upon his mind, that he concluded to return to Virginia. On his way, himself and five children fell victims to the cholera and other diseases. At the same time, the remaining children were left to shift for themselves, and a few days since reached home again, with the little remainder of \$700 which had been left of their property.

Unlucky Marriage.—Mrs. Farnum, the former matron of the Sing Sing Prison, seems to have had bad luck in her second marriage in California, if we may judge by the following paragraph from the San Francisco Herald of Nov. 27. Mrs. Farnum charged her husband, before the Recorder in the sum of \$4000 to keep the peace for six months, for his appearance before his honor to-day, when he will receive the decision of the Recorder.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

ON January the 1st, 1853, will be published the first part of a magnificent monthly work under the above title. The Editor, Mr. JOHN CASSELL, has very successfully superintended and published a similar work in England during the past year, under the title of the Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.

PHRENOLOGY, the science of MIND, includes in its wide domain a knowledge of all the faculties, passions and powers of the HUMAN SOUL; all the bodily organism over which the soul presides, with its structures and functions; and all the realm of nature to which man is related, and with which he should live in harmony.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, VOL. XVII., for 1853—devoted to Science, Literature, and General Intelligence. Published by FOWLER AND WELLS, 182 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, or 142 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

PHRENOLOGY, the science of MIND, includes in its wide domain a knowledge of all the faculties, passions and powers of the HUMAN SOUL; all the bodily organism over which the soul presides, with its structures and functions; and all the realm of nature to which man is related, and with which he should live in harmony.

PHRENOLOGY, the science of MIND, includes in its wide domain a knowledge of all the faculties, passions and powers of the HUMAN SOUL; all the bodily organism over which the soul presides, with its structures and functions; and all the realm of nature to which man is related, and with which he should live in harmony.

POETRY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

For the Liberator.
Awake! awake! arise!
Behold before your eyes
A great and glorious prize,
Saith the Spirit of the Age.

THE LIBERATOR.

From the Liberty Bell for 1853.
WEBSTER.
BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

There is no sentiment less philosophical than that
quoted in sombre Latin over almost every fresh-sodded
grave: 'Nisi de mortuis, nisi bonum.' For the living
always let this charity be invoked—as for the dead,
they require it no longer.

Who would have recognized the martyr-courage of the
dreamy and ideal Sir Thomas More, had he not been
called to face the martyr's doom? Who would not have
believed, that the constancy of Cranmer would always
yield to his physical fears, but for the tremendous energy
of his recoil?

When France turned round, in FORT-ENCOUR,
And changed her Kingdom to a State,
Put off her royal petticoat,
And gave the sans-culotte a vote,
Punch parodied old Mother Goose,
And from her leash this fun let loose—

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.
BY C. A. B.
Another stab in Freedom's side!
Another link in Slavery's chain!

THE DYING HOUR.
BY D. A. BOWE.
'This is the end of earth,
The night of life's short day;

PHILANTHROPY.
Forever seek mankind to bless;
All evils that thou canst redress;
Be it thy task, be it thy food,
Ever to labor with good.

With deference and delight. Both hemispheres rang
with the echo of his name. With all this, and a complete
consciousness of it, he wished, nay, absolutely
desired to be President,—to be nominal head of the
nation, indeed, but to be also the head of fifty thousand
lacks, of a jealous and jesuitical party-mechanic,
that promised only the chance of four years tenure
of pitiful salaries, for dirty services.

That he wished this is evident from the restless zeal
with which, by letters and speeches, he followed up the
demonstration of the 7th of March, intruding
himself upon the privacy of every man's thoughts,
intent upon creating for himself a prominence of what-
ever character, and more than once plainly soliciting a
place among the candidates. It is evident, too, from
the desperate efforts made by men in his immediate
councils to drag him through the Baltimore Con-
vention, and to run him afterwards independently, on
the strength of the injustice that had been done him in
their ludicrous defeat. It seems as if, on the 7th of
March, the desperation of this ambition quite over-
stepped the modesty of nature, and the infatuated car-
giness of his lust for power threw off even the sham
dignity of diplomacy. I know that the dishonest
speech, which politicians in this country have so sedu-
lously cultivated, always regards the men obnoxious to
office as the victims of the impurities of their
friends.

Of what may be called his minor virtues, I care not
particularly to speak. There is a class of vices, even,
which do not necessarily defile the man. Sometimes,
though rarely, the noble spirit, compensating for gifts
of genius by an excess of sensuality, maintains, even
in its slavery to passion, a dignity, that, at intervals
of intellectual serenity, asserts a higher birthright and
a better destiny. But if, when age, bringing natures
thoughts and an indurated will, comes to the assistance
of the soul, she does not her house in order, and
subject to their place the turbulent passions of youth,
the suspicion survives, that the sensuality, instead of
being an infirmity of the flesh, is a native and perma-
nent taint of the spirit. But it is the intellectual, the
spiritual sin, that is the index to the character and
type of its quality. The organized church, however,
hesitates longest, and scans closest these defects of the
outer life, and perhaps it can apply no better test.

Webster has outlived his three score years and ten,
and by the intensity of his activities and experiences,
exhausted a vitality that might have outworn four
score. But he died in the midst of his worldly plans,
—farming at Marshfield, farming at Franklin,—with
convivial courtesies on no stinted scale to receive and
to repay. His cases stood on the dockets of the courts;
his fees had been paid that were yet to be earned, earned
that were yet to be paid. Literary societies waited
to inaugurate a new season with the announcement of
his name. At the head of Foreign Relations, ghosts of
abortive wars had scarce ceased to haunt the precincts
of the State Department, and shadows of future ones
not yet confronted with the skill of his diplomacy loomed
on the near horizon. His statesman's word, as good as
'the faith of a king,' stood pledged to the execution of
the Fugitive Slave Act, while its victims ran the
streets of Boston and Syracuse, and the large meshes
of his net of treason swept formally through the halls
of courts, and took nothing by the motion. Slavery was
stealthily spreading over 'the table lands,' where the
'laws of God and of physical geography,' as thunder-
ed from his Sinai, by a fat unnecessary to be re-nacted,
had for ever prohibited it. Thirty ships, under au-
thority of custom papers and his official letter, were
buffeting the angry meeting of the waters of the At-
lantic and Pacific on an errand of commerce, while
swift steamers were dashing along under the shadows
of the Andes, with his other official letter, to head them
off and pronounce them piratical. Surely, the editors
may well affirm, in the honorable phrase—'He died in
the harness!'—that certain of the *Scott* journals may
lament in an 'aside,' that he did not die in the traces.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be said that
Webster fell. He only discovered himself, and must
therefore seem what he was compelled to confess him-
self. It was not that his declaration against the restric-
tion of slavery was unexpected or consequential. It
was consequential mainly to him. Some few unsuccess-
ful persons had high hopes of him, but the most knew
he would fall in the hour of trial. When a brave,
good deed is to be done, a brave, good man is wanted.
Figs do not grow of thistles. It was not the greatest
imaginable heroism to stand by the *Wilmot Proviso* in
1850. Any ordinary good man, of which there are sev-
eral in every school district, might have done it, and
claimed no merit. But a mere attorney could not do it,
however eloquent and impressive, nor a man whose
habits had grown oblique through ambition, and whose
moral integrity had been softened to flabbiness by praise
and bounty.

Webster was meagrely ambitious. The artist should
be satisfied with the rewards of his art, and the scholar
with the fruit and fame of his studies. No department
of literary or creative art has more immediate, more
substantial, or more ample rewards than oratory. It
charms the rudest minds. Men who would never ap-
preciate a poem or a masterpiece in painting or statu-
ary, can be stirred to madness by the magic power of elo-
quent speech. Thus, while the artist goes often to an
obscure grave only with the hope of an immortality for
himself and his works, the great orator receives his
good things in his life-time; nay, in the very moment
when his full-wrought powers are leaping to enthusiasm
an enraptured crowd, and the electricity of his genius
thunders and lightens upon 'a sea of upturned faces,'
every billow of the passion which he excites reflects
into his own heart a ravishing and ineffable joy. All
the honors of eloquence were within Webster's reach,
if not already attained. He had established a communica-
tion with the people, who rushed together at the mere
sound of his voice. Senates and courts turned to him

THE TRUTH COMING OUT.
A correspondent of The Tribune, evidently well
informed, speaking of certain blunders of the Ad-
ministration in the management of our Foreign
Relations, alludes to Mr. Webster in these terms:
'I will do the memory of Mr. Webster the justice to
write, that no blame on this account can be laid to him
in Washington, as it is well known here, that for quite two
years before his death, his powers of mind—his superi-
ority of mind—had left him. He commenced to die, in-
tellectually, long before that period; but for that time,
at least, almost an imbecile during half the hours he
was awake. Occasionally, in his latter days, he had
brilliant moments. The smouldering fire of his pre-
viously great mind would now and then burst forth like
a dying eruption from the crater of a volcano about to
lose its activity. But such illuminations gradually be-
came so rare as to make the entire destruction of his in-
tellectual vigor a topic of common conversation in
Washington, at least a year before God called him hence.
Mr. Fillmore endeavored, as delicately as possible, to
cause his duties to be discharged by others on his (Mr. F.)
views of the necessities of such case; often, too, de-
lecting to Mr. Webster himself his policy, when he was
being made the instrument of carrying out the daily-dy-
ing and common-place ideas of the sitting President.'
Those who saw Mr. Webster during the last year
of his life, or who have seen the pictures of him
taken within that period, if they are not blinded
by partisan attachment, will readily believe all

with deference and delight. Both hemispheres rang
with the echo of his name. With all this, and a complete
consciousness of it, he wished, nay, absolutely
desired to be President,—to be nominal head of the
nation, indeed, but to be also the head of fifty thousand
lacks, of a jealous and jesuitical party-mechanic,
that promised only the chance of four years tenure
of pitiful salaries, for dirty services.

That he wished this is evident from the restless zeal
with which, by letters and speeches, he followed up the
demonstration of the 7th of March, intruding
himself upon the privacy of every man's thoughts,
intent upon creating for himself a prominence of what-
ever character, and more than once plainly soliciting a
place among the candidates. It is evident, too, from
the desperate efforts made by men in his immediate
councils to drag him through the Baltimore Con-
vention, and to run him afterwards independently, on
the strength of the injustice that had been done him in
their ludicrous defeat. It seems as if, on the 7th of
March, the desperation of this ambition quite over-
stepped the modesty of nature, and the infatuated car-
giness of his lust for power threw off even the sham
dignity of diplomacy. I know that the dishonest
speech, which politicians in this country have so sedu-
lously cultivated, always regards the men obnoxious to
office as the victims of the impurities of their
friends.

Of what may be called his minor virtues, I care not
particularly to speak. There is a class of vices, even,
which do not necessarily defile the man. Sometimes,
though rarely, the noble spirit, compensating for gifts
of genius by an excess of sensuality, maintains, even
in its slavery to passion, a dignity, that, at intervals
of intellectual serenity, asserts a higher birthright and
a better destiny. But if, when age, bringing natures
thoughts and an indurated will, comes to the assistance
of the soul, she does not her house in order, and
subject to their place the turbulent passions of youth,
the suspicion survives, that the sensuality, instead of
being an infirmity of the flesh, is a native and perma-
nent taint of the spirit. But it is the intellectual, the
spiritual sin, that is the index to the character and
type of its quality. The organized church, however,
hesitates longest, and scans closest these defects of the
outer life, and perhaps it can apply no better test.

Webster has outlived his three score years and ten,
and by the intensity of his activities and experiences,
exhausted a vitality that might have outworn four
score. But he died in the midst of his worldly plans,
—farming at Marshfield, farming at Franklin,—with
convivial courtesies on no stinted scale to receive and
to repay. His cases stood on the dockets of the courts;
his fees had been paid that were yet to be earned, earned
that were yet to be paid. Literary societies waited
to inaugurate a new season with the announcement of
his name. At the head of Foreign Relations, ghosts of
abortive wars had scarce ceased to haunt the precincts
of the State Department, and shadows of future ones
not yet confronted with the skill of his diplomacy loomed
on the near horizon. His statesman's word, as good as
'the faith of a king,' stood pledged to the execution of
the Fugitive Slave Act, while its victims ran the
streets of Boston and Syracuse, and the large meshes
of his net of treason swept formally through the halls
of courts, and took nothing by the motion. Slavery was
stealthily spreading over 'the table lands,' where the
'laws of God and of physical geography,' as thunder-
ed from his Sinai, by a fat unnecessary to be re-nacted,
had for ever prohibited it. Thirty ships, under au-
thority of custom papers and his official letter, were
buffeting the angry meeting of the waters of the At-
lantic and Pacific on an errand of commerce, while
swift steamers were dashing along under the shadows
of the Andes, with his other official letter, to head them
off and pronounce them piratical. Surely, the editors
may well affirm, in the honorable phrase—'He died in
the harness!'—that certain of the *Scott* journals may
lament in an 'aside,' that he did not die in the traces.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be said that
Webster fell. He only discovered himself, and must
therefore seem what he was compelled to confess him-
self. It was not that his declaration against the restric-
tion of slavery was unexpected or consequential. It
was consequential mainly to him. Some few unsuccess-
ful persons had high hopes of him, but the most knew
he would fall in the hour of trial. When a brave,
good deed is to be done, a brave, good man is wanted.
Figs do not grow of thistles. It was not the greatest
imaginable heroism to stand by the *Wilmot Proviso* in
1850. Any ordinary good man, of which there are sev-
eral in every school district, might have done it, and
claimed no merit. But a mere attorney could not do it,
however eloquent and impressive, nor a man whose
habits had grown oblique through ambition, and whose
moral integrity had been softened to flabbiness by praise
and bounty.

THE TRUTH COMING OUT.
A correspondent of The Tribune, evidently well
informed, speaking of certain blunders of the Ad-
ministration in the management of our Foreign
Relations, alludes to Mr. Webster in these terms:
'I will do the memory of Mr. Webster the justice to
write, that no blame on this account can be laid to him
in Washington, as it is well known here, that for quite two
years before his death, his powers of mind—his superi-
ority of mind—had left him. He commenced to die, in-
tellectually, long before that period; but for that time,
at least, almost an imbecile during half the hours he
was awake. Occasionally, in his latter days, he had
brilliant moments. The smouldering fire of his pre-
viously great mind would now and then burst forth like
a dying eruption from the crater of a volcano about to
lose its activity. But such illuminations gradually be-
came so rare as to make the entire destruction of his in-
tellectual vigor a topic of common conversation in
Washington, at least a year before God called him hence.
Mr. Fillmore endeavored, as delicately as possible, to
cause his duties to be discharged by others on his (Mr. F.)
views of the necessities of such case; often, too, de-
lecting to Mr. Webster himself his policy, when he was
being made the instrument of carrying out the daily-dy-
ing and common-place ideas of the sitting President.'
Those who saw Mr. Webster during the last year
of his life, or who have seen the pictures of him
taken within that period, if they are not blinded
by partisan attachment, will readily believe all

with deference and delight. Both hemispheres rang
with the echo of his name. With all this, and a complete
consciousness of it, he wished, nay, absolutely
desired to be President,—to be nominal head of the
nation, indeed, but to be also the head of fifty thousand
lacks, of a jealous and jesuitical party-mechanic,
that promised only the chance of four years tenure
of pitiful salaries, for dirty services.

That he wished this is evident from the restless zeal
with which, by letters and speeches, he followed up the
demonstration of the 7th of March, intruding
himself upon the privacy of every man's thoughts,
intent upon creating for himself a prominence of what-
ever character, and more than once plainly soliciting a
place among the candidates. It is evident, too, from
the desperate efforts made by men in his immediate
councils to drag him through the Baltimore Con-
vention, and to run him afterwards independently, on
the strength of the injustice that had been done him in
their ludicrous defeat. It seems as if, on the 7th of
March, the desperation of this ambition quite over-
stepped the modesty of nature, and the infatuated car-
giness of his lust for power threw off even the sham
dignity of diplomacy. I know that the dishonest
speech, which politicians in this country have so sedu-
lously cultivated, always regards the men obnoxious to
office as the victims of the impurities of their
friends.

Of what may be called his minor virtues, I care not
particularly to speak. There is a class of vices, even,
which do not necessarily defile the man. Sometimes,
though rarely, the noble spirit, compensating for gifts
of genius by an excess of sensuality, maintains, even
in its slavery to passion, a dignity, that, at intervals
of intellectual serenity, asserts a higher birthright and
a better destiny. But if, when age, bringing natures
thoughts and an indurated will, comes to the assistance
of the soul, she does not her house in order, and
subject to their place the turbulent passions of youth,
the suspicion survives, that the sensuality, instead of
being an infirmity of the flesh, is a native and perma-
nent taint of the spirit. But it is the intellectual, the
spiritual sin, that is the index to the character and
type of its quality. The organized church, however,
hesitates longest, and scans closest these defects of the
outer life, and perhaps it can apply no better test.

that this writer asserts. His vices having impaired
a constitution naturally sound and vigorous, it
needed only the removal of the 7th of March, 1850, to hurry
him to the grave. What a lesson to politicians,
and especially to the young men of the country,
does his example afford!—Penn. Freeman.

From the N.Y. Tribune.
A THRILLING INCIDENT AT SEA.
SIXTEEN LIVES SAVED.
We have been kindly favored with the following
extract of a private letter from Marcus Spring, Esq.,
of this city, giving an account of the saving of the
crew of the Scotch bark *Jesse Stevens*, by the
Steamer Pacific, on her last passage from here to
Liverpool. We are sure that no one can read this
simple narrative without something of the emotions
so vividly expressed—

One morning, while lying wrapped up in blankets,
overcoats, &c., on the sofa, the wind and
sleet and snow roaring round the hearing ship, one
of the passengers came down and reported that a
wreck had been seen in the midst of the storm, and
men clinging to it, and calling out, 'Save us! Save us!'
Though so nearly stupefied as to care for nothing,
even if we had been the wrecked ones ourselves,
and hardly believing, at first, it could be so, I rushed
at myself, and sure enough, all my own stupid
and selfish feelings, all nausea and headache, and
all murmuring spirit in view of our own condition,
were instantly dissipated, and gave place to the heart-
iest sympathy and earnest prayers for sixteen poor
fellows in a shattered bark, with sails torn and
streaming in the wind, masts all wrenched off and
swept away, and the water rushing through the
sides of the vessel, as she rose now and then on a
high wave, the sea rolling over her, a perfect flood,
every minute.

Our ship had stopped her engines, and was hovering
about; coming near enough, in the brief inter-
vals of the storm, for Capt. Nye to speak
through his trumpet a word of encouragement. The
Captain had been sick with a violent cold and
inflammation of the lungs, (the first time, I think,
since he became a Captain,) but this had called him
from his bed, and, dressed in his great tra-
paulin coat, with his hat drawn over his ears, a
sailor holding him from falling as he stood upon
the poop deck, the ship's trembling almost over
its sides at every roll, his face flushed with
excitement, as the wind sleet dashed in it,
and against him, as if they would take him off his
feet; his trumpet in his hand, and raising above
the roar of the storm his voice of command to en-
gineers, sailors, &c., to go on or stop, or go to the
other side of the wreck, trying to keep near it,
and avoid dashing against it, to the certain ruin of
all.

All this lasted for an hour or more, while we
passengers on the upper deck, holding on to ropes
to keep from being blown down, and watching the
poor fellows, when the mists, and clouds, and
spray, gave us an opportunity to see them climb-
ing the wave in their shattered bark, all looking
anxiously towards us, and waving hats and hands.
The rolling of the sea, some movement on deck,
and something I heard the Captain say, made me
fear it was a hopeless case, and we should have to
go and leave them, when all at once a gleam of
light broke from above, and a splendid rainbow
appeared on a dark background of clouds behind
us. It seemed indeed, soon under the upper
deck, and promise, and I eagerly scanned the upper
faces of the wretched crew to see if they did not
halt it as such, but I since learn they interpreted it
in accordance to the sailor's adage:

A rainbow in the morning
Is the sailor's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight.
While I supposed the bow of promise was fill-
ing their hearts, as it mine, with joy and grati-
tude, the Captain seized the moment of a lull in
the storm to say to Tompkins, his third officer,
(blessed be the noble-hearted fellow!) 'Are you
willing to risk going in the life boat to their res-
cue?' 'Ready and willing,' was the prompt re-
ply; and soon the beautiful boat, with Tompkins
and three sailors, was bounding over the foaming
waves. They had a rope soon drawn from ship to
boat, passing through the life boat. The brave
little company, with their heads and arms out of
the wreck, receiving with their open arms, as they
were dropped or thrown down (for some were so
stupified with wet and cold, they had to be thrown
into the boat) the dripping sailors of the 'Jesse
Stevens.' The waves ran so high it was unsafe
to lie near the wreck, so the boat was hauled up
by rope, at intervals, near enough for them to
drop in one or two men—then they would slacken
the rope and let the boat recede, before the re-
turning waves should dash them together, or,
then they would return, and so on, until, for one
or two more; and finally, all were safe in the
boat, and we only hoped they would get it back
to the ship with its freight of saved lives. Proudly
again it bounded over the billows with its heavy
load, as if it had been a swan or a sea-bird, and
though several times, when it went out of sight
in the trough of the sea, we trembled lest we had
seen it for the last time, it still mounted the top
of the next wave and dashed down the watery hill-
side towards us, again to rise and descend till they
reached our ship's side, when a hundred men, with
boisterous shouts and ropes let down, with ropes
at the ends, soon hauled up every man of them.
And so sixteen nice, respectable Scotchmen, from
Augustine, on their way home from Canada, with
a load of lumber, are fellow passengers with us,
with thankful hearts only and no lumber, and will
reach home before they are looked for, to tell
of their marvellous escape.

Since this incident, certainly the most heart-
thrilling and sublime it has been my lot to witness,
and well worth, we all wish, that our sufferings of
the voyage, we have all been in better spirits, and
have slept, I imagine, with more grateful and
happy dreams. We had a meeting of passengers,
and raised five hundred dollars as a purse for
Tompkins and the three men who aided him.—
Tompkins looks very happy as he walks the deck,
and is a great favorite with us all.

POLITICAL SNOBISM. We notice that some of our
political exchanges are quite fond of taunting
General Henry Wilson with his former association
with the shoemakers' bench. These gentlemen, in
their party zeal, forget that they are throwing dirt
at the principal means of our country's prosperity,
and sachets; one in which about seventy thousand
of our citizens are engaged, and which produces
more than \$20,000,000 annually. We do not believe
that the shoemakers of Massachusetts are ashamed
of an employment that affords an honest and
independent living to themselves and their
families, an employment by which a Roger Sher-
man once earned his bread. Those snobs who
sneer at shoemakers ought to go barefoot for a
season, as their heads are deficient in understand-
ing, their opposite extremities ought to be made to
correspond to them.—Boston Museum.

The snobs who sneer at General Wilson are in
many cases the children and grandchildren of shoem-
makers, huckster makers, carpenters and the like,
who owe their present position and wealth to the
honest and persevering labor of their worthy
ancestor mechanics, and who, by sneering at the
Hon. Henry Wilson, are only reviling and dishonor-
ing the memory of their own fathers. That's all.—
Sales Freeman.

BARNUM & BEACH'S NEW PAPER.
THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
SIX CENTS PER COPY.
P. T. BARNUM, SPECIAL PARTNER; H. D. & A. E.
BEACH, GENERAL PARTNERS.
THE Proprietors desire to call attention to the fact
that ALFRED E. BEACH has been appointed
with this concern, contributing an additional capital
of \$20,000, and the liberal amount of \$100,000
now especially devoted to the publication of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
The original and selected letter-press contents of this
best literary standard, and with a greater number of
pictures and handsome engravings. No paper of the
world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an
ornament to the American press.

The *Illustrated News* will be published weekly,
original and selected letter-press contents of the
best literary standard, and with a greater number of
pictures and handsome engravings. No paper of the
world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an
ornament to the American press.

The *Illustrated News* will be published weekly,
original and selected letter-press contents of the
best literary standard, and with a greater number of
pictures and handsome engravings. No paper of the
world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an
ornament to the American press.

The *Illustrated News* will be published weekly,
original and selected letter-press contents of the
best literary standard, and with a greater number of
pictures and handsome engravings. No paper of the
world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an
ornament to the American press.

The *Illustrated News* will be published weekly,
original and selected letter-press contents of the
best literary standard, and with a greater number of
pictures and handsome engravings. No paper of the
world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an
ornament to the American press.

The *Illustrated News* will be published weekly,
original and selected letter-press contents of the
best literary standard, and with a greater number of
pictures and handsome engravings. No paper of the
world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an
ornament to the American press.

The *Illustrated News* will be published weekly,
original and selected letter-press contents of the
best literary standard, and with a greater number of
pictures and handsome engravings. No paper of the
world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an
ornament to the American press.

WATER CURE INSTITUTION,
NO. 1 GLEN STREET.
THIS Institution is well arranged for the treatment of
individuals at all seasons of the year.
TERMS.—For full board and treatment, from \$4
to \$10 per week. Treatment without board, from \$2
to \$4 per week.
Each patient should furnish one linen and two heavy
cotton sheets, one woolen blanket, one comfortable
and old linen for handkerchiefs.
Out door practice attended to as usual.
Office hours from 2 to 4 P. M.
S. ROGERS.

JOHN CURTIS, JR. & CO.
TAILORS,
No. 6 ANN ST., (THREE DOORS FROM CORNER)
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS. Also a
general supply of Fashionable and Ready-Made
CLOTHING.
JOHN CURTIS,
GEO. P. ATKINS.

FASHIONABLE
CLOTHING STORE,
121-CAMBRIDGE STREET,
EVERY variety of Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, &c.,
made to order, and of the latest styles. Also a
gentleman's Furnishings in general, a good
assortment of fashionable Hats and Caps, &c., &c.,
sold at the lowest rates.
LEWIS HAYES.