

A SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF THE FANEUIL HALL MEETING.

MARYLAND REPEALERS NORTHERN DOUGH-FACES.

The following article from a late number of the Baltimore (Md.) Patriot, will be read with great interest at the present time. The Patriot is one of the oldest and most conservative, as well as the most influential journals in Maryland. It is under the control of a direct descendant of President Monroe. The sentiments herein uttered are no doubt those of a great majority of the intellectual men of the Southern States. The Patriot knows the sentiments of the South; all its interests, pecuniary and political; all its social relations, are Southern. No paper is better able to comprehend the position of the great political parties of this country, as at present they stand, than the Patriot. It is, as they ought, strike home with peculiar emphasis. We commend them particularly to those who attended the Union-meeting at Faneuil Hall on Friday.—Atlas.

We perceive that the Locooco Dough-Faces in Boston, New York and Philadelphia propose holding meetings for the purpose of appeasing the wrath of Locooco disunionists in the South, at the recent exhibitions of foolish sentimentalism for John Brown, by a handful, here and there, of Abolition Disunionists in those cities.

If there be any character in the world that we have any contempt for, it is the disgusting dough-face of the free States. He has no real regard whatever for the South and its institutions, and yet, under the pretence of sympathy for them, he will proclaim himself our friend, keeping his eyes steadily all the while upon the pecuniary benefit to be derived therefrom. He will do anything that Southern fire-eaters will require of him, even to licking the very dust off their shoes; and though these partisans are perfectly aware of his treachery, yet, strange to say, they affect to be gratified at the exhibition. Why is this? Because they hope thus to get his vote. This is the sum and substance of the whole operation, and what is more, its real object. The Locooco of the South demand the sacrifice, and the Locooco of the North are ready to make it.

We all know that not a single resolution will be adopted at these forthcoming meetings, not one word spoken by any of their dough-face orators, that will express their real sentiments, and so far as the American party of Maryland are concerned, they want none of this make-believe sympathy. Indeed, they want no sympathy at all from anybody. They are a power in the State, not a Balance of Power party, and though they were cheated at the election out of the majority in the counties, they mean to get it back next fall, without so much as saying to the Locooco, "By your leave." They are not to be deceived about that. The people of the people of the Free States about slavery, and they don't want any Northern or Western man to entreat to please them. They don't ask any such degradation. What they want is the vote of the Northern and Western Opposition, by whatever name they may call themselves, for a conservative Presidential ticket next fall. As to slavery in Maryland, they can take care of that themselves, and as they hold opinions about that institution, contrary to those sustained by the people in the Free States, they don't require of those people, as a prelude to a political union in the next Presidential election, the surrender of their manhood, or the profession of a lie on their lips about slavery. That's Locooco tactics.

Away, then, with the proposed dough-face meetings, in the three Eastern cities! The Americans of Maryland want no such exhibitions of degradation to sustain their pretence of maintaining the institution of Slavery in this State. They ask no odds of any free State on this subject. They sustain slave labor, because it is their will so to do, and for no other reason. They seek no excuse for this exercise of their independent will. So long as the American party have a voice in public affairs in Maryland, and can control her public action, no power can force her to leave the Union of these States, because the Northern and Western people do not dislike slavery. They may talk, but whenever any John Brown shall attempt an inroad into her borders, she is amply able to take care not only of herself and her slaves, but also of her invaders, and that, too, not a la Wise. Nor do the Americans of Maryland care what the Locooco disunionists of the South, or any of their fraternalists, say or think about the institution of Slavery in this State. They are not to be deceived about that. She is in a position to enable her to say to the North and South, "hands off, stand back!"—and what is more, she has the means and ability to enforce her will, without surrendering her reserved rights to the Federal Union. As a Deatur said in relation to Baltimore city, "She gives graves to her invaders, and monuments to her defenders!"

So far as the American party of Maryland are concerned, then, the Northern Dough-Faces are going to play a double game. They are going to the South, may as well save their breath and their hypocrisy. We all know the value of their professions. They cannot make Maryland a Locooco State next fall, do what they may, and we want no Dough-Face votes, when the contest comes, for the candidates whom we shall support. We want the votes of American freemen, whether North, South, East or West, whose opposition to Locoocoism is as firm and unflinching as our own. We want nothing to do with Dough-Face sentiment. The American party of Maryland know what they themselves think about slavery, and they are willing that the people of other States shall have their opinions about it too. They do not hold that a difference of opinion, on this or any other subject, is sufficient to keep the opponents of Locoocoism apart in the great struggle of next fall. Indeed, they believe the expulsion of the Locooco party from power will be a great blessing, including the abolition of slavery from politics entirely. The income, therefore, to be burned this week on Locooco altars in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, will not be a sweet smelling odor in the nostrils of Maryland Americans. They prefer the open hostility of enemies to the hypocrisy of such friends; but Maryland knows no enemies, North, South, East or West, except the Disunionist, and Abolition Locooco, and she is ready to war against the death, whether here at home in our own cities or State, or in other States.

Our good friend of the Richmond Whig cordially approves the idea of the formation of voluntary associations throughout Virginia and the South, bound together by a common pledge among themselves neither to eat, drink, wear, buy or use any article whatsoever manufactured at or imported from the North. All this may be very well, to touch the pocket of the North, but how are we to protect the Southern heart against the fascinating belles of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

The girls who give the South, What good can they buy. There is no need of forming any other voluntary associations than those imposed by the marriage service. True, our fathers in the revolution made and carried out a similar pledge in regard to importations from them other country, but they never made the importation of the mothers of the country contraband. We propose a war of retaliation. If the North will interfere with our Southern domestic institutions, let our young men go forth and rob the Northern homes of their most cherished ornaments, and bring them back to found more patriarchal relations among us. Let us conquer prejudices by the potent aid of love, and bring willing captives to our arms. The idea of not eating New England salmon next spring, or of refusing an ice crop from Chicago when the dog-star rages; the bare thought of having Indiana grapes, or a Maine supply of potatoes, interdicted to us; of being compelled to read of New York orators in Pittsburgh alle, and in the surrounding condition of not enjoying them; the terrible calamity involved in giving up the Newark cider sold for champagne, or the rectified whiskey of Cincinnati drugged for old Otard brandy; the shivering sensation produced by the very thought of refusing to be supplied with Pennsylvania coal this winter by Kellogg & Co., because it is mined by an underground railroad; the setting our odorate appetites against the produce of Hoosey's iron roots, a tall or blue-wing, because they fly from the North; all these are overwhelming. We are patriotic enough as the world goes, but we cannot surrender our gastronomic liberty. Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and a voluntary association to neither drink or eat Northern good things has its Louisville Journal: "If this is treason, make the most of it.—Our friend of the Richmond Whig will forgive us, if, after having stood politically shoulder to shoulder for years, we now put our stomachs to a stomach on this question of internal improvements." It is hard to surrender old ties, and our very bowels will yearn to be reunited, but then stomachic biters give an appetite and promote digestion, and so we drain the bitter cup to the dregs.—Louisville Journal.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS. BOSTON, DECEMBER 16, 1859.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON, At the Meeting in Tremont Temple, Dec. 2d, relating to the Execution of John Brown.

I do not rise, on this occasion, to define my position (laughter); that, I believe, Virginia and the South clearly understand, and I as clearly understand them. Between us there is an irrepressible conflict, (applause,) and I am for carrying it on until it is finished in victory or death. (Renewed applause.) For thirty years I have been endeavoring to effect, by peaceful, moral and religious instrumentalities, the abolition of American slavery; and, if possible, I hate slavery thirty times more than I did when I began, and I am thirty times more, if possible, an Abolitionist of the most uncompromising character. (Loud applause.)

With reference to the gentlemen who have preceded me here, I am glad that the scriptural declaration made good—"The first shall be last, and the last first." (Applause.) I shall heartily rejoice if the church and the clergy—if men of influence, and high standing, and character—will come forward, and take the lead in this great battle against the gigantic, overshadowing despotism of our land.

A word or two in regard to the characteristics of John Brown. He was of the old Puritan stock—a Cromwellian who believed in God, and at the same time in keeping his powder dry. He believed in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and acted accordingly. Herein I differed widely from him. But, certainly, he was no infidel!—oh, no! How it would have added to the fendish malignity of the New York Observer, if John Brown had only been an infidel, evangelically speaking! But being exactly of the Observer pattern of theology, that fact has been a very hard pill to swallow; yet, so far upon sustaining slavery in our land is that wicked journal, that it is pre-eminently ferocious in its spirit toward John Brown, and has been loudly clamorous for his execution, notwithstanding his religious faith.

As it respects his object at Harper's Ferry, it has been truly stated here by those who have preceded me, and by John Brown himself, whose declarations to the court have been read. The man who brands him as a traitor is a calumniator. (Applause.) The man who says that his object was to promote murder, or insurrection, or rebellion, is, in the language of the apostle, "a liar, and the truth is not in him." (Loud applause.) John Brown meant to effect, if possible, a peaceful exodus from Virginia; and had not his large humanity overpowered his judgment in regard to his prisoners, he would in all probability have succeeded, and not a drop of blood would have been shed. But it is asked, "Did he not have stored up a large supply of Sharp's rifles and spears? What did they mean? Nothing offensive, nothing aggressive. Only this—he designed getting as many slaves as he could to join him, and then putting into their hands those instruments for self-defence. But, mark you! self-defence, not in standing their ground, but on their retreat to the mountains; on their flight to Canada; not with any design or wish to shed the blood or harm the hair of a single slaveholder in the State of Virginia, if a conflict could be avoided. Remember that he had the whole town in his possession for thirty-six hours; and if he had been the man so basely represented in certain quarters, he might have consummated any thing in the way of violence and blood. But, all the while, he was counselling the strictest self-defence, and forbearance to the utmost, even when he had his enemies completely in his power.

As to his trial, I affirm that it was an awful mockery, before heaven and earth! He was not tried in a court of justice. Mark how they crowded the counts together in one indictment—MURDER, TREASON, and INSURRECTION! Of what was John Brown convicted? Who knows? Perhaps some of the jury convicted him of treason; others of murder; and others, again, of insurrection. Who can tell? There was no trial upon any specific point. John Brown has been judicially assassinated. It was the trial of the lamb by the wolf—nothing less.

See the ferocious spirit of the Virginians, in their treatment of the living and the dead! Let me give you a single specimen, as narrated by an eye-witness. This is Southern testimony: "The dead lay on the streets, and in the river, and were subjected to every indignity that a wild and madly excited people could heap upon them. Curses were freely uttered against them, and kicks and blows inflicted upon them. The huge mulatto that shot Mr. Turner was lying in the gutter in front of the arsenal, with a horrible wound in his neck, and though dead and gray, vengeance was unsatisfied, and many of his ran sticks into his wound, or beat him with them, wishing that he had a thousand lives; that all of them might be forfeited in expiation and avengement of the foul deed he had committed. Leeman lay upon a rock in the river, and was made a target for the practice of those who had captured Sharp's rifles in the affray. Shot after shot was fired at him, and when tired of this sport, a man waded out to where he lay, and set him up, in grotesque attitudes, and finally pushed him off, and he floated down the stream."

O, the spirit engendered by Southern slavery! Is there any thing like it on earth? So cowardly, so brutal, so unmerciful, so fend-like! Truly— "The plasters of Columbia Are gods beneath the skies! They stamp the slave into the grave, They feed on famine's sighs! They slight all homes—they break all hearts, Except, alas! their own!" While a man, and a groan, That move th' Almighty's throne, Bring angels' tears in pity down, And move the Eternal throne!

They cannot help this. It is because they are slaveholders. It is because they have struck down the sacred rights of man. It is because they have exalted themselves above all that is called God. It is because they have blotted out the Decalogue, the Golden Rule, the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Declaration of Independence; and, conscious of their tremendous guilt, they are carried to the extreme of fendish desperation whenever they are crossed in their track.

Was John Brown justified in his attempt? Yes, if Washington was in his; if Warren and Hancock were in theirs. If men are justified in striking a blow for freedom, when the question is one of a threepenny tax on tea, then, I say, they are a thousand times more justified, when it is to save fathers, mothers, wives and children from the slave-coffe and the auction-block, and to restore to them their God-given rights. (Loud applause.) Was John Brown justified in interfering in behalf of the slave population of Virginia, to secure their freedom and independence? Yes, if Lafayette was justified in interfering to help our revolutionary fathers. If Kosciuszko, if Pulaski, if Steuben, if De Kalb, if all who joined them from abroad were justified in that act, then John Brown was incomparably more so. If you believe in the right of assisting men to fight for freedom who are of your own color—(God knows nothing of color or complexion—human rights know nothing of these distinctions)—then you must cover, not only with a mantle of charity, but with the admiration of your hearts, the effort of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. I am trying him by the American standard; and I hesitate not to say, with all deliberation, that those who are attempting to decry him are dangerous members of the community; they are those in whom the love of liberty has died out; they are the lineal descendants of the Tories of the Revolution, only a great deal worse. (Applause.) If the spirit of '76 prevailed to-day, as it did at that period, it would make the soil of the Commonwealth too hot to hold them. (Loud applause.) See the consistency, the vigilance, the determination of the South in support of her slave system! She moves and acts as by one impulse. Every man on her soil who is suspected of cherishing the principles of liberty is taunted, persecuted, and brutally outraged, especially if he be from the North. She makes clean work of it, and is consistent. On the other hand, how is it at the North? Presses which are venomously pro-slavery in spirit, and wholly Southern in their design, are every where allowed; presses which insult the good name and fame of the old Commonwealth, dishonor her illustrious dead, and condemn her glorious memories, for the purpose of "crushing out" the spirit of freedom, and making absolute the sway of a ferocious slave oligarchy—and this they do with impunity. Now I say that if the North should, in defence of her free institutions, imitate the example of the South in support of slavery, there would be a speedy and thorough cleaning out of our cities and towns, of those who are desecrating the ground upon which they stand. (Loud applause.) And it would be a more hopeful state of things than it is now; for this toleration is not the result of principle, but the lack of it—it is not a noble forbearance, but a loss of vital regard for the cause of liberty.

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A word upon the subject of Peace. I am a non-resistance—a believer in the inviolability of human life, under all circumstances; I, therefore, in the name of God, disarm John Brown, and every slave at the South. But I do not stop there; if I did, I should be a monster. I also disarm, in the name of God, every slaveholder and tyrant in the world. (Loud applause.) For wherever that principle is adopted, all fetters must instantly melt, and there can be no oppressor, and no oppressed, in the nature of things. How many agree with me in regard to the doctrine of the inviolability of human life? How many non-resistance are there here to-night? (A single voice—"I.") There is one! (Laughter.) Well, then, who are otherwise are not the men to point the finger at John Brown, and cry "traitor"—judging you by your own standard. (Applause.) Nevertheless, I am non-resistant, and I do not desire, but have hitherto unremittently to effect the peaceful abolition of slavery, by an appeal to the reason and conscience of the slaveholder; yet, as a peace man—an "ultra" peace man—I am prepared to say, "Success to every slave insurrection at the South, and in every slave country." (Enthusiastic applause.) And I do not see how I compromise or stain my peace profession in making that declaration. Whenever there is a contest between the oppressed and the oppressor, the weapons being equal between the parties—God knows that my heart must be with the oppressed, and always against the oppressor. Therefore, whenever commenced, I cannot but wish success to all slave insurrections. (Loud applause.) I thank God when men who believe in the right and duty of wielding carnal weapons are so far advanced that they will take those weapons out of the scale of despotism, and throw them into the scale of freedom. It is an indication of progress, and a positive moral growth; it is one way to get up to the sublime platform of non-resistance; and it is God's method of dealing retribution upon the head of the tyrant. Rather than let men wear their chains in a cowardly and servile spirit, I would, as an advocate of peace, much rather see them breaking the head of the tyrant with their chains. Give me, as a non-resistant, Bunker Hill, and Lexington, and Concord, rather than the cowardice and servility of a Southern slave plantation.

The verdict of the world, whether resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, has been rendered in the affirmative in every age and clime. Whether the weapons used in the struggle against despotism have been spiritual or carnal, that verdict has been this:— "Glorious to those who die in Freedom's cause! Courts, judges, can inflict no brand of shame, Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause! No, mangled of the martyr's earthly frame, Your hallowed fingers cannot touch his fame! Long trains of ill may pass, unheeded, dumb— But Vengeance is behind, and Justice is to come!" (Loud applause.)

We have been warmly sympathizing with John Brown all the way through, from the time of his arrest till now. Now he no longer needs our sympathy, for he is beyond suffering, and wears the victor's crown. Are we to grow morbid over his death, to indulge in sentimental speech, to content ourselves with an outburst of emotional feeling, and not to come up to the work of abolishing slavery? I confess, I am somewhat apprehensive in regard to this powerful and wide-spread excitement, lest there may follow an exhaustion of the system, a disastrous reaction, in consequence of neglecting to make it directly subservient to the cause of emancipation by earnest and self-sacrificing effort. I see in every slave on the Southern plantation a living John Brown—one to be sympathized with far more than ever John Brown needed sympathy, whether in the jail or on the scaffold at Charleston. I see four millions of living John Browns needing our thoughts, our sympathies, our prayers, our noblest exertions to strike off their fetters. And, by God's help, will we not do it? What can we do? I do not know what we can do any thing for Virginia. She seems past all salvation—to have been given over to believe a lie that she may be damned. But here we stand, with our feet upon the old Pilgrim ground; and I ask the sons of the Fathers, are we not competent to make the old Bay State free to all who tread its soil? (Enthusiastic applause.) Are we to have another Anthony Burns rendition? ("No!" "No!") Shall we allow any more slave-hunting from Berkshire to Barnstable? ("No!" "No!") No! Now, then, will you prevent it? You must make that decree a matter of record, through your representatives in the State House; and if you want to do an effectual work tomorrow, and to consummate John Brown's object as far as you can, see to it that you put your names to the petition to the Legislature, now in circulation, asking that body to declare that, henceforth, no human being shall be regarded, tried or treated as a slave within the limits of this Commonwealth. (Immense applause.) But that is "treason," (laughter,) and John Brown was a traitor. The Boston Post and the Boston Courier are very anxious to discover who were the instigators of the Harper's Ferry rebellion. Most disinterested and patriotic journals! When you read any of their editorials on this subject, just look at the bottom and see in staring capitals—SOLD TO THE DEVIL, AND PAID FOR! (Laughter and applause.)

Who instigated John Brown? Let us see. It must have been Patrick Henry, who said—and he was a Virginian—"Give me liberty, or give me death!" Why do they not dig up his bones, and give them to the consuming fire, to show their abhorrence of his memory? It must have been Thomas Jefferson—another Virginian—who said of the bondage of the Virginia slaves, that "one hour of it is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose"—and who, as the author of the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed it to be a SELF-ENTITLED TRUTH, that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an INALIENABLE RIGHT TO LIBERTY. (Applause.) Beyond all question, it must have been VIRGINIA HERSELF, who, by her coat of arms, with its terrible motto, "Sic semper tyrannis," asserts the right of the oppressed to trample their oppressors beneath their feet, and, if necessary, consign them to a bloody grave! Herein John Brown found the strongest incitement and the full justification.

Who instigated the deed at Harper's Ferry? The people whose motto is, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"—and whose exulting talk is of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and the deeds of their REVOLUTIONARY SIRE! Nay, we must go back to the source of life itself—So God created man in his own image; male and female created he them. Thus making an "irrepressible conflict" between the soul of man and tyranny from the beginning, and confirming what Lord Brougham so eloquently uttered years ago—"Tell me not of rights; talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right; I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our nature rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human edicts—the same throughout the world, the same in all time—it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man." (Loud applause.)

We have a natural right, therefore, to seek the abolition of slavery throughout the globe. It is our special duty to make Massachusetts free soil, so that the moment the fugitive slave stands upon it, he shall take his place in the ranks of the free. God commands us to "hide the outcast, and bewray not him that wandereth." I say, LET THE WILL OF GOD BE DONE! That is the head and front of my fanaticism! That is the extent of my "infidelity"! That comprehends all of my "treason"! THE WILL OF GOD BE DONE! (Great applause.)

God forbid that we should any longer continue the accomplices of thieves and robbers, of men-stealers and women-whippers! We must join together in the name of freedom. As for the Union—where is it, and what is it? In one half of it, no man can exercise freedom of speech or of the press—no man can utter the words of Washington, of Jefferson, or of Patrick Henry—except at the peril of his life; and Northern men are every where hunted and driven from the South, if they are supposed to cherish the sentiment of freedom in their bosom. We are living under an awful despotism—that of a brutal slave oligarchy. And they threaten to leave us, if we do not continue to do their evil work, as we have hitherto done it, and go down in the dust before them! Would to Heaven they would go! (Prolonged cheering.) It would only be the paupers clearing out from the town, would it not? (Laughter and cheers.) But, no; they do not mean to go; they mean to cling to you; and they mean to subdue you! But will you be subdued? ("No!" "No!") I tell you, our work is THE DISSOLUTION OF THIS SLAVERY-CURSED UNION, if we would have a fragment of our liberties left to us! [Applause.] Surely, these freemen who believe in exact justice and impartial liberty, and slaveholders who are for cleaving down all human rights at a blow, it is not possible there should be any union whatever. "How can two walk together, except they be agreed?" The slaveholder, with his hands dripping in blood, will I make a compact with him? The man who plunders cradles, will I say to him, "Brother, let us walk together in unity?" The man who, to gratify his lust or his anger, scourges woman with the lash till the soil is red with her blood, will I say to him, "Give me never-halt; let us form a glorious Union?" No, never—never! [Applause.] There can be no union between us. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" What union has Freedom with Slavery? Let us tell the inexorable and remorseless tyrants of the South that their conditions, hitherto imposed upon us, whereby we are morally responsible for the existence of slavery, are horribly inhuman and wicked, and we cannot carry them out for the sake of their evil company. By the dissolution of the Union, we shall give the finishing blow to the slave system; and then God will make it possible for us to form a true, vital, enduring, all-embracing Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—one God to be worshipped, one Savior to be revered, one policy to be carried out—freedom every where to all the people, without regard to complexion or race—and the blessing of God resting upon us all! (Loud applause.) I want to see that glorious day! Now the South is full of irritable and terror, and despair, going down to irretrievable bankruptcy, and "fearing each bush an officer." Would to God it might all pass away like a hideous dream! And how easily it might be! What is it that God requires of the South, to remove every root of bitterness, to allay every fear, to fill her borders with prosperity? But one simple act of justice, without violence or convulsion, without danger or hazard. It is this:—Undo the heavy burdens, BREAK EVERY YOKER, AND LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy darkness shall be as the noon-day. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.

How simple and how glorious! It is the complete solution of all the difficulties in the case. O that the South may be wise before it is too late, and give heed to the word of the Lord! But, whether she will or hear or forbear, let us renew our pledges to the cause of bleeding humanity, and spare no effort to make this truly the land of the free, and the refuge of the oppressed! "Onward, then, ye fearless band, Hear to heart, and hand to hand, Yours shall be the Christian's stand, Or to the martyr's grave!" Mr. Garrison took his seat amid loud and long continued cheering.

title which I suppose to come from your own lips, although I prefer the word,—which I believe will be awarded to it, when hereafter that affair shall be studied in the light of subsequent events,—rebellion. I am also credibly informed, by persons who have the honor of your acquaintance, that you declared the same intention before you left Massachusetts, to enter upon the performance of your official duties. I am further informed by the same authority, that you considered the enterprise in which John Brown was engaged when he fell into the hands of the Slave Power, as wild, fanatical, insane, unjustifiable by the law of God or man; as a miserable failure, in that its immediate purpose was not accomplished, and as disastrous to the cause of freedom, in that it may postpone the election of a President pledged to your and my political faith. I believe I have truly stated the reasons which induce you to adopt the course which the country is assured you are to follow.

Does it not occur to you that you are about to do a very foolish thing? Let us return for a moment to the principles upon which this crusade against wrong, in which you are a prominent chief, and I am the humblest of your retinue, was commenced. For what are we striving? Will our work be accomplished when Mr. Seward, or Mr. Chase, or Mr. Fremont, or Mr. Bates, or Mr. Reed, or yourself, or any other man representing for the moment our section of the Federal Government, shall have banished every Democrat from every custom-house and post-office in the land; when it shall have abolished slavery in the District of Columbia, and declared the inter-State slave trade piracy; when it shall have repealed the Fugitive Slave Act; when the principle of the Wil-mot proviso shall have become the law of the land; and when the Federal Judiciary shall have erased the foul blot which now mars its record? I think not. I apprehend that even you, harassed as you are by an ever-present fear that some word of yours may defeat the election of some partisan candidate for office, will acknowledge that our work will not be complete while American freedom continues to be a fragmentary development. Believing as we do that the conflict between freedom and slavery is irrepressible, we can accede to no peace save that which shall ensue from the annihilation of the foe. It is then the extinction of slavery which is our ultimate object. The ephemeral phases of the contest are but minor incidents. The admission of Kansas as a free State, the abolition of slavery within the federal jurisdiction, the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act, are preliminary questions. There are many citadels to be besieged and conquered before we can gain that great battlefield where we are to meet the whole army of slavery.

Shall we then complain if John Brown, leading a forlorn hope, has opened a shorter way to the central encampment of the enemy? That brave old man accomplished his victory only by his death. And shall we now humbly apologize to the enemy because the bravest of our braves has attacked him on a field he was not prepared to defend? Do the articles of war demand that course? Or are you afraid of desertions from our camp when our soldiers find how well the campaign is progressing? You fear that John Brown's sortie at Harper's Ferry may weaken your forces that they will suffer defeat in the battle eleven months hence; but if the one places us nearer ultimate victory than the other, ought we to sigh over the lesser defeat? The forces of slavery are struck with fear and trembling. The South is aroused to a sense of impending danger. Slave masters are beginning to understand that they maintain their position only by force of actual or imputed superior power. And to three millions of bondmen, that conception of a better state, and of a possibility of its attainment, which, once perfected, dooms slavery to sure destruction, is rapidly coming. John Brown's rebellion sounds a note of preparation for the slave, and of warning to the master; and if the white man neglects the call, the black man will not. This is the warning you are to take up and to repeat, if you do your duty. To you as a Senator, sworn to devote your best energies to the protection and preservation of the Constitution, the Union and the liberty of America; as a citizen acknowledging fealty to the national compact; as an anti-slavery agitator, pledged to hold your opposition to slavery above all considerations of party policy, and to continue your course whether in majorities or in minorities; as a Christian, seeking to accomplish the will of the Master, to establish freedom and to preserve peace, you are bound to proclaim that warning.

But you aver that a regard for party success, which I do not charge you with placing above, but which you certainly confound with, substantial victory; requires that you shall denounce the "raid" of John Brown as the insane project of a shattered brain, as anomalous, as having no connection with the anti-slavery agitation, as not being necessary as a result thereof, or as an aid to its further progress; in fine, as having no other cause, direct or remote, than the whim of a madman. But in this you are mistaken. The public sentiment which spoke out all through New England on the evening of Dec. 2d, proves that the rebellion at Harper's Ferry sprang from a cause existing among the people; that a time had arrived in the progress of events, when it became necessary to serve a purpose in the contest; that John Brown was but the executive who gave effect to what the great Northern mind had, insensibly to itself, perpetuated, enacted and approved.

Do you doubt? Had you at Worcester, as at one of some scores of villages I might name, had you even at Boston, on the night of Friday last, uttered the words which you will think it necessary to speak in order that some pro-slavery State or district may be deceived into upholding anti-slavery men, you had certainly been convinced right speedily.

Massachusetts progresses. Five years ago, your election to the United States Senate was a great triumph of your special principles over prejudice, just and otherwise, against yourself. We have now no occasion to desire popularity in our candidates. Our nominees are all available, so long as they are true to our cause. We are no longer conservative. We are no longer obliged to say to the printer of the Liberator, "Please, sir, abuse us a little," when election day is at hand. We are a respectable party; we have a millions among us; we have had a plurality of the votes of Boston. More than this, we have, even here in Boston, as we have been informed by a Senator of Massachusetts, an association of gentlemen of property and standing,—of gentlemen eminent in law, in literature, and in commerce, in some part, perhaps, of gentlemen in official station,—who, at their weekly gatherings, drink this sentiment—"SUCCESS TO THE FIRST SLAVE INSURRECTION AT THE SOUTH!" And I am indeed permitted to go further, and to say to you, that the same Senator of Massachusetts to whom I have referred as my authority for this statement, obtained his knowledge of the fact by his own personal presence at one of these gatherings, some months before he was placed at the head of the Democratic party in this Commonwealth, and that that Senator, forgetful of his position, of his surroundings, of the lessons he had learned in many years of grovelling subserviency, of the sentiments which appear to be his inheritance, joined in outward action, and apparently in sincerity of heart, in this "foolish, fanatical, insane, or treasonable" toast.

Is it for you, who are set as an example unto us, to halt and stagger before the lion in the path, while the humbler men are not afraid to follow? If you hesitate, can you expect that those who, like the Senator I have mentioned, have been but almost persuaded, will do otherwise than return to their wallowing in the mire?

REPUBLICAN FROM THE STATE.

DEAR SIR—It is impossible for me to be present at the Temple this evening, and fulfil what I regard as an imperative engagement elsewhere, which I regret.

I feel that the occasion is one which should call serious and patriotic persons to consider their relations to that system of oppression which has made a wise man mad, and which, to-day, has judicially terminated an earthly life, to all appearance, worthier of duration here than that of any of those who have agreed to bring it to a severe, but not ignominious end. I myself am persuaded that John Brown was a monomaniac—made such by the horrible weight of Kansas troubles—and I cannot justify what seems to me a premature, ill-judged, and every way crazy and wrong act. But when I consider the conscientious calmness and religious determination which accompanied the deed, that which would else be utter and pernicious folly becomes glorified, by the motive, with a heroism worthy to go on record with the brightest examples of Scotch and Revolutionary History; and we cannot help feeling that 'e'en the light that led astray was light from Heaven.' Truly yours, HENRY M. DEXTER.

To HENRY WILSON, SENATOR AT WASHINGTON: SIR,—I had intended to delay writing what I have to say upon the subject of this letter until such time as I could speak of an act which, performed by you, had become part of the history of the contest between freedom and slavery in America, rather than, as I now do, enter upon a discussion of a proposed measure of party policy. But upon further consideration, I have decided, inasmuch as a word of remonstrance is better than a word of censure, to adopt the latter course. The telegraphic reporters announce, by your procurement, I suppose, certainly with your approbation, that you "seize the earliest convenient opportunity to disclaim" from your easy chair in the Senate Chamber, "any connection or sympathy with JOHN BROWN'S RAID." I apply to the event at Harper's Ferry the

DEAR GARRISON: I am glad to inform you and the friends of freedom, that our meeting on the evening of Dec. 2d was in every sense a complete success. Indeed, it far exceeded our highest expectations. We took our preliminary steps with some misgivings and trembling. Our Hopedale friends, with some few exceptions, turned the cold shoulder, and doubted the propriety of all such gatherings, on the ground of compromising their non-resistance. But, looking to God for wisdom, we concluded to go on, not doubting that we could do so, and still make a clean record for the act, in the court of Heaven. The result has convinced us that our work was righteous, and the reward more than "sixty-fold."

In your last paper, you announced that the people of Milford would hold a meeting on the evening of the day of John Brown's execution, and that the bell hung on the Town House would at the appropriate time be tolled. Notwithstanding many obstacles, all that was promised was accomplished. And, first, let me record with sincere gratification, that our earnest and free prayer-meeting, in sympathy for John Brown and his bereaved family, was held at the Congregational Church. James T. Woodbury, the pastor, presided, and opened the meeting in a faithful manner—worthy of an Abolitionist. You remember him in the days of "Auld Lang Syne," and, on this occasion, he went back to his first love. There was an earnest and deep sympathetic tone in the words uttered and prayers offered. One of the speakers attempted a very feeble apology for wailing Nehemiah Adams, and would not have been welcomed as an unworthy minister of Christ. He was faithfully replied to by a gentleman from Mr. Beecher's Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who doubted whether a man so recent as Dr. Adams could know any thing about Christ or his spirit.

The fact was announced, that seven years ago, the Congregational Church of Milford passed a series of resolutions, declaring that no slaveholder should enter their pulpit, or sit at the communion-table. The speaker, who with great satisfaction alluded to the creditable matter, put the following question, turning to Mr. Woodbury in the chair: "If all other churches in the country took this noble position, how long would slavery continue?" "Only one day," responded Mr. Woodbury. Remember this acknowledgment, and then tell us where the sin of American slavery rests. Can that be the Church of Christ, that possesses the key to unlock the dark prison that holds four million groaning slaves, and will not do it! This meeting, though protracted, kept up its interest to the last, and will long be remembered as a noble means of helping on the cause of the suffering and enslaved.

The ladies connected with Mr. Woodbury's parish, by their willingness to go from house to house, and shop to shop, have added to the Brown fund \$100. God bless them! And now for our thronged and impressive meeting at the Town Hall in the evening. Promptly, at the hour appointed, every nook and corner, above and below, of our spacious hall, was occupied. George W. Stacy called the meeting to order, and read for acceptance a list of officers, which the Committee had taken the liberty to recommend. The list read was unanimously accepted, as follows: H. H. Bowen, Esq., President; A. B. Vant, Nelson Parkhurst and Charles Johnson, Vice Presidents; A. Wilson, Secretary; Ira Stewart, Winslow Battles and B. Marshall, Committee on Resolutions.

The President, on taking his position, made a few pertinent remarks, showing his heart to be in the right place, and himself, as we before knew, to be true to the purposes of our meeting. The congregation then united in the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and sang the hymn commencing— "Ho! who you breathe the long air 'O'er Massachusetts hills!"

Rev. Mr. Jones, of the Methodist Church, then offered an appropriate and earnest prayer. George W. Stacy followed in an opening address, occupying about thirty minutes. He commenced by referring to the dark and murderous deed of Virginia in the reaction of the hero of Harper's Ferry, whose indomitable spirit, so true to his highest light, had entered upon that better life, where tyrants are despoiled of their power—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"The scaffold," he continued, "erected this day by Virginia's minions of frightened cowards, has passed a cross gilded with glory. The murderous hand of the hangman has freed a spirit too noble, humane and world-wide to breathe any longer the tainted atmosphere of a slave-cursed land. The increased cord of soldiery and gluttoned spectators have gazed upon a scene too sublime for their darkened conceptions, and the last act of this tragic dream shall have the midnight hour, and make the tyrant's bed restless on his pillow. Ah, the death-knell of Slavery has been sounded; for, as the Lord liveth, "Freedom shall be proclaimed to all the inhabitants of the earth."

The character of Brown was briefly sketched—his noble bearing in art and prison portrayed—the absurdity of calling him a traitor repudiated; such a charge is "False! a truer, nobler, truster heart. More loving or more loyal, never beat Within a human breast."

The address was attentively listened to till its close, and received with marked approbation. It followed a series of most excellent and spirited resolutions, by the chairman of the Committee, who read them in a clear and distinct tone, and followed their reading in a few eloquent remarks. Both the resolutions and the remarks were received with great applause.

Mr. Butts, of Hopedale, offered, as expressive of his own views, a series of resolutions, which were not called up for action. C. J. Remond, of Salem, was now introduced, and enthusiastically received. As he took the platform, Mr. Stacy gave notice that the petition, making Massachusetts a free State, was on the table for signature.

It would be useless to attempt an outline

POETRY.

For the Liberator. WOE, WOE TO VIRGINIA! Woe, woe to Virginia! her soil is accursed!

From the New York Independent. JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY. Here that pays our country's pawns!

Oh, doubt not who of these shall win! Or who is traitor to 't' eleven!

Oh, doubt not who of these shall win! Or who is traitor to 't' eleven! This man in front of open heaven,

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE. They brought him to the Watergate, Hard bound with hempen span,

But when he came, though pale and wan, He looked so great and high,

But onward—always onward— In silence and in gloom The dreary pageant labored,

The morning dawned full darkly, The rain came dashing down,

How dismal 'tis to see The great tall spectral skeleton,

Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms— The bells begin to toll— 'He is coming! he is coming!'

He mounted up the scaffold, And he turned him to the crowd;

THE LIBERATOR. SPEECH OF J. Q. A. GRIFFIN, ESQ., OF MALDEN.

At the Meeting in Tremont Temple, Dec. 2d, relating to the Execution of John Brown.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—As I was attempting to force my way through the crowd which besets the door,

But when he came, though pale and wan, He looked so great and high,

But onward—always onward— In silence and in gloom The dreary pageant labored,

The morning dawned full darkly, The rain came dashing down,

How dismal 'tis to see The great tall spectral skeleton,

But let us also learn this other great lesson from these facts,—that, in common with the rest of the world,

Depend upon it, that is true, with reference to this question of slavery,

Now think what he has done! From this day forward, the question of slavery is a question to be discussed every where in America.

SPEECH OF HON. R. P. DAVIS. Hon. R. P. Davis, of the Senate, was then introduced, the President stating that he presumed he had not come prepared to speak on the occasion,

As you have correctly stated, Mr. President, I have not prepared words to address to this audience.

REMARKS OF REV. J. F. CLARKE. I desire to say but a single word, at this late hour, and that is in regard to the character of John Brown.

What has History done in similar cases? Why, it has canonized the memory of men simply for their connection with acts done in behalf of liberty.

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applause.) Take, for instance, the sublime answer he made to Gov. Wise, when he told him to prepare for death.

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erties of the English race, which retrenched the Royal prerogative, and defined and amplified the powers of Parliament, which, in a word, founded a constitutional monarchy upon the *jure divino* of kings.

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IT IS NOT A DYE! MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. The only preparation that has a EUROPEAN REPUTATION.

'IS THERE ANY VIRTUE IN Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer?' We can answer this question by saying that we have already seen persons who have derived benefit from it.

Another objection to dyes is the unlikeli color and appearance they cause the hair to assume, and the only way to have grey hair assume its natural color, is to use that which will be effective and yet not a dye.

'There is no hair preparation, we believe, that has acquired more popularity than Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Why is this, because it is a preparation of real merit, and has never failed, in a single instance, to produce the good effects ascribed to it on the part of its proprietor.'

'We have reason to be assured that Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer is among the best articles of its kind ever discovered; indeed the wide circulation and immense sales it has achieved, fully demonstrate that its efficacy is generally appreciated.'

'From individual cases that have come under our own observation, we are satisfied that Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer performs all that it promises, and that instead (as is the case with other restoratives extensively used and highly recommended) of being a useless waste of time and money, it is just what it is represented to be, and will perform all its proprietor engages it to perform.'

'Among the very few preparations that we deem deserving of mention, we are by no means inclined to omit Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. It has been thoroughly tested, and found to be all its inventor claims for it; and to deny its efficacy would be to deny the assertions made in its favor by scores and hundreds of the most respectable persons.'

'This preparation is superior to any heretofore proposed for restoring and beautifying the hair. It possesses none of the burning, caustic, or irritating qualities of the old dyes, but gives the hair a healthy, glossy appearance almost instantaneously. The Restorer is easily applied, and will not stain the finest linen. The effect is sure in every instance, if applied according to the directions.'

'It is just what it purports to be, but if not convinced, TRY IT.' We export these preparations to Europe even, and they are superseding all others there as well as in the United States.

DEPOT, 365 BROADWAY STREET, N. Y.