





WAR AND CIVILIZATION.

Among the able and interesting articles in the last number of the Christian Examiner is one relating to "Atlantic Civilization." The author of it, however, disavows a sentiment from which we must strongly dissent. "We have placed war," he says, "among the promoters of civilization, while sympathizing also with the Peace Society, (1) though not to the extent of general non-resistance, which would make civilization impossible; (2) Why may not slavery and every other crime, or system of criminality, be also every other crime, or system of criminality? If placed among the promoters of peace, may be justified, why may not sin, which is the opposite of holiness, also be defended? If peace and war are interchangeable, according to circumstances, why not liberty and slavery, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, Christianity and heathenism, Christ and Belial? What is war in all cases but the involving of the innocent with the guilty—the perpetration of the most shocking enormities on a wholesale scale—the gratification of the national nature and a revengeful spirit—the denial of the sacred and inalienable right of life, whereby all are put in peril? What is war but (in the language of Robert Hall) "the repeal of all the commandments in the Decalogue"—all the precepts of the gospel? When or where did it ever promote civilization? When or where did it ever fail to demoralize those who engaged in it, and to sow dragon's teeth? And when or where did it do the spirit of peace ever work differently for any people? It is astonishing that any one, claiming to be a Christian—i. e., a disciple and follower of Christ—can defend the horrid practice and the death-dealing implements of the battle-field—are the terrible passions necessary to use those implements,—to be drawn from the Sermon on the Mount? Is the "Princely Peace" sometimes found acting as commander-in-chief of the army and navy? Does Christianity know anything of Americans or Englishmen, Frenchmen or Austrians, natives or foreigners, as such? To these inquiries, the dogmatic assertion of the writer, that "war has helped to create civilization. It is still needed to maintain it," is no answer. As rationally as that knavery has helped to create honesty, licentiousness virtue, idolatry the true religion, and that these are still indispensable! It is easy to affirm that "war is not infrequently a scourge and corrector of greater evils than itself, like the thunder and the tornado clearing the atmosphere," but the analogy here drawn is as sophistical as the deduction is immoral. The thunder and the tornado are among the beneficent and indispensable laws of nature, and not moral and accountable agents; but because of their operation, are men to be justified in taking the lives and impairing their hands in the blood of their fellow-men, under any provocation however great? Moreover, we should like to be informed how "general non-resistance would make civilization impossible." Was Christ uncivilized? He was undeniably a non-resistance, "leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." Does civilization depend upon carrying blow for blow; refusing to return good for evil, substituting Bunker Hill for Calvary? We have no need of history; we do not so understand the nature of man. "Non-resistance" is a term as little understood as it is appreciated; it is the antipodes of all that is selfish, cowardly, servile, or oppressive; where it prevails, every man may sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid; in its presence no wrong, no injustice, no tyranny, can find any sanction; it is the martyr spirit which in all ages has been superior to the stake and the gibbet, and which, in the person of Jesus dying on the cross, and applying forgiveness for his enemies, has shown the true process of overcoming the world.

ing, and their regard for Mr. Parker, were not read, principally because they had been accidentally left in Boston by the clerk of the Society, who had so many things to think of, that day, that it was impossible to remember all. Mr. Sanborn of Concord next made a few remarks, after which Mr. John R. Manley read a letter from Mr. Parker, which was listened to with intense interest, and which will be found on our last page. By the courtesy of Mr. Manley, we are allowed to make the following extracts from a letter of the same date to himself from Mr. Parker:— "We left London June 12, at 5 1/2, A. M., and reached Paris at 6, P. M.,—staid there about a week, and left it at 1, A. M., June 19th, and passed the night at Dijon—one of the queerest old places I ever saw. It was the capital of Burgundy, and the residence and burial-place of the famous Dukes of that name. Their high-nosed statues still keep the likeness of the family, and show whence come the (ugly) features of the Hapsburgs of Austria, and the Bourbons of France, which are traceable to them through the female line. "From Dijon, we went to Genoa; next day and the following came by boat to this charming and most delicious spot, Montreux—Vaud, Suisse, where we propose to remain with our good friends, R. E. Appothorpe and family, for a month or more. "Since I came here last Tuesday, and it is Saturday now, I have been better than before. I have slept better, and coughed less than in any four days since I left Santa Cruz. That looks well, but the time is a little too short to draw long inferences from; still I have never had so good news to write about myself as now. "These letters were followed by more music, vocal and instrumental, after which the audience were notified of the time when the train would start for Boston, and desired to occupy the interval in such amusements as they chose. The sports recommenced with much spirit, and some capital games of base-ball, played by the young men of the Fraternity, showed that they had followed their minister's counsel to improve and educate their bodies, as well as their minds and souls. "There had been a sprinkling of rain about noon, with thunder, and late in the afternoon a considerable shower fell, interfering with all the sports except the dancing, and scattering those who had their means of conveyance at hand. The rain, however, ceased before it was time to move to the cars, and the train started punctually at its appointed moment to return, all hearts having been cheered by the day's recreation, and encouraged by the good news of Mr. Parker's amended health.—c. k. w.

subject, and addressed by some of the same persons. We trust that the excellent ladies who arranged and conducted these two meetings will secure, by early application, some large hall for their next assemblage in Boston, and it is safe to predict that every reader of this pamphlet will desire to attend that meeting. Release of the Ohio Rescuers by the same Power that Imprisoned them—Ohio Ruled by Kidnappers. RAVENNA, (Ohio), July 8, 1859. DEAR GARRISON: The Oberlin Rescuers are all at liberty. They came out of their prison on Wednesday, July 6. The same power that put them in, took them out. The United States Government, the Union, at the bidding of slaveholders, thrust them into prison. The Union, the Federal Government, at the bidding of slavehunters, has now opened the prison-door, and let them out. To gratify the malice of kidnappers, they were seized, and confined eighty-five days in a felon's prison. To screen the guilty kidnappers, they are now taken out. They were imprisoned solely because they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, gave shelter to the houseless wanderer, delivered the spoiled out of the hands of the spoiler, and bound up the wounds of those who had fallen among Christians, (2) praying thieves and robbers. They were delivered from prison, solely, at the request of Southern slaveholding kidnappers, to save themselves from prison, a prison which they had little reason to fear. Ohio is not yet prepared to protect her men and women from kidnappers. Salmon P. Chase and the Republican party, in this State, have no thought of driving kidnappers from their midst—especially when they come as presidents, marshals and judges of the Union. Republicans still think more of the Union than of man—that man is made for the Union, not the Union for man—and that it is all for the glory of their Republic and their Christian God to enslave and sacrifice four millions of men, women and children, to save the Union. SALVATION TO THE UNION BY THE BLOOD OF THE SLAVE! Is the watchword of their warfare. Why not? If the blood of one man can save the Union, surely the blood of four millions can save the Union. It is horrible. Let the Union, let the world perish, if it can be saved only by the stripes, the sufferings, the tears and blood of even one innocent man. Let the Man be sacred, though the Union and the World be destroyed. The enclosed scraps will show you how the rescuers were delivered. The Republicans of the State are gloating in their mighty achievement in freeing these men from prison. These letters of the kidnappers will show you with what reason they boast. The whole is done in obedience to the behests of slaveholders. The Republicans have had nothing to do with it. But, read these letters. In the history of human governments, I do not believe so cool and boastful a contempt for justice and decency can be found as is presented in the imprisonment and deliverance of these Oberlin rescuers. It was just to fine and imprison them at all, why should they be pardoned out for fear some kidnappers should be punished? If the South assents to this without a word of wrath, I am much mistaken in my character. I have just come from a lecture in the Town Hall, by Charles H. Langston, one of the rescuers just out of jail, and whose speech before the Court will not soon be forgotten for its power of eloquence. He lectured on the bearing of the Fugitive Law, and of slave-hunting on the part of the North. He showed that the same demon that put them in jail, took them out. It was laughable enough to see a Republican say, and claim it as a triumph of freedom, of Republicanism, that Langston and the rest were released from prison. But the people in Ohio, especially on the Reserve, are all in advance of Chase and their other leaders in politics. Yet, they are not prepared for revolution, whether by force or otherwise. Their reverence for Union is still greater than their reverence for man, God, manifest in the Union, not God, manifest in Man, is the object of their worship. This cannot last much longer. Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

mitted to howl around the prison walls, and taunt Dr. Doy with expressions like these:—"Hullo, old fellow! you'll soon be hung. Hanging is too good for such a G—d—d abolitionist." This I learned from a prisoner who escaped from an adjoining room in the prison, and who had been imprisoned for some time, on a similar charge. A change of venue was granted by the Judge, on account of the excited state of the public mind, and Dr. Doy and son were carried to St. Joseph. The trial came off in the latter part of March, and the jury stood eleven for acquittal, and one for conviction. Every thing seemed favorable. The Judge leaned sensibly to the side of Dr. Doy, and a note *prosequi* was entered in Charles Doy's case, and he returned home. From this state of the case, we confidently expected Dr. Doy's release, when the second trial should come on. This took place the 21st of this month, and, contrary to every person's anticipations, resulted in the conviction, and sentence by the jury (a Western custom) to five years' hard labor in the Missouri penitentiary. "What makes this case a particularly enormous one is the fact, that Dr. Doy proved on trial, from the testimony of the slave Dick, whom he was charged with abducting, that Dick was never abducted, or persuaded away from Missouri, but came into Kansas with the pass of his master; and yet Dr. Doy is sentenced by the intelligent jury with five years' imprisonment for abducting him! I know this to be the case, for I saw the pass myself in Dick's possession. "No testimony whatever was introduced, on the second trial, to show that Dr. Doy had been in Missouri, and the Judge instructed the jury to acquit him, unless they were satisfied, beyond all reasonable doubt, from the evidence, that he had been in Missouri. "At the first trial, one man swore that he had an impression that he had seen a man resembling Dr. Doy in Missouri, but that he could not say certain. The counsel for the State told the jury that "the impression of one good pro-slavery man ought to weigh more with them than the oaths of a hundred God-forsaken abolitionists." The same clear-headed son of Satan told the jury, on the second trial, that they must rise superior to all legal technicalities in this case." Said he, "Gentlemen, your own safety, and that of the community in which you live, require you to trample under foot the *lower law* of the land, which you may be fully satisfied the prisoner has not violated. It is enough for you to know that Dr. Doy is an abolitionist—*is President* of the "Under-Ground Railroad." You can be satisfied on this point, and for the sake of your fair daughters, who, if these creatures are allowed to pursue their hellish work of aiding our slaves in escaping, will be driven to perform the drudgery of the kitchen; for their sakes you must convict the prisoner. If he has not committed this particular crime, he has committed others like it, and, above all, has it in his heart to commit many more of the same character." This ingenious (infernal) argument was irresistible, and Dr. Doy was convicted of having a "d—d black abolition heart." The case is carried up to the Supreme Court of Missouri, on a writ of error, and we hope for a reversal of the sentence. Its execution is suspended for two months. In the mean time, the expenses of the case are very great, and have to be borne wholly by the friends of freedom here. The Legislature appropriated a sum to pay the lawyers, but the expenses of witnesses to and from the place of trial, and while there, have to be met by Dr. Doy's friends. Our friends have given very liberally, but it has already cost over \$300, and if we have a new trial, will cost \$100. Cannot that amount be raised at the East? Dr. Doy has a very large family to support, and can do nothing whatever towards defraying these expenses. Yours, for Disunion, as ever, C. STEARNS.

A FEMALE SLAVE RESTRAINED ON HER LIBERTY.—A writ of *habeas corpus* was returned before Judge Metcalf, in the Superior Court, yesterday, under the following circumstances: Yesterday morning, at Plymouth, Mr. N. B. Spooner petitioned Judge Thomas Russell, of the Supreme Court, (who was in Plymouth at the time,) for a writ of *habeas corpus*, to take the body of one Maria Gaskins, a female slave then in Plymouth. The petition set forth that the said Maria is a married woman, and is restrained of her liberty by one William Holmes and wife of New Orleans, on this 18th day of July, 1859. The writ was issued and made returnable to either of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, and placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff John Atwood, Jr. The Sheriff proceeded at once to serve the process upon Mrs. Holmes, and taking Maria into custody, brought her to this city and returned his writ as above stated. Maria states that she is about thirty-five years old, was born in Savannah, Ga., and was purchased by Mr. Holmes, who took her to New Orleans. When Mr. Holmes and wife left New Orleans, a few weeks since, Maria (Maria) was told that they were going to take her to her friends in Savannah, instead of which, as now appears, they took passage up the Mississippi River, and came across the country to Plymouth. She further states that she is restrained of her liberty, and has not seen her husband here at the North since she was taken to New Orleans, as her mistress did not like to have her go out at all, but she went out Sunday to church, and found friends to whom she related her story, and this proceeding is the result. On account of the absence of witnesses, the case was postponed till 9 o'clock this morning for another day. Wm. L. Burr, Esq., appeared in behalf of the slave.—Boston Atlas of Tuesday.

A CALL FOR A CONVENTION OF THE COLORED CITIZENS OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.—FELLOW CITIZENS:—We are invited to attend a Convention to be held in the City of Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1859. The primary object we have in view is to take into consideration the Moral, Social, and Political condition of those with whom we are identified, by complexion and condition, in the New England and other States. In all, except five of the Eastern States, the colored citizens are deprived of the privilege of voting, on equal terms with the whites. Free suffrage is the basis of a free government; the safeguard of a free people, the strength of the strong, the defence of the weak, a powerful auxiliary to respectability, wealth and usefulness; and just in proportion as men are deprived of this, they are short of their strength, and are subject to poverty, disgrace and abuse. We are convinced, fellow citizens, that not only our political, but our depressed condition in all other respects in the Free States, is owing in a great degree to the fact, that we are politically weak, not possessing the unrestricted use of the elective franchise. The national body politic see in us nothing to fear, and no favors to court. We therefore urge upon colored men in all sections of New England, to evince their self-respect and love of freedom in efforts to promote their moral, social and political elevation, by assembling at the above time, a day consecrated by the signal and successful example of Great Britain emancipating 800,000 men, women, and children, in her West India colonies, and hence eminently suggestive to us to strive in securing equality to the half free colored citizens of the Northern States, and thus hasten the day of full emancipation to the millions yet groaning in the Southern prison-house of our country. The Convention will be held in Tremont Temple. Arrangements are making for reduced fare on some of the railroads. Many distinguished speakers from abroad are expected, including CHARLES H. LANGSTON, prominent in the Oberlin-Wellington Rescuers' cases. [Further particulars next week.] This call is issued by authority of a public meeting held at Bethel Church, Boston, Tuesday, May 3, 1859. WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, LEWIS HAYDEN, WILLIAM C. NELL, JEREMIAH HARVEY, JOHN W. WALKER, NELSON L. PERKINS, HENRY WEEDEN, Committee. MARK R. DEMORTIE, GEORGE L. RUFFIN, Secretaries.

PHILOGONY OF THE 28TH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

The 28th Congregational Society of Boston (Rev. Theodore Parker's) held their third Annual Pic-Nic at Waverly Grove, Belmont, on Wednesday, the 13th inst. They filled seven cars in a special train which left Boston at 9 A. M., and were joined by friends from various towns nearer the place of assemblage, making in all, perhaps, 7000 persons. The day opened with warm weather, pleasantly moderated by clouds, and all seemed to promise a day as favorable as that of last year's celebration. Shortly after the arrival of the party at Waverly Grove, a programme of the day's proceedings was publicly announced, to the following effect: that at 10 minutes before two o'clock, the bugle would sound, announcing that the speaking would presently commence; that then various persons would address the Society, and a letter would be read, addressed by Mr. Parker to that very meeting, and received only the previous evening; that the speaking would be varied by the music of a band and of a vocal quartette club; and that until dinner-time, each could amuse himself as he pleased, in strolling through the beautiful and extensive grove, or joining in some of the amusements which were at hand, or viewing the sports of others, or enjoying the society of friends. The grove contained a fine elastic dancing floor, with a roof to shelter from sun or rain, a fandango, and plenty of swings and see-saws. Water was liberally provided for all, and such other drinks as temperance allows, with ice-creams and more substantial refreshments were for sale, for the accommodation of those "for whom their own forethought, or the hospitality of their friends, had not otherwise provided. The music soon struck up, and the floor was filled with merry dancers, while various games of ball and other amusements were going on without. At noon, numerous dining parties were formed, some using the convenient tables and benches belonging to the grove, and some spreading their repast, frugal or luxurious, on the grass beneath the trees; and, so bounteous had been the preparations, more than twelve baskets full of fragments were carried away from the entertainment. At the sound of the bugle, the company collected upon and around the very insufficient provision of seats in front of the speakers' stand. Mr. John C. Hayes, President of the Fraternity, called the meeting to order, and, after a few introductory remarks, read the following pleasing and graceful lines, written for the occasion by Frank B. Sanborn, Esq., of Concord, which were sung by the assembly, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

PHILOGONY OF THE 28TH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY. THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By WILLIAM A. ALCOCK, M. D., Author of "The House I Live In." Twentieth Thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1859. Since the last edition of this excellent treatise was published, its author has been called to another sphere of existence, having lived to some purpose here below, and, by his numerous writings on subjects intimately connected with the intellectual and moral elevation of the human race, signaled himself in the broad field of philanthropy. He was a thoroughly conscientious and good man—amiable as a child in his daily intercourse with others—firm and resolute in what he regarded as right and proper to be done—well informed in regard to the topics upon which he treated—and particularly interested in matters pertaining to physiological reform. The present work on Marriage has already attained a wide circulation; but if millions of copies of it were sold, the sale would only be proportionate to its merits, and much would thereby be effected in the way of human redemption. It is written with simplicity and clearness, with fidelity and delicacy, and embodies a large amount of instruction essential to the physical welfare and moral purity of the great multitude who are rushing thoughtlessly and blindly into the most sacred and responsible relation that exists on earth. We press it upon the consideration of old and young, married and single. The following are the topics discussed:—Chapter I. The True Relations of the Sexes. II. Premature Marriage, and its Consequences. III. Errors of Education. IV. Errors of Courtship. V. Individual Transgression, and its Penalties. VI. Social Errors, and their Punishment. VII. The Physical Laws of Marriage. VIII. A Fundamental Error. IX. The Laws of Pregnancy. X. Crimes without a Name. XI. The Laws of Lactation. XII. Crimes that deserve no Name. XIII. Directions to Parents and Guardians. XIV. General Directions. In his Preface, Dr. Alcock says:—"If the writer has sought of which to boast, or which should obligate the world to give heed to his words, it is his long and abundant experience among the young. He has probably attempted to guide a greater number of erring young men, during the last half century, than any living individual in this country. And this work to a young man may be regarded as a farewell, if not as a dying legacy."

TRIAL OF DR. DOY—READ THIS! LAWRENCE, (K. T.) June 30, 1859. DEAR GARRISON: You have heard of the arrest and trial of Dr. John Doy, one of our oldest and most valued citizens, who is now in a Missouri dungeon. My object in writing to you at this time is to describe the enormity of the outrage committed upon him. Dr. Doy came to this place nearly five years ago, from Rochester, N. Y., where he had long been known as a sterling anti-slavery man. Upon his arrival here, he united with others in opposing the Slave Power, and, during the whole of our fearful struggle with the Border Ruffians, he was always at the post of danger, ready to perform any service, however hazardous, for the defeat of the enemy. He was one of about a dozen horsemen who rode out of town to meet the advance guard of 150 men of the enemy, on the ever memorable 13th of September, 1856, when our town, containing only 200 fighting men, was attacked and threatened by 2700 men, according to the statement of Gov. Geary, who was in the enemy's camp. Dr. Doy was an industrious, hard-working man. He erected with his own hands the first frame house ever built in Lawrence, which he occupied until the summer of 1855, when he removed to his claim, a few miles from town. I am thus particular in alluding to Dr. Doy, because some of the Democratic papers, at the East and elsewhere, have represented Dr. Doy as an unworthy character, &c. I am very intimately acquainted with the Doctor, and know these statements to be false and grossly slanderous. He has lived in England many years, and has all the outspoken character of a genuine Englishman, in reference to slavery. He is none of your circum-spect, mealy-mouthed Yankees, afraid to call things by their right names. On this account, he has made many enemies, even in Kansas. Some sympathetic, mean-spirited, town-esteeming Free-State men, on account of his bold and unequivocal condemnation of the slave system, and of their contemptible fawning at the feet of the Slaveocracy; for I am sorry, very sorry to say, that even we, beautiful, classic, heroic Kansas, a country that I love more than almost any other on the globe, we have some, yes, many lick-spittles of the Slave Power, men who will vie with your Northern Democrats in their acts of subservience to the South. A few of that class of men obtained seats in the Osawatimie Convention, and succeeded in having engrafed upon the Republican stock the hateful scion of "Squatter Sovereignty," and came near throwing the Territory into the hands of the Democrats, in consequence thereof. But, to return to Dr. Doy. Some time last January, the friends of the fugitive in Kansas employed Dr. Doy to superintend the carrying of a family of free negroes from this town to Holton, about fifty miles distant. One of the professed friends of the blacks proved an spy, and for \$500 betrayed the party into the hands of the slaveholders; who, aided by some miserable creatures from the Territory, waylaid Dr. Doy and his party, and carried them into Missouri. On their arrival there, in company with the blacks, they were treated with every possible indignity, as you may well imagine. The bells were rung, cannon fired, and every demonstration of joy made, as they passed into town. At first, the mob were determined to hang them, or burn them alive; but afterwards concluded that a long and dreary imprisonment would prove more terrible than death, in striking terror into the hearts of the abolitionists. Dr. Doy and son were then incarcerated in a filthy dungeon, almost without air and light, and filled with such a horrible stench that visitors could scarcely endure it. Their treatment was of the worst possible kind, until they were removed to St. Joseph.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY: IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860. In a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given. We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, every where, in the South as well as the North,—in Europe as in America,—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every other man's anti-slavery labors light; and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying. THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise,—by its indispensable nature, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles,—to entreat also the assistance of all. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous co-operation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer,—till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been awakened. From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim; and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve, and generous co-operation. MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, MARY MAY, LOUISA LORING, ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, L. MARIA CHILD, HENRIETTA SARGENT, ANNE WARREN WESTON, MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, CAROLINE WESTON, MARY WILLEY, SARAH BLAKE SHAW, SUSAN C. CABOT, SARAH PARKER REMOND, LYDIA D. PARKER, ELIZA F. EDDY, ABIGY FRANCIS, SARAH RUSSELL MAY, ABIGY KELLEY FOSTER, SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, EVELINA A. S. SMITH, ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL, AUGUSTA G. KING, ELIZABETH VON ARNIM, ANNA SHAW GREENE, ELIZA APTHORP, ANNE LANGDON ALGER, MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT, MATTIE GRIFFITH, ELIZA ANDREW.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF MR. SUMNER'S ORATION. A correspondent of the Baltimore American, a citizen of Baltimore, communicates to that paper an account of the festivities of the Fourth of July in Boston. He was much pleased with everything he saw and heard, and came to the conclusion that he had never seen a Fourth of July before. But the most noticeable part of his letter is, that in which he speaks of the oration of Mr. Sumner. With a liberality which should put to the blush those who differ to what are supposed to be Southern opinions, he does not conceal the pleasure which the oration afforded to him, notwithstanding the allusion to Chief Justice Taney and the Dred Scott decision. The reading over, more music followed, when the orator of the day was introduced by His Honor the Mayor. He is a pleasant looking gentleman, brother of Senator Sumner, and is apparently thirty-six years of age, with a foreign air, and evidently clad in Parisian costume. Mr. Sumner has been most of his time, for a number of years past, abroad—supposed to be in the secret employ of the government. His address was marked by great historic research, and gave evidence of a highly cultivated literary taste. I was exceedingly pleased with it, but some objected to that portion of the address in which the orator took occasion to give Chief Justice Taney two or three heavy blows about his "Spoken opinion." The Mayor, however, as the speaker was in Boston, and not in Baltimore, he was privileged to do as he pleased on this point, and it was not for me to censure, even if I did not concur.

FEDERAL TYRANNY! THIRTY-SEVEN MEN, Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers, Legislators and Men of Business, arrested and dragged to a FUGITIVE'S PRISON; their only offence being a compliance with those divine injunctions: "Feed the hungry and clothe the naked," and, "As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." WE HAVE IN PRESS, And shall publish about the 20th of July, A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE Oberlin-Wellington Rescue, And the cruel persecution of the noble men who chose to obey God rather than man. A most infamous chapter in American History, which succeeding generations will wish to have expunged. This volume comprises a full account of the rescue, incarceration and trials. READ IT, AMERICANS, AND MOURN OVER YOUR COUNTRY'S DEGRADATION; scatter it broadcast over the land, that a SLAVOCRATIC NATION may see the enormity of its iniquity and wickedness into which it has fallen, and arouse, repent and reform. We want 1000 active, whole-souled Agents to sell this book. Price, 50 cents, \$1 50 per dozen, and \$35 per 100 in paper covers, and 75 cts per 100 bound in cloth. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., 20 Washington street, Boston. July 15. 4 wts.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING.

FULL Report of the Woman's Rights Meeting at Mercantile Hall, May 27. Speeches by Mrs. SEVERANCE, Mrs. DALL, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and others. Just published by S. URBINO, 10 Winter street, (up stairs.) July 8. 6w

LANDS FOR SALE.

A LARGE number of parcels of land are hereby offered for sale to persons who sympathize with the fundamental principles and general objects of the Hope-dale Community. These parcels, lying in and contiguous to the village of Hopedale, Milford, Mass., and constituting a part of the original Community Domain, are of different sizes, ranging from two to twenty acres, and present a good variety of tillage and pastureage, together with some woodland—most of the tillage being under a good state of cultivation—and are designed either for simple building lots, or for small farms, as may suit different classes of purchasers. Upon some of them are pleasant dwellings, and tenements in the village may be rented by those unprepared to buy or erect buildings. In the immediate vicinity there is a Foundry, suitable shop room and power, and an unoccupied Mill-privilege, rendering the location a favorable one for mechanics either to commence or continue a business, and especially for those who may desire to combine with their usual avocations such horticultural employment as health, pleasure, or profit may dictate. Persons also of literary inclinations and pursuits may obtain that quiet retirement, and the opportunity for active, out-door manual or other exercise necessary to the highest usefulness and success in their chosen field of labor. And any or all of the class to whom the lands are offered, who may desire for themselves and families the superior moral and social influences of Hopedale, or who may wish to secure for their children the advantages of the Hopedale Home School—a flourishing Institution of much excellence, both in its general character and in its methods of instruction, designed to aid in the attainment of thorough, symmetrical, and practical Education—will find here unusual inducements for making themselves at Home. These lands are within two miles of the Milford Station, on the Boston and Worcester R. R., by which communication may be had three times a day with Boston and the principal thoroughfares of New England. Prices reasonable, and terms of payment suited to the circumstances of any honest, industrious, economical family. For further particulars and all necessary information, inquire of H. D. DRAPE, Hopedale, Milford, Mass. June 17, 1859.—lf.

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For the Liberator.

ETANZAS FOR THE 'FOURTH'

Unfurl not your banner in gladness to-day, Fold the stars and the stripes from our sight far away; Let your eagle unfold his strong pinions no more; For the blood of our brother has stained them with gore.

The cannon, loud booming, but tells of our shame, Of the stain and dishonor that rest on our name; Should the bondman demand but his birth-right to-day, That death-telling voice would his pleading repay.

In rains they lie o'er our fair, pleasant land, And beside them o'er them in triumph now stand, Proclaiming, white o'er their his gory hands wave— 'Who builds here an altar, shall find it a grave.'

Your North-land is only our hunting-ground still, And ye are our minions, aye, tools of our will; You dare not refuse our commands to obey, Should we seek 'mong your hills for our chattels to-day.

'Ye boast that your sires were the Pilgrims of old, But you've bartered their birthright for commerce and gold; To our idol ye bow, in meek homage, the knee; Ye're servile and cringing—not noble and free;

Have we not turned away from meek Duty's sad eye, And stifled with cotton Humanity's cry? Dare we follow the Right, where'er it may lead? Do we listen to Justice and Truth when they plead?

Have we not said to Mammon, 'Our God thou shalt be; Inhold, we will bow in obedience to thee! Give us land, give us gold, and our homage is thine; We'll do all thy bidding, and kneel at thy shrine.'

Oh! then let us boast not of freedom to-day, Since we have not the manhood oppression to stay; 'Twere surely more fitting our guilt to deplore, Than recount the high deeds done by brave hearts of yore.

Barre, July 4, 1859. CARRIE.

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

MONTEUX, (Switzerland,) June 25, 1859. To all the Good People of the 28th Congressional Society, in Pic-nic assembled.—Young Men and Women, and Men and Women no longer young: Far off in body, let me salute you as face to face in spirit; so indeed we are, for I feel as near you as if my eye read your welcome and familiar faces, and saw there what you have been doing the last five months.

A year ago, when I told you of the great oak trees, near by, about as large as John P. Hale in circumference, who stood up before you as the unit of measure, I had a dim presentiment that I should not be with you bodily at your next annual meeting—for I then felt the approach of the evils which have so disturbed me since, and was long in recovering from the night feigues of that fatal day. But I did not then think that when you should again look at Wellington Hill, 400 or 500 feet high, the Pic du Midi, 10,000 feet high, shrouded with snow, would seem as near to me.

A romantic little village, full of old houses, with its grey stone church, is perched on the side of the mountain, one or two hundred feet above my head. Most picturesque are the pleasant places where the lines of my present lot have fallen to me. So good comes out of evil! The people here seem contented and happy, and look intelligent and virtuous; they work less than we, save more, and enjoy more. The country is rich, not by nature, but by the toil of many generations.

For while in New England our last cultivation of the soil is not 240 years old, here you count the triumphs of industry by thousands of years. I think the vine was cultivated here before the time of Julius Cæsar; not to speak of corn and other needful things which human toil wooded out of this sunny land perhaps 3000 or 4000 years ago. The soil is poorer than what you stand on, and more stony too; the slopes are steeper than the most abrupt descents about you.

For the Liberator. THE RICH MAN'S PRAYER. Great God! when Thou didst man create, Thou gavest him a 'large estate,' Intending thus the world to teach 'Twas thy design man should be rich.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL MALADIES.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

Your friend and conditor, Mr. H. C. Wright, is a man of sense and spirit, and what is more, a man of heart; but he does not seem to me to have hit precisely the cause of our physical and moral maladies, in his recent funeral sermon. Will you allow me to say a word to him, and perhaps through him to others? I will study brevity.

It is very easy to say that Mrs. Ober died prematurely, because she did not practically conform to the laws of health. But what are these laws? I know multitudes of people who are zealously seeking to ascertain the laws of health, and conform themselves thereto; but I do not find that they succeed in securing health or cheerfulness. Thousands of lusty sinners on every hand enjoy enough and to spare of both, while these pale captives to anxiety, who make a conscience of every mouthful they eat, and daily soak themselves into superfluous greenness, and go about the world gasping for pure air, grow only more spectral every day.

The cause of all our evil, as of all our good, moral and physical, is spiritual. That is to say, it belongs to the world of mind, and only manifests itself, or comes to consciousness, in these visible effects. What then is the spiritual cause of all the evil, moral and physical, we undergo? It is sin; by which we mean the state of a creature not yet reconciled to his Creator. In what respect are we yet unreconciled to our Creator? In this respect: that whereas God sees us to be inwardly and indissolubly one, and refuses to recognise any individuality in us which does not imply such inward unity, we on the contrary feel ourselves to be reciprocally disunited and discordant, and in obedience to that feeling, cherish aims and ambitions utterly irrespective of other men.

What do you think of that? I said I to my pious friend, the Deacon. 'First rate! I like it—it gives the boys good excitement and amusement,' said he. 'But what do you think of war and the military system?' asked I. 'A curse and nuisance, schools of vice and dissipation,' was the reply.

THE LATE ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTHERN MICHIGAN RAILROAD. HORRIBLE SCENES. W. J. Hawks, Esq., of Charlottesville, Va., furnishes the Free Press with the following account of the late horrible accident on the Southern Michigan railroad.

A JUVENILE MILITARY DISPLAY.

WORCESTER, July 15, 1859.

FRIEND GARRISON:—There is quite a rage in Worcester for 'Military Discipline' for boys; and in Worcester our prominent schools advertise and have military classes; and the 'Cadets,' arrayed with the grey suit with fancy stripes and cadet cap with the metallic buttons, thus indicate the class to which they belong, are daily about the streets with an enlarged pomposity and arrogance that is quite disagreeable to quiet, sober citizens.

Walking into Main Street the other day with my little boy, we were somewhat surprised to find the sidewalks quite crowded with people of all sizes and qualities. Looking about to ascertain the cause of this unusual gathering, we heard music, and seeing a nucleus of the crowd centering about its apparent source, we squeezed in, and found a hand organ discoursing its crank-gone sweetness, accompanied by a monkey fantastically dressed in red, blue and black, who, with ludicrous gravity, went through the varied evolutions that he had been taught, with all the precision and propriety of a drilled veteran, to the great amusement and astonishment of the boys, large and small, gathered round.

Looking over the heads of the gathered crowd, we saw following the band a few dozen boys, dressed in that peculiar grey suit with stiff stripes, (so like some State prison dress,) that almost every other boy you meet on the street, this season, is rigged with, making him feel, for some mysterious reason, a good deal smarter and bigger, and appear much more impudent and crank in all his demeanor, than ordinary boys.

On this occasion they had great guns, with real sharp bayonets, and all the accoutrements with which boys of a larger growth play soldier, and seemed trying to look and feel as though they were, or wanted to be taken for mighty warriors.

A halt being ordered, these novice trainers were put through the evolutions of a military drill, entirely incomprehensible to my unsophisticated understanding, but which was presumed to have some reference to killing human beings on scientific principles. But I could comprehend that they performed what they had been taught, with nearly or quite as much precision, propriety and gravity as the monkey, whom we had just before seen, went through with his innocent discipline.

The next friend I encountered was a clergyman, looking smilingly at the sad sight. 'Bad business for boys,' said I. 'Well, there are two sides to that question; there is nothing like the military discipline to make boys stand straight, square their shoulders, and be orderly and precise,' replied he.

THE RICH MAN'S PRAYER. Great God! when Thou didst man create, Thou gavest him a 'large estate,' Intending thus the world to teach 'Twas thy design man should be rich.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK. A correspondent of the Providence Tribune, in giving an account of the proceedings of Anniversary Week in Boston, says:—The abolitionists had the usual quantity of good speaking. I believe their bitterest enemies will concede to them the palm of oratory, which is theirs from the simple reason that they are downright in earnest, and believe what they say.

Instead of forts, there should be colonies of practical Christians, whose guide would be the Golden Rule, located among them in sufficient numbers to become self-sustaining by developing the resources of the country, and aiding in the highest attainments and vocations of civilized life.

I need not dwell upon the advantages of the above over the present system of waste and war. There are none so blind but can see that peaceful, industrious and prosperous communities upon all our borders would be vastly more

Such a movement would send a thrill of joy among all classes; it would cause the moral pulse to throb with stronger life. Savage men, both white and red, would feel it, and yield to Love's all-conquering power, and as a consequence of a common effort in a work of justice to blot out the oldest national sin, there would be an increase and quickening of the moral element, which would work on to remove all existing wrongs; and as it contemplates no sectarian or party aggrandizement, there is reason to believe that, from the President to the lowest official, there would be hearty concurrence. Hence, it is clear that to help the Indian is the surest way to free the Negro.

On reaching the shore, I stumbled over a man—turned and found him alive. I asked him his name. He replied, 'Walworth.' I could not raise him, and went to the cars for assistance, passing ten or twelve dead bodies on the bench. Arriving at the wreck, I found some one had procured a light; returned, and found Walworth dead. He was a large, fine-looking old gentleman. I afterwards assisted his son in his last moments.

The first thing that arrested my attention on entering the car that I had left was, that I was standing on a pile of dead bodies. One man I thought alive, and gazing into my face. I turned the lamp around, and the glazed eye of death told me that all was over. A lady had her arms clasped around his neck, with a frightful wound in her head, her feet caught and crushed in the wheels of the car. At their feet lay a beautiful boy, with his head severed from his body as closely as it could have been done by the guillotine.

After assisting some time at the wreck, I led an old man to the farm house, who had a frightful wound in his foot. Twelve or fourteen of the wounded had been carried thither on a litter made of carpets. About daylight four physicians had arrived from South Bend, Mishawaka, and were doing all in their power to alleviate the suffering of the wounded. Stepping over a man that was stretched on the floor, he caught me by the hand and cried out, 'Friend, kill me; give me some opium; something to put me out of my misery.' His lungs were broken, and he said 'he felt he should burst,' and wanted me to 'run my knife into him.'

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formers. If a man sees a great truth with an eagle-like glance, which not even the sun can blind, he is very apt to become irritated with those whose vision is limited, and who are under the necessity of feeling their way along the dusty highroad of life.

There was a very enthusiastic woman's rights meeting on Friday afternoon, at which good speeches were made by persons of both sexes. The women are more liberal than men—perhaps I should say, more logical, though logic is not thought to be the sex's strong point—and allow that the weaker portion of humanity to speak in their meeting. Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, Rev. James Freeman Clark, Mrs. C. A. Way, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. C. H. Dall, Rev. Charles Ames, and J. T. Sargent, were the principal persons who 'agitated'; and they spoke well, too. The men were even more earnest than the women, probably inspired by the presence of the latter. For myself, I am quite willing that women should vote, serve on juries, and perform all the sundry duties of men that they are physically able to perform.

Such a movement would send a thrill of joy among all classes; it would cause the moral pulse to throb with stronger life. Savage men, both white and red, would feel it, and yield to Love's all-conquering power, and as a consequence of a common effort in a work of justice to blot out the oldest national sin, there would be an increase and quickening of the moral element, which would work on to remove all existing wrongs; and as it contemplates no sectarian or party aggrandizement, there is reason to believe that, from the President to the lowest official, there would be hearty concurrence.

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A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most efficient alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, combined with other substances of the most powerful nature to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO. LOWELL, MASS. Price, 25 cents per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$1.50.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to repeat the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, FOR THE CURE OF Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dropsy, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Hemorrhoids, and all the Disorders of the Bowels, Head, Throat, and Skin.

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WORCESTER WATER-CURE.

DR. SETH ROGERS, being about to return from Paris, where he has spent several months in medical observations, will resume, after July 1, 1859, the medical superintendence of this Institution.