

POETRY.

THE MARTYR.

BY JOHN A. DOBSON.

When, from a life of godlike strife, Th' indignant martyr soars to God, Though vultures gather round his name, And tear his cloud;

Let us not weep for him, but keep His memory: let his glorious death, Crowning a valiant life, renew, Not shake our faith.

But weep for those, his guilty foes, On whom his blood a curse shall be, Haunting their silken dreams—a dread That will not flee.

The secret fear of vengeance near, That passes vengeance; and the doubt, Forbidding with its evil eye The calm without.

Or those, the men, who know not when A kindly soul, amidst our death, Of thought and deed, by life or death, Has fed the earth.

His faith sublime, grown blind to time By gazing on eternity, They cannot understand; and yet, They feel and see.

As if for trade the stars were made, 'Madman!' they cry, when one comes forth, Of truth and justice with his blood To prove the worth.

Aye, weep for them, and not for him, And live, that ye, beyond the years, May meet him at the feet of God, Nor move his tears!

Philadelphia, Dec. 2, 1859.

For the Liberator.

E. L. B. A.

The home while living, and the place of sepulture when dead, of JOHN BROWN, the Hero of Harper's Ferry.

Upon a bleak and dreary spot Friends laid the hero down; But he shall never be forgot, That good old man, John Brown.

His life was spent for others' good, The outcast of his race; For this the tyrant shed his blood— Friends laid him in this place.

He perilled every thing most dear To liberate the slave;— He loved all men, but none did fear, John Brown, the truly brave.

Now, though his body sleepeth here, His spirit roves abroad; This truth to all shall yet appear— He worketh still for God.

By his rebukes were despots stirred, And him to death they doomed; Those warnings shall ere long be heard, His spirit's not entombed.

In coming years shall Elba's height More famed than Bunker's be, When passed away is Slavery's night, And all alike are free.

Many who now the hero blame, Who rests in quiet there, Shall then be proud to speak his name, And his great deeds declare.

This, sure, is Freedom's trial hour; Let each his part perform; The Lord shall break the tyrant's power— He rules above the storm.

Boston, Jan. 23, 1860. JUSTITIA.

From the Nantucket Mirror.

THE MARTYR OF DEC. 24, 1859. BY ANNA GARDNER.

'Whether upon the scaffold high, Or in the battle's van, The fittest place for man to die Is where he dies for man.'

'Upon the scaffold high' behold him stand! No pomp of power betrays his self-control; He smiles serene on Talliferro's band— Ten thousand legal deaths can't hang the soul.

No grander shaft ever reared on high, No steeper cross-beam ever cleaved the air, Than that erected 'neath Virginia's sky, When we beheld our Nation's Martyr there.

From age to age, through all succeeding time, Insurgent! Traitor! terms for him sublime! No deadly purpose nerved his steady brow;

No dark revenge was nurtured in his heart; The light of future years shall plainly show How all unselfishly he took the part Of that down-trodden, crushed and hated race.

On Life's great highway fallen among thieves, From which God's image ne'er can be effaced, Nor quelled high hope which in its bosom heaves; For this he died as only heroes can, A sacrificial offering for man.

O martyred hero! O Death, devoid of sting! What trust divine thy exodus has taught! Serenely poised upon Faith's plumed wing, Ere he was offered up, his spirit caught, As from beyond the vale, a halo bright, Beaming afar from that celestial sphere, Where kindred souls in friendship re-unite, And love perfected subjugates all fear.

Commissioned angels bore him on his way, Through Death's dark portal to eternity. Near the o'ershadowing rock his form is laid, While glory radiates his spirit brow, 'Placid,' not buried, 'neath the pine-tree's shade, Behold the germ shoots upward even now! When it shall grow into a stately tree, Its em'rald leaves profusely scattered wide, Healing the nation of its leprosy. Men will admit that near Potomac's tide A deed was wrought by the heroic Brown, Worthy to win and wear the victor's crown. Nantucket, January, 1860.

DEATH.

It is not death to die, To leave this weary road, And 'mid the brotherhood on high, To be at home with God.

It is not death to close The eyes long dimmed with tears, And wake in glorious repose, To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bet The wretch that casts us free From dungeon chains, to breathe the air Of boundless liberty.

THE LIBERATOR.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ., AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, In the Tremont Temple, Boston, Jan. 26, 1860.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

For one, I accept, with very great satisfaction, the theory of race which our eloquent friend (the Rev. J. Sella Martin, a colored man,) has unfolded, so ingeniously and so clearly, in regard to the ultimate purpose and use of the presence of the negro in this continent. I never did dread that terrible word amalgamation. I hold it to be the secret of almost all progress, viewed from the point of race. We Saxons were nothing while we were pure Saxons. I hold the German race, now, at a sad discount, on many points, and the English race superior to it in those respects, because the English race adopted the principle of amalgamation. The German gets blind over his books, and is contented to be a civil slave, Gottingen, and Dresden, and Munich, have not even the glimmer of that political liberty which is supposed to belong to the Saxon blood; and there is no explanation of jury trial, and Habeas Corpus, and representative government, and individual independence, and civil liberty, as they exist in the three Islands, but on the doctrine of that mixture of races which has made the prime, chief, consummate flower of civilization, the English blood. And I believe, with Mr. Martin, that, as far as our eyes can divine the future of Providence, it means that the next chapter of the progress of race shall be another mixture of that English blood, that our thirty States are probably to receive the finish and complement of civilization by the melting of the negro into the various races that congregate on this continent, and that the historian of a hundred years hence will view with incredulity the popular nightmare of amalgamation, and will trace some of the brightest features of that American character which is to take its place in the catalogue of the world's great races, to the root of this black race, mingling with the others that stand around them. Undoubtedly, to every thoughtful mind, that is the ultimate solution of the problem which is working out in these States.

I have not time, if I had any disposition, to break a lance or two with our friend (Mr. Martin) in regard to his ecclesiastical position. He says he was a man long before he was a minister. Well, I am glad to say that he seems to be a man now, also. (Laughter.) There are a great many who were men so long before they were ministers, that the memory of man runneth not back to the time. (Great laughter and applause.) But it is not of any great consequence that I should endeavor even to explain what I think are some of his mistakes in regard to Garrisonian ecclesiastical theories. We arrive at about the same result. He says the churches are 'synagogues of Satan,' and so do we; (laughter)—and as to what shall be done with them, and how they shall be considered as parts of Christ's seamless garment, perhaps we will discuss to-morrow morning. But, at any rate, they are 'synagogues of Satan'—that is enough for me; I think that is agreement enough for one speech.

I do wish to say a word in regard to some of those topics of the Anti-Slavery enterprise which have been touched upon in our meeting to-day. I do not myself suffer such an immense increase of real anti-slavery feeling, much less action, from the large audiences and great attention that we get, late-late. I think there is a sort of aesthetic Anti-Slavery. Men come here—far more truly and emphatically go to the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn—as they would go to any other intellectual entertainment of a rare order. They have the good taste to know where they shall find the finest material, and there they resort. The attendance of Ward Beecher's congregation does not prove that they have any interest in Anti-Slavery, or any design to lead an Anti-Slavery life. They want the most profound pathos, the most eloquent appeals, the most picturesque painting, the most moving language, the most natural manner, the deepest heart; and, of course, they take refuge from the iceberg of the New York Observer to melt in Plymouth Church. (Laughter.) But they don't go out from those walls with any design of doing an Anti-Slavery Act; and many go out from these meetings with any such purpose. I am afraid that a large share of that attention is like that given to the Octroon, or any other striking spectacle; for it is true, and it is not conceit in ourselves to recognize it, that the Anti-Slavery movement has realized that level, secured the public attention, has hold of those great national and religious problems which are the best food for any minds that seek to be fed. It is only saying that we are a decent people, in saying that, at last, men know where they will find the most interesting discussions in Anniversary Week. I do not, therefore, augur so large an increase of Anti-Slavery feeling from these signs. Anti-Slavery meetings, interesting as they are from the quick retort, the keen encounter, the personal criticisms, the living and vital interest of every-day questions, are not the points by which you are to test the growth of the cause. Go with you to the boarding-houses of Boston—those of the young men from twenty to thirty, married and unmarried; listen to the oft-repeated offensive term for the negro, which never ceases to pass decent lips; listen to the perpetual insult, not indifference, but insult, to the Anti-Slavery movement; go up and down the walks of commerce; see how real is the hostility, in view of the contingent loss of business; go anywhere in society, and see how utterly the prejudice against the black man rules in the heart of Anglo-Saxons—how ready every man is to find some excuse for his indifference or his antagonism, to lose himself in the cobweb of excuses that any man can make up for doing nothing—excuses which would be tenable only here, which vanish in the atmosphere of any other nation than ours. I remember, for instance, a friend telling me that in Germany, a year or two ago, a very distinguished Professor of our country, learned and widely known, was attacked, by a German Professor of the same standing, who was anxious to know why he was not an Abolitionist. The American thought it was a good opportunity to air his American excuses. Accordingly, he entered into an elaborate account of the inter-weaving of National and State governments—how far Massachusetts was from South Carolina—how we couldn't abolish slavery there—how our fathers made a Constitution—how it was a very delicate question—the seven years' war—the patriarchal institution—Mr. Webster—Mr. Choate, and so forth. And after he had made a very large chapter, he turned to his friend, and said: 'I suppose you see, now, how I stand, and how real our isolation, and the impossibility of any action at the North on the subject of Anti-Slavery. I suppose what I have said is sufficient.' The German took his pipe out of his mouth, and said—'It is very slim!' (Laughter.) It was, indeed, very slim. The excuses vanished like thin air. They didn't get a hold; they didn't lodge a moment in the clear intellect and moral light of the European.

Now, in our country, we have got, with our Anti-Slavery enterprise, eighteen millions of hearts and heads to deal with. Men say we are fanatics. If by fanaticism is meant that we are a class of men, large or small, who lay down rigid rules of right and wrong, who hew to the line, no matter how many chips fly in our faces, who set up the standard of absolute justice, we do just that—we put our feet down on the eternal granite of God's Right and Wrong. Well, of course, it stirs a nation seeking to hide truth from their eyes, and make money, and earn bread, by compromising with justice, selling their neighbor at auction. To be sure, that stirs up all the bad and selfish passions. They say, when you fire a gun over placid water, if there is a dead body below, it shows itself. John Brown's rifles brought up all the dead bodies—indeed, beyond the recognition of the nineteenth century. She doesn't want it. She never means to have it. It will never come in that way. I doubt if it will ever come by the offer of dissolution. No; the state of our Northern mind is just this. The Anti-Slavery movement has stirred it to its very depths. Made up of religious, literary and political appeal—made up of the fugitive slave travelling through all our borders—made up of the treason of great men, like Webster, going down to his grave cursed by one half and lamented by the other half of the Union. When such a man as Ward Beecher goes back to his pulpit, and falls into the ranks of the apologists of corrupt ecclesiastical machinery, there is a natural rebound of the thousands that trusted him. He will make many a man a come-over who trusted that, hanging to his skirts, he might still cry, 'I am a church-member; for, is not Beecher an Abolitionist?' Such a man is robbed of that excuse; he cannot hide behind Plymouth Church from the rebukes of the Garrisonians; and he will be a come-over. So, when a great politician falls, it makes Abolitionists. We dig men out of the mire into which Daniel Webster plunged them, and set them up on the feet their mothers gave them. This process has been going on for years. John Brown is a part of it, Kansas is a part of it. If the great Republican party had said to Kansas, 'No use for your rifles; we will protect you on the floor of the United States Senate; there shall not a man dare to touch a hair of the head of a dweller in the loneliest shanty in Kansas, that the arm of the Union shall not be stretched out efficiently to protect him; there never would have been war in Kansas; there never would have been any border forays. Do you suppose that the South can rise up and send out, by hundreds, our merchants, our travelers, our residents, guilty of nothing but a Northern dialect, and although that craven United States Senate dare not call for the execution of this United States Constitution, which we are called upon to laud every hour of our lives, do you suppose it is forgotten in the records of the Northern people? No. Every one of these men has a circle, and that circle are Garrisonians. One of the young and gallant men of our city, rich, patriotic, brave, ardent, said to me: 'I carried a musket down State street when Anthony Burns was carried shamefully back to slavery. Two months after, my own brother, hopelessly ill of consumption, was obliged to skulk through Georgia and the Carolinas in a baggage car, for fear his name, from Boston, should be known, and even the last relics of the strength which disease had left him be taken by tarring and feathering; and that is the last musket that I shall ever raise for the Union of our thirty slave States.' (Applause.) That conviction to which this young Boston member of our holiday troops came, every circle of these banished men comes to throughout the Union. If you do not give them the ballot-box, they will take the rifle; if you do not give them the Anti-Slavery movement, they will tear the Church to pieces. Men talk of abolishing that movement. Abolish it! You should have heard Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Salem, the other night. 'Men talk,' said he, 'of destroying John Brown; I think the Almighty created mercy as the foe of despots; and I somewhat doubt whether Virginia can annihilate mercy. (Applause.) 'Oh, no,' he continued, rising into still finer voice, 'that oldest Abolitionist of you all, who piled the Shenandoah mountains, whose first name was Love, and his other name Justice—I think he existed before John Brown, and will probably survive him.' (Renewed applause.) I think he will. And unless you give this principle channels, it will tear the Union, Church and State, asunder. While you have a slaveholder in the Presidential chair, while you have cowards in the United States Senate, you will have John Brown at Harper's Ferry. And he is not the last of them. You cannot control it. You must give it channels. Let me borrow again from Emerson. He told us, on this very platform, two years since, that two hundred years ago, men said there is a devil in every teakettle; if you do not let him out, he will tear the house to pieces, and make an earthquake throughout the city. So men made a hole in the lid, and the devil's steam came pouring out from every kettle. By-and-by came a thrifty genius, and he said, 'Why waste this devil? make him a grove—let him move in safe channels; and the Concord came across the ocean, the locomotives wedded States together in a day! So men said, years ago, there is a devil down in the hearts of these ignorant millions; keep him quiet; put a Bank on him, then a throne, then a Pope. By-and-by came a thrifty man, and said, 'Give him channels, give him the press and the ballot-box; and he takes up the world, and carries it along as it has never gone before.

So this Anti-Slavery movement is seeking to find channels for this anti-slavery purpose to move in. Give us the ballot-box; give us a political movement in which the self-respect of men can allow them to operate; give us a Church that represents not races, but Christians; give us a press that will afford expression to the ultimate wish and the entire heart of the American people; and we shall not be clumsy enough to go back to the rude, vulgar, awkward system of two hundred years ago; we have got a better. We shall abolish slavery in the swift purpose of eighteen million of thoughtful, ingenious Yankee hearts. And until you do it, the land will shake with constant convulsion. Virginia will in vain banish Helper. She will in vain fight against the multiplication table—for Helper's book is nothing but the multiplication table printed two hundred times over. Mr. Garrison said that when the Southerners fought against Helper, they were only fighting against the multiplication table. Two and two make four—two and two make twenty-two. John Brown and his associates went down to Harper's Ferry, and made a good deal of the multiplication table. Oh, no, the South understands this question fully as well as we do. She does not need enlightenment, as the North does. The reason why we criticize, as Mr. Martin excepts to our doing, the religious and political machinery of our country, is because we mean to have both. We mean to have a party outside and above the Constitution, that writes Liberty on its banner, and the use of all means that God and nature put into our hands to achieve it. We mean to have a Church that reads the Sermon on the Mount, and endeavors to practise it, knowing no races, no castes, no conditions, but believing, with the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal. And until we gain those two channels of natural, legitimate, usual Saxon work, the land will shake with that outside agitation—the bees rushing to and fro, until the queen bee is found—the nations striking and clashing against each other like frigates in a storm, until the battle is fixed, and the thunder begins to rattle from one side to the other of the marshalled hosts. (Applause.) We are coming to that period. The South sees her danger in Harper's Ferry. She knows that the ground-tier is reached; she knows that the whole mass of Northern mind is, at last, roused to the trial. I rejoice in insurrection for that very reason—not that it will ever achieve emancipation, not that the negro will ever be competent to an organization of arms that shall defeat this Federal Government; but the moment the Carolinians know that the spirit of insurrection—in other words, the manhood of the slave—is so awake that they must remain in perpetual conflict in order to keep the slave quiet, that moment they part from the system. The thunder-clouds are on either side of the heavens. The hand of the slave is the black, overhanging heavens of the Carolinas. The roused religious conscience of the North is the other cloud, such as, in Milton's picture, overhangs the Caspian. John Brown came near being the electric spark that was to melt them together. Another such may come;

and, in the conflict, the Bastille which we have attacked for half a century will come down in an hour. (Applause.) But it will come down not by war from the North, nor by resistance on the part of the slave; no, it will go down by Virginia, at the door of the United States treasury, saying, 'Harper's Ferry is too real a danger; how much will you pay me to be honest?' (Laughter.) I have faced John Brown three times; saved me from the fourth, and give me compensation.

That might have been saved to the honor of our nation, if a heart had been seated in the United States Senate. If those black bones, buried at Marshfield, had had within one tithing of that Puritanism which went with the saint of Harper's Ferry, he might have hurled a thunderbolt from his high place in the State, which would have saved the inroad upon Virginia. That hour has passed away. Our government has not held together; the ship, which we fondly thought was so well built that it would ride out the tempest, has parted. Mere discussion has not been sufficient to put down an enormous wickedness, as it was in Great Britain. A corrupt and burdened monarchy did more than a Republic, fresh from its cradle; for the aristocracy of Great Britain, with its debt and its Church, its nobles and its ignorant masses, bore up the discussion of a quarter of a century, and on the hearts of Christian men, as the result of moral agitation, wrought out the decree of immediate and unconditional emancipation. Our government, that we thought so much better in the strength of its youth, in the flush of its theoretic progress, with universal suffrage, with a Protestant Church, with an equal people, has proved unequal to the discussion, and we have sunk down to the level of insurrection and rifles, blood on the plains of Kansas, and the ballot-box superseded by the camp. But there is a conservative power sufficient, still, I believe, in the eighteen millions, to drag back the maddened people to the place that becomes them in the history of nations; and we shall yet see slavery come down by the submission of thirteen States, to the avowed and firm purpose of the Christian, aroused North. I do not believe, therefore, that our enterprise is changing in the least. It is merely passing through a new phase of its existence. We thought the evil less rooted; we supposed that it lay upon the surface, whereas it has struck its roots through the strata of a million customs; to loosen it puts at hazard Church and State alike. But we have almost brought the American people to that decision which says, 'Government or no government, law or no law, let slavery come down!' (Cheers.) Whether he broke law or violated government, God bless John Brown! (Renewed cheers.) So says the American heart in the Northern States. The American hand will soon begin its work, in obedience to that heart and head; and we shall see slavery the victim of its agitation, the victim of pure politics and a Christian Church. The system may be strangled, and this government, for aught I know, survive; if not in its present form, at least the fragments will come together and crystallize round a purer and better centre than our fathers ever could have commanded, had they tried.

LETTER FROM MARIUS R. ROBINSON. HUDSON, (N. Y.), Jan. 26, 1860.

DEAR GARRISON: Never was the conflict in New York more irrepressible than now. We have held seven Conventions in seven of the great inland cities, between Lake Erie and the Atlantic—Buffalo, Lockport, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica, Hudson, and Poughkeepsie. All, with one exception, continuing two days, and each one a triumph—filling the enemies of freedom,—priests, political demagogues, and their blind adherents,—with fear, and surprising lukewarm and timid friends with their success, and filling the few earnest, working friends we have met, in every place, with hope, courage, and a new spirit of labor. Notwithstanding the reports of the telegraph to the contrary, our meetings have been well attended. The people have heard us gladly. They have been stirred with the earnest words and radical truths of the resolutions and speeches; and many are waiting for the law, that in righteousness shall bring deliverance to the slave. This, in despite of the debauching influence of church-membership and political party relations. Triflers have interposed with impertinent questions and heartless declamation, and earnest men with the inquiry, 'What shall we do?' These have produced close and earnest examination of every measure produced, especially of the claims and pretensions of Republicanism as viewed in the light of principle and the stirring events of each recurring day. The claims of the Union were canvassed with freedom, and its instrumentality in sustaining slavery exposed, with a clearness and power that, for the time at least, seemed to enlighten the ignorant, and silence the venal and unprincipled. The wickedness of its origin, and the folly and guilt of its continuance, were pressed, and its dissolution urged by political, social and moral considerations. Devoutly is it to be hoped that disunion sentiments may spread, despite the reckless daring and infernal consistency of O'Connor's argument for its continuance, and equally infernal one of his more jesuitical condottier, Henry Ward Beecher, in his defence of his continued support of the American Bond.

Accompanying, I send the Resolutions of the Hudson meeting, which I hope you will publish.

Yours, M. R. ROBINSON.

Resolved, That in that mighty and irrepressible conflict now waging with the powers of darkness and despotism in this nation, bravely led on by Garrison and Greeley, Phillips, Parker, Seward and Sumner, and sustained by a countless host of determined men, and women too, East, North, West and North-West, we behold a full and glorious assurance that the Millennium triumph of Freedom, and especially of deliverance to the enslaved millions on our Southern plantations, is drawing nigh, and may be even at the doors.

Resolved, That we have heard with profound satisfaction of the inflexible resolution among the chiefs of the Republican party to adhere to all it has ever demanded on former platforms in opposition to slavery and its extension: That it must be with them, Sherman as Speaker in Congress, or no one, and Seward, or the like of him, for President at the next election, regardless of the threats or bullyings of Southern slaveholders, and their most mean and wicked allies at the North, and irrespective of all consequences to Constitution or Union.

Resolved, however, That while we rejoice in every indication of advance in public sentiment as opposed to slavery, we cannot forget that, no matter who is President under the present Government and Union, he must be the Slave-holder and Slave-hunter General of the Nation; he must shoot down every black Washington who should strike for his freedom with the sword, and return every sable Kosuth who might take refuge from Southern tyrants on Plymouth Rock or Bunker Hill; must recognize the right of slaveholding robbers and pirates to sit as equal members and makers of the Government, and conduct his administration so as to make it the grand engine every way to crush the liberties of our now enslaved millions and their posterity.

Resolved, That the so-called governments of the slave States are but organized bands of thieves and robbers, living by plunder and piracy on the avails of unpaid and unpaying toil.

Resolved, therefore, That it is the solemn and imperative duty of the Senators and Representatives of the non-slaveholding States and Territories to return at once to their respective constituencies, and take immediate measures for the formation of a new Northern Confederacy, that shall be indeed FREE, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations; unscared by the

presence of slaveholders, unstained by the blood of slaves. Resolved, That when Mr. Jefferson declared, 'Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that the slaves are to be free; nor is it less certain under the same government.' And Henry Clay, that 'Until universal darkness shall prevail, it will be impossible to repress the sympathies and the efforts of the freemen in behalf of the unhappy portion of our race who are doomed to bondage.' And Mr. Benton, that 'Slavery is a question of races, involving consequences which go to the extermination of one or the other.' And the Louisville, Ky., Courier, that 'It will not be denied that free and slave labor are incompatible—that the white man is unwilling to labor by the side of the slave, and the slave equally averse to laboring by the side of the white man; there exists a mutual repugnance, and it follows, of course, that the labor of the whites, or wholly the labor of the whites, or wholly the labor of the blacks.' And the Richmond Enquirer, that 'The two opposite and conflicting forces of society cannot, among civilized men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way; and cease to exist—the other become universal.'

'The collision between the two systems of labor in the United States is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces'—they did but echo in these declarations the voice and decree of the Eternal God, that between Slavery and Liberty, there can be and shall be no compromise; but everlasting separation, wide as the difference between heaven and hell.

Resolved, That we have read without surprise the Message of Gov. Letcher of Virginia, to the Legislature of that State, in which he insolently and arrogantly recommends that 'two most experienced statesmen be appointed to visit the Legislatures of those States which have passed laws to obstruct the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and insist, in the name of Virginia, upon their unconditional repeal.'

Resolved, However, that we trust our Legislature will deem such a threat, from such a source, a strong reason for hastening the enactment of a law that will preserve the State of New York, effectually and forever, from the prowling ravages of the kidnappers and slave-hunter.

Resolved, That of all insulting Mockeries and Blasphemous Burlesques ever known, that which is called the American Union is the most monstrous and overwhelming. When the Federal and State authorities are in constant collision; when the mails from the Northern are ruthlessly robbed by the Southern States; when, week after week, month upon month, not enough of union and harmony can be found to organize a branch of Congress, by choice of a prevailing officer; when members of that body absolutely conceal weapons to defend themselves against each other; when drawlings, bullyings, or blackguardings are the burden of their debates; when, in the Southern States, threats of civil war are heard among Governors, and preparations are making for it in their Legislatures should a Northern President be elected, and when the people in those States are outraged in every way—by scourgings, by tarring and feathering, imprisonings, banishments, and sometimes death, the most inoffensive persons, both men and women, white as well as black, on the slightest suspicion that they are friends of the oppressed; to call this condition of things a Union is to outrage beyond possible endurance all the common sense of creation. And the only relief in enduring a confederacy of so odious and disgraceful, is the hope that God, or some other power, will ere long dash it in pieces like a potter's vessel.

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Extract from a letter of Mary A. Brown, widow of Capt. John Brown.

NORTH ELBA, December, 1859. MESSRS. THAYER & ELDRIDGE: DEAR FRIENDS—I am satisfied that Mr. Redpath's true man to write the life of my beloved husband, as he was personally acquainted with him, and I think will do him justice. I think that the Portrait is a very good one.

Yours, respectfully, MARY A. BROWN. Letter from Salmon Brown, son of Capt. John Brown.

NORTH ELBA, December, 1859. MESSRS. THAYER & ELDRIDGE: DEAR SIRS—I was somewhat acquainted with James Redpath in Kansas. I am also familiar with his writings, and I consider him an able biographer, and THE MAN ABOVE ALL OTHERS to write the life of my beloved father. I believe him to be a man of undoubted veracity, and fully believe he will do justice to the work he has undertaken.

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Resistance to Slaveholders! THIS day published, a pamphlet of 36 pages, entitled—THE NATICK RESOLUTION: OR, Resistance to Slaveholders the Right and Duty of the Southern Slave and Northern Freeman. BY HENRY C. WRIGHT. * RESISTANCE TO TRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD. Price, 10 cents. To be had at Bela Marsh's, 11 Bromfield street, Boston, and at the Liberator Office, 21 Cornhill. Boston, Jan. 11.