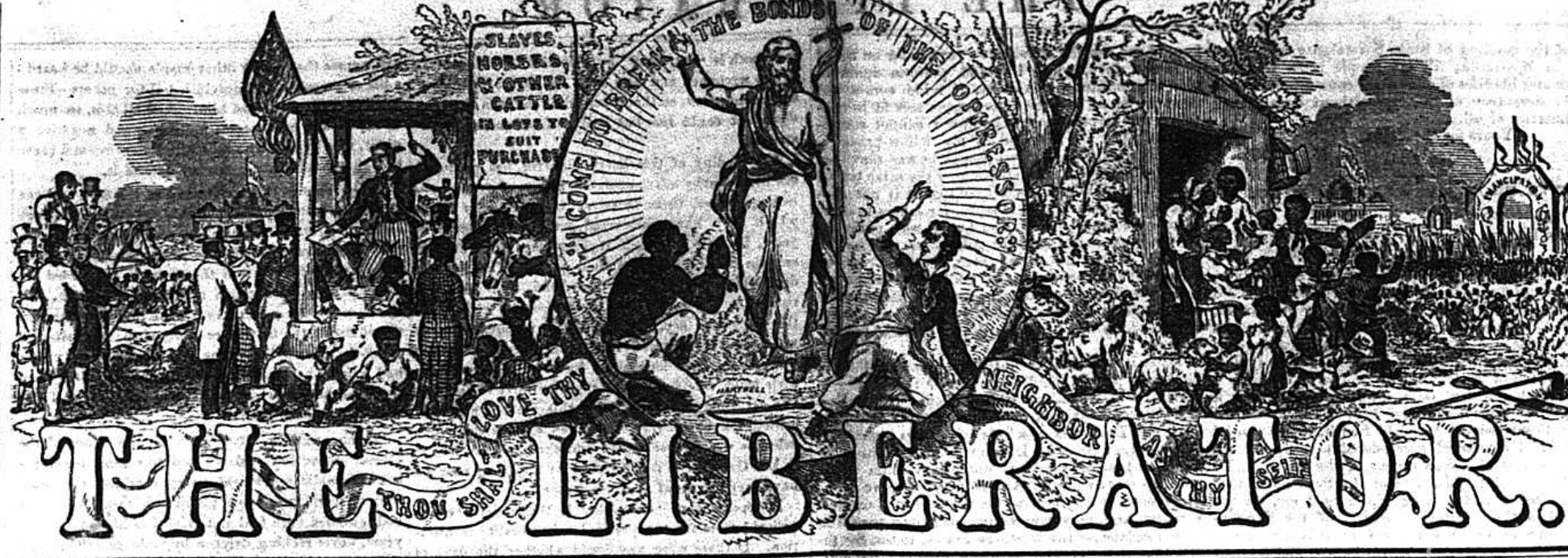


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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. VOL. XXX. NO. 19.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1860.

J.B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers. WHOLE NUMBER, 1533.

REFUGEE OF OPPRESSION.

THEODORE PARKER ON WINE-DRINKING. Wine-bibbers, and the opponents of the temperance...

THE INQUISITION IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

The Galena Herald of the 13th inst. continues its war on the Rev. James M. West in the following strain...

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

The Massachusetts courts have decided that the process from the U. S. Senate for the arrest of the fugitive...

SELECTIONS.

DANIEL O'CONNELL ON AMERICAN SLAVERY. Man cannot have property in man. Slavery is a nuisance...

THE HORRIBLE COOLIE TRAFFIC.

We have received a printed copy of a Report on the Coolie Trade made to the U. S. House of Representatives...

AN ARGUMENT RESPECTING KIDNAPPING AND SELLING PIGS TO FOREIGN VESSELS.

Among the most distressing things for man is to leave his friends...

THE PRESS IN DELAWARE.

The Grand Jury of Kent County, Md., have had the Postmasters before them, made inquiries relative to newspapers taken at the different offices...

FROM THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE.

ES. GAZETTE: In your paper for last week, I see the appeal of O. M. Clay to the people of Madison county, Ky...

WHERE ULTRA ABOLITIONISM LEADS.

In the first stages of this sectional fanaticism, a deep interest is manifested in the Christian religion...

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POETRY.

For the Liberator. WE ARE SLAVES. BY EST. S. POWERS.

We are slaves! poor slaves! No spangled banner waves Above our heads; we are not free; For no one shares our liberty!

THE LIBERATOR.

PUBLIC OPINION.

A Lecture delivered in the City of New York, BY KARL HENNING.

Translated for the Liberator from the German by MARY L. BOOTH.

The world is not usually so scrupulous in respect to the currency of the intellectual as of the commercial market. A coin without a fixed stamp, or an obliterated bank note, is refused by every one; but in the intellectual market, those coins often have the greatest circulation and the highest value, whose stamp or worth no one can perceive or define.

A DROP OF GIN.

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin! What misbegotten monsters creep therein! Ragged, and stained with filth and mud, Some plague-spotted, and some with blood!

It is certainly worth while to make it an object of special investigation, for since every one has a share in it, every one, through its criticism, criticizes himself. In fact, such an investigation would be a criticism upon society at large, as well as its history.

It is characteristic that the greatest power which men acknowledge is Opinion. We do not speak of public comprehension or conviction—this would be too presuming; we content ourselves with public opinion. An opinion is not even a view, it is only a timid insinuation of a belief, a bashful or shrinking obliquity, as it were, of the mind, which cannot establish a certain judgment, but can only encourage and justify an attempt at a judgment.

The surest of all tests by which to try the efficiency and value of so-called Public Opinion is the indisputable fact, not only that truth always proceeds from individuals, and in the beginning is represented by the minority, but also that its representatives have been hated and persecuted by the mass, or by Public Opinion. What can be more suitable, more justifiable, more legitimate, or more desirable subjects of Public Opinion than universal principles and truths which no human reason dares to deny, and which true universal interests put into words?

called public. It should, on the contrary, be said, *Vois Dieu, vos papiers*, for the voice of the people is that of their deceivers, who persuade them of every absurdity and cruelty, and thus, in order that they may not be terrified at the sound of their own voice, make of this voice—the echo of supernatural authority. If we consider all the terrible things that the 'voice of God' has heretofore said, commanded and called good, neither can it then be thought possible if we leave it to no other support and authority than that of the voice of the people.

If we would sum up in one word everything that is unreliable, capricious, desirous of change, and foolish, we may use the expression, Public Opinion. What is Fashion? She is the child of Public Opinion, and characterizes her mother better than any other manifestation. Is there anything more tyrannical, and at the same time more servile—anything more enigmatical, and at the same time more changeable than Fashion? Who dictates and changes this law, which, without giving or listening to reasons, prescribes to us our external appearance, domestic arrangements, etc.?

But, independently of the question, what value opinion has to truth, it must next be asked how many men themselves possess the feeble mental endowment which we call a personal opinion. If there is a public opinion, then this can only be considered as the sum of the personal opinions of the individuals who constitute society. But among these millions of individuals, there are proportionally but very few who have a personal opinion, or who dare to follow it, and therefore the opinion of the majority is only the echo of that which has proceeded from those few.

What would enlightenment, development, in short, progress, have to hope, for if it were respect public opinion, and be guided by the wise proverb, *Vois Dieu, vos papiers*, has this voice ever explained to the subjects of a king the advantages of a republic? Has it ever acknowledged the equal rights of man and woman? Has it ever prevented the introduction of slavery? Has it, as a general rule, ever sought to prevent absurdity and wrong, or left the truth and right which opposed these free from insult?

And the martyr lies should burn upon dying alone! But this has ever been the course of progress and the success of truth. Every representative of truth and promoter of enlightenment would therefore be sure of the consent, approval, even love of the world, if he but understood the art of prolonging his life indefinitely: whereas it would be advisable before all things else for him to study the microscopical sciences. How happy was Kepler in being an astronomer! For as such, he will now at least be able to look down from the stars upon the moon which crested by those who left him here without bread.

But we have chiefly to ask of what this public opinion consists, what its value may be, and how this mysterious thing may be analyzed! In the analysis of this, two elements are first of all to be considered, namely, the contested questions of the present, and the settled questions of the past. While public opinion absorbs the latter, it receives a solid basis and lasting value. In respect to that which experiences and knowledge really secure to it, it has a right to appear as authority. It is in this respect the whole foundation of further developments, the universal intellectual depot or storehouse from which progress continually takes its material and its weapons.

The mystical idea which is generally connected with the words 'public opinion,' is in no point more exaggerated than in relation to the 'power' which is said to be exercised by public opinion. Without doubt, this power exists wherever the narrowness and fanaticism of the mass pursue and proscribe a single individual; for public opinion is despotism towards the weak, and servility towards the strong. We perceive its power, too, upon every occasion in which a general outbreak of passion or wild frenzy of rashness accomplishes a so-called act of the people—a Presidential election, for example, for which no one has to atone more deeply than the people themselves.

Dec. 17th.—I wish you a long life and a happy one, and in your last days the thought of having helped the world forward instead of back. I have hung it up on the wall, over the little table I have to write upon. It always has a smile of love and kindness.

STEPHENS AND HAZELTINE. Of Hazeltine, but little has been known to the public—not even his true name, which is not Hazeltine, but Harrison. He was one of the youngest of Captain Brown's companions, and remained, while in prison, on the day of his execution, March 16th, his age would be exactly 22 years, 23 weeks, and 23 days.

Stephens was born and bred a Yankee boy, in Norwich, Connecticut; lost his mother, and left home at an early age; earned by his industry an honest living and a good name; took up arms in Kansas in defence of her freedom, and was arrested by the Virginia militia. On the day before his execution, he reached his twenty-ninth year. His personal appearance was in no small degree prepossessing. A recent photograph, taken in his cell, represents a face remarkable for an intelligent, amiable, and benevolent expression.

His sister, Mrs. Pierce, of Norwich, (a lady who, though considerably younger, bears a striking resemblance, both in face and figure, to the wife of Capt. Brown,) is the prisoner at Charleston, and had several interviews with him during the last eight days preceding the execution. The jailer, Capt. Avis, allowed her every facility of access, without being compelled by military orders (as in the case of Mrs. Brown) to search her person for hidden weapons or poisons. Indeed, there seems to have been no foundation even for a suspicion that either of the prisoners desired to make so poor a choice of death as to take suicide in preference to the scaffold.

On her arrival at Charleston, before her first interview with the jailer, Capt. Avis considerably moved the chains from the prisoner's feet, that she might not be unnecessarily reminded of the discomfort of her confinement. Stephens, in speaking afterwards to his sister of this act, said of Capt. Avis: 'He is the finest man in Virginia, there is not another like him.' A photograph which we have seen of Capt. Avis shows a face of unmistakable decision, courage, and kindness.

On another occasion, his sister asked if he had been roused to a bitter or revengeful spirit under his imprisonment, to which he replied—'No; for I believe I can truly say that I love every man, woman, and child on earth. I can forgive the men who hang me. When we went to Harper's Ferry, we had no intention to injure a single human being; our design was to free the slaves without bloodshed, just as we had done in Missouri; we carried rifles and pikes only for self-defence, and a fear of resisting us in our project. I think no man was killed by any of our party until after I was shot down while bearing a flag of truce. Some of the Virginians were killed by their own party by mistake. As for myself, I did not shed a single drop of blood, except from my own wounds.'

He then narrated, in detail, that during his imprisonment, a woman had been sold in the jail, and separated from her husband and three children. He stated, also, that in the family of the jailer was a slave girl, who had run away from a severe mistress on account of unkind treatment, and who fled for refuge to Mrs. Avis, by whom her name was bought, and by whom she will eventually be set free.

He was so greatly comforted and cheered by his sister's companionship, that on one occasion he said to her—'I may ask you to go on the scaffold with me; and if I do, I want you to go.' This he said playfully.

Dec. 17th.—I wish you a long life and a happy one, and in your last days the thought of having helped the world forward instead of back. I have hung it up on the wall, over the little table I have to write upon. It always has a smile of love and kindness.

Jan. 31st.—My trial comes on to-morrow. I shall soon know my destiny. I have not much hope of any thing but the better land.

On the afternoon before the fatal day, a new visitor was admitted as a favored and welcome guest into the cell—Miss Jennie Dunbar, an intelligent and amiable young woman from Ashland county, Ohio, who had just been to Richmond on a fruitless errand to plead for the prisoner's life. Her coming was not unexpected by Stephens, for frequent letters had passed between them, of such character as had served to strengthen his friendship, which, as we have seen, was only deepened by preparation and sacrifice. The trial proceeded that the should have lost so much of the last year's reading, and time to go on a common journey to fall on her knees before an unfeeling Governor of an unfeeling State. She says that she had bowed herself up with the hope of obtaining a pardon on the moment of her entering the Governor's of-

rice in the Capitol; but, said she, 'the moment I looked into his eye, I saw that there was nothing sufficient to say that she was coldly received and coldly dismissed by the Governor, who had already taken the pains to say that he could not save the prisoner's life, and that he would not see the scaffold.'

On Friday morning, the two prisoners, in company with the two ladies and a brother of Hazeltine, newly arrived, took breakfast, at one table, in the passage-way of the prison, before a final separation. Mrs. Pierce, on entering the cell, was so overcome by the sudden realization of her final visit, that she hastily retired, and she could return with more composed feelings. Miss Dunbar burst into tears, and was soon calmed by her friendly cheerfulness of spirits. At an hour which he himself had previously appointed, a carriage was driven to the jail to convey the visitors away from the town, before the preparations for the execution were begun.

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