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THE LIBERATOR
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All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed, (POST PAID,) to the General Agent.

Advertisements making less than one square in [illegible] three times for 75 cents—one square for \$1 00.

The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are authorised to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.

The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts of the paper, viz. :—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY LORING, EDMUND QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides o every question are impartially allowed a hearing.

[[image - drawing of slave auction: [[slave auction sign]] SLAVES, HORSES & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASE[[/slave auction sign]]
[[circle around assumed figure of Jesus Christ]] " I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF OPPRESSION " [[/circle around assumed Jesus Christ]]
[[ribbon]] THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF [[/ribbon]]
]]

THE LIBERATOR

No Union with Slaveholders!

THE U.S. CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

'Yes! IT CANNOT BE DENIED—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of the assent to the Constitution, three special provisions TO SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was THE STIPULATION TO SURRENDER FUGITIVE SLAVES—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinnai; and, thirdly, the



exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for SLAVES-for articles of merchandize, under the names of persons in fact, the oppressor representing the oppressed! . . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American congress; AND THEREBY TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'-John Quincy Adams.

W.M. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, PRINTERS.

VOL. XXV. NO. 8 BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1855. WHOLE NUMBER 1075.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.
THE AMERICAN BOARD AND THE LONDON A. S. CONFERENCE.

The last number of the New York *Independent* has a long editorial article in regard to the arraignment of the American Board of Commissioners, for its pro-slavery position, at the London Anti-Slavery Conference, especially by PARKER PILLSBURY, of the United States. Below we give a specimen in the spirit of the article.

Rev. Cuthbert Young made another attempt to vindicate the American Board of Foreign Missions, but simple and honest facts in contradiction of Parker Pillsbury, Esq., were worth little in that Conference. He was followed by Rev. Edward Mathews, of Wisconsin, whose speech is thus reported:

'I am aware that Mr. Pillsbury has documents in his possession, which would enable him to substantiate every thing he has said on this subject, and I submit that those documents be laid before the Conference.'

We know not who this Mr. Mathews is, and we trust he is misrepresented by the reported. If he really said what the report imputes to him, he ought to be put into a good Sunday-school long enough to learn the decalogue, and especially the ninth commandment. If he is indeed weak enough and blunderer enough to believe the huge falsehoods which Parker Pillsbury, Esq., was imposing on the open-mouthed and wide-throated gullibility of that assembly, we are sorry for him, and sorry for Wisconsin. In the statements made by Parker Pillsbury, Esq., of Boston, there is nothing at all surprising to us on this side of the ocean. But it is something of a marvel, that a meeting made up in part of men who have a religious character and standing, could be imposed upon, for a single moment, by so foul-mouthed and reckless a reviler; and that even Rev. James Sherman could denominate the reviler 'our excellent friend,' and could believe that the excellent friend was really giving the meeting 'important information'-even 'all the facts of the case.' What would Mr. Sherman think if, at a religious or semi-religious meeting in New York,

Mr. J.G. Holyoake should be introduced as a competent and trustworthy person to describe 'the awful condition' of the religious bodies in England, and particularly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales? What would he think if he should find it reported, that upon some interruption by gentlemen professing to know something on the subject, some Christian pastor, as much respected and beloved as he is-Dr.Lansing, for example-had volunteered to vouch for the 'Secularist,' and had assured the meeting that 'their excellent friend was giving them most important information' ? Any reasonable man in this country would as soon thought of crediting the representations of a howling dervish at Constantinople, concerning the Christian sects of the Turkish empire, as of believing any representation from Mr. Parker Pillsbury, concerning 'the American religious bodies.'

It is not always easy to draw the line exactly between knavery and insanity; nor is it always necessary. When Mr. Parker Pillsbury affirms that the American Board of Foreign Missions 'is a slaveholding body;' that 'its treasury is constantly replenished by the price of the bodies and souls of men, sold like beasts in the market;' and 'its missions to Africa are sustained by the money raised from the sale of Africa's daughters, sold in the American shambles to grace the seraglios of southern debauchees'-that 'if he were a slave to Theodore Frelinghuysen, and should become the most eminent saint in the world, his sanctity would only enhance his price in the slavemarket'- and that the religious bodies in America have 'furnished the means of sending delegates to churches in Great Britain, by the sale of babies in the market'-we have no occasion to judge whether he speaks under the hallucination of frenzy, or with a full consciousness that he is lying. We have never troubled ourselves to consider what Mr. Parker Pillsbury says, or why he says it. But we confess that we are grieved for our common Christianity, and for our consanguinity with the British churches, when we find men, like James Sherman and Howard Hinton, ready to believe, without a moment's doubt or pause, the foulest and most sweeping vituperation against the churches of this country; and we cannot refrain from asking, whether this is the sense in which their Christian charity 'believeth all things.'

The reference to a late unfortunate delegate from the American Bible Society, makes it proper for us to say, that we concede entirely to our British friends the right of judging for themselves in all cases of that kind. If any American, claiming their public or private hospitalities, is personally obnoxious to them for any reason-if he is a slanderer- if he has a bad reputation for integrity or veracity-if he is unsound in his doctrinal teaching or belief-if he is an oppressor of his fellow-men-if he is a supporter and defender of oppressive laws and institutions-we are perfectly willing that they should deal with him accordingly, whatever testimonials he may bear to show his ecclesiastical standing, and with whatever forms he may have been delegated from any of our benevolent societies. Their right to choose their own company is complete; and if they err in the exercise of that right, the error is their own affair. If Mr. Parker Pillsbury's style of religious character is more to their taste than Dr. Alexander's, or Dr. Skinner's, or Prof. Park's, we have only to say that we will not dispute them. If, on the representations of Mr. Parker Pillsbury and other 'excellent friends' like him, they even choose to believe that Mr. Treat is a villain, that the Board of which he is a secretary are guilty of 'outrages from which the very crucifiers of the Son of God would have shrunk,' and that membership in the religious bodies of America is *prima facie* evidence of extreme baseness, which must be purged away by some definite and prescribed profession and renunciation-be it so. Only let them remember

that the 'American religious bodies' are not likely to be very much influenced on any question by those who have not candor enough, or charity enough, or good sense enough, to read upon the brazen forehead of such a man, the title written as by the finger of God, ACCUSER OF THE BRETHREN.

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A recent article in the *Independent* on the American Tract Society, thus alludes to the suppression, in the biography of Mary Lundie Duncan, of the encomium of George Thompson :-

'Much has been said about other passages which are not found in this professed abridgment. For our part, we find no fault with the omission of passages eulogistic of Mr. George Thompson. The standing of that man in his own country, among religious people, is not such that any religious Tract Society need hesitate about expunging from the diary of an enthusiastic young lady, any passages, in prose or verse, expressive of her admiration for his eloquence. The omission is as reasonable as in a parallel case it would be to omit an ill-considered compliment to the late John N. Maffit.' (!!!)

[[divider]]

SELECTIONS.

From the National Era.
LETTER FROM MRS. STOWE.
BOSTON, February 2, 1855

Our old city is unusually animated this winter. Generally so respectably stupid and sleepy, it has this winter started into an unwonted life. Lectures abound and are crowded, and the opera is said never to have drawn such full and brilliant houses. The course of Anti-Slavery lectures in the Tremont Temple has been wonderfully successful. Tickets have been sold at a premium, and the hall, which seats about three thousand, has generally been as full as it could be packed.

It is a noticeable thing about these lectures, that all the more decided, fearless, and outspoken expressions of feeling, such as once were called ultra, have been listened to with greatest enthusiasm. Never, since Koussuth was in Boston, have we seen a whole house surging with a greater enthusiasm than during some of these lectures. The lectures do not so much seem to produce feeling, as to develop that which exists. On this subject, the whole air seems to be charged with electricity, and a speaker seems to be only the conductor through whom it flashes into expression.

It is a remarkable and most noticeable fact, that Wendell Phillips, who in other days was considered almost beneath attention, as a disorganizer and a madman, has drawn one of the largest and most enthusiastic houses of any this winter; and that, though the object of his lecture was to prove the absolute necessity of the dissolution of the Union, he was heard throughout without the slightest intimation of disapprobation, in the most solemn and attentive silence. The papers endeavor to account

for this fact, by attributing to Mr. Phillips an almost fabulous mastery of the magical arts of oratory. As in the times of Luther, the Romish tractarians sought to cover up the mighty fact, that of the aroused movement of society, by ascribing to Luther superhuman gifts of person, intellect, voice, and manner; so now, many seek to blind themselves to the great change in the community, by attributing *power* *power*. They forget the days when the same dazzling, smooth, and polished eloquence spent its lightnings almost wholly in vain, and that such a communication as the Jews did of old, by crying out and stopping their ears. The *fact* *fact* which newspaper writers ignore, is, that the tide is rising—slowly, surely, and with resistless regularity. Every year lifts it higher. What once was called ultraism, is now calm, universal belief, and the last and ultimate extreme of the most uncompromising Abolitionists is now looked in the face with a serious scrutiny. It is true that the Northern public have not, as a mass, brought themselves to wish the dissolution of the Union; but they have come to that point in which they are willing to sit still, and give calm attention to the discussion of that subject. The fact that this subject was carefully considered, in a long and elaborate series of articles in the *Tribune* last season, and that Wendell Phillips has met with such decided acceptance in presenting it before public audiences this winter, are signs of deep significance. Those who have used the cry of dissolution of the Union as a threat to frighten unruly children, may one day find the same threat turned round upon themselves, in a form which has an earnest meaning. It may be their turn to make concessions to prevent it.

The culminating point of the changed public feeling in Massachusetts, this winter, has been shown by the election of Wilson to the United States Senate. This is the flash of the long gathering cloud, the high water-mark of the fast-rising tide.

No appointment could have been more distasteful to that aristocracy which has so long ruled Boston. To step from attic Everett, whose lips were 'dewy with the Greek of Plato,' to Henry Wilson, from the shoemaker's bench at Natick, seems truly a nine days' fall, and, accordingly, 'confounded Chaos roars.'

But what has done it? Who have done it? They who outraged manhood and womanhood, and human nature, in the late atrocious slave captures. They have elected Wilson. They 'the precious diadem stole' from the head of old Boston, that they might 'put it in their pocket!' They shamed her in her own sight, in the sight of all her sons and daughters; and the deep, hot heart of the people has never forgotten the insult, and this election is the result.

A business man of Boston, who has hitherto had large Southern dealings, said to us not long ago, in tones of suppressed feeling, 'I was barred from my store by soldiers in Boston streets, that that man might be carried back. I never have forgotten it. I never will. My partner and I have made up our minds. We have looked over Southern lists, and, if necessary, are ready to lose them all; but our stand is taken.'

Such has been the deep resolve of many a heart; and so deep is that ground-swell of the State feeling, that Henry Wilson was borne upon it, against the will of the party that elected him, because that party knew the State would support them on no other terms. The stern voice of the people was at their doors: 'Elect this man, or your party is a cobweb before us;' and they did it.

We have faith that Henry Wilson will prove that the people were right. The country sometimes comes to a strait, when she must put by a scholar, and take a *man*; and Wilson is a man. Let anybody read one of his terse, nervous sentences, or hear one of his speeches, and then, if any one says, jeeringly, 'That man rose from a shoemaker's bench,' he will answer, 'Let him be proud of it. Other men are made by colleges and schools. This man made himself. And let scholars console themselves with classical precedent of men of low degree exalted, and remember plain old Goodman Cincinnatus, called from his plow to the Consulate, and be comforted. Other folks, it seems, have done so before us; and that is something in this precedent-loving world. To be sure, there has been one of the leather craft in Congress before-stout old Roger Sherman-who learned to hammer out soles on his lap-stone, before he tried his hand at hammering the Constitution. Old Roger, however, compromised with slavery, which Henry Wilson will not. His vote and his speech will always be in the right place; and we predict that even his classical compatriot, Sumner, will not merit better of the Republic than he.'

One of the principal sensations of Boston, this winter, has been caused by the course of Lectures on Poetry, delivered by Russell Lowell, before the Lowell Institute.

Such a rush has there been to them, that it *been* entirely impossible to accommodate all who sought admission; and Mr. Lowell has repeated them afternoons to equally thronged houses. The course is upon English Poetry, and comprises history of English poetry and poets from the earliest times.

Every lecture has been a brilliant success-even, as reported in the daily papers, are often more truly poetical than the poems he reviews. These lectures, so full of thought, research, with, humor, and feeling, are destined to make their mark in our literary history. Yet we trust the author will not forget, in the brilliance of his success, that it is the poet's first work to create, not to analyze.

Let him give more works for future historians to record. The brilliance of Lowell's wit has so dazzled the eyes of many, that they have not till recently appreciated the wide scope, the deep feeling, the exquisite word painting, the rue appreciation of nature, in his serious pieces. There is a spirit and sprightliness about his most careless sketch, that shows the hand of a master. To those who have delighted in him, merely as the gay and entertaining companion, we would recommend a study of his Vision of Sir Lamfel, or Beaver Brook, or almost any of the fugitive pieces in his two volumes of Poems, and they will find him rising before their mind in a new attitude.

Can America have and cherish poets? Certainly. Does she not? Is our hot, busy, talky, news mongering age favorable to the poet? For one reason, it is particularly so. The sensitive heart is wearied and overworn with this bustling materiality, and longs for a contrast-for the unreal, the dreamy. In this reactive mood of our over-driven society, lie the poet's hope and sphere. We long for him, just as city people long for green trees and quiet streams; and year by year his sway over us will increase. Witness the success of Whittier's last beautiful idyl, Maud Miller, which has found its way, like a flash, from the *Erain* to newspapers and magazines through the country. We have met it in the

parlor and the kitchen, everywhere a favorite. Pray ask him for another!

Since poetry is eternal, and the need of it constant, the Poet can never
cease out of our land.
H.B.S.

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From the Norristown Olive Branch.
GEN. CASS ON SENATOR NORRIS.

When the death of Moses Norris of N. H. was [[illegible]] inst., Gen.
Cass pronounced a short eulogium on the life of the deceased, in which
he said:

'When he had formed opinions on any subject, he was never known to
give way before temptation or danger. He was a national man. He knew
no sections, and rose above local considerations in his efforts for the
common weal.'

It is a very common notion that every man ought to be praised after his
death, and it may have been this notion that led the veteran Senator of
Michigan to utter the above sentiment. But we could never see why
one's faults should be all overlooked after his death. If all are praised
indiscriminately, then no eulogium can be worth aught to any body.
Besides, the life of a public man ought to be fairly held up to public view.
If it be good, it will be an incentive to others to walk in the same path of
rectitude; if it is bad, then it should be held up as a warning to the living.
There is no sense in this sickening, hypocritical and fulsome laudation of
all men, whether good or bad. Let every one have his due, living or
dead.

Gen. Cass says Mr. Norris 'never gave way to temptation after he had
his opinion formed.' Now it is notorious that Mr. Norris had repeatedly
expressed himself against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, while
that bill was under consideration. Letter writers stated it so from
Washington, and it was never contradicted. His aversion to the bill was
so well known, that his vote was expected against it, till the bill came to
vote. Now what induced Mr. Norris to vote for the bill, against his
judgement, if he never yielded to temptation? Oh, General!

'He was a national man,' was he? Was he national because he gave his
official influence to spread slavery over the whole national domain? This
then is another evidence that slavery is a national institution. Gen. Cass,
then, must be wrong in supposing that slavery is a local regulation. Mr.
Norris 'knew no section' and left slavery to spread its horrid proportions
over every section of the nation, therefore he was a national man! What
a glorious nationality! Slavery national, Freedom nowhere! The toady of
slavery is a national, and hence the friend of freedom is sectional! This
is Cass logic.

Gen. Cass has given his associates a first rate form to pronounce his
eulogy some day. He is now over three score years and ten, and cannot
expect to survive much longer. His whole life has been devoted to the
extension and nationalization of slavery, therefore we must call him a
'national man' after he is gone! It really appears that this sly hint was
intended for that very purpose. His mind does not seem to be very easy,

and probably he has some fear for his memory, after his spirit shall have shuffled off its mortal coil.

This suggestion, however, will not save him. The history of the next generation will do justice to the living men of this day. His name will go down to posterity as the pliant tool of the abomination of this country. The faithful historian cannot fail to record the fact, that Gen. Cass is a man of fair talents and good impulses-that he had the most favorable opportunities to check the progress of oppression in his own country-that he prostituted all these to his morbid ambition for the Presidential chair, and that he didn't get it after all! This foul stigma will eclipse all the good he ever did. His descendants and friends will be ashamed of it.

The servitors of the Slave Power are the foolishlest of all men. Eager to immortalize themselves, they never look to the future for their immortality. They seek to throw a halo of undying glory around their names, by pandering to the vile behests of a hateful and doomed system.

Who would not even now a thousand times rather enjoy the reputation of a Jefferson, a Franklin, a Jay, or a John Quincy Adams, than the spotted celebrity of a Calhoun or Webster? Yet in a generation hence, when slavery shall be wiped from our national escutcheon-when it shall be spoken of with a blush of shame, as a relic of the incongruities of the past-the memories of those who stood by the claims of Liberty and Humanity, undaunted by persecution, will shine vastly more bright, and those of traitors proportionally more dark. Men will then look back upon the names of doughfaces with the same disgust and disdain we now do upon the names of Tories; among the blackest of all will be the name of Lewis Cass. He is the father of the horrid heresy, dubbed 'popular sovereignty,' and is the true sponsor of the troubles and evils growing out of it. Douglas is not the author of the Kansas and Nebraska outrage, but it is Cass. Let him have his due.

This is not all. Gen. Cass will soon be called hence to give an account of his stewardship. As a professing Christian, he will meet the Judge of the quick and the dead, with his hands red with innocent blood! Before that great Tribunal, he will be confronted by thousands of his fellows, and there in the presence of Almighty God, they will clank in his face the very chain which his voice and his vote helped to forge for their limbs.

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From the Boston Atlas.

CASS ON INSTRUCTIONS.

We publish, in another column, the official report of the debate in the U.S. Senate upon the presentation, by Mr. Stuart, of the resolutions recently adopted by the Michigan Legislature. The extraordinary and indefensible positions assumed by the clumsy demagogue, who misrepresents the State of Michigan in the Senate, their glaring inconsistency with all his past professions, and the contemptible shifts and evasions to which he is compelled to resort, in his vain endeavors to cover up and to palliate his delinquencies and his violation of his own doctrines of 'popular sovereignty' and the rights of instruction, present so remarkable a case of 'democratic' practice versus 'democratic' pretences, as to justify the space they occupy. We give the resolutions

in full, in order that the whole case may be fairly presented. We hope that no one will omit to read the report, if by chance he has ever been misled into the delusion that honor, consistency, or political integrity form any of the stock in trade of the Michigan Senator. He shows himself, at last, in his true colors, those of the mere political trickster, whose duplicity is only equalled by his clumsiness, and whose knavery he has not the wit to conceal.

If there is one doctrine that has been more frequently or more prominently paraded than any other, as the great cardinal corner-stone of Loco Foco 'Democracy,' it is that of the right of instruction by the State Legislature to their State Senators in Congress. In times past, it has been carried to the most excessive and unreasonable lengths, not even stopping at unconstitutional and lawless demands. Whig Senators were instructed out of their seats, who would not do violence to their own sense of right by voting for the expunging resolutions, and even this stretch of prerogative, the 'Democratic' party, without exception, looked on and applauded. No member of that party has more frequently or more thoroughly committed himself to this doctrine even in its [[illegible]] instructed to vote for the Wilmot Proviso by his State Legislature, he professed his readiness to yield to these instructions until the resolutions were rescinded. All this he has the hardihood to admit in his speech in the Senate. More than this, Mr. Cass has recently set himself forth as the great high priest of the new Democratic dogma of 'popular sovereignty'- the right of the people to rule, without let, hindrance or restraint. Yet here we find this great pretender to Democratic principles plainly defying the popular will, both as expressed at the ballot boxes last fall, and as uttered by the people's representatives, fresh from the popular elections, in the Legislature! Here we have this preacher of popular sovereignty trampling upon the sovereignty of the people of Michigan, the first moment it run counter to the convenience or aspirations of this unmitigated imposter! We may search the records of past history in vain for more glaring or more reckless defiance of one's own promises, pledges and professions of principles, or of more indecent disregard to the rights, wishes and commands of his sovereigns, the people, plainly, legally and peremptorily expressed.

Mr. Cass seeks in vain to hide himself behind weak and insufficient subterfuges. Nothing could have been more open, undisguised or undeniable than the significance of the late election in Michigan. Mr. Cass and his colleague were both on trial before the people. They had conspired with the propagandists of slavery to break down and to violate a sacred compact of thirty-four years' honored observance. It was not only a shameless breach of the public faith of the nation, but there was no reason to doubt that it was in the most indefensible defiance of the wishes of the people of Michigan. Having participated in this great crime against liberty and against democratic principles, Mr. Cass went before the people, and there on the stump attempted to explain and to palliate his gross misconduct. The people heard him, and passed their judgment upon him and his votes. It was one of unmistakable, overwhelming, withering condemnation. The party that had sustained Mr. Cass was swept out of power in every branch of the State government. The Executive, three-fourths of the Congressional delegation, and two-thirds of the legislature were chosen, on the very issue he had made, sought and defended before the people, and these were against him and his new misnamed doctrines of public sovereignty. The majority on the popular vote was counted by thousands. The once powerful democratic party of Michigan was hurled to the ground, and in its place the Republican democracy was exalted to place and power. Plainly as the resolutions their legislature have adopted to speak out their disapproval

of Mr. Cass, these resolutions are not more significant or instructive in their language than was the voice of the people last fall. But do these consistent preachers of popular instructions practise upon their own rules of democracy? What can be more pitiful than the subterfuges with which Mr. Cass seeks to palliate and to hide his shameful delinquency? They who have instructed him do not believe in the doctrine of instructions! Indeed! Pray how does Mr. Cass know this? He gives—he can give—no evidence of its truth. The best possible evidence that they do believe in this favorite doctrine of the General is, that they have made use of it. Their resolutions of instruction are the best evidence in the world that they do believe in it. Besides, this is no excuse whatever to one like Cass, who pretends, or has pretended, that he does believe in the doctrine. But then it might injure the democratic party, if their opponents are to be permitted to instruct its great exponents! This is better and better. The democratic party, now reduced by its own guilt and misconduct to a minority in every free State in the Union, which has successively been beaten since March last, in every Northern State except California, is, to Mr. Cass, all in all. This party is the sovereign autocrat of these United States, in his eyes. Their partisan supremacy is all that he concerns himself for. No matter what the people, the real popular sovereigns of Michigan may demand, so long as they are not misnamed democratic party. He turns a deaf ear to their voice, and in the vain hope that a reflux tide may leave him high and dry, and out of their reach in some prospective election, not only stultifies his own pretences of democracy, but plainly preaches now the doctrine, that with him party is all in all, the voice of the people nothing.

Another subterfuge, not less disgraceful, is the dishonest pretence, that the elections which have placed him in this exposed position to the pelting of the popular storms, have turned upon other questions than the Nebraska villany. The Know Nothings form a convenient point of attack, and Mr. Cass pretends to assign to them alone the revolution which promises to lay him forever on the shelf. This is inexcusably dishonest. Mr. Cass knows that it is not the truth. He knows that the Nebraska outrage was the one great question in issue, because he everywhere mounted the rostrum, and debated this question alone. In whatever point of view we consider the remarks and the course of the Michigan Senator, they are indefensible, palpably dishonest, inconsistent with all their past pretences, and eminently disgraceful.

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Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

C A S S .

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1855.

Mr. Cass is an old man, and a dea man, and we hate to disturb the ashes of the departed. But when their remains 'lie superfluous,' we can't help the desire to characterize, and shovel them out of the way. Cass is a most valorous man in circumstances where it costs him no exhibition of pluck. But under other 'circumstances,' such, for example, as at the Chicago Convention, it is vice versa with him. Cass was unafraid to say what he thought on Internal Improvements, at Chicago; he was afraid to say and vote what he thought on the Wilmot Proviso; he was afraid to do his duty on the Nebraska Bill; but he is not afraid to defy the Legislature of his own State, and say 'No,' to their proposition for him to resign. His valor in conflict reminds us of the man whom his wife put under the bed, but who insisted upon looking out through the cracks in the counterpane. When she chid him, he resented it, and declared that while he had the spirit of a man, he would peep out.

But we do not wish to be hard upon the soft, spongy old man. He has good qualities, and his notes are A. 1. But he is no sort of man to hold up as a model for the youth of this great country. On the contrary, a nation of Casses-the thought suggests a parody:

Nature could form but one such-
And broke the die in moulding Cass.

Perhaps this may be thought personal and severe, but we do not so intend it. We ~~is~~ really no stand up to him. He is not the man who is known as an animal who stands erect on a perpendicular vertebra. He does not go upright, but ~~hoops~~ through the world. If you hit such a man, you don't knock him down; you only set him spinning. You might as well talk of knocking down a football. He is the natural advocate of squatter sovereignty, for he is a professional squatter himself. He never does anything else. He always squats. He squatted on Slavery, squatted on Internal Improvements, squatted on the Proviso, squatted on Nebraska, and was never known in any emergency to do other than squat. He is a squat man of himself; and at length, through the action of the people of Michigan, he has been reduced to a Senatorial squatter. He is occupying territory that does not belong to him, and which the owner thereof has ordered him to quit. But he doesn't go; he still squats.

Indeed, Mr. Cass is, politically, all putty and dough. The wonder is he has ever exhibited any powers of locomotion. Men generally need bones to do this. But Cass has not one. He is purely mucilaginous. Doubtless he is virtuous and pious after his own standard. But it is a virtue and piety which spring from the fear that the devil will get him at last. So shaky, so timid, so filled to the brim with all manner of apprehensions, from the frown of a slaveholder up to the imaginary scowl of Satan, he dreads to fall into the hands of either. Such a man must be pious-very.

Mr. Cass enjoys the high honor of standing at the head of a class. This is, the political mock-auctioneers of our times-men who keep the red flag flying continually, and perpetually expose their brass and pinchbeck, declare them to be pure and gold, and try to impose upon every body. He is the head and front of the whole breed of doughfaces, of which it is to be hoped this generation will see the last; but perhaps not. It is hard to eradicate an entire breed, especially when it is bad. Foul weeds need perpetual uprooting. The signs of the times, however, denote that most of them will be brought to the take for their crimes. Let us, at least, hope so. If we only could get rid of the troublesome rascals, and bring the North and South face to face, on the Slavery question, we should have peace and harmony. The question then would be settled once for all. But the doughfaces and compromisers thrust in their time-serving interference, and make all the mischief. The Lord deliver us from the whole doughface-race- timid, hare-like, truckling, spongy, prevaricating, backing out, selling out crew. If such a thing existed as a political Jew-shop, the whole tribe could not be pawned for enough to replace the wig on the venerable head of the order upon whose merits we have discarded.

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POSITION OF GEN. CASS.

The position of the General resolves itself simply into this-I recognize the right of what I style a Democratic Legislature to instruct Senators in Congress, but not the right of an anti-Democratic legislature.

That this is precisely what he means, is placed beyond all doubt by the following declaration, which occurs subsequently in his speech:

'For myself, sir, if Providence permit, I shall remain in the position I occupy during the residue of my term of service, unless, indeed, the Democratic of Michigan should require me to do what my convictions of duty would prohibit me from doing; in which event I should retire, without hesitation, to private life.'

It follows that, in the judgement of General Cass, what he calls the Democracy has the exclusive right to rule, to legislate, to elect, to instruct,-that when it is thrown into the minority by the action of the masses of the people, it is denied its inalienable right, and the majority, by whatever name called, is simply a usurper-has no legitimate title to rule, to legislate, to elect, to instruct! The ridiculous absurdity of the assumption would excite derision, did it emanate from a younger and less respectable man.

The dogma of the right of instruction needs revision. It is certainly repudiated, to all intents and purposes, by the self-styled leaders of the Democracy of the North. Witness the conduct of the Senators from New Hampshire, of the Senator from Connecticut, and this fresh example of recusancy on the part of the Michigan Senators. The truth is, the dogma, as maintained by some theorists, is too extravagant for a rule of conduct. That the Legislature of a State has a right to signify to the Representatives and Senators of that State in Congress, its opinion and will upon any question, few will deny. How far such an expression of opinion should be binding, is a question for the decision of those instructed; and this decision, it seems to us, must depend upon a single question-is this Legislative Instruction a fair expression of the deliberate, settled opinion and will of the majority of the people in the State? If the Senator is constrained to answer this question for himself in the affirmative, the spirit and principle of a Representative Government require obedience or resignation. If honest, honorable, and truly Democratic, he will obey or resign. Nay, such a Senator would need no Legislative Instruction to remind him of his duty. He would be prompt to execute what he believed the will of the people of his State, or, if his convictions of right forbade, promptly resign, make room for the selection of an agent disposed to carry out the people's wishes, and thus demonstrate his devotion to the representative principle.

As it is, General Cass and his colleague are no Representatives of Michigan. What do they represent? For what services do they draw their per diem? For defying the will, for misrepresenting the views of a sovereign State! It is a consolation to reflect that they stand in the Senate without authority and without position, allies of the slave interest, but repudiated by the freemen of Michigan. -National Era.

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GENERAL CASS AT HOME.

The 'noise and confusion' at the home of this 'popular sovereignty' humbug has increased since the tidings of his recreancy to his own doctrines, when applied to himself. The Detroit Tribune truly says of his present halting inconsistency, that he has stultified himself beyond his ability to justify. It says:

'His open avowals of the binding nature of instructions, and of the

unqualified duty of Legislators in Congress to obey them, or give place to those who would, have been too frequent for years to admit of any doubt upon that point.

In the State election last fall, the question of Gen. Cass's own acts entered largely. The result of that election, it was foreseen, would be a direct and emphatic verdict of the people of Michigan, either of censure or approval. So well was this understood-so fairly accepted was this issue-that our venerable Senator himself stumped the State, speaking almost exclusively in defence of his votes on that great question of the Betrayal of Freedom. He used every means to secure the popular approval [[illegible]]and fame, into the scale. After [[illegible]] -after putting forth extraordinary exertions till no stone was left unturned, that scale kicked the beam, and by a majority of over Four Thousand in this his home and his stronghold, the people pronounced against him, and on this very question whereon he has been instructed, condemned his course. Thus, by a necessary inference, these instructions were and are now sanctioned by the people themselves. And in the face and eyes of all this, our Senator eats his own oft-repeated words, assumed a humiliating position before his constituents, and defies the plainly expressed will of the people of our State!

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From the N.Y. Christian Inquirer.
REV. SAMUEL J. MAY'S LECTURE.

REV. S. J. MAY, of Syracuse, after being introduced by some very happy remarks from Mr. O. Johnson, which are reported in the Tribune, gave, on Tuesday evening last, the eleventh lecture in the Anti-Slavery course, at the Tabernacle.

Mr. Johnson said:
The Abolitionists have often had occasion to speak in tones of sorrow and indignation, of the degeneracy of the American Pulpit on the great question of Human Freedom; to mourn that, in the high places of the Church, (to use the language of Coleridge,)

'The sweet words
Of Christian promise-words that even yet,
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preached-
Are muttered o'er by men whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade.'

To denounce the hypocrisy of those

'Who preach, and kidnap men!
Give thanks, and rob God's own afflicted poor!
Talk of Christ's glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door.'

But, notwithstanding the general delinquency, there have always been a few members of the clerical profession, who, in face of popular obloquy and scorn, have dared to utter the whole counsel of God, whether men would hear or forbear. It is a clergyman of this class whom I have the honor to introduce to you on the present occasion; one who, in the eventful struggles of the last quarter of a century, has ever been faithful

to the Anti-Slavery cause. And I am very sure that when you have heard the lecture of this evening, you will be ready to confess that, although we could not prevent the failure of our Banks, we have, at least, preserved the currency of this platform from depreciation.

Mr. May's subject was the history of the Anti-Slavery movement in this country, which proved to be very much the history of William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. May has the most exalted and enthusiastic notions of the character, services, and merits of Mr. Garrison, and it was really refreshing to hear a name, usually mentioned only with censure of qualifications, so lovingly and admiringly pronounced and dwelt upon. Mr. May was very instructive; and we regret exceedingly the smallness of his audience, which the badness of the night and the far end of the season sufficiently accounted for. Few people are acquainted with the history of the anti-slavery movement. The fact that it began at the South in the Colonization Society, and that lecturers first came from there, depicting the horrors of slavery, and calling on the North to come to the aid of the South in exporting her free negroes, and diminishing the numbers of her black population, is one utterly forgotten by those who are now bidding the North be silent on the subject.

Mr. May stated one fact, bearing upon the policy of immediate emancipation, which is worth a thousand theoretical objections, viz.: that not a single instance can be adduced of a slave's turning his newly received freedom against his old master. The laws of human nature ought to satisfy us that this would be so; but we are glad to have a careful man's assertion that it is so.

The lecturer drew the attention of his audience to the gross inconsistency of the principles of our revolutionary fathers with their slaveholding practices; and after scourging Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson for their brave words and their cowardly customs, their 'Give me liberty or give me death,' with their purchase and enjoyment of slave labor, went on in a softened tone to disparage Washington himself, as one whose slaveholding must, with the growth of correct sentiments, leave an ever-deepening shadow upon his resplendent

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