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102 [[centered]] THE LIBERATOR [[centered]] [[right just]] JUNE 27
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[[column 1]]

part of these poor, hard-struggling immigrants. I can but believe it to be wholly the result of bitter opposition to Eastern people, having the prospective chance of a fee-simple in the fair hills and plains of Kansas. I see and believe that this feeling has been strong enough to lead Missouri to put forth her mean and treacherous hand, with the will to tear up by the roots every settlement where the Southern mark is not stamped upon its inhabitants. Oh, men of Congress! where is the use of your assembling together, if not for the good of those who are in need of your aid?

Last night a strong and noble specimen of a man passed close by our cabin on his watch. I heard his cheerful voice, and this little tramp of his horse, as though he did not wish to disturb our sleep, but only to assure us of safety. To-day, while off of duty, he is cut down as a butcher would an ox. Long before this reaches you, other victims will sleep their last sleep. Our houses are no protection. There is hardly a cabin which a strong man could not tear down.

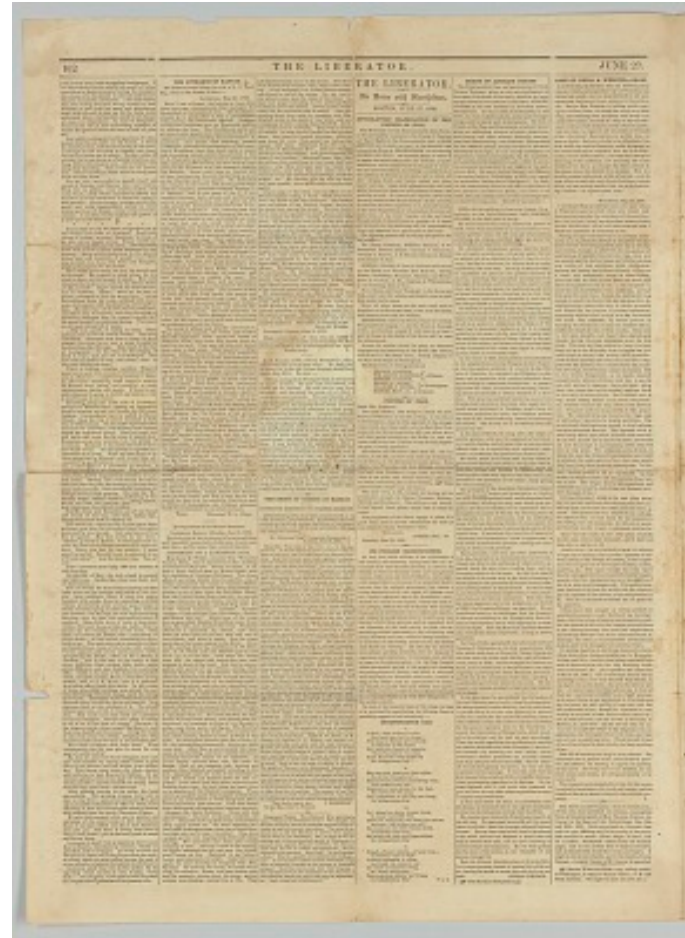
Let me add, is a relief to myself, that I am proud of Kansas, and Kansas men and women. They live in cabins; where shabby clothes, and rusty boots: their whole appearance offends my intuitive love for whatsoever is beautiful, orderly, and graceful; but the energy, courage, good judgment, and noble magnanimity shown in these nights and days of danger, sweep away all antecedents. I see them in the majesty and power of a true and noble manhood stop
* * * * *

Let me take you by the hand, and go with you to the thrifty little town of Lawrence. Dear little village of cabins! a petted 'Benjamin' to those of us who are no longer young. Stand outside my cabin and look with me and listen. The sun sinks down with a train of glory never surpassed in any country. Many cabins nestle close to the ground before you, and hundreds of people trace their way to their own, busy with their own thoughts, plans and purposes for the future.

The laborer places away his hod, trowel and his hammer. He sings as he plods along, for his work is done, and his supper is ready. How is still the places, broken now only by the distant tinkle of the cow-bell! Night unfolds her tent-like curtain of darkness. Listen! 'while he, the man of prayer, commends to God the weary here;' across the stillness floats his voice, subdued with reverence, and earnest with thanksgiving and supplication. He asks that 'those who wait to shed innocent blood may be forgiven, and that the hearts of unfeeling strangers may be turned towards us.' He gives thanks for returning Spring. We return to our poor cabins full of peace.

--The last month of spring is come. Hope springs anew in hearts almost broken. The hotel is finished. Strangers now have a home in good earnest, for there never was a more hospitable landlord than Mr. Eldridge. Take heart, little city of immigrants, "for the time for the singing of birds is come," and you are not destroyed. The last week of spring is here, and where, alas! is the little defenceless town?

What a boiling, surging cauldron Missouri must be, pour over scum of



robbers and assassins so often into a neighboring territory! Surely, after such a clarifying, there ought to remain an element clear, strong, and powerful, to work righteousness, justice, and mercy. If there is any such element, it seems to be hid and useless; else it would come to our rescue.

Stretching along the north side of Lawrence, sweeps the Kansas River, making an impassable barrier between us and our friends, the Delaware Indians. Our southern limit is walled in Mount Oread; upon the top of which stretches a dark line of Missourians. On the same highland is the house of Gov. Robinson; and midway from its base stands the unfinished church. East and west you will see a still more fearful array of armed men. Sweeping across the prairies, too, are groups of horsemen. Fastened in the town are tents of United States troops. All this parade is against us! incredible as it seems. What we have done, to be thus proscribed by Missouri, and, worse than all, unheeded by our President, it will certainly take the crooked head of the statesman to unravel. I willingly leave it to you lawyers. We, who suffer [line partially obscured by fold] is. History will take account of the facts, in this unparalleled confusion of right and wrong. History will immortalize the brave and true men who had the courage to give up their arms and surrender, when successful resistance to outrage was no longer possible. But only the 'Recording Angel' keeps a truthful reckoning of the pitiful cry from the hopeless, despairing women, and frightened, bewildered children.

Sheriffs Jones and Donaldson ate of our bread and drink of our cup, and then, Judas-like, straightway went forth to destroy us.

The brave boy, who stood by us and gave them welcome, now sees, for the second time, his cabin destroyed by your people. God only knows if his life was spared. His last words to me were: 'Mother, go back to Boston; I never knew how to value the laws of old Massachusetts till I came out here. Never you fear for me, mother; I must stand in my lot. Shouldn't you be ashamed of me if I went away?' And the answer was, 'YES, MY SON.'

Now I perceive more fully the rare wisdom of this boy-man.

On 22d of May, the mob closed in around our little town. Spider-like, they wove their web of destruction.

For two weeks, the most intense anxiety and fear have worn out the strength and hearts of our people. After midnight, when, if ever, the weary watcher falls asleep, there is a startling, wolf-like whoop, penetrating every soul of man, woman or child, and they spring to their feet. Day has not yet dawned; but through the dim light preceding morning, may be seen the approaching army of madmen. Some little show of order is preserved, while a few more sham arrests are made-- thus to secure all the leading men of the town. This done, all houses are broken into; everything of value stolen; all left behind, unsuitable to move, broken up. The next step was to assemble in Massachusetts Street, front of the hotel, with cannon. On the opposite side of the street stood a cabin, occupied by Mr. Brown, editor of the 'Herald of Freedom;' and in the rear of the cabin, a fine stone building, three stories high, built, under great difficulty, and just finished, for a printing office. Close at the side of the hotel stood another cabin, occupied by Mrs. Wood, a beautiful young woman, wife of S. N. Wood, who is a prisoner. A printing office joined this cabin. In the centre of these proscribed buildings were

placed the cannon, and charge followed charge upon the strong stone hotel. The sturdy walls looked coolly at the fuss and noise, but did not move nor tremble. Now platoons fired at the windows of it. The sheriff refused any time, or aid, to remove women or children. This hotel had been built as a pleasant home for strangers; and also as a place of safety to all of us in the time of danger. But now, in the utmost terror, these people flee from it, and from the sheriff and his posse. Along the banks of the river they run wildly, creeping into deep ravines to hide from the fury of the drunken men.

Dear little children--God help them! What compensation can life ever give to atone for this page of awful reality?

My dear sir, you have but to imagine your own wife and beautiful boy among these exiles, to give force to the picture, and stir aright your sympathy. This wrong cries aloud--by blood, rapine, and robbery--to just Heaven for redress. In my humble opinion, there is no page of history so revolting as this; and the wounds are doubly bitter because they come from a SISTER STATE.

After placing powder in the cellar, the hotel surrendered. The printing presses were laid to rest in the river; and at last the post office gave up its honored credentials of office to those hired assassins of that most *unmitigated calamity* Heaven ever suffered upon the earth -- FRANKLIN PIERCE.

We who have escaped alive are in painful uncertainty of the small notes in this sad history. Some of us have risked our all in that territory, and LOST ALL. Our sons, if living, may now be hungry and naked; yet we have no power to reach and succor them.

Lawrence is dead! but as surely as there is justice in Heaven, this death by violence, wholly unprovoked, will be avenged. As surely as there are disciples of Jesus still doing his work on the earth, so surely shall this martyrdom become the seed of a true church, to lighten the heathen world about it.

Lawrence shall hear the words, spoken by the up-rising better nature of man, saying 'Come forth!' and the glory of the newly-built city shall far surpass the degradation of its present ruin.

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THE OUTRAGES IN KANSAS.

The following letter is from the wife of S. N. Wood, Esq., editor of the *Kansas Tribune*--

LAWRENCE, May 26, 1856.

Here I am at home, and rejoice to learn that there are some circumstances that apologize for the conduct of the Lawrence men. All the circumstances go to prove that it was a preconcerted thing among the Territorial officials. Shannon enrolled the Southern mob as Territorial militia to enforce the laws. The Pro-Slavery party and all their border

papers were clamoring forth to the world that we were resisting and *would resist* U.S. authority. Our people held meetings, passed resolutions, and sent as the expression of the meeting to Donaldson. that they stood ready to assist him in making arrests under the authority of the U.S. They sent messengers to him to assure him of this; yet on last Wednesday, he came with a large posse of the Southern mob, and arrested Jenkins and Deitzler. Jones's mob were on Capitol hill all day, having come there in the morning as soon as the Marshal made his arrests. He disbanded the wretches in the street, and Jones joined them with his company, proclaimed himself Deputy U.S. Marshal, and in the name of the U.S. demanded the arms, both private and public property in town--said if they were not given up, the town should be destroyed--said the Court at Lecompton had ordered it. The cannons were hid under Jenkins's tin store, and Pomeroy like an old fool went and hauled it out, and ordered our boys to help, but not one would touch it, until some of them were forced to do so with the revolvers of the enemy at their heads, they swearing that they would "blow their damned brains out," if they would not obey. They only got about three or four Sharpe's rifles. The boys hid them as well as they could. One of them put his in one leg of his pants, and limped along as though his joints were stiff. After they had got all the arms they could, Atchison and Jones proclaimed that the Court at Lecompton (Judge Lecompte,) had pronounced the Free State Hotel, the Printing Presses and Blanton's Bridge, all *nuisances*, and had ordered them to remove the same. The presses were attacked first, and my descriptive powers fail to paint to you the scene of desolation that the offices now present. The presses broken in every place that could break, the papers and books torn and strewed all over town, the ink smeared over all, the stoves battered and broken, the type thrown into the river, and strewed like hail through the streets. The hotel went next, as I have told you. Pencil sketches of it have been taken, (of the ruins,) and it will soon be pictured in newspapers all over the Union.

The work of pillage and plunder still went on. When they first entered, the women and children flew like frightened birds across the ravine to Jenkins's house, and about fifty houses were entered by the mob. They tore up beds, and ripped them open to find arms. They smashed looking-glasses, dishes, furniture, and even children's toys, ate everything they could, and destroyed the rest of the provisions, broke open trunks and stole money and clothes from Johnson's house; including all the boarders lost, about ten thousand dollars are stolen in money, drafts and land warrants. Mr. Stowell had about \$6000, in drafts and land warrants stolen. They stole watches, chains and all the ladies' jewelry and silk dresses they could find. They tell me it seemed as though a pack of fiends from the infernal regions were let loose upon them. They entered the stores, robbed the money drawers, pulled off their old shabby duds, and dressed themselves in the best they could find. *Dave Atchison*, late Vice President of our glorious Republic, took two boxes of cigars from Brooks's store, and stole some shirts which the owner recognized when he saw them on Atchison's back the next day. The disposition they displayed was fiendish beyond anything that ever was seen or imagined. Jones declares it the happiest day of his life-- Jones, whose heart's blood, according to the representation of his friends, was a short time ago crying from the earth for vengeance.

Horses were stolen all over the neighborhood. Rev. Mr. Lane lost 2 horses, Wilders 3, Jenks 1, Capt. Thomas 1, Jenkins 2, Simpson 2. These are only a few of *the demand of arms and removal of "nuisances"* was made and ordered by the court, Lecompte

acting as Judge, under the authority of the United States: and the second, and I believe the greatest reason was because Robinson, Deitzler, Brown, Jenkins, Judge Smith and Branson were in their hands, and well it was known that should the first blow be struck by Free State men in defense of their rights, the helpless prisoners would be assassinated by an infuriated mob.

Yours,
MARGARET W. L. WOOD.

[[line]]

Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, Monday, June 9, 1856.

The following is the testimony of an accomplished and beautiful young lady of this city, long a resident here, and for some time a school teacher:

TESTIMONY OF A LAWRENCE LADY.

Miss Lucy M. Wilder, recently from Worcester County, Mass., was in Lawrence on the morning of the 21st of May last. About 5 o'clock, A.M. saw a large body of men on Mount Oread, near the residence of Governor Robinson. Two hours after, I saw them divide into two parties, one of which surrounded the house of Governor Robinson; the other came nearer town, and planted two cannon, so as to bear upon the Free-State Hotel. Saw two United States flags--one red, on one side a large white star in the centre, on the other the words 'SOUTHERN RIGHTS,' another flag with the words 'SOUTH CAROLINA.' Another, 'YANKEES TREMBLE--ABOLITIONISTS FALL, OUR MOTTO, 'SOUTHERN RIGHTS FOR ALL!' About noon of the same day, a man called Marshal Donaldson came down from the hill, and entered the hotel. Presently afterward I dismissed my school, saw him come out with three of his own men and two of our citizens, and went in again. Saw the same party leave the house, and go to the Hotel. Afterward a carriage drove up, and Messrs. G. w. Deitzler, G. W. Smith and the Marshal got in and drove up on to the hill. Soon after Mr. Jones came into the street with twenty-five men, and stopped in front of the hotel. Saw him in conversation with several of our citizens--among them General Pomeroy and Mr. Roberts. Immediately after saw Pomeroy and Roberts to work moving a portion of the foundation of the building where I was teaching school, and take out a mounted brass cannon, and with the assistance of others draw it into the street. A short time afterwards a body of about 500 men marched down from the mill and stationed themselves in front of the hotel. Immediately afterwards, in company with Mrs. Kimball. left town for an eminence just out of town, taking a spy-glass with us. We soon reached the hill, where we found three ladies; saw several men riding about on horseback in front of the Marshal's posse; saw them put a red flag on The Herald of Freedom office and on the hotel; saw a party station three cannon, drawn by oxen, in front of the hotel. At twenty-five minutes past five o'clock, P.M., the cannonading commenced; thirty-two balls were fired. After that, a party entered the basement of the building, and soon hastily returned; presently heard the report of an explosion. In about twenty minutes after, saw the hotel in flames. Part of our company left, leaving my mother, Mrs. Kimball and myself standing on the hill; remained until the walls of the hotel fell in, and then turned and walked

down the hill together; when about half way down, saw four men walking from town; by their dress we knew them to be members of Col. Buford's company. When within a hundred yards they stopped, leveled their guns at us, and without a word being said, fired; headed the bullets pass near us. They then threw down their guns, swinging their hats and shouted, 'HURRAH FOR SOUTH CAROLINA! Down with the Abolitionists! SLAVERY IN KANSAS FOREVER, BY GOD!' They then took up their arms, and levelled them again toward us. We were standing perfectly still, looking at them, when one of their number cried out, DON'T FIRE; I wouldn't. They then walked up the hill, singing Lilly Dale and Katy Darling. We afterward saw them join a large company of men. About 8 o'clock in the evening, we again ascended the hill, and saw Gov. Robinson's house on fire. Returned to my father's house, and remained over night. Came into town again the next morning in company with Mrs. Kimball. On entering the house, we found everything in confusion; trunks had been broken open and the contents strewn about the room; several articles were missing, among them a rifle. They

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had searched every room in the house. The floors were stained with tobacco, also, some of the clothing. A ball designed for a United States musket, was found in one of the rooms. On my way to the school-room, saw the ruins of the hotel, the type and paper belonging to the printing-offices scattered about the streets. Owing to the excitement, but five scholars came to school. After dismissing them, they went in company with Mrs. Kimball down to the bank of the river, and saw a company of men--among them David R. Atchison--cross over on the ferry. They had a cannon on wheels. As soon as they landed on the opposite shore, they aimed it toward the town; after the men were all over, they moved on, taking the cannon with them. Returned from the river to the store of Hutchinson & Co., and saw that the windows had been broken, and glass scattered in front of the building. Returned home. Mrs. Burdit told me that everything in her house had been stolen; also Mrs. Johnson said her house was broken into, and what was not taken was destroyed--even her children's playthings, windows broken, etc. Mr. Brooks told me that his store had been opened: about \$200 worth of goods were stolen.

About noon of the 21st, saw an officer of the Marshal's posse riding a horse which was stolen from my father a few days previous. My brother saw two others of my father's horses, stolen in the same way, among the crowd. The next Saturday I went with my father's hired man to Lecompton to regain the horses, having heard they were there. In conversation with some of the men who destroyed the hotel, they told me that their orders were to take all the horses and saddles they could find belonging to the enemy. The man that went with me searched all the camps in Lecompton, but could not find the horses. United States Marshal Donaldson then gave us a pass to go into all the camps, wherever found, and search for the horses. We then rode down to Colonel Buford's camp; as we approached it, we saw the men loading their rifles. We drove into camp, and met one of the officers. We demanded the privilege of searching for our horses. He replied that his orders were to take all horses they could find belonging to the enemy, but they had not found any; if they had, they should certainly have captured them. None of my father's horses were found in the camp.

In conversation with an officer, he said that Kansas was given by Congress to the South, 'and every drop of his blood should be spilled to

make Kansas a Slave State.' He came here hoping and expecting a fight, and he was ready for it. He called our people 'Free-State Ruffians,' and the laws of the Territorial Legislature must be and would be enforced. Soon after, I returned home.

LUCIE M. WILDER.

Lawrence, Kansas, June 9, 1856.

Many other ladies of this city can testify to many outrages and insults perpetrated by the Marshal's posse during the bombardment of the hotel.

Yours truly, T.

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E. R. Valley, of Mt. Gilead, Morrow Co., Ohio, left for Kansas a short time since. We find a letter from him in the Mt. Gilead Sentinel, dated Lawrence, May 28th. He says:--

'When coming from Westport here, I saw a man in much trouble. He had lost his horses, and could get no further. He told me he was from Missouri, and described his team, all of which I took down very minutely. The next Sunday after I got here, myself and a young man from Illinois, were stopped on the road by three South Carolina gentleman, and taken as prisoners to their camp, commanded by Stringfellow. I saw my friend called up for examination before a drunken magistrate; he tried to argue his right to travel peaceably without being arrested, except by proper authority. I saw him invited to look at a revolver, and see the source of their authority. He was taken to the guard-house, and kept a close prisoner for four days. I was walked in for examination, when I seated myself on the ground, looked as much like a fool as I could, answered all his questions, told a well-connected string of lies, and he came to the conclusion to let me go, saying that "I looked as though I would be of damned little account on [[line obscured by fold]] "SOUTHERN RIGHTS" on the other. When leaving their camp, I saw the lost horses hitched to a wagon belonging to them. One man who lives a mile from here, has had five horses taken away from him by these marauders.'

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THE REIGN OF TERROR IN KANSAS.

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GOVERNOR ROBINSON TO COLONEL FREMONT.

[The following letter has been communicated to us (The Tribune) for publication. It narrates in the most succinct and striking manner the history of the present crisis in Kansas, and will be read universally with deep and indigent interest.]

In 'Durance Vile,' Camp near Lecompton,
Tuesday, June 3, 1856.

Dear Sir: Your note of the 15th ult., is this day received. It would afford me much pleasure to visit the East at this time, but Frank Pierce has decreed otherwise. Last Fall threats were made against Lawrence, and our citizens and the people prepared for their protection, and the place was saved; but the citizens were indicted for treason, because the President's tools said they only 'intended' to enforce a legal process, and we were accordingly armed against the United States Government. The President, in a message and proclamation, denounced us as traitors, and endorsed the bogus officers in the Territory, and pledged them the service of the Army and Navy of the United States, and the militia of several States, to subdue the people of Kansas. In consequence of this action of the President, the people of Kansas decided to leave their towns and villages unprotected, and the President's tools to execute his will without opposition. About the 9th of last month I left for the East on business of my own, and I had no sooner left than the signal was given for the commencement of operations. I was detained by a mob at Lexington, Mo., an indictment found by a packed Jury, and a proclamation issued calling upon all who desired to destroy Lawrence, to assemble under the command of the United States Marshal. The people, not believing the President intended to outrage humanity, kept about their business and offered no opposition to the officer's posse. They have, however, learned by bitter experience that there is no greater outlaw in this country than Franklin Pierce, who, after arresting a few men and disarming the people, bombarded the town, blew up and burned the best hotel in the country west of St. Louis, with its furniture, destroyed two printing offices, burned my house, barn and outbuildings, with furniture, library, papers, wearing apparel and everything inflammable; robbed and pillaged the whole town, carrying away and destroying tens of thousands of dollars worth of property belonging to the hard-working pioneers. The men belonging to the same posse, many of whom are enrolled as his militia, have since been robbing and plundering Free State people wherever they could find them, till now the people have risen in their might, and have commenced protecting themselves. Civil war now rages in Kansas, and nothing but the speedy suppression of those armed invaders under Shannon, Buford & Co., can save the country from destruction. The people are driven to madness, and will bear no more outrages, even from the President of the United States. Judge G. W. Smith, G. W. Deitzler, G. Jenkins, G. W. Brown, and myself, all, save the last, the most quiet and the best citizens of Kansas, are now guarded in an open prairie by United States troops under charge of treason, here to remain until next September, when, if they so decide, a Jury will be packed, a mock trial will be held, and we shall be hung. Such is now the state of affairs in Kansas. The people of Kansas have determined henceforth to protect their lives and property with their own strong arms, and it is to be hoped that the people of the country will approve their course, and place some man in the Presidential chair, who will not rob, plunder and persecute the citizens of infant States, because they happen to differ from him in politics. The present of our beloved country is dark and ominous of evil, the future is in the hands of the free-voters--of the Sons of Liberty.

Very truly, yours, &c., C. ROBINSON.

To the Hon. John C. Fremont.

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President Pierce. The National Era pertinently asks--'What is the

President about? We thought the devoted Territory was to be protected against foreign invasion as well as internal convulsion. The army is ordered out to aid the Marshal to serve a writ, against which there is no resistance; but, in reply to an imploring call of the proscribed people of Lawrence, to protect them against Missouri invaders, Col. Sumner tells them he has no orders, and cannot act. He has returned to his quarters. Good God! Is the President a Nero? Has he a passion for massacre and conflagration? Is he anxious to stain his soul with blood, to go down to posterity, branded as the butcher of American citizens? He is the traitor, and were this Congress a fair representative of the sentiment of the majority of the American people, he would his hour be impeached, for "high crimes and misdemeanors." "

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THE LIBERATOR

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No Union with Slaveholders.

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BOSTON, JUNE 27, 1856.

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ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society hereby announce to the friends of Freedom and Equal Rights in the Commonwealth, that a MASS MEETING will be held, as usual, on the beautiful and commodious Grove at FRAMINGHAM, on the ensuing FOURTH OF JULY; the laudable design of which is to rescue that anniversary from the ordinary popular desecration, and to consecrate it to the cause of impartial and universal liberty, by striking a mortal blow at the existence of slavery in our land; and to which all who 'despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood,' and who 'reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man,' are cordially invited. In view of the impious claims and alarming strides of the Slave Power--of the necessity of combined Northern opposition to it, root and branch, to the utter forgetfulness of all sectarian divisions and party lines--of the awful baptism of fire and blood through which ill-fated Kansas is passing--it is hoped and believed that this gathering will be unprecedentedly large, and animated by a spirit equal to the crisis.

The following persons will be among the speakers for the occasion:

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, T. W. Higginson, Edmund Quincy, Charles C. Burleigh, Charles L. Remond, J. B. Swasey, Stephen S. Foster and Andrew T. Foss.

SPECIAL TRAINS of Cars to the Grove will be run by the Boston and

Worcester Rail Road Co., leaving Boston, Worcester, Millbury, Milford, and Northboro' at 9 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Way-stations, at the following rates of fare:

From Boston and from Worcester, to the Grove and back, sixty cents for adults, and thirty cents for children under twelve years.

From all other places on the main road, and its branches, to the Grove and back, fifty cents for adults, and twenty-five cents for children.

RETURNING--Leave the Grove, from 5 to 6 o'clock. The proprietors engage to put the Grove in thorough order; an abundant supply of cold water is at hand; and the house on the border of the Grove will be open for refreshments.

In case the weather should be rainy, or otherwise unpropitious for assembling in the Grove, the meeting will be held in Waverley Hall, directly adjacent to the Rail Road Depot at Framingham.

The Committee of Arrangements are

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
EDMUND JACKSON,
of Boston.
HENRY O. STONE,
CHARLES F. HOVEY,
of Framingham.
SAMUEL MAY, Jr., of Leicester.

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FOURTH OF JULY.

Dear Mr. Garrison:

That your readers, who design to attend the Anti-Slavery Celebration, on the 4th of July, at the Grove in Framingham, may be fully apprized of the arrangements which have been made with the Rail Road Company and the Grove proprietors, will you allow me to call their special attention to the Notice in your columns, and to say that I believe it may be fully depended upon, in every particular?

The Boston and Worcester Rail Road Co. will run trains, on the 4th, on their main road and its branches, to the Grove, on the following favorable terms: From Boston, from Worcester, and from Millbury, sixty cents [[line obscured by fold]] ford and from Northboro',--also from all Way Stations on the main road and its branches,--fifty cents for adults, and twenty-five cents for children. [[image: hand pointing right]] These prices ensure a ticket to go and return.

The hour of 9, A. M., is fixed for leaving all the places above named, viz. Boston, Worcester, Millbury, Milford, and Northboro'. This will give our friends, living beyond those places, ample time to reach the trains.

The proprietors of the Grove engage to place it in good order, and to provide refreshments for such as may choose to supply themselves there.

Truly yours,
SAMUEL MAY, Jr.
Leicester, June 23, 1856.

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NO FOOLISH GLORIFICATION.

At any time, while millions of the inhabitants of this country are constantly crying unto God for deliverance from their horrible thralldom, to observe the Fourth of July in the usual noisy and vain-glorious manner, indicates a sad lack of reflection, and a deplorable insensibility to the scorn of an astonished world; but now that the national government has become a daring usurpation of all the rights of freemen--now that 'border ruffianism' sits in the Presidential chair, watches for victims in the capitol, violates the most sacred pledges, gives its settlements over to rapine and plunder, and makes the army subservient to its will--now that the sky is full of fiery portents, and an extended civil war threatens all the land--surely to make the approaching national anniversary a day of festivity and pomp, of fustian and rant, would be doubly criminal,--an imitation of that bloody tyrant of old, who fiddled while Rome was burning! Let the day be observed with sadness and deep solemnity, and for purposes of repentance and restitution; let no cannon roar, no bell be rung, no illumination given; let the flag, beneath which one seventh portion of the people are clanking the galling chains of slavery, and which is saturated with their blood, be discarded with horror, instead of flung to the breeze; and let opportunities be found, and created, to sunder this most wicked and oppressive Union, even as our Revolutionary Fathers declared the old thirteen States to be free and independent of the mother country.

In view of the mournful state of the times, we hope to be pardoned for republishing the following lines, as peculiarly suggestive and admonitory:--

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

I.
O God! what mockery is this!
Our land, how lost to shame!
Well may all Europe jeer and hiss
At mention of her name!
For, while she boasts of Liberty,
'Neath Slavery's iron sway
Four Millions of her people lie
On Independence Day!

II.
She may not, must not thus rejoice,
Nor of her triumphs tell:--
Hushed be the cannon's thundering voice,
And muffled every bell!
Dissolved in tears, prone in the dust,

For mercy let her pray,
That judgments on her may not burst
On Independence Day!

III.

Lo! where her starry banner waves,
In many a graceful fold,
There toil, and groan, and bleed her slaves,
And men, like brutes, are sold!
Her hands are red with crimson stains,
And bloody is her way;
She wields the lash, she forges chains,
On Independence Day!

IV.

Friends of your country--of your race--
Of freedom--and of God!
Combine oppression to efface,
And break the tyrant's rod:
All traces of injustice sweep
By moral power away;
Then a glorious jubilee we'll keep
On Independence Day!
W. L. G.
[[/column 4]]

[[column 5]]

DEATH OF LINDLEY COATES.

The following letter from our much esteemed friend, Thomas Whitson, gives us the only intelligence we have seen of the death of that early, steadfast and most upright friend of the enslaved in our land, LINDLEY COATES, at his late residence in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. All that is said of the deceased, in this letter, we most cordially endorse, and a much stronger eulogy could be justly paid to his memory. He was a Friend, of the Penn and Fox pattern, a believer in progress, an unflinching advocate of peace, temperance, anti-slavery, and other reforms, eminently conscientious and discriminating, well-balanced, distinguished for his reflective powers, morally intrepid in whatever he believed to be right, of rare suavity and dignity of deportment, warm in his sympathy for the oppressed, and generous in his hospitality to all. Older in years, he anticipated us somewhat in our labors in the anti-slavery field. He was at the first National Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Philadelphia in 1833, and signed its memorable 'Declaration of Sentiments.' In 1840, he was unanimously elected to the office of President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and held it till 1843, when the enfeebled state of his health obliged him to tender his resignation. Blessed be his memory!

[[short dividing line]]

DIED--At his residence in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on the 3rd of 6th month, 1856, LINDLEY COATES, in the 63rd year of his age. He was a man of very strong intellectual powers of mind, which were controlled by a moral sentiment of a similar quality; hence his life was one of prominent usefulness, his religion practical right, his work the overthrow of all oppression and wrong. He advocated temperance, peace, and the abolition of capital

punishment, with great power, but on no subject was he so absorbed as that of American slavery; and for its overthrow, he labored with an ardor equalled by few other men. As early as the year 1827, he repudiated all plans for the gradual abolition of slavery,- asserting that immediate emancipation was the right of the slave, and the duty of the master; and that, had he it in his power, he would put an end to its existence instantaneously,- knowing, as he did, that justice, mercy, and humanity demanded it, and that it was always unsafe to disregard their requirements.

He labored to promote his object by presenting these views to the minds of others, both in his social and religious intercourse with them, contending that nothing would be so potent in redeeming the religion of the land from its downward tendency as for it to engage ardently in this cause; at the same time urging upon his associates the necessity of being vigilant in the agitation of the subject, and endeavoring to convince them of the correctness of his views with regard to the high position which he had himself taken.

In the winter of 1829, when petitions were circulated in the neighborhood, praying Congress to exert its power for the gradual abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, he expressed unwillingness to sign them, and in connection with another individual, drew up one asking for IMMEDIATE emancipation; to procure signatures for which, he labored most zealously, obtaining about one thousand or fifteen hundred in a short time. This step was considered unwise by many of the friends of anti-slavery at that time, who urged that it would create excitement in Congress, would have no advocates, prejudice the cause, and therefore prolong the time of the slave's suffering, instead of hastening his freedom. But he was not to be deterred from his purpose by this.

In the years 1829-30, he, along with a few others of similar opinions, often met the opponents of anti-slavery in public debate, and all agree that no one was more efficient than he in answering their sophistical arguments, or presenting the question in a clearer light.

His house, which had always been a place where fugitives could find aid and shelter, had by this time become the resort of abolitionists in general, whom he took great interest and pleasure in entertaining, and hearing their views with regard to the best means to be pursued for the promotion of the cause; freely giving his own in exchange.

The principles of the American Colonization Society were too obviously unjust and proscriptive to deceive his clear and unprejudiced mind, and he denounced and exposed them, showing that they were based upon prejudice, and that the tendency of its operations was to strengthen the system of slavery by removing some of the obstacles of its continuance, and by misleading many of the less discerning friends of emancipation by its hypocritical profession of seeking the elevation of the colored race. It was about this time that Garrison's 'Thoughts on Colonization' made its appearance - a book which he hailed with pleasure, reading and circulating it with joy and gratitude.

The Liberator, more than any other publication of that day, he prized as an instrumentality in the cause, though not blind to the usefulness of others which appeared about the same time; reading them, and encouraging others to do the same. At this time, some of the friends of the cause were in the habit of meeting to devise plans for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause, and enlisting others in the good work. At one of these in our friend's immediate neighborhood, it was proposed to form an anti-slavery association. This met with his hearty approval, and a few weeks later, in the fall of 1832, the Clarkson Society was organized. No one contributed more to its usefulness than the deceased. It became an auxiliary to the Pennsylvania State Society at its formation, and is still laboring to consummate its object. Both the State and American Societies also received his hearty cooperation, as long as

health permitted.

Our friend full appreciated the talent and worth of Charles C. Burleigh, on his first acquaintance with him, which took place at Coatsville, Chester County, at the time when the latter made his first visit to Pennsylvania, early in 1836; and he arranged his business at home, so as to enable him to devote himself to the labor of getting up meetings for friend Burleigh, and accompanied him in the attendance of the same, spending a considerable part of that winter in the work. He continued to be warmly attached to him from that time until his death.

In the same year, he was solicited by the leaders of the Anti-Masonic Party to give them his cooperation. He being opposed to secret societies, and the anti-slavery people nearly all at the time believing in political action as a means for the overthrow of slavery, some of them assisted to obtain his consent to become a candidate for the party to represent them in the Convention to amend the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which resulted in his election, and he took his seat accordingly. When the article regulating the qualification to exercise the elective franchise was under discussion, it was moved to amend it by inserting the word 'white' which amendment forever prohibited the so-called colored man from using the elective franchise. This he resisted with all his ingenuity and power, but was not able to prevent its final passage. It was then and there he first became fully conscious of the corruption which political partizanship engenders in its devotees. He became disgusted with it, and never after consented to give his name for any office which required him to swear to support any Constitution.

A short time before his death, in conversation with his family, he remarked that it was a great consolation to him that he had gotten entirely clear of politics.

His remains were interred in Friends' graver-yard, on the 6th inst. We apprehend no marble will be placed there to tell that 'here lies the great and good Lindley Coates'. But we know that he still lives in the reforms of the world, and are not disposed to mourn that his body is relieved from pain, and its spirit receiving its merited award and enjoyment. But we shall greatly feel the want of his society, in the remainder of our journey through life.

May this obituary stimulate others to do as he did - live to some purpose, instead of wasting life in folly and sin, leaving the world to mourn that such had ever existed.
Thomas Whitson
The Standard will please copy.

Case of Delia A. Webster - Again

It will be seen, by its date, that the following letter from our reliable correspondant 'X' at Worcester, was written last month; but we have withheld it till now, hoping that there would be no occasion for its publication. But as Miss Webster is holding public meetings in various places, narrating her story very effectively, and obtaining both sympathy and money to a considerable extent, we think it a duty to lay this additional evidence of her tortuous course before the public. That her story, in regard to her treatment at the hands of the 'chivalrous' Kentuckians, is mainly true, we have no doubt; that she is liable to be defrauded of the farm which she owns in Kentucky, under mortgage, on the absurd and unjust suspicion that she is an abolitionist, we can readily believe; but that she is therefore deserving of the confidence and pecuniary aid of the friends of the slave, as though she were a martyr in the cause, cannot be allowed for a moment. Hers is a strictly personal and purely selfish adventure; and, in view of her antecedents, and of such facts as are given below, we are entirely satisfied that she is far from being a sufferer 'for righteousness' sake'.

Worcester, May 26, 1856.

I had hoped that enough had been said upon Delia A. Webster's case,

to satisfy those who should read that she was unworthy the confidence of the abolitionists; but as your Lowell correspondent seems to desire further information, allow me to state how and what I found her reputation in Worcester to be.

Feeling that her antecedents were not of such character as to warrant the amount of sympathy and material aid that were being lavished upon her in this city and vicinity, I sought an interview, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, from her own lips, what was her present position and purposes, and whether she was *now* worth of that confidence, which abolitionists, knowing her history, had hitherto withheld. Calling on a warm and enthusiastic patron of Miss Webster, where she had for some months made her home, and where I supposed her still to be, I was surprised to learn that she had forfeited their confidence, and had been gone for some time; though she had tarried long enough to satisfy the family that she was an artful, designing woman, whose object was to excite sympathy and interest for the purpose of personal speculation, apparently without much scruple as to the statements she made. She succeeded, by various pretexts, in sponging this family out of some two hundred dollars, besides her board for two or three months. I then went to her next domicile, and found that she had gone thence, leaving the same impressions as at the first place. This man had been induced to leave his business, and go to her Kentucky farm, to gather her valuable crops on shares,—she making such representations of their quantity and value as to lead him to suppose that her promise, that it would be for his pecuniary advantage, would in some measure be realized. But he was utterly disappointed, as he barely obtained enough in all, without dividing with her, to pay his own and partner's expenses, there and back, losing their time, (some four or five months,) and her board in his family for some months. The hundred tons of hay, worth twenty dollars a ton, which she promised, dwindled down to ten tons, worth seven dollars a ton. The grain and root crops shrank in like proportion. The valuable farm as there, but the 'high state of cultivation' proved to be thistles and briars. The mansion and dwelling-houses proved to be a log-house and some miserable shanties. The thousand cords of wood ready felled, upon which he could make some dollars a cord, proved not to exceed ten cords, and would not sell for enough to pay expenses, with a very dull sale at any price. The numerous *warm friends*, to whom she gave him letters of introduction, were found to entertain the same opinion of her that many people here have formed from personal acquaintance. In fine, he found himself grossly impaired upon in every particular: nothing proved at all as represented. On his return, he sought redress and remuneration from her, but in vain. She alleges that he has squandered and embezzled her property, and claims two thousand dollars' damages of him!

Leaving this man, I called at the next place where she had tarried, and found that she had gone, after satisfying them, as she had the others, as to her real character. This person had been induced to act as financial agent for her, to raise funds for her necessities; but, finding her out seasonably, he did not do much, and has been unable to get a settlement with her for

Here I lost the track, as her then place of abode was for some reason kept concealed, and I have not been able to see her at all.

Another man, who was induced to agree to advance a large sum of money to her to make a payment on her farm, taking a lien thereon for security, at her suggestion, sent an agent out to investigate the farm, its title, condition, &c. This agent brought the same report that her own agent above mentioned afterwards brought, namely, that her representations as to the condition of the farm were grossly exaggerated. This person thereupon declined to advance the money, and she refuses to pay the expenses of the mission, as she had

promised to do. Thus he is two hundred dollars out of pocket in the operation.

Others have been sponged on various pretext to considerable amounts ; and I find in all my investigations, which have been diligently and extensively made, but two persons in this city who express any confidence in her--among the many who have had acquaintance and dealings with her--one is her *interested* friend, C. Cumings--the other, a very benevolent and honest old woman, said to be deranged, but certainly erratic.

In making inquiries at her former home and vicinity, I have letters from three prominent men in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, (besides those before reported,) from each of whom she says she has very flattering certificates of character, &c. [For specimen, see LIBERATOR of March 28, 1856.] One of these says that he has no knowledge of her, save those obtained from herself, in one day's visit at his house--the only time he ever saw her. A second says that his information is derived from her ; and he is retained as her legal attorney, he is not at liberty to say much about it. The third says that he knows her well, and for a long time, and has full confidence in her ; though her reputation in that vicinity is very bad, so that no one would take her in ' but he took her home, and she resided in his family in Madison, Ia., sometime. As she did not take his advice, but managed her affairs in his judgment very injudiciously, she thereupon fell out with him, and they are not now on speaking terms. This is the only friend of hers I have found in that vicinity who knew anything of her.

But this is becoming too long for your columns. The statements are in general terms, and as brief as possible, the sufferers not desiring to appear too publicly in the matter ; but if any one is not satisfied, he can have names and details, by calling personally or by letter on X.

This woman is quite inexplicable to me, but her course is certainly inconsistent with truth and honesty, and the friends of the slave should withhold their aid and sympathy.

[[horizontal line]]

THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS.--John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, have published two editions, in pamphlet form, of the great speech of HON. CHARLES SUMNER, delivered in the Senate of the United States May 19th and 20th, 1856. Both are printed on the same clear and fair type, differing only in the quality of the paper, and the style of covers. Price, single, 15 cents, and 37 1-2 cents. The Speech makes nearly one hundred pages, and in the present form is highly attractive, and we should think would find many purchasers. It ought to be in every family, and in the hands of every freeman. A capital likeness of Mr. Sumner is appended.

[[horizontal line]]

[[^image: line drawing of hand pointing to the right]] Senator Wilson has made a very telling speech, at Washington, in reply to Senator Butler, of lawless South Carolina. We regret we have not room for it.

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