robbed and decollated. But as our individual head is yet upon our particular shoulders, and as we are "nary a red" worse off, and our virtue still intact, we cannot vouch for the truth of the report attributing such designs to so amiable a set of gentlemen as those meek Aztecs who compose the rank and file of a Mexican army. Certain it is there have been numerous arrests, both among the military and the civil population, and it is supposed that a respectable number of gentlemen stand a remarkably fair chance of passing through a course of fire-arms. For all of which praise be to our indefatigable wide-awake Governor, who, while we slumber in fancied security, watches with a jealous eye over our snoozes.

It is said that the Governor and all other distinguished officers here were first to have been slain, after which there was to have been a general pillage of the public offices, and all other houses supposed to contain much money. Among the latter, a number of foreign commercial houses were designated as being supposed to have millions on deposit. All this, and more, being done, a regular pronunciamento was to be made—a chief elected *pro tem.*—the town and castle held—and *somebody* now in the United States invited to come over and take command. Well, and what next? Why, *quien sabe, señor?* (Mem.) Some people think the whole affair *bosh*—gotten up to prove the vigilance of the authorities and loyalty of the inhabitants; but we notice the newspapers say nothing on the subject; therefore *we* don't know what to think.

One or two Mexican men-of-war have left rather mysteriously within a few days past. Some say they are gone on a cruise to the Island of Mugeres in search of filibusters. Others assert their destination to be Sisal or Campeachy, in Yucatan, as things are rather fishy in that quarter. At all events, the filibusters had better look out, for, like Van Tromp, the Mexican Admiral carries a broom at his mast-head, and is determined to sweep the sea of such vermin. The Mexican navy is a terror to all evil-doers.

"His Most Serene Highness" turns out to be a very good financier after all, if people do say that, like Pitt, he has the honor to have ruined his country gratis ("and there "all likeness ends between the pair.") It appears that he has not yet negotiated much of that $7,000,000. The bankers at the capital want to shave rather near the quick, but the old gentleman has stated his terms, and as the Jews have made their arrangements, they must knock under or submit to greater loss. But the master stroke of financial skill exhibited by "his Most Serene Highness" is as follows: You know all about the "grand crosses of the national and distinguished Order of Guadeluppe," bestowed upon sundry crowned heads in Europe and America (it is now said one was tendered to Faustin, but that scientific donkey and Napoleon of niggers was too "smart" to accept.) Well, those designed for the anointed of Spain, Prussia and England were ordered in Paris some months since, to be made of diamonds of the first water, at a cost of $25,000 each cross. Now, inviolable custom requires such presents, if accepted, to be returned by others of similar or greater intrinsic value. The Government of Mexico must pay the $75,000, but the gorgeously jeweled decorations to be sent in acknowledgement will be the private property of "his Most Serene Highness." Don't you think Faustin had better accepted his, and pleaded poverty?

As a sign of the times, it is said we are to have another large batch of Jesuits in addition to the thirty odd arrived some time since. There is even talk of a revival of the Inquisition, with the *obliviat* and all the other horrors.

We have heard nothing more of the death of Alvarez, or of the sickness of Santa Anna.

NEW-MEXICO.

THE INDIAN WAR.

From The St. Louis Republican, July 23.

We have been permitted to look at a letter from Albuquerque, N. M., dated on the 23d June, which gives some particulars of affairs with the Indians in our new territory. The writer says: Perhaps you may have seen that the Jacarilla Apaches have been at war since the middle of March. Major Carleton has had a very sharp campaign with them, and finally, after following their trail for many a long day, he succeeded in surprising them in a perfect fortress of a camp on Fischer's Peak—the tallest pinnacle of the whole Raton Mountain range. The surprise was so great and the attack was so sudden, that the Indians were panic-stricken; and with a feint show of resistance—the firing of a few shots upon their side—they fled, leaving everything behind them, except what they could run on foot over rocks and through tangled brushwood with. Their camp consisted of forty-four families, in twenty-two double lodges. From the pools and tracks of blood, it is believed a great many were killed and wounded. One chief, who is supposed to be Fleche-Rayada, (Striped Arrow,) "went under," to use Kit Carson's expression, with two balls through his breast. A Pueblo chief—in the service of the United States—lashed forward, and, passing his knife around the fallen man's head, put one foot on his neck, and with both hands clutched in the hair, wrenched by main force the scalp asunder, even before the sufferer had expired—for he screamed as it was done, and was still breathing when his terrible antagonist swung aloft the bloody reeking trophy, and yelled a war-whoop that sounded like the blast of a trumpet.

The Indians succeded in getting away one horse and one mule only. The troops captured thirty-eight horses, and all the camp and horse equipage, the dried meat, dressed skins—in short, everything, down to powder and ball, which an Indian possesses. A more thoroughly destitute people than the Apaches cannot now be found in the world.

Maj. Carleton followed the Indians many a long day, tracking them day by day, over the highest ranges of the Rocky Mountains, through snows, over steep, through deep woods, until they were caught. The trail was three weeks old when it was first found; the grass and weeds of spring had grown upon the track, and heavy rains had fallen. But still they kept on successfully.

This pursuit will have a great moral effect on these Indians, and on all the surrounding tribes, as you will readily perceive. Lieuts. Davidson, Johnson and Moore, 1st Dragoons, shared all the toils of this expedition, as did Capt. Quinn, with a company of spies.

For some other particulars of occurrences in New-Mexico, we refer to the following extracts which we make from *The Independence Dispatch*:

LATEST NEWS FROM NEW-MEXICO.—After the United States troops left the west side of the Rio Grande, the Jacarillas again made their appearance in the settlements and have stolen a large number of cattle and robbed the herdsos of their clothing and ammunition. On the 10th of May a small party of Apaches were surprised near El Rito, and eight of their number captured. One of their men is the brother of chief Chacon, the murderer of Mrs. White, and who commanded at the massacre of the mail party; and La Cienegulla, another was Pantalem, the son of José Antonio, who commanded at the fight of Rio Oso, with Captain Chapman. A short time after this, another party of Apaches, ten in number, was captured near La Servilletta; Chama, a chief of the tribe was one of the number taken. They have been delivered up to the commanding officer at Taos. They exhibit the most vindictive hostility against the United States, and declare that they will continue the war as long as they exist. The acting Governor has ordered out 400 of the militia who have taken the field under Brigadier-General Chaves.

On the 10th of May Lieut. Maes surrounded a camp of Jacarillas, near Valle Lovato, who surrendered at discretion. They were forty in number. A fight occurred between the United States troops under Major Carlton and the Indians in the Raton Mountains, and the latter were defeated; two were found dead on the field, and a good deal of blood on the rocks. Thirty-eight horses and a good deal of plunder fell into the hands of the troops. Fort Atkinson has been reestablished on the Arkansas River, and the Secretary of War has ordered two companies to be established there. We notice the death of Richard C. Bray, a native of Indiana, who died in El Paso on the 10th of May.

FROM FORT UNION.—We gather the following items from Lieut. Ranson, who arrived with the Santa Fé mail on the 29th inst.: On the 30th of June a skirmish between the U. S. troops and the Apacha Indians (Jacarillas) took place on the Moro River, about forty miles from Fort Union. Capt. Sykes and Lieut. Maxwell, in command of some fifty dragoons, overtook the Indians on the 30th in a deep canon. On seeing the troops, the Indians attempted to fly; Capt. Sykes followed the main trail and dispatched Lieut. Maxwell with twenty men to intercept the Indians on the right. The Lieutenant, just on ascending the edge of a steep mesa, and with but two soldiers with him, was fired upon by some ten or twelve Indians. He, with the two soldiers, fought with the Indians until their revolvers were discharged and then drew their sabers, and in the act of using his, Lieut. Maxwell was killed, after receiving four wounds. At the moment of his death two other soldiers rose the mesa and shot the two Indians who had rushed on Lt. M. to scalp him. Both the soldiers who rose the mesa with the Lieutenant were wounded. The roughness of the country prevented Lieut. M.'s men from being by his side. Three of the Indians were left on the field, and from the evidences left by them, three or four more must have been killed. Capt. Sykes captured twenty odd horses and mules; after the skirmish of Lt. M. Capt. Syks pursued the Indians, but they scattered among the impenetrable and unknown canons, when Captain S. returned to Fort Union on the 2d of July.

TEXAS.

From The New-Orleans True Delta of July 26.

The steamship Charles Morgan, Capt. Lawless, arrived this morning from Galveston, bringing papers from that city to Sunday, the 23d inst.

Among the arrivals by the steamship Charles Morgan, at Galveston, on the 17th, were the Hon. T. Butler King and the Hon. R. J. Walker. These gentlemen left for Austin that evening to close a contract for building the railroad from Red River to El Paso, and make the required deposit of $300,000 as a forfeiture to the State in case of failure to comply with the terms of the law.

The News of the 21st thus speaks of Galveston:

"Our business season has now pretty well closed in Galveston, but still improvements appear to be going forward with considerable activity. We can hardly go into any part of the city without seeing some new dwelling or other edifice in the progress of construction. Scarcely a day passes without witnessing the commencement of some valuable improvement. Within the past year we have probably had built more costly dwelling-houses and stores than there were altogether in the city before. Nearly every store or business house is now being built of brick, and made fire-proof, either with granite or iron columns, door-sills, lentils, &c., and with wrought iron doors and window-shutters; while our dwelling-houses are being constructed larger, in better taste and with more superior finish and style of architecture than we have ever before seen."

The same paper says:

"We stated some few days since, that the Harrisburg R. R. Company were receiving very considerable encouragement from the people of the Colorado to continue the road to some point on that river. We now learn from Major Williams, the engineer and superintendent, that the planters in Wharton and Colorado Counties alone have subscribed the amount of one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars, for the purpose of securing such extension, which amount is to be paid by instalments as the work progresses."

We cannot yet learn, says *The Galveston News* of the 21st, that General Smith has acted, or is purposing to make use of the authority given him by the President, to call for Texas troops for the purpose of aiding in the protection of our frontier. Indeed, we have heard it asserted that no such call will probably be made.

The papers of the interior continue to speak favorably of the corps.

We have accounts of several bloody affrays and murders. At Lavaca, on the 16th, Wm. Wingate, commonly called "Shawnee Bill," was killed by Conrad Frillman. Wingate was intoxicated, and broke a water-melon over Frillman's head in the street. The latter armed himself, and meeting Wingate half an hour afterwards, told him to prepare himself, as he was going to kill him, at the same time drawing a pistol and shooting him dead. The deceased was an old Texan, and was an active participant in the revolution.

A horse was found tied on the Banks of the Brazos River, a few days since, and from indications, the owner is supposed to have been murdered and thrown into the river.

At Dresden, Navarro County, on the 5th, Mr. William McCabe was killed by a man named Sharp. The latter had made an attempt to carry off McCabe's daughter the day previous, and was fired upon.

On the 10th, Mr. Graham was murdered on the Medina River by three Mexicans, who were cutting timber on his land, and who were ordered off by him. The murderers were traced to San Antonio and arrested. *The Texan* says there is much excitement, and it intimates that Lynch law would probably have prevailed, if the prisoners had not been locked up immediately.

A German named Hoffmann committed suicide in San Antonio, while laboring under abberation of mind.

Heavy rains had fallen at Brazoria, and it was feared that the cotton crop above had suffered. The cotton worm had made its appearance in some plantations above Brazoria.

The State Gazette of the 15th inst. is informed by Capt. Holdeman, of Cincinnati, that there will be five steamboats placed on the Colorado next fall by himself and others. Capt. Holdeman is represented as being a man of twenty years' experience in steamboating, and he is clearly of the opinion that the Colorado River is susceptible of being made navigable at a comparatively trifling expense, as far up as the "City of the Hills."

BLOODY COMBAT WITH INDIANS.—Our readers are becoming familiar with accounts of bloody combats between small detachments of our gallant troops in Texas and the wild Indians. The latest encounter of this character occurred on the 14th inst., between Capt. Van Buren and eleven men of his command of the Mounted Rifles, and a roving band of some thirty Indian warriors. This brave officer, it appears, had pursued this gang for over two hundred and fifty miles, but only overtook them on the 14th inst., when he found them drawn up in line ready to receive him. He did not hesitate a moment, although his pistols, owing to some unexplained cause, were useless, but dismounting, tried the enemy with the unerring rifle—when they broke, and a running fight ensued. In the melee that followed, the brave Marylander was shot through the fleshy part of the sword arm, the arrow grazing the bone. In this condition, and faint from the loss of blood, Captain Van Buren charged an Indian afoot, expecting to cut him down, but the wily brave kept his superior lance—with which he dexterously threatening himself of a good opportunity, when not more than five paces intervened between them, sent an arrow through the body of poor Van Buren, and with such force that *it passed through a heavy sword belt on the opposite side.* It entered a little above the navel, about half an inch to the right of the middle crease of the abdomen, and passed out in a direct line, abrading the spine on its passage through on the same side! Wonderful to say, although a week had elapsed since receiving the terrible wound, and four days of that expected to the homing sun on the prairies, the brave soldier has scarcely suffered any pain, has had little fever and sleeps soundly. The doctors are watching him unceasingly, in the hope that he may continue improving for two or three days longer, when the pleasure will be afforded them of pronouncing a most miraculous recovery.

Two of his men were also, we are informed, wounded, while of the Indians one was left dead, and four were seen to be picked up too badly hurt to help themselves. The fight took place about sixty miles from Corpus Christi, on the road to Fort Ewell.

Our informant, who is most reliable and trustworthy, represents the entire country between the Nueces and Rio Grande as infested with these marauding rascals, who are excessively bold and menacing in their behavior; so much so, indeed, as to have shown themselves within twenty-five miles of Corpus Christi. The troops, as usual, are everywhere on the alert, doing all that men can do, under the circumstances, and with numbers so limited.

FROM THE MEXICAN FRONTIER.—By way of San Antonio, the *Civilian and Gazette* of the 18th has accounts from the Mexican frontier and New Mexico.

A letter from Santa Fe, written by W. W. H. Davis, says that Indian hostilities still continue. The Kioways, Cheyenes and Arapahoes have joined in the depredations. It is said the tribes are to have a general junta, in order to combine against the whites. The Governor has called out the militia and four hundred are now in the field. Fears are expressed of a general Indian war. The May mail, going east, was attacked by the Indians, and all their animals stolen from them. They afterwards promised to return them, upon condition that the mail men would cook them a good dinner, which was complied with, and the animals were returned. An amusing scene it must have been, to see the red-skins sitting around, and the Americans cooking dinner for them. The Indians, no doubt, enjoyed it finely.

Mrs. Wilson, who, with her two brothers-in-law, were captured by the Camanches near Phantom Hill, last summer, had reached El Paso, under charge of Gen. Garland. One of the brothers-in law, George Washington Wilson, aged twelve years, had been brought in by Aaron Brown, a Chickasaw, who purchased him from the Camanches. A boy had been purchased by some friendly Indians from the Camanches, and brought into Fort Arbuckle, who proved to be the other brother-in-law. The captives are now all safe, and will be speedily forwarded to their friends.

The Indians continue to harass the trains between San Antonio and El Paso, stealing animals and shooting arrows into the encampments at night, but have made no formidable attack.

AN OUTRAGEOUS ROBBERY.—During the past few days we have heard various rumors of a most fiendish and brutal transaction recently occurring near Adelphia, in Ross County. We now have the straight of the story from *The Chillicothe Gazette*. It is one of the boldest pieces of villany that has lately fallen under our observation. *The Gazette* says:

"We learn that on last evening the house of Mr. Abernathy, an old gentleman residing in Coldrain township, near Adelphia, in this county, was invaded by three ruffians, who seized and tied the old man fast in bed. The old lady was very decrepid, and the only remaining person about the house was a widowed granddaughter. One of the villains took her by the throat, and threatened her life if she did not tell where their money was secreted. She confessed the place where two or three hundred dollars, belonging to her, was hid. They took this and a certificate of deposit on the Valley Bank for some hundred or more, and robbed the old man of all he had, which is said to have been between $6,000 and $7,000. Mr. Abernathy was known to be a man of money, and it was said, kept much secreted about his house. He is 81 years of age. No suspicions as to the pepetrators of this foul deed."

Athens (O.) Messenger, 28th ult.

CHARLES DICKENS A FUGITIVE BANKRUPT

We take the following from a London letter in *The Evening Post:*

"Mr. Charles Dickens has of late years been living in a manner by no means consistent with his position in society, or justified by the success of his recent works. Notwithstanding his own assertion, I can assure you that 'Bleak House' was anything but the most popular of his productions, and his last affair of 'Hard Times' is considered a total failure. Instead of acting like a prudent man, however, and retrenching under such circumstances, Mr. Dickens plunged into a course of deep extravagance, and, like all insolvents who adopt the expedient, he now begins to feel the effects of his folly. Taking the field with three coaches in France, knocking three houses into one at an English watering-place, and giving champagne dinners *ad libitum* three times a week, will not last forever, especially amid falling sales and a fading reputation. He was consequently reminded of this a short time ago by some 'importunate and half-ruined tradesmen in terms a little more plain than agreeable; and all the efforts of the editor of a noted weekly journal, which makes Americans the special subject of its small wit, failed to avert the impending catastrophe. 'You will never,' said this buffoon, putting on an aspect which the vulgar describe as that of a bully, 'think of arresting a man whose name will be mentioned 'with *eclat* sixty centuries hence.' 'It is all very fine,' said the shopkeeper, 'but Mr. Dickens has been living for 'the last six months at my expense and that of my family, 'and I must take out a *Ka-sa* against him unless he pay 'me within as many days.' On the expiration of the week granted, the summary process of arrest was, accordingly taken out; but long before that period elapsed, 'Boz' set the 'Chancellor,' or—*horresco referens*—I grieve to say it—the 'Constable' at defiance by retreating to that *refugium peccatorum*, Boulogne.

"This maneuver certainly was more masterly than honorable; and, the worst of the matter is, he meets with no sympathy. As a writer of fiction, he has entertained the public with a vein of genius more original than deep, and the public has amply rewarded him in return. But instead of keeping pace with his early efforts, he has shown an utter repugnance to labor or to the acquisition of further knowledge, and hence, instead of progressively improving, like Bulwer—a man of much inferior natural powers—he has gradually but invariably fallen off. Unfortunately, however, he has pursued a diametrically opposite course with regard to his personal expenditure. And both Wilson ('Christopher North,') and Jeffrey noticed this years ago in Edinburgh with regret. The redoubted editor of *Blackwood* expressed his surprise to find 'Boz' so superficial;' and the formerly renowned critic of the *Edinburgh*, in a very friendly letter, subsequently published by Lord Cockburn, advised him to retrench. 'Boz' scorned the opinion of the one and the advice of the other. Hence he is now a pecuniary exile at Boulogne; and numbers here are very unfavorably contrasting his conduct with that of Sir Walter Scott—a man in every respect his superior far—when unfortunately placed in similar circumstances by the misconduct of his publisher; while still more, including every men of letters—feel astonished, if not indignant, at the humiliating and unprecedented course he has resorted to in disposing of one of his children for 'adoption' by Miss Burdett Coutts, an elderly maiden lady, of more fortune than delicacy, who a few years ago rendered herself ridiculous, and the poor old Duke perfectly miserable by the pertinacious attempts which she made to become Duchess of Wellington. But, *sic transit gloria mundi.*"

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, July 4, 1854,

BY HENRY D. THOREAU, OF CONCORD, MASS.

I lately attended a meeting of the citizens of Concord, expecting, as one among many, to speak on the subject of Slavery in Massachusetts; but I was surprised and disappointed to find that what had called my townsmen together was the destiny of Nebraska, and not Massachusetts, and that what I had to say would be entirely out of order. I had thought that the house was on fire, and not the prairie; but though several of the citizens of Massachusetts are now in prison for attempting to rescue a slave from her own clutches, not one of the speakers at that meeting expressed regret for it—not one even referred to it. It was only the disposition of some wild lands a thousand miles off which appeared to concern them. The inhabitants of Concord are not prepared to stand by one of their own bridges, but talk only of taking up a position on the highlands beyond the Yellowstone River. Our Buttricks, and Davises, and Hosmers are retreating thither, and I fear that they will have no Lexington Common between them and the enemy. There is not one slave in Nebraska; there are perhaps a million slaves in Massachusetts. They who have been bred in the school of politics fail now and always to face the facts. Their measures are half measures and make-shifts merely. They put off the day of settlement indefinately, and meanwhile the debt accumulates. Though the Fugitive Slave law had not been the subject of discussion on that occasion, it was at length faintly resolved by my townsmen, at an adjourned meeting, as I learn, that the Compromise Compact of 1820 having been repudiated by one of the parties, "Therefore, * * * the Fugitive Slave law must be "repealed." But this is not the reason why an injuitous law should be repealed. The fact which the politician faces is merely that there is less honor among thieves than was supposed, and not the fact that they are thieves. As I had no opportunity to express my thoughts at that meeting, will you allow me to do so here? Again it happens that the Boston Court-House is full of armed men, holding prisoner, and trying a man, to find out if he is not really a slave. Does any one think that justice or God awaits Mr. Loring's decision? For him to sit there deciding still, when this queston is already decided from eternity to eternity, and the unlettered slave himself, and the multitude around, have long since heard and assented to the decision, is simply to make himself ridiculous. We may be tempted to ask from whom he received his commission, and who he is that received it: what novel statutes he obeys, and what precedents are to him of authority. Such an arbiter's very existence is an impertinence. We do not ask him to make up his mind, but to make up his pack. I listen to hear the voice of a Governor, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Massachusetts. I hear only the creaking of crickets and the hum of insects which now fill the summer air. The Governor's exploit is to review the troops on muster-days. I have seen him on horseback, with his hat off, listening to a chaplain's prayer. It chances that to all I have ever seen of a Governor. I think that I could manage to get along without one. If *he* is not of the least use to prevent my being kidnapped, pray of what important use is he likely to be to me? When freedom is most endangered, he dwells in the deepest obscurity. A distinguished clergyman told me that he chose the profession of a clergyman because it afforded the most leisure for literary pursuits. I would recommend to him the profession of a Governor. Three years ago, also, when the Simm's tragedy was acted, I said to myself, there is such an officer, if not such a man, as the Governor of Massachusetts, what has he been about the last fortnight? Has he had as much as he could do to keep on the fence during this moral earthquake? It seemed to me that no keener satire could have been aimed at, no more cutting insult have been offered to that man, than just what happened—the absence of all inquiry after him in that crisis. The worst and the most I chance to know of him is, that he did not improve that opportunity to make himself known, and worthily known. He could at least have *resigned* himself into fame. It appeared to be forgotten that there was such a man, or such an office. Yet, no doubt, he was endeavoring to fill the gubernatorial chair all the while. He was no Governor of mine. He did not govern me.—But at last, in the present case, the Governor was heard from. After all the United States Government had perfectly succeeded in robbing a poor innocent black man of his liberty for life, and, as far as they could, of his Creator's likeness in his breast, he made a speech to his accomplices, at a congratulatory supper! I have read a recent law of this State, making it penal for 'any officer of 'the Commonwealth' to detain, or aid in the detention,' any where within its limits, 'of any person, for 'the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave.' Also, it was a matter of notoriety that a writ of replevin to take the fugitives out of the custody of the U. S. Marshal could not be served, for want of sufficient force to aid the officer. I had thought that the Governor was in some sense the executive officer of the State; that it was his business, as a Governor, to see that the laws of the State were executed; while, as a man, he took care that he did not, by so doing, break the laws of humanity; but when there is any special injustice done by virtue of his office, or worse than useless, and permits the laws of the State to go unexecuted. Perhaps I do not know what are the duties of a Governor; but if to be a Governor requires to subject one's self to so much ignominy without remedy, if it is to pass a prostitution of humanity, I shall take care never to be Governor of Massachusetts. I have not read far in the statutes of this Commonwealth. It is not profitable reading. They do not always say what is true; and they do not always mean what they say. What I am concerned to know is, that that man's influence and authority were on the side of the slaveholder, and not of the slave—of the guilty, and not of the innocent—of injustice, and not of justice. I never saw him of whom I speak; indeed, I did not know that he was Governor until this event occurred. I heard of him and Anthony Burns at the same time, and thus, undoubtedly, most will hear of him. So far am I from being governed by him. I do not mean that it was not my duty to have known that I had heard of him, only that I heard what I did. The worst I shall say of him is, that he proved no better than the majority of his constituents would be likely to prove. In my opinion, he was not equal to the occasion. The whole military force of the State is at the service of a Mr. Suttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped! Is this what all these soldiers, all this *training* has been for these seventy-nine years past? Have they been trained merely to rob Mexico, and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters? These very nights, I heard the sound of a drum in our streets. There were men *training* still; and for what? I could with an effort pardon the cockerels of Concord for crowing still, for they, perchance, had not been beaten that morning; but I could not excuse this rub-a-dub of the "trainers." The slave was carried back by exactly such as these, i. e., by the soldier, of whom the best you can say in this connection is, that he is a fool made conspicuous by a painted coat. Three years ago, also, just a week after the authorities of Boston assembled to carry back a perfectly innocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent, into Slavery, the inhabitants of Concord caused the bells to be rung and the cannon to be fired, to celebrate their liberty—and the courage and love of liberty, their ancestors who fought at the bridge. As if *those* three millions had fought for the right to be free themselves, but to hold in Slavery three millions others. Now-a-days men wear a fool's cap and call it a liberty-cap. I do not know but there are some, who, if they were tied to a whipping-post, and could get but one hand free, would use it to ring the bells and fire the cannons, to celebrate *their* liberty. So some of my townsmen took the liberty to ring and fire: that was the extent of their freedom; and when the sound of the bells died away, their liberty died away also; when the powder was all expended, their liberty went off with the smoke. The joke could be no broader, if the inmates of the prisons were to subscribe for all the powder to be used in such salutes, and hire the jailors to do the firing and ringing for them, while they enjoyed it through the grating. This is what I thought about my neighbors. Every humane and intelligent inhabitant of Concord, when he or she heard those bells and those cannons, thought not with pride of the events of the 19th of April, 1775, but with shame of the events of the 12th of April, 1851. But now we have half buried that old shame under a new one. Massachusetts sat waiting Mr. Loring's decision, as if it could in any way affect her own criminality. Her crime, the most conspicuous and fatal crime of all, was permitting him to be the umpire in such a case. It was really the trial of Massachusetts. Every moment that she hesitated to set this man free—every moment that she now hesitates to atone for her crime, she is convicted. The Commissioner on her case is God; not Edward G. God, but simple God. I wish my countrymen to consider, that whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever commit the least act of injustice against the obscurest individual, without having to pay the penalty for it. A Government which deliberately enacts injustice, and persists in it, will at length ever become the laughing-stock of the world. Much has been said about American Slavery, but I think that we do not even yet realize what Slavery is. If I were seriously to propose to Congress to make mankind into sausages, I have no doubt that most of the members would smile at my proposition, and if any believed me to be in earnest, they would think that I proposed something much worse than Congress had ever done. But if any of them will tell me that to make a man into a sausage would be much worse—would be any worse than to make him into a slave—than it was to enact the Fugitive Slave Law, I will accuse him of foolishness, of intellectual incapacity, of making a distinction without a difference. The one is just as reasonable a proposition as the other. I hear a good deal said about trampling this law under foot. Why, one need not go out of his way to do that. This law rises not to the level of the head or the reason; its natural habitat is in the dirt. It was born and bred, and has its life only in the dust and mire, on a level with the feet, and he who walks with freedom, and does not with Hindoo mercy, avoid treading on every venomous reptile, will inevitably tread on it, and so trample it under foot: and Webster, its maker, with it, like the dirt-bug and its ball. Recent events will be valuable as a criticism on the administration of justice in our midst, or, rather, as showing what are the true resources of justice in any community. It has come to this, that the friends of liberty, the friends of the slave, have shuddered when they have understood that his fate was left to the legal tribunals of the country to be decided. Free men have no faith that justice will be awarded in such a case; the judge may decide this way or that; it is a kind of accident, at best. It is evident that he is not a competent authority in so important a case. It is no time, then, to be judging according to his precedents, but to establish a precedent for the future. I would much rather trust to the sentiment of the people. In their vote, you would get something of some value at least, however small; but, in the other case, only the trammeled judgment of an individual, of no significance, be it which way it might. It is to some extent fatal to the Courts, when the people are compelled to go behind them. I do not wish to believe that the Courts were made for fair weather, and for very civil cases merely—but think of leaving it to any Court in the land to decide whether more than three millions of people, in this case a sixth part of a nation, have a right to be freemen or not! But is has been left to the Courts of *justice*, so-called—to the Supreme Court of the land—and, as you all know, recognizing no authority but the Constitution, it has decided that the three millions are, and shall continue to be, slave. Such Judges as these are merely the inspectors of a pick-lock and murderer's tools, to tell him whether they are in working order or not, and there they think that their responsibility ends. There was a prior case on the docket, which they, as judges appointed by God had no right to skip; which having been justly settled, they would have been saved from this humiliation. It was the case of the murderer himself. The law will never make men free; it is men who have got to make the law free. They are the lovers of law and order, who observe the law when the Government breaks it. Among human beings, the judge whose words seal the fate of a man furthest into eternity, is not he who merely pronounces the verdict of the law, but he, whoever he may be, who, from a love of truth, and unprejudiced by any custom or enactment of men, utters a true opinion or *sentence* concerning him. He it is that *sentences* him. Whoever has discerned truth, has received his commission from a higher source than the chiefest justice in the world, who can discern only law. He finds himself constituted judge of the judge. Strange that it should be necessary to state such simple truths. I am more and more convinced that, with reference to any public question, it is more important to know what the country thinks of it, than what the city thinks. The city does not think much. On any moral question, I would rather have the opinion of Roxboro' then of Boston and New-York put together. When the former speaks, I feel as if somebody *had* spoken, as if *humanity* was yet, and a reasonable being had asserted its rights—as if some unprejudiced man among the country's hills had at length turned their attention to the subject, and by a few sensible words redeemed the reputation of the race. When, in some obscure country town, the farmers come together to a special town meeting, to express their opinion on some subject which is vexing the land, that, I think, is the true Congress, and the most respectable one that is ever assembled in the United States. It is evident that there are two parties in the Commonwealth, at least, two parties, becoming more and more distinct—the party of the city, and the party of the country. I know that the country is mean enough, but I am glad to believe that there is a slight difference in her favor. Let us, yet, she has few, if any organs, through which to express herself. The city controls all the roads, like the news, come from the seaboard. Let us, the inhabitants of the country, cultivate self-respect. Let us not send to the city for aught more essential than our breadcloths and groceries, or, if we read the opinions of the city, let us distinguish them for what they are. Among measures to be adopted, I would suggest to make as earnest and vigorous an assault upon the press as has already been made, and with effect, upon the Church. The Church has much improved within a few years; the press is almost, without exception, corrupt. I believe that, in this country, the press exerts a greater and a more pernicious influence than the church did in its worst period. We are not a religious people, but we are a nation of politicians. We do not care for the Bible, but we do care for the newspaper. At any meeting of politicians—like that at Concord the other evening—for instance—how impertinent it would be to quote from the Bible! how pertinent to quote from a newspaper or from a Constitution! The newspaper is a Bible which we read every morning and every afternoon, standing and sitting, riding and walking. It is a Bible which every man carries in his pocket, which lies on every table and counter, and which the mail, and thousands of missionaries, are continually dispensing. It is, in short, the only book which America has printed, and which America reads—so wide is its influence. The editor is a preacher whom you voluntarily support. Your subscription costs cent daily, and it costs nothing for pew hire. But how many of these preachers preach the truth? I repeat the testimony of many an intelligent foreigner, as well as my own convictions, when I say that probably no country was so much ruled by so mean a class of men as ours, with a few noble exceptions, are the editors of the periodical press in *this* country. And as they live and rule only by their servility, and appealing to the worst, and not the better nature of man, the people who read them are in the condition of the dog that returns to his vomit. *The Liberator* and *The Commonwealth* were the only papers in Boston, as far as I know, which made themselves heard in condemnation of the cowardice and meanness of the authorities of that city, as exhibited in '51. The other journals, almost without exception, by their manner of referring to and speaking of the Fugitive Slave law, and the carrying back of the slave Simms, insulted the common sense of the country, at least. And, for the most part, they did this, one would say, because they sought so to secure the approbation of their patrons, not being aware that a sounder sentiment prevailed to a much extent in the heart of the Commonwealth. I am told that some of them have improved of late; but they are still eminently time-serving. Such is the character they have won. But, thank fortune, this preacher can be even more easily reached by the weapons of the reformer than could the recreant priest. The free men of New-England have only to withdraw from purchasing and reading these sheets, have only to withhold their cents, to kill a score of them at once. One whom I respect told me that he purchased Mitchel's *Citizen* in the cars, and then threw it out the window. But would not his conscience have been more fatally wounded, if he had not bought it? Are they Americans? are they New-Englanders? are they inhabitants of Lexington, and Concord, and Framingham, who read and support *The Boston Post, Mail, Journal, Advertiser, Courier,* and *Times?* Are these the Flags of our Union? I am not a newspaper-reader, and may omit to name the worst. Could Slavery suggest a more complete contempt for the people than some of these sheets exhibit? Is there any dust which their conduct does not lick, and make fouler still with its slime? I do not know whether *The Boston Herald* is still in existence, but I remember to have seen it about the streets when Simms was carried off. Did it not act its part well—serve its master faithfully? How could it have compared with its betty? How can a man stoop lower than he is low? do more than put his extremities in the place of the head he has? than make his head his lower extremity? When I have taken up this paper with my cuffs turned up, I have heard the gurgling of the sewer through every column. I have felt that I was handling a paper picked out of the public gutters, a leaf from the gospel of the gambling-house, the groggery and the brothel, harmonizing with the gospel of the Merchants' Exchange. The majority of the men of the North, and of the South, and East, and West, are not men of principle. If they vote, they do not send men to Congress on behalf of humanity, but while their brothers and sisters are being scourged and hung for loving liberty, while ——I might here insert all that Slavery implies and is,—— it is the mismanagement of wood, and iron, and stone, and gold which concerns them. Do what you will, O Government! with my wife and children, my mother and brother, my father and sister, I will obey your commands to the letter. It will indeed grieve me if you hurt them, if you deliver them to overseers to be hunted by hounds or to be whipped to death; but, nevertheless, I will peaceably pursue my chosen calling on this fair earth, until perchance, one day, when I have put on mourning for them dead, I shall have persuaded you to relent. Such is the attitude, such are the words of Massachusetts. Rather than do thus, I need not say what match I would touch, what system endeavor to blow up, but as I love my life I would side with the light, and let the dark earth roll from under me, calling my mother and my brother to follow. I would remind my countrymen that they are to be men first, and Americans only at a late and convenient hour. No matter how valuable law may be to protect your property, even to keep soul and body together, if it do not keep you and humanity together. I am sorry to say, that I doubt if there is a judge in Massachusetts who is prepared to resign his office, and get his living innocently whenever it is required of him to pass sentence under a law which is merely contrary to the law of God. I am compelled to see that they put themselves, or rather, are by character, in this respect, exactly on a level with the marine who discharges his musket in any direction he is ordered to. They are just as much tools and as little men. Certainly, they are not the more to be respected, because their master enslaves their understandings and consciences, instead of their bodies. The judges and lawyers,—simply as such, I mean—and all men of expediency, try this case by a very low and incompetent standard. They consider, not whether the Fugitive Slave Law is right, but whether it is what they call *constitutional*. Is virtue constitutional, or vice? Is equity constitutional, or iniquity? In important moral and vital questions like this, it is just as impertinent to ask whether a law is constitutional or not, as to ask whether it is profitable or not. They persist in being the servants of the worst of men, and not the servants of humanity. The question is not whether you or your grandfather, seventy years ago, did not enter into an agreement to serve the devil, and that service is not accordingly now due; but whether you will not now, for once and at last serve God—in spite of your own past recreancy, or that of your ancestor—by obeying that eternal and only just Constitution, which He, and not any Jefferson or Adams, has written in your being. The amount of it is, if the majority vote the devil to be God, the minority will live and behave accordingly, trusting that some time or other, by some Speaker's casting vote, perhaps, they may reinstate God. This is the highest principle I can get out of or invent for my neighbors. These men act as if they believed that they could safely slide down hill a little way—or a good way—and would surely come to a place, by-and-by, where they could begin to slide up again. This is expediency, or choosing that course which offers the slightest obstacles to the feet, that is, a down-hill one. But there is such thing as accomplishing a righteous reform by the use of "expediency." There is no such thing as sliding up-hill. In morals the only sliders are backsliders. Thus we steadily worship Mammon, both School, and State, and Church, and the Seventh Day curse God with a tintamar from one end of the Union to the other. Will mankind never learn that policy is not morality—that it never secures any moral right, but considers what is expedient? chooses the available candidate, who is invariably the devil—and what right have his constituents to be surprised because the devil does not behave like an angel of light? What is wanted is men, not of policy, but of probity—who recognize a higher law than the Constitution, or the decision of the majority. The fate of the country does not depend on how you vote at the polls—the worst man is as strong as the best at that game; it does not depend on what kind of paper you drop into the ballot-box once a year, but on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning. What should concern Massachusetts is not the Nebraska bill, nor the Fugitive Slave bill, but her own slaveholding and servility. Let the State dissolve her union with the slaveholder. She may wriggle and hesitate, and ask leave to read the Constitution once more; but she can find no respectable law or precedent which sanctions the continuance of such a Union for an instant. Let each inhabitant of the State dissolve his union with her, as long as she delays to do her duty. The events of the past month teach me to distrust Fame. I see that she does not finely discriminate, but coarsely hurrahs. She considers not the simple heroism of an action, but only as it is connected with its apparent consequences. She praises till she is hoarse, the easy exploit of the Boston tea party, but will be comparatively silent about the braver and more disinterestedly heroic attack on the Boston Court-House, simply because it was unsuccessful! Covered with disgrace, the State has sat down coolly to try for their lives and liberties the men who attempted to do its duty for it. And this is called *justice!* They who have shown that they can behave particularly well may perchance be put under bonds for *their good behavior.* They whom truth requires at