National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 50. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,038.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.

Letters for publication, relating in any way to the editorial department, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE of ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.

Speech of the Hon. Owen Lovejoy,

OF ILLINOIS.

Delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives, April 5, 1860.

The House being in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union—

Mr. LOVEJOY said: Mr. Chairman, the House has been occupied for several days in the discussion of the subject of polygamy. The Republican party, of which I am a member, stands pledged since 1856 to the extermination, so far as the Federal Government can be the power, of the twin relics of barbarism—slavery and polygamy. They have this power in the Territories of the United States.

Now, sir, as we anticipate a death blow having been given to one of these twins, I propose to pay my respects to the other. I want to see them strangled and go down together, as they both richly deserve.

Mr. COBB—I rise to a question of order.

The CHAIRMAN—The gentleman will state his question of order.

Mr. COBB—I was going to raise a question of order upon the right of the gentleman to discuss the question of slavery in the House under the rule now under consideration. However, I will not interfere; the gentleman may go on with his speech.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I am entitled to the floor; I do not yield to the gentleman; and I will proceed with my remarks within my hour, with the gentleman's permission or without it.

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair supposes that general debate is in order upon this bill, the House now being in the committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and no special order pending.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I was about to say, when interrupted, that I am aware that the practical question presented to this House and to the country by the Territorial bill should be extended beyond its present limits; as that is the only question over which they have exclusive jurisdiction. And if slavery were contented to remain restricted, and find its future where it now is, we might, perhaps, forbear this discussion. But when it is proposed to extend what is termed an institution—but which is not an institution, which is simply a practice—the question naturally arises, what is the nature, what are the influences, and what are the elements of that which it is proposed will they propose to be if allowed expansion? I am aware it has been stated upon this floor that the *morals* of slavery is settled; that its ethics are no longer to be discussed; that they were settled years ago by the Fathers of Greece, and have been reaffirmed and reestablished by the chanticleer of Ohio (Mr. Cox), in rhetoric gorgeous as sunset's glow. We are told that where slavery will pay, slaveholding will go. Precisely upon the same principle we might say that where robbery will pay, robbery will go; where piracy will pay, piracy will go; and where adipose human flesh is cheaper than that of beeves, cannibalism will go, because it will pay. Sir, than robbery, than piracy, than polygamy, slaveholding is worse—more criminal, more injurious to man, and consequently more offensive to God. Slaveholding has been justly designated as the sum of all villany. Put every crime perpetrated among men into a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all, and the resultant amalgam is slaveholding. It has the violence of robbery.

A MEMBER—You are joking.

Mr. LOVEJOY—No, sir; I am speaking in dead earnest, before God, God's own truth. It has the violence of robbery, the blood and cruelty of piracy; it has the offensive and brutal taste of polygamy, all combined and concentrated in itself, with aggravations that neither one of these crimes ever knew or dreamed of.

Mr. Chairman, the justification of slavery is placed, so far as I know, mainly upon these grounds: the inferiority of the enslaved race; the fact that enslaving men improves their condition as compared to them; and, thirdly, the guarantees of the Constitution. These are the three main arguments presented to justify slavery, and consequently to justify its expansion. And, by the way, I hold that the extreme men, as they are called, on this question, are the only men who have the logic of it. I am right, or the fire-eaters are right. If slavery is right in Virginia, it is right in Kansas. If it is wrong in Kansas, it is wrong everywhere. Now, sir, in regard to the first point—the inferiority of the enslaved race. We may concede it as a matter of fact that it is inferior; but does it follow, therefore, that it is right to enslave a man simply because he is inferior? This, to me, is a most abhorrent doctrine. It would place the weak everywhere at the mercy of the strong; it would place the poor at the mercy of the rich; it would place those that are deficient in intellect at the mercy of those that are gifted in mental endowment.

The principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is this: If a man is a cripple, trip him up; if he is old and weak, and bowed with the weight of years, strike him, for he cannot strike back; if idiotic, take advantage of him, and if a cloud, deceive him. This, sir, this is the doctrine of Democrats, and the doctrine of devils as well, and there is no place in the universe outside the five points of hell and the Democratic party where the practice and principle of such doctrine would not be a disgrace (laughter). If the strong of the earth are to enslave the weak here, it would justify nagels in enslaving men, because they are superior; and arrhangels in turn would be justified in subjugating those who are inferior in intellect position, and ultimately it would transform Jehovah into an infinite Juggernaut, rolling the huge wheels of his Omnipotence——

Mr. LOVEJOY had advanced into the area, and occupied the space running the Democratic benches.

Mr. PETON (advancing from the Democratic side of the House toward the area where Mr. Lovejoy stood)—The gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Lovejoy) shall not approach the House, for I know, from the manner in which he is talking in the way he has talked. It is bad enough to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language; but he *shall not*, sir, come upon this side of the House, shaking his fist in our faces.

Mr. FARNSWORTH—It is not for the gentleman to say what is treason and what is not.

Mr. POTTER—We listened to gentlemen upon the other side for eight weeks, when they denounced the members upon this side in violent and offensive language. We listened to them quietly, and heard them through. And now, sir, this side *shall* be heard, let the consequences be what they may.

Several MEMBERS—The point I make is this—

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair will receive no motion and hear no gentleman until members resume their seats and order is restored in the hall.

Mr. COX—I rise to a point of order. I insist that the gentleman from Illinois shall speak from his seat.

Mr. PETON—That is the point I make. Let the gentleman speak from his seat, and say all under the rules he is entitled to say; but, sir, he *shall not* come upon this side, shaking his fist in our faces, and talking in the style he has talked. He shall not come here gesticulating in a menacing and ruffianly manner.

Mr. POTTER—You are doing the same thing.

The CHAIRMAN—Gentlemen will resume their seats.

Mr. COX—If the gentleman from Illinois goes on as he has, a guardian will have to be appointed for him.

Mr. BARKSDALE (addressing Mr. Lovejoy)—You shall not come upon this side of the House.

Mr. ADRAIN—To avoid further difficulty, I suggest to the gentleman from Illinois to speak from his seat. We all know how he is a man of courage, and that he cannot be intimidated.

Mr. PETON—No one wants to intimidate him.

Mr. LOVEJOY—Nobody can intimidate me.

Mr. ADRAIN—I know that. I suggest to the gentleman that he continue his speech from his seat.

[Thirty or forty of the members from both sides of the House gathered in the area about Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Peton, and there was increased confusion.]

Mr. JOHN COCHRANE—I move that the Committee rise, as it is the only way we can get rid of this disturbance.

Mr. POTTER—I do not believe that side of the House can say *where* a member shall speak; and they shall not say it.

Mr. SINGLETON—The gentleman from Illinois shall not make that speech upon this side of the House.

Mr. BURNETT—There is a rule of this House which prohibits gentlemen from speaking in this seat. The gentleman from Illinois was not in his seat when he was speaking. He cannot, and he shall not, cross this hall to this side in a menacing manner. He *shall not*, let the consequences be what they will. He must speak from his seat.

Mr. GROW—I move that the Committee rise.

The CHAIRMAN—Gentlemen must resume their seats.

Mr. COX—Let the gentleman from Illinois take his seat.

Mr. WASHBURNE (Ill.)—Let others be seated, and let my colleague proceed.

Mr. POTTER—The gentleman from Illinois can take care of himself without the assistance of the other side.

Mr. KELSEY (Ill.)—I ask the Committee that my colleague shall speak; that he is in order, and will not commit a breach of the rules of the House; if he does, I will be the first to rebuke him; but he shall have his rights according to the rules of the House, and in no wise shall they be abridged or interfered with. He shall be heard upon this floor, and at this time.

Mr. BRIGGS—Then let him go upon his own side.

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair calls the Committee to order; and if gentlemen do not come to order he will call the Speaker to the chair and report the disorder to the House.

Mr. FLORENCE—I move that the Committee rise. It is impossible to quell the disturbance without calling on the Speaker to take the chair.

The CHAIRMAN—The Speaker will take the chair.

The Chairman (Mr. Washburne, Me.) vacated the chair, and the Speaker resumed it.

The CHAIRMAN—The Committee of the House to order. I desire gentlemen of the House to take their seats.

Mr. FLORENCE—Every one, upon either and all sides.

Mr. JOHN COCHRANE—The Committe has risen; has it not?

The SPEAKER—The Chair requests gentlemen to respect the authority of the House, and take their seats.

Mr. BARKSDALE—Order that black-hearted scoundrel and traitor, the gentleman chief to take his seat, and this side of the house will do it.

Mr. MCQUEEN—We will allow nobody to come over from that side of the House and bully us on this side. [Cries of "Sit down!" "Sit down!" from all sides of the House.]

The SPEAKER—The Chair desires gentlemen to take their seats.

Mr. BOCOCK—I, for one, will do no with pleasure, promptly, when the Speaker requires it. I only ask that everybody shall do so. I think this whole matter can be settled, if the gentleman speaking and every other gentleman will take his seat.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I rise to a privileged question.

The SPEAKER—The Chair cannot recognize anybody, until gentlemen take their seats.

Mr. BURNETT—Then, let everybody take his seat, and let order be restored.

The SPEAKER—Gentlemen will take their seats, without distinction.

Members gradually withdrew from the open area in front of the Speaker's chair, and resumed their seats. Order being thus restored—

Mr. WASHBURN, of Maine (Chairman of the Committee), said—In the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union disorder arose, which prevented the transaction of business. But when it is proper to extend what is termed an institution—but which is not an institution, which is simply a practice—the question naturally arises, what is the nature, what are the influences, and what are the elements of that which it is proposed will they propose to be if allowed expansion? I am aware it has been stated upon this floor that the *morals* of slavery is settled; that its ethics are no longer to be discussed; that they were settled years ago by the sages of Greece, and have been reaffirmed and reestablished by the chanticleer of Ohio (Mr. Cox), in rhetoric gorgeous as sunset's glow. We are told that where slavery will pay, slaveholding will go. Precisely upon the same principle we might say that where robbery will pay, robbery will go; where piracy will pay, piracy will go; and where adipose human flesh is cheaper than that of beeves, cannibalism will go, because it will pay. Sir, than robbery, than piracy, than polygamy, slaveholding is worse—more criminal, more injurious to man, and consequently more offensive to God. Slaveholding has been justly designated as the sum of all villany. Put every crime perpetrated among men into a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all, and the resultant amalgam is slaveholding. It has the violence of robbery.

A MEMBER—You are joking.

Mr. LOVEJOY—No, sir; I am speaking in dead earnest, before God, God's own truth. It has the violence of robbery, the blood and cruelty of piracy; it has the offensive and brutal taste of polygamy, all combined and concentrated in itself, with aggravations that neither one of these crimes ever knew or dreamed of.

Mr. Chairman, the justification of slavery is placed, so far as I know, mainly upon these grounds: the inferiority of the enslaved race; the fact that enslaving men improves their condition as compared to them; and, thirdly, the guarantees of the Constitution. These are the three main arguments presented to justify slavery, and consequently to justify its expansion. And, by the way, I hold that the extreme men, as they are called, on this question, are the only men who have the logic of it. I am right, or the fire-eaters are right. If slavery is right in Virginia, it is right in Kansas. If it is wrong in Kansas, it is wrong everywhere. Now, sir, in regard to the first point—the inferiority of the enslaved race. We may concede it as a matter of fact that it is inferior; but does it follow, therefore, that it is right to enslave a man simply because he is inferior? This, to me, is a most abhorrent doctrine. It would place the weak everywhere at the mercy of the strong; it would place the poor at the mercy of the rich; it would place those that are deficient in intellect at the mercy of those that are gifted in mental endowment.

The principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is this: If a man is a cripple, trip him up; if he is old and weak, and bowed with the weight of years, strike him, for he cannot strike back; if idiotic, take advantage of him, and if a cloud, deceive him. This, sir, this is the doctrine of Democrats, and the doctrine of devils as well, and there is no place in the universe outside the five points of hell and the Democratic party where the practice and principle of such doctrine would not be a disgrace (laughter). If the strong of the earth are to enslave the weak here, it would justify nagels in enslaving men, because they are superior; and arrhangels in turn would be justified in subjugating those who are inferior in intellect position, and ultimately it would transform Jehovah into an infinite Juggernaut, rolling the huge wheels of his Omnipotence——

Mr. LOVEJOY had advanced into the area, and occupied the space running the Democratic benches.

Mr. PETON (advancing from the Democratic side of the House toward the area where Mr. Lovejoy stood)—The gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Lovejoy) shall not approach the House, for I know, from the manner in which he is talking in the way he has talked. It is bad enough to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language; but he *shall not*, sir, come upon this side of the House, shaking his fist in our faces.

Mr. FARNSWORTH—It is not for the gentleman to say what is treason and what is not.

Mr. POTTER—We listened to gentlemen upon the other side for eight weeks, when they denounced the members upon this side in violent and offensive language. We listened to them quietly, and heard them through. And now, sir, this side *shall* be heard, let the consequences be what they may.

Several MEMBERS—That is what he said before.

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair will receive no motion and hear no gentleman until members resume their seats and order is restored in the hall.

Mr. COX—I rise to a point of order. I insist that the gentleman from Illinois shall speak from his seat.

Mr. PETON—That is the point I make. Let the gentleman speak from his seat, and say all under the rules he is entitled to say; but, sir, he *shall not* come upon this side, shaking his fist in our faces, and talking in the style he has talked. He shall not come here gesticulating in a menacing and ruffianly manner.

Mr. POTTER—You are doing the same thing.

The CHAIRMAN—Gentlemen will resume their seats.

Mr. COX—If the gentleman from Illinois goes on as he has, a guardian will have to be appointed for him.

Mr. BARKSDALE (addressing Mr. Lovejoy)—You shall not come upon this side of the House.

Mr. ADRAIN—To avoid further difficulty, I suggest to the gentleman from Illinois to speak from his seat. We all know how he is a man of courage, and that he cannot be intimidated.

Mr. PETON—No one wants to intimidate him.

Mr. LOVEJOY—Nobody can intimidate me.

Mr. ADRAIN—I know that. I suggest to the gentleman that he continue his speech from his seat.

[Thirty or forty of the members from both sides of the House gathered in the area about Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Peton, and there was increased confusion.]

Mr. JOHN COCHRANE—I move that the Committee rise, as it is the only way we can get rid of this disturbance.

Mr. POTTER—I do not believe that side of the House can say *where* a member shall speak; and they shall not say it.

Mr. SINGLETON—The gentleman from Illinois shall not make that speech upon this side of the House.

Mr. BURNETT—There is a rule of this House which prohibits gentlemen from speaking in this seat. The gentleman from Illinois was not in his seat when he was speaking. He cannot, and he shall not, cross this hall to this side in a menacing manner. He *shall not*, let the consequences be what they will. He must speak from his seat.

Mr. GROW—I move that the Committee rise.

The CHAIRMAN—Gentlemen must resume their seats.

Mr. COX—Let the gentleman from Illinois take his seat.

Mr. WASHBURNE (Ill.)—Let others be seated, and let my colleague proceed.

Mr. POTTER—The gentleman from Illinois can take care of himself without the assistance of the other side.

Mr. KELSEY (Ill.)—I ask the Committee that my colleague shall speak; that he is in order, and will not commit a breach of the rules of the House; if he does, I will be the first to rebuke him; but he shall have his rights according to the rules of the House, and in now

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

CONDITIONS.—"Freedom will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following conditions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed to "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the City of New York, at the Cooper Institute, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 8th and 9th, commencing each day at 10 o'clock a. m.

Independent of all religious and political organizations, and dealing impartially with them all, this Society continues to pursue its grand distinctive object, THE IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL ABOLITION OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, without regard to geographical boundaries, by moral instrumentality alone—animated by a spirit which seeks the safety, happiness and prosperity of every section of our widely-extended country, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South," as such. Its "treason" is embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and its "fanaticism" in the Golden Rule. Declaring that man cannot be the property of man, it measures men, parties and institutions by this simple and unerring test, and will not plead to any compromise, or consent to any postponement of the claims of justice and humanity.

We trust it is needless to remind the members and friends of the Society that never were greater vigilance and activity demanded on their part than at the present time. The nation is just entering into another Presidential election, which will probably be unparalleled on the score of popular excitement, and which will be present a powerful temptation to every one who shrinks from the strict line of rectitude, by lowering the Anti-Slavery standard for the sake of party success. "Let the dead bury their dead." Let us eschew all compromise and compromisers, and be faithful to our rallying-cry, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

There will be no lack of able and experienced speakers at the Anniversary. [Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.
C. C. BURLEIGH, }

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.

THE arrangements for the Anniversary Meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society for 1860 are not yet completed, but they will not vary much, probably, from the following programme.

Tuesday Morning, May 8th, 10 o'clock [in the Cooper Institute.]—The President, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, in the chair. Speakers—WM. LLOYD GARRISON; REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.; ROBERT PURVIS, Esq. of Byberry, Pa.; MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.

Tuesday Afternoon, 3 o'clock.—Meeting of the Society for business; not for public addresses, in the Committee Room, rear of the platform, in the Cooper Institute.

Tuesday Evening, 7½ o'clock [in the Cooper Institute.]—Addresses by REV. W. H. FURNESS, D.D., Philadelphia; REV. BERIAH GREEN, of Whitesboro, N. Y.; REV. ARTHUR B. BRADFORD, of Newcastle, Pa.; REV. J. R. W. SLOANE, of New York.

Wednesday Morning, 10 o'clock [in the Cooper Institute.]—Speakers—MRS. ELIZABETH JONES, of Salem, Ohio; REV. SAMUEL MAY, of Syracuse; EDMUND QUINCY, of Boston; REV. GEORGE F. NOYES, of New York.

Wednesday Afternoon, 3 o'clock [in the Cooper Institute.]—Speakers—WM. WELLS BROWN; REV. M. D. CONWAY, of Cincinnati, and others.

[We repeat that this programme is liable to be changed in some of its details, to suit the convenience of speakers, or for other imperative reasons. We have not announced the name of any speaker who is not positively expected to be present, while we have forborne to mention several whom we hope to see, but of whose attendance we are not sure.]

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Anniversary on Wednesday Evening, 7½ o'clock [in the Cooper Institute.]—Speakers—THEODORE TILTON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. HYATT'S CASE.

OUR legislators at Washington, of all political opinions, seem to have suspended their law-making functions for the higher duty of President-making. It wanted but little of a vote to adjourn over all the Conventions, so as to leave the legislative mind free to devote itself entirely to the important business of manufacturing the Executive for the next four years. Hardly enough can be muster'd to form a quorum in the House; and in the Senate, we believe, the very pretence of public business is laid aside. Our honorable legislators are scattered abroad, some to their farms and to their families, but more to their merchandizing in the wares with which the political market is conversant. The Church Political is in a State of dispersion and a virtual holiday is proclaimed for its members. The slaves of party have their Saturnalia, the Bowie knife sleeps in its sheath and the voice of the revolver is heard no more for a season in the land. It is high Carnival with them all, the Jubilee, when all the servants of the people look to become their lords. The great National Olympiad is at hand when all factions agree to abandon their other affairs to devote themselves to the contest of which all the inhabitants of the land—certainly, all citizens according to the Dred Scott decision—form the spectators and imagine themselves the judges that award the prize. We do not mean to complain of the loss of this portion of the nation's time which is thus appropriated to their race and pleasures by the servants, for it is time which is likely as not a gain. In fact, the nation is never so well contented with its servants at Washington as when they are content to do nothing, except to talk and take their pay.

But while Senate and House are thus dispersing themselves over the country, to attend to their private affairs or to watch the preparations for the game that is soon to be played, with the Presidency for the stakes—perhaps, to load the dice and pack the cards that are to decide it—there is one man who is compelled to an enforced residence in the National Capital, with no chance of change of scene or of participation in the businesses or the conspiracies of politics. He has the key of the jail that belongs to all of us turned upon him, and is kept there as our prisoner and captive. While the Honorable Senate is frisking abroad, hatching Presidential plots or spending their time for their own profit or diversion, Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt is denied his personal liberty by them and imprisoned during their pleasure. The people of the United States, who are not willing to see all political authority concentrated at Washington, should not let the glamour with which the present political preparations dazzles their eyes hide that solitary captive from their sight. He stands for a principle much more important to all of us than any that is to be involved in the noisy conflict that impends over the country. It matters not much which party get the control of the government, if its machinery is to be perverted to the crushing out of human rights and personal liberty. For the construction of Senatorial prerogatives of which Mr. Hyatt is the victim is no theory of the principal Democracy alone. Republican Senators have said Amen to the *fiat* that has rolled the stone to the door of his living sepulchre. The privilege of dooming him, and any of the rest of us who may hold with him, to the punishment of a criminal, for refusing to recognize an assumption of arbitrary power, is as much a Republican as a Democratic doctrine, as appears just now, and there is nothing to be gained in that particular by the victory of the Outs rather than of the Ins.

What is the offence for which Mr. Hyatt is even now dreeing penance? For decrying the right of the Senate to act as a Court of Criminal Judicature under the forms of a legislative body—to constitute itself the Grand Jury of the Nation for the pursuit of offences and offenders against the Supreme Majesty of Slavery. We know that all this is masked under the pretext of preserving evidence for the purposes of legislation. But what hinders the Senate from devising whatever safeguards the ingenuity, sharpened by the fears, of the slaveholders can contrive against such invasions of the slave country as that of John Brown? Surely, the details of that movement are well enough known for the basis of any practicable preventive legislation, supposing any such to be needed. The double object of Senator Mason is questionably was, first, to implicate prominent Republicans in that affair, and, secondly, to bring prominent Noxtions to Virginia law within the reach of process or of action. The Republican Senators made a grave party blunder, in our estimation, when they permitted him to raise his Committee without opposition. And those who consented with him in the punishment of Mr. Hyatt were guilty of a still more serious partisan error in their swift sympathy with that wrong done to liberty. These violent measures, they knew well, were aimed at their own best friends and warmest political supporters, and they interposed no arm to avert the blow. They might, or might not, have believed that the investigation would extract nothing against the men it struck at. But it was none the less a blunder to permit an extraordinary process, unknown to the Constitution—which, bad as it is, has not this aggravation to answer for—to be launched at their heads. The demand was an insolence and an insult, and should have been resented and resisted as such, much more the enforcement of it by the imprisonment of a citizen for resisting at the bar what they should have resisted in their places. The attack should have been made a purely Democratic and slaveholding one. By a division of the Republican Senate upon it, they have lost one of the most effective "Cries" that Fortune ever lent a party, and robbed it to this extent of its *prestige* by the sets which lost them its respect and confidence.

The argument on which this arbitrary proceeding mainly rests is most fatal in its ultimate results. If every measure which is convenient to legislation, or which can find a precedent in the practices of the British Parliament, at any period of its existence, is constitutional and legal, then we have indeed exchanged the Parliament for the Star Chamber. Torture and mutilation may be revived with the slave trade, if these methods be thought necessary to extract the facts necessary for legislation. The attempt to confound the powers of the Senate with those of the House of Lords, or of Congress with those of Parliament, is at once an insidious and an insolent attempt to clinch an unlawful power. The Parliament—King, Lords and Commons—is the British Constitution. It possesses political omnipotence, and whatever it chooses to make law *is* law, and constitutional law. It can change the whole structure of government, if it so pleases, without question. For no such change would be possible unless it was sustained and demanded by the nation. Our Congress is but the creature of the people, the Sovereign in contemplation of our laws at least, and all its powers and prerogatives are held and limited by the terms of the Commission, called the Constitution, which it receives from that Sovereign, with whom alone political omnipotence rests. What just analogy can be drawn from the precedents of a sovereign body, like the British Parliament, as to the privileges of its constituent parts, that can justify such outrages on personal liberty as the one wreaked on Mr. Hyatt and that attempted on the person of Mr. Sanborn? The legal tribunals furnish sufficient means for the investigation of crimes. If any one hesitates to commit a crime, recognized as such by national law, was suspected to exist in any District, the Grand Jury of that District was competent to inquire into it and to compel testimony. The facts thus elicited, on the mere hypothesis that they existed, might be used for the basis of legislation. The pretext is too shallow to conceal the underlying purpose of the slavocracy, which the Republicans were weak enough to promote—to make one of the very mildest qualification of their conduct—for it is not to be supposed that they were too blind to discern it.

Mr. Hyatt's treatment at the hands of the Republican party, as represented by its press, has been neither honorable nor wise. There has been too much disposition to join in the Democratic and slavocratic slang, that he is an Amateur Martyr, who is suffering not for conscience-sake, but from obstinacy or a love of notoriety. He has not been well stood by. Either the magnitude of the principle for which he suffers imprisonment is not perceived, or it is worked out of sight, lest a manly stand might damage some possible Presidential candidate. The destruction of Constitutional liberty, as far as anything of the kind ever existed on the continent of Europe, has been worked by Centralization. The privileges of the cities, the customs of the provinces, the independence of the nobility, even, were all restricted on the sovereign power, which kept it within limits of some kind. The struggle was ever between the king or kaiser and these *quasi* independent powers, for authority. On the continent the concentration of power in the hands of the Chief of the State was gradually effected, and despotism reigned supreme. In England, the same struggle happily ended otherwise; but it was through long strifes and by many sacrifices and with many hair's-breadth escapes. The tendency to Centralization is the same in this country as in those of the Old World. It grows out of the constitution of human nature, which the Constitution of the United States is not strong enough to resist. The Democratic party, which grew up as the steadfast enemy of Federal Power, is now its most obsequious tool and readiest slave. The Omnipotence of Congress, the Absolute Power of the Supreme Court to declare what is Law, the Authority of the Executive to stretch itself into the domain of the States—these are doctrines which are gaining ground and are held up as the true Creed of the Model Republic. It is for heresy, for schismatic action, towards this creed that Mr. Hyatt is now in durance. It is a small matter, is it, that he refuses to do? He knows nothing, it is said, and he chooses to suffer the loss of his liberty rather than say so. So it was a small thing for Hampden to pay his share of the Shipmoney, and for the men of '65 to buy Stamps for their law-papers and notes of hand. But behind those harmless actions lay the admission of the right of arbitrary taxation. Resistance to those tentatives of tyranny has made monumental names for the recreants. Mr. Hyatt stands in a gap not less vital to be maintained. Behind him chafes the flood of Centralized Tyranny, ready to overflow all the dykes of National or State Constitutions devised to keep it at bay. If the North does not discern the critical importance of his position and refuses to hold him in high honor for seizing and holding it, why, the worse it is for the North and for the cause of freedom everywhere.

THE INDEPENDENT.

AN Orthodox clergyman, who is the pastor of a Church in New England, and whose eminence in the "evangelical" faith is unimpeached and unimpeachable, writes as follows:

"I am glad to see you are meeting, as it deserves, that renewed attack upon Mr. Garrison by *The Independent*. It is too late in the day to hurt Garrison or abolitionism by that 'mad-dog' cry. The charge of infidelity can be easier made to stick upon *The New York Observer & Co.* now than upon Garrison and abolitionism. Had we not in future better designs on such traitors to Christianity as 'the infidels of *The New York Observer* school'?

"It is high time that pretenders to anti-slavery, who are systematic maligners of abolitionism and Abolitionists, should be shown up."

We have no doubt that our correspondent expresses the sentiment of thousands of the best orthodox people in the land, including ministers not a few. The South-side Adamses, the Blagdens, the Lords, the Springs and the Bethunes, who prostitute the Bible and blaspheme the name of Christ in the service of slavery, are often eulogized in *The Independent* as men eminent for piety and "bright particular stars" in the firmament of orthodoxy; while Garrison, whose reverence for God and his laws is conspicuous in all his writings, and whose love for Christ is exhibited in a life conformed, in an eminent degree, to his precepts and example, and consecrated to the welfare of a down-trodden race, is branded by that journal as "an infidel of a most degraded class." The minions of the Protestant Jesuits who control the columns of that paper is too clear to be mistaken. Mr. Bowen, the editor, presumes from our limited acquaintance with him, must regard their conduct in this particular with strong disapprobation; and we think he owes it to his character as an honorable man, to say nothing of his reputation as a Christian and an Abolitionist, to put his paper into hands that will not make it a vehicle of such calumny. The Sword

THE LEMMON CASE.

THE Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the Court below, whereby Jonathan Lemmon was declared not entitled to bring his slaves into and hold them in slavery in this State while on their way with them from one slave State to another. The Judges concurring in this opinion were five, viz., Denio, Wright, Wells, Bacon, Davies—the first a Democrat, the last an American, or Know-Nothing. What an ominous fact, that three Judges of the highest court in the Empire State rendered the deliberate judgment that the Constitution of the United States recognizes slaves as property, and that the people have no power to prevent the traffickers in human flesh from driving their coffles through our streets and over our highways, in transporting them from one slave State to another. The judgment of the Court in opposition to this infamous doctrine was pronounced by Justice Denio, in an opinion for which we may, perhaps, find room next week. Judge Wright read a concurring opinion, which is understood to have expressed more exactly the views of the four Republican Judges. Judge Clerke read an elaborate opinion on the side of the minority, of which this is the substance:

"The error into which the Judge who decided this case in the first instance fell consisted in supposing, because the law of nations refuses to recognize slavery as existing in several States of this Union were at liberty to do the same; forgetting that the compact by which the latter are governed in their relations toward each other, is the law of nations in this respect; and while each particular State is at liberty to abolish or retain slavery in reference to its own inhabitants and within its own borders, it is a crime of right or a violation of the compact, if not permitted, in its dealings or intercourse with other States, or their inhabitants, to ignore the right to property in the labor and service of persons *in transitu* from one State to another.

"The Supreme Court having fallen into the same error, their order should be reversed.

"To prevent the possibility of misapprehension, I will briefly recapitulate the positions which I hold in the foregoing Opinion.

"Every State is at liberty, in reference to all who come within its territory, with the intent of taking up their abode in it for any length of time, to declare what can, or cannot, be held as property.

"The Constitution of the United States, implied agreement which regulates the intercourse of separate and independent nations toward each other, all things belonging to the citizens of any one nation, are recognized as property by the laws are exempt in their passage through the territory of any other, from all interference and control of the latter; *e. a fortiori*, by the positive compact, which regulates the dealings and intercourse of the sovereignties of the Union, things belonging to the citizen of any one State, recognized as property by that compact, are exempt in their passage through the territory of any other State, from all interference and control of the latter.

"The right to the labor and service of persons held in slavery is incontestably recognized as property in the Constitution of the United States.

"That portion of the act of the Legislature of this State which declares that a slave brought into it belonging to a citizen of a slave State, shall be free, is unconstitutional and void, so far as it applies to a citizen of any other State of this Union, where the right to property in the service and labor of slaves exists, who is passing through this State, and who has no intention of remaining here a moment longer than the exigencies of his journey require."

—Judges Comstock and Selden only say:

"Lemmon vs. People, 20 N. Y. R. 562."

COMSTOCK, Ch. J.—Observed in substance that, since the last term of the Court, his time had been wholly occupied in an examination of other causes argued at that term. In this case, however, he was so far in accordance with the view the attention which its importance might justify. He had no hesitation in declaring it to be his opinion that the legislation of this State, on which the decision in this case depends, is directly opposed to the rules of comity and justice which ought to regulate intercourse between the States of this Union; and he was not prepared to hold that such legislation was justified by the obligations imposed on all the States by the Federal Constitution. Without, however, wishing to delay the decision which a majority of his brethren were ready to make, he contented himself with delivering it from the judgment.

The People ex rel. Louis Napoleon vs. Jonathan Lemmon.

SELDEN, J.—I have been prevented by want of time, and the pressure of other duties, from giving to the case that careful examination which is due to its importance, and to the elaborate and able arguments of the counsel, and am not prepared, therefore, definitely to express my opinion on the act of 1841 so as not to conflict with any express provisions of the United States Constitution. But, however this may be, I cannot but regard it as a gross violation of the principles of justice and comity which should at all times pervade our inter-State legislation, as well as wholly inconsistent with the general spirit of our national compact. While, therefore, I am not prepared at the time to give such reasons as would justify me in holding the law to be void, I am equally unprepared to concur in the conclusion to which the majority of my associates have arrived.

I am no advocate for the cause of freedom and for the honor of our Jurisprudence that the majority of the men composing the Court of Appeals were not members of the Democratic party. If the bench had been filled with men wearing the Tammany collar, there would be now no legal obstacle in the way of any slave-driver who might wish to parade his coffle of human merchandize in Broadway or the Fifth Avenue, or call the roll of them on the battle-field of Saratoga or under the shadow of any of our Church steeples! Is not this a "glorious Union"?

DR. CHEEVER ON SLAVERY.

DR. CHEEVER, in spite of the threatening aspect of the weather, was greeted last Sunday evening by a crowded house. His discourse was a masterly exhibition of the wickedness of slavery in compelling its victims to toil without wages. He showed that this injustice, so far from finding any warrant in the Bible, was denounced in that book as a sin. He also showed by a variety of arguments and illustrations that this sin is as injurious in its effects upon the pecuniary interests as upon the morals of the people. The wastefulness of slavery was a part of God's punishment of the slaveholders; for the wages of the slaves were free laborers, the wealth both of the South and of the North would speedily be doubled; the blacks would do more work, produce more, would require more, and pay for more—so that the trade between the North and the South would be vastly increased. In fact, the cotton merchants who thought they were working for their interests in sustaining slavery were in reality perpetuating a system which, if continued, would result in the utter destruction of their trade, a system which produced slave insurrections, and which always made the destruction of freedom of speech even for the slaveholder. Filling the earth by stealing men's wages cost more than it came to. If you had a stream which would drive 100,000 mills, would it pay to build a thousand steam engines to be worked by spirits of turpentine and gun-cotton, and dam the stream to keep it out of the way? This was only what it was to use slave labor instead of free.

Dr. Cheever will resume the subject to-morrow (Sunday) evening, when he will set forth the duty of the Christian and the Ministry in respect to slavery, and show the depth of the guilt which they incur in refusing to obey God by proclaiming his law of liberty and equality. Every friend of uncompromising anti-slavery in the city should make it a point to attend.

SLAVERY AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE effects of the toleration of slavery by the American Board in the Indian Territories of the South-West are now seen in the determined efforts of the slaveholders to form a new slaveholding State out of those Territories. The Missionaries of the Board having admitted slavery into the Churches and thus sanctioned the practice, which it could not do otherwise, it is natural that the politicians of the South should be encouraged in their efforts to incorporate a new State pledged to maintain and perpetuate the iniquity. Read the following extract of a letter from the Indian country, which we copy from the St. Louis *Democrat*:

"There is a secret political association formed in the South for the purpose of establishing a vast slave Empire, to be called the Slave Power. Their efforts are just now directed to this vast and fertile country, known as the Indian Territory. It is composed of Southern men, who have come here and organize their respective domains, retaining a section for every man, woman and child, and reserving the surplus for sale, with the understanding that no land is to be sold to Northern emigrants, and that none but those who are '*sound on the goose*' are to be allowed to settle in the country thus dedicated to slavery. The secret society of political Jesuits, which has ramified into the Indian Nations among the civilized Indians, zealously laboring to carry out their schemes. I have good reason for believing that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Superintendent of Indian Agents—all officers of the General Government—are conniving at, if not actually aiding in, these propagandist schemes. This new secret political society is ramified throughout the South, and is now growing in numbers, influence and material means. It needs watching. I happened, by accident, to come in possession of some of the secrets and movements—enough to know of its existence and object, but not ask you to take my word for it. Keep a lookout, and their schemes will develop themselves. I am of the opinion that they are going to make a desperate effort to have slavery established in spite of them they attempt to hoodwink. But no one can tell now what the final result will be. There is a large fund to be applied to bribery."

WILLIAM STILL.

[From the most difficult and at the same time most delicate station that certain Abolitionists have to perform is that of exposing the false pretences of a class of mendicants who live by groundless appeals to anti-slavery sympathies. We perceive that our highly-esteemed friend and valued correspondent, William Still, of Philadelphia, has been getting into difficulty by his efforts rightly to discharge this thankless function. A libel suit which has been for some time pending in the City against him has resulted in a sentence requiring him to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and undergo an imprisonment of ten days. The facts of the case, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, are, in a few words, as follows:

A woman of color named Ellen Wells, formerly a slave in St. Louis, has been travelling through the country raising money for the purpose, according to her statements, of purchasing out of slavery her mother, her child, and several other relatives not so nearly connected. She has gone West as far as California, East as far as Boston, and Northward as far as Canada, and has succeeded in collecting funds to quite a large amount. She visited Philadelphia about a year ago, on this errand, and while there took up her abode with William Still, who keeps a private boarding-house. Mr. Still, for reasons satisfactory to himself, did not cooperate, at least to any great extent, in promoting Mrs. Wells's object. Leaving Philadelphia, she went to Boston, where she was highly successful in raising money from members of the Legislature, from religious societies and other sources. An acquaintance of Mr. Still's, then temporarily in Boston, wrote to him making inquiries as to Mrs. Wells's character. This letter, Mr. Still, in the freedom of a correspondence strictly private, answered without reserve. His letter was shown to Mrs. Wells by a party into whose hands it had accidentally fallen, and she was allowed to take a copy of it. This copy was made the basis of the suit for libel already referred to. Mr. Still was advised by legally and technically libellous, Mr. Still was advised by his counsel to plead "guilty," and adduce proof of character and of the absence of malicious intention, in mitigation of sentence; which he did. The Court ordered him to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and spend ten days in Moyamensing.

We hear that our friend bears his misfortune joyfully, feeling assured that he is suffering for having performed, to the best of his knowledge and belief, what he regarded as his duty. None who know him, and especially those who are acquainted with the circumstances of the case, will allow for a moment their estimation of his character to undergo any diminution from what has happened. Of the estimable colored men we know, and their number is not small, there is not one who, in conscientiousness, kindness of heart, devotedness to the interests of his race, and to the cause of Freedom, stands higher than William Still of Philadelphia. We are not surprised to learn that he bears his affliction with cheerfulness, and are pleased to know that he is to have an early deliverance. His term of imprisonment expires next Wednesday.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: I feel called on to protest against the unqualified praise bestowed in your columns on Littell's *Living Age*. I think that publication is far from being entitled to so much commendation, and wonder that some of our anti-slavery friends have not called attention to its deficiencies before now.

In its earlier volumes *The Living Age* was, I think, in point of literary merit, much superior to what it is now. It has become a mere repository of tales, which occupy a large portion of its space, and does not give nearly so much of the valuable and important product of the political literature of the Continent and of England as it once did. It seems to me, too, that the large space devoted to extracts from the critical speculations of the English press on such topics of the day is just so much wasted. These speculations not unfrequently contradict each other, or are shown to have no foundation by events occurring before they are published in this country. They are of no more permanent value than the editorials of our own daily papers, which are read one day and forgotten the next. The space occupied by them might be filled with much more interesting and important matter.

But these are, perhaps, matters of mere literary taste. My main objection to *The Living Age* is its one-sided and bigoted character. In a publication with so ambitious a title, and professing to present the intellectual activity of the age, one would expect that all varieties of opinion, all the movements of the age, would be allowed a fair chance to be heard. But this is not the case. *The Living Age* is entirely devoted to the interests of American Orthodoxy. We look in vain in its columns for any exposition of the liberal and independent thought of Europe. Nothing is admitted which can offend Orthodox prejudices. The results of Biblical criticism, or of scientific research which go to shake the belief in the infallibility of the Bible, or of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the free expressions of thought on religious topics, are entirely excluded. Hardly once a year does an article from *The Westminster Review*, certainly one of the ablest of the English Quarterlies, and the organ of the progressive minds of England, appear in *The Living Age*. On this account I think it deserves to be rejected, and, unless it can show more impartiality, to lose the confidence and support of liberal-minded men and women.

Y. Y.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

Our praise of *The Living Age* has not been without discrimination. More than once have we spoken regretfully of its "conservative" characteristics, and its attitude toward unpopular opinions and reforms. Mr. Littell, we believe, is an Orthodox Episcopalian, and naturally careful to keep out of his pages much that we would gladly see in them; but the field of literature is wide, and the contents of *The Living Age* are generally so good that we value it highly in spite of its faults. Our correspondent, we think, speaks quite too disparagingly of the extracts from the English press upon the current politics of Europe. Of course they are often contradictory, representing as they do the opinions of parties differing widely from each other; but how else can American readers get at the politics of the Old World who does not study the utterances of its press? We regret that Mr. Littell devotes so much of his space to fiction, but he does it, we suppose, in deference to the taste of the time, which runs very strongly in that direction.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW MOVEMENT.

ALBANY, April 20, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT is known that no Personal Liberty law was enacted by the Legislature last adjournment. It may be asked what has the Committee having the matter in charge outside the Legislature done? One of the objects of the Committee was to induce or procure the passage of a Personal Liberty bill was to draw the attention of the people to the subject of slavery, and especially to the iniquity of the Fugitive Slave act. The repeal of this latter act will soon be the work in hand. The Committee, as early as September last, begun by distributing blank petitions and circulars through the State. After the Legislature met, the Committee used all their influence to persuade different members to make speeches on the bill; and contributed as far as their means would allow to the printing of the speeches and the Report of the Committee of the Assembly. Let us sum up the printed documents we have thus been able to circulate:

Circulars and Petitions (really Tracts)	6,000
Mr. Powell's Report on the Bill	7,000
Mr. Morris's Speech on the Bill	1,000
Mr. Barrett's Speech on the Bill	1,000
Mr. Johnson's Speech on the Bill	1,000
Mr. Rublee's Speech on the Bill	1,000
Mr. Savage's Speech on the Bill	1,000
Mr. Blake's Speech on the Bill	1,000
William Goodell's Tract on the Bill	500
	21,500

To this should be added the circulation which all the speeches had in *The Albany Evening Journal* and in the County papers of each member named, swelling the whole circulation of anti-slavery tracts to over 100,000 copies!

When it is added that the whole receipts of the Committee were less than $75, and that a considerable sum had to be expended for postage, express and cartage charges, &c., it will be acknowledged, we think, that the labors of the Committee have not been entirely lost. We intend to enter immediately upon a new campaign. From our location at the Capital of the State, we have facilities for reaching a large number of people. We ask the cooperation of all who are friendly to the cause.

THE SECRETARY.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE SLAVE DEMOCRACY assembled at Charleston, S. C., on Monday, to lay down a party platform and nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. It had made little progress when last heard from. Douglas seems to have the best chance of the Presidential nomination.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTER FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.—XXIX.

APRIL 9th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I hear reading Mr. Seward's speech, over new interest was in seeing what was said of it in your newspapers. The effect is to show us once more, how little we have often had occasion to discover, how difficult it is to state best-disposed of us, your English friends, to understand the affairs and views of our brethren of another country. We had supposed it completely understood, that in the opinion of the Presidentiable could be an Abolitionist in the genuine sense of the term; in other words, it seemed to us inevitable that a man who proposes to be your President must be a Union-saver; must consider it his duty, in the first place, to be a Union-saver. Moreover, it is inconceivable to us that any man who would undertake to govern North and South as one country and people can possibly entertain that notion of the barbarism of Southern institutions, habits and sentiments which is to us the evidence that the Union cannot be preserved. That Mr. Seward's speech should disappoint you, that you should change to Unionism, and, in the rising glogoriy of the opposing character and interests of North and South, seems, therefore, surprising. I suppose, there must be men of every way of thinking, and every grade of enlightenment and virtue, in regard to your particular question, as to every great question; and very conspicuous public men who shows up the hopelessness of slavery, and explains the radical differences of the Northern and the Southern social polity as Mr. Seward has done, is doing something good (he is not) to a large class of minds, and preparing for the greater work to be achieved by higher men. The work is wholly different, I thought, from that of the Abolitionists, and of a quite order, and it may be a work which no Abolitionist could be satisfied to do, or be able to contemplate without, under the name of anti slavery action; but it may yet be seen the fall of bad institutions; and the man who could do it may be a blessing in comparison with the pro-slavery Presidents you have been cursed with. No doubt it would be better for Mr. Seward himself if he could climb into the height of this great argument; but he did, could it, possibly be a candidate for the highest office in a slaveholding republic? We thought his speech useful and admirable in comparison with the passionate and personal oratory so common in Congress, but we did not look for radical abolitionism in it, nor for that reading of past and present events and characters which a member of your Society would offer; and we have, therefore, while largely dissenting from it, not been disappointed. I tell you what we think, right or wrong, because we are always interested in knowing what you think—you experience workers, who are so much more likely to be discerning and accurate in your judgments.

I must return to a subject of which I spoke a few weeks since—the coming offered by our West India colonies to free negro industry. Since I mentioned the subject before, we have heard of more extensive evictions of your free negro fellow-citizens from several of the States, and thicker clonds of fugitives alighting in the Canadian settlements, just when our colonies are checked in their rising prosperity by deficiency of labor, and when, in some of them at least, there is a frank avowal that the mischief was caused by the misbehavior of the race—planters who abused the chances offered them by emancipation. They have passed away, and the new generation is certainly tractable, and evidently the wiser for the experience of negro independence. Moreover, a part of the proprietary is entirely new. Capitalists hold estates who never saw slavery, and set out with no class-prejudice against negroes. Still, there is enough of colonial prejudice and backwardness about new methods to render necessary the most vigilant care in the making of contracts between employer and employed; but, that can being provided, it does seem a feasible and promising plan for free negroes who are willing to work, and who are already adrift, to repair to the West Indies, for a term of years, or for a permanency, on terms which will afford them present comfort, and a future prosperity. I am aware that it is no part of the business of your Society to engage in concrete affairs of this kind; but I hope there are many kind-hearted and business-like men among you who would meet the agents of West India planters, or correspond with the employers, on behalf of the banished free negroes wandering about the States, or the fugitive slaves now overcrowding the Canadian settlements. Warning has been offered to our colonial planters not to listen to Southern agents, who want to deport free negroes, or get rid of troublesome slaves; and some information has been afforded about the Elgin settlement, and the stream of fugitives always flowing northward. If the consequence should be some applications for laborers, under contract for a term of years, let us hope such an opportunity will not be lost for want of some agency on the spot, which will be ready to inform the rests of the laborers, of the rational man, South or North, who may be on the transfer of these laborers from one British colony to another. That they were held as American property before does not affect the case; and any Southern hirster on the occasion may be simply allowed to pass unnoticed. The practical view of the case is that there are thousands of free laborers cold and hungry in the ungenial climate of Canada, while negro laborers are urgently wanted in the warm plains and islands of the West Indies. Engagements for a term of years, under legal protection, would enable the immigrants to settle with their families, in the new country, in case of their wishing to return; while the nearness to their American friends would facilitate their being looked after and cared for during their term of service. I see the notion is taken up in earnest by individuals here. A letter to *The Daily News* is before me which advocates the scheme, and proposes means for supplying the requisite capital and agricultural improvements. If there is any objection in the plan which we do not perceive, we should be glad to hear it. Meantime, it seems to us to be free from the social objections advanced by your free colored fellow-citizens who wish to return to Africa. The proposal relates to a class already homeless; and they would not be remanded to barbarism, but placed among equals and superiors, with a secured industrial career immediately opened to them.

The revelations of the American slave trade in the *New York Times* of March 14th and 17th (for we do not regard Mr. Cass's despatch as a part of those revelations) are satisfactory as far as the fall of a mask is satisfactory, when one dreads the hideousness of the features behind it. We may hope now to hear no more cant and fanaticism of brotherhood on this subject, from Secretaries of State at Washington, or anybody else whatever. The scandal is known now; and we may hope not to be vexed to the soul, as we have been our best on the African coast, by lying boasting of peevish taunts, by false pretensions, by canting protestations that we had better turn to Spain as the gaping pupil, and by factitious indignation at the imputation of insufficiency in the American cruisers—an imputation most obviously answered, Mr. Cass tells us, by the glory of our American navy and the estimation in which its officers are held! Such talk as this, while thousands of sufferers are being deported through American countenance, is trying to our souls. There must surely be an end of it now, after such exposure as has been made of American complicity in the traffic. While doing what we can with Spain, we shall not cease to insist that the way—and the only way—to abolish the African slave trade is to abolish slavery in the American republic. When man ceases to be an object of traffic there, and the commerce of one nation is given to the human rights of the rest, all the rest will be easy enough. Till then, the slave trade will exist, do what we will. As for Mr. Cass's despatch, no doubt whether is more disgusting Slave paper has appeared in our time, but I could think of a stronger condemnation than I would use it.

I will not repeat the news which you must have seen in every newspaper from Europe. Amidst the universal dread and misgiving caused by the French Emperor's annexation of Savoy and Nice, and his menace of the liberties of Switzerland, there is one melancholy satisfaction—the complete and irreversible exposure of the Emperor's fair professions and treacherous promises, produced by the very moment of seizing his prey. We have settled the question of his character, beyond all controversy, and the whole world on its guard against him. You will see how observed the effect produced all over Europe by Lord John Russell's ministerial avowal in Parliament, that all possibility of trust and confidence is gone, and that we must look to alliances in other quarters and to cooperation, while still remaining on peaceful terms with France. It is reported, on high authority, that the Emperor's remark on this was, "The English chose to have war, and they shall have it;" that it matters nothing now what he says. When he made a declaration, the other day, that he was satisfied with the neutrality of Belgium, and saw no cause for war, it was remarked that

Belgium and its guarantees ought to be arming. We go on spending our time in Paris and London, and Russia is doing no other preparations for war with their Sultan.

Meantime, nothing can well be graver than the aspect of affairs, though every country in Europe wishes for peace—with the fatal exception of France. The only question has for some time been where the stand shall be made against French aggression. The Emperor has determined first by his measures to the free, harmless, peaceful people of Switzerland. The stronger powers are pledged to the protection of Switzerland, and they will fulfil their duty, no doubt, however the French or anybody else may dislike it, as the smallness of the territory which the Emperor will be forbidden to snooze. There are signs of the stand being made, but if he yields this point for the moment he will presently raise another. The universal European struggle between France and its neighbors is at hand, as before in the impoverishment and retrogression of France, the destruction of one generation of young men, the overthrow of the Bonapartes, and the humiliations fall of their head. His fall will be one of the most like his predecessor's, for his usurpation has been more indefensible, and his course is as aggressive upon the rights of civilization. He has, however, a clearer foresight of the end, and has prepared a kingdom for himself in Algeria, if driven from France, with an army which will give him the command of the coasts of both Spain and France. Such schemes of such men never succeed, however. When he has outwitted society at home and abroad to a certain extent, human nature will prove too strong for him, and he will meet the fate he is daily preparing. To disclosing his quality as a man, he has displayed his power as a ruler. He is a fearful scourge! He is one of us always knew it; and it is a comfort that all the world knows it now.

It seems as if the world must be very old when one says that the Pope's Bull of Excommunication is not worth writing about; but it is even so. Most people laugh, and nobody cries. Pity for the famous old man and contempt of his advisers may be felt by some good people; but, on the whole, the document is regarded as an article for a curiosity shop. It will not hurt the King of Sardinia or anybody else.

As I close each letter to you, I anticipate having to speak of some outbreak of war in the next. This time, it is something more than a revolt in Sicily or the East, or a conflict in the Spanish Main, or a new outbreak on the part of Austria, that I have to notice. It is the probable capture of that had faith and rapacity in the French Emperor which comprehend within themselves a half-century of wars, involving the nations of a continent.

How long will our civilization admit of one man using the lives of so many men, and retarding the progress of so many States? The power of the Bonapartes is not only a barbarism in itself, but a sign of prevalent barbarism.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. XIX.

MARCH 21, 1860.

It's are, at last, beginning to see clearer in the *imbroglio* of Italy. The Italians, after the agitation of not less than nine different solutions between themselves and France about the settlement of the difficulties arising from the Villafranca peace, have at last had their own will. The partisans of the Emperor here pretend that he always intended that it should be so, and only made so many difficulties, and struggled himself in so much diplomacy, in order to escape from the Villafranca preliminaries, and appear not to have broken his word to the young Austrian Emperor. This apology will hardly improve the world's opinion of the present ruler of France. It may be a very brilliant piece of diplomacy to make promises and then to render their execution thoroughly impossible, but it is not in accordance with the laws of common honesty. But the moral sense of many people has been under the control of the influences acting on minds deprived of liberty, that I hear many praises, from all sides, of Bonaparte's counsing in this Italian question. I, for my part, at the risk of appearing very simple, do not believe that when he promised that the Italian Archduke should be restored, he was determined that they should not. I do not think that when he made the plan of an Italian Confederation, with the Pope at its head, it was a mere play of imagination on his part. I do not believe that when he blamed the Italians for not adopting his plans, he attached no value to this expression of displeasure. I do not think that when he threatened the Italians to abandon them in case they should renew the war, and told them that France would take no part in it, because "France had accomplished its task," he was only writing hollow phrases, for the amusement of posterity. I do not think that when he signed the peace of Zurich, he intended that the conditions of that peace should never be complied with so that he might have an excuse for a second war, and that he was unable to resist the will of the people in Italy, supported by the policy of England. Cavour understood the position of his ally when he said of him, "He may say and write what he chooses; I know he must follow me. We threw ourselves together in the water; I am swimming—he must swim too." It is, indeed, a curious spectacle to see a nation with its own, and, struggling among so many difficulties, quietly taking its destiny into its own hands. A part of this result is owing to England. Lord John Russell gave a hearty support to Central Italy, and it was acknowledged by M. Thouvenel in one of his despatches. But the greatest part of this result is owing to the excellent conduct of the Italians, to their determination, to their calmness, amid so many troubles. Cavour has won a great glory, but it has been partly sullied by his behavior towards Savoy. The King of Piedmont, people say here, has not only sold his daughter for Italy; he is now selling his cradle. The argument invoked by Cavour during the debate of the last difficulties in Central Italy has been the will of the people, and their right to choose their own government. Why did he renounce this principle in the case of Savoy? Why did he sign a treaty leading over Savoy and Nice to France, without consulting the Savoyards? Many, I am assured, wish to become French, but many are loyal to Piedmont, and many others wish to become Swiss. There has been a deputation of a few Savoyard gentlemen, who came to Paris to represent to the Emperor, and to express the expression of the wishes of their country. But no one had appointed them. They had no right to speak for a whole population; and it is rather curious that the very chief of the deputation, Conte Greyfié de Ballecombe, killed, with a rifle, from his own window, one of the poor Frenchmen who, after the proclamation of the Republic in 1848, entered Chambery, to propose to the Savoyards to become French. A party of republicans entered the town, with tri-colored flags, singing a republican song; but they were met with grape-shot, and Conte Greyfié received a decoration at that time for his loyalty. How is it that, since ten years, the idea of annexation to France has made such progress in his mind? Perhaps it might be explained by a promise made to him of a senatorship in Paris. Taking the Savoy affair in a serious point of view, I think that if the Savoyards had been properly consulted, and if the majority had expressed a desire to become French, there would have been no more objection than that made by the King of Savoy, provided the Swiss neutrality should be respected. But there has been such a deal of lying on all sides, on this question, that one cannot help looking on it with disgust. That the Emperor and his minister would have liked several times to England and Switzerland is only in conformity with all their behavior; but Cavour himself has been spoiled by his ally. Why did he declare, when it was false, that the King had no intention of willing or giving up the province? Why did M. Nigra, his minister here, assure the same thing to a very well-known statesman, two months ago? We are, thanks to certain influences, living in a sea of lies. Prussia is detached, not long ago, the Emperor of Austria for having made a sudden peace, without waiting for the support she was on the point of giving to him. We now see an English blue-book that at the same time Prussia was making reproaches to the French Emperor, for his forgetting to ask her leave before he made a peace, and forgetting to ask her leave before he made a peace, and forgetting to ask her leave before he made a peace, and keep down Germany, all ready to fight for Austria. There is in all the cabinets of Europe weakness, a mediocrity—I should almost say an imbecility—which opens the way to all the designs and plans of an usurpatious sovereign, who has at his disposition a large and invincible military force, and who has the means in his own country of directing public opinion, by a bribed press, to whatever channels he chooses. Such a force is almost overwhelming, and the prestige of continuant success makes it the more terrible. Will it sweep everything, or will it be arrested by some difficulty which Providence keeps in reserve? I do not yet see that grain of sand Pascal speaks of, which can overturn the balance of the world. The echoes of the speeches of the English Parliament will soon die away, but the grasp of France on the mighty mountains, where lie the roots to Italy, will not be relaxed. The empire of the "sick man" that Nicholas spoke of will soon crumble in pieces; and when Russia and Austria take their parts, will not Bonaparte ask for a compensation? It will be as now with Savoy; as the aggrandizement of Italy, which he prepared, obliges him to strengthen himself with Savoy, so the division of the Turkey between Russia and Austria, which he will prepare, will oblige him to strengthen himself by taking Belgium and the provinces of the Rhine. This is not a mere dream: our present Minister of Foreign Affairs comes from the East, and knows that the sick man is dying; and the spoils will be soon divided. But England?—but Prussia?—what will they do? They will meditate, perhaps, too late upon the difficulty of preserving the rank and influence of a great power, without accomplishing all its duties, at all times.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1860.

NOTHING but the Charleston hubbub, of course, the last week, as well as the present, and speculations as to the nomination till the nominatioo; and after it, ditto as to the probabilities of the election of the nominee. If Douglas is nominated, it will be a bitter pill for the slaveholders, but he is the man who has had certain of his faithful support of slavery and believe him to be the man who can beat the R-publicans. These two conditions are necessary to Douglas's success at Charleston; and if he is not taken up, it is because the South either does not trust him or have doubts as to his availability. If he is defeated in the Nominating Convention, it is a most humiliating blow at the Northern Democrats, but the fellows have always travelled in the valley of humiliation, and won't mind that. Eating dirt is not a pleasant pastime to an Anglo Saxon, but it agrees very well with a South American Indian.

Of course, the Democrats, pro and anti-Douglas, are greatly exercised "about these days," and each faction foretells the destruction of the party in case the other is successful. Let us hope *both* are right.

The Republicans look anxiously towards Charleston, and slyly cast eyes at Chicago to correspond with that of the Democratic Convention, or to offset it. They know that Douglas is put up by the slave-drivers, it would seem as if Mr. Seward's chances were beyond doubt at Chicago. I hear that if he is rejected, the Germans, led by Carl Schurz and other eloquent men, will at once call a public meeting and refuse to support the nominee. Such is the rumor here. Undoubtedly, if Seward is dropt, there is great danger of losing the entire anti-slavery German vote. Some say that if Seward go, the moderates are lost. The Republican party seems to be the predicament of the Canadian ferryman with the fugitive slave on his boat. Stop! cries the slaveholder, or I'll *blow* your brains out! Go on! says the fugitive, or I'll *knock* them out with this oar! Nominate Seward, or we will bolt, cry the Germans at the West. Nominate Seward, and we will bolt, cry the old fogies. You remember how the ferryman settled the question—"I must die anyhow, and I'll die *doing right!*" Seward is the ferryman, and he will do the courage and energy of a man conscious of doing God service—*and he saved his life*, as well as the slave's!

I don't believe everything depends upon William H. Seward. I very much doubt if he would make a better President than Judge McLean or Mr. Bates. Many things of late, little things, look to me as if Mr. Seward was paying his court to "conservatism," as it is called. Once in the President's chair, he would aim more at satisfying the South than the North. I think Mr. Seward, or Mr. Bates would prove to be as anti-slavery as Seward. Would Bates execute the Fugitive Slave law? Please be kind enough to say if Mr. Seward would not do the same thing! The only reason why the election of Mr. Seward as President would be a greater and more decided anti-slavery triumph than that of Bates or McLean is the simple fact that he, Seward, is the terror of the South, and has the reputation of being a monster of an Abolitionist in the eyes of the South. I think he would do any more for poor slave than Mr. Bates.

There has not been much doing in Congress since my last. The Convention over-rides Congress. Gov. Walker's letter, or rather the President's letter to Gov. Walker in 1857, in which he instructed the Governor to stand up for fair play in Kansas in spite of Southern clamor, has been unearthed by the Covode Committee of Investigation, and it leaves the President in a woful plight. He is now proved to have agreed beforehand that the Lecompton Constitution must be referred to the people of the Territory for their ratification. Hear him:

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: I duly received your letter of the 28th ult. on Friday, and read it to the Cabinet, then in session. The views which it contained were not calculated to assure us of your success, though we did not despond. Hence you may judge with what satisfaction the intelligence of the proceedings of your Democratic Convention, held at Lecompton on the 31 inst. The point on which your own success depends is the submission of the Constitution to the people of Kansas; and by the people I mean, and I have no doubt you mean, the actual bona fide residents, who have been long enough in the Territory to acquire a legal residence in it. If the Legislature determined three months as the period of residence to entitle individuals to vote for members of the Convention, and, if the Convention should think proper to adopt the same period to entitle individuals to vote for or against the Constitution, it appears to me this would be reasonable. On the question of submitting the slavery clause of the Constitution, I have always held it willing to stand or fall. It is the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the principle of Popular Sovereignty, and the principle as the foundation of the republic. The more it is discussed, the stronger it will become. Should the Convention of Kansas adopt this principle, all will be settled harmoniously; and, while it will be the duty of Congress to protect the property from your arduous, important and responsible station. The structures of the Georgia and Mississippi Conventions will then pass away, and be speedily forgotten.

In regard to Georgia, our news from that State is becoming better every day. We have not yet had time to hear from Mississippi. Should you adopt my advice, the revolution of the latter, I would advise you to make the great principle of the submission of the Constitution to the bona fide residents of Kansas the paramount issue. In this issue, I think it will be irresistible. With the question of climate every person is acquainted; and the more you insist upon this, the more will our opponents urge that it is a matter of no importance to Congress, upon the foundation of the Kansas and Nebraska bill. It is strange that people at a distance, who have no practical acquaintance with the subject, should be so much more wise than the wiser than those on the spot. It is beyond all question the true policy to build up a great Democratic party there to maintain the Constitution and the laws, especially the Fugitive Slave law, and the Territorial law, and, if the majority should be against slavery, to obtain such constitutional provisions as will secure the rights of slaveholders in Missouri and Southern States, adjacent to the laws guarding the just rights of the South.

You are right in your conjecture as to the cause of Judge Williams's appointment. We considered it as a peculiarly acceptable one to yourself, and that he might aid in carrying out your policy.

Col. Cumming has been appointed Governor of Utah. He will take his place to be sworn in after the brief period required for settling up his business, and I certainly shall be disposed to fill it by the appointment of Mr. Stevens.

Gen. Harney has been ordered to command the expedition to Utah, but we must continue to have him with you, at least until you are out of the woods. We are in hopes more Indian war in the present moment than Utah. The pressure upon me continues without intercession. I pray that Divine Providence, in which I place my trust, may be my guide and my hand to lead me to the end of my term. But God's will be done, in any event.

With every sentiment of esteem,

I remain always sincerely your friend,

[Signed] BUCHANAN.

To Hon. Robert J. Walker.

In the letter of Walker's to which this is a reply, the President is informed that a large majority of the people of Kansas are opposed to a pro-slavery Constitution. This fact is admitted by the pro-slavery Governor; yet, in the teeth of this evidence, and conscious of having written the above letter, Mr. Buchanan wheeled round and used his entire power and influence to cram the Lecompton Constitution down the throats of the people of Kansas! And all to please the slaveholders. Yet, when you come to read the speech of Pecksniffian piety and search for a brighter specimen of hypocrisy and the squint-eyed devilry! Nowhere, certainly, *outside The New York Observer* office.

AVON.

MR. HYATT'S PROSPECTS OF DELIVERANCE are not very encouraging, according to the Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post*, who says:

"Mr. Hyatt has just been visited by his wife at his rooms in the City Jail, and he evidently entertained a long tarry. He may as well bring his family on and keep house, for there is no more chance that the Senate will seek for him from its position than there is that the sun will fall from the firmament. When the summer weather comes on, and the wretched jail becomes a literal oven, Mr. Hyatt will at least discover that he has chosen a very bitter alternative."

THE REV. BERLAH GREEN, one of the earliest, and certainly one of the most eloquent champions of the anti-slavery cause in this country, has accepted an invitation to speak at the approaching anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He will review Senator Seward's late speech—a work to which his fine analytic and argumentative powers are admirably adapted.

BREVITIES.

C. C. Burleigh has been engaged to preach in Florence, Mass., once in two weeks for a year, to come, as he has done the year past.

The result of the Judicial election in Wisconsin is still to some doubt, the vote being so close that the official returns can alone decide it. The Janesville *Gazette* figures Sloan, State Rights Republican, 4 votes ahead of Dixon.

The *Ashtabula* (O.) *Sentinel* says it is time the Republican members of Congress were demanding the release of Hyatt from prison. They ought to be ashamed that they have neglected their duty so long.

Thaddeus Stevens, in a recent speech opposing an increase of the army (called for on the pretence that it was necessary to prevent Indian hostilities), said: "He believed that there was a greater necessity to keep a watch over and check the outrages and crimes of white men than there was to exercise these precautions to keep down the Indians." True as gospel.

The Rev. E. H. Chapin, in a sermon delivered a week ago last Sunday, speaking of the influence of true religion upon a man's conduct, said that it would prevent him from breaking God's command, "Thou shalt not kill," by engaging in a duel, though he were challenged by "a twenty-acre lot full of cowards and bullies."

The British press, strangely enough, understood Mrs. Browning's lines: "A Curse for a Nation," which were originally published some years ago in *The Liberty Bell*, and lately reprinted with her poems on Italian affairs, as levelled at England! She was constrained to ask *The Athenæum* to correct the error, and to assure her countrymen that the "nation" referred to in her poem was the United States!

The Rev. N. L. Rice, D.D., the man appointed by the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church to teach theology in its Seminary at Chicago, lately delivered and printed a course of "Lectures on Slavery," in which he put forth this assevaration: "Now, then, let the fact be remembered—that Abolitionism is more under the lead of a bad man, who has long been a blasphemous infidel!" If there is any truth in the Scripture declaration that "liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," the Chicago *Rice* will be certain to be well cooked in the next world.

Thayer and Eldridge, Boston, have in press a work by James Redpath, entitled "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," comprising the best Speeches, Sermons, Letters, Poems, and other utterances of leading minds in Europe and America, called forth by John Brown's Invasion of Virginia, embracing the productions of Rev. George B. Cheever, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Gilbert Haven, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Charles O'Conor, Rev. R. M. Wheelock, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Everett, John G. Whittier, Victor Hugo, Henry D. Thoreau and others, revised by the authors.

The American Bible Union—an association formed under Baptist auspices for the purpose of preparing and publishing a revised edition of the Bible—has given the world a specimen of its work in a revised edition of the Epistle to Philemon, with an elaborate commentary, aiming, according to a writer in *The American Baptist*, to establish these three points, viz: that Onesimus was an *absconding slave*, that Philemon was a *Christian slaveholder*, and that *Paul returns the slave* to his *rightful master!* The writer in *The Baptist* says: "It is not likely that the expositions accompanying this Epistle will increase the contributions to the Union north of Mason and Dixon's line. They are pro-slavery, and in no respect necessary to sustain the revision in any particular."

The Rev. W. H. Lord, Pastor of the Congregational Church at Montpelier, the capital of the Green Mountain State, is a son of the Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, and a "chip of the old block." On the recent Fast-day he preached a political sermon, in which, says *The Christian Repository*, he came out pro-slavery and in favor of the leading measures of the Democratic party, and concluded with a prayer for a revival. He doubted that slavery is a wrong, or a sin. If he had blurted a doubt of the Scripturalness of the doctrine of the Trinity or of eternal damnation, he would have been promptly expelled from the pulpit; but he has probably not damaged his clerical or ecclesiastical standing in the least by apologizing for slavery even in the capital of Vermont!

Dr. John S. Rock, the well-known colored orator, lately delivered, in the State House at Boston, a lecture on Woman, which is very highly spoken of in various journals. *The Pioneer*, a German paper, says:

"Thus, a thinking, educated, German and French speaking negro lectures a select American audience on female intelligence and liberation of the sexes in the Hall of the House of Representatives of one of the first States in the Union! What is become of such? Do the people of the present day know what is passing before them? Among these was a fine clipper ship and a fast sailing bile. Not but some of the fairest and most of the fashionable and his valiant deputies, who have so often suspected slavers, but who have never succeeded in convicting one! We are not told that they had even a suspicion of these half dozen black birds.

TREATY WITH SPAIN.—Mr. Preston, the old Kentucky Whig sent by Mr. Buchanan as minister to Madrid, arrived by the steamer last week, bringing a treaty with that nation, which settles all matters in dispute between the two governments, and contains valuable features. This is probably more than our Cuba-stealing rulers at Washington bargained for it would be only fair to call it a Spanish treaty, but it is yet a great achievement of whose administration was to be the acquisition of Cuba, should close his term with the removal of all causes of quarrel with Spain, and the Spanish flag.

KENTUCKIANS ABROAD.—A few days since "two white slaves of the South" arrived in this city from Kentucky, via Cincinnati and Cleveland. No one on seeing them would for an instant that they had a drop of negro blood in their veins, yet they had been born and raised slaves, and had, too, in the Slaveholding land of Kentucky, been sold, the eldest being something over thirty, and of a regular sandy complexion; the other a few years younger, and of but very little darker hue. They are now quite free, and enjoying natural ability, and in our free atmosphere will doubtless soon become useful and respected citizens of Northern Ohio.

A FAMILY PICTURE.—On Front street, Harrisburg, Pa., a hundred yards above the water-house, on Monday morning last, a family of road tramps was seen in the following attitude: The father was lying on the ground under a large drunk; the wife was sitting on the ground leaning against the side of a tree, with her head in the sun; a little girl was playing in the grass carrying in her arms, and two children were playing in a puddle of water, by which the group was almost surrounded. The little girl, apparently about four years of age, turn on the premises, was lying at the feet of the woman, looking up into her face, as if anxiously waiting for a smile in her countenance, or a spark of kindred intelligence.

Mr. Lovejoy died at Gov. Seward's on Friday, with Gov. McNiar of Mississippi and other fire-eaters, who were sociable enough to be present at his funeral. Some people wonder why the Southerner had sat so still while Lovejoy was plitting into slavery and them, but kicked up a dust when he spoke of religion to yourself, the question? Mr. McNiar, he says, "we were dumb with astonishment when our institutions were attacked, and didn't know what to do or say!" Lovejoy replied, "No, no!" exclaimed Lovejoy, "you sat still enough until I began to talk about the devil, but considered that a *personal* question—*Ohio Statesman.*

A NOBLE ACT—RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.—Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, is justly entitled to much credit for his exertions in behalf of a young negro boy, who, with his parents, escaped from their respective slavery. It appears that a negro named George Ingraham, residing in that city, arrived at Baltimore on the 3d inst. He started to go to Washington on foot. At Anapolis he was arrested as a suspected runaway slave and thrown into jail. According to the laws of Maryland he must be sold for entrap fees and other expenses not of his own contracting. He wrote to his brother in New Bedford, who communicated with Mr. Eliot, who at once proceeded to Baltimore where he found the man in a state of great destitution. He paid the expenses of imprisonment out of his own pocket, took the security and sent him to his home. The friends of humanity should not forget this act in Mr. Eliot.

The Boston *Courier* is still puzzling itself and its readers over the inference that a man who is black or race can be inferior and yet have equal political rights with a superior man or race. A comparison may help it out of the difficulty. Once may be, say half a dozen persons and a dance and a half of Indians—not to mention any number of Yankees—in Boston, who are in intellect, from one and half to twenty value several degrees above the editor of the Boston Courier. But nevertheless, the latter can cast just as many votes as any of the former, and yet be not so far inferior in intellect to the latter as to be unfit to have a voice in the affairs of his own country. The friends of humanity should not forget this act in Mr. Eliot.

The Boston *Courier* is still puzzling itself and its readers over the inference that a man who is black or race can be inferior and yet have equal political rights with a superior man or race. A comparison may help it out of the difficulty. Once may be, say half a dozen persons and a dance and a half of Indians—not to mention any number of Yankees—in Boston, who are in intellect, from one and half to twenty value several degrees above the editor of the Boston Courier. But nevertheless, the latter can cast just as many votes as any of the former, and yet be not so far inferior in intellect to the latter as to be unfit to have a voice in the affairs of his own country. The friends of humanity should not forget this act in Mr. Eliot.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE.—Pretty warm controversy was going on in Washington, a note of the House was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter, a member from Wisconsin, rose and said, "I have some Pennsylvania, who never takes up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place and said, "Mr. Speaker, I wish to ask the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. Potter) this question: Suppose, Mr. Speaker, I will grant you the whole of the Pennsylvania delegation, and, for the sake of argument, I will grant you the whole of the Wisconsin delegation, and, for the sake of argument

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GLADNESS OF MAY.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,
When Nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

Violets, sweet as summer's eve or autumn's glowing day,
Are rushing on the mind of youth as lovely as they're gay,
Hopes painted on that coral lip, or maiden's beaming eye,
Are coming back to cheer old age, and deck its snowy brow.

Kingcups bathed in golden light, their tender breasts unfold,
And verdant plains burst on the sight, like beds of waving gold,
Violets from the mossy banks in purple clusters rise,
And daisies one by one begin to show their starry eyes.

Leaves unseal in the noontide's warmth, and kissed by the dew,
Are woven into forest crowns that mock the emerald's hue,
And twilight comes to shed around its soothing walks of rose,
As doth the heart to memory, when life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms fair as orient pearls adorn the orchard trees,
And odors from their honeyed lips add fragrance to the breeze,
Early's setting radiant glow is mantling in the grain,
And from the earth a promise comes of fruit and corn again.

Birds, rich in plumage and in voice, from every wood and grove,
In joyous concert carol forth the melody of love,
Zephyrs wild as music's tone upon their pinions bring
Sweet echoes to the listening ear, and incense of the spring.

Insects bright as Tyrian dyes wake from their torpid sleep,
As conscious as the ocean sands that wash the rocky steep,
Lambs in little playful groups are scattered o'er the lea,
And squirrels from the beechen boughs dance on from tree to tree.

Clouds, calmly hung in silver light like folds of fleecy snow,
Are shadowed in the silent streams that by the valleys flow,
Now cradled by the swelling waves, now on the shore as play,
Now climbing the lofty hills as hitherzone as a fay.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,
When Nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Col. Vertner sat alone, the next morning, in his library; through the open window stole the fresh, morning breeze, laden with the perfume of roses and laburnums, while a bright ray of early sunlight rippled over the papers and books that were carelessly thrown upon the table. Col. Vertner's face wore an unusually pleased expression; a favorite volume lay open before him, but his eye wandered constantly from the page, as though some pleasant thought dwelt in his mind and monopolized all his attention. This train of fancy, however, was broken by the sudden entrance of Pomp, with the mail-bag.

"Hy, boy," exclaimed the Colonel, "have you much of a budget to-day?"

"Yes, ear, an' it's mighty heavy; dem 'or letters mus' weigh somethin'," replied the boy, as he dashed the leather bag from his shoulder, and drew a long, loud breath, expressive of the exertion which it had cost him to carry so weighty a burden.

"Well, give me the key, and here is a dime for you."

"Thankey, mas'er; thankey, mas'er;" and the boy fumbled away in his pocket in search of the key. Being a little slow, his master inquired,

"What! you rascal! I trust you have not lost the key of the mail-bag."

"Oh, no, ear, me hain't lost him; he is down here somewhere among my marbles."

Accordingly, a quantity of marbles, twine, wrapping thread, bits of paper, rags, odds and ends, &c., of the "dear knows what," as Aunt Polly styled it, were dished up from those capacious pockets, and among other things the little missing key was at last found.

"Oh, here it am, mas'er; here it am; me think he wasn't lost."

As he looked over the letters, Col. Vertner found quite a number addressed to himself, and one for Madge. The father smiled as he cooned over that British postmark; and he well knew how happily his daughter's pulse would bound at sight of the well-known writing.

"Go, tell your Miss Madge to come to me, Pomp; I suppose she is out now for a romp with Rover round the lawn."

But before the boy had time to obey the command, the library door was slowly opened and Madge Vertner appeared, looking pale and listless as though she had spent an anxious, troubled night.

"Why, daughter! But what *is* the matter?" exclaimed Col. Vertner, his tone changing from the gay and joyous to the frightened and surprised as soon as he observed her appearance.

"You are not well. Let me reach you a chair."

Madge took the seat and motioned to Pomp to leave the room.

"What is it, daughter?" asked her father with anxiety.

"Let me be still for a moment."

Remembering the letter which had just come for her, Col. Vertner hoped to soothe her with it. Placing it gently in her hand, he said,

"Only see, here is an English letter for you."

Madge started and let it fall from her hands.

Passing his arm round her waist, and stroking her brow tenderly, he sought to beguile her into a happier mood. What is it, my pet? what has disturbed you so? The morning is so beautiful and inviting, I had hoped that it had found you as it had me, in a cheerful and happy mood of mind. Come, come, what is it? Some ugly dream? But read your letter; it will cheer you up. Only see how you have allowed it to fall from your hands. This is not the way you usually greet Mr. Butler's letters."

"Please the seal and read it to me, papa."

This was a singular request, and perfectly inexplicable to Col. Vertner, for Madge generally read her own letters, and on all former occasions had made a great point of the mere breaking of the seal. Now, however, though the request was not obeyed her without further inquiry into the strangeness of her mood.

"And so," he observed, as he refolded the letter after reading it to her, "Mr. Butler will not sail for another month. That is rather provoking."

"It is quite provoking."

"Why so, my darling?"

"Because I have to say to him which had better, far better, be written than spoken."

An inquiring look was the only answer she received.

"Papa" (Madge paused at each word, as if gasping for breath), "did you ever know a quadroon girl—a slave—by the name—of—*Alice?*"

Col. Vertner let go his daughter's hand and reeled back a few steps, like one suddenly stricken by a severe blow. His eyes were firmly fixed upon him. Leaning eagerly forward, with parted lip and a nervous motion of the fingers of her outstretched hand, she watched every movement of his. Her hope, love and life trembled on the answer.

"Oh, God!" gasped Col. Vertner, "the curse has come at last!"

"Papa"—this time Madge's voice was calm and fearfully cold—"you need not tremble and turn away from me with that dismayed look. I know all."

"No, no, child—not all—not half. They cannot have told you how I have suffered, the hell I have carried in my bosom."

"I am the daughter of that quadroon, Alice—not, alas! the honorable child of an honorable marriage. I am here in this house only by courtesy, or rather by means of a base lie and a baser fraud."

Her eye flashed and her lip curled disdainfully as she uttered these words.

"Spare me, my child; spare me. I have tried to atone for that great wrong. Spare me, I beg; don't let curses come from you; but, no, I'll not ask you to spare me; 'tis better that you should curse. I deserve it. Great God, why was I spared for this?"

"And why was I born to it?"

A moment of deadly silence ensued. Madge sat in the same attitude, statue-like response, while her father remost motionless, statue-like response, while her father remained standing over by the window, with his hands clasped to his temples, rocking to and fro, groaning toward the other. Such was the change of a few hours. A father and daughter, whose very lives had hitherto seemed blended into one, sat, now, estranged and riven apart, as silent into one, sat, now, estranged and riven apart, as though a fathomless river flowed between them.

Madge was the first to break the silence.

"You have nothing further to say?" She did not even glance toward him.

Suddenly, as if recollecting himself, and forgetting what his ravings had betrayed, Col. Vertner exclaimed,

"Madge, who have you seen? what wicked or sprite, fiend or monster, has been playing upon your credulity. 'Tis strange, very strange, premeditated lie. Don't think of it again, my child; but tell me who has dared such villany; tell me, and I will throttle the dastard in his next speech. Come, come, poor panting bird, to your father's breast."

He stretched out his arms to receive her, and advanced a few steps, when she waved him off.

"No, papa; no; another lie will not wipe out this terrible fraud which has been practised upon me and mamma—I mean *Mrs. Vertner.*"

There was a terrible bitterness in her tone; it cut her father's heart like a sword.

"Don't be sarcastic, Madge, for my poor brain turns round; I am bewildered and grope about like one blinded." [illegible]

peace for me. I have parted from it with my childhood. Perhaps I have had enough happiness in my early life, and should bear this great shame and trouble patiently. Oh that I had been strangled in my cradle and not saved for this bitter moment!"

She pressed her long fingers to her eyes, while tears burst through the partings and raised down upon her lap.

"Oh, Madge, Madge, cry, weep, my child, let the fountain run dry now, but don't scorn your father; love him, cling close to him in spite of this."

Col. Vertner had drawn near her and was about to lay his hand upon her partially-bent head, when she slid softly from the chair, and laid herself down upon the carpet, with her face buried in her hands. He stood over her, gazing down at her prostrate form, yearning tenderness anguish depicted on his countenance. He dared not speak, but left her to the flow of her own grief. What would he not then have given for the power to recall or wash out "*the follies*" of his youth?

Moments passed like ages, so full were they of bitterness and suspense. After a great of sighs, moans and tears, Madge Vertner, by virtue of her strong, young energy of life, had commanded herself sufficiently to assume a composed air.

"Papa, since this dreadful news is a fact, I shall accept my fate. Forgive me if I have seemed harsh and unkind. It was a great blow, and, coming so suddenly, quite stunned me at first; but now, as my reason and right-thinking return, I recollect all that I owe to your tenderness and generous consideration. You petted my childhood and loaded my life with blessings. Such kindness as you lavished upon your adopted child deserves could make have been full-handed generosity and affection could make have been freely made, and it is not for me now to revile and curse them—no, no (with tears), rather let me love you the more. Take me, *father and mother*—for you have been both to me—to your heart; let me rest there. I have no home, else left me in the world but you, and, as the vine clings close to the sturdy oak, I will twine, clasp and interlace the tendrils of my heart and soul about you." And there, sobbing and moaning like a weary child, she lay upon his breast, with his arms locked closely around her.

But by and bye the fury of the storm spent itself, and, wiping her eyes and composing her manner, she sat down upon the sofa, and asked her father to take the place beside her.

"Papa," she said, after a moment's pause, "tell me something of this Alice—of—my—moth—er." Her lip trembled and tongue faltered on the syllables of the last word.

Mastering himself by a considerable effort, Col. Vertner replied,

"I will tell you all I can; but how am I to begin? where and when?" Suddenly rising from his seat, he paced the room with irregular and uneven steps. Striking his clenched fist on the table, he exclaimed,

"What a *thing* is a man bowed with shame in the presence of his owo child!"

"Does it pain you so much, dear papa? If so, deny me; but I thought it was best to know *all* now, and then put the subject aside with you from our minds. I think, for this, a better relationship will be established between us; and now that I know your secret trouble, I can sympathize the more with you."

"Dear child!" he cried, as he held out his hand toward her. "I already see manfully forgetting yourself, upon whom the heaviest blow falls, and only remembering to pity and sympathize with me. But, Madge," he continued, after a slight pause, "give me, first, a full account of your meeting with Rachel. Ah! I always knew that she would come to me through that proud and high-spirited mulatto."

"Papa, she calls herself your cousin, and she told me of fearful wrongs and deceptions which you had practised upon her."

"Yes, yes; I suppose it is well for you to know it all, and yet it would have been kind to have spared me the humiliation in my child's esteem; but, Madge, dearest and best of children, you will not despise me?"

"Oh, no, indeed," and she sprang to his embrace.

With as little delay as possible, and in a seemingly calm tone, she gave him a faithful and minute account of the interview. Several times, when she repeated Rachel's words, he winced and writhed as though he had been put upon the rack. When she had finished, she clasped his hand tightly between hers, and asked,

"Now, papa, tell me of Alice. I cannot yet call her mother, even in thought."

Passing his hand lightly across his eyes, he said,

"Alice, my dear, was a beautiful quadroon girl, of lightly mind, but utterly without education or any kind of moral instruction, yet a person of the keenest instincts, and more beautiful than any living creature I ever beheld. You, my Madge, have, at times, a certain piquant expression which recalls her to me. She was a slave, owned by a friend of mine, a Mr. La Rue, of New Orleans, who spent his summers on the place adjoining this, and which he then owned, but afterwards sold. Alice was Mrs. La Rue's dressing-maid, a petted upper servant, with many advantages, one of those gay, butterfly creatures to whom slavery had no horror. How happy she was when I first saw her, singing the whole day through! Fascinated as I was by her extraordinary personal beauty, it was a dangerous position that I found myself in, meeting her, as I did, in my early morning drives and afternoon rambles through the woods, for Alice's duties were light, and most of her time was at her own command. It was not a cold and, as you perhaps think, a willing wrong I did to Alice, for I loved her with all the fervor of a young man's first love, and again; and after your birth, I offered to buy her from La Rue, for the sole purpose of setting her free; but she was a pet of his wife's, and five times her appraised value in ready gold could not secure the purchase. Shall we say that I did not confessed to her master the relation which she had to me; but it was of no avail. He would willingly have surrendered her, but his wife's consent could not be obtained. However, he let me have you for a very small consideration; in order to secure this, his wife had to be told the secret, and only then and upon that condition would she give you up. About this time your little half-sister, your mamma's (for you must still call her so) child, who had been put out to nurse with old Lucy, your mammy, died, and I conceived the plan of putting you in her place, concealing from your wife the fact of the double or the exchange. For a handsome pecuniary consideration the old nurse kept my secret. Of course her freedom was a portion of the bribe; and when she left to find a home in the Northern part of Ohio, I fondly believed that my secret was safe; but Rachel has found it and betrayed me. I was obliged to tell her of the affair."

"But, papa"—Madge's voice faltered, and she timidly cast her eyes downward—"what induced you to put poor Rachel in my place? Surely, here, when she was so pure and happy in the North?"

"Don't question me, child, too narrowly or closely; that was one of the mad freaks of my wild and somewhat vicious youth. I have repented of it a thousand times, but repentance came too late."

"She was a lively, graceful creature when I first saw her; and do you remember, that time I met you over at her cabin-door and inquired earnestly who she was, when you put me off by saying that she was a seamstress? Did you not deceived me!"

"Yes, but don't recall it now."

After another rather long pause, Col. Vertner asked,

"Madge, darling, you will say nothing of this to your mamma. Spare me disgrace and humiliation in her."

"My first impulse was to tell her, for I think it so wrong to let her rest under such a deception, especially as she has never loved me, and it might soothe her heart and conscience to know that I am a poor alien and half her child; but since you ask me not to tell her, and knowing, as I do, how severely she would reproach you, I will strive to be silent; but of course, papa, you know that I will write to Mr. Butler and inform him of all, as concisely as possible."

"Madge, you do not mean what you say?"

"Of course I do; to act otherwise would be dishonorable."

"Child, you are honor-mad. Why will you blight your own happiness and my proud expectation?"

"Because I believe it to be right. Papa, you do not remember Mr. Butler once said, in answer to a question of mine, that he could never marry a girl who had one drop of colored blood in her veins? Knowing this, it would be a cruel wrong in me to marry him without first letting him know who and what I am."

"Well, child, if your trouble is yet to come upon me; Madge, how can you forgive me?"

Col. Vertner sought out Rachel and had a sad, strange interview with her. She told him, with an impulse, which she could not resist, had urged her back, and, driven desperately, perhaps by love, perhaps by revenge, she had 'ola all to Madge. Seeing her frightful condition, Col. Vertner did not reproach her as severely as he had intended and it may be that in her place he blamed her less than he thought he did. The interview was a strange and by no means pleasant one. The broken-down man of power and influence heard words from the lips of a mad woman which placed his character and position in an entirely plunged light from that in which he had hitherto contemplated them. They parted with reproach on the one side and recrimination on the other. And the morning after the interview, a party of wood-cutters found the body of a mulatto woman hanging from a rope to the limb of a large beech tree. Upon examination, it was identified as Rachel's, and another blow fell upon Col. Vertner's conscience. He, indeed, began to feel that Providence was sending him retribution fast and in large instalments. Madge heard of the suicide with a feeling of polignant sorrow.

In a brief but dignified letter, she told Mr. Butler of the recent painful discovery which she had made regarding her birth, and, after a few kindly, always busy doing something for some one else. She did not ride, or drive, or pine so much with Rover, but went about among the neighbors, and the poor, or the sick, hunting up sufferers and rendering them little acts of kind and service, while all her evenings were spent in the cabins, talking with the slaves, reading to them or taking some little delicacy or comfort to each of them as were sick or in trouble. In fact, Madge was trying to fly from memory, trying to live down the pain, the grief and her own grievances. Affliction always washes the Christ in us.

Her father marked with anxious interest the lessening bloom of her cheek and the want of elasticity in her step.

"What is it, child, that you do so much and so painfully appear to gone; you step with a heavy, wearisome gait, and your face has a pinched and worn look, some tread. Are you not well? I must send-for the doctor."

"No, don't, papa; I am quite well; only a little lancuid. Never mind, I'll soon be as strong as ever." Even amid her sorrow, she was not wont to heed such matters, observed the change.

"Something had better be done for her," she said to her husband; "the child is weak and ailing, it is plain to see."

Weeks sped on; still no letter from Mr. Butler. Madge eagerly seized the mail-bag when Pomp returned from the village, hastily and nervously examining each letter, hoping to find among them the well-known one. But disappointment followed disappointment, until her heart grew faint. Perhaps—who shall say?—she hoped, after all, that he would out avail himself of the opportunity which her sensitiveness afforded. Perhaps she thought he had spoken coldly, ill-advisedly of his preference for the race; and, after all, she might be happy. With such tempting and tormenting thoughts, she still watched and waited.

INVITA MINERVA.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Bardling came where by a river grew
The whispering reeds, and, as the wind blew,
Cleared and sighed plaintively, as if they knew
What music slept enchanted in each stem.
Quick he drew out a reed from among the rest,
Pluck'd off the ragged one of them,
And with wise lips enfolded through and through.

The Bardling thought to pipe (as all I ween)
Over Thalia's roughly-hewn stock,
A strain of it in my fancy, I proceed
To breathe such strains as, yonder 'mid the rocks,
The strange old Dryad breathes to Amaryllis,
And all the maidens will to me pay heed.

The summer day he spent in unestful round,
And many a reed he marred, but never found
A conjunction of lips that breathed a sound;
At last his vainly-wearied limbs he laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering shade,
And deep into his heart the spirit pouned.

Then strode the mighty mother through his dreams,
Saying, "The reeds along a thousand streams
Are mine, and who is he that plots and schemes
To assume the melodious lips that breath
Sounds through the double pipes of Life and Death,
Atoning what to men mad discord seems?

"He seeks not me, but I seek out in vain
For him who shall be my willing instrument,
And make them utter their melodious pain;
He flies the immortal gift, for he'll be known
By the life of the mortal, and overflows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come again.

"Thou fool, who dost my harmless subjects wrong,
'Tis not the singer's wish, but my decree
The rhythmic leaves shall wrinkle dumb, how long,
Nor stops to any delicate instrument,
Till, from the muted lips, their sweet consent
Make mortal breath than Time and Fate more strong."

—*Independent.*

MRS. JAMESON.

Mrs. Jameson's name and works have been so long before the world that there is a prevalent impression that she was one of the marked contributors to the early numbers of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, the first days of the Regency, and the panics on account of the French Revolution. It was not exactly so; nor, on the other hand, did Anna Murphy rush into print, or into fame, while yet in her teens. She was born in the last century; but it must have been very near the end of it, for there is a strong character of youth and experience about her first work, though it was known by her married name as soon as any name at all was affixed to it. Her father, the artist, Murphy, painted extraordinary portraits of Princess Charlotte, was in the habit of taking up his abode for a few months at a time in some provincial town where the inhabitants were disposed to sit for their portraits. In one of those cities (Norwich) he was living, temporarily, when the "Diary of an Invalid" came out, and was immediately in all the book-clubs. At a party made for Mr. Murphy, the half-hour before dinner was beguiled by lively criticism on the book, in which more or fewer faults were found by every person present. At length, Mr. Murphy was asked if he could give half-a-dozen of the consequences of her mistake in that case, of mixing up a real journal with a sentimental fiction, in order to disguise the authorship. This mistake of mere inexperience exposed her to charges of the grossest kind to her travelling companions, and to ridicule on account of the pathos of her own fictitious death. She was anxious to have it understood that there had been a want of coöperation between herself and her publishers; and she wisely withdrew the book in its first form, and left best parts of it, and republished it with various welcome additions, as "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." In its first form the work appeared in 1826; in the second, in 1834. One incident of the case ought, perhaps, to be considered: that her dedicatory letter to her father was considered to be so afflicted immediate aid to Mr. Jameson under some difficulty of the moment. And here it is best to say the little that should be said about the marriage of the parties. Mr. Jameson was a man of considerable ability and high political employment, filling with honor the post of Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and then Attorney-General of the colony; and he is spoken of with respect by his personal friends in England; but the marriage was a mistake on both sides. The husband and wife separated almost immediately, and for many years. In 1836, Mrs. Jameson joined her husband at Toronto; but it was for a very short time; and they never met again. This is all that the world has any business with; and has a deep interest to the world even that far forward as the effect produced on Mrs. Jameson's views of life and love, of persons and their experience, by her irksome and unfortunate position during a desolate wedded life of nearly thirty years. Mr. Jameson died in 1854.

The energy of Mrs. Jameson's mind became immediately displayed by the manner with which she returned to the press after the disheartening first failure; and she had, we believe, no more failures to bear. She became a very popular writer; and to the end of her life, approved that her power was genuine by the effect of appreciation upon her mind. She did not deteriorate as a writer, but improved as far as the quality of her mind permitted. She had the great merit of diligence, as well as activity in intellectual labor. She worked regular and well, putting her talents to their best use—and all the more strenuously the more favor they found. Another great merit, shown from first to last, was that she never mistook her function; never over-rated the kind of work she applied herself to; never undervalued the philosophy to which she was not pretend, nor opposed that which she preferred. She could honestly have said this of each work in its turn, we doubt not.

This book, the "Characteristics of Women," was apparently the most popular of her works; and it is perhaps the one which best illustrates her quality of mind. It followed in 1832, having been preceded by "The Loves of the Poets," and "Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns." The "Characteristics" appeared a great advance on the three earlier works; and it was, at first sight, a very winning and charming book. Wherever the reader opened, the page was charming, and the analysis seemed to be acute, delicate, and almost philosophical. After a second portrait, the impression was somewhat less enthusiastic; and when, at the end of four or five, it was felt that it had to bring away any clear conception of any, and to tell the truth, it was evident that there was no philosophy in all this, but only fancy and feeling. The notorious mistake in regard to Lady Macbeth, to whom Mrs. Jameson attributes an intellect far better than that of her husband, indicates the level of a work which is yet full of charm from its suggestiveness, and frequent truth of sentiment. Mrs. Jameson's world-wide reputation dates from the publication of this book.

It secured her an enthusiastic reception in the United States, where she spent there on her way to Canada, in 1836. There could hardly be a more "beautiful fit" than that of Mrs. Jameson and the literary society of the great American cities, where the characters of women are perpetually in the ascendant, and where the home is always busy doing something for some one else. She did not ride, or drive, or pine so much with Rover, but went about among the neighbors, and the poor, or the sick, hunting up sufferers and rendering them little acts of kind and service, while all her evenings were spent in the cabins, talking with the slaves, reading to them or taking some little delicacy or comfort to each of them as were sick or in trouble. In fact, Madge was trying to fly from memory, trying to live down the pain, the grief and her own grievances. Affliction always washes the Christ in us.

Her father marked with anxious interest the lessening bloom of her cheek and the want of elasticity in her step.

"What is it, child, that you do so much and so painfully appear to gone; you step with a heavy, wearisome gait, your face has a pinched and worn look, some tread. Are you not well? I must send-for the doctor."

"No, don't, papa; I am quite well; only a little lancuid. Never mind, I'll soon be as strong as ever." Even amid her sorrow, she was not wont to heed such matters, observed the change.

"Something had better be done for her," she said to her husband; "the child is weak and ailing, it is plain to see."

Weeks sped on; still no letter from Mr. Butler. Madge eagerly seized the mail-bag when Pomp returned from the village, hastily and nervously examining each letter, hoping to find among them the well-known one. But disappointment followed disappointment, until her heart grew faint. Perhaps—who shall say?—she hoped, after all, that he would out avail himself of the opportunity which her sensitiveness afforded. Perhaps she thought he had spoken coldly, ill-advisedly of his preference for the race; and, after all, she might be happy. With such tempting and tormenting thoughts, she still watched and waited.

THE PLAYMATE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetness and the quietness of May
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home.
And with her laughter and her singing,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons in the same May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of unevential years;
Still o'er and o'er I saw the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer mates abide,
The deathless children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smoothes her wedding-dress
No more in the home-spun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird hymns in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old times seem—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember the days
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than hers,
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O, playmate in the golden time!
Our ways part not as of yore—
Ina fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
Another uowsing blow;
And there is spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are musical as the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE AND HIS TWO WIVES.

A family council, presided over by the Emperor, and comprising Prince Jerome, Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde, and two of the cabinet ministers, is said to have been held at the Tuileries recently, to hold a conference concerning the proper steps to be adopted in the affair of Jerome's marriage with the Princess Clotilde, of Sardinia, an alliance to the imperial family. The publication of the particulars of the first marriage of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, at that time merely Lieutenant Bonaparte, in the service of the French Republic, with Miss Paterson, is known to everyone, as detailed in the last volume of Thiers's History of the Consulate and Empire, has roused ingenuity as well as sense of justice in the bosom of Jerome Paterson; and upon reading the account as given by Thiers, he immediately sent his agent to Baltimore with a letter written to Madame by Pius VIII. on the occasion of the second marriage, wherein his Holiness refuses to annul the first, there existing, according to the Roman law, no reason whatever for so doing. The Emperor Napoleon then, taking advantage of the Imperial Privilege, consented to annul the civil and imperial house in Europe, of said doing or annulling a marriage contracted by any of its members by the will of the chief of the family alone, immediately declared that the marriage was void, and that his brother was free to contract with another Princess, the Princess Charlotte of Wurtemburg. Now Jerome, who has been quietly enjoying a country life, with the wisdom and dignity of a man, little caring for the greatness which he beholds as the affliction of his family, is suddenly awakened from his dream of peace and quiet, the first marriage which is illegal. Napoleon Bonaparte, when he proclaimed his brother's divorce, had, indeed, become Emperor of the French nation—a mighty conqueror, a powerful law-giver, and a ruler of many peoples; but not even all his glory could make Napoleon so much in might that he him above his fellow-men, could change his birth one title, or make him the head of his family after all. Madame Letitia Bonaparte was still living, and so was Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest brother. It was Madame Bonaparte who, in the Imperial Council, was opposing, in order to legalize the first marriage. She had been considered on that occasion, as she was, according to French law, by the death of her husband, the head of her family. This was, therefore, the act by which the marriage was made illegal, and the consent of the widowed head of the Imperial family. As a civil formality, and in actual defiance of the Pope's decree as a religious necessity, it must naturally be regarded as considerable. Now, the wounded are two French officers and several of Garibaldi's soldiers. One or two Americans of our acquaintances were wounded. Two old men of seventy and a child of fifteen, who stood covering with their faces to the wall, were stabbed in the back. They slashed at the carriage, on a Roman lady of rank, who fainted through terror; in short, it was the same fiendish spirit which inspired the slaughters of Perugia.

Since then, the Pope has given five dollars to each soldier engaged in this outrage, and twenty to the ten who were first in the Corso, together with a silver medal, which they wear, in the face of a scowling, indignant people. Much indignation prevails among the French soldiers, who sympathize with the people, but General Goyon, the next morning, in his orders for the day, commended the general movement of the Italian police in putting down the demonstration, but regretted that the soldiers should have employed their weapons. In the course of the French authority here seems just now inexplicable. The Roman Journal has received from high authority, is that the Pope has told the Emperor that he wished him to take away his troops; and that if he wanted aid, he could get it of the King of Naples; and that the French powers-that-be, in consequence, have made the difficulties and are therefore not unwilling to withdraw their troops. Accordingly, the Emperor and their presence necessary. It is threatened that on Sunday next the liberals intend to crowd to St. Peter's, and to break out into a "Te Deum" for the annexation. The students of the Sapienza have already done this once, and the Romans down; and if they get into St. Peter's, there may be warm work.

The Pope has in this last outrage sundered the last cobweb of respect or religious feeling which yet bound Roman hearts to him. Such a cruel, unchristian, unforgiving mind attack on an unarmed population, without giving them time to retire, and eparing neither age nor sex, shows the nature of the beast. Under all that soft, gracious demeanor, those brown eyes so full of tranquillity, lies the ferocious claw of the tiger. He will have his way as soon as he can, and there is no mediation between him and his people is no place for repentance.

The true ecclesiastical bigot is a mixture of softness and ferocity; like some species of wild-cats, which repeat you with large quivering eyes of much tremulous affection that you feel that you could make them to your bosom, while in fact they are untameably savage and bloodthirsty.

Saturday, March 24th.

To-day the Church of Rome pronounces an excommunication on Victor Emanuel and all his aldiers and abettors—a pretty wide sweep.

Yesterday being a fête day, the affair of the Corso, six of the richest, most intelligent of the bourgeoisie in Rome received their orders to quit the city immediately, and to go by sea. They are gone to Florence.

Yesterday I was at Castellani's, the photographer of the two swords which the Roman people have had made to give to Victor Emanuel and the French Emperor. They have inscribed on them: "For the independence of Italy." Castellamo told me that these exies were to present the one in Paris.

Yesterday being Friday, we looked in on the Pope's twelve-o'clock prayers—which were full, as usual—Gen. Goyon assisting with full regimentals—a fine, tall, soldierly man, with an iron-gray head. We saw Overbeck and his daughter: he is a perfect devotee, and his pictures seem to breathe—all, this, and shadowy, with a sort of priestly black robe.

The Pope's great light-brown eyes on this occasion reminded us of a soft, sleek leopard's, as he came smiling and benignant, blessing from right to left, with his hand, all his people stretched around him. Fancy St. Paul or St. Peter with a guard of pikemen!

On the whole, this week has been eventful. We learn this morning that on the 21st the French troops began to leave Lombardy. Every day now is full of interest, and every day we approach fuller of significance for the old Roman power. The more I see and feel of it, the more I see that St. Peter's and the Vatican is only a resuscitation of the spirit of old Rome—*pride and force*—wholly material and worldly, and using the religious idea to carry its purposes. God send wisdom to this poor, oppressed people!

H. N. S.

Advertisements.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cough, Colds, Hoarseness and Exra, Irritation, Soreness, or any affection Throat Cured, the Hacking Cough, in Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Relieved, by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

"A simple and elegant combination of medicines." Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.

"Great service in subduing Hoarseness." REV. DANIEL MOORE.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers." Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York.

"That trouble in my throat (for which I use Brown's Troches) is well, having made me often a mere whisperer." N. P.

"Most salutary relief in Bronchitis." Rev. S. Shepherd, Morristown.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from Bronchitis." Rev. A. J. Pickett, Lodi.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the throat so common with Ministers and Public Speakers." Prof. M. Stacy Johnson, LaGrange, Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, to prevent Hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to my voice." Rev. J. Ireland, President Athens College.

Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per Box.

Also, Brown's Ginger Tincture, or Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headaches, Bilious Affections.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

Helper's "impending crisis" of the South can be had, wholesale and retail, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Boarding House.—Respectable persons accommodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, near Seventh. WILLIAM J. WILLIAMS.

The Public Life of Capt. John Brown, James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his Youth. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth, Philadelphia.

Card.—Anna M. Longshore Potts, Treatment of Female Diseases, No. 1 North-Tenth street, Phila. All cases in Medicine and Surgery treated with approved remedies, and most moderate fees adapted to the season. Special attention given to Obstetrics and to women and children.

Furniture.—Purchasers are respectfully invited to call at the Cabinet Warerooms of the subscriber, No. 1 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

Spring and Hair Mattresses made to order. Repairing Upholstering, &c., &c. All orders promptly attended to.

Kenderdine & Justice, Importers and Dealers in Cabinet Hardware, S. W. corner Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand an assortment of Hardware, suitable for Cabinet Makers, Builders and Upholsterers, at the lowest prices. Kenderdine, Warner Justice.

Confectionery—Removal.—Lea & Blanchard respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia, where they will continue to manufacture and keep on hand a full assortment of Confectionery, Fancy Candies, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description, using the purest materials, all the produce of Free Labor. Wedding and Ball Cakes, Ornamented and Plain, to order, at the shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

Prize Medal awarded in London in 1862 for superiority over all others in the manufacture of Pianos, Grands, Square and Upright, Cottage and Piccolo, Tone, Touch and Durability combined, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, Pianos, with descriptions of the best manufactured, for sale at the manufactory, Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.

THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufactory, 1102 Chestnut street, S. W. cor. 4th.

A large assortment of Salamanders, Various sizes, always on hand, at No. 24 Sixth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the country. Stevens & Watson, Manufacturers, Philadelphia. Continuance of the same. Please give us a trial before purchasing elsewhere. Patent Late-lined Refrigerators, warranted superior to any made in the city.

N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Patent Water Coolers, Filters and Refrigerators combined.

Sign of the Mammoth Pen, No. 72 N. Second below Arch), Phila., where can be found the Blue, Books, &c., which were formerly sold lower, the English, French and American Cap, Letter, Note, Foolscap, Drawing, Tracing, Tracing Linen, Bristol, Superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Pencils, Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Tapes, Inspirations, Paper, Visiting and Wedding Cards, Ivory Tablets, Gutta Percha Pens, Pocket Books, Ledgers, Journals, Blank Books, &c., at 10 cents per dozen, Mercantile Prices, Lowest Cash Prices, Stationers and others supplied with Blank Books, to order of the best manufacture. 72 N. Fourth Street.

To those who are unwilling to pay a high price for Dry Goods, we would say that the N. W. corner of Fifth and Market streets, has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Market in this city, for the convenience of the public, for the sale of Dry Goods, at the lowest prices, and that a large assortment of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice, suitable for the southern market, is now on hand, and will be sold at wholesale prices, or to purchase prize goods in exchange, at the place where we have been for the last twenty-five years, and have made it our interest to give satisfaction to the public, and to the interest of our employers, against slavery. This is the only place in Philadelphia, where Dry Goods are sold at the lowest prices, for Cash, Cotton, Tees, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Teas