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THE STANDARD.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

Celebration of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, AT MORRIS'S GROVE,

Near Jamaica, Long Island, August 1st, 1855.

Reported for THE STANDARD by W. H. BURR.

In spite of a lowering sky in the morning, a better day for a Pic-Nic could scarcely be desired, and a finer one had not occurred in a month. The threatening aspect of the weather, no doubt, kept many away; nevertheless, the attendance was quite as large as on either of the previous Anniversaries, and a more attentive audience on such an occasion could not have been expected, the greater part listening with close attention to the speaking, which occupied more than four hours. At 11 o'clock the train stopped at Morris's Grove, and at half-past 11 the exercises commenced:

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, President of the Society, called the meeting to order. He stated that a part of the programme would not be fulfilled, inasmuch as the Band that was engaged to be present, on seeing the complexion of a part of the people assembled at the ferry, had become frightened and ran away. Wallace's Band could not play to coloured people. The exercises would therefore commence by singing.

The audience then joined in singing

"From all that dwell below the skies;"

after which, prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. WILLIAMS, of Bridge street Church, Brooklyn.

The PRESIDENT then introduced the Hon. E. D. CULVER, of Brooklyn, as the first speaker, announcing him as one of those men who carried with him, many years ago, to Washington one of those useful things called a backbone—an article much more uncommon then than now even—who kept it there uncrooked, without a joint in it, and brought it home with him, stiff, straight and strong (cheers).

SPEECH OF JUDGE CULVER.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: It gives me great pleasure, this morning, to be present and mingle in these deliberations. This day wakes up in the hearts of all assembled here a double train of emotions—those of sincere congratulation and deep gratitude, and those of profound sorrow; and, as I once said to the coloured people on another occasion, if I were a minister instead of a lawyer, I should be dreadfully tempted to preach, and my text would be, "Rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep." This is exactly that occasion. We come here to-day to testify our feelings of sympathy and congratulation with a portion of our fellow-men that, twenty-one years ago this day, received the boon of freedom by an act of the British Parliament. This act of emancipation took effect in the British Colonies on the 1st of August, 1834; so that the child born on that day this day attains majority—this day is 21 years of age. I am very much in favour of some appropriate commemoration of such great events as these—these luminous spots that tell on the page of the history of the world's march—spots that we can point back to, recalling the circumstances which gave rise to them; they should never be permitted to pass away from our minds. The great lawgiver of Israel, in directing that people to commemorate the passover, said, "And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to you and your sons forever. And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover." Why was the Jew so tenacious, every year, of its observance? Because it reminded him of that dark and fearful time when the angel that was commissioned to destroy all the first born in the land of Egypt, as the last fearful judgment upon the oppressor, causing him to let the people of Israel go, passed over the houses of the oppressed where the blood was sprinkled upon the door posts, and its inmates were left alive. It was to commemorate this great interposition of Providence in behalf of that nation, at that critical moment when the chains of slavery were about to drop from their limbs. Once a year, the Israelites assembled to eat unleavened bread, to remind them of the haste with which, on that memorable night, they took their departure from the land of bondage. There is an appropriateness in such celebrations as these; they call to mind the struggles which mark the events they commemorate, and encourage us in our present struggles to a similar end.

The cause of British Emancipation had its enemies. A few self-sacrificing men were held up as targets for public derision and scorn. But, strong in faith, they foresaw the triumph of their cause. And when at length it did triumph and the day of emancipation was approaching, there were thousands who said, when the 1st of August comes, the King's troops must be called out to quell the insurrections. There will be bloodshed and murder; the masters will have their throats cut; their houses will be burnt and their cattle slaughtered. But the day came and their predictions failed. One of those islands, you will recollect (Antigua), chose the alternative of giving the act immediate effect instead of having the slaves serve, as apprentices, a few years longer, and what was the effect on that island? In the harbour of St. Johns there were four American vessels; they hoisted sail on the day before and went out of the harbour. Poor, cringing, guilty fellows, they thought the liberated slaves were going to act just as they would have acted, and that their vessels were not safe in the harbour. The blacks assembled in one of the largest cathedrals and held what they call a watch-meeting on the night of the 31st of July; they kept watch until about five minutes before 12. Then the missionary who conducted the meeting requested them all to kneel down. It was done. One of the sublimest spectacles the world has ever witnessed was then presented. On their knees, lest they should be lifted up with pride, they received the precious boon of freedom. At the first stroke of the hour of 12 upon the clock, there was silence throughout that vast assembly; perfect stillness reigned, broken only by the strokes of the clock of the great cathedral. The last stroke, the death knell of slavery, pealed forth; a moment afterwards, says the historian, a flash of lightning, accompanied by a loud clap of thunder followed, as if God himself had set his seal upon the act. The audience rose up, and for the space of about one minute not a word was spoken. There are times, fellow-citizens, when silence is more eloquent than any language the human heart can utter. After the momentary silence, came a general burst of joy. They threw up their free hands; they embraced each other; they ran to and fro and every now and then, amid the confusion, there broke forth in the negro dialect, expressions of thanksgiving and glory to God, and blessings upon those who had given them their freedom. What a spectacle for the King's troops! How many bayonets were wanted to keep such a people in subjection! What a lesson was taught in that event! Let nations learn from this that it is safest to do right.

One of the old, stale objections to emancipation in the Southern States is the danger of insurrection. Now, in those States there is a large preponderance of white population. How was it in the West India Islands? The population of the coloured to the white population in Antigua was about 16 to 1; in Jamaica about 11 to 1; in Barbadoes about 6 to 1. With all the predictions about insurrection and bloodshed, there was not an outrage committed by the blacks in the process of emancipation. It was contrary to human nature for them to turn upon their masters because they had been set free. While they were enslaved, there might be reason to fear insurrections, but not in the act of making them free.

Twenty-one years have passed since the Act of Emancipation began to take effect. It is said that emancipation has been a curse, because those islands do not raise as many hogsheads of sugar as before. That is the standard by which slaveholders and their apologists measure the benefits of emancipation. If you want to know what are the benefits of emancipation, go and see how many more schools, churches and Bibles there are in those islands now; how many more children that can read and write, and how much the physical and mental condition of the people is improved.

But while we rejoice with those that rejoice, we must weep with those that weep. Three millions and a half of this country are in as abject a condition as were those British slaves in 1834. What can we do to usher in the day when our own people shall receive that boon which was conferred on the slaves of the British West Indies in 1834? I know this is a great subject. We have come here to-day under the auspices of a Society that represents extreme views on the anti-slavery question. A friend of mine, seeing it announced that I was to speak at this meeting, said to me, "Don't you know that you were elected Judge by Whigs?" "Certainly," said I, "so they said." "And are you going to mingle in a Garrisonian celebration?" "I am," said I. "Don't you think it is rather an unpopular move?" said he. "I can't help that," I replied; "I never feel better than when I am with honest men, I don't care whether it is popular or not" (cheers). "Don't you know," continued he, "that a woman is going to speak at the meeting?" "So much the better," said I, "I like the ladies too well to run away from them, and I shall be rejoiced to hear Mrs. Rose speak, if she is there" (cheers). Fellow-citizens, I have sought for two or three years to mingle in your celebrations, for I felt that this was an event worth commemorating, and I wanted to testify to the fidelity, consistency and perseverance with which this wing of the anti-slavery army has maintained the fight against the Slave Power (cheers). I honour the men and women that can stand up amid obloquy and reproach—amid denunciation from this political party and that political party, this church and that church, this minister and that minister, and remain firm and true to freedom. You might as well undertake to stop the voice of thunder as to shut their mouths, or turn the mighty torrent from its course as to arrest them in their career (cheers).

It makes but little difference to-day whether we take an observation from the stand-point of the politician, the moralist or the religious man; we have got to come back to the same conclusion with respect to this great adversary with which we are waging war. Look at it in its religious aspect. It has laid its iron hand upon the pulpit and made it dumb, or, if it has spoken, it has been for slavery. It makes and interpolates creeds, and moulds the sentiment of the religious bodies. The Church, with here and there a bright exception, has had to yield and succumb to the Slave Power.

But I shall feel more at home in discussing the question in its political aspect, and my friend Garrison will take care of the moral and religious aspect. Fifty or sixty years ago, when slavery had but seven States in this Union, the policy of this Government was to restrict slavery; hence the Ordinance of 1787, prohibiting it in the territory north-west of the Ohio. But now, in 1855, there are fifteen States that have the dark pall of slavery spread over them. The last one that was admitted was Texas, which, like Pharaoh's lean kine, seems to have swallowed up all the fat cattle that existed before. As the slave territory has extended, the Slave Power has become more and more aggressive, until, at length, the question of slavery has absorbed all other questions. There is not one of the old political issues that is now left; they are all sunk in the one paramount question of slavery. We have now got to deal with slavery, not as it was in 1787, but as it is in 1855—a giant, bidding defiance to every arm of the Government. Slavery undertakes to make laws and to explain them—to give new interpretations to constitution and laws, such as was never contended for in times past. Less than two years ago, the people of the country were supposed to be embarked on board of the ship called the Compromise or Finality. They were told, and most of them, I suppose, believed, that all this question of slavery was settled forever. There had been some doctors at Washington that had attempted to heal the "five gaping wounds" of the body politic, and having, as they thought, succeeded, the whole country had embarked on board the ship Compromise, and, in 1854, were sailing along on the ocean in calm security. But lo! at midnight, the cry is heard, "breakers ahead!" Every passenger leaps from his berth and all hands are on deck. What now? There is a wave of agitation breaking upon us, and there are breakers in sight. Presently the ship came upon the breakers, and there she is now, a prey to the fury of the waves. "No more agitation" a little while ago was the cry, and now what do we see? Such a hustling among the political parties in fifteen States of this Union as was never before known. What a change of front! What a right about face! The like of it has never been known. And what has caused it? What started the agitation among the free States? We were told by the doctors that agitation was at an end; what was it that opened it afresh and more threatening than ever? A bold attempt had been made by the Slave Power, while the country was lulled to rest, to remove the landmarks of freedom and open to slavery a Territory twelve times as large as the State of New York, forty-two times as large as the State of Massachusetts, and as large as the original thirteen States of this Union—territory that had been dedicated to freedom for thirty years, and that had been all along regarded as secure for freedom—territory situated mid-way between the Atlantic and Pacific, a sort of resting place in the centre of the continent. The proposition was made in Congress to open all that country to slavery—to subject it to the blighting influence of that institution—to make its soil like the worn-out soil of Virginia, instead of the fruitful fields of New York—to make it a land of dirks and pistols, like Arkansas, instead of thrift and wealth, like Ohio. It was a proposition fraught with injustice. And who was it, you may well ask, that made this demand? I am glad to say it was not the people. I may go further and say it was not the people either of the North or South. If you were to gather up all the petitions in favour of that infamous measure, you could put them all in a lady's portfolio; while if you tried to the remonstrances against it, you might gather enough to make a pile as big as a haystack in old Connecticut. The remonstrances came in so frequent and formidable that Senators looked pale; and when that one signed by the three thousand New England clergymen was presented, I don't wonder that Cass and Douglas cried out somewhat like certain persons of old, "Why hast thou come to torment us before the time?" (Laughter.) The people did not ask for the measure; who, then, did ask for it? A set of political demagogues, who were about entering a scrub race for the next Presidency—political Esaus, who were ready to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage; but the best of it is, they are going to get cheated out of the pottage (laughter). There was a prize in view, and the man who could roll over in the dirt the most was most likely to win. The people of the North looked upon the act with horror and the more so because it was an infraction of what they had, for thirty years, believed to be a solemn compact—a compact which Webster and once said was irrepealable in nature, and which Clay had pronounced fundamental in character and could not be touched. And yet that compact was annulled. Thirty-four years ago, the South stood begging for that compact; it was reluctantly granted by the North; and so unpopular was it that the Northern members who voted for it could not sustain themselves with their constituents, but went down to their political graves, without hope of a resurrection. The people saw and felt the injustice and iniquity of the compromise, and could not pardon their representatives for the act. Nevertheless, as the thing was done, the North concluded to abide by it. Then followed the erection of the State of Arkansas, and the southern portion of the Territory was all organized and slavery permanently established south of 36° 30′. But, just as soon as it was proposed to organize a Territory north of 36° 30′, the South cried out, "A bad bargain; throw up the cards; a new deal." The North had supposed that there would be as much honour among the people of the South as among thieves and horse-jockeys; but in this we were mistaken. Thus they treated the compact that they had begged of us, thirty-four years before. I don't wonder the very name "compact" has become odious. But I must say, there were some features of that Compromise that were more like a Compromise than any that we have made since. There was something on the side of freedom; we were promised a fine lot of free States in the North-West.

Now, what was it that emboldened the politicians of the South to make this demand of opening this Territory to slavery? I need not tell you that it was the acquiescence of the North in the Compromise of 1850. Had the North indignantly spurned that Compromise or refused to enter into it without some decent equivalent, this thing would never have been attempted. It was found that almost every man who dared to speak against the Compromise of 1850 was cried down at home and crushed by his own party, and hence they thought any new aggression upon the North would not be resisted to any great degree, or, at any rate, would be finally acquiesced in.

Now, I never could see any merit in this Compromise of 1850. The truth of the matter is, every one of the five parts of that Compromise was for the benefit of slavery. A compromise implies two sides, but in this compromise there was but one. Each party is supposed to give and to get something, but certain it is that the North got nothing in this. Let us see if the North got anything.

We are told that the North got California. What of that? That was the seventeenth State that had come into the Union with a Constitution of its own selection. What great gift or gain to the North was that?

But we are told that we got something in the District of Columbia. What did we get there? Merely a law that slaves shall not be brought into the District for purposes of exportation—just such a law as Maryland had put on her statute book nineteen years ago, and Virginia twenty-five, I believe. Some people suppose that, since 1850, no one has a right to buy and sell slaves in the District of Columbia. You may go there and buy a hundred negroes this day. All we got was the introduction of a law into the District of Columbia that had existed for years in some of the old slave States.

Those are the two things that we were supposed to get by the Compromise. Now, what did we surrender?

We surrendered, in the first place, the application of the Wilmot Proviso to all the new Territories—a proviso that the Legislatures of fifteen free States (with the exception of the upper House of Iowa) had declared ought to be applied. Shame on the cowardly North, when they were whipped out of their position by the slave-driver's lash.

Another thing that we gave to slavery was the infamous Fugitive Slave law, making the whole North a hunting ground for the slave-catcher and agreeing to aid him in the pursuit. We agreed that a commissioner, a creature unknown to the Constitution, should sit in judgment upon the fugitive, and we agreed to bribe him, by giving him ten dollars if he sent the victim back into slavery, and only five if he declared him free. We took away all right of interference with his process by any Court or officer whatever; we declared that the master's evidence should be conclusive against the fugitive, who should not tell his own story at all; we took away all right of appeal and of trial by jury.

One more thing we surrendered to slavery, and that was 92,000 square miles where slavery did not exist, which we gave to Texas to be made slave territory, and paid her $10,000,000 to take it and be still and live like a good neighbour with the rest of the family.

Thus I have given you a fair statement of the Compromise of 1850; when you find people so lost to all sense of shame that they will submit to such a thing, and call it a compromise which shall be final and stop all agitation, you will find people but little removed from the condition of serfs.

Now, what was the excuse set up for the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise? The politicians said that it was void of any constitutional authority. Now, it would seem, from the nature of the case, that Congress would have authority to restrict slavery; and when you open the Constitution and read that "Congress shall make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territories and other property of the United States," can you have any doubt about what that passage means? Don't it mean laws? What school ma'am in a log school-house that could not understand the meaning clearly? And yet our politicians will put on their glasses, look grave and thoughtful, and say, I do not think Congress has the constitutional power to make laws regulating the Territories. Comment is unnecessary.

But the Government sometimes is its own interpreter. In 1787, the Congress of the Confederation attempted to limit slavery, and it excluded it from every inch of territory that the Government then owned. The Declaration of Independence, many of you are taught to believe, was the proudest monument to Jefferson; the Ordinance of 1787 is a prouder monument to his memory than that. Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio are the fruit of that Ordinance. See how they thrive, compared with those on the other side of the Ohio river. Washington, Jefferson, Munroe, Jackson—Tyler and Polk, if you will allow me to mention little Presidents also—all put their signature to laws restricting slavery in the Territories. True, Polk choked a little under the operation, but he did it in the Oregon bill.

Now, I love to make a doctor take his own medicine. Cass and Douglas, in 1854, say Congress cannot restrict slavery; and yet, in 1848, when the Oregon bill was passed, Cass, Douglas, Dickinson, and other Northern Senators, recorded their votes in favour of a bill which forever prohibited slavery in the Territory of Oregon. Tell me when this new light broke upon the minds of these men? Again, Douglas, in 1848, proposed to run the Missouri Compromise line through to the Pacific; how strange that it took him till 1854 to discover that it was unconstitutional to do so.

What is another excuse for abrogating that Compromise? The South say, "We cannot take our slaves there, and it is unjust to exclude us." Never was there a greater fallacy. We offer no impediment to their taking their slaves into the Territories; it is only their slave laws that cannot go there. We deprive the South of no advantage that we do not deprive ourselves of. We do not claim to take our slaves with us and we insist that they shall not take theirs. You remember how Senator Wade replied to Senator Badger, who had made this excuse for repealing the Missouri Compromise. The Senator, said Mr. Wade, complains of the injustice of preventing his poor old Mammy from going with him into the Territory; we do not wish to prevent her going with the Senator, we only want to prevent his selling his poor old Mammy when he gets there (applause). There is a great humbug in this pretence. Because the South cannot take their local laws into the domain of the United States, they cry out, persecution. Here are thirty-one States; if you are going to take the local laws of one State into a Territory, you must take the local laws of all. Suppose one of the States should have a law of primogeniture; could it carry such a law into a Territory? The emigrants from the rest of the States would protest against it as an invasion of their rights under laws which are more equal and just, and how would you reconcile the matter? It is for the General Government to declare what laws and regulations are needful for the Territory and suited to its condition. Slavery is the creature of local law, and cannot go one inch beyond the bounds of the State where slave laws exist. The Territory of Nebraska has passed a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. Now, suppose a New York liquor-dealer goes out there to set up the liquor business, and, finding the law against him, pronounces it an invasion of his rights and undertakes to upset the law or defy it; wouldn't he have the same right to do it as the slaveholder has to carry his slaves there and hold them? Precisely. We cannot introduce the laws of the whole thirty-one States there, and it is for Congress to say what laws shall be needful. Suppose Brigham Young should claim the right to go into Nebraska with forty wives; wouldn't he be setting up the same claim as the slaveholders do? and wouldn't he have the same right to complain because he could not introduce polygamy there? A man may keep tigers, but it does not follow that he can let them loose. You know there was a certain New England Senator who was said to be afflicted with a spinal complaint—that must be a mistake, however, for a man without a backbone cannot have a spinal disease (laughter)—who, though he admitted that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was wrong, said, as a palliation for the act, that slavery would never go into Kansas and Nebraska. I wonder if the old fogy has opened his eyes now, and seen the notices of slaves for sale in Nebraska. I wonder if he has read about the armed ruffians who have invaded Kansas and carried everything their own way. How could a statesman like Edward Everett make such an assertion in the face of the glaring fact that one-fourth of the slaves in this country are held north of 36° 30′. I tell you slavery will go wherever you will allow it; it would come into New York in ten days if the public sentiment were not against it. Indeed, it seems as if they were about to introduce slavery into Pennsylvania forthwith, from recent signs.

Fellow-citizens, we are met here to-day to put an end to this great evil. What is there in its nature that leads us to curtail, limit and restrict it? If there were no other objections to slavery than those on the score of political economy, even then we ought never to tolerate its extension where we have power to prevent or restrict it. Let me illustrate this by a comparison of the two States of New York and Virginia. It was remarked by a Virginia statesman, thirty years ago, when they were making a faint effort to abolish slavery in Virginia, that the wolf had retired a hundred years ago into Western Virginia, and, after staying there a long time, had returned to Eastern Virginia, to howl over the desolations of slavery. The State of Virginia is one of the best countries, physically, in the world. It has five great navigable rivers, some of which go to the very heart of the country. New York has but one; that is navigable 145 miles. Virginia has one of the best harbours in the world, Norfolk. In 1790, Virginia numbered 748,000 inhabitants; New York had only 340,000. They travel on sixty years; Virginia has only just doubled her population, while New York contains three million and a half of inhabitants. Virginia has thirty-three million dollars' worth of cattle; New York has seventy-three million. Virginia has 74,000 tuns of shipping; New York 942,000. Her tanneries are valued at $894,000; ours at $9,804,000. Virginia has 87 newspapers; New York 428. Her whole newspaper circulation is only 89,000; ours 1,622,000. One of our papers alone, the New York *Tribune*, has an aggregate circulation of 179,000—90,000 more than the whole newspaper circulation in Virginia (cheers). Virginia has $189,000,000 invested in slaves; New York could buy up all the slaves and have $649,000,000 left. But there is one branch of these statistics in which Virginia is ahead; she has 87,000 adult white persons who cannot read or write—one out of every five; New York has only 30,000—one out of 83, and most of these are foreigners, a class of population of which there are comparatively few in the State of Virginia. Such is the condition of the boasted Virginia as compared with a free State; such is the fruit of slavery.

But look at the influence of slavery on the politics of the country. Can you show me one issue between the political parties in this country for the last seventy-five years that slavery has not, in a greater or less degree, controlled? If you can, I will give you credit for a discovery which I have never been able to make. Not one of the issues of the country has slavery left untouched, but has fashioned them all to its own liking. The South opposed the first United States Bank; Henry Clay took ground against it and Madison vetoed it. But, in 1816, the South changed its policy, and said, give us a bank. Then, Madison advocated it. They went on twenty years with a bank, when suddenly, presto, change, right about face! The South didn't want a bank any more. Jackson put his foot upon it and it went down.

The first tariff was proposed by the men of South Carolina, in 1816. New England was coy because it had invested its capital in the shipping business, and was rather opposed to it; but the South got it, of course. But, in 1824, the manufacturing industry of New York had grown too great for the South to look on it without jealousy, and so the men of the South cried out, "You are ruining us; down with your tariff." The North said no, but the South prevailed; it threatened to nullify, and so the North gave up. In 1842, again, the North succeeded in getting a new tariff by the consent of the South, but it lasted only four years, and down it went, and there it has remained till this time. Now, it is no matter whether it was right or wrong, the South has always controlled that, like every overy other measure, and our tariff has been, as the Frenchman said, "like one cannon ball fired on de water; it go hop, skip and jump—up and down" (laughter).

So the South opposed cheap postage; they saw that the North did the most business, and wrote the most letters, and would derive a great benefit from it.

Then, there was the homestead bill; Southern men did not want freemen of the North to become owners of the soil; their policy was to have the land owned in large tracts, so as to keep slavery alive.

So the South opposed the abolition of flogging in the navy; it was too much of a rebuke upon their institution, and year after year the measure was lost in the Senate, until, finally, a single vote turned the scale, and flogging was abolished.

And when that humane bill of Miss Dix's for the indigent insane had passed both Houses, it was killed by the veto of a doughface President, to please the South.

The South has always opposed the improvement of rivers and harbours, and succeeded in stopping the works that have been commenced, that promised to be of real benefit to the country. Whenever, in short, any great enterprise has been projected that was likely to prove beneficial to the country, but not favourable to the interest of slavery the South has stood in the way, and generally succeeded in preventing its accomplishment.

When California, that young queen of the Pacific, rose up, washed her hands of slavery, clothed herself in her rich golden apparel, and sought admission among the sisterhood of States, the South said no, she will destroy the balance of the Union. And there she stood knocking at the door of the Union, for nine long months, and only got in at last by having a whole flotilla of infamous measures put upon her train and dragged in after her. On the other hand, when Texas came into the Union, she rushed in with fury, with her Indian locks streaming behind her, stove down the door, seated herself at the head of the table, and threatened to flog the entire family if they did not stand round and do her bidding (laughter). Now, what created this difference between those two States? Why did Texas come in at once and California have to wait so long? It was because Texas came in under the heel of slavery, while California asked to be admitted as a free State. The question of the annexation of Texas was sprung upon Congress and put through in a week; California had to wait nearly a year.

But one of the meanest traits in the character of slavery is, that it will never abide by its own compacts if they stand in the way of its interests. You hear it said that slavery is guaranteed by the Constitution, and some of you, I dare say, think that it has a broad guarantee there. I will not deny that there is a slight guarantee in the Constitution, and so much of that Constitution I dislike; I wish it were blotted out from it. But, to hear slaveholders and doughfaces talk, one would think that the whole design of the Constitution was to catch negroes and sell cotton. Now, I believe there are some things in that Constitution on the side of freedom; but the very moment you attempt to apply one of those principles in favour of freedom, the slaveholder cries out, "Hands off." There are two sides to the Constitution, but the slaveholder would have but one. Let me illustrate it.

Two men form a copartnership in the use of a long strip of territory. It is agreed that the one occupying the southern portion shall raise geese, and the northern occupant foxes—two not very companionable creatures—and both shall be allowed to run at large. By and by, the man from the South comes running to his Northern neighbour, saying, "Do you know your foxes are eating up all my geese?" "Are they?" Well, I expected nothing else than that they would eat up some. You didn't suppose they could be running in the same lot without destroying some of your geese, did you?" "No matter what I understood, you have got to take your foxes out," says the Southern man. "No, sir," says the other, "the agreement was that they should run." "I don't care for that," says the Southern man; "I will kill every one of your foxes you have got if you let them loose." Now, which of these men breaks the compact? You hear a great deal about dissolving the Union and breaking the compact; who is it that has broken the compact?

A VOICE—The goose man (laughter).

Judge CULVER—Yes, I think it is the goose man. When we entered into this constitutional compact, slavery was allowed to have being, but the framers took special care to put in certain checks and neutralizing ingredients—certain provisions that were calculated, in their legitimate action and nature, by and by, to root out slavery. And now, when those provisions begin to exert their force in checking slavery, the South threatens to dissolve unless we will take special pains to conteract their force. Slavery was allowed a negative existence; but, to keep it in check, the Constitution guaranteed freedom of speech and of the press, the right of petition, and the writ of habeas corpus. Now, after fifty years, these foxes begin to make a little inroad upon the aggressions of slavery. When Mr. Giddings, in 1842, on the floor of Congress, claimed the right to be heard on a perfectly legitimate subject, what did the South do? They arraigned him before the House and reprimanded him. Giddings would not submit to it, but resigned his commission, went home to his constituents, and appealed to them. That honoured constituency, to their everlasting credit, turned out in the dead of the winter, reëlected him and sent him back to Washington; and in six weeks from the time he took his leave of the House of Representatives, he was on the floor of Congress again (cheers). That is the way the South observes the constitutional guarantee of the right of petition. When the press began to speak on the soil of Kentucky, in favour of only gradual emancipation, upon the ground of political economy, sixty gentlemen with ruffled shirts turned out, in open day, and demolished it. That is the way the South tolerates the press. Again, as a worthy minister of New England stood by his press, which had been once, twice and thrice assailed and cast into the river, a mob, armed with rifles, came over from a slave State into Illinois, and the champion of a free press fell, pierced with four bullets, and his murderers went unrebuked. He now sleeps unhonoured; but he will not sleep much longer, thank God, unless we misinterpret the signs of the times, before He who sits in the circle of the heavens will have severed the last chain that holds a human being in bondage. Then, I trust, we shall see the coloured man take his child by the hand, lead him to the banks of the Mississippi, and point to the grave where Lovejoy sleeps, a martyr to the cause of the bondman (cheers).

One of the oldest and most honoured representatives from New England undertook to defend the right of petition, and claimed to be heard upon it. They arrested him, brought him before the bar of the House, and put him on trial. But they could not deny him the right to be heard, a right which every accused party is entitled to. John Quincy Adams began his defence, and, for three long days, that old man, with his trembling voice, waged war against the powers of Slavery, and came off victorious. Never did that man appear in such grandeur as he did on that occasion, encountering the formidable powers of darkness. A few months afterwards, he took a journey to Saratoga, and, while there, hundreds of friends came to congratulate him; and even Chancellor Walworth, old hunker Democrat as he was, forgot his political feelings, and caught the old man in his arms and wept like a child, saying, you have been true to freedom.

The writ of Habeas Corpus was another constitutional guarantee that was never to be suspended except in case of insurrection or invasion; and yet we have seen our coloured citizens, clothed with all the rights of freemen, taken from our ships, in the harbour at Charleston, and imprisoned; and when Massachusetts sends her messenger to try the question in the Courts of the United States, the cry is raised that there is an incendiary among them, and the messenger is compelled to return. How different would the case have been if a citizen of South Carolina had been imprisoned in Boston, and a messenger had been sent to try the question; not a lawyer in Boston but would have tendered his services to try the issue in favour of South Carolina.

I recollect the first petition I ever presented in Congress; it was signed by 2,000 of my constituents, and prayed for the peaceful abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. It was a petition got up by a Quaker woman, but the signatures included some of the stiffest politicians of both parties. I rose with a great deal of dignity, and, having presented it, had hardly taken my seat before Mr. Bayley, of Virginia, jumped up and moved to lay it on the table, and it went there in a hurry. Presently Mr. Simms, of South Carolina, introduced a petition to reduce the tariff; it was read and referred to one of the stiffest committees in the House, and a report was made upon it soon after. How is this? said I. We treat your petitions with respect; we receive them and report upon them. We will allow you to come to Boston, Providence and Lowell, and advocate the beauties of your slave system as much as you please. You may tell our factory girls how much better off they would be if they were to run away and sell themselves South. We invite you to do all this. We will not break your presses nor shoot your editors; we will put press against press, editor against editor, fact against fact, argument against argument. Where is the secret of all this? I will tell you. It is found in a memorable declaration made eighteen hundred years ago—"He that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved."

Look over the list of Presidents of this country. Up to the time of Fillmore, there had been 64 years of the administration of this Government, and only 12 years of that time had a Northern man occupied the Presidential chair. And the Northern Presidents had never sat more than one term, while Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe and Jackson had each occupied eight years.

Slavery prescribes its tests, and those who fail to come up to the mark are cut off. If a man is opposed to the Fugitive Slave bill, he is proscribed; if he was an opponent of the Mexican war, the South sets its mark on him. When I voted, with thirteen others, against the Mexican war, I was counted among a band of traitors. I was glad afterwards to hear Henry Clay say, "If I had been a member of the lower House, you should have had my vote added, making fifteen." The South put the chalice to the lips of Van Buren, and he rejected it; they tried the same to Clay, and he refused it. What was the result? Both were slaughtered at the polls. Van Buren had gone farther than any Northern President had gone before; and though he pleaded the example of Jackson, his predecessor, in his favour for refusing a certain measure, it would not do—off with his head. And if his lips could have spoken any sentiment, it would have been, "Ye living men, come view the ground where you must shortly lie" (laughter).

And what do the slaveholders ask now? "Do you believe that the Missouri Compromise line ought to be restored? If you do, then you can find no favour South." Mark me, no candidate who is in favour of the restoration of that line gets one electoral vote south of Mason and Dixon's line in 1856. A few weeks ago, at the Know-Nothing Convention at Philadelphia, Mr. Ford, of Ohio, brought Southerners up to the confessional. They admitted the act repealing the Missouri Compromise to be wrong; but when asked if they were willing to restore it, not one of them would answer in the affirmative. When slavery gets one step ahead, it never retreats; and slavery never stands still; it is constantly seeking to make new inroads upon freedom. Their next step will be, perhaps, to have the ordinance excluding slavery taken out of the Oregon bill, and thus open all that Territory to slavery. They will threaten to dissolve the Union if we resist it, thinking that they have scared the North so often with that bugbear that it will do to try it again. This expedient of theirs has been so often tried with success that it makes me think of the way I have sometimes seen a spaniel dog treated. A boy holds up a cracker, and says, "stand up," and the dog stands up; "lie down," and the dog obeys; "roll over," and he does it; "speak," and the dog speaks; "roll over again," and he rolls over. Then the boy puts the cracker in his pocket, to be used for the same purpose another time (laughter).

The South is now demanding the restoration of the slave trade far stronger than it did the annexation of Texas in 1835. It has only to threaten to dissolve the Union, and the North will give it. Another recent issue of the South is the right to hold slaves in the Northern States. That issue is to be decided in the case of the Lemmon slaves, who were set at liberty in the city of New York, by Judge Paine. I was never prouder, fellow-citizens, than of the share I took in the liberation of those slaves. Already, in Pennsylvania, Judge Kane has said that he knew of no law of Pennsylvania that took a man's property away brought from the South; and if there were, it would not be recognised by the Courts of the United States—a decision worthy of Jeffreys, in his blackest days. Shame on the man that can say that.

I tell you, we have got a great deal of work to do in this country. I know the people have conferred upon me the office of Judge. I think they missed it, however, when they did it, for my nature is more progressive than that of most of the old fogies that fill the bench. I believe in Judges having a heart and soul, and don't believe in looking back into the Sixteenth century for all judicial wisdom. We have got a great deal of work to do. When we saw that last act of perfidy, on the part of the South, we felt as if the camel's back was well nigh broken; we felt as if the last support of freedom was taken away. Like Jacob of old, we could have exclaimed, "Me have ye bereaved of my children, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin also. Ye will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." So it will be with the North if we submit to these wrongs.

But there is a brighter side to this question. This last act of the South blots out all compacts and challenges us to the fight. The South thinks it has tied our hands, and now it can throw stones at us with impunity. But I think the South is mistaken; the cords that she has bound us with are not so strong as she supposes. I think the time is coming when it will not be so easy to catch slaves—out of Philadelphia. The slave-catchers made their last effort in New York, a year ago, when they seized the brother of Dr. Pennington; I think they will not dare to repeat that act. They succeeded by treachery and falsehood then, which it will not be safe to repeat. The Marshal said, when I went to offer myself as counsel for the slaves, that the trial had taken place, that the slaves had been remanded and had gone, and that they did not want counsel. Believing in the truth of what he said, I was about to go away, when Mrs. Dr. Pennington told me that she believed it was a lie, and that the slaves were up stairs. I told her to go and find them and I would follow her. She tripped lightly up stairs, put her lips to the key-hole of the door, and inquired—"Stephen, are you there?" "Yes," was the response, "who is with you?" "Mr. Culver," said she, "our lawyer." I then addressed him and asked if he had had a trial. "No," said he, "we don't want any; they are going to send us back." I then went post-haste for a writ of habeas corpus; but when I got it and returned, they had gone. I went back to the Marshal's Office, and said, "You have told us a lie outright; you have given these people no decent hearing. We would have tried, if nothing more, to purchase these poor fellows out of slavery; but if this is the way you are to mete out justice, by denying us the last salvage of the protection of the law, I go not only for pulling your office down, but for battering your head down on your shoulders" (loud cheers). I think that will be the last act of slave-catching in New York.

On the fourth of July last, I had the honour of delivering a speech on the banks of the St. Lawrence, to some 15,000 people. At the conclusion of that speech, said I, "I see here across these blue waters, stretching in the distance, the province of Upper Canada. In that province are concealed 9,000 of my poor crushed countrymen who have fled to Canada for safety. Bear back with you, my friends, who are about to cross over to the other shore, the thanks of fifteen States to your native province. Tell her that we shall honour her to the day of our death for affording a refuge to the servant that has escaped from his master. And let her know another thing: We are getting not to be afraid of woman's government in our own country, and, any day you say it, we will swap Frank Pierce for your young Queen, and throw in Douglas and Cass to boot" (great laughter).

The remedy, my friends, is in our reach. The truth must be pressed upon the Northern heart. The race of doughfaces must be destroyed. There is danger, however, that the North will not stand firm in the present crisis. A few days after the passage of the Nebraska bill I met Henry Ward Beecher and asked him if he thought the North would stand firm on this question. Said he, "There is a class of men in the North like the sculpins in Boston harbour; they beat all fish; they will eternally bite whenever you drop in your hook. When I was a boy, I used to catch them, cut off their tails to mark them, and throw them back into the water. And, do you believe, the foolish fellows were sure to get caught when I threw in

the hook again (laughter). I feel afraid that the North will not stand; there are so many of these scalpins among us" (laughter). I want to see inscribed on the banner of 1856, "Death to dougfaces." Do you know how to kill a dougface? I will tell you. Certain dogs have an ingenious way of killing cats; they seize them by the small of the back and break their spine. Now, if you take away a dougface's office, it is like breaking his back; he has no support, and he will melt like a cabbage plant in a hot forenoon (laughter).

There are thousands who are beginning to count the value of this Union, so that the oft-repeated threat of dissolution is ceasing to have its effect. When I was in Congress, in 1847, a member from Virginia was listening, one day, to a speech of a Northern man on the subject of the Wilmot Proviso. At length, he became very much agitated, and, leaving his seat, he came and sat down by a Southern friend, whose seat was near mine, when he remarked, intending that I should hear him, "I, for one, have listened to this speech long enough; I am in favour of dissolving the Union." "When you leave," said I, "you need not take but six weeks' provision; and you had better leave the door open, so that you can get in easily on your return, for I rather think you will come back, with your negroes at your heels, in double quick time" (laughter). You all remember the reply made by Senator Fessenden to Judge Butler, who repeated the same threat of dissolution to him, on the floor of the Senate; "You need not put it off a single day on our account," said he. This cry of the South that they will sever the Union reminds me of the anecdote of Pat, who was let down by a rope into a well. It was agreed that when Pat kicked the rope, they should draw him up. Pat kicked the rope and they drew him part way up. He kicked again, but they did not answer it, and he was left suspended. He kicked again and again, but to no purpose, until at last, he exclaimed, "Lift me up, he jabbers, or I will cut the rope" (laughter). Let the South cut the rope if they will. The Union is not worth preserving if it is to continue to be a great engine of oppression and of slavery propagandism.

And now, friends, I thank you for your kind attention. It has been a pleasant day for me, for I love to talk to coloured people. And if I render myself unpopular to my Whig friends by it, so be it; I am sorry, but I cannot help it. They never have shut my mouth yet, and they never shall (cheers). When they elected me to Congress, in 1844, said I, "Understand, if there is no other man in Congress who is opposed to slavery, if I find one port-hole through which to fire at slavery, there is one man by the name of Culver who will let slip" (cheers). The only safety for Whigs and all consistent democrats is to take ground on the side of freedom. And to those of you who are working only in a moral way, I throw no obstacle in your way. I am glad on account of your consistency and hearty effort amid scorn and outrage. The day of persecution has passed by, I hope, and we are standing shoulder to shoulder. Mutual forbearance, but no sacrifice of principle, should characterize our efforts in the common cause of freedom and humanity (great cheering).

SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If I had consulted the dictates of prudence, I should not be with you on this occasion. In my own native State, for some days past, I have been labouring under extreme debility, so as to make all effort burdensome, and entire repose greatly to be coveted. Still, I gave you my pledge—impossibilities out of the question—that I would come here, and bear my testimony in behalf of the glorious cause of liberty; and to-day, I want to forget all about sickness. An Abolitionist has no right to talk about being unwell on the First of August. The event which we are here to celebrate is a balsam to the body, a cordial to the mind; and the spirit which enters into sympathy with the emancipated in the isles of the sea is one that must and will forget that it has a body.

After the very able, elaborate and eloquent speech made this forenoon, by Judge CULVER, I am only come before you as "a fifth wheel to the coach"; and so I follow rather as a matter of form than on the ground of necessity, and can hardly hope to add anything to the interest which was created by the earnest and intrepid speaker who stood before us to give us his word of testimony and approval.

Mr. President, I am slightly beyond the meridian of life. More than half of my life has been devoted to the anti-slavery enterprise; and whatever remains of that life shall, by the help of God, be consecrated to the same glorious cause. Never, never, never shall I relax one jot or tittle; never shall I cease to testify against slavery, so long as there remains in this guilty land a single slave to curse the soil, or to stain our national escutcheon. I was asked, not a great while ago, by an anti-slavery woman, whether I did not grow weary in this cause, and desire repose. My answer was, and is, and will be to the end—I am tired of slaveholding usurpation and villany; I am tired of dougfaces, time-servers and trimmers; I am weary of blood; I grow sick at heart in view of the horrible oppression which is perpetrated upon millions of my countrymen; but I never grow weary in denouncing them. No! From every fresh encounter with the Slave Power, like Antæus, when he touched his mother earth, I only derive the more strength, resolved never to give up till our jubilee shall come (cheers).

Also! we are not here to celebrate an *American* jubilee. Oh, no! there is nothing for us to talk about here, pertaining to our own country, except that which is enough to suffuse our cheek with shame, and to make all the blood in our veins to mantle in anger. There is nothing *American* about this celebration to-day; it is wholly *foreign*, to the eternal shame of this Republic; it relates to old England—the mother country, from whom our fathers seceded in "the times that tried men's souls." She has taken the lead in the great and God-like work of human enfranchisement; while we, as a nation, are still dabbling in human blood, forging fetters, manufacturing yokes, and lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of slavery. West India Emancipation brings us here to-day; thank God for that! Though we may not rejoice over the liberation of our own slaves, yet we may and do rejoice that the slaves in the isles of the sea have been transformed, by the magic touch of liberty, into human beings, and clothed with God-given rights, and are now reposing in peace and safety under the flag of old England. It is easy enough for us to celebrate the great event which has called us together. But, oh! how long-protracted and severe the struggle which preceded the victory! All honour to the glorious men and women who, through evil and through good report, year after year, from the youthful days of the sainted CLARKSON and the immortal WILBERFORCE, down to the year of jubilee, never relaxed their efforts! What perseverance, what courage, what self-denial, what vigilance, what faith in God, what labour, "in season and out of season," contending with the colossal power of the West India oligarchy, at home as well as abroad—the few against the many—the unknown and uninfluential rising up, and undertaking to overthrow a system which had been growing for centuries—grappling with the mercantile interest, the Established Church, the aristocracy, and even with the throne itself—and having no other instrument in their hands than the truth of the everlasting God, which never yet was vanquished in any conflict with the Devil! Gratitude to the memories of WILBERFORCE, and CLARKSON, and SHARPE, and MACAULAY, and BUXTON, and THORNTON. Gratitude to the less noted men and women, throughout England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, who gave to this cause, in the hour of extreme danger and peril, all that could be given by hearts warmed by love to God and love to man! We never can forget them; they shall be remembered to the latest posterity.

In view of a result like this, let no man ever doubt that there is a God; that truth is immortal and invincible, and only needs sufficient time to be victorious. It was not the moneyed interest, nor the aristocracy, nor the church, nor the clergy, that took up the cause of the West India slave; but it was the comparatively humble and obscure—men and women without money, power or station—but with hearts full of generous sympathy for the oppressed, and deeply baptized into the spirit of primitive Christianity. These, looking up to God, and nowhere else—relying upon the Eternal Arm, and upon nothing else—remember ing the Divine promise, that, in such a conflict, "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight"—began and consummated the mighty work; and we are assembled, to-day, to celebrate their triumph.

Where, now, are the West India planters? They affected to laugh to scorn all opposition, and to be lifted above all human contingencies. *They* emancipate their slaves! Never! The Abolitionists of England put down their slave system! Never! Well, where are they to-day? With not a slave in their possession! And where are the victims of their cruel oppression? Rejoicing, to-day, as human beings made free according to the law and will of God; and mingling their songs with ours, in commemoration of their great deliverance.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Will make it plain? Ay, He has made it plain today! There is no darkness here; it is all sunlight. There is no darkness in those isles of the sea; the light of heaven is streaming down upon a ransomed people. The power of the oppressor has disappeared from the earth, so far as they are concerned; and they stand "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation." To whom, then, is the praise to be given? "Not unto us, not unto us." I know the sainted spirits of CLARKSON and WILBERFORCE, and all who laboured to snap the chains asunder, will say—"Not unto us, but unto thee, O Lord, be the praise and glory forever, that the galling yoke has been broken, and the oppressed set free." And, let the shout go up from this beautiful grove, and wherever this day is celebrated, "Glory to God, who, by His own almighty energy and power, has brought this wonderful event to pass!"

I have spoken of the opposition to the anti-slavery cause in England, which the early friends of the slave encountered. It was not an opposition so malignant and diabolical as that which we have had to encounter, and are still encountering, in our own land. It was sufficiently formidable, however, to try the faith and courage of the strongest and holdest; because from the beginning almost to the end of the struggle, all the powers of the home Government, as well as the combined interests of the Colonies, were against the movement.

And what were the pleas advanced to justify West India slavery? I will rapidly rehearse some of them; and you will see, as in a mirror, that they were precisely such as are now put forth against the anti-slavery movement in our own country.

In the first place, the West India planters said to the Abolitionists of England, "Mind your own business! Meddle not with matters which do not concern you! "It is our business," they replied, "to bear testimony against bloody oppression; and we have to do, as and to you, if we refrain from bearing our testimony!" The same objection is brought against us by the slaveholders at the South. "Vile intermeddlers and mischievous busybodies, attend to your own affairs! Look at home!" Our reply is—

"He who allows oppression shares the crime,"

and becomes the accomplice of the tyrant.

Next, the West India planters said, "Our slaves are better off than they would be in a state of freedom." Better off to have no rights than to have all rights! Better off to have a tyrannical master over them than to have the eternal God! Better off to have no compensation for service and long protracted toil than to be well paid, and to work without the stimulus of the lash! Better off to have no power to read and write than to be in possession of the spelling-book, the Bible, and the means of knowledge! Better off to have chains around the body which God made to be sacred from harm, and to glorify him forever, than to have the limbs free as the birds of the air! Such is the logic of slavery! It belongs to Bedlam. There never was a sane argument put forth against liberty. There are various kinds of insanity; and he who maintains that God has made one man to be the property of another is a madman. There is not a sane man in the universe who does not know that all slaveholding is damnable villany. They who justify chattel slavery, as compatible with justice and humanity, ought to have straight jackets put upon them, if anybody ought; they cannot be safely trusted at large; they are men bereft of reason—for the first dictate of reason is to recognise a man as distinguished from a beast.

Next, it was said that immediate emancipation was the widest proposition conceivable; the slaves ought first to be prepared for freedom; to "turn them loose" at once would be destruction to all concerned. As if God ever made a human being not prepared for freedom! As if a being was made a little lower than the angels" was ever qualified for slavery!

Again, the planters said that the blacks were an inferior race, and that it was the will of God that the superior should govern and control the inferior. Inferior? Inferior in what? Where has the experiment ever been fairly made, under equal circumstances, and the result has not always been exceedingly honourable to the coloured man, in competition with the white man? No, it is not for the basest of tyrants to talk about the inferiority of any portion of the rational creatures of God. If there is an exception among mankind, they, of all men, constitute that exception.

Well, they had a religious objection to emancipation; and I think you will recognise it as one which is not unfrequently urged upon us. "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Moreover, "Paul sent Onesimus back to Philemon"; therefore, the Old and New Testament settled it, that West India slavery was of God, and he was an infidel who dared to raise his voice against it! I think we have heard the same justification of slavery on our own soil. Why, no longer ago than May last, our friend CHARLES SUMNER felt it to be exceedingly important, in a long, elaborate and most eloquent speech, delivered in New York, to prove that the curse pronounced upon Canaan did not make out exactly such a case for the slaveholders of our country as they desired; and that it was a gross blunder to suppose that Paul sent back Onesimus to be again the slave of Philemon. And this in the presence of a people holding it to be a self-evident truth that all men are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty!

Again, it was urged that blood would flow like water, if emancipation should take place; that the throats of the planters would assuredly be cut, for the slaves constituted an overwhelming majority. To this the anti-slavery party replied, "It is a monstrous hallucination of the mind! Your slaves do not attempt to cut your throats now, even though you incrate and starve them, work them without wages, separate wife from husband, and sell their children on the auction block. They have borne these cruelties with unparalleled forbearance, looking unto God for deliverance. Will they be disposed to cut your throats when you cease flogging them and burning their flesh with red-hot branding irons? Will they murder you, because you have restored to them their children, and are no longer disposed to traffic in their bodies and souls? It is the height of insanity; there is no danger."

Again, it was said that the slaves would not work if they were emancipated; hence, to cure their indolence, it was right and proper to keep them in bondage. The planters said, "It is for the slaves, not for you, to determine what they will work or not. If your objection be a valid one, it proves—inasmuch as you, the planters, scorn to do any work, and are the laziest of the lazy, subsisting entirely on the labours of others—that you, of all persons in the world, ought to be enslaved." And it was very conclusive reasoning.

Their next device was to denounce the English Abolitionists as incendiaries, fanatics and infidels. WILBERFORCE was branded as "a hoary-headed traitor, up to a late period in his life. If he, or CLARKSON, or BUXTON, could have been caught in the Colonies, the power of the British Government would not have been sufficient to protect them from the murderous rage of the planters. Now, the busts of these distinguished philanthropists are seen in the Colonies, as worthy of all honour. So great has been the change wrought by the benificent act of emancipation!

There was another objection to emancipation, and a very singular one, coming from slaveholders. They said, "If emancipation takes place, then AMALGAMATION will follow; for their sons would be for having many of the black wives! A fine compliment, indeed, to the beauty and attractiveness of black women, as compared with those of white women! Amalgamation! Why, the slaveholder would no sooner give up his chance for amalgamation than he would give up his life; there is no adjunct of the slave system he so much fancies as amalgamation. Where do all the mulatto population of our country, in the first place? Certainly not come from Africa! This infinite variety in the shades of complexion everywhere tells the story of slaveholding violence and lust. O, the audacity of slaveholders! to dare to stand up and denounce a state of freedom as tending to amalgamation, when the very first act of slavery is to ABOLISH THE MARRIAGE INSTITUTION, for the purpose of gratifying the brilliant lust of the master, without fear or restraint! It is debauchery and rape on a colossal scale. Ah! we dare not lift that curtain and reveal to you all the horrors of the secret chamber. The pollutions of Sodom and Gomorrah all legalized and enforced under the lash, and at the point of the bowie-knife!

Next, the planters pleaded that the true way of abolishing slavery was to do it gradually. They did not say when they would cease being slaveholders. They said, not to-day, not to-morrow, but at some indefinite period. The English Abolitionists insisted upon their naming a time, but in vain. It was like the story told of Charles James Fox, the British statesman, who was notorious for getting into debt and never paying. A certain Jew, named Solomon, to whom he was owing a large sum, had called repeatedly upon him for his money, but Fox told him he could not pay him then—he must call again. "No," said Solomon, whose maud was at last made up to the sticking-point, "I have come resolved never to leave your house until you tell me on what day I shall certainly have the money." "Well, Solomon," said Fox, "I will try and set a day"—and after walking backwards and forwards in his room, and rubbing his forehead, he said, "Solomon, I have concluded upon a day when we will settle. I have thought of the *day of judgment*; but as that is likely to be rather a busy day with both of us, suppose we say *the day after*" (laughter). So it was with the slaveholders of the West Indies; and so it is with the slaveholders of our own country. Not to-day, nor to-morrow, but the day after the day of judgment. Ah! there is no day after the day of judgment for slaveholders in any part of the world!

Again, the planters said, "Do you mean to rob us of our property—to strike down vested rights? Give us compensation—full, entire compensation. Those slaves we have inherited, or bought with our money; and now you talk of taking them from us, and giving us nothing in return. It is the height of injustice, it is downright robbery." No, said the English Abolitionists, "man never yet was rightfully the property of man. You knew when you bought or inherited your slaves that you had no moral right to hold them in bondage. You invested your money at a venture, and saw your own risk. It is now time for the debtor to have his option, a compensation should be given to him as a wronged and outraged man. Your vested rights we pronounce, in the name of the God of justice, vested wrongs."

Finally, they said, "If slavery be abolished, there will be less sugar grown, and chaos will come again." And so they wanted to sweeten the objection as much as possible, to make it go down! The danger of emancipation—amalgamation—vested rights—Onesimus and the curse upon Canaan—all were forgotten! "We shall have less sugar," was the climax of their objections. But, for the sake of logical consistency, the argument should have been, there will be no sugar at all; for nobody was going to be left alive to grow sugar, or anything else, so far as the white population were concerned.

But let us take this sugar argument, which our proslavery opponents "roll as a sweet morsel under their tongues," and we will see how easily it can be dissolved. Well, then, there is less sugar grown since emancipation. So be it; but, as an effect, thank God, there is no more unrequited toil! Less sugar, but no coerced pollution! Less sugar, but no longer any brutal degradation! Less sugar, but no more fetters, yokes, thumb-screws and branding-irons! Less sugar, but no longer any slave-dealing, scourge the backs of men, women and children! Less sugar, but no longer any traffic in human flesh! Less sugar, but no more slave insurrections or dread of them! Less sugar, but no more driving the slaves to extermination! Why, Mr. President, so destructive to human was slavery in the West Indies, during its continuance, that, instead of there being any natural increase of the slaves, there was a constant and most frightful decrease so that, in time, the entire population would have been annihilated, but for constant supplies from the coast of Africa. The decrease was at the rate of five or six thousand a year. Less sugar, but no longer any slave code with all its bloody atrocities! Allow me to refresh your memories a moment in regard to that code, as it was administered in the Mauritius, for example:

"Slaves going out, after the retreat has beat, without a light, shall be flogged, and put to a mouth's labour on the public works.

"Slaves harbouring slaves shall be flogged; whites and free blacks doing so, shall be fined one dollar; and if the free blacks cannot pay the fine, they shall be sold.

"Slaves belonging to different masters, assembling together by day or night, whether at their masters' or elsewhere, in numbers exceeding five, shall be flogged and *branded with the fleur-de-lys*; or, on frequent repetition of the offence, may suffer DEATH at the discretion of the judge.

"A slave striking his master or mistress, or their children, and causing a wound, shall suffer DEATH.

"Robberies by a slave shall be punished, as the case may require, with flogging and *branding*, or death.

"A fugitive slave, absent a month after being denounced, shall have *his ears cut off*, and be *branded with a fleur-de-lys*; if absent a second time, for the same space, *his hamstrings shall be cut*; if he shall again be *branded*; if a third time, he shall suffer DEATH."

Where now is that bloody code? Gone to its own place, the bottomless pit. Less sugar, but freedom at all hours of the night—the right of hospitality secured—the right to assemble together by day or by night, unquestioned—the right of self-defence admitted and secured—crime punished, not with reference to the complexion of the criminal, but according to its nature. Less sugar, but no more ears to be cut off—no more being branded with a fleur-de-lys—no more having the hamstrings cut, or being put to death, for a month's absence from the plantation! What an exchange!

See what cruelties were once perpetrated with impunity upon the wretched victims of West India slavery! Here is an illustration:

"A little boy was owned by Henry and Helen Moss, in the Bahamas), was a domestic slave, and was stated to have been guilty of theft; she was also accused of disobedience, in refusing to mend her clothes when ordered, and this was the immediate cause of her punishment. On the 23d of July, 1826, she was confined in the stocks, and she was not released till the 8th of August following, in the morning, when she was found dead. Marks were so constructed, that she could not sit up and lie down at pleasure, and she remained in them night and day. During this period, she was repeatedly flogged, one of the overseers thinks about six times, and red pepper was rubbed upon her eyes to prevent her sleeping. Tasks were given her which, in the opinion of the overseer, she was incapable of performing; sometimes because they were beyond her power, at other times because she could not see to do them on account of the pepper having been put into her eyes; and she was flogged for failing to accomplish these tasks. It is in evidence, that on one of the days of Kate's confinement, she complained of fever, and that one of the flogings which she received, was after she had made this complaint. When she was taken out of the stocks, she appeared to be cramped, and was then again flogged. The very day of her release, she was sent to Lillie Hill hospital (the plantation's house servant), and on the evening of the third day ensuing, was brought before her owners as being ill and refusing to work, and she then again complained of having fever. The doctor ordered her to be negro-house, and again flogged her; though this time, apparently, without orders from her owners to do so. In the morning, at seven o'clock, she was found by a fellow slave, "a corpse; she died at noon."

Here is the case of the Rev. G. W. Bridges, of St. Anne's, and his slave, Kitty Hilton, in May, 1829:

"Bridges had ordered the girl to get a turkey for dinner, expecting a friend to dine. In the course of the day, he learnt that this friend could not come. He called the girl, and asked her what was for dinner; she replied, "the turkey." He immediately said, accompanying his words with a blow, 'You d——, who told you to get a turkey?' The blow knocked down the girl's eyes, and the bruising-iron upon my body; I now mean to do justice and sweet revenge—I'll cut off anything!" In this, the slaves were found in their temples of worship making it a religious observance unto the Lord; offering up their prayers and thanksgivings to God, for the great boon which had been vouchsafed to them. How different we observe the Fourth of July! Compare the two—the 1st of August in the West Indies, and the 4th of July in the United States! We, "an enlightened, educated, religious people," celebrate our national anniversary burning powder, firing cannon, and a shameless indulgence of dissipation in a thousand ways. We drink beneath the emancipated slaves of Jamaica, ought of slight.

The results of emancipation all over the world, under all circumstances whatever, have been uniformly satisfactory. I will not trespass upon your time, though I have any amount of documentary evidence here, to confirm what I say. I shall say nothing which cannot be confirmed by just such evidence. Wherever this experiment has been made, on a small or large scale, there it has invariably worked well. There never has been a single drop of blood shed, nor any violence done. The boon of freedom has always been gratefully and peacefully accepted on the part of the oppressed. The work has been a work of righteousness and peace.

The statistics which I have here, but which I will not trespass upon your time to read, show that before slavery was abolished, while the masters were crying out that the slaves would not work if emancipated, their own slaves were working on a promise of being set free, if they paid a large price for it by extra toil; and it appears that thousands and tens of thousands of pounds were paid by the slaves themselves for their own redemption; or that of some of their number; though the only time allowed them to earn their pittance was the Sabbath day. But so industrious and expert were they on that single day, that they not only supplied their own wants, but they raised, as individuals, thousands of pounds to secure their personal freedom.

I must refer to one other objection. The hue-and-cry before emancipation, was, that all the estates would be rendered bankrupt by that act; and now, from New Orleans to Eastport, American journals are ready to inculcate the lying statement, that everything in the West Indies is going to ruin. One would think that, before freedom came, the West India planters had never known hard times; that slavery always sailed on an unruffled sea; that slave-driving and cradle-plundering made excellent pickings; that the slaveholders were always flush, in their pecuniary affairs. What are the historical facts? Why, this—that, while slavery has existed, instead of being always productive, and the planters always rich, the broad current has been all the way downward. Let me make a single reference to the statistics. In the course of twenty years, 177 estates in Jamaica were sold for the payment of debts. That was under the regime of the Slave Power, notwithstanding the enormous bounties given to it by the home government. [Mr. GARRISON here gave several other important statistical facts, all to the same purport.]

You see, therefore, that, in slavery, the estates were going down to irretrievable bankruptcy; and if you want to know why $100,000,000 were paid as compensation for the liberation of the slaves, it was to pay off the bankers of England, and others who had mortgages for large sums upon the West India estates. A vast amount of that money never reached the West Indies at all, but remained at home; and this was the grand secret of the payment of the hundred million of dollars.

Now, my friends, I come to our own country. Oh, the guilt of this nation! After an experiment like this; after all the promises of God in regard to what shall come of right action; after all our political and religious professions, that we believe in human freedom, in God-given rights, and that we are believers in the gospel of Jesus Christ; after all these great experiments have been wrought out with invariable success, so as to take away all pretext for doubt or unbelief, we not only refuse to follow the glorious examples thus set to us, but we become more frantic in support of slavery, and more determined that liberty shall never be proclaimed throughout all this land unto all the inhabitants thereof. Yes, the guilt of this nation goes up to heaven, and reaches down to hell. No people have ever had such light, and have so long made such professions; none have ever so deeply sinned against God and against man. The clouds are heavy over our heads; the judgments are impending; the God who overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea is the same who site on his throne in the Universe, and there is no escaping the eternal law, that as a nation sows, so shall it also reap. And rely upon it, though we may fancy our nation to be strong beyond all the powers of the earth; though we may think we possess within ourselves the elements of all power; yet I tell you, if we depend upon our wealth, our army and navy, and our ability to meet all danger, it is all in vain. If there is nothing beneath the skies with which we cannot successfully cope, there is One who sitteth upon the throne of the Universe, who has infinite power, and He can take up this nation and dash it in pieces as a potter's vessel is broken; and He will do it, if the nation persists in repent. The cup will be filled to the brim with our sins. We have shed innocent blood long enough; have outraged the defenceless coloured population long enough; and God calls upon us to forbear and repent, or that his judgments may not come upon us.

And is there any hope? I confess to you that it is by no means very encouraging. But I say that while there is hope, there is hope in God. Slavery is doomed, but God will not let it die down peacefully! Will the slaveholders relax its grasp willingly? Will it hear the voice of God and obey the Divine command? Or will it bow and add iniquity to iniquity, and multiply transgressions on the auction-block, and extend the slave [illegible] room is irrevocably sealed? This is the [illegible] question. I know that success in the anti-slavery [illegible] extraordinary, within the last quarter [illegible] I know that, having nothing but the [illegible] with us, with all that is wealthy, and [illegible] and powerful, in Church and State combined against us, our march has been right onward. And [illegible] such a thing as a nation sinning away [illegible] gones, so that it is not possible for it to repent. [illegible] there has never yet been made a direct [illegible] issue by the North against slavery. Every [illegible] been and is in the spirit of compromise. [illegible] Judge Culver, pointed out the success [illegible] the Slave Power ever since the organization [illegible] government. All these things have been legal [illegible] ential. In one half of the country, we [illegible] right of speech and liberty of conscie[illegible] n; editors are driven into exile, and [illegible] stroyed; the Gospel in fettered, and [illegible] gged; and all compacts and agreement[illegible] overturned. All this is [illegible] and unless we lay the axe down, and give it to the [illegible] thing—we are lost. I [illegible] tition to slavery, and am [illegible] with respect every [illegible] But until we do [illegible] ally and governmentally [illegible] Union to be at an end, [illegible] n against the encroach[illegible] our rights. When will [illegible] at it is not possible for [illegible] or for a true Union to be [illegible] holders. Between those [illegible] no concord is possible. [illegible] a Union, "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell;" and our first [illegible] erthrow. In this Union, [illegible] ion and a half of slaves, clanking their [illegible] of August, 1855. Let that Union be [illegible] the awful compromises of the Constitution, that instrument is saturated with the [illegible] But even if every word of it were [illegible] e fact would be none the less palpable, [illegible] ation of parchment, but of moral possession [illegible] two walls together, and [illegible] against slavery. The slaveholders [illegible] catch you south of Mason and Dixon [illegible] you." They declare that no man shall [illegible] who does not go for everlasting and [illegible] Judge Culver told us that no man [illegible] under this Government who did not [illegible] homage to the Slave Power. He is [illegible] he so to the end. How great the [illegible] that slavery is, in this foolishly [illegible] of its strength, ay, and the power of [illegible] the Philistines of the South have taken out our eyes, and make it grind in the [illegible] men; and if, at last it shall arise in its [illegible] it will be to fall for the pillars of this [illegible] Union, and bring it to the ground. [illegible] sh that if she should cut off his locks, [illegible] as other men. Then, said the Philistines, bring forth the strong pillars; and [illegible] O, the folly and infatuation of the [illegible] ! For sixty-eight years we have been [illegible] ere that we consider the preservation of [illegible] paramount to all other considerations! [illegible] ll for the extension of slavery, or the [illegible] our rights, there is one thing we mean [illegible] *always to stand by the Union!* For that, [illegible] everything, conscience, self-respect, manhood [illegible] "We ask nothing more, we will have [illegible] that is a curse them in our hands to wield against you with omnipotent effect: it is all we want, I know. We will have the Fugitive Slave bill. We will you will whince, and remonstrate, and threaten; but we have only to crack the whip of division over your heads, to bring you down on your knees at once. We will repeal the Missouri Compromise. We expect you to rave and resist; but you will yield the point, like whipped spaniels, when we threaten to dissolve the Union. You have agreed that, to save the Union, you will do everything to the end." And so, all over the North, there is not a political party that does not say, "We are for the Union." Now sorry Charles Sumner goes for the Union! I say it with all respect and esteem for him. But it is a fatal position, let who will take it. The new "Union, or republican" party reiterates the cry of the Slave Power, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved." I tell you that this is the betrayal of liberty into the hands of the Philistines. Talk about restoring the Missouri Compromise! As well talk of causing the sun and moon to stand still! Talk of repealing the Fugitive Slave bill! Why, the sky falls, we will catch larks!" Talk about stopping the progress of slavery, and of saving Nebraska and Kansas! I tell you, the fate of Nebraska and Kansas was sealed the first hour Stephen Arnold Douglas consented to play his perfidious part. I hold that any man who talks of a Union with slaveholders, such as the prescribe, has no right to call himself a friend of the slave. In becoming an Abolitionist, I pledged myself to stand by the side of the slave, and make his case my own; and I will not support a Constitution from which he is excluded. I will go in for no Union in which he is doomed to clank his fetters. I will give allegiance to a Government which does not protect his right with its own. Therefore I stand outside of this Government, and by the help of God, I mean to effect its overthrow. This seems to me to be the only consistent course to take. "No Union with slaveholders!" Why? Because they will have no Union with us, unless we will join in the villainy. I do not know what anti-slavery men mean, if saying that they opposed Texas annexation, yet for preserving the Union The coloured man who glorifies the Union, which makes him an outlaw, is beside himself. Our first duty is to pronounce the American Union accursed of God—to arraign every man who supports it, and tell him as Jesus told the rich young man in the Gospel, that whatever else he may have done, one thing he lacketh: *he must give up his support of the Union.* Why continue the experiment any longer? It is all madness and delusion. I tell this slaveholding Union go; and when it goes, I tell you, slavery will go down with it. A Judge Culver told the Southern member of Congress they had better leave the door pretty wide open when they separate from the North, for they will soon be running back, with their slaves at their heels, chasing them at the point of the bayonet. Whatever stands in the way of freedom, I am for its overthrow. If it is the Church, then I pronounce the Church to be the synagogue of Satan. If it is the Clergy, I denounce them as workers of iniquity. If it is the Bible, I declare the Bible is worthless without us. It is the North, after all, which has kept this evil work. Our business here is with ourselves. The people of the North hold in their hands the key whereby the dungeon's door may be opened, and the slaves set free. We have little to do with the slaveholders. I do not address myself to them; they are incapable of hearing or understanding our arguments; they are insane men. My appeal is not to them, but to the people of the North, who are the props and the pillars of this slaveholding despotism. Let me say, I say no Union with slaveholders, religiously or politically!" Let us go with the flag of disunion, that we may have a free North free Republic of our own, by the side of which no slaveholding despotism can exist. And when that hour shall come, God will have made it possible for us to be one people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. O, for the jubilee of our country! And the way to effect it is to make no compromise with slaveholders or their abettors, and to regard nothing in the world so precious as liberty. Talk of the Union! Why, we have, resting upon our heads, the blessings of those who are ready to perish, and the benediction of Almighty God (cheers).

The President then introduced JAMES MILLER MCKIM, of Philadelphia, who would give an account of the late outrage in that city.

MR. MCKIM'S SPEECH.

Mr. McKim said he did not know that he had any thing [illegible] ex-parte statements of interested individuals in [illegible] delphia, and the false representations of the pro[illegible] very press of that city.

Charges had been made of *gross outrage*; of *forcible and illegal abduction*; of *perjury*, and of *crimes*; and there was ground for all these charges; but not against Passmore Williamson and his friends. The "outrage" was committed, first, by the slaveholder Wheeler, in impudently and in violation of the laws and moral sentiment of Pennsylvania, bringing his slaves upon our soil; and second, in Judge Kane, without law, or precedent, or decency, or show of justice, sending Passmore Williamson to prison on the false charge of contempt, because he informed a woman of her rights, and afterwards refused to aid in arresting them illegally. The "illegal and forcible abduction" was on the part of the man Wheeler. He was carrying off, to hold as slaves, three persons who were free—free the moment they put foot on the soil of Pennsylvania. "Perjury," too, there was, but not on the part of Passmore Williamson. Mr. Williamson is as far above such an act of immorality as Truth is above Falsehood; and the attempt, on the part of Judge Kane, to fasten upon him the imputation of that crime was as base as it was useless. *Whether* was the perjured person. His testimony, as given in the Court, was important, should he be afforded, was replete with false swearing, in its most important particulars. He swore falsely when he deposed that one of the black men collared him; he swore falsely when he declared that one of them said he would cut his throat from ear to ear, and he swore falsely when he said the woman and her children "hollered murder." No coloured man collared him, or otherwise laid hands on him; no coloured man, or any other man, threatened to cut his throat, or said anything that would bear this construction; and neither the woman nor her children cried murder, nor did any of the three, except the youngest child, cry anything at all. Judge Kane charged Mr. Williamson with "evasion." It was Judge Kane that was guilty of evasion—gross, base, palpable evasion; evasion of the law, evasion of the facts, and contemptible quibbling from beginning to end. He accepted the statements of Wheeler and ignored those of Mr. Williamson; he quibbled about the "navigable waters of the United States," affected ignorance of the Act of 1847, and then stultifying himself, called the constitutionality of that law in question, and finally took refuge in a cloud of fine words about the *habeas corpus*, a process which, at the same moment, he was doing more to degrade from its original purpose, than perhaps any other man ever did who had power to issue it. In fact, in reading Judge Kane's remarkable decision, it was hard to say what feature of it was most striking—its weakness or its wickedness; its meanness or its mendacity; its baldness of sophistry or the boldness of its contempt of justice.

Mr. McKim then went into some statements of the facts of the case, which, though new and interesting to the audience who listened to him, are familiar to the readers of THE STANDARD and need not here be repeated.

Mr. McKim related a conversation he had had with Mr. Williamson's father, in which the latter assured him that was no disposition on Passmore's part or his own, or on the part of any other member of the family, to make any concessions. Passmore would neither allow himself to be the writ nor move a finger towards refusing to the slaveholder citizen his victims or their prize.

Mr. GARRISON wanted to say that this Judge Kane had misspelled his name. He spelled it Kane but Mr. GARRISON hoped that whenever his hearers had occasion to speak of it they would do it in the old way—Cain. He did not see how any man could be committed for contempt of Judge Kane's Court; it was beneath contempt.

Mr. CULVER related some interesting details of the case that occurred a year or two ago, in this city—of a little coloured girl held by a notorious prostitute named Rose Cooper, the father of the girl coming come all the way from Mobile to get possession of his child. After an unsuccessful effort before Judge Duer, the case was taken before Judge Barcelo, of Brooklyn, and the child was taken away from the woman. He commended the firmness of Judge Barcelo.

With three hearty cheers for Passmore Williamson and three cheers for the Anti-India Emancipation, the audience took the returning train.

HORACE GREELEY came home in the Baltic, which arrived on Wednesday morning. His family are still in Europe.

Read the following advertisements, as published in the *Royal Gazette* of Jamaica, March 13, 1830, being descriptions of apprehended runaway slaves:

"George, a Mungola, 5 feet 5 inches; marked apparently TA on shoulder, with whiskers; has country marks down his belly; and large sores on the right foot.

"George Robert, a young creole negro man, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches; marked apparently PM on left, and WP on right shoulder; has two scars on the back.

"Elizabeth Baker Cooper, alias Mary Munro, a yellow skin creole woman, 4 feet 11 1-2 inches; marked MI on shoulders.

"George, alias John Brown, a young creole negro man, 5 feet 5 1-2 inches; marked PL (in one), diamond on top, twice on left and once on right shoulder, and the sense of hearing in his breast.

"Hamlet, alias William Maxwell, a creole, 5 feet 3 inches; the first joint of the fourth right finger is lost; has scars on forehead, and old bruises on shins.

"Eliza Carr, a fair sambo, 5 feet 5 inches; stout made; marked apparently YF on right shoulder; has marks of a public flogging on shoulders, a scar under her chin, one finger and upper lip on the left side, and one on her left inner ancle."

Less sugar, but no more putting women under the lash, or in the stocks, no more rubbing the eyes with pepper, no more branding the alphabet into the living flesh! Less sugar! Gracious God! what inhuman monsters must they be who make this outcry! Why, they can see nothing beautiful, grand, glorious—nothing beneficent or worthy of thanksgiving—in the overthrow of such a system! Their fiendish yell is still the same—"Less sugar!" Again, I say, be it so; but there are no more barnings of chapels and banishing of missionaries! Before emancipation took place, the planters rose up against all the missionaries, set fire to their chapels or pulled them down, destroyed property to the amount of 23,255 pounds sterling. Some of the missionaries were put to loathsome dungeons, some were put to death, and the rest were expelled from the Colonies, and had to take refuge in the mother country for safety. It was only when they got to England, and proclaimed in the hearing of the people, that the Gospel of Christ could not be preached while slavery existed in the Colonies, and that they must either stop sending missionaries or combine to put down that atheistical system, that the religious sentiment of the country was roused up in its strength and emote slavery to the dust. And that is the deed we are here to rejoice over to-day. A similar religious proscription has already commenced in our own country. In Missouri, the Ministers of the Methodist Church North are being driven out of their pulpits by the bowie-knife and the revolver—not because they are Abolitionists, but because they are attached to the Northern wing of that church. And this spirit will prevail more and more. We must prepare ourselves to hear of a speedy uprising against the preachers of the Gospel in the South, who will not openly defend slavery as a divinely instituted system; and when that time comes, I trust it will have the same effect upon the religious people of the North as it had upon the people of Great Britain.

What a wonderful change it is in the West India Islands!

"It is somewhat like the burst from death to life,
From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven!"

It is the most interesting, thrilling and marvellous transaction that the world has ever witnessed. Hark! the cry again comes up all over our country, "There is less sugar produced!" No matter—what sugar is exported is cleansed and pure, and has no taint of blood upon it. One pound of it outweighs all that was formerly raised in the Colonies (cheers). Less sugar—but they have got schools, voluntary industry, the Bible

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

CELEBRATION AT MORRIS'S GROVE.

Our readers will require no apology from us for devoting so much of our space to Mr. Burr's admirable report of the speeches of Messrs. CULVER, GARRISON and McKIM, at the Pic-Nic Celebration of the First of August, by the New York Anti-Slavery Society—speeches worthy alike of the men that uttered them, of the occasion that called them forth, and the cause whose claims they so earnestly and eloquently set forth. It was the first time that a meeting of Old School Abolitionists had been honoured by the presence and cooperation of Judge CULVER, and we believe we express the unanimous sentiment of those who heard him when we say that his speech was characterized by sound argument, ready wit, manly boldness, a philanthropic spirit, and a fearless devotion to the cause of impartial liberty. While he did not conceal the fact that he differed in opinion, on some points, from Radical Abolitionists, he yet expressed his hearty respect for them on account of their unswerving fidelity to their own convictions, their unflagging zeal, and their unselfish devotion to the cause; and he declared himself willing to encounter any reproach which politicians of any party might heap upon his head on account of his appearance on the anti-slavery platform. We commend his address to the careful attention of all our readers.

The Celebration was, we believe, a source of heartfelt enjoyment to all who took part in it. The fine weather, the beautiful grove, the convenience of all the arrangements, and the fraternal spirit that reigned apparently in every heart, conspired to make the occasion all that the Society could have reasonably anticipated.

CELEBRATION AT ABINGTON.

The Anniversary of British West India Emancipation was celebrated in the beautiful Grove at Abington, by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. After nine or ten successive days, on each of which more or less rain fell, thereby rendering each one unsuitable for meetings in the open air, the FIRST OF AUGUST dawned auspiciously, and proved to be one of the most delightful days of the year. There was a numerous attendance from various parts of the State, including a large number of the tried friends of our cause. The meeting was called to order by Francis Jackson, Esq. Edmund Quincy, Esq., was chosen to preside on the occasion, and Samuel May, Jr., and J. M. W. Yerrinton appointed Secretaries. After performing several well-executed pieces of music, the Abington Band played, by special request, the British National Anthem, *God save the Queen.*

Mr. Quincy, on taking the chair, made an able and pertinent introductory speech, with reference to the labours, trials and successes of the British Abolitionists, and showing how coincident they were with those that have marked the course of the American Abolitionists. The lesson was a most instructive and cheering one. He was followed by Rev. Andrew T. Foss, who spoke of the relations of the American Church to slavery, and showed it to be organically pro-slavery. Charles L. Remond was the next speaker. He spoke of the demoralizing influences of slavery upon the white as well as upon the coloured population, and therefore the anti-slavery struggle was emphatically for *universal* emancipation. A recess was then taken until 2 o'clock.

At the afternoon session, the first speaker was J. B. Swasey, Esq., of Newburyport. As a lawyer, he was forced to admit the pro-slavery character of the United States Constitution, and therefore its incompatibility with freedom. He argued in favour of a Convention of the Free States, to discuss the requirements of that instrument in regard to slavery, and to take such steps as duty and the highest expediency might seem to require.

Wendell Phillips next took the platform, and was most warmly applauded. He agreed with Mr. Swasey, touching the importance of the constitutional question, and said that individual come-outism from Church and State was the most effective method of revolutionizing the country and abolishing the slave system. He referred to the recent infamous conduct of Judge Kane, and regarded it as the settled purpose of the South to make slaveholding [illegible] Constitution [illegible] regarded this [illegible] results of West India Emancipation [illegible] refutation of all the popular objections [illegible] abolition of slavery in our own land [illegible]

Mr. Swasey asked leave to add a [illegible] the speech of Mr. Phillips. In the absence of [illegible], Mr. Quincy made a few explanatory remarks.

Samuel May, Jr., made the concluding speech [illegible] the extraordinary letter of Rev. Dr. [illegible] of Kentucky, to Hon. Charles Sumner.

A collection of about $70, to pay expenses [illegible] the cause, was received by the Finance Committee. In addition to this sum, $26 were collected in aid of [illegible] Allen, once a slave in Kentucky, and now soliciting [illegible] to purchase her two daughters still held as slaves.

At about 5 1-2 o'clock, after a "well-spent day," the meeting adjourned.

CELEBRATION AT HOPEDALE.

The Celebration at Hopedale (Milford, Mass.), was held in a beautiful pine grove belonging to the Community, and numbered 700 or 800 people—many from Boston. Adin Ballou presided, and gave an interesting history of the Emancipation Act. Rev. R. Hassall of Mendon, Unitarian clergyman, formerly of England, made an excellent address. Charles C. Burleigh, in a lengthy argument, contended for the dissolution of the Union as promotive of the cause of liberty. After a recess, Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, eloquently addressed the company, and was followed by S. S. Foster, who, according to the Boston *Telegraph*, remarked that he had done with the Church; the Government was now the great sinner, and his attention would be confined to that hereafter in his addresses. Rev. Mr. Taylor, of East Medway, followed in a good speech.

CELEBRATION AT NEW BEDFORD.

This was under the direction of the coloured people of New Bedford and Providence, and afforded the highest satisfaction to all who participated therein. The New Bedford *Mercury* says:

"At twelve o'clock, the procession, under the guidance of H. O. Remington and aids, left the City Hall. Two military companies, the National Guards (coloured), Capt. Jewell, of Providence, and the Union Cadets of this city, formed a part of the procession, and made a very soldierly appearance. The Morning Star Beneficial Society, in regalia, with J. T. Freedom's singing-school in a large car, also made a fine display. The orator, Frederick Douglass, we noticed in a carriage with other officers of the day, his fine face giving promise of the oratorical feast to follow. The procession was accompanied by the East Stoughton Band and by Green's celebrated New England Band of Providence, and Green's bugle was the admired of all listeners. Altogether it was a very nice procession, and one which would do credit to any occasion. Want of space compels us to give but a meager account of the Celebration, which was one full of interest to those participating in it as well as to the friends of freedom generally."

CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION AT LONGWOOD, PA.

Correspondence of The Standard.

LONGWOOD (near Kennett Square), Pa., 8 mo. 2, 1855.

The First of August meeting, appointed by JOSEPH DUGDALE for the Children of this region is over; and such a meeting! Little girls and boys were present not only from the immediate neighbourhood, but from Lancaster and Delaware Counties, and even from the State of Delaware. The spacious Longwood meeting-house was compactly filled. O what a sight it was to behold the happy faces of hundreds of children, all animated by the feeling that the meeting was emphatically their own! The platform was literally covered with [illegible], and all around were smiles and beauty. JOSEPH DUGDALE opened the meeting in an appropriate and touching prayer, and then proceeded to deliver an address to the peculiarly interesting audience which his invitation had called together. He first gave an account of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, and embraced the opportunity afforded for sowing the seeds of anti-slavery truth in the hearts of the young. He alluded to other subjects, relating many pertinent anecdotes, and holding the attention of the children to the last. A more orderly auditory no speaker need ask. Coloured children mingled promiscuously in the crowd, and in no instance, that I have heard of, were they treated otherwise than as the equals of those of a white complexion.

JOSEPH DUGDALE was followed by Professor ANN L. PRESTON, of the Philadelphia Female Medical School, who made a very beautiful address, upon the conclusion of which the children proceeded with their friends to John Cox's woods, where they dined pic-nic fashion, in groups. Such a dinner, and such a joyous company, are not often seen. The clouds giving signs of rain, all hastily returned to the meeting-house, where Prof. PRESTON made another beautiful address, and a few of the children sang some very pretty songs. All the juveniles were as merry as larks, and those who were no longer children felt themselves young again.

The rain, it was thought, would entirely defeat the plan for visiting George Peirce's beautiful Park, but quite a number ventured a walk amidst its green beauty; and thus closed an occasion of rare and unmingled delight to us all.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

At BANGOR, Me., William Wells Brown delivered an eloquent address, in the evening, in the City Hall. The Bangor *Whig and Courier* gives a very interesting passage from the speech, which want of room alone prevents us from copying.

At BUXTON CENTRE, Me., about 4,000 people assembled to listen to addresses by John P. Hale, Joshua R. Giddings, Gov. Morrill and others.

KANSAS MATTERS.

THE removal of Gov. Reeder has excited a deep feeling of indignation throughout the North. The pretence of the Administration that he was removed because of alleged illegal speculations in land is treated with the utmost contempt, and nowhere more than at the South, where the real motive for the act is openly avowed by the President's friends and trumpeted forth as an evidence of his fidelity to the slaveholding interest. There is no longer the slightest room for doubt that the President has from the start been the tool and confederate of Atchison and Stringfellow. It is confidently asserted in some quarters that Reeder was appointed originally to blind the North, in the expectation that he would resign and thus give the President an excuse for nominating a Southern man. However this may be, it is certain that the appointment had the effect of placing the President in circumstances of great embarrassment; for while Atchison & Co. clamoured for his removal, he was afraid to comply with their demands lest he should excite a fresh tempest of indignation at the North. In order to escape from this dilemma, he endeavoured to persuade Reeder to resign, and, as an inducement, offered first to make him Commissioner to China; and when this was declined, he made a still higher bid, offered to give him the place of Minister to England, from which Mr. Buchanan was expected soon to return. "The splendour of this proposition," says the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, "was a matter to consider, and after two days the Governor gave his ultimatum. He offered to resign if the President would write him a letter asking him to do so, and publish it in the *Union*, together with his reply, it being understood that his appointment to England should be gazetted immediately after. The President refused to publish such a correspondence, and the Governor accordingly left him under the necessity of turning out a Territorial Executive for the sole reason that he would not lend himself to the establishment of slavery by foreign invasion and conquest, against the will of the vast majority of the people of the Territory."

It is not yet known whether Mr. Dawson will accept his appointment as successor to Reeder. It is thought by some that he will decline, in accordance with a private arrangement, and that then the President will appoint a Southern fire-eater to the place. The Missouri ruffians, meanwhile, are having everything their own way in Kansas. They are now resolved to reannex to the Territory the whole Platte region of Missouri—comprising some half dozen Counties—which was originally seized by Missouri and incorporated as part and parcel of the State, in defiance of the Compromise Act; and now, it having been thoroughly peopled with slaveholders, Missouri is willing to relinquish it for the purpose of giving slavery a preponderating influence in Kansas.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat* writes from the border as follows:

"I have not yet given you any idea of the intense political earnestness of the border Missourians. Excitement does not convey a just idea of their feelings, and fanaticism has been too often abused to do so. Theirs is the earnestness which is calm in consequence of its depth and force; it is the earnestness of men ready to fight, preparing for a death-struggle. In America or Europe, I never saw anything like it. But on the opposite side of the river, in the Free Soil sections, I am told, deep has been answered by a profounder deep. *The Free-Soilers are organizing military companies, and are determined to repel armed forces by armed forces at the next election, if the Missourians again attempt to cross the border to vote.* They have been promised, moreover, aid and assistance from the Iowa pioneers.

"Several members of both parties expressed their opinions in my hearing that there would be blood spilt yet in Kansas. A pro-slavery politician said that if the Lawrence people did not take care, they would so enrage the Missourians that they would march upon it and burn it to the ground."

A correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"The Legislature is made up of as ordinary men as you will meet at any common bar-room caucus. Take out two or three members from the Council, and twice that number from the House, and the balance would scarcely make a [illegible]table Board of County Supervisors. Some of them [illegible] all criticism. *They are mostly all actual residents of Missouri*, though a few have spent a short time in the [illegible] just for the looks; as, for instance, McGee, who [illegible] Westport, Mo., with his family, and has not the [illegible] intention of changing his residence; though, [illegible] been elected to the House, he has seen fit to [illegible] with his brother in the District he represents [illegible] hundred miles interior. His was one of the [illegible] seats, and the procedure is a sample of [illegible]

"[illegible], they laugh at their own impudence [illegible] pretending that their proceedings are legal [illegible] public debates, the absurdity of the entire [illegible] unfrequently puts to flight the mock [illegible] the occasion, and the members, with a [illegible] amusing, assume that they are better [illegible] laws for the Territory than if they were [illegible] themselves, inasmuch as their minds are [illegible] prejudices! Let the North understand [illegible]; that the first step of this body has [illegible] general code of Missouri into operation [illegible] slavery laws, of course, included, and th[illegible] ordained that they will themselves appoint [illegible] the Justices of the Peace, Constables, [illegible], thus cutting off the people from the [illegible] rights wont to be enjoyed by American [illegible]. In view of these facts, let the North [illegible] all Kansas—whose voters are three [illegible] Freedom—is indignant at these proceedings [illegible] treated as a dead letter, and that all M[illegible] able to compel obedience to laws bro[illegible] by so reckless a body of men."

"On the one hand, the [illegible] are determined, backed by Missouri, [illegible] enactments of this Legislature, the death-b[illegible]; while, on the other, all through the [illegible] Free State men are preparing for organi[illegible] all its laws. Some time the shock of colli[illegible]."

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT [illegible] COLLEGE.

A STRIKING evidence of the [illegible] going on in the public opinion of th[illegible] subject of slavery is seen in the fact that m[illegible] as fanatics and incendiaries are now the [illegible] our College Commencements. Last yea[illegible] addressed the Literary Societies of U[illegible] Schenectady; this year he appeared bef[illegible] mouth, one of the oldest and best institu[illegible] in the country, the one that numbers W[illegible] graduates, and fosters an ancestral pr[illegible] to that of old Harvard. The following n[illegible] ration we copy from the *Northern Advocate*, Claremont, New Hampshire.

"In the house there was a perfect [illegible] about every seat and standing-place being [illegible] the audience had become passably quiet, [illegible] Wendell Phillips, Esq., the orator fo[illegible] was introduced and received by three he[illegible] rounds of applause. Never have we s[illegible] more cordially welcomed. Mr. Phillips [illegible] the ordinary size, was elegantly dress[illegible] countenance indicative of all those noble [illegible] known to be peculiarly his own. He is [illegible] and came forward in front of the desk [illegible] written line to guide his thoughts. Th[illegible] an audience of highly educated men a[illegible] was considered somewhat venturesome, [illegible] ever before been attempted on similar o[illegible] peared, however entirely free from em[illegible] kindly thanked the audience for the very [illegible] tion they had given him. His appearance [illegible] form he regarded as a favourable indi[illegible] march of mind of liberality, of progres[illegible] rapidly onward, and he thanked the Liter[illegible] this old and venerable institution for the [illegible] had extended to him to occupy an hour up[illegible] so highly interesting to its friends. The [illegible] cupied in reference to the great question of [illegible] question probably odious to many distingui[illegible] men before him—was well known to all wh[illegible] and his appearance there gave cheering evid[illegible] sympathies of educated, thinking men, were [illegible] ginning to flow out in the right direction. [illegible] had chosen for his theme "the servility of th[illegible] people, and he treated it with a candour an[illegible] which could hardly have been expected from o[illegible] so recently been indicted by the United States [illegible] speaking in defence of Lib[illegible] proceeded in his subject he arraigned the politician, the political parties, the press, the clergy, the church, the American Tract Society, and various other institutions, all which he handled with an intelligent truthfulness, and at the same time with a courtesy and a deference to the opinions of others, that rendered his arguments and reasoning almost irresistible. But we have not room even to allude to his various points, and, if we had, we should hardly dare trust ourselves to do it, lest we might, from mere memory, misrepresent him. He was listened to for over an hour and a half with the most candid attention, and was frequently interrupted by rounds of prolonged and hearty applause, and when he took his seat, he received 'three times three,' which made the old meeting-house 'ring as it never rang before.'"

Mr. Phillips was also honoured with a serenade at his lodgings. We observe, however, that he failed to please the keen-scented grimalkin who presides over the *Vermont Chronicle*, the organ of old fogy Orthodoxy in the Green Mountain State. The editor thinks that Mr. Phillips, having been graciously invited to speak on such an occasion, ought, by the obligations of courtesy, to have ignored the topics with which his name stands identified! This, however, is a rule which we have never known that journal to apply to conservatives, hunkers and lower-law orators, who are always expected, on such occasions, to utter the word that is uppermost in their hearts, regardless alike of the feelings or convictions of reformers.

The *Northern Advocate* appears to have liked the Commencement exercises much better than its Vermont neighbour. It says:

"Gentlemen who were in Hanover on Wednesday evening, and were among the thousands who listened to the speeches of Wendell Phillips, S. P. Chase, and 'long John,' speak in high terms of their beauty, and the vein of patriotic devotion to Liberty that ran through all of them. Mr. Chase spoke for over half an hour, and not a word was lost by the immense multitude that were in the street before him. He dwelt mainly upon the infamous scenes that were now transacting in Kansas, the direct, the anticipated result of the outrageous legislation of the last Congress. He, as well as the other speakers, was frequently interrupted by the most enthusiastic cheering. Our informant tells us that the flame of 'progressive liberty' seemed to be kindled up in every breast; and if there was any old conservative hunkerism present, not a lisp was heard from it. Even the graduating speakers on Thursday caught the fire, and not unfrequently referred to the great question of the times, not in a dead, conservative way, but with a spirit that foreshadowed an earnestness which, in after life, will eat its way through all opposing influences. God bless them. These demonstrations have very essentially increased our love for Old Dartmouth, and we sincerely hope that their influence will be salutary upon the mind of its venerable President."

HABEAS CORPUS REFUSED.

THE counsel for Passmore Williamson having applied to Chief Justice Lewis, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, for a writ of *habeas corpus*, with a view to his liberation if the commitment of Judge Kane should be found to be illegal, that functionary denied the application for the reasons set forth in the following opinion:

LEWIS, C. J.—This is an application for a writ of *habeas corpus*. It appears by the copies of the warrants annexed to the petition, that the prisoner is confined for a contempt of the District Court of the United States, in refusing to answer a writ of *habeas corpus* awarded by that Court against and at the relation of John H. Wheeler.

The counsel of Mr. Williamson very frankly stated, in answer to an interrogatory on the subject, that they did not desire the useless formality of issuing a writ of *habeas corpus*, if, on view of the cause of detainer exhibited, I should be of opinion that the adjudication of the U. S. District Court was conclusive. The *habeas corpus* act does not require the writ to be granted in all cases whatever. Whenever it appears upon the face of the petition, or, which is the same thing, by the detainer annexed to it and forming part of it, that the prisoner is "detained upon legal process, order or warrant for such matter or offences for which by the law the said prisoner is not bailable," the case is excepted out of the act; see Act 18th Feb., 1785, sec. 1. In like manner, where the case has been already heard upon the same evidence by another Court, the act of Assembly does not oblige the Judges to grant a *habeas corpus* for the purpose of re-hearing it; although, perhaps, they may deem it expedient to do so in some extraordinary instances. *Ex parte* Lawrence, 5 Bin. 304.

We come, therefore, at once to the cause of detainer. Is it a "legal process, order or warrant for an offence which by law is not bailable?" Mr. Justice Blackstone, in Brass Crosby's case, 3 Wilson, 188, declared that "all Courts are uncontrolled in matters of contempt. The *sole* adjudication of contempts, and the punishment thereof in any manner, belongs *exclusively*, and *without interfering*, to *each respective Court*. Infinite confusion and disorder would follow, if Courts could, by writ of *habeas corpus*, examine and determine the contempts of others. This power to commit results from the first principles of justice; for if they have the power to decide they ought to have the power to punish." "It would occasion the utmost confusion if every Court of this State should have power to examine the commitments of the other Courts of the State for contempts; so that the judgment and commitment of each respective Court, *as to contempts, must be final and without control.*" 3 Wilson, 204. This doctrine was there recognised by the Court of Common Pleas of England, in the case referred to. It has since been approved of, in numerous other cases, in that country and in this.

In *ex parte* Kearney, 7 Wheaton, 38, it was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, in accordance with the decision in Brass Crosby's case, 3 Wilson, 188, that, "when a Court commits a party for contempt, their adjudication is a conviction, and their commitment in consequence is execution." 7 Wheaton, 38, 5 Cond. Rep. 227. In the case last cited, it was also expressly decided, that "a writ of *habeas corpus* was not deemed a proper remedy where a party was committed for a contempt by a Court of competent jurisdiction, and that, if granted, the Court could not inquire into the cause of commitment." 7 Wheaton, 38. Many authorities to the same effect are cited by Chief Justice Cranch, in Nugent's case. 1 American Law Journal, 111.

But it is alleged that the District Court had no jurisdiction. It does not appear that its jurisdiction was questioned on the hearing before it. The Act of Congress of 24th September, 1789, gives it power to issue "writs of *habeas corpus* which may be necessary for its jurisdiction, and agreeably to the principles and usages of law"; and the same act expressly authorizes the Judge of that Court to grant writs of *habeas corpus* "for the purpose of inquiry into the cause of commitment; provided, that writs of *habeas corpus* shall in no case extend to persons in jail, unless where they are in custody under the authority of the United States or committed for trial before some Court of the same, or are necessary to be brought into Court to testify. Other acts of Congress give the United States Judges jurisdiction in writs of *habeas corpus* in cases therein specified. It does not appear that the writ issued for persons in jail, or in disregard of State process or State authority. It may be that in an action at law, where the judgment of the United States Court is relied on as a justification, the jurisdiction should be affirmatively shown. But in a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by a Judge having no appellate power over the tribunal whose judgment is shown as the cause of detainer, where the jurisdiction of the latter depends upon the existence of certain facts, and no objections to its authority are made on the hearing, the jurisdiction ought to be presumed, as against the party who might have raised the question at the proper time, but failed to do so. It is true that, if the jurisdiction be not alleged in the proceedings, the judgments and decrees of the United States Courts are erroneous, and may, upon writ of error or appeal, be reversed for that cause. But they are not absolute nullities. If other parties who had no opportunity to object to their proceeding, and who would not have writs of error, may disregard them as nullities, it does not follow that the parties themselves may so treat them.—Kempe's lessee *vs.* Kennedy—5 Cr., 183; Skillern's Exc'r *vs.* May's Exc'r—6 Cranch, 267; McCormick *vs.* Sullivan—10 Wheat, 192.

It is alleged that the right of property cannot be determined on *habeas corpus*. It is true that the *habeas corpus* act was not intended to decide rights of property, but the writ *at common law* may be issued to deliver an infant to a parent, or an apprentice to a master. Com. *vs.* Robinson, 1 S. & R., 35 B. On the same principle, I see no reason why the writ at common law may not be used to deliver a slave from illegal restraint, and to restore him to the custody of his master. But granting, for the purpose of argument (which I am far from intimating), that the District Judge made an improper use of the writ—that he erred in deciding that the prisoner refused to answer it—that he also erred in the construction of the answer which was given, and that he otherwise violated the rights of the prisoner, it is certainly not in my power to reverse his decision.

If a writ of *habeas corpus* had issued from a State Court to the United States Marshal, and that Court had adjudicated that the Marshal was guilty of a contempt in refusing to answer it, and had committed him to prison, the District Court of the United States would have no power to reverse that decision, or to release the Marshal from imprisonment. No Court would tolerate such an interference with its judgments. The respect which we claim for our own adjudications, we cheerfully extend to those of other Courts within their respective jurisdictions.

For these reasons the writ of *habeas corpus* is refused.

ELLIS LEWIS.

August 1, 1855.

It seems, then, that the law of the State affords no remedy for any tyranny however grievous, which a corrupt or passionate United States Judge may choose to inflict upon an innocent man falsely charged with contempt. For aught that we can see, Judge Kane may keep Mr. Williamson incarcerated for life; and he will do so, if he waits for that noble man to make an apology, or take back a word that he has uttered. The following letter, which appeared in the *Tribune* of Monday, states very clearly the relative positions of the prisoner and his persecutor. It is possible that public opinion may accomplish what is beyond the power of law.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, Aug. 4, 1855.

Passmore Williamson is comfortable in jail. He is but 35 years of age, and has a wife and two children. His wife will be confined within a month. I have known him seven years intimately, and I state the matter thus: Philadelphia has her best man in jail. His integrity, truth, courage and goodness are each and all unsurpassed. There is not a man in a million combines them all in equal excellence in his single person.

He is not rash, selfish or fanatical; and you may depend upon it he will stand it out in a fashion that will do credit to the best age of martyrdom. He is absolutely unconquerable.

Our friend Judge Kane will get tired of playing jailor to him. Passmore will neither break nor bend; and he is backered by the best hearts in the country.

Heavens! what a choice the devil has made of a foe! Sevastopol to the allies is nothing to it.

ANNUAL REPORT, presented to the American Anti-Slavery Society, by the Executive Committee, at the Annual Meeting held in New York, May 9, 1855. With an Appendix. Pp. 162.

At the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in this city, in 1853, it was determined to revive the custom of an Annual Report, which, owing to various causes, had been unfortunately interrupted for a series of years. An arrangement was accordingly made with the Massachusetts Society, whose Reports had, in the meantime, covered the ground formerly occupied by those of the Parent Society, by which the latter was to be made responsible thereafter for the usual Annual Statement of the History, anti-slavery and pro-slavery, of each successive year. Circumstances beyond the control of the Executive Committee prevented the preparation of any Report for the Anniversary of 1854, so that the one for 1855, now before us, takes within the field of its survey a period of two years, beginning with the first of May, 1853, and coming down to the last Anniversary.

We reveal no secret when we say that this Report is from the same profoundly able and eminently skilful pen to which the cause is so deeply indebted for all the later Reports of the Massachusetts Society: we mean, of course, the pen of EDMUND QUINCY. It is a comprehensive and masterly sketch, not merely of the doings of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its Auxiliaries, but of the facts and events which make up the History of the Anti-Slavery Movement, in its Moral, Political and Religious bearings, for the two years ending on the first of May, 1855. The subject is distributed under the following heads, viz.

- Congress.
- Kansas and Nebraska.
- Case of Anthony Burns.
- Other Slave Cases—Judge McLean's Decision.
- The Milwaukee Rescue and Decisions.
- The Political Parties.
- The Church.
- The American Board.
- The American Tract Society.
- The British Islands.
- Anti-Slavery Operations.
- Deaths.
- Conclusion.

Some of these topics are, of course, necessarily treated with brevity; but the Kansas and Nebraska outrage, the Case of Anthony Burns, Judge McLean's Decision, the Milwaukee Rescue and the important events by which it was followed, and the movements of the Political Parties, are presented with a fullness of detail commensurate with their high importance.

The Appendix contains the speeches made at the Anniversary in the Metropolitan Theatre, and the proceedings of the Society at the meetings subsequently held at the Freewill Baptist Church in Sullivan street; also lists of the officers of the several Auxiliary Societies.

If any one shall conclude that this Report must be a dry and uninteresting collection of documents and facts, intended for the enlightenment of some future historian, but of little value at the present time, he will make a very great mistake. Like good wine, its quality will of course improve with the lapse of time; but as a document for present reading and for general circulation, it is invaluable. There is not a dull nor an uninteresting line in it from first to last, and whoever begins to read it will go on, with constantly augmenting interest, to the end. Indeed we can see only one fault in it, and that our sense of justice to an injured party no less than our love of *letters*, compels us to notice. We perceive that the writer (or it may be the printer—possibly the "devil") compels the unfortunate letter *s* to do *double* duty in spelling the name of that audacious traitor, Senator Douglas. What sin has that letter committed that it should be unnecessarily and gratuitously subjected to such an indignity? The whole alphabet ought to resent the insult. We trust the author of the Report may be able to exculpate himself from all blame in this matter, otherwise let him expect the retribution due to so serious an offence.

We will only add that the Report is for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston; price 25 cents.

LOWER CALIFORNIA.—Evidence is not wanting that the Slave Power of the United States is seeking to wrest this territory from Mexico and annex it ultimately to "our glorious Union." The Walker Fillibuster Expedition, which met with so disastrous a failure, was undoubtedly set on foot by American slaveholders. By the latest advices from the Pacific we learn that Melendrez, the former Commandante of the Territory, and who so valiantly resisted the Walker Fillibusters, has himself been condemned and shot as a traitor upon the charge of conspiring with others to sell Lower California to the Americans for the sum of $2,000,000. The Americans on the border declare that the charge was utterly ridiculous—that the only evidence offered to support it was that of a gang of thieves and desperadoes—that he was condemned without a hearing, &c. This *may* be true, but we must not too readily believe what may have been asserted only for the purpose of covering an unsuccessful and treasonable project. The Mexican Government may have had evidence of the existence of such a plot, and of the guilt of Melendrez, which left no room for doubt or mistake. Lieut. Pujol, the successor of Melendrez, issued the following orders, intended, it will be seen, to "crush out" all attempts to seize the territory.

1. Every foreigner who crosses the line without a passport signed by the Mexican Consul in San Francisco will be shot.

2. Those now in the Territory by the tolerance of the traitor Melendrez will leave immediately, and if they should fail to do so, Justices of the Peace, part-owners of haciendas, and mayor-domas of ranchos will order them to be shot.

3. Introduction of arms and munitions of war are forbidden, and violators of the order will be shot.

4. Whoever made common cause with Melendrez, or now attempts to follow in his footsteps, will be shot.

Foreign vessels found near the coast will be required to show their papers, and those at anchor in any roadstead, with passengers on board, will set sail forthwith; in case of non-compliance, they are to be considered pirates, and treated as such.

COUNTER AFFIDAVIT.—The partisans of Judge Kane, whose last plank was knocked from under their feet by the testimony of Mrs. Johnson, the former slave of Wheeler, that she went off voluntarily and had not at any time since been restrained of her liberty, and would rather die than go back into slavery, in order to reassure themselves and counteract, if possible, the tide of public opinion which bids fair to overwhelm them and their judicial leader in disgrace, have published an affidavit, purporting to be signed by the man who drove the carriage in which she was conveyed from the dock, and who testifies that *he* thinks the woman was forced away against her will! This is worse than ridiculous. It is not unlikely that the young man has been influenced to sign such an affidavit—which *seems* to say a good deal while it really amounts to very little—by threats of prosecution for his agency in depriving Wheeler of his "property." His testimony, weighed against that of the woman herself, is not worth a straw.

ADDRESS TO THE FREE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF NEW YORK.—We have received from JOHN JAY, Esq., a copy of an Address "To the Free Democracy of the State of New York," signed by himself as President and by WM. R. KING as Secretary, in behalf of the "Free Democratic League" of this city, recommending to their fellow-citizens that no distinct Convention be this year called on the part of the Free Democracy for the nomination of State officers, but that they cordially unite with others in organizing County Conventions on the 15th of August, or some subsequent day, for the election of two delegates to represent each Assembly District in the Republican Convention, to be held in Syracuse, Sept. 26th. We regret that we cannot possibly find room for this Address, which sets forth very clearly the reasons for adopting the course which it so earnestly recommends. There is no doubt, we presume, that its advice will be generally, if not unanimously, followed. The project for a fusion of the anti-Nebraska forces of this State seems now in a fair way to succeed.

ELECTIONS.—Tennessee, it seems, has gone for the Democracy, greatly to the disappointment of the National Know-Nothings, who felt sure of carrying it. The returns from North Carolina are not sufficient to determine the result, but it is probable that the Slave Democracy have carried off the greatest number of prizes. The returns from Alabama are quite meagre, affording no basis for even a guess at the result. The Know-Nothings have probably carried Kentucky.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, August 6th.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON is still in prison; how long he will remain will depend, for aught that appears, on the dictum of the petty despot that sent him there. The grossness of this outrage cannot easily be exaggerated. The more it is looked at and the better it is understood, the more infamous does it appear.

There is a strong reaction in the public mind since the appearance of Jane Johnson's deposition before Judge Culver. It is Kane now, and not Williamson, that is in *limbo*. Mr. Williamson's 10 by 15 cell is spacious compared with the *tight place* to which the Judge finds himself committed. The Judge's friends are anxious about him and desirous to get him out, but how they are to do it is the question. Williamson, with his "obstinate fanaticism," to use the language of *The Pennsylvanian*, will make no concessions; he will not amend his return to the writ, he will not help make amends to Mr. Wheeler for his loss; he will make no appeals for clemency and will ask no favours; how then is the Judge to get out? He is committed to his tight place by his answer to Mr. Gilpin, when, after the sentence, he was asked by that gentleman, how long the imprisonment was to last: "During contempt," was the reply. So you see there is no way for him to get out, except by backing out; he must eat his words and come out through the valley of humiliation. There is no uneasiness felt in regard to Mr. Williamson by his friends, but the same cannot be said for the friends of the Judge. They show signs of great anxiety, and they have reason for it. Judge Kane will find this ease one of even greater "gravity" than he had imagined it to be. It will break him down as sure as Kane is his name. The father of Mr. Williamson has just been reading to me the articles in today's *Tribune* in regard to his son. One of these says, Mr. W. "will neither break nor bend." "That's true," said the father; "he will neither break nor bend." If Judge Kane had searched Philadelphia with a candle he could not have found a subject worse adapted to his purpose than the one he waked up in Passmore Williamson.

It was reported, to-day, that Judge Kane had been down to Moyamensing to see his prisoner. I hardly think this is true. The Judge has made mistakes enough in this case, and he had better not make the matter worse by another blunder. No Pecksniffian professions of regard for the prisoner, as entertained either by himself or his sons, will be of any avail to atone for the offences that are past or to avert the storm that is to come. Judge Kane is a doomed man. He may hold his office as long as men of his kidney are a majority in the United States Senate, but the respect which should belong to the position, and all prospect of higher honour, he has forfeited forever. Judge Kane, by his supererogatory charges of perjury and evasion, has challenged a comparison in regard to moral character between himself and Passmore Williamson. Very well, let the scrutiny be instituted; if Judge Kane can bear the test, so much the better for him.

The decision of Judge Lewis, of the Supreme Court, is regarded as a cowardly evasion of responsibility. Such a man as Judicial custodian of the rights of a State and the freedom of its citizens is out of place. How much better he is than Judge Kane let those determine who are accustomed to make nice distinctions.

I have just seen four of the five coloured men who acted so brave a part in the rescue. They are very respectable looking persons, and instead of being sorry for what they did, would like nothing better than to have a chance to repeat their offence. A handsome purse for their benefit, and to pay all legal expenses incurred, or to be incurred in their behalf, has been raised by merchants in Market street and others, and I had the pleasure of handing to each an instalment to meet immediate necessities. It was a pleasant duty, and they were grateful and worthy recipients. The only drawback on their pleasure, they said, was the thought that Mr. Williamson was still in prison.

I see by the *Times* of this city that a report has appeared in one or more of the papers that Mr. Williamson's apartment is luxuriously furnished, and that he holds daily Levees of his friends. This story is almost as groundless as Judge Kane's decision. The apartment is a cell of—I should say—10 feet by 15; and the furniture consists of a rickety Windsor-chair, a small pine table, and a cot bedstead—all of the commonest kind and second-hand—and two yards and a half of threadbare ingrain carpet. They were hired for Mr. W.'s use by one of his friends. The cot reminded me of the answer to the old conundrum, "When is a bedstead not a bedstead?" Answer—"When it is a little buggy." From the looks of the article and from the prisoner's experience in regard to it, I should say that this was one of those anomalous bedsteads that was not a bedstead.

It is in contemplation to hold a public meeting in this city, to express some of the indignation that is felt at the high-handed outrage perpetrated by Judge Kane. The first steps have been taken toward it, and I have no doubt a meeting of the kind will be held.

We are arranging to hold a general anti-slavery meeting the latter part of this month, or the beginning of next, in Norristown. It will commence at 10 A.M. and hold all day. Samuel Aaron, Mr. Furness, Mrs. Mott, Robert Purvis, B. Rush Plumly, Thomas Whitson and other of the good old stand-by's of the State, we hope to have present on the occasion.

M.

AGENTS FOR THE WESTERN FIELD.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have appointed STEPHEN S. FOSTER, of Massachusetts, JOHN H. PHILLEO and AARON M. POWELL, of New York, lecturing agents for the coming season in the Western States. It is expected that their term of service will commence with the Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, which will be held at Alliance, Ohio, on the 25th inst., and two days following. It is also expected that CHARLES C. BURLEIGH will begin a term of anti-slavery lecturing, in Ohio, Michigan, &c., as an agent of the American Society, about October 1st.

THE PRESS ON JUDGE KANE.—We could fill our entire sheet with articles gleaned from the leading papers of the North, denouncing Judge Kane's tyrannical decision, and showing by conclusive argument that it was as great an outrage upon the law as it was upon justice and common sense. We are ourselves agreeably surprised by the depth and extent of the indignation which that decision has aroused. The press of Philadelphia alone seems tame, spiritless, and hardly sensible of the outrage perpetrated under its eye. The *North American*, however, did publish an exceedingly pertinent and able review of Judge Kane's opinion, written, it is said, by one of the ablest lawyers of Philadelphia, who not only proves that the Judge acted illegally, but intimates that he has made himself liable to Passmore Williamson in an action for damages.

SILAS LAMSON, or "Father Lamson," as he was familiarly called, well known in Boston for his harmless eccentricities—the fruit, it is believed, of mental derangement—died at the residence of his son, at Shelburne Falls, Mass., on the 29th ultimo. His long white beard, his clothes made of undyed wool, and his general patriarchal appearance, marked him as one of the characters of the city.

RIOT AT LOUISVILLE.—The election at Louisville, on Monday, was illustrated by a riot, in which dwelling houses and other buildings were sacked and burned, many persons killed, and a still larger number wounded. The quarrel was between the Germans and Irish on one side and the Know-Nothings on the other. The accounts are too confused to enable us to form a judgment as to the merits of the case.

LIBERIA.—Late advices from Liberia inform us of the election of Hon. Stephen A. Benson as President of the Republic for two years, President Roberts declining a re-election. The "opposition" candidate was Hon. Edward J. Roge, a very active, enterprising and successful merchant. Mr. Benson was taken to Liberia when a child, and is said to be well qualified for the office.

REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., has resigned the Presidency of Brown University, which he has held for the last 28 years. The *Providence Journal* says that he seeks in retirement more ample leisure for the prosecution of those intellectual labours which he will may aspire to accomplish.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 585, containing the usual choice selection from current English periodicals, including Part III of "Sister Anne," and several fine poems. New York: Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

THE *Washington Union* intimates that Passmore Williamson will be prosecuted for the value of the slaves whom he aided to secure their freedom. Perhaps so, but the claim will have to pass the ordeal of a Pennsylvania jury.

Summary.

Somebody says Judge Kane is like necessity, for he evidently knows no law.—*Boston Atlas.*

FEMALE LAWYERS.—The *Lily* states that Mrs. Emma R. Coe has entered upon the regular practice of Law in Philadelphia. Elizabeth Young has engaged in the same profession, at Lowell, Mass., and a young lady in Pittsburgh, an exchange states, is vigorously prosecuting legal studies.

THE CASE OF LOUP AT FORT MCHENRY.—The *Baltimore Patriot* of the 30th ult., publishes a condensed statement of the testimony elicited by the Court of Inquiry convened at Fort McHenry at the request of Lieut. Griffin to examine into the cause of the death of private Louis Loup. The judgment of the Court exonerates Lieut. Griffin from all censure in connection with this melancholy affair, the whole burden of an undue exercise of authority being cast upon the shoulders of Sergeant Morrow. Loup, it will be remembered, was killed in a most cruel manner, by flogging.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.—Telegraphic communication between New York and Newfoundland will soon be completed. The iron cable, 74 miles long, and weighing 400 tons, to cross the strait between Newfoundland and Cape Breton, has arrived from England, and will in a few days be let down to the bottom of the ocean. The steamer J. Calhoun sailed from this city yesterday, having on board Peter Cooper, the President of the Company, Cyrus W. Field, Prof. Morse, Lieut. Maury, several of the Directors, engineers and others, who go to witness the interesting event.—*Times, 3d.*

The Oneida Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently in session at New York Mills, passed a resolution instructing its Delegates to the General Conference to favour the enactment of a rule of discipline forbidding the admission of any more slaveholders into the Church, and providing for the expulsion of those already in, who refuse to liberate their slaves. The Delegates chosen are thorough uncompromising Anti-Slavery men.

A CURIOUS LAWSUIT.—A lady has sued the Jefferson Railroad Company to recover damages for injuries sustained by the train being thrown down an embankment. The ground of the suit is that the injuries received by the accident were of such a nature as to unfit her for maternal duties, or rather that she cannot become a mother. The matter, of course, will be properly investigated. It is certainly a very novel affair. The lady interested is only about 24 years of age, and is said to be quite handsome.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.—We were quite forcibly struck yesterday morning, in passing the Post Office, with the beauties of the franking privilege, and could not repress a smile of satisfaction at the enterprise of certain of our Representatives at Washington as we beheld *eight* immense bags of mail matter lying at the door, weighing about *twelve hundred pounds*, all labeled "Free—Henry S. Geyer." It was privately stated to us that the balance of Mr. Geyer's shipment, consisting of *a pair of French bedsteads with bedding to match*, had just been taken inside the Post Office door. Whether these latter came *by letter* or not we cannot say.—*St. Louis Democrat, July 3d.*

THE HON. HARRY HIBBARD, of Nebraska notoriety, as one of the infamous three, who, of the New England delegation, only, voted for that bill of perfidy, having been essentially consigned to private life by the people he betrayed, has resumed the practice of law. We learn from the New Hampshire papers, that he is about to turn his back upon his old neighbours at Bath, who, it will be remembered, passed a deliberate vote of censure, at a town meeting, upon him and his votes, with hardly a dissenting voice. He will move to Nashua, and take the office of the late Senator Atherton. Private life is the peculiarly appropriate place of just such men as Mr. Hibbard. May he never again be permitted to leave it!—*Boston Atlas.*

MARRIED.

CHESSON—EVERARD.—In Clapham Church, London, on the 7th of May, 1855, Mr. Frederick William Chesson, Secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society, to Amelia Ann Everard, daughter of George Thompson, Esq.

ELLIOT—WHITE.—In Cambridge, Mass., July 25, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Charles W. Elliot, of New York, to Mary G., daughter of the late Abijah White, of Watertown.

DIED.

GALBREATH.—In Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, on the 20th ult., Thomas Galbreath, after a painful illness, aged 72 years. He was a faithful Abolitionist and friend to the fugitive, and his doors were always open to the anti-slavery lecturer. He was a genuine Quaker.

GREELEY.—In Wayne Township, Erie Co., Penn., on Friday, July 27th, Mrs. Mary Woodburn Greeley, wife of Zaccheus Greeley, and mother of the chief editor of *The Tribune*, aged 68 years.

Special Notices.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will hold its next Annual Session at Salem, Ohio, commencing the 22d of September, 1855. All persons of whatever *creed, sect* or *opinion* on theology, without regard to sex, colour or position, are invited to come and co-operate with us on that occasion, to discuss all questions pertaining to the present or future welfare of man, and put forth such instrumentalities as tend to elevate our race in its Intellectual, Social and Moral relations to the Universe.

A HARVEST HOME MEETING will be held by the Royal Spring Temperance Society, Kimberton, Chester Co., Pa., on the 25th of August, at which meeting C. C. BURLEIGH will be present.

An Anti-Slavery Meeting will be held on the following day, in the vicinity, probably at Phœnixville, where C. C. BURLEIGH will also be a speaker. It is hoped both these meetings will be largely attended.

Persons wishing to secure the attendance of Mr. Burleigh, at other meetings in the County, to be held between the 4th and the 25th of September, will communicate with G. Lewis, Kimberton, at an early season.

MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—A three days meeting of Progressive Friends will be held at North Collins, Erie Co., N. Y., on the last Sunday of August (26th). This order originated among the Friends (viz.: Quakers) and differs from all other religious bodies and associations in making the basis of its united action broad as the nature of man. Believing that the truest progress and liberty of the individual, and highest harmony of society is best attained by associating the greatest variety of sentiment, they lay down no creed or peculiar religious dogmas as bonds of, or bars from, fellowship, but cordially invite the co-operation of all interested in the progress of man. Every person, of any sect or creed, or no sect or creed, is hereby invited, and may be assured that the utmost liberty to express their honest convictions will be allowed, consistent with the rules of courtesy and decorum. So far as time will permit, the meeting will consider every question relating to the practical reforms of the day, such as Anti-Slavery, Temperance, War, Woman's Rights, Human Rights, and Human Wants in general.

If the weather is fair, the meeting will be held in a grove on the farm of Patterson Kirr, one mile west of Kirr's Corners, and commence at ten o'clock, A. M. If not pleasant, it will be held in the Hicksite meeting-house, 1½ miles south of Kirr's Corners, and commence at 1 P. M.

The following are the names of the Committee to whom strangers are referred for entertainment:

Horace Goodrich, Brant, near the Grove.
Patterson Kirr, " "
Walter Wood, Kirr's Corners.
Humphrey Smith, Shirley.
George Lawton, South Collins.
Abijah Smith, " "
Granton Pratt, " "

Advertisements.

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Miscellaneous Department.

PETER CARTWRIGHT, THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

From The National Magazine for August.

We once gave a sketch of *Peter Cartwright* in these pages. It would be unpardonable to omit the adventures of such a character from this class of "jottings"; we must then call him again into your presence, "courteous reader,' even if we should repeat some of his stories already told.

He appears broken with years and labours, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigour about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has heretofore. He is war-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the integuments of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green side glasses, his mouth compact and full of force, his head large and round, his forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there is no description of that; it looks as if he had poked it into the bag of the Kilkenny cats, and had not time to comb it since its extrication. And yet do not suppose there is any fierceness about his caput. Nay, verily; a face more finely characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen. Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of Peter Cartwright we should summarily say that he is characterized by good sense and good humour. We know not that we can better describe him. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once. His humour is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humour is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareness; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grinned at, with elongated faces, even in ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove obstructions to business. Still, a man of combined good sense and good humour is liable to suffer some disparagement. Our poor human nature has a sort of self-complimenting propensity to speak of a superior man with a qualifying "but," the import of which is, that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination, "but" he has not much sense; he has humour, "but" he has not much logic. Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. Peter Cartwright is not merely a man of humour, but of genuine sagacity; woe be to the man that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humour, and spoke by a grave man, they would pass for unique utterances of wisdom: as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits. Peter Cartwright is a "Doctor of Divinity." Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctor of Divinity, replied, "No, sir, we don't need them; our divinity has not yet become sick."

Those healthful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for theological medication among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed Peter Cartwright too knowing in the Materia Medica, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untitled, and, therefore, dubbed him D.D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skilful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages—a knowledge of which is usually presupposed in giving that title; the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business; it was, said be, "*in swampus non-comatibus.*" The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at College Commencements when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is always remarkably striking to them.

His fellow-soldier in the West, James B. Finley, gives the following further account of him, of which we gave an extract once, but now give it fully:

"Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp-ground near Springfield, on the second Sunday of Sept., 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The prestige of his fame had lightened before him, and hence the universal eagerness to hear one concerning whom rumour's trumpet-tongue discoursed so loudly.

"Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the ex-prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour of the detonation of the heavy guns of orthodoxy—and still there was no news of the clerical lion. A common circuit preacher took his place, and, sensible of the popular disappointment, increased it by mouthing a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite afresh their curiosity and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note, which was immediately read out to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:

"'Dear Brethren. The devil has foundered my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have performed the journey on foot; but I could not leave poor Paul, especially as he has never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and, therefore, it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and don't let the devil get among you on the sly before candlelight, when I shall be at my post. Your brother,

"'Peter Cartwright.'"

"At length the day closed. The purple curtain of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in the heavens, and men below kindled their watch-fires. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theatre. It was a theatre in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery, prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the *élite* of cities throng to feast their eyes on beauty and their ears on music.

"Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn, preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became rivited to the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man, although, in the present case, it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed more gigantic than the reality from the crowning foliage of luxuriant, coal-black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked as large as a half bushel; beetling brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire; small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humour—a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by a southern sun; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as wearing a perpetual smile; and you have a life like portrait of the far-famed backwoods preacher.

"Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentary, the dogmatic, the postulury, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative 'in orthodox blows and knocks,' the logical, and the poetical, but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was *sui generis* and of a new species.

"He began with a loud and beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night-air like successive peals of thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices, but this was matchless in sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes his remarks, being preparatory, were commonplace and uninteresting; but then, all of a sudden, his face reddened, his eye brightened, his gestures grew animated as the waftures of a torch, and his whole countenance changed into an expression of inimitable humour; and now his wild, waggish, peculiar eloquence poured forth like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows, with shafts of ridicule, *bon-mots*, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes sparkled, flashed and flew like hail till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For a while the more ascetic strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous emotions. They however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand his *facetiæ*. His every sentence was like a warm finger, tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited mirth far more than other people's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the disposition to burst into loud explosions, as every one's experience has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles and the coldest eyes melted into tears of irrepressible merriment. This continued thirty minutes while the orator painted the folly of the sinner which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker.

"'How,' I exclaimed, mentally, 'will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humour? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides, and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be death to his fame? Will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interests? And all evangelical here is no prospect of a revival to-night; for even though the orator were a magician, he could not change his subject now, and stem the torrent of head-long laughter.'

"But the shaft of my inference fell short of the mark and even then he commenced to change, not all at once but gradually, as the wind of a thunder-cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasantry; his voice grew first earnest, and then solemn, and soon wailed out in the tones of deepest pathos, his eyes were shorn of their mild light, and yielded streams of tears, as the fountain of the hill yielded water. The effect was indescribable, and the rebound of feeling beyond conception. He descanted on the horrors of hell, till every shuddering face was turned downward, as if expecting to see the solid globe rent asunder, and the fathomless, fiery gulf yawn from beneath. Brave men moaned, and fair fashionable women, covered with silken drapery and bedight with gems, shrieked as if a knife were working among their heart-strings.

"Again he changed the theme, sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and angels attending the spirit to its starry home—with such force, great and evident belief, that all eyes were turned toward heaven, and the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the vision of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full length of his arm.

"He then made a call for mourners into the altar, and five hundred, many of them till that night infidels, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks, and more than a thousand converts were added to the church. From that time his success was unparalleled, and the fact is chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

"He was distinguished by one very unclerical peculiarity—combativeness. His battles, although always apparently in the defensive, were as numerous as the celebrated Bowie. The only difference was this, that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while the itinerant used but his enormous fist, which was as effective, however, in the speedy settlement of belligerent issues as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote:

"At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the Autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that no one could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

"At last, one day, when Cartwright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. The preacher's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:

"'Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray.'

"He then proceeded with a smile on his lips to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully—

"'Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray.'

"'The desperado rubbed back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied—

"'By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter.'

"'Very well,' said Mr. Cartwright; 'will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?'

"'In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't,' rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"'Are you ready?' asked the preacher.

"'Ready as a race-hoss with a light rider,' answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

"The bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips when Cartwright made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell, crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then, even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming:

"'That war n't done fair, so it war n't.'

"He aimed a ferocious stroke, which the preacher parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed and writhed in the dust; but all to no purpose; for the strong, muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. Cartwright slackened his hold and inquired—

"'Will you pray now?'

"'I does n't know a word how,' gasped Fink.

"'Repeat after me.'

"'Well, if I must, I must,' answered Fink; 'because you're the devil himself.'

"The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise."

At the consummation the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers, and Fink shook Cartwright by the hand, declaring—

"'By golly, you're some beans in a bar-fight. I'd rather set-to with an old "he" bar in dog-days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast your pictur'!'

"Afterward Fink's party behaved with extreme decorum, and the preacher resumed his Bible and pulpit."

An odd scene that, certainly; and "not very apostolic," say you, sober reader. We join you in the remark; but it is characteristic, as we said in another case.

We give it as a fact from our old friend Finley—a fact that illustrates not only the character of the man, but of the country and its early times. "Circumstances alter cases," is a popular proverb in the West, as well as elsewhere; and even good men are heard, occasionally, to affirm out there, that Lynch law is better than no law.

Mr. Bungay, in his volume of "Off-hand Takings of Noticeable Men of our Age," says that he heard Peter, at Boston, during the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thus describes the occasion:

"The great western preacher has arrived, and is now searching the well-thumbed Bible for his text. Quite a number of distinguished divines are present. The preacher looks like a backwoodsman, whose face has been bronzed at the plough. His black hair, straggling seven ways for Sunday, is slightly tinged with the frost of age. A strip of black silk is twisted around his neck, and a shirt collar, scrupulously clean, is turned down over it. He is of ordinary size, dresses plainly, and looks like a man perfectly free from affectation. In a faltering voice he reads a hymn. The choir wed the words to sweet and solemn music—a fervent prayer goes up on the wings of faith—another hymn is read and sung—the 12th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew is selected for his text. Now the old pioneer preacher, who has waded swamps, forded rivers, threaded forests, travelled with Indians, fought with bears and wolves, preached in the woods and slept in the field or on the prairie at night, is standing before us. Look at him, ye gentlemen with white neckcloths and black coats, who ride in carriages over smooth roads to supply churches with cushioned pews and soft benches to kneel on. How would you like to labour for nothing among wild beasts, and board yourselves, in a climate where the ague shakes the settlers over the grave two-thirds of the year? Would you exchange your fat livings, and fine palaces, and unread libraries, for black bread and dry venison, a log hut and the society of bears and blue racers? God bless the brave, wise and good men to whom we are so much indebted for the blessings we enjoy. He says he would make an apology if he thought it would enable him to preach better, for he is afflicted with a severe cold. 'Some folks,' said he, 'say I am fifty years behind the age. God knows' he continued, 'I am willing to be a thousand behind such an age. Religion is always of age, and can talk or run without stilts or silver slippers.' He concluded an able and interesting discourse, which elicited undivided attention, with the following fact: 'During a splendid revival of religion at the West, a young preacher, manufactured in one of your theological shops out here, came to lend a helping hand. I knew he could not handle Methodist's tools without cutting his fingers, but he was very officious. Well, we had a gale—a pentecostal gale—and sinners fell without looking for a soft place, and Christians fought the devil on their knees. Well, this little man would tell those who were groaning under conviction to be composed. I stood this as long as I could, and finally sent him to speak with a great, stout, athletic man, who was bellowing like a bull in a net, while I tried to undo the mischief he had done to others. He told this powerful man to be composed, but I told him to pray like thunder—just at that instant the grace of God shone in upon his soul, and he was so delirious with delight, he seized the little man in his hands, and holding him up, bounded like a buck through the congregation.' It is impossible for the pen to do justice to this fact. The speaker moved us all to tears and smiles at the same moment, while he said what few men would venture to say."

While he was preaching, years ago, General Jackson entered the church, when a pastor seated in the pulpit gave his "brother Cartwright" a nudge, and whispered that the old hero had just come in—as much as to advise, "Now be particular in what you say." But Peter, to the astonishment of everyone, louder than ever, exclaimed "Who cares for General Jackson? He'll go to hell as soon as anybody, if he does n't repent!"

When the sermon—a home-made one—was ended, a friend asked the General what he thought of that rough old fellow, and received for answer, "Sir, give me twenty thousand of such men, and I'll whip the world, including the devil."

It is quite possible, brother reader, that your and our notions might not quite agree with the general's; yet neither of us can fail to see in this eccentric but veteran evangelist, the man of his times and his circumstances. And you, dear sir, starched, and brushed, and perfumed, who now recline in the stuffed arm-chair of your garnished study wondering why the world should take any interest in such a specimen of humanity—what kind of a specimen would you have been? what would you have done in the rough battles through which this weather-worn but jolly hearted old man has borne the standard of the cross—borne it with a brawny but ever-faithful arm? God bless the old man, with all his oddities: and may he yet fight his way into heaven.

Peter Cartwright joined the "old Western Conference" in 1805, though he began to travel a year earlier, we believe. He was a young man—only about eighteen years old—when he entered the itinerant field, and he has been in its hardest struggles ever since. The "old Western Conference" was in that day the only one beyond the Alleghanies. It extended from Detroit to Natchez, and several of its districts comprised a territory about equal to two of the present conferences beyond the mountains. Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field, and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantic, by their circumstances. Among them were Young, Walker, Shinn, M'Kendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn and similar mighty men. Cartwright began his regular travels with Lakin on Salt River Circuit—(save the name)! Most of his fellow-heroes have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of our ultra-montane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honoured by their Church.

A SONG.

[From "Maud," a new poem, by Tennyson, now in press.]

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel in wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow end on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flowers at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

LADY NAIRNE, THE SCOTTISH SONG WRITER.

From The Eclectic Review.

Carolina Oliphant (Lady Nairne) was born in Perthshire, on the 16th of July, 1766. The scene of her birthplace is one of the most beautiful spots in Scotland. The impressions which the fair face of nature made upon her tender opening soul were never effaced, and she rejoiced to sing of Strathearn, "the sweet scene of her childhood, the delight of her youth," and of the "auld house of Gask."

Here was awakened within her that keen sense of the beautiful in nature which pervades her poems, and by means of which she felt towards lovely spots as towards kind and affectionate friends, from which it was difficult to wrench herself. In after years she travelled over foreign lands, but she never forgot dear auld Scotland, with its burnies tumblin' down, the bonny banks and braes of its rivers, its stern mountains and its cloudy many-tinted sunsets. She was thoroughly Scottish in feeling. She finds delight in her native land, wherever she is, in Banff as well as on the banks of Clyde, in Edinburgh as well as in Strathearn. What a beautiful image is that in her farewell to Edinburgh—

Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie new beside—
Ye're like a chieftain auld and gray, wi' a young bonnie bride.

Her father gave her the name of Carolina in honour of Prince Charlie, to whose family he was a devoted adherent. Dr. Rogers says of him (page 185)—"He would not permit the names of the reigning monarch and his queen to be mentioned in his presence; and when impaired eyesight compelled him to seek the assistance of his family in reading the newspapers, he angrily reproved the reader if the 'German lairdie and his leddy' were designated otherwise than by the initial letters 'K. and Q.'"

The daughter caught the infection from her father. She was fond of the good old cause, as she believed it to be, and has written several of the very best of our Jacobite songs, "A hundred pipers an' a'," "Will ye no come back again," "There grows a bonnie brier bush," are, doubtless, well known to many of our readers. There is a great deal of spirit in these verses, and sometimes she rises into a region of grandeur; witness these lines, addressed to one of the Stuart family under the name of the man o' the moon:

Now liberty's awaking,
The clouds around thee breaking;
The darkest hour o' night
Is just before the light:
So man o' the moon we hail thee.

A questionable liberty it certainly would have been, and we are thankful that we had no trial of it.

Notwithstanding her strong attachment to the Stuarts, Lady Nairne's heart was too good not to sympathize deeply with the Covenanters; and though her poems on them are far from being among her best, they testify to her sense of their heroic character and worth.

Lady Nairne began to write verses while she was yet young. The beautiful sweet girl, known in her neighbourhood as "The Flower of Strathearn," was patriotic to the core, and above everything the songs of her native country moved her inmost soul.

But she felt that many of these songs were bad in their influence, and detrimental to the best interests of men. This feeling begot within her a strong desire to supplant such, and so she tried her powers—with complete success. The "Land o' the Leal" and the "Laird o' Cockpen" were both written about the end of last century, and she soon saw many of her songs general favourites with the people.

In 1806 she married, and for some time gave up literary pursuits. But in 1821 a collection of Scottish songs began to be published in parts, and her aid having been requested, she contributed a good number of her productions under the signature of B. B. These verses are very various. Almost all of them bear the stamp of the lady's character. Some are touching in their simplicity; some are pervaded with humour which springs from kind-hearted clear-seeing common sense—many of them express deep sympathy with the care-worn, proclaiming the evils of intemperance and duelling, and one or two appeal to men in behalf of the innocent birds and other harmless creatures, whose lives are too often sacrificed to purely-destructive propensities. We give a few specimens. Here is one which combines shrewdness with poetical imagery:

SAW YE NE'ER A LANELY LASSIE.

Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie
Thinkin' gin* she were a wife,
The sun o' joy would ne'er gae down
But warm and cheer her a' her life.

Saw ye ne'er a weary wife,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blithe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass.

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think na on each ither state,
Ilka† ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.

Ilka ane it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them by,
Seek them out like bonnie berries,
Tho' among the thorns they lie.

Lady Nairne's interest in the lost and wandering was genuine. She had a noble, deeply sympathetic heart; and there is generally a heartfelt pathos in those songs which portray the sufferings of the outcast and the miseries of the debased. We give one touching little bit on a "Mitherless Lammie." Who has not known such? The pet and charge of her native village, blessed by all, whose orphaned childhood was strewed with roses, sent adrift at last into the bleak world and caught by the snares of pleasure and the devil.

* If. † Every

THE LAMMIE.

[illegible]

Its wee bed is tenantless under the tree;
[illegible]
[illegible] Leamington Lea.

Lady Nairne indulged a good deal in the humorous with no mean success. How much merriment has not her "Laird o' Cockpen" caused in almost every circle. We all know the pompous man who is over head and ears in the affairs of the state and has no time for wooing. A wife, however, he must have, and so he will despatch the business at once. On then go his blue coat, his white vest, his cocked-hat, his sword and his ring; and our hero marches forth to fight his love-battle once and for ever. He meets his match. The summary wooer, to his utter astonishment, is summarily rejected. A lady's hand is not so lightly won.

Lady Nairne lived to see her husband and her only son, then in his nineteenth year, taken away from her. Her afflictions, instead of prostrating her, gave a mellow tinge to her declining life. She was never so merry afterwards. But she was sustained by strong Christian hope. She had received that faith which can overcome the world: and thus triumphant she looked on death as the portal of bliss. Indeed, in her early days she seems to have thought of the next world with the most joyous anticipations. It was to her the land o' the leal, the land of all true and loyal souls.

* Fox.

BEARDS AND THEIR BEARERS.

"Now of beards there be
Such a company,
Of fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard
To treat of the beard,
Though it be ne'er so long."

—*Ballad in* Le Prince d'Amour. (1650.)

* * * * * *

Van Helmont, in support of a theory, asks us if we ever saw a good angel with a beard—one of those questions which are supposed by those who put them to determine a dispute at once. He falls to another conclusion thereupon; and maintains that if good angels do not wear beards, the men who *do* are guilty of profanity, and love goats rather than godliness. Van Helmont himself was extremely perplexed by the Jesuit casuists, who wrote on the lawfulness of beards, and who most lucidly proved, under three heads—1st, That we are bound to shave the beard; 2d, That we are bound to let it grow; and, 3d, That we may do either the one or the other.

St. François de Sales, the gentleman saint, was less perplexing when, on being asked by a lady whether she might not *rouge*, smiled, and answered, certainly, if she only painted one cheek.

Van Helmont hit the happy medium left by the Jesuitical argument, and, shaving his beard, only cultivated his mustachios.

Southey is rather inclined to accept the Dutch account of the derivation of beards, based as it is on the certainty that no man ever saw a good angel wearing one; "for," says he, "take the most beautiful angel that ever painter designed or engraver copied, put him on a beard, and the celestial character will be so entirely destroyed, that the simple appendage of a tail will cacodæmonize the Endæmon." So it may be said that a monk with a fine polished bald head is hedged with a sort of divinity, and looks altogether reverend; but only sprinkle powder from a dredging-box upon the baldness, and you make him, if not ridiculous, certainly mundane.

The English clergy do not appear to have estimated beards by Van Helmont's scale. One of the body, in the reign of Elizabeth, cherished his beard as an incentive to righteousness. "He wore it," he said, "to remind him that no act of his life should be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." This good gentleman's beard assuredly did not deserve what Shakspeare affirms some men's *do*, namely, "not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle." Henry VIII., on the other hand, would not tolerate monitorism even from his own beard, and he accordingly and characteristically cut it short. Perhaps this monarch also wished to have it out of the way of petitioners; for stroking the beard, in sign of supplication for mercy, was for thousands of years a recognised fashion, as may be seen in the Classics, and in Shakspeare, *passim*. It will be remembered that Hudibras stroked his own beard before he proceeded to "honour the shadow" of the lady's shoe-tie. This act has been editorially declared to have been done as in sign of asking for her favour; from the action, I suppose, of Thetis "palming" the chin of Jupiter; but I think it was merely a piece of gallantry, "dressing," as it were, for the occasion, as in Congreve's 'Way of the World,' wherein it is said, "The gentlemen wait but to comb, Madam, and will wait on you." Formerly, no gallant ascended to a lady's boudoir without first combing his peruke at the foot of the stairs, and assuring himself, by a glance at his pocket mirror, that he was as well-looking a fop as ever wasted morning in talking nonsense to a speaking and painted doll.

To pull another person's beard was to inflict on the wearer the most degrading insult that could be thought of. When the Jew, who hated and feared the living Cid Rui Dios, heard that the great Spaniard was dead, he contrived to get into the room where the body lay, and he indulged his revengeful spirit by contemptuously plucking at the beard. But the "son of somebody" (the *hidalgo*) was plucked temporarily into life and indignation by the outrage, and, starting half up, endeavoured to get at his sword—an attempt which killed the Jew by the mere fright which it caused.

To shave a Moslem's beard was once a penalty as terrible as to a Chinese the cutting off his extended tail; and Christian princes have so esteemed the appendage, that they have pawned the beard, or a portion of it, for money lent, and redeemed the sacred pledge punctually at the promised hour. They would have forfeited all claim to be honoured of men, or rewarded of God, had they failed in their contract. In modern times they pledge only their words; and as words are of less value than beards, they are not so careful about the redemption thereof. That terribly mendacious personage, the Czar Nicholas, has, at all events, made his "parole de *gentleman*" to be synonymous with deliberate falsehood.

The beard, however, was long a cherished ornament of Russian chins, and the Czar Peter was accused of profanity against that orthodoxy which so distinguishes his successors by abolishing them. He certainly abolished the huge and spreading honours of the Muscovite jaws by a rough process. Taxes were laid upon them, which had their weight upon every hair; and when the recalcitrant were encountered in the street, they were seized, and their beards either torn from them or shaved off with an oyster-knife, whereby half the chin went with the entire beard. The loyal nobility compromised the matter by preserving their beards in their cabinets, to be buried with them. They conjectured that the angels would neither know nor welcome them if they presented themselves at Heaven's gate with clean chins: they thought more of these than of clean souls.

Taylor, the water poet, catalogues in rough rhymes the various fashions after which beards were worn. They are too tedious to enumerate, and yet do not enumerate every fashion; for omission is made of the fact that it was once the very "sweetest" mode to wear strings to the beard, as Jack the highwayman did to the knees of his breeches, and the kings of Persia, who interwove their beards with golden thread. The "cane-coloured" beard was always held as detestable, that hue having been, according to tradition, that of the beard of the traitor Judas. The famous Count Brühl, who lost Saxony, but preserved a collection of wigs, was more practical than the Water Poet. His wig museum not only contained every variety, but they were chronologically arranged, from the days of Aaron to those of the Count's own time. I may add, that I have never heard of the beard being held in dishonour except among the Chaymas, in South America, who have a great antipathy against it.

Apollo and Mercury are the only deities of olden times who are represented beardless. When professional barbers first arose it would be difficult to say; Rome got hers from where she procured her cooks—Sicily; but the Eternal City was four centuries and a half old before the chins of her sons were submitted to the baudling of mercenaries. Scipio Africanus, despite the turmoil of battles, found time to shave every day; and he was the first Roman who did so. Had the Senate followed the same fashion the invading Gaul would not have found a beard to pluck, and perhaps the city might have been saved. The old Persians were very obstinate in this respect; and they and the Tartars waged bloody wars, and spilled oceans of blood in no better quarrel than the fashion of the beard. These heathens were almost as wicked as the Christian inhabitants of the adjacent towns of Bonvignes and Dinaut, in Flanders. The people of both localities manufactured copper kettles, and each declared that the other's ware was made after a sorry fashion. The animosity thus created led to bloody and long-continued feuds; but peace was happily restored by the time that other towns had applied themselves to the manufacture, and this gave the old antagonists the more leisure to ruminate upon their own folly.

When Alexander ordered the Macedonian soldiers to shave, lest their beards should be handles whereby their enemies might capture them, smooth chins become a universal Greek fashion. It so continued to the reign of Justinian; but when the Turks took Byzantium, they would allow of beards only on the chins of the conquerors; and the Normans treated the Anglo-Saxons according to the same rule. Subsequently, in the year 1200, the Council of Lateran swept off the beards of the monks, "lest, in the ceremony of receiving the sacrament, the beard might touch the bread and wine, or crumbs and drops fall and stick upon it." The monks then were, like the Emperors, *utraquists*. Of course, dispensation was to be obtained by paying for it, and it was probably *therefore* that the decree was issued; but some wore their beards, in despite of the Church and her chancery, for the same reason that Fitzherbert Longbeard did in the Norman times—to show his independence of all superiors and their orders.

If there really has been wisdom in the wig, there has been wit in the beard, or its owner. More, on the scaffold, put it out of the reach of the axe, because, as he said, it had committed no treason. Raleigh, when visited by the barber of the Tower, declined to have his beard trimmed, on the ground that there was a lawsuit pending about it, between him and the King, and he would not lay out any capital on it till the cause had been decided.

* * * * * *

The last barber who held something more than barber's office under a Christian king was Olivier le Dain, the *familiar* of Louis XI. In Persia, it has been common for the monarch's barber to be a prince over the people. The Khasterash, or "personal shaver," is reverenced by all inferior citizens; and they see nothing incongruous in the fact that a palace and slaves are part of the rewards of the man who makes the beard of the Shah an eighth wonder of the world. The beard, in fact, has ever been held in reverential regard by all Moslems, for the reason that their prophet never allowed instrument to diminish his own. An Arab would be as much horror-stricken now as ever Lacedemonian fugitive was of old if, in punishment for offence, he were condemned to lose, by shaving, the half of his beard. He would infinitely prefer to lose half of his family.

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The first man who shaved himself at Athens acquired a name by the act. He was called *Korses*, the shaven or clipped. Diogenes despised fashion, and therefore kept his beard. Not only that; he abused all who dispensed with it. "Ah!" he exclaimed with that mouth which lay behind a portion of his own hirsute dirtiness—for Diogenes had a contempt for soap—"Ah!" cried he, on encountering a friend newly mown, "art thou inclined, then, to reproach Nature? Wouldst thou insinuate that she had done better to have made thee a woman rather than a man?"

At Rhodes, all shaving was forbidden; but the Rhodians loved to display their independence of the law, and every man did what seemed best to his own chin. The same unruly sort of liberty was taken by the Byzantine barbers. The law expressly denounced razors, but scissors were tolerated. Clipping was permitted, but shaving was pronounced irreligious. Some priests shaved in spite of the decree. It was made a diocesan-court matter of; and the chief pontiff, a sort of bishop in his way, rendered an admirable judgment on the occasion. He regretted his limited powers, but be said his course was clear. Scissors were lawful, razors illegal; but the priests had first used the former, and the law did not say that razors should *not* be used after the scissors had been applied. For his own part, he did not well know which to adopt; but he thought his reverend gentlemen would be justified in keeping razors, but not in using them—themselves. They might shave each other.

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The Mahometans are very superstitious touching the beard. They bury the hairs which come off in combing it, and break them first, because they believe that angels have charge of every hair, and that they gain them their dismissal by breaking it. Selim I. was the first Sultan who shaved his beard, contrary to the law of the Koran. "I do it," said he apologetically to the scandalized and orthodox mufti, "to prevent my vizier leading me by it." He cared less for it than some of our ancestors, two centuries ago, did for their own. They used to wear pasteboard covers over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep!

The famous Raskolniki schismatics had a similar superstition to the Mahometan one mentioned above. They considered the divine image in man to reside in the beard.

Not only have the shavers of barbaric kings been accounted superior to the Prime Minister, as in our own country French *coiffeurs* are infinitely better paid than English curates; so to be shaved by a prince is to be exalted to exstatic honours. Hoskins, the traveller, was so operated on by the heir apparent of the Shaghes. His royal highness used a threepenny razor, and at every stroke carried away as much chin as beard; the honour was too much for the traveller, especially when it was cut out with a blunt razor.

Rogers is said to have once asked Talleyrand if Napoleon shaved himself. "Yes," said the latter, "one who is born to be a king has some one to shave him, but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." He might have added, "And the people too, pretty closely!"

But I am pulling the beard to a greater extent than my readers' patience will be inclined to bear with it. I have only to add, that the beard was a symbol of bravery as well as of wisdom; and he who had a good one on his chin was usually able to grasp a sword to some purpose in his hand.

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—*From Habits and Men.*

THE LETTERS.

[From Tennyson's "Maud."]

Still on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow.

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song,
That mock'd the wholesome human heart
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my meeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw with half unconscious eye
She wore the colours I approved.

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turned the key,
Then raised her head with lips compreat,
And gave my letters back to me.
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar;
She talk'd as if her love were dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire
"No more of love; your sex is known:
I never will be twice deceived.
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

Thro' slander, meanest spawn of hell
(And woman's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thro' you, my life will be accurst."
I spoke with heart, and heat, and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rush'd into each other's arms.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapour-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells."

THEODORE HOOK.

From The Ladies' Own Journal and Miscellany.

Hook was at that time beginning to "break," as it is called. His hair had, in a great measure, fallen from his temples, and the short curly locks were thickly streaked with gray—but the brilliancy of his eye was undimmed, and scarcely any of its fire was quenched. He was not, however, so elastic in his movements as he had been, even about a twelvemonth before, when I had met him at one of the Literary Fund dinners. At that time he was editing the *John Bull* newspaper, and employed too, in occasionally contributing to some of the magazines. The work of the newspaper was by no means heavy, but his time was so taken up in visiting his noble friends and admirers that he too often neglected the necessary work of the journal, until the latter end of the week, when he was compelled to write with rail road speed, and often carelessly, to the great peril of his brilliant reputation. It was no uncommon thing, at this time, for Hook to leave a pleasant party, at the house of one of his patrons far in the country, on Friday evening, post rapidly some score of miles to London, write off his articles in the *John Bull* office, during the night, and return to the house of his host by breakfast time the next morning. During all this period of hard work—for his necessities compelled his pen to be incessantly going—he appeared the same light-hearted, dashing, care-for-nought, reckless man of the world as ever. Scarcely a day passed without his appearing in some party, as its most attractive star; and certain circles were deemed incomplete unless they were graced by his fascinating presence. Perhaps there never existed a more general favourite in a certain class of society than Theodore Hook. He was always delightful, and never coarse. His wit played around and lighted up every subject which engaged his attention, and so varied were his acquirements that he seemed the very Admirable Crichton of his day.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his novel, "Coningsby," has admirably hit off the character of Hook, under the assumed name of Lucian Gay, and to that work I would refer the reader, who may be anxious to learn more of the author of "Sayings and Doings." Poor Hook! Not many years after the time to which I am now more especially referring, whilst the world was yet ringing with his praises, he lay hopelessly on a sick bed, with poverty staring him in the face. To the last degree careless about money matters, he had made no provision for the evil day; and, as is generally the case, his butterfly friends, who had enjoyed his society whilst it was worth having, left the dying wit to pass alone through the weary hours of sickness.

A great deal has been said about Hook's power of extemporaneous song-making. It was indeed wonderful.

"Rhyming to him was no more difficult
Than to a blackbird 'twas to whistle."

I was once present at a party, of which Hook was one. There were upwards of fifty present, all of whom were connected with literature; it was at a gentleman's house at Brompton, who was the Editor of one of the leading weekly critical journals. Late in the evening, after the bottle had circulated pretty freely, Hook was called upon to contribute his quota to the general amusement. He rattled off an extemporaneous song, the burden of each stanza ending with the name of some individual of the party; in the fourth line he brought a rhyme to the name, [illegible] were the allusions made, that every stanza was received with bursts of obstreperous mirth. There was not a person in the room whose [illegible] very servants were included, and trifling incidents which occurred during the singing of the song were seized on and turned to account. It certainly was a wonderful effort of genius, for in many of the stanzas the poetic power was exhibited. How I wished that a stenographer had been present! Some one has said that Hook's productions of this kind ought to be committed to paper, just as they fell from his lips, and published without the least alteration, they would make a goodly quantity and [illegible]. Thus, however, was his genius frittered away.

When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.—Just received for sale at Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia. PARKER'S ADDITIONAL SPEECHES. 2 vols. PARKER'S DISCOURSE OF RELIGION. 1 vol. Also, Portraits, large and elegant, of Parker, Phillips, Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, 116 Race street, above Fifth, where he intends to keep always on hand a variety of new and second hand Carriages for sale or hire. [illegible] Carriages made to order on moderate terms. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of [illegible] a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., [illegible]

DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the S. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, [illegible] Velvet, Brussels, Three-ply, Ingrain, Venetian [illegible] Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggets, Shades, &c. [illegible]

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers, have removed to Nos. 2 and 4 Merchant street, above Fourth (first above Market), Phila. [illegible] Bill Heads, Cards, Handbills, Apothecaries' Labels, &c. [illegible] Special attention given to the printing of Periodicals.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers, Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices. Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for Trunks, [illegible] THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer, 130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

CONFECTIONERY.—Lucretia Bullock, No. 89 N. Seventh street, Phila., respectfully informs her friends [illegible] Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description, made from the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. [illegible]

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery, &c., [illegible] wholesale or retail. [illegible]
JOSEPH S. KENDERDINE, WARNER JUSTICE.

PHRENOLOGY.—Removal.—William B. Elliott [illegible] Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening [illegible] Price $3.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, No. 32 South Second street, Philadelphia, are receiving and opening daily Dress Goods of the new fabrics, Silks, Foulards, Grenadines, Tissues, Lawns, Organdies, Berèges, [illegible] Spring and Summer Goods for men and boys, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmarettes.

DAGUERREOTYPES, Stereoscopes and Illuminated [illegible] rooms, No. 346, S. E. corner of Fourth and Market [illegible]

NEW BOOK STORE for New Books, [illegible] Philadelphia. THOMAS CURTIS invites the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of Books, Stationery, &c., [illegible]

FAMILY COAL YARD, Broad street, second yard above Race [illegible]

LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 28 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. [illegible] EVANS & WATSON [illegible]

TO COUNTRY STOREKEEPERS.—The subscriber has on hand of his own manufacture, a large assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Leather, Kid and Morocco BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, [illegible] WM. C. PARKER. N. B. Gaiter Uppers, ready for the last, [illegible]

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. [illegible] CALEB CLOTHIER. N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, both Jersey and Western.

MORRISON & GLENN respectfully announce to the public [illegible]

JOHN W. CLOTHIER & Co., No. 52 N. Fourth street [illegible]

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in business. Every one his own Salesman. JONES & Co. of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above Sixth, [illegible] JONES & Co.

246. THOMAS ADAMSON, Jr. No. 246 N. Second street, [illegible]

PORTABLE DESK and DRESSING CASE Manufactory. [illegible] 227 Arch street, above Sixth, north side.

F. H. SMITH, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut [illegible] Silver Medal awarded by the Franklin Institute [illegible] N. B. Something New—[illegible] if they do not give satisfaction, articles will be exchanged, or the money refunded.