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Pro-Slavery.

"A SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY."

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1854.

SOMETHING new in the book line is about to appear, namely, "A South-Side View of Slavery, or Three Months at the South, in 1854, by Nehemiah Adams, D.D.," of this City. Such is its title. The book is to be published by T. R. Marvin and B. B. Mussey & Co. I have been favoured with the reading of the entire volume in advance of its publication. I went carefully through its 214 pages at a sitting of five hours. Unless one is partial to novels, he will find it more interesting than a novel, for truth is not only stronger than fiction, but, properly presented, it is decidedly more interesting.

In general, we may say that this book seems to present both sides of the vexed subject of slavery, though it is called the "South Side." It particularly dwells upon the sunny side, for there is such a side, and the author found it, and is about the only Northern writer who has had the magnanimity to present it in a book. Somebody has lately called Mr. Adams "a timid, over-prudent man," but there is no evidence of it in this book, but rather the reverse. We should say that there is not one Northern pastor in a hundred who would have had the moral heroism to write such a book, at such a time. The general conservatism of the volume will bring down the rank and file of the ultraists upon the author's devoted head. The Beecher genus and all its sympathizers will abuse Mr. Adams, because he has surpassed all the critics in showing the perniciousness of Uncle Tom as a work on slavery; and they will be the more angry because the Christian temper and candeur and argument of the author has made his work at the same time effectual and unanswerable. And, then, all the avowed Abolition infidels will oppose the book, because the author sticks close to the words of God. On the whole, Conservative Christian and Union men, both North and South, will be pleased with the general tone of the book, though they may not accept every opinion, while all the ultra parties, while they cannot resist the reading of the book or deny the stubborn facts, will feel bound to condemn it to sustain their theories.

Let us now dip into the volume a little. The book opens with six chapters, mostly on the sunny side of slavery, embracing the modification of the author's views by his actual and first visit to the slave States. And then follow two chapters on the revolting features of slavery. Next and last come miscellaneous topics, such as "Approaches to Emancipation, what shall we do?" "Influence of Uncle Tom's Cabin at home and abroad"; "British Interest in American Slavery"; with the close, or 17th chapter, on "Cheerful Views." Some may say that such a book was made to sell. It will sell; but yet the author seems so bold and independent throughout that one would hardly think he thought of dollars or cents, or of pleasing anybody in particular.

Let us see something of the author's bright side of slavery. On the dress of a party of slaves, on the Sabbath, that he saw, Mr. Adams remarks: "To see slaves with broadcloth suits, well-fitting and nicely-ironed fine shirts, polished boots, gloves, umbrellas for sunshades, the best of hats, their young men with their blue coats and bright buttons, in the latest style, white Marseilles vests, white pantaloons, broaches in their shirt-bosoms, gold chains, elegant sticks, and some old men leaning on their ivory and silver-headed staves, as respectable in their attire as any who that day went to the house of God, was more than I was prepared to see. As to that group of them under the trees, had I been unseen, I would have followed my impulse to shake hands with the whole of them, as a vent to my pleasure in seeing slaves with all the bearing of respectable, dignified, Christian gentlemen. As it was, I involuntarily lifted my hat to them, which was responded to by them in such smiles, uncoverings of the head, and graceful salutations, that, Scribe or Pharisee, I felt that I did love such greetings in the market places from such people."

Mr. Adams speaks of the prevention of crime in the South, among the lower classes, which happens from the fact that slaves are amenable, day and night, to masters. He says:

> "A prosecuting officer, who had six or eight counties in his district, told me that, during eight years of service, he had made out about two thousand bills of indictment, of which not more than twelve were against coloured people. It must follow, of necessity, that a large amount of crime is prevented by the personal relation of the coloured man to a white citizen. It would be a benefit to some of our immigrants at the North, and to society, if government would thus prevent or reach disturbances of the peace through masters, overseers or guardians. But we cannot rival in our police measures the beneficial system of the South, in its distributive agencies to prevent burglaries and arson."

As the Abolitionists generally, and some of our religious societies in particular, are disposed to withdraw the Gospel from the South, because all slaves are not at once taught to read the Bible, let us note what Dr. Adams says on this point:

> "The negroes are as faithfully and thoroughly instructed in the words of God as any class of people. It is true of them as the Catechism says, that 'the spirit of God maketh—especially by the preaching—an effectual means of convicting and converting sinners, and of binding them up in holiness and comfort through faith unto salvation.'"

The time must come when every slave can read the Bible; but if one declares that the withholding of it is fatal, it may be asked, how were men saved before the art of printing made copies of the Bible generally accessible? Multitudes of our British ancestors learned the way to heaven, who never owned a copy of the Scriptures. Those words, unintelligible to many, in the title-pages of Bibles, "appointed to be read in churches," "show how the people in those days obtained their knowledge of the sacred oracles. The slaves are far better off than they. Large numbers of them can read, and are furnished with the Scriptures, and have as good facility in quoting Scripture in their prayers as Christians generally."

The following extract is worthy the attention of the true friends of the slave:

> "A slaveholder of liberal education and great influence at the South, and withal an extreme defender of the system of slavery, made a declaration which, for many reasons, impressed me, perhaps, more than anything which fell from the lips of a Southerner. He said, 'If the North had directed its strength against the evils of slavery, instead of assailing it as a sin *per se*, it could not have survived to the present day.' This is confirmed by many witnesses, and may teach us wisdom in time to come."

We had marked several other passages as worthy of notice, but have space for no more extracts. He states that there is far less infidelity at the South than at the North, and fewer of errorists generally. Slaves are rarely insane, and therefore cannot be very unhappy. He anticipates changes in favour of the elevation of the slaves, some of which have commenced. If the remainder of the 3,000 clergymen who signed the Nebraska remonstrance, which Dr. Adams signed, as he says, and aided in framing, could increase in their knowledge and charity in reference to a great and delicate question of the day, as this author has, they cannot do better for themselves and their parishes, and their country, than to spend three months at the South, and that very soon. We have great faith that it would prevent a dissolution of the Union. We are quite sure that it would prevent the dissolving of many parishes, by restoring the mental health of those who are at their head.

I was greatly interested in reading Dr. Styles's Report in favour of the Southern Aid Society, as published in your paper. It seemed to me to amount to a demonstration in favour of the Society, so that he might have said, when he closed, with Euclid—"Q. E. D." The speech of Dr. Newton was another demonstration of a different kind—one from observation and experience. It is seldom that so much real Gospel gets into a platform speech. Let us have the entire proceedings of that meeting scattered through New England. Particularly, let every intelligent pastor have an opportunity to read them, and they will conquer our mountains of prejudice that have risen up as high as Mount Washington. At least, the reading of such documents will open the hearts and purses of many in New England. Send us the documents and appoint a New England agent, and I am not sure that you will not realize $4,000, or your last year's receipts, in New England alone.

The reaction, on the subject of slavery, in New England is becoming more and more marked; and some of the best minds are at the head of it. Dr. Blagden preached his conservative Fast Day sermon, we believe, in 1848. It has since been printed. And now he is maintaining his views in a controversy with the editors of a politico-religious paper here, and is as strong as the Bible, on which he plants himself. This year, appeared President Lord's pamphlet, which has been reviewed in the *Vermont Chronicle*, that called out Dr. Lord in a reply, and the paper in a rejoinder. Here Dr. Lord evinces by far the most thorough acquaintance with the subject, and is generally unanswerable in argument. Besides, a pamphlet lately appeared, reviewing a discourse of Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of Salem, by a Layman, on the same side. It is very able, and thoroughly exposes the Parker views of the preacher. And now we have the book of Dr. Adams, who finds the Bible a better guide on the subject of slavery than infidel reformers, or the writings of those who exalt reason and philosophy above revelation. There is hope, then, that the religious bodies of New England will return from their wanderings, and plant themselves once more firmly and immovably upon the words of God. If the religious people of the country will do that, slavery will either come to an end or be so mild and Christian as no longer to deserve the name.

Selections.

GERRIT SMITH IN SELF-VINDICATION.

PETERBORO', Nov. 1, 1854.

WILLIAM GOODELL—*Dear Friend:* I see, in the *American Jubilee*, that you, too, are unsparing in your criticisms upon my unlucky career in Congress. Unlucky, indeed, since it meets with favour at the hands of neither friends nor foes!

These plaguy Whigs are the ruin of me! They have taken all the wind out of my Abolition sails! They have carried off all my Abolition honours. And not content with that, they have cast me down into the class of pro-slavery men.

What a godsend to the Whigs was the Nebraska bill! All of them in the free States arrayed themselves against it. This was, it is true, a cheap way of making themselves Abolitionists. But, that it made them really such was what they insisted on, in the ears of the credulous and silly Abolitionists. I am sorry that I have to call them credulous and silly. But, alas, too many of them have proved themselves to be such. The Whigs now claimed, with more plausibility and effect than ever, that no other anti-slavery organization than the Whig party is necessary; and that this party is clearly entitled to the votes of all who sympathize with the slave. All this told upon the mass of Abolitionists. But in that mass there is a very radical little handful, who are slow to believe in the Abolition character of the Whig party, even after all that the Nebraska occasion has done to improve such character. They are slow to attribute a genuine Abolition to the party that insulted and vilified them, because they would not vote for the slaveholder, Henry Clay; to the party that elected the slaveholder, Gen. Taylor; to the party whose Millard Fillmore signed the diabolical Fugitive Slave law. What, now, should the Whig party do with this little handful? One thing they could do with it—and that they quickly determined to do. They could strike at it, through me. By utterly disgracing me, they could do something toward disgracing it. By making it appear that I am but a hypocrite, and no Abolitionist at all, they would make room for the inference that all the Abolitionists of my radical type are but hypocrites, and no Abolitionists at all. So at it they went. It was my misfortune to be a member of Congress. Hence, since voting against the Nebraska bill had become the sole test of an Abolitionist—the sole proof of being an Abolitionist—all that was necessary to blast my Abolition character was to spread the impression that I did not vote against it. This impression was spread as rapidly and as universally as the many-tongued Whig press could spread it. And my delinquency, in order to aggravate it to the utmost, was ascribed to a peculiarly disgraceful cause. It was, everywhere, said that I had been guilty of preferring my bed to my duty—of preferring the indulgence of sleep to keeping vigils for liberty.

It is true that there were two things which stood, pretty sternly, in the way of convincing the country that I fled from the vote on the Nebraska bill. One was that, of the radical speeches made against the Nebraska bill, mine was, confessedly on all hands, the most radical; and was, therefore, quite as like as any other speech to be followed up by the vote of its author. The other, and far more important, thing was that the records showed my vote against the bill. Yes, the records showed that, in spite of my much laughed at honest habit of going to bed at nine o'clock, I was, nevertheless, in the Capitol, an hour before midnight, to vote against the Nebraska bill.

These were, indeed, obstacles in the way of the undertaking. But they were not insurmountable. "A lie well stuck to" can overcome almost any truth. The Whig press has abundantly proved the power of such perseverance. Its continued representations, from that day to this, that I did not vote against the Nebraska bill have, in the public mind generally, overcome the truth, that I did vote against it. All truth to the contrary notwithstanding, the Whigs have, nevertheless, succeeded in getting the country to class me with the Nebraskaites. I am riding in the same troop with Cass, Douglass & Co. In a word, the Whigs, as I said at the beginning of my letter, have ruined my Abolition character—and, what is worst of all, they have ruined it in the eyes of my fellow-Abolitionists. Even you yourself were surprised when learning from me that I did vote on the Nebraska bill. You had believed then that I did not vote on it. On my return from Washington, I found that some of my intelligent neighbours did not know that I voted on it. They read Whig newspapers. I was in a County Anti-Slavery Convention in Morrisville, a few days ago. The subject of my course on the Nebraska bill came up, and consumed an hour. Several of the speakers had supposed, until then, that I did not vote on the bill; and it was manifest, from what was said, that, to this day, there is a wide-spread belief, even in my own county, that I did not vote on it. Inquiries whether I voted on it, and even how I voted on it, are continually coming to me, by mail and otherwise, from all parts of the State. Oh, these Whig newspapers!

I will add another illustration of the power of the Whig press to mislead the Abolitionists. When in Rochester, a few weeks since, I called on one of the earliest and most intelligent Abolitionists. In the couse of our conversation, he expressed his regret that I did not make a speech in Congress against slavery! He reads the Whig newspapers, and, like myself, he is especially fond of the *New York Tribune*. I conjecture that, as he had read so often, in this able and interesting newspaper, of my actual or probable apostacy from the cause of the slave, he had lost all impression of the speeches which I had made in Congress for the slave.

But of all the illustrations of the power of the Whig press over Abolitionists, in this matter of my relation to the Nebraska bill, none has so much astonished me, and, I confess, none has so much pained me, as a resolution adopted by a National Convention of coloured people, held in Cleveland, Ohio, last August. That Convention, after passing resolutions in high praise of Mr. Garrison and other prominent Abolitionists, condescended to notice me in the following insulting resolution:

> "Resolved, That we heartily regret the refusal of our *recent* ardent friend, Hon. Gerrit Smith, further to serve the cause of the oppressed in the Councils of this nation, and hope that, on due reflection, he may yet consent to lose a meal of victuals, or an hour's sleep, for the cause of down-trodden and suffering humanity."

I must think that, however poor and valueless my well-intended services for my coloured brethren, it was in no respect proper, but in every respect most ungracious and unamiable, so to requite them.

By the way, it has ever been so, that the Abolitionists have consented to be befooled and bewitched by the Whig press. They take the Whig papers, and read them, and believe them; and they actually judge of each other, not in the light of what they know of each other, but in the light of what the Whig papers tell them of each other. In spite of all lessons to the contrary, the Abolitionists will still have it that the Whigs are nearly related to them—as nearly as first cousins, if not, indeed, as nearly as half brothers; and they will have it, too, that the trustworthiness of the Whigs is as great as their relationship is near. Hence the fact that Abolitionists have so little confidence in each other—for the Whigs succeed in destroying such confidence. And from this fact comes the further fact, that the public have little confidence in Abolitionists; for, if they refuse to confide in each other, the public will naturally refuse to confide in them. I scarcely need add that this failure, by reason of the Whigs, to command the public respect accounts, in no small degree, for the slow progress of our principles. The best of principles are greatly prejudiced by the lack of confidence in their especial and prominent advocates.

I would say, in this connection, that I think no better of the Democrats than I do of the Whigs. The Democrats are undisguised, open servants of the Slave Power; and, hence, I need say nothing to guard Abolitionists against seductive and misleading influences in that quarter.

But it is by no means in respect to the Nebraska bill only that my Congressional life has fallen under censure. Indeed, after the Whigs got the people into the habit of finding fault with me, nothing I could say or do would suit the people. The Whigs got me going down hill; and then I received a rapid succession of kicks from all sides. To illustrate for what purely imaginary offences I was kicked, in some instances, the Garrison Abolitionists of Ohio fell upon me, because, on the floor of Congress, I treated all the members of Congress as gentlemen. Surely, there is not another person of whom they would have complained for conforming himself to this conventional decorum—a conventional decorum which is observed in every other assembly as well as in Congress, and by Garrison Abolitionists as much as by any other decent people. Nevertheless, for my having done what every one of them is civil enough to do, they actually resolved, at their late meeting in Ohio (so far as I recollect the tenor of the resolution), that I am a grand corrupter of the public morals! But I do not blame these good people for their harsh resolution. The public habit of complaining of my course in Congress was so strong that they could not keep themselves from sliding into it. Besides, as they had passed a resolution, two years before, that I was an apostate from the anti-slavery cause, they were strongly tempted to pass a resolution now which should be somewhat in keeping with that. But I repeat, that I do not blame them. I hold the Whigs responsible for it all—for they began it all. Nor do I feel hard toward the Whigs. Poor fellows! they have so many sins to answer for, I shall never hurt nor hate them for their sins against me.

I will here say that I was struck with the influence of the Whig press upon the Temperance press. Considering that I was one of the very earliest soldiers in the Temperance army, and that I was making Temperance speeches in Washington—ay (and what was a new thing), in Congress itself, and considering, moreover, that I was endeavouring to bring the members of Congress under the good influence of a cold-water dinner-table—I did flatter myself that I should have the sympathy and commendation of the Temperance press. I confess that I was not altogether destitute of such reward. Nevertheless, in the case of some of the Temperance newspapers the reward was overbalanced by complaints of my course on the Nebraska bill. Far different had been their treatment of me had I been a Whig, and had the Whig press led off in praise, and not in disparagement, of me.

I could not but observe the influence of the Whig press on the religious press also. I carried into Congress the religion of Jesus Christ. My speeches acknowledged its claims, and were imbued with its spirit. Nevertheless, there were few of the religious newspapers to give me their countenance; and some of them relished and repeated the misrepresentations of the Whig press concerning me. Perhaps, however, the unkind aspect of the religious press toward me was not all of Whig influence. I have not, for these twenty years, been an especial favourite with the religious press.

I said that it was not in respect to the Nebraska bill only that my Congressional life is complained of. Another cause of complaint, and the only other one I will refer to in this letter, is the remark, in my speech on the Mexican Treaty, that I should be willing to have Cuba come to us "even if she shall not previously abolish her slavery." This remark was the occasion of a fresh onslaught upon me. Many Whig papers were now severer than ever upon me; and the *National Era* and other anti-slavery papers, which had spared me thus far, could spare me no longer. The *Era* was, of course, temperate and courteous—for its editor combines with great ability the bearing of a gentleman. There were some anti-slavery papers, however, which spoke very unkindly, and very coarsely, of me. I had now become, in the esteem of such papers, an open apostate from the holy cause of freedom. They declared that I was no longer fit to remain in Congress, and that they were glad of the resignation of my seat. The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* was very ill-natured toward me: and even Mr. Garrison, though he said nothing himself against my much censured position concerning Cuba, consented to copy into his paper some of the very ugliest things that were said against it.

But I will delay no longer to come to your review of this position. You put the very worst possible construction on it. I am not altogether surprised that you do. The Whig misrepresentations of my course in Congress had prepared the public mind for such construction; and that, notwithstanding your friendship for me, your love of justice and your candour, you should, insensibly, sympathize with that state of the public mind, and be, insensibly, biassed by it, is not strange.

You totally misapprehend the position which you so severely and utterly condemn. I wish that you had, before reviewing it, addressed interrogatories to me concerning its meaning. Gladly would I have answered them. You will say that I should have fully explained the position in the speech in which I took it. Oh, I wish I could have had time to do so! I should have been glad to have consumed a whole day in doing so—a whole day in talking to Congress of human rights, in this connection. But look at my circumstances in the case. The Mexican Treaty was up. I got the floor. The debate was confined to two days; and it was now the evening of the second day; and a number of speakers were to follow me. No speaker is allowed to exceed an hour; and, in such circumstances, far less than an hour was my full share of the time. Moreover, what I had to say of Cuba was in connection with the purely incidental topic of the "Monroe doctrine." I could, therefore, but glance at Cuba.

I do not find fault with your position, that there are no conditions (provided slavery has not been previously abolished) on which it is expedient for us and Cuba to be blended into one nation. Perhaps you are right in this position. At any rate, as there is not the least probability that such blending will ever take place on the terms which I proposed, I am not at all anxious to convince you, or others, that it is expedient that it should take place. Had you stopped here, I should have had no controversy with you. My judgment I hold as cheap as you or any other person holds it: and I should have felt no promptings of ambition, or pride, to prove that it was not at fault in this instance. But you are very far from stopping here. You go on to argue (and that, indeed, is the great aim of your review) that I was guilty of a flagrant offence against the Divine law, in consenting to the union of Cuba with this country. So flagrant an offence as you make it—so obvious an offence as you make it—I could hardly be guilty of without giving room to call in question my integrity as an Abolitionist and as a Christian.

Now, I beg you to lay down this letter, right here; and, after you shall have divorced yourself from the public prejudice against my speech, and abandoned your foregone conclusion, that it must be a very wicked one, you will be prepared to read it carefully and candidly. So read it—and you will then learn from the speech itself just what I did say; and you will then hold me responsible for that, and not at all for what the newspapers tell you I said; and not at all for your imaginations of what I said. I pause till you have so read the speech.

And, now, taking it for granted that you have obeyed my request, and learned what my speech really does say about Cuba, you will agree with me—

1st. That I am not amenable to the charge of being a *fillibuster;* for I did not propose to get Cuba into the Union either by whipping her into it or by buying her into it.

2d. That, so far from my proposing that the Governments of the two countries should stipulate for the continuance of slavery, I did not so much as propose that these Governments, or any other Governments, should have aught to do in negotiating the terms of the union. I treated with contempt the idea that the voice of the Cuban Government is essential in the matter; and I laid down the doctrine distinctly, that, in the dividing of this nation, or in the uniting of it with another, the voice of the Government of this country is not essential.

3d. That the only union of Cuba and this country which I proposed was the union of the people of Cuba with the people of this country—a union dictated by the interest and choice of the two peoples, and to take place whether Government willed it or not.

Surely, you ought not to wonder that I have here spoken so lightly of the authority of Governments. You have, for many years, known, from my writings and speeches, that I regard these Governments as usurpations, and as conspiracies against human rights, rather than legitimate Civil Governments. The Government of this State, so long as it recognises property in man, or makes colour a disqualification for the enjoyment of rights, merits neither the honour nor the name of Civil Government.

Surely, too, you ought not to wonder that, when I speak of the people, I include the enslaved as well as the free. You were present on the memerable occasion, thirteen years ago, when I reported my "Address to the Slaves"; and you, doubtless, recollect that the great doctrine of the Address is, that men do not cease to be of the people when they become slaves; and that they forfeit none of their rights by falling under the yoke of slavery. It is true that you and some other great and good men, who were also present, were so startled by the bold and novel positions of the Address as to vote against it. But that is a reason why you should remember, rather than why you should forget, its doctrines.

And now, my dear friend, is the speech in question the wicked speech which you thought it to be when you reviewed it? Is it wicked for the poor slaves in Cuba—the most afflicted and outraged of all slaves—to desire to cast in their lot with our slaves? If it is not, then it is not, necessarily, wicked for freemen to desire it for them. Surely, you will not, because portions of them are so unhappy as to be reduced to slavery, deny that peoples may unite with each other. Surely, you will not deny that their calamity—the bitterest of all calamities—should not be allowed to work the forfeiture of their rights. Surely, you will not consent that the wrongs against them—the heaviest of all wrongs—shall be plead against their rights. I do not say that it would be expedient for America and Hungary to enter into an alliance with each other. But I do say that the fact that there is oppression in the two countries would not make such alliance necessarily wicked. The alliance may be in spite of such oppression—not in accordance with it. It may be to overthrow—not to sustain—such op- [illegible] favour such alliance, you would not denounce me as a flagrant offender against Heaven. But as well might you so denounce me in that case as in the case of my favouring, with the like object in view, the union of Cuba with America. I say, with the like object; and I am sure that you will not impute to me the opposite object of strengthening the hands of the oppresser.

The doctrine of your review is, that it is sinful for two nations to become one so long as there are slaveholders in both, or in either, of them. Admit that it is so when the Governments—the Governments that ordain and uphold the slavery—negotiate the union. But the union which I justify is to be brought about by the people, and in contempt and defiance of their slaveholding Governments. Admit, too, that it is a sin for the people to accomplish such a union unless the interests and desires of the slaves are consulted. But when those interests and desires call for it (and without that I would ever protest against it), is the union then sin?

To deny that two peoples may come together, so long as their usurping Governments are holding a portion of them in slavery, is virtually to hold the unhappy slaves responsible for the devilism of such Governments. Their coming together may be the only hopeful way for the slaves to escape from such devilism and gain their liberty. But, according to your theory, that way is forbidden to them. So, according to your theory, two peoples may not come together if any portions of them are oppressed by land-monopoly, nor, indeed, if they are the subjects of any other Governmental wrong.

Strange as it is, it is, nevertheless, so, that, all through your review, you treat me not as arguing the right of peoples—even the most oppressed, broken-hearted and desolate among them—to unite their fortunes and make common cause; but as arguing the right of their usurping Governments to continue their crimes against their subjects. Hence, you interpret me to hold to such a union of Cuba as shall obligate me, on the score of good faith and consistency, to refrain, even after the union shall take place, from calling on Government to abolish Cuban slavery. I can but wonder that you should think me either so ignorant or so depraved as to lay myself under such an obligation. The writer in the *Free Presbyterian*, whom you quote, is even more outspoken, at this point, than you are. As he views the union which I advocate, my vote for it would, necessarily, expose me to "the charge of collusion with slavery"!

There is nothing in your review that I more regret than the part where you leave me open to the suspicion of hypocrisy. In the speech in question, I anticipated a speedy termination of American slavery. You intimate that this anticipation is in conflict with my well-known state of mind on that point. I supposed that you were so familiar with my writings and speeches on that point as not to forget that I have, for many years, held that American slavery is short-lived. Those writings and speeches abundantly show that my despondency in regard to American slavery proceeds not from my anticipations of its long life, but from my anticipations of its violent death.

I need say no more. The doctrines which I incidentally glanced at in my speech on the Mexican Treaty have long been precious to me; and I have long sought to make them precious to my fellow-Abolitionists. They are doctrines which I can never surrender, so long as I continue to recognise in the slave all the fulness of rights which belongs to any other man, and so long as I hold the people superior to the usurpations and conspiracies which, under the stolen name of Government, have got the control of the people. To have Whigs and Democrats confound these doctrines with the motives of *fillibusters*, vulgar politicians and office-seekers, does in no degree surprise me, nor wound my heart, nor disturb my good nature. But I confess that I do feel grieved—ay, and sometimes indignant—when I find my fellow-Abolitionists, by whose side I have stood, and suffered and sacrificed, these twenty years, falling into this mistake. I am well aware that there are narrow-minded Abolitionists as well as narrow-minded other men—Abolitionists who will insist on running all Abolitionists into one mould—the same mould of doctrines, thoughts and words. These are the one-idea Abolitionists. Of course, the Abolitionist who thinks for himself—and, that too, on a great variety of subjects—must suffer not a little when he falls into the hands of such Abolitionists and his character and proportions come under their forcing and stereotyping process. But there are large-minded Abolitionists also; and I am always very sad when I see them allow the spirit of bigotry to invade their noble nature and transform them into illiberal and uncharitable judges of their fellow-Abolitionists.

I hope that both you and the public will pardon this letter. I dislike to appear in defence of myself, and I very seldom do. But, incessantly assailed as I am, at every point of my conduct and character—and that, too, by both friends and foes—it seems excusable that I should, now and then, speak for myself. If, however, I may never defend myself, still may I not, as I have done in parts of this letter, defend great and cherished doctrines, when they are struck at, through myself? With great respect, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

1. Resolved, That the longer we contemplate the character and observe the operations of American slavery, the more deeply are we impressed with the conviction of its inherent and invariable sinfulness, its utter impolicy and the duty of labouring earnestly for its overthow.

2. Resolved, That the sin and crime of slavery are not that it buys or conquers territory for its extension; sacrifices the right of speech, of the press, or of locomotion, of trial by jury or of habeas corpus; that it seeks to subvert liberty in the North, by compelling the people to return fugitive slaves to bondage or suffer fine and imprisonment; though all this it does; but in seizing one man, robbing him of every human attribute, quenching his soul in darkness and holding him as property, to be driven as a beast to unpaid toil, whenever, wherever and however the will of irresponsible tyrants shall elect.

3. Resolved, therefore, That our warfare is with the assumption, in theory or in practice, that man can rightfully hold his fellow-man as property; and no concession on the part of slavery or its apologists, no mitigation of its incidental evils, no amelioration of the condition of its victims, no limitation of its territorial extent, no restriction or abatement of its political power, no prevention of its encroachments on Northern rights, no sectionalizing of its jurisdiction—in a word, no adoption, in regard to it, of any policy which stops short of annihilating the chattel principle in the relation of man to man—will satisfy our demands or purchase from us a moment's truce with the unholy system.

4. Resolved, That, as we ought to treat according to its intrinsic character everything with which we have to do, we should treat slavery as essentially sinful, wherever we find it, whether in the Church, in the political party, in the Government, or elsewhere; thinking of it no thought, speaking of it no word, doing toward it no act which can give it the least support or countenance; but always and everywhere making the whole weight of our influence and action tell constantly against it, and against every institution, every organization, political or ecclesiastical, every association or order of men which favours or sustains it.

5. Resolved, That the policy of the American Government, from its organization and through each successive step of its progress, so far as slavery is concerned, has been marked by injustice, tyranny and oppression to an extent deserving, now and always, the execration of all good men, who love liberty and desire to promote the highest interests of man; and that now, while it is employing its immense power to extend slavery over the whole land, and thus not only making heavier and stronger the slave's yoke here, but embarrassing and disheartening the friends of freedom in other lands, it proves itself partaker of the spirit of the Old World despotisms, their associate in wickedness, and justly and surely deemed *to perish* with them unless speedy and sincere repentance and earnest amendment shall avert this doom.

6. Resolved, That as American [illegible] Christianity, the religion of absolute right and universal good will, it is evidently the office of the latter to root out and destroy the former; and as we see that slavery has grown and still grows and thrives under the influence of that which calls itself Christianity in this country, it is plain that either Christianity is not *able* to overcome its enemies, or that these who profess to be its expounders have not been preaching it among us in its purity and power.

7. Resolved, That, inasmuch as the admission of one slaveholding member to the Government of either Church or State is ample evidence that such organization is pro-slavery; therefore, while the American Union or any branch of the American Church freely receives all slaveholders who ask admission as members, and agrees that they may legislate for and govern the whole body whenever they have a certain majority, it proves itself so unquestionably pro-slavery and so morally defective that all honest and intelligent anti-slavery men are bound to withdraw from it, and wage against it a moral war of extermination.

8. Resolved, That the act of Congress repealing the restriction on slavery extension in the Missouri compromise is at once perfidious, unjust and anti-republican, hostile to freedom, insulting and injurious to the North, and a grievous wrong to the slave, whose hope of deliverance is postponed by every enlargement of the dominion of slavery; and consequently both the act and its authors deserve the stern reprobation of every lover of truth and right.

9. Resolved, That we do not mean, in condemning this perfidious act, to imply the approval of the Missouri compromise, as wise, or right, or favourable to freedom; for we believe it was the opposite of all these; a wrong to humanity, a triumph of the slave power, a recognition of the right of slavery to occupy and hold possession of Missouri and to reclaim and reënslave its fugitive victims even on the so-called free side of the compromise line, a grant of a new lease of life to the unrighteous institution, a deed of iniquity and folly no more, at best, than partially redeemed by containing a clause which exempted from slavery a *portion* of the territory, the *whole* of which ought to have been forever consecrated to liberty.

10. Resolved, That the Nebraska and Kansas bills do not repeal the Missouri compromise, but only that part of it which was its sole redeeming feature; that they undo no position of the pro-slavery work of that compromise, but go on to finish in behalf of slavery what compromise began and left undone, and even forbade to be ever done, and are therefore still more worthy of reprobation than was even that unrighteous measure.

11. Resolved, That we cannot regard with favour the demand made by some friends of freedom for the restoration of the Missouri compromise to its original condition, because that would imply assent to the doctrine that below a certain line of latitude slavery has an equal right with freedom to spread and establish itself; whereas, we hold that slavery has no right to an inch of soil or a breath of air anywhere in God's universe, and, therefore, that the Government is bound, whenever it can legislate upon it at all, to enact against it an absolute prohibition, unfettered by any condition or compromise.

12. Resolved, nevertheless, That we do not rely on the Government to abolish slavery; for, as public sentiment now is, energetic and decided anti-slavery legislation is morally impossible; and even if there could and should be such, it could not be enforced.

11. Resolved, therefore, That the work now to be done is the changing of public sentiment, and this must be done by moral power, by the continual proclamation of anti-slavery truth, and its faithful application to all existing institutions, laws or organizations which in any way give support to slavery.

14. Resolved, That slavery is not a creature of law and constitution, but a spontaneous outgrowth of pro-slavery public sentiment; that it existed before any pro-slavery law, and really gave birth to all such laws and constitutions; which, being but creatures of slavery, are without vitality of their own, and derive all their power from a pro-slavery public sentiment.

15. Resolved, therefore, That it is idle and absurd to talk of destroying the creator, slavery, by changing, multiplying or destroying its creature, pro-slavery law.

16. Resolved, That as God, who is no respecter of persons, has created all men free and equal, with an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; therefore, upon our anti-slavery platform, we prefer no sex or colour; we know no sect or party, religious or political; we recognise no distinction, ecclesiastical or national; but esteem man as man, of whatever hue or sex, land or clime, church or state, thus making "our country the world, and our countrymen all mankind."

From The London Inquirer.

THE "ABHORRERS" OF SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

> "I CLAIM to be inspired with a love of freedom as pure and ardent as that which warmed the bosoms of the fathers who laid down their lives to achieve our national independence. It is my sincere prayer that the Africans among us should enjoy all the blessings of which they are capable. *The Bondage in which they are now held is their salvation.*"—The Rev. THEODORE CLAPP, of New Orleans.
>
> "A slave is one doomed in his own person, and his posterity, to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits."—JUDGE RUFFIN.
>
> "A slave shall be deemed, held, taken, reputed and adjudged in law, to be a chattel personal in the hands of his owner and possessor . . . to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever."—American Slave Code, W. GOODELL.

SIR: The elasticity of the "abhorrent" principle in relation to American slavery is really wonderful. Like a gutta percha band, you can stretch it to hold anything—from the Rev. Theodore Clapp to William Lloyd Garrison—and, to compare smaller things with great, "the sympathy deep and warm with the anti-slavery movement" expressed by brethren nearer at hand, and that same sentiment as it exists in the breasts of your humble correspondent. Not being able, however, to discover very exactly the worth of a sympathy, "deep and warm" though it be, which applies itself to the task of *setting at ease with their consciences* the perpetrators of a wrong which, if inflicted upon himself, the calmest of "abhorrers" would have no great difficulty in describing by its proper terms, I must beg, with all respect, to explain these allusions by some comments suggested on perusal of the leading article in your journal of August 19. From that, as well as from an article in a previous number, it appears that you desire to throw the shield of the *Inquirer* over the slaveholding body of America (for the whole body has a right to claim the benefit of your concession), on the ground of their not being "consciously guilty" of sin, in maintaining an institution that assigns to man A PROPERTY IN MAN. Your position, in substance, is, that a man educated in the Christian faith, and under all the lights of Republican freedom, and in the full meridian blaze of the nineteenth century, can conscientiously profess to see no wrong against man—no sin, therefore, against God—in holding a fellow-creature in slavery, subject to all the incidents of the American Slave-code. If this be so, then, at what atrocity need the human conscience step and not say that it, too, may be put in the catalogue of venial and even virtuous things? If the distinction be urged, that a generally allowed practice involves no sin in him who shares in it, it must be shown that the American slaveholder has had no opportunity of knowing better, or duly avail himself of the means he might command of becoming englightened.

Let the South bear witness of the facilities or obstructions it places in the way of the most temperate efforts to reclaim it from its errors. Channing would have been slaughtered had he crossed its borders. How many of his anti-slavery tracts would have been more welcome than than himself? There is a school of morals amongst us which delights in descanting on the *instinctive perception* of right and wrong. Strange! if neither instinct nor Gospel should have a tongue sufficiently articulate to denounce American slavery as "the wild and guilty" thing it was described by Lord Brougham, or "the sum of all villanies," as it was declared by John Wesley.

For my own part, I dispute the fact that any American citizen is unavoidably blind in this [illegible] altogether untenable, that he is or can be [illegible] in the act of making a man a thing, whipping it at his pleasure, and selling it for his profit.

Yet granting for a moment such a moral monstrosity to be *in rerum naturâ*, it no more follows that I am called upon to extend to that man the name of a Christian and the privileges of Society than I am bound to give to the conscientious practitioner of Thuggee a welcome to my table, and a title to my friendship. Indeed, if I were to make any difference between them, I should, on the principle of *corruptio optimi fit pessima*, be constrained to decide it in favour of the latter; since the man who could so deprave Christianity as, in the name of God, and by authority of the Gospel, to go *behind that screen at the slave sale at Richmond*, described by the Rev. Francis Bishop, and perpetrate the Republican freaks there enacted, or coolly sanction them as that reverend man of conscience did—also described by Mr. Bishop—must be incomparably the more odious and despicable man of the two.

You are anxious to save Mr. Garrison and his party from "the danger to themselves and their great end into which they are so often hurried by the heat of conflict." And you refer to Doctor Channing as the standard of your feeling, and the model of your conduct. Not a bad one, certainly, as the world goes. Yet Channing would be the last man, were he living in this dreadful crisis of America's fortunes, to forgive himself for misleading another into that marvellous tone of coolness which you describe as "the peculiar trust of our impartial position as Englishmen." In such a crisis, to be controlled by such a feeling, would have been to be false to the noblest impulses of his nature. Long years ago, he talked in the same fashion that you are now talking. But an honest and earnest man threw himself in his path, and with some burning sentences of truth scared him out of his over-anxieties for the *intemperance* of the Abolitionists. Dr. Channing, after his conference with the Rev. Samuel J. May, felt himself subdued, and had the glory to acknowledge it.* Upon this question, the whole spirit and meaning of the thorough anti-slavery movement in America, Dr. Channing *grew*, as he would have still grown, had God in mercy spared him to pour out his great heart in the strife at this day. If it be true, in relation to our physical being, that

> "The blood will follow when the knife is driven,
> The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear,"

can a like susceptibility be any less a part of our spiritual nature? And can the heart be "impartial" between the wretch who inflicts and the victim who receives those peculiar attestations of the "salvation" provided for him by that bland benevolence of the Rev. Theodore Clapp? "Impartiality of Englishmen!" Between whom? Between that victim and the whole free population of the United States—saving only that nobler portion of it who, having braved the scorn of "the Upper Ten Thousand" in their own country, have to endure the displeasure, and, what is worse, the lectures, of imperturbable lookers-on in England. "Impartiality of Englishmen!" Had you, Sir, been in Boston on that day of Anthony Burns—as described in a late number of the *Household Words*—which way would your English heart have leaned? Which way would Channing's, had *he* been there? He had shaken hands with Garrison, in the days of Lovejoy (do you know that history?). Would he less have pressed him to his bosom in that awful day of the "rendition" (an Austrian word!) of Burns?

But I must not enlarge. You would be guided by "the moral standard of Channing." It is well. He did not always tread steadily; and he had much to learn from others. But we are sure he trod aright, and thought and spoke nobly, when he thus admonished his offending countrymen: "Our fathers carried on slavery in much blindness. They lived and walked under the shadow of a dark and bloody past. But the darkness is gone. 'The mystery of iniquity' is now laid open. Slavery, from its birth to its last stage, is now brought to light. . . . The truth is brought to our very doors. And still more, to *us*, above all people, God has made known those eternal principles of freedom, justice and humanity, by which the full enormity of slavery may be comprehended. To shut our eyes against these monitions of God, these pleadings of humanity; to stand forth, in this great conflict of good with evil, as the chief upholders of oppression; to array ourselves against the efforts of the Christian and civilized world for the extinction of this greatest wrong; to perpetuate it with obstinate madness where it exists, and to make new regions of the earth groan under its woes; this surely is a guilt which the justice of God cannot wink at, and on which insulted humanity, religion and freedom call down fearful retribution."† What? Religion, too, feel offended and insulted? Why, we had been taught, even but just now, that "to hold Christian communion" with such was the most innocent thing in the world! and that to deny this proposition—much more, to rebuke and condemn it—was "purely impertinent and injurious."‡

But let us live to learn.

I remain, Sir, respectfully yours,
GEORGE ARMSTRONG.

Bristol, August 29th, 1854.

* "Memoir of Channing," vol. iii. p. 157.

† "Channing on Emancipation." Boston, 1840. Last page.

‡ *Inquirer.* Second Leading Article. August 5th.

THE LEMMON SLAVE CASE.

IT is now nearly two years since Jonathan Lemmon came to this city from Virginia, with eight slaves, on his way to Texas. Unsuspicious of danger, he stopped, slaves and all, at a boarding-house in Carlisle street. He knew not of the Revised Statutes. He understood not the power of the *habeas corpus*. He rested in security—in a false security.

The matter became public. It came to the ears of Louis Napoleon, a coloured man of this city. He made application to the Superior Court for a writ of *habeas corpus*. It was granted. It enjoined "one Lemmings, otherwise called Jonathan Lemmon, and the keeper of a certain house No. 3 Carlisle street," to bring the bodies of the eight slaves before Elijah Paine forthwith. Elijah Paine was at that time one of the justices of the Superior Court.

The slaves were brought up before the Court upon this writ of *habeas corpus*. The case was argued by Mr. Lapaugh for Mr. Lemmon, by Mr. Culver for the slaves. The matter was kept under advisement some time. The writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out early in November. It was late in December before the decision of the Court was rendered.

When it was rendered, it was in favour of the slaves. They were discharged. They did not step to have the case carried up on appeal. They left for Canada. They are there now.

All this took place at a time of intense slavery excitement. Union-saving was in its glory. Castle Garden stock was high. The Union Safety Committee were hard at work with mortar and cement, keeping together the falling Union. Here was a dreadful blow. Here was an awful crack. The Union Safety Committee were aroused. They fled to the rescue. They raised, and in a few days a generous subscription paid the value of the slaves, saved the Union, and sent away the Lemmon not a bit the worse for his squeezing.

Now, we would have supposed that this would have been the end of the matter. The slaves were gone without hope of recovery. The owner was reïmbursed for all his loss. But just here the State of Virginia stepped in. Resolutions were offered, in the winter of 1853, in the Virginia State Legislature, directing the Governor to take all necessary steps for prosecuting an appeal from Judge Paine's decision; pay all necessary expenses out of the State treasury; to send on the Attorney-General to argue the case, and to carry it up to the Supreme Court, General Term, to the Court of Appeals, and to the United States Supreme Court, if necessary.

These resolutions, being introduced late in the session, were passed over without being acted upon. They were introduced again last winter, when they were passed, *and passed unanimously.*

In accordance with these resolutions, the State of Virginia has proceeded with the case. A writ of *certiorari* was sued out, and the case was carried [illegible] the Superior to the Supreme Court. The [illegible] must. Appeal to General Term and decision affirmed. The official bond of the State of Virginia sent on as security for the costs. This security objected to and rejected by the Court because given by a non-resident. This brings us up to the present time. In the place of the rejected security a new bond has been given to-day by the attorneys of Mr. Lemmon. It is as follows:

"Know all men by these presents that we, Henry D. Lapaugh, of the City, County and State of New York, counsellor-at-law, and John Andrews of the same place, likewise counsellor-at-law, are held and firmly bound unto the people of the State of New York in the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars lawful money of the United States of America, to be paid unto the people aforesaid, for which payment, well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

"Whereas, in the case of Jonathan Lemmon, a citizen of the commonwealth of Virginia, appellant, *agt.* The People of the State of New York, respondents, now depending in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, an order has been made, in substance requiring the appellant to file as security for costs a bond of the respondents, in the penalty of two hundred and fifty dollars at least, with one or more sufficient sureties, conditioned to pay on demand all costs which may be awarded to the said respondents: now, therefore, the condition of the above obligation is such that if the said appellant, or the commonwealth of Virginia for him, shall well and truly pay unto the respondents on demand all costs that may be awarded to them in the said suit, then this obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

"Sealed and delivered in presence of

"HENRY D. LAPAUGH. [Seal.]
"JOHN ANDREWS." [Seal.]

Then follow affidavits of both the above, that they are each of them residents and householders in the State of New York, and are worth more than five hundred dollars above all debts and liabilities and property exempt from execution.

The case will probably come on for argument before the General Term of the Supreme Court next November. Mr. Lapaugh, for the appellant (nominally, Mr. Lemmon, actually the State of Virginia), will be assisted by the Attorney-General of Virginia. Mr. Culver, we understand, will probably be assisted by Ogden Hoffman, Esq., Attorney-General of this State.

Whichever way the case is decided, it will be carried up to the Court of Appeals, and without doubt eventually to the Supreme Court of the United States. We understand that the State of Virginia, if successful, intends applying to the Legislature of this State to be reïmbursed for their expenses. If unsuccessful, then they will attempt the passage of a special act through Congress to be paid out of the national treasury.—*Eve. Post.*

THE UNWRITTEN ARTICLE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THOSE monarchists who censure republican institutions as subversive of the principle of loyalty make a very great blunder. To be sure, we Americans make very free with our Presidents, Governors and Congressmen; in fact, their characters are not often so elevated as to impose limitations on any amount of free-and-easiness in communication with them, or comment upon them; but our reverence is paid implicitly and perpetually to the Constitution. Touch that, and you touch *us*. The wisdom of our ancestors is just as divine, in our eyes, as if it were two thousand instead of one hundred years old. It is like "the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not," even when it does harm to the nation governed thereby; and though profane scoffers may object to the trifling inconsistency of its having been established to "secure the blessings of liberty," while its actual operation is to cherish and extend slavery, we settle that difficulty triumphantly by acting on both principles at once, only applying the first (democratically) to the white, and the second (piously) to the black race, according to the Scripture declaration, "a servant of servants shall he* be to his brethren."

The chief evidence of our loyalty to our Consti-

* There are two reasons for supposing that the pronoun "he," in this passage, refers to Ham. First, they both begin with H—and next, on this supposition, the actual enslavement of the negro race, in the present and past ages, becomes a fulfilment of prophecy, clearly refuting the cavils of those infidel commentators who represent the rebellious and indomitable Canaanites as the designed objects of Noah's malediction.

tution (infinitely more weighty than any which the British subject can produce of his rights to his Queen), in the fact admission, and practical observance, North and South, not only of all that it actually contains, but of the provisions of an unwritten paragraph, universally assumed to exist under Sec. 2d (Privileges of Citizens) of Art. IV. (State Rights), to the following effect:

Any citizen of a slaveholding State is hereby authorized to question any stranger within the limits of such State as to his name and present abiding place, in thought, word and deed, to slavery; and if the answering, or mis-answering, or non-answering, of the person thus "put to the question" reveal any ground of suspicion that he, or any number of slaveholders shall form a quorum, hereby authorized to duck, tar and feather, pelt with rotten eggs, and expel from the State, by rail or otherwise, or if it seem preferable, in the case of the next train without delay, such suspected person, without responsibility to any tribunal except Public Sentiment.

The latest case recorded of proceedings under this authority (and in last week's *Liberator* from the *Boston Transcript*) was that of Mr. Theodore D. Parker, of this city, who, after being insolently catechised by his self-appointed Virginian censor, and after having humbly explained the difference between himself and Theodore Parker (the man without a D., but *with* a backbone), was dismissed with an order to write the D. *damned plain*, whenever he signed his name in that region.

Now, this particular incident may be a mere joke, manufactured from no other real material than the resemblance between the names, and Mr. Theodore D. Parker may not have conducted in the shabby manner imputed to him by the story; but I refer to it because it is the exact type of many real conversations which are constantly taking place between Northern men and Southern men, because all slaveholders assume the right to make this sort of impertinent inquisition; and because the great majority of Northern men who travel at the South quietly submit to it, in many cases without even a suspicion that they are degraded by so doing.

It has happened to me frequently, in debate with both Northern and Southern men on the subject of slavery, to be told that Abolitionists would have no difficulty in travelling or residing at the South, if they would keep their opinions to themselves, and be careful not to talk to the coloured people, nor take anti-slavery newspapers, nor let themselves be publicly known as Abolitionists; and the minds of these persons had become so accustomed to the requisition of this inquisitorial slavery by Southern men, and its concession by Northern doughfaces, that they really saw nothing objectionable in it; really failed to perceive that such conduct is a cowardly surrender of liberty of speech, and a cowardly surrender on the other, of that indispensable safeguard of liberty, freedom of speech and of the press.

I is referable, in contrast with the demeanour of these white slaves, to read the eminently perpendicular letter recently addressed, through the newspapers, to the Reverend Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who, if not upright before God, has at least the merit of being downright before men. To be sure, that letter was very impudent; but there was the legitimate occasion for impudence, and the amplest justification of it. In fact, it was impossible for a vertebrate man, with the power of feeling contempt, to refrain from giving so much of a shove with his foot to the human caterpillar that had crawled up to him, after dark, on such an errand. With his wit, and his Southern independence, and *such* an occasion, Wise could do no less.

It must be admitted that, however the slaveholders may fall short of being just, humane, democratic or Christian, they possess, eminently, this element of *manliness*, that

"They know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

However erroneous may be their assumption of a right to buy and sell human beings, they understand the real right of manfully expressing their own opinions, and would scorn the idea of submitting to be gagged.

The contemptuous letter of Mr. Wise was elicited by the offer of a mean person, in a mean manner, to do a favour to him and his cause; to *cooperate* with him, in a thing which he has so much at heart as the support of slavery. He liked the thing to be done, but couldn't stand the sneaking manner in which the Reverend Nehemiah proposed to do it. He would have trented with the same contempt, he would have spurned the defence of slavery by President Lord, of Dartmouth College (noticed in the last *Liberator*), though nothing would delight him more than to have a man in that high station openly take such ground, and do it by assertion, instead of by interrogative insinuation. But if the manhood of

ference proposed the curtailment of some *real* right? What would he say on being informed that he might travel at the South if he would only say nothing in defence of slavery; avoid the society of known doughfaces; never be seen reading the *Courier* or *Advertiser*; give a prompt account of his affairs, whenever he was asked any inquiring Abolitionist; and make it "damned plain," on all occasions, that he is not *that* Henry A. Wise who defends slavery in Virginia! Ye gods! the wind would be tempered to the shorn lamb! Yet the Yankees systematically bear this dictatorial impertinence, and comply with it, as a matter of course, without suspecting that they are disgraced by it. Not one in ten of the Northern editors who have copied the Parker story above referred to, and not one in a thousand of its Northern readers, have even conceived the idea that, without a joke or a lie, it implies an amount of disgrace to themselves, which should make them hang their heads for shame.

How can those be helped who do not recognise their need of help! It is true of the Yankees, as of the Greeks, that

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

but what shall be done for those slaves who not only obey, "with alacrity," all the commands of their masters, but are frightened at their occasional threat of laying down the whip, and leaving them to take care of themselves? There needs a redeemer of this whole people in the principles of freedom, and, as a preliminary step towards this, an understanding that such redeemers, such as Dr. Adams and President Lord assume to be teachers of Christianity.—C. W. K.—*Liberator.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE trial for slave trade piracy, ending in the conviction of the accused party, Captain James Smith, of the brig Julia Moulton, which has just taken place in the United States District Court of this City, suggests the most mournful reflections. It is here established beyond denial that the slave trade will flourish in Africa so long as the merchants profits of this City, and the cruelties of the darkest crimes of the darkest ages are pharisaically countenanced by parties claiming to be honest. It is, of course, certain that the captain and crew of the ship are not the only pirates engaged in that pirate transaction; they are ship-builders and mercantile speculators involved with them, though with them not brought to justice. It is equally clear that the case of the Julia Moulton is one of many, with the difference simply that this one is found out. On this head we presently shall have a word to say, but let us look into the facts of this particular trip.

It was proved that the ship was built in Maine; purchased in Boston by Capt. Smith, in January last; proceeded to the Island of Newport, on the 5 February, and brought to this port, whence she was cleared on the 11th February with a crew of about fifteen men. She was a regular *slaver*, holding 664 human beings stolen from Africa, packed like herring—and how many haplly died never known overboard you we cannot learn, as the counsel for the defence objected to an answer to a question designed to shed light on that branch of the peculiar institution. It was given in evidence that the captain told the mate that the real owner was a personage named Lemos, and that the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul went with him to Boston to purchase the vessel. The defence made for the prisoner was that he was not an American—and especially that a Custom-House oath should not be required of him. Captain Smith had been naturalized, and was considered an American citizen—though a German by birth—and was sworn accordingly. It is not necessary for us to recapitulate the details of the trial, as they have already been reported in our columns, but the following extracts from it are too pregnant with meaning not to be noticed:

"Mr. McKeon, District-Attorney, addressed the jury. He contended that the transaction was a most flagrant violation of the laws. He little thought, he said, when he assumed the office he now held, that he should so soon discover that *New York is the very depot of this nefarious traffic.* The testimony in this case showed that the Julia Moulton was fitted out at this port expressly for the slave trade. It was not that Smith, the prisoner, was the master. The provisions taken on board, and other circumstances, were proof. They finally took on board, on the coast of Africa, what they designated cargo. There were 664 human beings crowded on board a small vessel, seated, in day time, on the deck, one within the extended legs of the other, as close as possible, and laid at night on their right sides, stowed also as closely as possible—the object of placing them on the right side being that the action of the heart would be more free. She made the coast of Cuba at a point directed by the instructions, and it is singular that a man-of-war has not been directed to cruise at such a point to prevent such landings. * * * As to the oaths at the Custom-House, it has been said that they are lightly administered. It might have been said that they are lightly taken. Here is this man, who has solemnly sworn that he is a citizen of the United States, and has signed to that effect, and he must be holden to it. The indictment says that the vessel was owned by said Smith, a citizen of the United States, or by some other citizen to the jurors unknown. It has been shown by a witness that the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul was said to have been interested in the vessel. Mr. Figueiere, the Consul, in order to do away with that, has sworn that he was not, and present also swears that he had no secretary. Who is this man? He declined to answer questions put to him in relation to this vessel, and it is to be regretted, from the appearance, that there are slave traffickers among us, bearing the seal of foreign power. The District-Attorney alluded to a figure put forth by Mr. O'Conor in his argument, that the District Attorney was grasping next in the dark for a dagger with which to make his threats. *There are real daggers*, the District-Attorney said, in the darkness, and they are used in *this traffic in this City, and any man's life is in danger who attempts to expose them.* But for himself, even if I should lose my life, I will fearlessly do my duty."

An examination of ships' papers at the Custom-House, for years past, proves that the oath of the master of a slaver, that he is not the master but a citizen of the United States, which by law he is required to be, is omitted—apparently with the design of shielding the wretches who man the slaver, and navigate her to a slave cargo. The men, too, who sell rice, and they who sell the shackles, know, likewise, that such oaths are omitted. Yet, for the sake of these facts, and of the belief of intelligent merchants that, on an average, a slave ship, almost openly fitted out in this City, sails every week, and that of New York about every two weeks throughout the year, our authorities take no cognizance of the matter! And here we have now the first conviction under this law, which has been in force for many years. And why was even this case discovered? Because of a squabble between this convicted wretch and his mate for the profit—the sum at issue being some $400, and both parties, doubtless, being here in this City ready to engage in another slave speculation.

There are now in New York, wallowing in wealth, living in sumptuous palaces up town, and driving splendid equipages, men called merchants "merchant princes" is a term sometimes applied—who have for years, uninterruptedly, been engaged in the infernal slave trade, and who, if they had their deserts, according to law, would be swinging on a gallows as high as Haman. By chance, the way is now opened; one villain is thus convicted, and he is sacrificed to their guilty, and a score or a hundred more may be found equally guilty.

The verdict of this Jury, and the sentence of death that will probably be passed on the convicted slaver, only set into more striking contrast the humane conduct of our domestic slave trade. We hang Capt. Smith, and the public sentiment approves the punishment, while men who deal not in brute Africans, but in native Americans, and their sons and daughters, are honoured as Judges, Generals, and Congressmen. It is a strange world, and the model Republic is not the least of its peculiarities.—*Tribune.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.—IMPORTANT TRIAL.

IN the United States Circuit Court sitting in this City, one Captain James Smith has been convicted of having been engaged in the *slave trade* between the Coast of Africa and the Island of Cuba. The sentence of the law, which for this offence was suspended in order that his counsel might take the necessary steps to move for a new trial. The facts which were proved in this case were substantially these: In January last, Capt. Smith went to Boston, where he purchased the brig Julia Moulton, cleared her in ballast for Newport, and on the 3d of February brought her to this port. Here he engaged one James Wills as mate, telling him that he was going on a slave-trading voyage, agreeing to pay him $40 a month for the outward voyage, and from $1,200 to $2,000 for the passage back. A crew was shipped of about fifteen persons, mostly Portuguese, and a large quantity of provisions, water, &c., with lumber, was taken on board. On the 11th of February the brig cleared from this port, and on the following week, Captain Smith pointed out to the mate a Portuguese *Consul, at this port*, had accompanied him to Boston and aided him in the purchase of the vessel. The ship was described by the mate as a regular slaver, holding 664 human beings stowed as closely as possible, and laid on their sides. The purpose was to carry so receive a cargo of slaves were made. At the end of sixty days, they made land on the coast of Africa at a place called Kabenda, where they were boarded by a boat which brought instructions, in accordance with which they cruised at sea for ten days longer, and then put in at a place called Ambriz, in the Portuguese possession, and well known as a *dépôt* for the slave trade. Here, in the course of two or three days, the ship received a cargo of human beings, *including forty women, were brought on board and stowed away as cargo in the hold of the brig.* They were placed in the hold, and the hatches were kept off, and another—were taken out occasionally to be fed and aired, and, after a voyage of sixty-five days, were landed on the South coast of Cuba. They were seen on shore in lighters, under the care of a person who said he was the consignee, and the *American Consul* at that port. The furniture of the ship was delivered to the consignee, and the ship herself burned. Wills, the mate, came to this city in the brig Marcellus, where he again met Capt. Smith, who requested him to make a voyage due him on his contract, amounting to about $440, whereupon Wills imparted the nature of the voyage to a Mr. Dunham, and they went in legal form before the authorities. The result was the arrest, trial and conviction of Captain Smith.

We believe this is the *first* time in which a conviction of being engaged in the African slave trade has ever been had in this City—and this is due entirely to a disagreement between the captain and his mate, about a paltry sum, or a trifling sum of money. Yet, as we have stated, in the *Times, scarcely a month passes in which there are not some vessels suspected of this trade, which remain at once in the slave trade and land their cargoes on the coast of Cuba.* The facts given in evidence on this trial show that it is really this is done, and with what perfect impunity, so long as the parties engaged in it are satisfactorily paid for keeping silent. In order to a conviction, the vessel concerned must be found in the possession of the mate or in part by an American citizen, or else the party accused must himself be a citizen. The first proviso is a farce, for the mate is paid off the last by procuring a foreigner, usually a Portuguese, as commander. The only defence attempted in this case rested upon this point. It was claimed that Mr. Smith was naturalized German, and it was also asserted and partly proved that the ship was *paid for by the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul at this port.*

This last point is one that ought immediately to engage the attention of the Government. If the Secretary of a Foreign Consul, acting for or indirectly—or suffers his Secretary to be engaged—in so flagrant a violation of the laws of the United States, his exequatur ought to be instantly revoked.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

WELL, DONE, CINCINNATI.—The Western Tennessean are still frothing and resolving about the Sabbath Resolution, which Mr. Longworth, when he inserted a week or two ago in our columns, were transmitted to the Mayor of Cincinnati. They required of the Cincinnatians, that inasmuch as Mr. Blackwell, who participated in the rescue, was a resident of their city, they should make a public expression of their disapproving of the rescue, otherwise the merchants of Memphis would discontinue all commercial intercourse with the City, and slay Jo de all Yankees they could find trade of the South therefrom.

The Mayor of Cincinnati transmitted the document to the Chamber of Commerce. Resolutions were presented and advocated by some members of that body, in the spirit required by the Memphis Chamber of Commerce. But the majority of the members decided to lay the whole matter and communication with the message that it referred to matters not it, but brought before the Chamber of Commerce. So it seems, happily, that a public opinion has formed, which is not all to be frightened by this child's play of the slave-holders. Time was, when they trembled at such threats; but they have now learned to estimate them at something like their true value, and they cease to disturb their equanimity.—*The Buffalo Republic.*

A new English publication, intended specially for booksellers, and called the *Intelligencer*, has the following paragraph: "Mrs. Stowe is a large *slaveholder*. And this is the manner in which her slaves are numerous, and, what slaves are not generally so, remarkable; more than half of them are free, slaves of capital, and are actually doing very good business at the present moment. They are the publishers of London. From the moment *Uncle Tom's Cabin* landed here, these London publishers had no rest. Directly it came out, there were a dozen of them reprinting it, each running frantically all over the country with his own little shilling book; when morning, it was Uncle Tom. With Eva, Eva, Eva, rang the woods. The sale of the London publishers at that time was one fever of the mad. Them there came a lull. They rested from their labours. *Uncle Tom* disappeared gradually from shop windows, from railway stations, from back kitchen corners, and the book trade we had a little peace. Several of the publishers went down to the coast to recruit, after the tremendous wear and tear of such a fearful excitement."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1854.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

New Moment—Anti-Slavery Tracts.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have recently issued, and extensively circulated through the Free States, the following Letter. The tracts proposed are now in course of preparation. Four have already been written, and are in the Committee's hands, ready for publication. The ablest and most uncompromising anti-slavery writers are engaged in the work, and the immediate donations or pledges of all who approve the work are needed, and are earnestly solicited.

DEAR FRIEND: The present is the most auspicious period for the diffusion of Anti-Slavery sentiments and the inculcation of Anti-Slavery principles that we have witnessed since the commencement of the enterprise, more than twenty years ago.

Besides the steady growth of our grand idea, through which we should naturally realize this result, the recent outrages of the Slave Power in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the carrying off of Burns, and other deeds of terrible atrocity, have suddenly startled thousands from their death-slumbers to the dreadful fact that Slavery is determined never to cease making greater and bolder aggressions on Liberty till no vestige of Freedom shall be left on our soil or in our souls. Yes, now, for the first time, eyes and ears, heretofore closed and deaf, are eagerly seeking to see and hear the truth, that they may make whatever effort is needful to save the slave, themselves, their children, and their country, from our present condition of suffering, of shame, or of guilt.

In this crisis, so favourable to our work, we propose to give the light so loudly demanded, by sending into the field as many devoted, efficient Lecturers, and by scattering throughout the country as many Tracts, as the friends of the cause will furnish us the means of supplying.

A series of twenty Tracts, concise, pithy, and stringent, and specially adapted to the present crisis, are now in preparation for the press, and will be stereotyped, and scattered broadcast through the country, so soon as the means shall be put into our hands.

We rely on your exertions and sacrifices to aid us in this enterprise.

The work must not be postponed. The best portion of the lecturing season is at hand. What is done must be done quickly, or half the good we might accomplish will be lost.

We entreat you, for your own soul's sake, for the slave's sake, for our country's sake, for the sake of the world's redemption, forward us such a donation as shall satisfy your conscience through time and through eternity, and, if possible, call on your friends and neighbours to enlarge the amount by their donations.

All remittances to be made to our Treasurer, FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, Mass. All moneys received will be acknowledged through the columns of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

On behalf of the Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Rec. Sec'y.*
FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treas.*

WHAT WE OWE THE SLAVEHOLDERS.

"Touch them!—*i. e.* the people of the North—"that the first question you put to them is, Are you the master of the slave?"—*Hon. Henry A. Wise to N. Adams, D.D.*

WE readily accept the counsel. If, at any time, in the sympathy which the sight of suffering have forgotten for a while the condition and character of the oppressor, or even felt, when we remembered him, something of the indignation which tyranny and meanness are wont to rouse in the heart, yet we cannot dwell long on the thought of the tyrant without feeling that there is in the case not only the sinned against, but the sinning; that the one as well as the other is a human being, endowed with large capacities, and destined to a glorious end; and that, so far as we can reach either by our words or our deeds, we owe to both the same duty of love and service. Nay, whatever may have been the immediate excitement to our efforts in behalf of universal freedom, we think it not difficult to prove that the movement itself and its final issue must, of necessity, do quite as much for the master as for the slave.

The sheer nonsense—the pretence, deserving simply to be met and put down by one burst of overwhelming ridicule—that the Negro belongs to another than the Human race, may be just dismissed as asking no second thought. Here, then, is no difference. If any person, leaving this ground, should come to that of country and patriotism, what advantage here hath the European over the African, the African over the European? The same soil has been tilled by the hands of both for now more than two hundred years; the memories of ancestors, the attachment of family, the relations to a country, the common parent of us all, belong equally to the Negro and the White. To all these endearments the American of European descent has a claim almost as rightful as the American of African descent. Perhaps not quite; for the latter has had no share in the rapacity and violence, the fraud and injustice, by which the former so often gained and established his possession of lands belonging to other tribes of men. That dark page is turned over; let us try to write the future in brighter characters. What we wish is simply to fix the impression that, as all Americans are alike men, so none the less are they countrymen; thence both humanity and patriotism demand an equal interest in them all. If Mr. Wise's slaves are men, we would not forget that he is a man also; if they are Americans, be it confessed that he is an American; if by these designations they are our brethren, so by both is he, too, our brother.

So far we have gone no further than to acknowledge the application of the principle involved in our motto. No further in direct expression. Further, perhaps, in this: While the words only ask that the master be considered as well as the slave, the meaning may be, "Let the slave altogether alone. Put him out of your thought wholly. The only duty which the North owes to the South is oblivion of the entire subject." We may take the words, however, as they stand; as if they meant, in good faith, that we owe duty to both master and slave. This is true, but not the whole truth. The master is both the worse and the worse off. So, perhaps, our very Abolitionism may incite and urge us to even a deeper feeling for slaveholders than that to which devout churchmen and undevout statesmen have been so long pressing us.

Men have always considered avarice the source of wealth; but they have seldom reflected on the converse of this law. Livy, wailing over the corruption of Rome, refers the introduction of avarice to the possession of riches: *divitiæ avaritiam invexere.* The particular fact may be broadened into an universal statement. If inward principles produce outward developments, it is equally certain that these developments react upon the soul, and excite to greater life, power and activity the principles themselves from which they proceed and to which they correspond. The withdrawment, moreover, of the outward forms and environments brings about the suspension of the inward forms and qualities. Hence the Homeric saying, so often quoted, so often verified, Slavery destroys half the virtue of the man, grounds itself in the unchangeable order of the universe. Slavery withdraws from the man those conditions of his existence whose electric influences rouse and quicken his internal capacities; slavery surrounds him with those conditions or forms of existence which, on the contrary, rouse and cherish the lower qualities of our nature. Here, perhaps, we may have sometimes stopped, forgetting that slavery can never be suffered without being inflicted, and that where there is the slave, there must be the tyrant. Take, then, again, the Homeric saying, join with it the suggestion of the Roman historian, carry both to the Bible which shines through them: what then? The possession of slaves, to say nothing of the guilt or innocence of the act in itself, impairs the virtue of the man; like riches in other forms, it introduces avarice, it engenders proud and selfish ambition, it surrounds the master with sensual excitements and with ample opportunities for that indulgence which feeds and reproduces the gross and unhallowed appetite. Let the lion paint as well as the man; let the slave describe the master, as the master has thus far described the slave; then we might hear other words, we might see the other side of the picture, darker as it should look on us than the darkness which even now it throws over us. The common nature of man is thereby girded round by the forms and the instruments of despotism. Pride, lust, avarice, first developed in their fulness by those occasions, grow continually by that they feed on. Tell us of kindness; everywhere it is marred by supercilious condescension. Kindness—that is, the brotherly love which recognises identity of kind, which embraces the universal kindred of humanity—this has here no place. Not humane kindness, but descent from a proud height to help the lowly and the weak, this is the highest generosity which despotism knows. Its very beneficence is an insult. Look, then, to the fields which it commands its victims to cultivate; to the families which its will creates or dissolves; to the sensual attractions, of which, thank God! the proof is not to seek, graven in characters and hues which the eye reads at a glance on the countenance of man or woman. It is enough. God has not left himself without witness. The destruction of virtue, the introduction of damning lust, the uncontrollable despotism of the heart, cannot be concealed. The existence of the mulatto born of the enslaved parent proclaims to mankind that, however low the nature of man may be sunken by bearing slavery, it has sunken lower by creating it. The slave, as such, is not sinful; his condition weakens his virtue, strengthens his tendencies to vice. The master, as such, we might say, makes himself sinful; we do say, his condition is worse than that of his victim for weakening his virtue, for strengthening his tendencies to vice. Surely, our "first duty is no more owing to the slave than to the master of the slave."—Frederick Douglass, for instance, innocent of the outrage which preceded his birth, than to the ancestor of Frederick Douglass, imbruting himself by his base indulgencies, and humbling woman in his contempt of her purity.

The slaveholding interest is quite ready to claim that we owe to it respect and protection, land and opportunities for spreading and strengthening itself, administrations, constitutional provisions, legal enactments, judicial sentences, fugitive slave bills and Kansas territories, Mexican provinces and West Indian islands, silence concerning the evils of slavery, agitations in behalf of the infernal power; these, and things like these, it never hesitates to hold forth as instruments of service

[illegible] what the slaves, but, some how, the same slaveholding interest acknowledges no duty to the master in aid of the slave, no duty to the slave as son of God and from the Father heir of inviolable freedom. The curse pronounced by Noah on Ham! For echoing that, it gives us thanks, perfectly ridiculous as the whole thing is in such an application. Perfectly ridiculous! Was Noah's curse the voice of God? Suppose Ham ever so deserving of the penalty, what has that to do with his descendants several thousand years after his death? Even granting both these points, who, forsooth, knows of any nearer relation between Ham and the American slave than between Ham and the American master? Yes! one thing at least we here at the North do owe to the master: it is to leave off this silly, contemptible nonsense by which we help him support his claim; to abandon this impious pietism by which we flatter his wickedness into hypocritical religion, as well as those democratic autocracies by which we reach out our hands to hold his tyrannies in their place as foundations of republican freedom. This debt, indeed, we are not asked to discharge; but the debt we are held to owe and required to pay, that is very large, including universal subserviency, personal, political, ecclesiastical, to whatever the master chooses to demand of us, passive thralls of his will, busy ministers to his power and interest.

Yes! we accept the word which the imperious caviler, the reckless politician, the murderous duellist, has spoken in smooth-tongued divine. We do owe something to the master; we might even thank him for reminding us of it. We owe generous, spontaneous, manly indignation; we owe the distinct and emphatic expression of that indignation; we owe the utterance of a voice so loud, so clear, so decisive that his ear cannot fail to hear, that his heart cannot avoid feeling, that his will cannot choose but acknowledge it energetic as itself. We owe him our service in disabusing his mind of the excuses which we have so sedulously furnished for his misdeeds; we owe him a truer interpretation of the Bible, which we have shorn of its divineness that we might palliate the tyranny or transfigure it to justice and kindness; we owe him a purer ascendancy of the Higher Law, to the degradation of which even the mountains, those glorious types of its purity, its elevation and its permanence, have been desecrated by Northern lips; we owe him word and deed, instinct with living power, proclaiming and embodying the Divine Spirit throned in the Conscience, and calling him, in the name of the Eternal, to repent of his sin and turn to a holier course. We owe him gentleness of demeanour, as well as inward love and sympathy; not the tameness of the coward or the sluggard, but some thing of higher strain, the gentleness of courage, the gentleness of the allegoric Knight

"Yclad in mighty arms and silver shielde,"

going forth on great adventure, determined never to rest until those arms have essayed their virtues on the stern and horrible Dragon, that infernal Fiend, which, with foul breath, has already stretched itself over all the land, and is even now wasting it with serpent train,

"Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine."

We owe, perhaps, argument; though here seems room for doubt, inasmuch as argument supposes a question, and anticipates, moreover, seriousness, if not candour, of attention. But—to say nothing of attention, which, in its arrogance and power, the South refuses to yield—the wrong of slavery contains no question; reason, interest, love, the whole nature of man, the living inspiration of the Father, all pronounce it so clearly, that where man has ever thought of it as his own doom or the doom of his family or friend, we are not aware there was ever hesitation or doubt. The duty of securing and guarding the freedom of every soul, who questions this? The establishment of justice, the protection of freedom, even slaveholders will assert to be the very end of government, the purpose as the interest of society and of law. It may be better, perhaps, that we refuse, as the South has done so often, to stand on the ground of argument. Not argument, but a stronger than argument; we may owe to the South, for its good, a stronger word? The word sounds hard; the thing to many seems unbecoming, unchristian, inhuman. What? Even that for which the pioneers of the anti-slavery enterprise have been so long and so loudly censured—DENUNCIATION! That is the debt we owe, that the duty to be done, to the master of the slave. The DENUNCIATION is the herald or messenger; his message he must pronounce, announcing it truly always; announcing it as cheerful, if it be of good cheer; otherwise if it be not. Sin, he must denounce as sin; to the door of evil he must speak out the solemn denunciation, and as it may be to the messenger, exciting or irritating as it may be to the guilty. Whatever there is of freedom; whatever of the Word which speaketh evermore through the world; whatever of the spirit with which the Almighty hath endowed us; whatever of the prophetic experience which has learned from our own miseries to succour the miserable, from our sins and errors to recall the sinful and the wandering; whatever of irrepressible aspiration, not that man may cease from suffering so much as that they may cease from sinning; whatever, in one word, of Divine inspiration or of human love in our souls, calls on us to fulfil the duty which we owe to the masters of slaves in our dissolved Union, exposing the enormity of their deed, the wretchedness of their condition, the guilt which they have contracted, and the abyss toward which it is driving both themselves and their country. The Hour calls aloud for the Man; for the Man, to repeat, as has not yet been uttered, the DIVINE DENUNCIATION. Who hath ears to hear? Who hath voice to speak?

ANNEXATION OF CUBA—THE PROSPECT.

THE Congress of American Diplomatists lately held at Ostend, if we may believe the statements of the *New York Herald*, copied by us last week, agreed to recommend that the Government of the United States should declare, in effect, that its safety and interest demanded that it should *purchase or take Cuba at once.* Such, according to that paper, was the nature of the dispatches brought by Mr. McRae, American Consul at Paris. It was also asserted that France and England were favourable to the sale of Cuba to the United States; and the President was exhorted to strike a decisive blow without delay. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the object of the Conference, whatever may have been its results, was to promote the Annexation conspiracy. Last week, our readers will see, we inferentially feel the deepest interest in whatever may seem to throw light upon its proceedings; and therefore we copy the following version of the affair from the *Daily Times*, premising only that we believe that journal likely to be well informed on the subject, and that it would not intentionally mislead the public. According to this account, Mr. Soulé's projects of Annexation have all failed, and the slaveholders see no short cut to achieving the purpose short of a forcible and piratical seizure of the long coveted Queen of the Antilles. Whether the President, in view of the result of the recent elections, will have the boldness to resort to that measure, is somewhat doubtful.

From the Times of Monday.

The project of the meeting (at Ostend) was due mainly to the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution. The Spaniards were alarmed in consequence of that event lod to the dispatch of Mr. Sickles to Washington, for instructions as to the line of policy to be pursued by our Minister, American interests are likely to be affected by it. The Administration had meanwhile been watching the progress of European affairs for more accurate information. Mr. Sickles found his instructions, both these gentlemen were instructed to make inquiries upon the following points:

1. Whether Cuba could be *purchased* from any Cabinet which the Revolution was likely to bring into power.

2. Whether, if the purchase of Cuba should be found impracticable, the diplomatic independence of the Governor-General of that Island might not be secured.

3. What was the general state of feeling among the people, and what were the strength and prospects of the Annexation element in the several States of Continental Europe.

To defray the expense of this mission, a credit of $100,000 was placed with a banking-house in London—a sum too large for mere inquiries, but not large enough for the more important movement which was probably in contemplation.

The Spanish Government, it is known, any arrangement with the new Spanish Government. Espartero gave a very distinct refusal to the overture that the purchase of Cuba. The circumstances, only offer opportunities for comfortable quarrels to a Cabinet that lives upon pretexts. "As long as I am at the head of the Queen's Government," Espartero is said to have replied to Mr. Soulé, shortly before he left Madrid, "there shall be no unwillingness nor any delay to settle amicably with, and give full satisfaction and satisfaction for unforeseen grievances to the United States Government. The Cabinet of Madrid has not the power to grant the Annexation authority in favour of a local Administration, which, from being under the excitement of events passing in its immediate vicinity, would complicate rather than settle such international difficulties as may arise—Individual actions not being sufficiently reliable, between any two countries." Having failed in this, and two inquiries, the special mission, the *Congress of Ambassadors* was called together for the purpose of preparing a Cuba, and thus hastening back to Spain to execute projects concocted by himself and Buchanan when, on arriving at Calais, he was asked to show his passports, and, having done so, was requested to step into an inner room of the *Bureau de Police.* Here he was told that he must leave the country by the next steamer, and that he would not be allowed in the meanwhile to go anywhere out of Calais, being in fact placed under *surveillance.*

"There must be a mistake, sir," said our Minister; "do you know who I am?"

"There is not the slightest mistake, sir," was the reply; "you are Mr. Soulé, the Ambassador of the United States of America at the Court of Spain, and I have orders not to let you pass."

"Where are your orders, sir?" asked Mr. Soulé.

"This is no business of yours, sir; these orders are for me, and I am acting upon them," said the Commissary.

The disconcerted and indignant minister returned to London by the first steamer, whereupon, we are told, there was "an immense excitement in American circles," in which Mr. Buchanan and the virtuous Mr. Sickles participated. The general feeling was that the refusal to allow Mr. Soulé to pass through France was a direct insult to the American people. The talk was of demanding prompt satisfaction, and, as a final resort, of war! Mr. Buchanan was about to send Sickles to Paris on a mission of inquiry, when there arrived a special messenger from Mr. Mason, the American Minister to France, for consultation as to what should be done in this emergency. It was believed by many that, in case the French Government should refuse to apologize, Mr. Mason would demand his passports.

The reasons for Mr. Soulé's arrest and expulsion had not been officially declared, but those who are familiar with these secret Parliaments can easily understand why he should be particularly obnoxious to the Emperor of the French. The simple truth is, that the Governments of Europe regard him as an incendiary and conspirator; and the French authorities, wishing to assert their right to manage their own "domestic concerns" in their own way, and to rebuke interference with their "peculiar institutions," chose to deny him the privilege of passing over their territory. We d

THE WESTERN FIELD—LETTER FROM MR. FOSS.

BATTLE CREEK, Calhoun Co., Mich., November 7, 1854.

DEAR FRIENDS EDITORS: Permit me to say through the STANDARD a word to the friends of the anti-slavery cause, in reference to the prospect of success in this Western field. I have now been some two weeks in Northern Indiana and Michigan, and have spoken nearly every day, and frequently twice in the same day, generally to large and earnestly attentive audiences.

I have given five lectures in Lima, two in Ontario, four in Greenfield, one at Lagrange Centre, two in Brushy Prairie, Ind., attended the annual meeting of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society, and, in connection with the compact and able discourse of our course, C. S. S. and Josephine S. Griffing, held five meetings in Angola, one in Brookville and three in Orland, and have now just closed, with the above named friends and Charles Burleigh, an interesting a Convention in this place as I ever witnessed.

In all our meetings we have sought to keep prominently before the people the true issue, "No Union with Slaveholders." We have criticised the doings of the ecclesiastical bodies of the land with freedom and fidelity. We have held up the pro-slavery character of the Constitution of the United States to the contempt and shame of the assembled people. We have accused the political parties of subserviency to the Slave Power, and we have not failed to prove the charge. Some defence of the Church was attempted by a Baptist minister, at Angola and Brookville, but it ended in his own confusion and shame.

The adherents to the Church are now mostly, indeed, without the pretext that the Church is entirely indefensible, and few will venture the attempt at this ungodly and satanic work. Very many have said to us, "I know that your charges are true; I know and deplore the pro-slavery character of the Church and her ministry, but I feel that I can do more good to remain in her connection than I could if I separated myself from her." I once thought so too; and, for more than twenty years of the best of my days, wasted my strength in the fruitless attempt to reform the Church and turn her great influence into the cause of God and humanity. What a miserable and foolish philosophy is this! that "I can do more good by occupying a *wrong* position than by standing in a *right* one." The most effectual testimony which we can bear against any wrong and sinful body is in separating from it. Indeed, this is the only effectual testimony we can bear. The pulpit clans have learned their philosophy from the Church. But they acknowledge, as many have done within a few days past, that we are right, that their action cannot be defended on eternal principles, but yet they think they can "do more good" by remaining in the political parties for the present!

To-day, as you are aware, is the annual election in this State, as well as in your own, and in Illinois. Last Saturday evening, Senator Stuart lectured here in defence of his course in voting for the Kansas and Nebraska bill. Mr. Colfax, member of Congress elect from Indiana (a Fusionist), had spoken during the afternoon. As Mr. Burleigh was to deliver an address on Woman's Rights, it was proposed by the Fusionists that I should attend the meeting of Senator Stuart, and he called out at the close of his speech for a reply. By the advice of his friends, he consented to them, however, the call was made, Charles Burleigh having entered the Hall fifteen minutes before, I resigned in his favour, by stating that as the Senator had only repeated what had been replied to a hundredth time by others, Mr. B. would therefore be nearly as well prepared to reply as if he had heard the Senator.

Mr. Stuart left the Hall, and his friends, to the number of about two hundred, rushed to the entry at the head of the stairs, where they lingered, and spell-bound and mad, till the end.

Burleigh poured out a torrent of eloquence such as time had he can do, demolishing not only the positions of the Senator and his party, but the positions of the Fusionists themselves. O! it was rich to see the Fusionists shouting and stamping, in a perfect tornado of enthusiasm, at the demolition of their enemies, while they themselves fared not a whit better. As I had taken pretty copious notes of Stuart's speech, it was proposed that I should make a more formal reply on Monday evening, which I was nothing loath to do. The meeting was crowded to the full extent of the Hall, and we had a lively time.

Never before have I seen such a demand for anti-slavery lectures as there and here. Our friends here are in the highest spirits and hope.

Our philosophy of reform, founded as it is in truth and the right, is taking a deep hold upon the minds and hearts of the people. We only need the means and the men to bring the great people not less to the rescue of the slave from his iron bond than themselves from their false idols and worthless hopes. And I cannot doubt that the good and the true will furnish both the one and the other. Forever for the right,

A. T. FOSS.

MINISTER SOULE IN TROUBLE.—The peppery gentleman who was selected by the renowned Franklin Pierce to represent the interests of our Slaveholding Oligarchy at the Court of Spain, has succeeded, by his restless, fussy and impertinent interference with European affairs, in provoking the Emperor Napoleon to deny him the privilege of passing through the territory of France on his way from London to Madrid. He had been up to the English Capital, probably, to promote his darling conspiracy for the immediate Annexation of Cuba, and was hastening back to Spain to execute projects concocted by himself and Buchanan when, on arriving at Calais, he was asked to show his passports, and, having done so, was requested to step into an inner room of the *Bureau de Police.* Here he was told that he must leave the country by the next steamer, and that he would not be allowed in the meanwhile to go anywhere out of Calais, being in fact placed under *surveillance.*

"There must be a mistake, sir," said our Minister; "do you know who I am?"

"There is not the slightest mistake, sir," was the reply; "you are Mr. Soulé, the Ambassador of the United States of America at the Court of Spain, and I have orders not to let you pass."

"Where are your orders, sir?" asked Mr. Soulé.

"This is no business of yours, sir; these orders are for me, and I am acting upon them," said the Commissary.

The disconcerted and indignant minister returned to London by the first steamer, whereupon, we are told, there was "an immense excitement in American circles," in which Mr. Buchanan

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent quotesh poetry and stateth facts—He disserteth on the Four Parties—And on the Fifth—He rejoiceth in the prospect of confusion and scruffeth the battle star off—He calleth Gigantology to his aid and illustrateth by Jack the Giant-killer—Quoteth monuteth from his Allegory—His account of Mr. Gardner and of his treatment by Wendell Phillips Allen—His advice to parties as to treatment of candidates—Officer Buttman at Worcester—Military measures compared—Arrests and Bail—Stephen Foster and the Philistines—Grand Jury—Presentment of a Grand Jury—Friends of Original Sin—The Correspondent maketh a recommendation and enforceth it—Judge Curtis on Conspiracy. &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, NOV. 13, 1854.

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Know-Nothings, Whigs, Republicans (the new *alias* by which the Free-Soilers choose to be called "out of their own name") and Democrats. Or, to descend from the clouds (which is of the less importance, inasmuch as the clouds have descended upon us), this is Election Day, and it is raining in the most spiteful and disobliging way possible. I have often accused the Clerk of the Weather of being a Whig or a Democrat, according to his dispensation of his favours; but I think he must have come over, this year, to the non-jurring Garrison party, and be bending his energies to the hindering of the liege from exercising their divine right of suffrage. What the effect of this watering of politics will be can be better told to-morrow than to-day, though one would think they had been diluted enough already, in all conscience.

At any rate, they are *communised* enough, as there are four parties regularly in the field, as above suggested, not to mention a fifth, less numerous, perhaps, than some of these elder parties, but yielding to none in weight of character and respectability. I mean the one headed by your late Corresponding Editor, unless he is basely deserted at the polls by his partisans. This organization, numbering seldom less than *five* votes and sometimes rising to as many as *seven*, has, for a series of years, voted for the distinguished candidate in question for the secondary office of Lieutenant-Governor, preferring over him, for reasons into which I do not care to enter, gentlemen who have contered, Mr. Wendell Phillips for that of Governor. But, this year, I am given to understand, juster views and a more enlightened policy will reverse the position of these names on the ticket and place them in their natural and proper relations towards each other. Though, indeed, I am assured that your late collaborator owes this promotion to my being accorded to him as a reward for my gunpowder defence of Mr. Commissioner Curtis against all assaults of his enemies at the time his life was in danger, and which he (the Editor and not the Commissioner) hath permitted to be attributed to him without contradiction, of which I have had occasion more than once to complain.

At any rate, I am happy to inform you that our parties are in as nice a mess as your own hearts could desire. There they are, tumbled together, pell-mell, higgley-piggley, heads and tails, making a very entertaining spectacle to an impartial spectator like myself. The prettiest comfort that is like to grow out of this state of things is the extermination of the Whigs, which is firmly expected and plously hoped, and will come to pass unless the Know-Nothings lie beyond all just sense of political morality. They say that they are strong enough even to carry Boston, the very Cronstadt or Sebastopol of Massachusetts Whiggery. If things turn out as they confidently expect, it will show that a large body of Whigs were discontented under the yoke they have worn so long and were glad of the chance of deserting their old tyrants, provided they could throw a Coat of Darkness, like Jack the Giant-killer's, so do it in. I know that it is Giant Pope that is their ostensible enemy; but I shall be content to have him escape provided they can only exterminate our two domestic giants, who profess to quarrel with one another, but both of whom have agreed to deliver any innocent travellers, poor pilgrims from the City of Destruction, that may fall into their hands. Out of the blood of this blessed massacre, it is to be hoped that armed men will spring up ready to fight face to face with the monsters that make the land a stench and an abomination, and hold not back their hands until they have utterly destroyed them. The Giant down in the South Country, with whom both of these are in league, is one far more crafty, treacherous and cruel than ever poor Giant Pope was, even before he had lost his teeth, as John Bunyan tells us he hath, and one that is as full of craft and growing daily in strength, and who will devour us all, before long, if he be not knocked on the head.

But to dismount from my Allegory, which Mrs. Malaprop tells us is one of the most headstrong of animals, before it carries me out of my depth, the Know-Nothing Movement seems to have struck terror into the hearts of the Whigs—terrors such as are excited by the substance of ten thousand men" and of ten thousand unmanlinded shades. The Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, Mr. Henry J. Gardner, has had to suffer for the bodily fear into which he has put them. This gentleman was taken, as was your Know-Nothing candidate, from the very straightest sect of Whigdom, even that which named the name of the martyred Daniel—only he did not consent (at that time) to the death of the Whig Party, but submitted to the Baltimore nomination. He was a rising man in that connection, active and busy and not without his promised reward, though it is not likely that he ever hoped for higher promotion than the Mayoralty of this City, or possibly a seat in Congress. But since he has joined the new Order and accepted its nomination, the way in which the Whig papers come down upon him is (or should be) a Caution to all political Cripples. They attack his sincerity, his veracity, his temperance and his very poetry. He as little dreampt of the rig he was going to run when he sent out his ode as John Gilpin did. Like a young bear, all his troubles were to come. But they came, and the cry all along has been "still they come." Judge Allen, of Worcester, let the attack, in a speech there, in which he "let in" to the Know-Nothings for putting up a man notoriously Anti-Temperance and Pro-Slavery. And here our candidate showed the weakness, shared, I believe, by yours, which is the badge of the whole tribe of candidates. He "disowned" the name "Letter-writing Lad." When will political parties take the advice which I have lavished upon them, over and over again? There are only two safe things that a party can do—either to nominate a man who can neither read nor write, or else, as soon as the nomination is made, to put him under lock and key, as cruel fathers and guardians do the young ladies on the stage, and never let him out until after Election. Mr. Gardner was ill-advised enough to reply to Judge Allen, which produced a rejoinder, of which the Whigs have made ample use. However, it is affirmed that the only practical effect has been to give him the Rum vote, without losing him that of the Maine Law men, who are ready to take him at his own account of himself rather than at Judge Allen's.

Talking of Worcester puts me in mind of the demonstration there on the occasion of the advent of Deputy Marshal Buttman. Of course, you have all the particulars. This man was the very identical man who arrested both Sims and Burns, under false pretences. He was the one whom honest Sims stabbed, and was only prevented from converting himself from a Georgia Slave into a Massachusetts murderer by the fact that the Maine Liquor Law was not at that time in full operation. When it was known that this wretch was in a decent city (we are used to such in Boston), it is no wonder that a popular excitement was aroused, even to the extent of endangering his life. I don't say it was right, observe; but it was uncommonly natural, according to our fallen condition. And it was certainly a beautiful arrangement that if should have been the Abolitionists, and the very ones whom he had come to the town to collect evidence against, that saved his miserable life, at the risk of their own. Of course, this excited great indignation on the part of all Hunkerdom, the Whig province of that kingdom as well as the Locofoco. It is thought that Governor Washburn may signalize the closing hours of his administration by ordering his own Body Guard to escort their gallant companion in arms, in the Burns campaign, back to Worcester, to enable him to vindicate the outraged majesty of the Fugitive Slave Law. And in case they should not be sufficient, we are confident the whole Sims Brigade will once again rush to arms in the same holy cause. Mr. Nelson, the man who first got the warrants against the malefactors and hold them to bail at a thousand dollars a head! Stephen Foster, declining to give bail (even *by-bail*), was carried in arms to the jail. I am afraid that they will find this malefactor a troublesome customer, and perhaps have to deal with him as they used to do with uncomfortable cases in the New Hampshire State Prison, viz., pardon them out to get rid of them! This will all work together for good, however, and he ought to praise God, as the wrath of man usually does.

Talking of the wrath of man, it is apprehended that this present United States Grand Jury for our District is as little likely to appease that of the virtuous Hallett as that he first attempted. No True Bills have as yet been reported against the Faneuil Hall miscreants for exciting the attack on the Court-House for the rescue of Burns. Really, this contumacy (if true) would be enough to convince one of the truth of the doctrine of Total Depravity, if one could have escaped conviction long since. It is high time that those institutions of the Grand and, yet more, the Petty Juries, so justly odious to our best and most learned Judges, were abolished. Only think how it would simplify matters if Attorney Hallett could lay a complaint before Commissioner Curtis or Loring, against, say, Wendell Phillips or Theodore Parker, for treason against the law, he tried, which should be held by Judge Curtis alone, or with only Judge Sprague as his Assessor! We doubt whether the ends of Justice will ever be accomplished until that good day arrives. There could not be the slightest question about the administration of Justice under these circumstances. For, in addition to the just reputation of Judge Curtis as learned in the law in all its ordinary branches, he has proved his fitness for political administration and decision, by the opinion he gave in the Massachusetts Legislature, the year Mr. Sumner was chosen Senator, viz., that the Coalition of Free Sellers and Democrats by which that choice was effected was *a Conspiracy indictable at Common Law!* Surely, such a man may be trusted. n. v.

Our Philadelphia Correspondent.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13, 1854.

RAIN after rain, and still the weather clears off warm and Delightful. The hazy days of the Indian Summer drop off one by one, and here, fenced in between parallel walls of glaring brick houses, we are compelled to waste away this most delicious of all seasons, with only now and then a glimpse of the tender blue of the sky overhead, or the chirp of a wild bird, that, in its passage to Southern sunshine, has lost it way in this artificial wilderness. Oh for another day on the banks of the Housatonic, or among the Berkshire hills—to stroll through the green meadows, a scramble up the rocky hill to its brow, brown with the colours of autumn, and the vast prospect of hill and dale, forest and stream! Few of our large seaboard cities, probably, have more charming environs than Philadelphia, and it is enough to say of the scenery of the Wissahiccon that it is thoroughly Pennsylvanian. By the way, it is a pity that our citizens in their summer tours, never think of exploring the magnificent scenery of the interior of our State; while thousands leave the city every summer for Cape May, Long Branch and Rockaway, or a tour up the Hudson, over your beautiful lakes to Niagara, there is scarcely one who ever thinks of hunting up the hidden beauties to be found within our own borders, among the Alleganies, by the wild and picturesque Juniata, and the grand Susquehanna, with its frowning cliffs and emerald isles. Why is it that our young men have exhibit any of that genuine love of the beautiful which leads the German student, during his summer vacation, to shoulder his knapsack for the tour of the Rhine, or to climb the mountains and explore the valleys of the Tyrol? I put the question and leave it to them to answer.

Have you ever, in any of your recent visits to our city, taken a stroll down Market street or to Logan square? If not, why, then—there is a treat in store for you during some future one. A mutual friend tells me, what I was not before aware of, that you have a passion for architecture, and in such a stroll as the one I have supposed your taste could not but be gratified, I should be sure (such is the variety in the style of the costly edifices there erected), were it not that I am convinced it is a cultivated one. As I have not visited your city for four or five years, I know not what changes have taken place among you recently in this respect, but with us they are most striking. Immense wealth has been accumulated in hands unused to it, accompanied by the desire, nearly universal in such cases, for display, without any of that preparatory discipline of the taste which would enable its possessors to expend it judiciously and enjoy it truly. The consequence has been the erection of block upon block of the most absurd edifices which you could well imagine, covered, in most instances—baluster, casement and cornice—with a profusion of gingerbread ornament, which must be a daily distress to all who are competent to judge of it. The manly, sincerity, which is not confined to the city; it has spread, in a modified, though not less insolent, form, into the country, where a romantic passion for "cottages" is becoming well-nigh universal. The fine old rural-looking stone country-houses are giving way to these new-fangled abominations, in every direction, which, in addition to all their other outlandish characteristics, have, almost without exception, an abortive third or fourth story. Fine old forest trees are unmercifully laven down to make room for these "improvements," and bright yellow "Italian villas" are shooting up as if by magic, crowned, not unfrequently, with the climax of a Chinese tower, to which the famous one at Pekin is a trifle. Into these previously inconceivable structures their delighted owners are retiring, and settling down into the comfortable conviction that they have adopted the most approved models of building hitherto produced by the united architectural genius of the civilized world. Some of them are emphatically of the Gothic style, and, for anything I know, many of them may be after models greatly in vogue among the Loo Choos or Belochees. Where it will all end, Heaven only knows, for this "constructive spirit" is still going on conquering, and apparently to conquer.

There is nothing new or especially stirring going on here; the elections are over, round the corners, and the money crisis is past without any great failures, at least very recently; we pay quietly, and with a good grace, as loyal subjects ought, to the General Government, Capt. Suttle's agent in his late slave-hunt in Boston, our share of the thirty thousand dollars, incident on that elegant republican diversion, and, like philosophic patriots, as we are, are, avoid falling into any fanatical excitement at the fines of thousands of dollars, inflicted by the afore-mentioned lawful and expert slave-catching agent on our neighbors, for a trip to Ohio, for the crime of aiding in the escape of Southern property, and look, with Christian serenity, on the whipping to death, by our brethren in Virginia, of superannuated slaves who are not in a condition longer to "make themselves generally useful."

A week or two ago, a party of one hundred and fifty persons left Connesuttville, in this State, for Kansas. If, on their arrival in that territory, they find, as the papers say, that their "Southern brethren" have resolved that no intruders from the free States shall have quarters there, they will, doubtless, concur in the wisdom of the decision, and, like good citizens abide by the principle of "popular sovereignty," thus exemplified, and which was so ably advocated by our representatives at the federal capital.

In our journalism I fancy I see an improvement—perhaps "the wish is father to the thought." The *Ledger* has, now and then, a really good leader, and seldom anything objectionable; and when it does say "Good Lord!" and "God Devil!" in the same breath, the former speculation seems to be the louder of the two. The well-fed *North American* dozes respectably in its arm-chair, after its dinner of roast turkey, oyster-sauce and plum-pudding; in a literary way, I have to tell you that the Lady's Book is still literarily literary, without any deterioration to its literary character, which, indeed, was not to be feared.

In the midst of the general dullness and stagnation, Mr. George M. Dallas, who, you will remember, was at one time suspected of a disposition to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country, in the capacity of President of the United States, has published a letter in reply to some one, sanctioning the proposition to form *Union Clubs*, which, it appears, he regards with a very favourable eye. This vigilant care of the public weal, on the part of this gentleman, would be worthy of all praise at any time, but is, you must agree with me, peculiarly striking at this present moment, and under existing circumstances, when it must be plain, to all impartial persons, he can have but little hope of an opportunity to devote himself to the public weal, at the sacrifice of that private felicity which constitutes the full fruition of the statesman, as well as the man of more limited capacity, and from which it would require so great an effort on the part of Mr. Dallas to tear himself.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

The late Election in Ohio—Large Majorities—Southern Tier of States—Mr. Merrill are up—Pro-Slavery Democrats—Steam Fire Engines—Monetary Affairs—Prospects for the Winter.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10, 1854.

IT is ascertained, now, that the majority in this State for Swan (Anti-Nebraska), for Supreme Judge, will be a few hundreds over 74,000, which is by far the heaviest majority ever given in this State. One of the most remarkable facts in this election is the large majorities given by Counties which have always been the strongholds of the Democratic party, for the Anti-Nebraska candidates. The section of country immediately south of the Reserve is called the Backbone of Ohio, as it comprises the highest land in the State, and divides the waters that flow north into Lake Erie and South into the Ohio river. The people, to a great extent, are of German extraction. This district, comprising 11 Counties, has been for the last twenty-six years the stronghold of the Democratic party. The majority for Pierce in the district, in 1852, was 8,011, four of the above Counties giving upwards of 1,000 majority each. At the late election, the Anti-Nebraska vote was 24,472; the Administration vote, 17,613; showing a majority of 6,859, and a loss to the Old Line Democrats of nearly 15,000. The great struggle was for Congressmen; and the Anti-Nebraska candidates run about two of the above Counties (which is their Supreme Judge) nearly 2,000 votes. The actual majority is, therefore, nearly 8,000. The Anti-Nebraska majority in the 12 Reserve Counties was 15,409. Ashtabula gave 2,328, Cayahoga 2,663, Huron 1,570, and five other Counties over 1,000 each—averaging 1,250. Indeed, the majorities through the State have been so great for freedom that, taking the whole State through, they will average 840 for each County, for Supreme Judge, and nearly 1,000 on the Congressional vote.

In the 4th District, which gave Pierce, in 1852, a majority of 1,270, Nichols, Anti-Nebraska and Know-Nothing, has 5,114 majority!

In the 5th District, which in 1852 gave a Democratic majority of 4,409, Mott, Anti-Nebraska, has nearly 1,600 majority.

In the 9th District, unexpectedly to every one, Cooper K. Watson, who was only announced as a candidate a few days before the election, has 2,500 majority. In 1852, Green, the present member, was elected by a majority of 5,258. He voted for the Nebraska bill, and the people have thus passed their verdict upon him.

But these majorities are all eclipsed by Hamilton county, which has for twenty-five years given Democratic majorities, sometimes running up to 2,000, and gave Pierce, in 1852, over 4,000. It gives now, on an average, 7,200 for the Anti-Nebraska and Know-Nothing ticket! These are but specimens, given to show the style in which the *people*, without regard to the dictation of the old party leaders, have taken the business of voting into their own hands. Having met with such a terrible overthrow in the free States, the Democracy have been turning to the South for sympathy, inasmuch as they have sacrificed everything in its cause. But the response coming from the South is anything but consolatory. The Frankfort (Ky.) *Commonwealth* tells them that it is true they have been overthrown upon the Nebraska issue, "but upon what ground did they defend that bill? *Upon anti-slavery ground.* They claimed credit for it as a triumph in favour of Free Soil, and conceded that they and not their opponents were entitled to anti-slavery applause and support. The chief point they made was that the Missouri Compromise *legalized* slavery south of 36 deg. 30 min., and that, by repealing that line, had opened the whole country to freedom."

This is true of most of the Old Line Democratic presses in the West. Compelled by the general prevalence of the anti-slavery sentiment among the people, they were constantly assuring us that slavery would never go into Nebraska or Kansas; that slaveholders under under the bill would be afraid to carry their slaves thither, and that, the the line being taken down, freedom would have a better chance than before, south of it. This has been the story told by Douglas and Cass to the North, but none know better than the slaveholders themselves how delusive such views are. Had they not been satisfied that the repeal of the Compromise would prove a pro-slavery measure in all its results, they would never have urged it with the pertinacity they did.

The Fire Department of this city has lately published a statement, showing the amount of losses by fire during each of the six months ending Sept. 30th, 1853, and the corresponding months in 1854, and also the amount of insurance on the property destroyed. The summary exhibits the following results:

	Losses.	Insured.
6 months to Sept. 30, 1853,	$333,542	$178,450
" " " 1854,	96,762	77,456
Difference,	$218,750	$99,024

Thus it appears that the losses in six months this year have been almost 70 per cent. less than they were in the same period last year; and the losses of the Insurance Companies have been more than 50 per cent. less. During the month of October, there was but one fire, and that a very trifling one, and in the last two months the engines have been called out but twice. The pay system has now been tried in Cincinnati a year and a-half, and has turned out most unexpectedly successful, more than meeting the wishes and hopes of its projectors. Before its adoption, we had false alarms incessantly—disturbing the quiet of our citizens. Now we have scarcely any, and the whole Department, under the control of the Chief Engineer and his four assistants (one for each district into which the city is divided), is brought into action with a rapidity before unknown. The engines are all drawn by horses, the drivers having no other employment, as well as the engineers are always on the alert, and the whole force, when on duty at a fire, is managed with a skill and efficiency which may challenge comparison with the Fire Department of any city in the world.

In one of my letters, I stated that we had two Steam Fire Engines in service. I can now add that the third was this week completed, and named after its builder, A. B. Latta. It embraces some improvements, being lighter and less in length than the others, but of the same power. Some months since, the City of Boston contracted with Latta & Co. for an engine similar to that last mentioned, for $8,000. It is to be ready for use by the 1st of December. The same firm are building one for Louisville, and one for St. Louis, so that, in a few months, this new and admirable machine will be in use in various directions, and its capabilities tested in all situations.

I learn that the authorities of Philadelphia have had the reorganization of their Fire Department under consideration, but will not adopt the paid system. It is astonishing that they should hesitate or try to patch up the miserable system they have had in that city for many years. The volunteer system has had its day, and no reform is worth consideration except it contemplate a paid system, under the control of the city government.

This city has been suffering, for some weeks past, from financial embarrassments, more severe than we have known for many years. The currency, most of which has been Indiana and Kentucky paper, has been much deranged, owing to the failure of several of the Western Banks, and the passage of a law, by our last Legislature, prohibiting the circulation of Notes of Banks out of the State of a less denomination than Ten Dollars. The failure of twelve of our Private Bankers, three weeks since, by which many small depositors will certainly lose all the money they had, created a panic, and a run upon our best Bankers. But, this week, the anxiety among depositors, and the general mistrust of the Banks among all classes, was increased by the sudden stopping of payments at one time of the three Private Bankers doing the largest business, Fitz & Sturgis, Stenad & Co., and T. S. Goodman & Co. These firms have stood high in credit, have heretofore stood firm in all money panics, and their suspension of payments is a sign of the alarming condition of monetary affairs. These firms are all solvent; two of them will, no doubt, resume business again when they have had time to turn their assets into cash; but they are not able to stand a heavy *run*, after having paid out very heavy amounts a short time since. There is every prospect of a most distressing stringency in the money-market here the coming winter. A large amount is required for the pork trade; our taxes, always on the increase, amount this year, in this County, to $1,700,000, all of which has to be paid by the 20th December; and, under a vicious system of State legislation, we have no legitimate Banks, or no issues now, but all the business is in the hands of Private Bankers and Brokers. We need relief, in the shape of several good banks with large capital, as branches of the State Bank of Ohio.

We have had no rain yet, the river is still very low, and, if it should freeze before a general rise, the winter will be a hard one for merchants and shippers, as well as for the poor. Fuel has begun to rise, and a heavy rain of a week's continuance, bringing up all our rivers to flood height, would give an impulse to every branch of trade.

Mr. Garrison delivered the lecture on Anti-Slavery, last week. His engagements did not permit him to stay over a day or two. The lecture this week was by C. M. Clay. His gentlemanly speeds much of his time here, and has lately opened a Private Banking-House in this city.

Among the new entertainments is Frankenstein's Panorama of Niagara, which is a painting of unusual merit, and altogether superior to the exhibitions of the kind so common of late years. Mr. F. is a Cincinnati artist of great merit as a landscape painter. Yours truly, P.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—The Know-Nothings have swept the State, electing their Governor (H. J. Gardner, formerly a Webster Whig, but who came out before the election in favour of Ingersoll prohibition and against the Nebraska bill, by over 52,000 majority, every one of their candidates for the Senate, 343 of the 348 members of the House of Representatives, and the whole Congressional delegation, 11 in number. The Boston *Telegraph* says, that while the leaders of former political organizations are swept into the limbo of things lost forever, the revolution has given to the members of the late Free Soil party a majority in both branches of the Legislature, a large and resolute Maine Law majority also, and a Maine Law and Nebraska Rights Governor. It accounts for this result mainly on two grounds: First, the foolish effort of the Whig leaders to monopolize the benefits of the anti-Nebraska sentiment, and the determination of the people to have a "fusion" of all, without regard to party ties, who were opposed to the encroachments of slavery; and, secondly, the general disgust excited against the Irish, in consequence of their noisy participancy in the rendition of Mr. Burns. Religious bigotry, the *Telegraph* thinks, had comparatively little influence.

The members of Congress elect are all said to be right on the Nebraska question. Four of them formerly ranked as Whigs, five as Free Sellers and two as Democrats. Among the Free Sellers we are glad to recognise our old friend and fellow-apprentice, Chauncy L. Knapp, an original Abolitionist; while we are sorry to record the defeat of Mr. Rantoul, who was beaten by a Know-Nothing, and who, after shamefully betraying the anti-slavery cause (of which he had been an early and zealous supporter) to ensure his standing as a clergyman, was deposed from the ministry for a crime not fit to be named, and afterwards, as was fitting, turned up a Webster Whig and Union-Saver! The election of such a man is a disgrace to Massachusetts.

A PRO-SLAVERY BOOK.—It has been stated, that the experience of plantation discipline, to which overseer Wise so mercilessly subjected the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, would effectually cure that apologist for slavery of a violent attack of the *excessive scribend*, which came upon him on his return from a visit to the Southern States. It seems, however, that the infliction did not work a cure, the patient being, doubtless, beyond the reach of all remedial appliances and resolutely bent upon self-destruction. The curious reader may gain some knowledge of the manner in which the reverend defender of human bondage has performed his suicidal task by looking at a letter under the Pro-Slavery head, which we have copied and awaited death, saying that "she might as well die there as anywhere else."

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THE FREEWILL BAPTIST QUARTERLY for October presents the following table of contents:

I. Christianity; our Help and Hope.
II. The Minister in the Pulpit.
III. No Better than we should be.
IV. Support of the Ministry.
V. Latter-Day Revelations.
VI. The Church.
VII. Cotemporary Literature.
VIII. Periodical Literature.

The subjects of these articles, for the most part, lie out of the domain of a journal like ours. Were it otherwise, we could hardly refrain from expressing our dissent from some of the opinions of the writers, in the strongest terms, and from the Quarterly contrasts favourably with many of the organs of the popular sects, but it is too much like them in magnifying theological dogmas at the expense of practical righteousness, and in representing Christianity to be at war with human nature, and not as operating in accordance therewith for man's improvement and elevation.

Art. V., on "Latter-Day Revelations," we have read with surprise and pain—surprise that an article so entirely wanting in literary merit should be admitted into a work, and pain at the view of the uncandid and scornful spirit of the writer. We are far from being a partisan or even an admirer of Andrew Jackson Davis, but this critique of his "Revelations" is repulsive to our sense of justice as well as to our taste. Alas for Christianity! if we were compelled to judge it by the spirit too often exhibited by those who assume to be its champions.

DEATH OF COMMISSIONER INGRAHAM.—At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held Nov. 8th, 1854, the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That by the death of Edward D. Ingraham, fugitives from slavery, real or alleged, are released from the remediless proscription of a United States Officer, who, ever, gave his aid promptly and eagerly to the most cruel violation of their rights.

Resolved, That the eulogies which have been lavished upon Mr. Ingraham, by the press and the bar, furnish evidences of a corrupt state of public morals, which we deeply deplore, and which should be met by the severest reprobation of every true friend of our country, and every lover of virtue and justice.

"IDA MAY."—We can call attention only to the advertisement of this new book in another column, as we are compelled, by press of other matter, to leave out a more extended notice of it written for this week's paper. We commend it heartily to our readers, though not under the impression, which, we observe, obtains elsewhere, that it is by Mrs. Stowe. The author is not announced, but we should be willing to stake our reputation for literary criticism—if we have any—on the assertion that it was not written by Mrs. Stowe. It is none the less worth reading for that, however.

A FRIEND, whom we have every reason to believe well informed, assures us that we were wrong in crediting the rumour (current in certain quarters) that the "Dick Tinto" of the *Times* (one of whose letters we copied last week) is the author of the "Reveries of a Bachelor"; the writer in question being some other than a veritable son of the renowned "Peter Parley." We beg to say, however, that this revelation as to the authorship does not in the least alter our opinion of the compositions referred to, which is that they are the very cleverest of their kind, and not unworthy the pen of Mitchell.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The returns for Governor are not complete, and there is yet a shade of doubt as to the result; but the chances are as nine to one that Seymour is elected. The whole of the Whig State ticket, except Governor, is chosen. The Legislature is believed to contain enough of the friends of Seward to ensure his reelection to the Senate. Of the 33 members of Congress, we are informed, 20 are elected (by the Know-Nothings), 3 Know-Nothings, 3 Softs, and 2 Anti-Nebraska Independents. The Nebraska bill only three are friendly to the Nebraska bill.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 547, is illustrated by a scene from the tragic history of the Covenanters. The leading article is one of great interest and value, being a compilation from the reports of the proceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at its last meeting. There is also an amusing story of "The Three Mr. Smiths," and a variety of shorter articles.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—We invite particular attention to the articles copied, in another place, from the *Times* and the *Tribune*, relating to the recent conviction, in this city, of Capt. James Smith, for having been engaged in the slave trade. We had intended to offer some remarks of our own on the subject, but want of room compels us to be silent, at least for the present.

WESTERN ELECTIONS.—*Michigan, Wisconsin* and *Illinois* have all given an emphatic rebuke to Douglas, Cass & Co. We will give particulars next week.

NEW JERSEY has elected four anti-Nebraska Whigs to Congress, and only *one* Nebraska Democrat. The Legislature is anti-Douglas.

Summary.

THE EBENEEZERS.—The Trustees of the Association known as "The Ebenezers," having visited Kansas with the view of making a settlement in that Territory, have returned, and report a location made there of 100,000 acres.

A NEW DELUGE OF WORDS.—It is stated that Mr. Worcester has in preparation a new English Dictionary, which is to contain *ten thousand more words* than any other work of the kind.

W. L. MARCY.—He was asked by an elector what he was worth. "Time was," said little Mac., "that I was worth a thousand pounds—at all events, that sum was offered for me, but I being in my opinion, below the value of the article, I kept out of the way."

Central Nebraskaite.—"How *is* it about Ohio? The Free Sellers say they have got all the Members of Congress from that State. Can it be so?"

Democ.—Hons—Hons—Hons—Hons. "Don't know. Returns seem all kind of mixed up. B'lieve they elect by general ticket—don't they?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A TRUE-HEARTED SLAVE.—The late anti-slavery action of the American Board, was it from heaven or from men—from the spirit of Christ, or from the spirit of wicked Abolitionism? And what say the men of the Board themselves, saying: If we say the former, we get into trouble; and if we say the latter, we get into trouble. And they answered:—not.—Mr. in *Independent.*

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—The *coloured stewardess* of the Arctic, who was lost, behaved gallantly. She was kept the pump all night, and died at the last moment. The *white assistant stewardess* sat in the cabin, almost paralyzed with fear, and was awaked death, saying that "she might as well die there as anywhere else."

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Elder Cummings, one of the immediate Second Adventists, lectured in Salem on Tuesday evening of last week, where and when he arrived at the following conclusion: The Jews reckoned by moons; on Saturday was the new moon, the last we should ever have; the 10th of the 7th month would be about the 1st of November, when the mediatorial office would cease—and that being so, Christ would certainly make his appearance on the 12th or 14th of November. He said he should never meet with his hearers again on earth, but, in his opinion, they, took an affectionate leave of them—a last farewell.

DR. NOTT ON TOBACCO.—Dr. Nott, in his deed of trust covering the enormous sum given by him to Union College, made the following stipulation:

SEC. 38. ART. VII.—It is earnestly recommended to, and expected of, every Professor to avoid the use of tobacco in any of its forms.

SEC. 60. And each Assistant Professor, before entering on his duties, shall give to the President of the College a book to be provided therefor, a declaration in the words following, viz.:

I solemnly promise that I will neither use tobacco in any of its forms, so long as I continue to receive the salary of an Assistant Professorship, founded by the deed of trust executed by Eliphalet Nott and Urania B. Nott, to the Trustees of Union College, bearing date to the 28th day of December, 1853, and that I will discourage the use of such articles.

A LONG COMPLAINT.—Zachariah B. Porter, of Porter's Hollow, Cambridge, was brought before the Court of Common Pleas, on a complaint of violation of the liquor law, containing thirteen counts, and was found guilty on eighteen of them, also of being a common seller. Porter was tried, before the Police court at Cambridge, on a complaint containing ninteen counts, in which he was found guilty on eighteen, and was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, and costs, on the first, and twenty dollars and costs, on twenty dollars fine and three months' imprisonment in Boston jail on each of the other seven counts, making in all three hundred and fifty dollars and costs, and four years' imprisonment, from which he appealed, and was tried yesterday and the above, no other statute than the liquor law of 1852 has a 3 dollar costs, and sentence of a person to imprisonment for a longer term than six months. The case goes up to the Supreme Court on exceptions.—*Lowell Courier, Nov. 7.*

STAMPEDE AMONG THE AFRICANS.—On Sunday night last, some fifteen or twenty slaves departed this city for the colonies (Canada) in a body. It is generally supposed that they absconded under the direction and control of the very efficient underground railroad agents, who are said to have made a profit in this city. Three of the slaves belonged to Pierce Chouteau, one belonged to Mr. Bloch, one to Edward J. Gray, and some three or four to Mr. Merritt, all of this city. They probably decamped about midnight, having, under the protection of their owners, left their church, gathered themselves together and set out in a body, taking with them the horses offered by their owners, and officers are in close pursuit of them. It is extremely probable that all, or a majority of them, will be retaken, for there are many more in the city. They may have passed over and secreted themselves somewhere on the borders and search may shall be discontinued, when they will make good their escape. If they are not very skillfully managed by their pilots, they will be baffled and brought back.—*St. Louis Dem.*

MARRIED.

CURTIS—PRINCE.—At the house of Chandler and Hannah Prince, Roxbury, on the afternoon of 7th day, the 14th of Tenth month, by the order of Progressive Friends, Thomas Curtis, of Philadelphia, to Sidney Prince, of Kennett, Chester Co., Pa.

DIED.

HAMILTON.—In Washington, D. C., on the 9th inst., Elizabeth Hamilton, relict of the late Alexander Hamilton, statesman, Alexander Hamilton, aged 97. She was a descendant of the Livingston family.

JAMES.—Departed this life, on the 1st of 11th month, Phebe, daughter of Jesse and Martha James, of Byberry, aged upwards of 20 years. Thus bereaved of a beloved one of the youthful band gone down to the grave in the bloom and beauty of womanhood—the sorrow again is the heritage of parents. "Be ye also ready." Her amiable disposition endeared her to all who knew her intimately, and her gentle kind manner made a painful void in her family circle; and in the social gatherings her absence will long be felt. But for the departed, it is well, it is well, we have cause to mourn; the purity of her life gave evidences that a home was prepared for her in the mansions of Mansions, where the spirits of "the just made perfect" dwell harmoniously together. L.

LARKIN.—Died, on the 10th inst., Mrs. Sarah W. Larkin, aged 117 years, and the mother of 22 children, only two of whom survive.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market is dull, and prices rather lower. Sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio offered at $9 for good brands, without sales, and extra from $9 to $10 00. The Flour offered from the Brandywine mill. Sales of Pennsylvania Meal at $4 25 per bbl.

GRAIN.—Corn is selling at 80c. Sales at $1 85 & $1 90, and fair and prime white at $1 95 a $1 97. Rye is in demand at $1 20 for Pennsylvania, and $1 20 for Pennsylvania. Corn is steady; sales of new yellow at 70c., and prime at 72c. Oats are in good demand; sales of prime Delaware at 53 &

BIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.

THE memoirs—or rather the autobiography of Madame George Sand has reached seventy *feuilles* of *La Presse*, and as yet she has not introduced the reader to her birth. We are in the top branches of the genealogical tree. We have made the acquaintance of the Marshall de Saxe, Augustus de Koenigsmark, Frederick Augustus, a bevy of abbes, and a good many plebeians—but of Madame George Sand not a word. It is but justice to Madame Sand to say, that she does not usage the privilege autobiographers claim of properly introducing themselves to their readers by surrounding themselves with their deceased ancestors. The reader, ignorant of her history, hoping to get a good deal of light on the character of the author, and occasionally she indulges in a digression to relieve her full mind, which acquaints us with her intellectual idiosyncrasies, in which she is more popular. Metaphysical language is too unfamiliar to the reading public to be easily understood, and purely intellectual phenomena cannot easily be discerned by the eyes of general readers accustomed for the most part to be exercised with grosser objects. I think it is rather a misfortune she has chosen this metaphysical way of speaking to herself, as, beside these disadvantages, the jargon of metaphysicians (being so very unsettled) rapidly changes and the currency of to-day is the numismatic curiosity of to-morrow. It is time I should allow the reader to judge for himself.

The motto of her autobiography is "Charity to others; dignity to myself; resignation to God"; and it is dated the 15th April, 1847. I quote literally some of the first passages:

"I do not think there is pride and impertinence in writing the history of one's own life, and still less in choosing among the souvenirs that life has left in us those which appear worth the remembrance. For my own part I believe I am accomplishing a duty, and a painful duty, in that I have nothing more difficult than personally to exhibit and to analyze one's self. The study of the human heart is of such a nature that the more one is absorbed by it, the less one sees clearly into it; and to some active minds self-knowledge is an irksome and always incomplete study. And yet, I shall accomplish this duty; I have always had it before me; I have constantly meditated myself that before I died I would perform what I have; always engaged others to execute for themselves; a sincere study of my own nature, and an attentive examination of my own conscience. An surmountable laziness (the disease of too much occupied minds, and consequently that of youth) has made me defer until now the execution of this task; and, guilty perhaps to myself, I have allowed a great many biographies of me to be published—abounding in errors both in their commendations and their censures. I confess I have entertained a moral aversion from occupying the public with my individuality, which has nothing salient, when I felt my head and my heart filled with stronger, more logical, more complete, more ideal individualities, with types superior to myself—in a word with the character of novels.....I have always deemed it had taste, not only to speak of one's self, but also to converse long with one's self.

"There are few days, few moments in the life of ordinary beings, when it is interesting or useful to contemplate them. Nevertheless, I have sometimes found myself in those days, in those moments, like everybody else, and then I have taken the pen to pour out some acute suffering, which overwhelmed me, or some violent anxiety which agitated me (agitated and suffered). Many of these fragments have never been published, and will serve me as data in the examination I am about making of my life. Some of them only have taken a half-confidential, half-romantic form in letters published at different intervals, and dated from different places. They are collected under the title, "Lettres d'un Voyageur." It was not necessary to me to be free myself to certain agitations, but not to occupy my readers with myself. This necessity—puerile in a man, at the least dangerous in an artist—I feel even less now than I did then. I shall say what I have experience it, and why, nevertheless, I am going to become our [illegible] I had it, as we eat my appetite. I do not consider myself, because I have attained an age of calmness, when my individuality has nothing to gain in producing itself, and when I aspire only to have it forgotten, and to forget it entirely myself if I followed only my own instinct, and if I consulted my own taste. I no longer seek the secret of the enigmas which vexed my youth. I have resolved in myself many problems which hindered me from advancing, I have been aided in this search, for alone, I should probably have cleared nothing. My century has elicited sparks from the truth it broods; I have seen them, and I know that they are the principal sources of them; this is enough for me. I formerly sought the light in the phenomena of psychology. That was absurd. When I comprehend that the light was in principles, and that its principles were in me, without coming from me, I succeeded without too much effort or merit in attaining mental repose.

"The repose of the heart has not been attained and it never can be attained. For those born sympathizing, there will always be something to love in the world, and consequently something to suffer for, to pity and to serve. Therefore the absence of pain, of fatigue, and of alarm must not be sought at any age of life, for it would be insensibility, impotence and anticipated death. After we have accepted as necessary the evil, we learn it better. In this calmness of the head, and this resignation of the heart, I can have no bitterness against the human race which deceives itself, nor enthusiasm for myself who was so deceived. So I have no inclination for struggling, no need of unburthening myself *(expansion)* which leads me to speak of my present or my past. But I have said I have discovered in myself a duty to do; and these are my reasons: Many human beings live without rendering to themselves a serious account of their existence, without comprehending, and almost without searching for a design in life, personally, and in relation to the society to which they have belonged. They pass among us without revealing themselves, because they vegetate without knowing themselves. Although my destiny, illy developed as it may be, always has its sort of utility, or of necessity conforms to the designs of Providence, it is fatally certain that the 'manifestation' of their life remains incomplete and morally barren for the rest of men. The most living and the most religious source of the progress of the human mind, is to use the language of my time, the idea of my century. [Schwabe] It is the word which would have been read in the last century, *charity* before then, and fraternity fifty years ago.] Men of all ages have felt it instinctively or distinctly, that the man who individual has been endowed with the more or less developed gift of 'manifesting' his own life, he has been allured to this 'manifestation' by the desire of his kindred, or by an instinct more or less powerful. It seemed to him then that he was fulfilling an obligation, and of a truth it was one, whether he narrated the historical events he had witnessed, or whether he had been in his mirror with important persons, or whether he had travelled and appreciated men and exterior things from any point of view.

"Besides these, there is another sort of personal labour which has been more rarely accomplished and which I think has quite as great utility. I mean that which narrates the inner life, the life of the soul—the world of ideas, the history of the mind and of the heart. These personal narrations, these voyages, or these attempts to voyage in the abstract world of intellect or sentiment, recounted by a sincere and serious mind, might be a stimulus and encouragement, and even counsels to other minds engaged in the labyrinth of life. It is a sort of evidence of confidence and sympathies, which elevates the thoughts of him who listens, and him who speaks. In private life a natural impulse engages us to these unhurtherings, which are at the same time humble and noble. Let a friend on a brother come to you with the torments or the perplexities of his situation, we have no better argument to strengthen and to convince him than arguments drawn from our own experience, or truly do we then feel that the life of a friend is our own life, as the life of each of us is the life of us all. 'I have suffered the same calamities, I have passed the same dangers, and I overcame them all, therefore I can bear and conquer.' Such is the language friend uses to friend, man teaches to man. And who among us, in these moments of despair and depression, when the affection and the aid of friends being are indispensable to us, has not received a lively impression from the confessions of that soul to which he is about confessing his own?

"Let none of those who have injured me, feel alarmed, I do not recollect them; let no lover of scandal rejoice, I am not writing for him. My name is not Marie Aurore de Saxe, Marquise de Dudevant, as several of my biographers have discovered, Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, and my husband, Monsieur Francois Dudevant, claims no title. He has never been anything but sub-lieutenant in the infantry, and he was only nineteen when I married him. By making him an old colonel of the Empire, they confounded him with Monsieur Delmare, a character in one of my novels. It is really too easy to write the biography of a novelist by manipulating the fictions of his stories into the reality of his existence. The imagination is not heavily tasked. Perhaps they have confounded him and me with our parents. Marie Aurore de Saxe was my grandmother, my husband's father was a cavalry colonel of the Empire. But he was neither rude, nor grumbling, he was the best and gentlest of men. In this regard, and I very humbly crave my biographers' pardon for doing so, but at the hazard of breaking with them, and of repaying their kindness in ingratitude, I will say what I desire to express: I do not think it delicate or good breeding, or dishonest, that to excuse me from not persevering to live under the conjugal roof, they accuse my wife of cruelty, of which I am absolutely ceased to complain since I have regained my independence. That the public in its idle hours should discuss the souvenirs of a suit of this nature, and by their judgment, form a more favourable impression to this or the other party cannot be hindered, and neither of them should care, after they have deemed it advisable to meet and to undergo the publicity of such discussion. But the writers who endeavour to recount the life of another writer, and especially those who are prejudiced in her favour, and who wish to magnify or to reinstate her in public opinion, by cutting and thrusting around her.

"The task of a writer under these circumstances is that of a friend, and friends should not fail to have on their side courtesy, and, after all, are those of public morality. My husband is alive, and reads neither my writings nor those written about me. This is an additional reason for me to disarm of attacks made on him who, if he could not live with him, or characters and our ideas essentially differed. He had reasons for refusing to consent to a legal separation, whose necessity he, nevertheless, acknowledged; for I existed in reality. Impudent counsels engaged him to demand public debates, which forced us to accuse each other. Sad result of an imperfect legislation, which, in a country where civil divorce the separation has been decreed and maintained, I have hastened to forget my griefs, so far forth, as that all public recrimination against him appears to me to be, in my eyes, a cowardly act, I exhibit an obstinacy of resentments to which I am no accomplice. This said, the reader may imagine that I shall not copy in my memoirs the papers of my suit. Nothing would be easier than this task, to give places there to puerile rancour and to bitter souvenirs. I suffered a great deal from all that affair; but I am not writing to complain and to propose consolations. Perhaps I might relate as touching a purely personal fact, would have no general utility. I shall narrate those only which may befall all men. So I say once more, because of scandal I am not occupying the public with my individuality, which has nothing salient, when I felt my head and my heart filled with stronger, more logical, more complete, more ideal individualities, with types superior to myself—in a word with the character of novels.....I have always deemed it had taste, not only to speak of one's self, but also to converse long with one's self.

"There are few days, few moments in the life of ordinary beings, when it is interesting or useful to contemplate them. Nevertheless, I have sometimes found myself in those days, in those moments, like everybody else, and then I have taken the pen to pour out some acute suffering, which overwhelmed me, or some violent anxiety which agitated me (agitated and suffered). Many of these fragments have never been published, and will serve me as data in the examination I am about making of my life. Some of them only have taken a half-confidential, half-romantic form in letters published at different intervals, and dated from different places. They are collected under the title, "Lettres d'un Voyageur." It was not necessary to me to be free myself to certain agitations, but not to occupy my readers with myself. This necessity—puerile in a man, at the least dangerous in an artist—I feel even less now than I did then. I shall say what I have experience it, and why, nevertheless, I am going to become our [illegible] I had it, as we eat my appetite. I do not consider myself, because I have attained an age of calmness, when my individuality has nothing to gain in producing itself, and when I aspire only to have it forgotten, and to forget it entirely myself if I followed only my own instinct, and if I consulted my own taste. I no longer seek the secret of the enigmas which vexed my youth. I have resolved in myself many problems which hindered me from advancing, I have been aided in this search, for alone, I should probably have cleared nothing. My century has elicited sparks from the truth it broods; I have seen them, and I know that they are the principal sources of them; this is enough for me. I formerly sought the light in the phenomena of psychology. That was absurd. When I comprehend that the light was in principles, and that its principles were in me, without coming from me, I succeeded without too much effort or merit in attaining mental repose.

"The repose of the heart has not been attained and it never can be attained. For those born sympathizing, there will always be something to love in the world, and consequently something to suffer for, to pity and to serve. Therefore the absence of pain, of fatigue, and of alarm must not be sought at any age of life, for it would be insensibility, impotence and anticipated death. After we have accepted as necessary the evil, we learn it better. In this calmness of the head, and this resignation of the heart, I can have no bitterness against the human race which deceives itself, nor enthusiasm for myself who was so deceived. So I have no inclination for struggling, no need of unburthening myself *(expansion)* which leads me to speak of my present or my past. But I have said I have discovered in myself a duty to do; and these are my reasons: Many human beings live without rendering to themselves a serious account of their existence, without comprehending, and almost without searching for a design in life, personally, and in relation to the society to which they have belonged. They pass among us without revealing themselves, because they vegetate without knowing themselves. Although my destiny, illy developed as it may be, always has its sort of utility, or of necessity conforms to the designs of Providence, it is fatally certain that the 'manifestation' of their life remains incomplete and morally barren for the rest of men. The most living and the most religious source of the progress of the human mind, is to use the language of my time, the idea of my century. [Schwabe] It is the word which would have been read in the last century, *charity* before then, and fraternity fifty years ago.] Men of all ages have felt it instinctively or distinctly, that the man who individual has been endowed with the more or less developed gift of 'manifesting' his own life, he has been allured to this 'manifestation' by the desire of his kindred, or by an instinct more or less powerful. It seemed to him then that he was fulfilling an obligation, and of a truth it was one, whether he narrated the historical events he had witnessed, or whether he had been in his mirror with important persons, or whether he had travelled and appreciated men and exterior things from any point of view.

"Besides these, there is another sort of personal labour which has been more rarely accomplished and which I think has quite as great utility. I mean that which narrates the inner life, the life of the soul—the world of ideas, the history of the mind and of the heart. These personal narrations, these voyages, or these attempts to voyage in the abstract world of intellect or sentiment, recounted by a sincere and serious mind, might be a stimulus and encouragement, and even counsels to other minds engaged in the labyrinth of life. It is a sort of evidence of confidence and sympathies, which elevates the thoughts of him who listens, and him who speaks. In private life a natural impulse engages us to these unhurtherings, which are at the same time humble and noble. Let a friend or