WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

ANTICIPATED COLLISION IN THE UNITED STATES—THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

THE slave institutions of the United States seem tending with marked fatality to some violent result. Every mail brings intelligence of some new outbreak created by the operation of the Fugitive Slave law, and it appears scarcely possible that this measure should ever be effectually enforced. On the 28th of last month we published an apologetic explanation of this law from the pen of a sensible American, whose letter since gives insertion to a communication of Lord Shaftesbury's on the other side. Both these writers, in our opinion, maintained their own propositions successfully; but the difference between them, and between both and ourselves, arose to considerations omitted from the argument. A few words will put the English reader in possession of the case as it now stands, menacing with disruption and confusion the whole territory of the Union.

When the North American colonies asserted their independence, Slavery existed among them, as it did at the same time, and indeed long afterwards, in other dependencies of the British empire. The Americans, in point of fact, had the advantage of this country in humanity and enlightenment, for slave institutions were already denounced by many of them, at a period when such opinions in Britain had as yet arisen among ourselves. By the result of the war all the colonies became free, and it was in substituting some form of State government for that which had been dissolved that the assembled Americans of those days devised the scheme of confederation, converting thirteen independent States into a single Union. Such a coalition could not, of course, take place without mutual concessions, and their one of the stipulations then made by the free States in favour of the slave States was, that runaway slaves should be surrendered. At first this provision was acted upon without any difficulty or disturbance; but, on a certain trial, it was determined that, as the original law termed part of the federal constitution, it could be enforced only by federal officers—that is to say, by officers representing the supreme government, and by the officers of any particular State. As the duties, however, of the supreme government in America are not numerous, its local representatives are proportionately few, and two or three officers only are to be found even in the largest States. The consequence, therefore, was, that the law became virtually ineffectual for want of an executive. The federal staff of the district was too short-handed for the capture and surrender of the fugitives, and it was in aid of the machinery thus found to be defective that the new "Fugitive Slave Law," so termed, was passed the other day. As a general measure, it seemed to be unexceptionable; but the legislation in question involved no novelty at all. Its spirit was simply that of the original constitution which called the Union into being. It had always been enacted and determined that slaves escaping to free States should be given up, and the new law did no more than give effect to old provisions which had become accidentally inoperative. This is the case of the slaveholders, and of the party who may be called constitutionists, that is to say, who, without reference to their private feelings, support the slaveholders in the rights secured to them by the constitution. As a simple case of law, plain, comfortable, and not without a certain show of justice, it cannot be impugned.

On the other hand, though the opponents of the observance have on their side a majority, they have a principle for which they claim a priority over all law whatever. In all free countries, and in those most which are the freest, it has invariably been maintained that certain instinctive principles of right and reason may take forcible precedence of statute obligations. It is to this understanding, in fact, and to its exemplification at proper seasons, that political freedom and religious liberty are chiefly due. If our ancestors had not proceeded on such convictions, we should never have had a Protestant Church or a constitutional monarchy; and, to use a more pointed illustration, we may say, that if all Americans had passively yielded to existing ordinances, their obedience which is now claimed for the Fugitive Slave Law, there would never have been any United States. The Americans obtained their independence by declaring and maintaining certain rights inherent in man above and beyond the control of written statutes; and it is this very privilege which is now asserted by the opponents of Slavery. They say that no law of man can possibly justify institutions so manifestly repugnant to the law of nature, and that an evil so monstrous as that of Slavery calls for resistance and suppression, without the concurrence of any political or political obligation. Unfortunately, the new law is trying their principle to the very utmost, for it exacts from them not merely a passive acquiescence in these institutions, but an active co-operation in maintaining their vitality. By compelling them to surrender a miserable fugitive who has sought asylum by their sides, it makes them bear a part in the horrors they abominate; and it will be readily comprehended that many a citizen who would never think of commencing a crusade against slaveholders would nevertheless obstinately refuse to be made personally instrumental in the capture and surrender of a slave. We it is equally evident that, without the enforcement of some such law, the rights—if rights they can be called—of the slave proprietors must be speedily destroyed. It has been represented that the existing arrangements form a species of compromise, and such is, no doubt, in some degree, the case. All the tendency, in fact, not only of opinion and legislation, but of political growth, has been in favour of the free States, as opposed to the slave States. The former command a majority on every occasion, and no opposition have been lost of strengthening this ascendency. We might almost say, indeed, that the "Monroe policy," prescribed for the Union in foreign relations has been adopted and enforced with respect to its institutions of Slavery. These institutions have not been seriously threatened with abolition: on the contrary, it has been generally resolved to protect them; but they are permitted to exist only on sufferance, and are rigidly confined to their present territorial limits, with a positive veto upon any expansion* and an obvious desire that they should decay within their own bounds. All this cannot be denied; but it is argued with some reason by the opponents of the law, that its provisions contain practically no compromise whatever, and that in empowering a slaveholder to follow his slave into a free State, and exert the aid of that State in recovering his property, it really conveys all the authority and license which the most determined advocate of Slavery could demand. These considerations acting on the natural independence of the American character, and seconded by the facilities existing for State legislation, have conspired to render the enforcement of the law extremely difficult, and the complications of the case even worse than before. Free States, in the exercise of their undoubted rights, pass laws for the express purpose of exasperating the slave States, and rendering the extradition of fugitives as impracticable as they can. The slave States in turn demand their constitutional privileges, threaten secession from the Union in case of refusal, secure the support of all moderate politicians by this menace, and then insist, with relentlessness, on the rights thus acquired. What the result is, we cannot foresee, but it seems every successive case occurring under the law gives occasion to popular outbreaks, any one of which may swell into something like civil war. If the differences of opinion were purely speculative, there might be some chance of avoiding a collision; but where the whole dispute, with its thousand aggravations, is brought periodically before the public in its most practical and offensive form, it seems impossible to anticipate that peace can be long preserved.—*London Times, Feb. 14th.*

(*The Times*, either is not aware of or does not think it worth while to note as a trifling exception to this remark that the Federal Government proffered to continue rather than abolish Slavery in Florida and Louisiana after their purchase, and that Mexico was overrun and dismembered by the arms of the U. S. that Slavery might be reestablished over a vast territory from which it had been excluded.—*Ed. Standard.*]

THE LADIES OF ENGLAND AND THE LADIES OF AMERICA

ON THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

GEORGE CANNING, at the close of the long French war, said, "the next war will be one of principle." We have an illustration of this prophecy before us. A war has broken out between the fair ladies of England and of the United States, on the question of Slavery. It is not, however, a contest using their fair sex weapons, which two nations of Amazons would resort to, but is confined to weapons of a peaceful character, though often sharply pointed, such as becomes the ladies of the 19th century. Nevertheless, it is to all intents and purposes "a war of principle." An Address from the Ladies of England, headed by the Duchess of Sutherland, and others of high rank, was forwarded to our government, entreating their fair sisters of America to interfere in behalf of the slave. The address was couched in terms most respectful, and almost humble, and in our judgment it did not go far enough. It did not ask their influence to induce their husbands to abolish some of the abominations of a system, which itself is one unmitigated abomination. It prayed the Dames of Virginia and Georgia to allow their poor slaves to be educated and taught the knowledge of Christianity. It prayed that the sacredness of the marriage laws might be preserved, and that husbands and wives, parents and children might not be separated from each other.

Mild and humble and respectful as was the application, it has raised a storm of indignation and abuse from those to whom it was addressed, which we are sure the fair applicants did not expect, but which is no surprise to those who have studied the slaveholding pride of the Americans, and the judicial blindness about Slavery of the Southern planters, and their families. The newspaper press teems with articles condemning the insolence of the Duchess of Sutherland and her friends, in daring to interfere with the "Peculiar Institutions" of the United States. Foremost among the champions of Slavery, is Mrs. Tyler, the wife of the late President of the United States. Her reply is not long for publication, but we shall give some extracts from it. The style is not that of a lady, and we may fairly presume that she only put her name to the production of another more fit for the pen. So anxious were the fair ladies to conciliate, that they admitted more blame to their own country than can fairly be imputed to them. They said—"We acknowledge that our forefathers introduced, many centuries ago, Slavery in these mighty Colonies." This admission, which is not borne out by history, is thus met by Mrs. Tyler:

"In the historical fact you are certainly correct. The colony of Virginia, and I believe, most of the other colonies, were constant and earnest in their remonstrances; and one of the causes set forth in the Declaration of Independence, so memorable and well known, was the continuance of the Slave Trade by the Mother Country in despite of all remonstrance on the part of the Colonies. Thus, then, England not only permitted but encouraged the Slave Trade, for a period of a century and a half, as a means of swelling her coffers; and the infamous traffic could only be expelled from this country by the force and power of the sword. Your Kings and Queens, sustained by your Parliament and people, entered into treaties, and formed contracts for the purpose of reaping a rich harvest of profit from the trade—and the voice of the slave dealer on the shores of Africa was perfot music in their ears, because it was the music of gold, told into their treasury—yet all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of blessed memory, and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in slaves between the two nations of the world beside. Yes, you are eloquent in describing whatever there is of barbarity or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to your own England. The colonies remonstrated in vain until driven to desperation by her perseverance, they severed the bond that bound them to England, and established their independence, and abolished the Slave Trade by their only resource, the power of the sword. The bond slave market, which England had enjoyed a monopoly, was thus lost to her; and from that moment she began to discover that there was something rather immoral in the trade. Before, the slave-ship was a stately vessel proudly bore the trade—and the voice of the slave dealer on the shores of Africa was perfot music in their ears, because it was the music of gold, told into the treasury—yet all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of blessed memory, and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in slaves between the two nations of the world beside. Yes, you are eloquent in describing whatever there is of barbarity or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to your own England. The colonies remonstrated in vain until driven to desperation by her perseverance, they severed the bond that bound them to England, and established their independence, and abolished the Slave Trade by their only resource, the power of the sword. The bond slave market, which England had enjoyed a monopoly, was thus lost to her; and from that moment she began to discover that there was something rather immoral in the trade. Before, the slave-ship was a stately vessel proudly bore with treasure. The groans of its unhappy victims could not be heard above the surges of the ocean. Soon after, a fairer vessel was built, borne across from Africa's coast; and now the Parliament House resounds with the clanging of the chains and the cries of the victims. Such was the mighty influence of the American Revolution, and such the power of the sword wielded in that ever glorious struggle. I desire to tell you, women of England, plainly, that your Address, prepared not by yourselves, but by others, comes therefore to us, laden with suspicions, when you advert, as the ground work of your interference with our domestic institutions, to the fact of the former connection of our ancestors with England. Would England, with a continuance of a monopoly of the Trade over our broad shores, have thus spoken, or have clothed herself in such garb as she now has done? Where was her humanity and her Christian philanthropy for the long period of 150 years? Our ancestors then lived in the Atlantic chambers, through their remonstrances, the doors of the Parliament House, and at the gates of her royal palaces—and yet, for all that long period, she had no ears to hear, no heart to understand, no sympathy, and no philanthropy, such as now exists, found place in the stately palace."

The plea of England being the cause of American Slavery has been so often urged by its defenders, and even admitted by the true friends of the slave, that it is worth while to inquire into its truth—although if it were true it would form no excuse for its existence and extension at the present day. But gladly do the American women plead for what is vicious in her institutions, though we rarely hear one word of acknowledgment for the free institutions which descended to them from their English ancestors. But it is *not true* that Slavery was introduced by England, and all the bluster in the above article has the narrowest possible basis to rest upon. Slavery was not introduced into the United States by England, but by traders from Holland, and in the very place where Mrs. Tyler quotes with such a flourish (Virginia) the colonists freely bought these slaves, and the institution was sanctioned by Colonial law, long before a single slave had been introduced under the British flag, so much for Virginia. If we go to Georgia, we find the first importers of slaves into New England were the shipowners of Massachusetts, who stole slaves in Africa, and conveyed them to their own and the neighbouring States. An African Company had the monopoly of the atrocious trade was afterwards established, and then, for the first time, it fell into English hands, and that statute was the pilot on English legislation. But how did Mrs. Tyler's friend Oglethorpe treat that not? Governor Berkley, of Virginia, complained in 1671, that since Dutch vessels were excluded, not above two or three vessels of slaves had arrived in that State for seven years. The rage for negro slaves was so great among the Carolinas and Georgia with planters. Mrs. Tyler talks of Queen Anne entering into a monopoly treaty with Spain, for importing slaves. She does not seem to be aware that the African Company was established nearly half a century before Queen Anne's reign commenced. It is something new in the history of the American war of independence that it was in any measure caused by Slavery. Every one acquainted with the history of those times knows that it was the tea tax and the stamp duty that caused the American revolution. You, referring to it as something introduced into the "Declaration of Independence" about Slavery being forced upon them. He did it on a principle well understood and acted on by him, to place the utmost amount of blame on his opponents. The charge was true or false. There were more honourable men among the Revolutionists who shrunk from thrusting such a piece of barefaced hypocrisy in the face of the world, and his proposal was rejected. The idea of slaves being forced on the States is an absurdity, from whatever quarter it comes. The shipowners stole the slaves, but would they have stepped their hands and the hands of their servants in the deep wickedness of murdering Africans, and stealing the survivors, if they had not known a market. The *reset* is said to be worse than the thief, and that is the position of these humane and harmless colonists. In the meanwhile this infamous traffic is the only difference that ever occurred between the Colonists and the Home Government was in regard to tax imposed on slaves. The colonists were in favour of taxes on importations of slaves, as they are to this day. The Crown disliked it, and vetoed some of their enactments which included slaves among other merchandise. The Virginians very soon after had the right of taxing slaves granted to them. The condition is that the slave should be paid by the purchaser, and not by the importer. The tax ranged from ten to twenty per cent. It was lowered to ten per cent. in 1769, and the Act doing so, quoted in Bancroft, vol. ii. p. 393, says, "The duty has been found a great disadvantage to the settlement and improvement of the lands of the colony, *and not to answer the end intended*, inasmuch as the same prevents the importation of slaves, which thereby lessens the fund arising from the duty." This tax was afterwards repealed, no doubt to increase the number of slaves, and when it was sought to be imposed again, the act was vetoed by Lord Dunmore, and a similar one by Governor Hutchinson in Massachusetts. And this is the whole foundation for the mighty thunders which Mrs. Tyler bombastically speaks of. It was sometimes the policy of these colonies to check for a time the importation of slaves, in order to maintain the market price of the commodity by shutting out competition. In no such case was any act ever vetoed by the British Crown, and if a prohibition had been attempted by the planters, there is reason to believe that the consent of the Home Government would have been withheld.

Mrs. Tyler would have the world believe that the American Revolution caused the abolition of the Slave Trade. The infamous trade was continued both by Great Britain and the United States thirty years after 1776, when the American Revolution broke out. In our next we shall expose other passages in Mrs. Tyler's Address.—*Toronto (Canada) Globe.*

MRS. HALE TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

THE Lady's Book, for March, is a superior number, with two fine steel engravings, ugly fashion plates, pretty embroidery patterns, directions for making frames, &c. The leading article is Mrs. Hale's most candid and Christian Reply of the Women of America to the affectionate and Christian Address of many thousands of the Women of England." This is a well written and respectful paper, quite in contrast with Mrs. Tyler's snappish answer to the English women. Mrs. Hale says: "Our hearts are open to the kind manner of your memorial. We are happy to acknowledge the ties of country, common origin, common faith, and we may add, a common language. Nor do we question your zeal in the office of counsellors assumed towards your American sisters." She then speaks briefly of the British government imposing Slavery upon us; of the eight States which have abolished it; of our prohibiting the slave trade; of our women and children. She speaks of entire emancipation as the ultimate object of our government, but says that the work of England's poor, and asks English women to relieve us of the charge of educating the thousands of ignorant and vicious British subjects who yearly seek our shores.

There is much truth and fairness in the Reply, which is in a very calm temper; but we doubt the propriety of taking this time to recount the oppressions of England on her own subjects. It sounds very like recrimination than a love of justice and mercy, prompting to a Christian remembrance of our sins. Perhaps, if Mrs. Hale is right in saying that Slavery (Slavery) is a heavy weight on the "Slave States, the children (of slaves) are trained in the fear of God," and that "we have public provision for the education of all the children in our public schools, and all who will, in our public libraries, to which all have free access."

It is scarcely possible that Mrs. Hale can be ignorant of the fact that not one of the thirteen slave States of this Union has any system of public education; that in Virginia only one out of every nine free white persons cannot read, and that in every one of these slave States there is a positive law forbidding any person teaching a slave to read. Does Mrs. Hale know that if a person teaches a slave State and imprisoned? Even oral instruction is given to slaves with the most cramped restrictions. We know a young lady, Miss Crummell, a Pro-slavery, who went from a pro-slavery city of Philadelphia to North Carolina as a governess. She is a Presbyterian, and is desirous to read portions of the Bible to the slaves dertook to read portions of the Bible to the slaves on the plantation of her employer, every Sabbath afternoon, and to instruct them orally in the elemental principles of Christianity. The law required her to leave the white persons present, and some one of the family was present attended with her. She was had a large class, many coming in from neighbouring plantations, but was obliged to desist on account of the apprehensions of neighbouring planters. Not even the boasted chivalry of Southern gentlemen could protect this young girl and her employer, a worthy widow, an extensive slaveholder, in the practice of giving slaves religious instruction. It was not thought safe to permit any considerable number of these happy creatures to meet together for any purpose. In cities and towns slaves generally get leave to go to some place of worship, but this is granted as a privilege, not enjoyed as a right, and each master or mistress can revoke it at pleasure, and power to compel his or her servants to remain at home.

When we were in Louisville there was a Sabbath school for coloured children, taught by a few self-devoted people; but the city authorities interfered and forbade it, upon the complaint of some citizen who charged that one or more slaves were there learning to read. The teachers of the school denied the charge—and they admitted only free children, and such slaves as brought with them "permits" from their masters, and that these latter received only oral instruction. The difference was considered insufficient, and the school was broken up.

While we were there we taught a class of free coloured children, all whom we could induce to attend, and this was just two families. Of a dozen or more parents who called to ask about sending their children, only one other ventured to send any, and that but for a few days, when they were withdrawn on account of some threats of a mob.

The statements of the Lady's Book about our general education are not only unsupported by facts, but are in direct contradiction of them.

It is no doubt a melancholy fact that England's poor are poorly educated; but England does not have any prohibiting education. It is not a crime within her jurisdiction to teach the poor, so in this matter they are still in advance of us.—*Mrs. Swisshelm, in Saturday Visiter.*

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WE had the pleasure, several weeks since, says the *Columbian*, of hearing a speech from this eloquent champion of the right, before a small circle of philanthropists at Cincinnati.

However Mr. Clay may have formerly come short of a true devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, in the opinion of northern Abolitionists, and erred in some of his actions since he became known as an advocate of the oppressed against the oppressor, there can now be no doubt that he is truly and entirely devoted to the highest interests of humanity, according to his judgment and understanding thereof.

On the occasion referred to, Mr. Clay commenced his remarks by stating he had never set himself up as a general philanthropist, but in whatever he had done he professed as an opponent of Slavery, he claimed only to have been actuated by a sense of the claims of justice, and the obvious rule of right, between man and his fellow man. With this avowal, he felt he could not be an utter sentiments and truths which would cover with the blush of shame thousands in our country who profess an entire devotion to the claims of a higher law than the speaker acknowledges. He regretted very earnestly that we were, that the whole phalanx of northern divines and professed christians, who have given aid and comfort to the conspirators against the rights of the black man, and denounced the pious Christian patriot, who pleaded human law against the enactments of oppression, could have heard and felt the noble utterances of this unprofessing but truly philanthropic Kentuckian! And what such noble aspirations for righteousness, and such faith as he expressed in the efficacy of the sentiment of justice in the hearts of men, what faith might not be enjoyed, and what power exercise over the public mind, were there superadded to his present motives of action, the sentiment of religious accountability, and the high considerations of eternal retribution!

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Clay touched upon the subject of what is called "women's rights," in connection with his views of what is right and just between the sexes. We were especially well pleased with his remarks on this point. Although not a lady, he was ironically called a "woman's rights man," yet he went in the broadest sense for human rights, including the women! At all events, he was for redressing women's wrongs; and among these, he particularly mentioned two things in which he thought the spirit of the age, as well as the claims of common justice, demand a reformation, namely, the difference of the sexes as to the rights of property, and the common law rule as to the control of children. The latter he thought contrary to common sense, and repugnant to the laws of nature.—*Saturday Visiter.*

JUDICIAL DECISION ON A QUESTION OF PERSONAL FREEDOM.

In the spring of 1838, Clarissa, a slave in Kentucky, was permitted by her mistress, Mrs. Trigg, to accompany Mrs. Alexander to Philadelphia, and to continue with her there for more than six months, although she was apprised that by a statute of Pennsylvania, passed in 1780, any slave brought into the State would be entitled to freedom, after a residence there of six months.

money to her daughter, Clarissa Mrs Ferguson, who fell in love with Clarissa. Clarissa lately instituted a suit before the Circuit Court for her freedom, on the ground of having resided, by the will of her mistress, more than six months in Pennsylvania. The decision was given in her favour, an appeal was taken, and on the 21st of January the Court of Appeals, through Judge Cheatham, delivered an elaborate opinion (published in the *Frankfort Commonwealth* of the 24th), affirming the decree of the lower Court, and liberating Clarissa.

The material part of the opinion is as follows:

"Notwithstanding the many suits which have been brought in this Court, prosecuted by persons who claim to obtain their freedom, the precise question involved in this controversy has not been decided. It has been repeatedly held by this Court, that a slave owner has a right to go to a State where slavery is not tolerated, for a temporary purpose only, does not thereby acquire a right to freedom in Kentucky; but that, whatever may be his status or condition in the free State, to which he had gone and married, not for residence, but for a merely temporary purpose, his condition as a slave, upon his return to Kentucky, would not be changed. Rankin vs. Lydia, 2d Marsh. 467—Jarrot, a resident of Illinois, vs. White, 3d Mon., 104—Graham vs. Strader, 5th B. M., 179—Tom Davis vs. Tingle, 8th B. M., 546—7—Collins, &c. vs. America, 9th B. M., 565—Marie vs. Kirby, 12 B. M., 549. In these cases, the effect of the laws of other States where Slavery is not recognised at all, not even for a moment, was discussed and considered, and the consequence of a temporary or transient sojourn merely in such States, by the consent or approbation of the owner, was declared to be, not that the slave thereby became entitled to freedom in this State, but that, upon his return here, his condition would be as it was before such temporary sojourn—that of a slave. But the question whether a slave taken to a State where, although the inhabitants, whether black or white, are free, a privilege is conferred on sojourners who come from other States, to hold their slaves as slaves, until a particular period, beyond which they are not allowed to do so, has not been decided. Or, in other words, if a State, into which a slave is voluntarily sent or carried by the owner, though for a temporary purpose only, has declared by statute that a slave remaining there a certain length of time shall be free, this Court has not decided what shall be the effect of such a law, upon the condition of a person of colour, who comes, in our courts, claim to be free by virtue of such a statute. This question has been expressly left open. This Court, in the case of Marie vs. Kirby, supra, stated that if Kentucky State were to enact that slaves brought within its limits by the authority of the owner, and permitted by him to remain there six months, or three, or even one, shall be free, there might be some reason for saying that such a law would operate permanently, even upon the rights of strangers, because they would have an opportunity of knowing its provisions and its effects consequences." And in the case of Collins vs. America, *supra*, this Court used this language: "These remarks, and the reasoning of this opinion, are made without reference to a case in which the foreign law may directly prohibit the introduction of slaves or the retaining of him within the State for a certain period, and declare the consequences of either of these, and we decide no question as to the effect of such a law."

"In this case, the owner of Clarissa was apprised of what the law of Pennsylvania was, when she sent her slave there, and determined to risk the consequences. The law says, that the slave might be brought there, and her condition be unchanged for the period of six months; but that, if she remained there longer than that period of time, she should be deemed a free woman. Mrs. Trigg was informed that such was the law of Pennsylvania, and she resolved to hazard the consequences. And we think that in such a state of case, the condition of Clarissa in that State, after remaining in that State longer than six months, should follow her to Kentucky, and her condition there. Under the circumstances, she was free there, and should be free here.

"Wherefore the decree is affirmed."

"Reed for appellant; Harlan and Callender for appellee."

The Courts of Kentucky have held that a slave permitted by his master to go for some temporary purpose into a State not tolerating Slavery, and returning to his master, is not entitled to his freedom. Until the decision of Judge Crenshaw, they expressly reserved the question whether a slave who goes with the consent of his master into a State whose laws declare him to be free after a certain length of time, and returning after that period, is entitled to his freedom. This question, thus reserved, is now decided by the highest court of the State of Kentucky, in the affirmative. Clarissa is declared to be free, because she remained, by the consent of her mistress, in Pennsylvania longer than the law of that State allowed. Now, it is clear, that if there be any *principle* in this decision, it is this: that a State has a right by statute to say how long a slave, with the consent of his master, shall be permitted to continue in that State, without forfeiting the benefit of his freedom. The

men? Kossuth had rebelled against Austria, and had caused the death of tens of thousands of her subjects. Why should he be screened behind a rampart of American hearts, while those who killed Corisch, under the law of self-preservation, and in defence of life, and liberty, and home, should be ignominiously hung on the gallows? This were a question that no deafness could avoid hearing, and when heard, no sophistry could answer. Freedom is one; Slavery is its antipode; and therefore the protection of the fugitive Kossuth and the surrender of the fugitive slave could never be reconciled."

"Another collateral effect which Slavery has produced is the pollution from the halls of Congress, and also from—what in such cases is not the *sacred*, but—the *profane* desk, that there is no 'higher law' than the Constitution. Such a perverted interpretation which any corrupt Congress may put upon it. Such a doctrine is nothing less than palpable and flagrant atheism. If I am bound to obey any human law or Constitution, as my paramount rule of duty, thence forth that rule becomes my supreme arbiter, Judge, and God, and I am compelled, by logical necessity, to abjure, renounce, and depose all others. There cannot be two supreme rules of right. If I acknowledge myself bound by the divine law, and that comes in conflict with the human law, then I must disobey the latter. But if the human law be the Higher Law, and if it conflicts with God's law, then I am bound to disobey the law of God. If the Constitution be the 'higher law,' then we, on taking our seats in this House, and all magistrates and legislators, when entering upon the duties of their respective offices, ought not to take an oath before God to support the Constitution, but ought to swear by the Constitution to support that first, and God afterwards; provided it be convenient. I say, that that this doctrine—which is one of the off-shoots of Slavery—that there is no higher law than the law of the State, is palpable and practical atheism. And yet it is perfectly well known to all who hear me, and to all who frequent the purlieus of Congress, that there is no butt of ridicule so common here, nothing which so readily and so frequently raises the 'loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind' as a sneer or jeer at the 'higher law.'

"Mr. SUTHERLAND. I ask the gentlemen from Massachusetts whether it is possible that the higher law of God can come in conflict with the Constitution?

"Mr. MANN. I think it would be better to ask whether the Constitution comes in conflict with the higher law.

"Mr. SUTHERLAND. I ask the gentleman if every American citizen does not obey the higher law of God when he obeys every part of the Constitution? And can any good result come from discussing these immaterial abstractions? Is not the spirit of the Constitution in accordance with the higher law? Constitution point to a clause in the Constitution which, when fulfilling to the best of my ability, would make me violate the higher law of God?

"Mr. MANN. That is not the point.

"Mr. SUTHERLAND. It is the very point. You and others—I say it with all possible respect—disturb the harmony of this House and the country, by trying to get up issues upon abstract questions of morality, which have nothing whatever to do with the proceedings of this House, or with correct public sentiment. If I should undertake to make an issue between you and me upon this subject of Slavery, I would be wrong. Yet you get up here, and attempt to make this issue before the country. You get up an issue upon an immaterial question of morality, which simply tends to excite men, without any practical benefit.

"Mr. MANN. I hope the gentleman will not interrupt me further."

If Mr. Mann 'had not been professing loyalty to the Higher Law'—if Mr. Sutherland's question was not in point—if it was not made with the design I attribute to it—if Mr. Mann did not 'avoid any reply,' and if he did not 'ask not to be interrupted'—I confess I do not understand language. As for the 'hour' he wished to 'husband,' half the time he took to evade answering would have amply sufficed to have answered Mr. Sutherland frankly and explained his own views. The reason why I spoke of Mr. Mann as evading a reply is this: he evidently understood Mr. Sutherland. He should, therefore, have either refused to answer or tried to answer. He did neither. He only pretended to answer. Even after asking not to be interrupted further, he goes on, for some time, talking evasively about the point. All this does not look like economy of time. If Mr. Mann then made, or has ever made, any answer to the question that he says he has been often put to the Free Soilers, I have never seen it. I leave the reader, however, to form his own opinion.

The Hallowell speech.

I notice:

1. In the speech above quoted, Aug. 17, 1852, p. 13, Mr. Mann says:

"And now, having shown what a mighty wrong Slavery is, in and of itself; having shown what collateral debasement and degradation Slavery in its generates and diffuses, let me ask, if the political Free Soil party do not go to the uttermost verge that patriot, moralist, or Christian can go, *when it consents to let Slavery remain where it is?* There is an endeavour to make up a false issue for the country, and for the tribunal of history, on this subject. Free Soilers are charged with interfering *with Slavery within the jurisdiction of the States where it is. This allegation is wholly unfounded. Our whole effort* has been simply to keep it within the jurisdiction of the States where it is. We would not have it profane our territory. We would not allow it to double its present domain; we would not allow it, in the nameless and innumerable woes, two-thirds of our territorial area on the Pacific coast, as it already has two-thirds on the Atlantic. *This is all we have done.*"

2. In the speech of Feb. 15, 1850, Mr. Mann is so far from denying my statement, that he seems never to have heard of anybody who did wish to agitate for the abolition of Slavery in the States. This is quite probable, since now is the first time that he ever recognised the existence of *The Liberator*. In saying that they had no wish to interfere with Slavery in the States, have I *misrepresented* the men whom Mr. Mann describes in the following extract?

"They [the South] complain of northern agitation on the subject of Slavery, and northern agitation of the slaves themselves. On the subject of 'agitation,' I deny that the North has ever overstepped the limits of their constitutional rights. *They have never agitated the question of Slavery in the States.* It has been *only* in regard to Slavery in this District, or the annexation of Texas, or the acquisition of territory for the extension of Slavery, or the imprisonment of her citizens in southern prisons, or a denial of the inviolable right of petition; it has been *only* on such subjects that the North has lifted up the voice of expostulation and remonstrance."

"I no regard to insignificant exceptions, I acknowledge there have been some instances of it; but they have been few. The perpetrators have been tried and severely punished, and the *North has acquiesced.*"

Mr. Mann will please not include the Garrison Abolitionist in that 'acquiescing North.' We claim the right to 'instigate slaves to escape' whenever we choose, and by no means 'acquiesce' in the imprisonment of Drayton and Sayres or Torrey.

3. In a speech, Aug. 17, 1851, on taking the chair of the Free Soil State Convention, Mr. Mann quotes Webster's words of 1848, and adds a comment:

"I may claim to be, and may hold myself, as good a Free Soil man as any member of that Buffalo convention. I pray to know, if there is there soil freer than that on which I have stood. I pray to know what words they can use, or can dictate to me, freer than those which have dwelt upon my lips. I pray to know with what feelings they can inspire my breast *more resolute and firm in resistance of Slavery* EXTENSION OR ENCROACHMENT, than have inhabited my bosom since the first time I opened my mouth in public life."

These, gentlemen, were his words, spoken at Marshfield, on the first day of September, 1848. If he were here to-day to address you, could he speak any words more grateful to your ears?"

The italics and capitals are Mr. Mann's. Do I misrepresent Free Soil when I say that Slavery can imagine no *words* from Webster's lips *more grateful* than a simple pledge against slave 'extension or encroachment'?

See also his controversy with Badger.

Throughout his letters to Badger, and his addresses to the Free Soil Conventions, the same doctrine—that Free Soilers have no concern for Slavery in the States—occupies a large space. It is so woven into the texture of those addresses, that to quote at all, one must quote the whole speech.

Mr. Mann asserts that the Free Soilers have no difficulty in swearing to support the Constitution of the U. S., because, 'with our interpretation of it, it requires us to do nothing in violation of the Higher Law of God.'

It will be remembered that, as I have shown above, Mr. Mann's interpretation, the only one he has ever avowed, allows that the Constitution orders the return of fugitive slaves. I will add other citations besides those I have given:

"The constitution proceeds upon this doctrine when it *provides for the recapture of fugitive slaves.* Why did it not provide for the capture of a fugitive horse or ox? Why did it not provide that, if a horse or an ox should escape from a slave State into a free State, it should be delivered up, or be recoverable by legal process? Because horses and oxen are *property*, by the common consent of mankind. It needed no law to make them property. They are recognized by the law of nations, by the English common law, by the law of every State in this Union—*while men and women are not. An escaped slave could not be recovered before the adoption of the constitution. The power to seize upon escaping slaves was one of the motives for adopting it.*" p. 195.

"And will a slave, escaping to Great Britain, or to any of her colonial possessions, be reclaimable by Examiner Inquirer? We have an answer. No, sir. Whether the third clause of the second section of the fourth article of the constitution nor the law of 1793 will ever be extended over the Three Kingdoms or their dependencies?" p. 216.

Or to leave metaphor for literal speech: The constitution of the United States gave the most comprehensive and fundamental guaranties in favour of freedom, with here and there only an exception in behalf of Slavery. It allowed 'persons' who were held to service or labour, and who should escape into other States, to be retaken, but it also secured the trial by jury to every 'person' who should claim to be free, and the rights of liberty, and on all questions of property, even down to the paltry sum of twenty dollars." p. 540.

"The constitution says, he shall be 'delivered up.' There the obligation of that instrument ceases." p. 354.

In those elaborate and able arguments against the Fugitive Slave Law to which I have referred, Mr. Mann ransacks the whole Constitution, availing himself of every word that will strengthen his points; but no where does he hase a single argument on this new 'interpretation,' that slaves are not entitled to the benefit of the trial by jury, in the clause. He expatiates long and ably on the fact that the Slave Act violates the law of God, but no where explicitly says that the return of a slave, under any circumstances, or with any safeguards, violates the Constitution.

Now the question which I have so often asked of Mr. Mann and his friends, and which Mr. Sutherland asked of the Free Soilers, was, whether swearing that the Constitution orders the return of fugitive slaves, still find no difficulty in swearing to support it, and maintain that it requires nothing 'in violation of the law of God?'

The question I have been putting to Mr. Mann and other Free Soilers for years. In this very letter, there is the same lack of explicitness. After all, Mr. Mann does not tell us what he understands by 'the Higher Law' he has put upon the Constitution. The Whigs have, it seems, asked the same question before. What answer they get, we see in Mr. Mann's speech, Sept. 16, 1851. Of their address, he says:

"It goes into an elaborate palliation of the Fugitive Slave law itself. It first attempts to shift the question by asking the Free Soilers what they have to do with repealing the constitutional provision respecting escaped slaves. The views of the Free Soil party on this point, and their purpose of fidelity to the constitution, have been set forth a hundred times. Nothing new has been added to this record. I trust it is only necessary to remark, that the Free Soil party *will do what they say*, and not pass ten long years in asserting, and protesting, and resolving, and calling on heaven and earth to witness their devotion to Freedom, and then disavow all they had ever avowed, and forswear their oaths."

Now, I frankly tell Mr. Mann, I shall continue to criticise his speeches and those of his friends, till I get a definite and explicit answer to three questions:

1st. Do they, or do they not, believe that the Constitution orders the return of fugitive slaves? On this question, Mr. Mann was frank and explicit in his letter, which seems to throw a cloud about it. His friends have been somewhat obscure for years.

2d. If they think the Constitution does so order, how do they justify themselves in swearing to support it?

3d. If they have any other private interpretation, how do they justify themselves in keeping such interpretation to themselves? and how, while the nation and the Supreme Court construe it otherwise, do they, as honest statesmen justify themselves in swearing to support the Constitution, in a sense peculiarly erroneous, as they understands it. And so of Mr. Mann's oath to the Constitution. The nation—the *whole* nation—and he, are the parties to that promise. Has he any doubt in what sense the nation understands his oath?

This is not the first time that I have been called to allude to Mr. Mann's want of frankness. It is only within a very few years, that he has opened his mouth on the subject of Slavery. For years, as Secretary of the Board of Education, he preserved a profound silence, while his intimate friends were sure he was an Anti-Slavery man at heart. At that time, I had occasion to criticise those statements in his Reports which gave the truth and exactness of real facts that threatened harm to the coloured man. The most honourable excuse for him was, that his philosophy deemed it right to sacrifice the slave and the free coloured man for the sake of more for himself a wider influence, and for the white race a better education. I had no reason, therefore, to be surprised that he carried into politics the same habit. When the first strong opportunity, it was by Whig nomination; and though elected, doubtless, by the votes of the Anti-Slavery party, he would give them no public recognition. They acquiesced in this, as likely to leave him stronger with his own party, and relied on his private assurances. I rejoice to say he does not deceived. But the course was one which tallied well with the philosophy of his previous years.

In Mr. Mann's remark about 'plagiarism,' if he will read my speech attentively, he will see I do not charge plagiarism on any one.

I have no apology to make to Mr. Mann. I cannot see that I have done him any injustice. Perhaps I do injustice to the Free Soilers, in allowing Mr. Mann to speak for them. Though they have recently put him at the head of their State Convention, I know public rumour asserted that he never accepted the nomination until he found himself unable to get a Whig one; and as late as the fall of 1850, he voted, he says, the whole Whig ticket. As late as May, 1850, he was lauding the Whig party, and denouncing the Free Soilers, in a speech, Mr. Mann to speak for them. Though they have recently put him at the head of their State Convention, I know public rumour asserted that he never accepted the nomination until he found himself unable to get a Whig one; and as late as the fall of 1850, he voted, he says, the whole Whig ticket. As late as May, 1850, he was lauding the Whig party, and denouncing the Free Soilers, in a speech, Mr. Mann, though a little later he could describe him as 'the hero of the Florida war—as great an outrage against a race as ever Rome or Russia committed.' He had been a conservative, and, as we thought, a willing instrument in spilling the blood of a sister republic. Even should the executive divest him of military command, or he should grow too old for service, he could still well known that there was a full black battalion on his own plantations, who would always command.' I cannot, therefore, allow Mr. Mann to talk very loudly of 'refusing to follow the political party with which he had acted.'

As to his assertion that if my manuscript letter has obliged me to look again over his volume, and if he could say what I find in his Letter to Webster, 'I believe every part of my "Letter" to be within the bounds of courtesy and respectful deference,' there is nothing in it which might not pass between gentlemen, without interrupting relations of civility or friendship.' I think I may claim as much for my remarks. I, nothing again his own words, I remind him that, 'among gentlemen, no insult is ever offered where none is intended: there may be heedlessness of conduct, there may be an unintentional wounding of sensibilities; but there can be no affront where the design to affront is wanting: he is not a gentleman, but a poltroon and a braggart, who pretends he is insulted, and proceeds to retaliate for the affront, when all insult and all affront are sincerely disclaimed'—I trust he will see no occasion to make the present case an exception to that very emphatic and sensible remark.

The tone and language of his letter I cannot descend to criticise. His rule is still, I suppose, as he told Mr. Webster, that when your opponent indulges in 'angry and reproachful language, it releases you from all further obligation to treat him with personal regard.' Had I indulged in any such unbecoming language, I should not consider that fact any justification to Mr. Mann; for I cannot assent to such a canon.' On the contrary, I hold myself bound as a gentleman to treat every man with courtesy, no matter how grossly any man may fail in courtesy to me.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

P.S. Editor copying Mr. Mann's letter, are respectfully requested to publish this reply.

Boston, March 1, 1853.

[NOTE.—The above correspondence we copy from the last *Liberator*. But some verbal errors have been corrected by himself in Mr. Phillips' letter, and a single sentence added in his strictures upon the conversation between Messrs. Sutherland and Mann.—*Ed. Standard.*]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

* * *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed* to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1853.

M. SCHŒLCHER.

DEAR MR. GAY: I send you, for insertion in the *Standard*, a translation of M. Legouvé's article published in the "Liberty Bell" of this year. It is especially interesting, as containing a just tribute to the Anti-Slavery zeal of one with whose labours, trials and success we have the fullest sympathy, and whose history is not without encouragement for us. The Abolitionists of the United States of America, in conflict with a party sustained by all the strength of a prosperous Republic, have bound themselves to a duty whose conditions they know and are prepared to fulfil. Of success they sometimes dream, but they do their work irrespective of any hope of success they may entertain It is appalling to count the odds against us, and we cease to regard them, and turn to vow ourselves anew to the accomplishment of our mission—the promotion of a cause which is Religion and whose character and claims we understand, leaving the success of our efforts with God—tranquil, because we know that he reigns.

Still, disciplined as we are to distinguish between the duties which are ours and the events which are God's, we know that perseverance and labour in a right direction are not always without their obvious reward.

The experience of M. Schœlcher teaches us that it is not given to us to predict how or when our ends may be attained, and that success may be never more at least venture to hope. The sailor's proverb says that the darkest hour is the morning watch." Let us remember for our encouragement—if, indeed, those privileged to labour for this Cause need encouragement—that circumstances unforeseen and unprovided for, arise at every period of human history. Political events and combinations, accidents of war and peace, unexpected and unaccountable movements, often give to feeble instrumentalities unexpected power; and it is a felicity to be found in the right spot at the right time.

I heard M. Schœlcher remark, when speaking of the Anti-Slavery enterprise in France, "We laboured for eighteen years and did not seem to have gained a step." I have a remembrance that during that long period, which the eloquent Legouvé describes as years of labour, sacrifice and danger, years embittered by trenchery and calumny, the noble advocate of Emancipation in the French dependencies yielded to no discouragement and remitted no effort.

In the winter of 1848, M. Schœlcher was on a homeward voyage from Senegal, where he had been to examine the condition of certain prisoners. Little did he foresee, when he was turning his face to the shores, that he so welcomed home by tidings twice blessed to the Republican and the Abolitionist! But had he come too late? and after long years of hope deferred was this golden opportunity to be lost? We can imagine his emotions during his hurried journey from Marseilles to Paris where he hoped to arrive before any decisive action should have been taken on the Anti-Slavery question:

Happily for M. Schœlcher, he had not ignoble men to deal with. The chief of the Provisional Government saw in the rumour of that awful decision that it was the truest wisdom to listen to the slave's best friend, who knew well that danger lay only in retreat and compromise. "I regretted much," says the noble Arago, "not being enlightened at that time by the counsels of one who had nobly consecrated his life to the outcast negro race, and who had profoundly studied their wants and tendencies—but he was absent. * * * Fortunately, he was even then at hand. On the 3d of March, M. Schœlcher reached Paris; an address highly satisfactory to him had already been adopted by M. Arago, a conversation held that very day, M. Schœlcher proved to me *that it was absolutely necessary to return to the idea of immediate emancipation.* He demonstrated to me that the sentimental phrase which concludes my letter to the Governors of our colonies, would in nowise satisfy the slaves, etc." *

M. Schœlcher was immediately appointed under Secretary of State, was charged with the work of abolishing Slavery in the colonies, and was afterwards president of the commission which established and regulated the *regime* of freedom.

All this was on the 3d of March, 1848. On the 4th of March, the Provisional Government decreed in the name of the French People, the immediate abolition of Slavery in all the colonies of the Republic.

The toils and trials of eighteen years had not been in vain. That life of devotion had enabled the slave's representative to speak with the voice of experience as well as of zeal. He was able to "prove," to "demonstrate," and, finally, to act.

The hour and the man had both come—that supreme hour may never come to the American Abolitionist of this day, but we will not the less labour and wait—and we cannot but gather strength and encouragement from such a history as this.

Since that day of hope and triumph, sad events have darkened the political horizon of France; her fondest hopes are deferred, her noblest sons are in exile; but the mission of the French Abolitionist was accomplished by the Government of February—the slave of the French Antilles is free.

I will not detain you longer from M. Legouvé's appeal to the American Slave Power, and his touching recognition of the sympathy that unites the friends of the slave, who, however widely separated by conflicting creeds or national animosities, will be ever brethren.

Truly he has some of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Ce n'est pas une cause, c'est une Religion.

Yours ever for that faith

W. L. G.

New York, Feb. 24.

THE RELIGION OF ABOLITION.

"BY M. ERNEST LEGOUVE.

The sanctity of a cause is according to the greatness of the heroism that it inspires. Wish you for proof irrefragable of the divinity of Christianity? Number its martyrs. Young girls descending cheerfully into the arena—noble Roman ladies devoting their great wealth to the poor and becoming themselves nurses and foundresses of hospitals, soldiers permitting themselves to be struck without resistance, and respectful to the new law, offer more convincing arguments than the Epistle of St. Paul or the treaties of St. Augustine. That which imparts divine purity to the soul must be of God.

The same is true of Independence as of Religion.

Americans! Much has been written against the legitimacy of your war of Independence. One thing better demonstrates your rights than all arguments, namely, the virtue which was engaged in those struggles. Who can read all your deeds of courage, of patience, of self-denial, of good sense, of heroism, without saying within himself, "These men had justice on their side, where virtue is *there* is right."

Judge then from this point of view, the Anti-Slavery question; on which side is moderation and on which intemperate passion? With which party is disinterestedness, and with which selfishness? Where must we look for heroic courage, and where for cowardly profanity?

You of all people the most reasonable and just, become as soon as this terrible question is agitated, insensate and implacable oppressors. How is it that this ruin of your noblest characteristics does not terrify you? It should alarm you so much the more, be it remembered, that your adversaries seem to be enriched by all that you lose; the greatness once shown by you in conflict with your English oppressors is now exhibited by Abolitionists opposed to you as slaveholders! This! is no wild phrase. These are facts which strike your eyes too painfully every day to permit a denial. How many missionaries, rich or poor, obscure or illustrious, consecrate to this apostleship strength and health, fortune and life! You array law upon law against them; it matters not! their march is onward. Punishments unknown to savage nations have been inflicted upon these holy apostles. What matter! their number constantly increases.

But this is not all. Extend your thoughts beyond your own continent—to Europe—and behold the devotion there inspired by the RELIGION OF ABOLITION, FOR THIS IS NOT A CAUSE, IT IS A RELIGION! There is a man in France who has had the glory of *obtaining*, and of himself proclaiming, as under-Secretary of State, the abolition of Slavery in our colonies; that man is M. Schœlcher. His right to that glory had been bought—conquered rather—by twenty years of labour, sacrifice and danger—by the bitterest suffering to which humanity can subject a manly hand, calumniated even in its filial piety.

The idea of abolition is so purifying that it extinguishes in the hearts which it penetrates even political hatreds—the most implacable of all. Yes, even in France where party differences degenerate so easily into personal hatred, if by chance a *Montagnard* and a *reactionaire* learn that they are both Abolitionists, they despise each other no more—they detest each other no longer. They feel then that they are brothers.

Be assured, Americans, that a cause which produces such prodigies as these is a holy cause.

PARIS, July 15.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY,

AT THE

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, Wednesday Evening, Jan. 26, 1853.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

PARKER PILLSBURY, from the Business Committee, offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Anti-Slavery enterprise is more than a crusade, moral or political, against Slavery in extension; it is a moral war against Slavery in its wars of conquest; it is more than a vindication of the right of speech, of the press, or of locomotion; it is the vindication of every right that constitutionally, of Fugitive Slave Laws, or the writ of habeas corpus, or the right of jury trial for fugitive slaves; it is an open, direct, exterminating and everlasting warfare against the doctrine that man ever, under any possible or conceivable circumstances, can be made the goods and chattels of his fellow-man.

Resolved, That, however much we may rejoice in the change of public sentiment as it appears in the refusal on the part of the people to execute the Fugitive Slave Law in so many places in the North, or visit its penalties on those who resist it, even though they take the life of the kidnapper, and as also appears in the refusal to nominate for the Presidency those who had been most active in securing its passage, and as further appears in the occasional triumphs of the Free Soil party, still we must never cease to be faithful to our original and fundamental principles, and that it is only by continuing thus faithful that we can hope to witness still greater results, and the final emancipation of every slave.

Mr. PILLSBURY then proceeded to speak upon the resolutions, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—I think there is one mistake in the minds of many who profess to be friends of the slave; and that mistake is in relation to the origin and source of the evil of Slavery. And if we can by some means arrive at a just conclusion as to the real source of the evil, there can be little doubt but that we will find wisdom and fidelity enough in some quarter to resist and overthrow it.

It is a very common opinion that Slavery is the creature of law; that it is the result of a defect in our Constitution; but all this is a mistake; a mere fanciful idea. Slavery is not the 'creature of law,' and does not owe its origin to any defect in the Constitution. Slavery is a plant of spontaneous growth, in just such moral soil as is that among the American people. Slavery grows out of that soil as naturally as weeds spring from a dunghill. It grows because it cannot help growing. It is a spontaneous production, and whoever supposes it can be overthrown—the soil and culture remaining as they have been in times past—has just that state of moral sentiment which produces it—and whoever imagines that by political action, or by statutes or other bodies, the evil will be overthrown, while the moral sentiment of the country remains as it is now, entertains a childish fancy. Slavery springs up the poisonous vegetation from the stagnant pools and quiescent waters, under the moral and religious tillage of forty thousand ordained and consecrated gardeners, who claim to have the oversight of God's spiritual heritage. Unless there can be a change in this domestic economy, unless there can be a very radical change in the gardeners themselves, and in the implements of their husbandry, there is no probability that, under such culture, there will be any great change in the crop; for it must be the same, and only the same, and continually.

One of the resolutions which I have read describes first what Anti-Slavery is not. I think we have seen in the last few years, the correctness of the principle unfolded in that resolution. We have a political Anti-Slavery party. It began many years ago, and began, in some respects, very honourably indeed. It was descended from men and from women who were, many of them, imbued with the spirit of Freedom; and the original sentiments of that political party did not differ materially from the sentiments of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. They demanded the immediate, unconditional emancipation of every slave, without colonisation and without expatriation of any kind, and without compensation to the master. That was the original demand. On such a basis was the Free Soil, or Free Democratic, or Liberty party originally formed. But in all political associations, it will be found that whatever of love for truth and freedom there is in them, it gradually declines, till it is swallowed up in a reckless career for power and place. Just in proportion as a political party gathers numerical strength, just in that proportion does it contract disease and weakness. You have seen how the party commenced, and you know to what it has come at last. You know who were its candidates. JAMES G. BIRNEY—a repentant slaveholder; a man who had sacrificed all things in the cause of liberty; who had been content to be regarded as the offscouring of all flesh, to lose his position in society, his honourable and profitable place in the government of his country—his standing in the highest social circles of the South—all these he had sacrificed. Then he had set up a press, and consecrated it to the doctrines of humanity and personal liberty. That was sacrificed repeatedly by a brutal and infuriated mob; it was thrown into the Ohio river; but still the noble editor stood unabashed and unterrified in the midst of this storm of persecution and infuriated rage. But the party gathered numerical strength, until at length it began to be like the children of Israel when they demanded a king, that they might be like the nations around them. Mr. Birney began to suffer in the popular estimation on account of his fidelity. By and by he was sacrificed, and another candidate was substituted, not remarkable for his devotion to liberty, either in the time past or in the time then present. With Mr. John P. Hale, the numerical strength increased; but the moral force declined, until it dropped and descended to that paragon of pro-slavery and political hypocrisy, Martin Van Buren. There, for the present, let us leave it.

All these changes we have witnessed in that party. Its history only confirms my position, that just as political parties gather numerical strength, just in that proportion will decline their power to accomplish any great or good result.

What is true of parties is equally true of individuals; and we have seen, in our own midst, the sacrifice of some of the brightest luminaries our country has furnished—sacrificed by their elevation to office. I refer, now, particularly to the position of the distinguished Free Soil Senator from Massachusetts—a man who was once known in both hemispheres as a zealous and uncompromising champion of universal freedom; who had not only learned but taught what is '*The True Grandeur of Nations*'; but a man, too, who, in consequence of his success, in consequence of his having been elevated to a place of honour and profit, has been sacrificed on the same altar upon which have been placed so many illustrious victims before him. Men talk about the fall of Daniel Webster, and they seem to deplore it. I regard the Fall of Charles Sumner as equally real, and ten thousand times more dreadful. The one fell as falls the withered and thunder-scarred oak, that has braved the tempest of century after century—that has been hereft of its beauty and its blossoms—that has been shorn and shivered, and left a withered though mighty monument of the power of the elements, and finally yielded, and fallen ignominiously to the earth. The other was smitten like the mountain pine, in all its vigour and in all its beauty. Slavery scathed it in death with a single bolt of its lightning. One terrible glance from its Gorgon eye has withered him, until his fall is, as I have said, as real, and ten thousand times more dreadful, than the fall of Daniel Webster.

I know this may seem a somewhat extravagant position; but it is a position which should be taken, if it is one which can be defended. The time has come when the *whole* truth should be spoken, as well as nothing but the truth. CHARLES SUMNER was one thing as a private gentleman in the city of Boston; but I appeal to this audience if he were not quite another thing as a Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts? Before he was nominated, before he was thought of as a candidate, he could make the walls of the old 'Cradle of Liberty' to ring with his eloquence, while he denounced that infamous enactment, the Fugitive Slave Law. Hear him:

The soul sickens in the contemplation of this legalized outrage. In the dreary annals of the Past, there are many acts of shame—there are ordinances of monarchs, and laws, which have become a by-word and a hissing to the nations. But, *when we consider the country and the age*, I ask, for barbarity, for contempt of law, what ordinance of monarch, what law, can compare in atrocity with this enactment of an American Congress? [*None!] I do not forget Appius Claudius, the tyrant and decemvir of ancient Rome, condemning Virginia as a slave; nor Louis XIV. of France, letting slip the dogs of religious persecution by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; nor Charles I. of England, arousing the patriot rage of Hampden by the extortion of ship-money; nor the British Parliament, provoking, in our own country, the spirit of '76 to kindle, by the tyranny of the Stamp Act and Tea Tax. I would not exaggerate; I wish to keep within bounds; but I think no person can doubt that the condemnation now afforded to all these transactions, and to their authors, must be the lot hereafter of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and of every one, according to the measure of his influence, who gave it his support. [These cheers were here given.] Into the immortal catalogue of national crimes this has now past, drawing with it, by an inexorable necessity, its authors also; and chiefly him who, as President of the United States, set his name to the Bill, and breathed into it that final breath, without which it would have no life. [Sensation.] Let the responsibility he may have gained from the name signed to the Fugitive Slave Bill can never be forgotten. [*Never!] There are depths of infamy, as there are heights of fame. [Cheers.] I feel free to say what I think of such a kidnapper, as well as slave-breeder and slaveholder, I confess that you have read history to better purpose than I. I think it has remained for this most illustrious Senator of the Free Soil party to pronounce a eulogy on such a man, that has no parallel, even from the blasphemous, the unhallowed lips of Daniel Webster himself.

But in regard to the speech of Senator Sumner, suffer me a little farther. If I do not greatly misapprehend, vary many of the friends of the slave wholly misunderstand it; wholly fail in comprehending it. I do think its morality, in some parts, is as false as the morality of the speech of Daniel Webster of March, 1850. It seems to me it makes no advance, whatever, on the generally received doctrines of those slaveholders, slave-breeders and slave-catchers, who laid the foundations of our government; and that all it proposes to do, is to go back and stand where they stood, and constitute ourselves, as they did, a nation of tyrannical hypocrites, or hypocritical tyrants, who could fight the battles of freedom for themselves, and then go home and grow rich, by stealing and selling the children of their poor neighbours. I have been said of General Washington, that he refused any compensation for his eight years' service in the cause of country. Well he might; for how many men and women were labouring under lash of the task-master all that time, and before and afterward (God remembers how long), that he might have the means of living, and be able to fight his country's battles? No glory has ever covered their names; no honour has ever been paid to their memory; no pensions awarded; no monument commemorates their dismal toil; and yet, while he was reaping a harvest of honour, fame, and immortality on the field of battle, and while our nation has not yet ceased praising him for his '*disinterested*' devotion, hundreds of his fellow-men, as good as himself, and to whom liberty was as dear, were toiling from one year to another—from the cradle to the grave—from their cradles to their graves—for those that he might have the wealth which would enable him to enjoy his liberty without compensation! Oyes, Washington was rich—he received nothing; but whose stripes made him so?

It has been claimed for this speech of Mr. Sumner—of which forty thousand copies were circulated during the last Presidential campaign—that it denies utterly the constitutionality of the slave system, and proves its unconstitutionality. It enumerates the pro-slavery clauses of the Constitution instead. It numbers them like the figures on a carpenter's rule; and yet many of his blind devotees utterly deny, with the most remarkable tenacity, that there is a word in his speech favouring the constitutionality of the slave system of this country.

But let this pass, for it was not to this part of the address I wanted to refer. A word more in regard to George Washington—for Mr. Sumner says he declines to accept as his guides the lights of to-day, but turns to the luminaries of the past, and follows the illustrious example set him by this first person in his great Trinity of American Freedom.

Now what was the character of the law of 1793? If there be any thing of argument in the speech of Mr. Sumner, it is as strong against the law of 1793 as against that of 1850. I would like to appeal to any of Mr. Sumner's friends who are present, if it be not—if nearly every word against the law of '50 does not weigh with equal force against the law of '93? Yet his 'reverend demigod,' Washington, signed the law of '93, '*without which it would have had no life*,' and engaged in a hunt after a slave woman all the way to New Hampshire!

And here, Mr. Chairman, is a little extract from the letter of Gen. Washington to the Collector of Portsmouth, Mr. Whipple, to whom he applied for the recovery of his fugitive slave. Collectors in those times, it seems, *collected* something besides revenue, now and then. After giving a description of the woman, he says:

"I do not mean, however, by this request, that such violent measures should be used as would excite a sedition or a RIOT, which might be the case, if she has ADHERENTS; or even uneasy sensations in the minds of well disposed citizens. Rather than either of these should happen, I would forego her services altogether; *and the example, also, which is of infinitely more importance.*"

Now, what does Charles Sumner counsel in his speech in Faneuil Hall? What kind of resistance does he propose? He says he will counsel no violence; but yet, you will bear me witness, if in that bold and manly speech, he does not counsel the protection of the slave at all hazards; and if he would not admire the exalted heroism displayed in the rescue of Shadrach in Boston, and the deliverance of Jerry at Syracuse? But suppose the attempt had been made to arrest this slave woman at Portsmouth, and her friends had rallied and rescued her, what does Mr. Sumner's 'reverend demigod' call them who should make it? Why, he says—'I do not mean, however, by this request, that such violent measures should be used as would excite a MOB or RIOT.' I believe, then, that those who rescue, or those who save the slave from re-capture, whether it be under the law of '93 or '50, are pronounced a 'MOB or a RIOT'!! It strikes me that we are not sufficiently impressed with the strange morality of this document, coming as it does from so illustrious a source as Gen. Washington, and then appealed to, in our own times, by a no less illustrious man than the Free Soil Senator from Massachusetts.

case if she has *adherents*, or even uneasy sensations in the minds of well-disposed citizens.' Who are they—these 'well-disposed citizens'? I suppose they are those law-abiding men of Milk and State Street—those who 'obey a law, while it is a law'! 'Rather than that either of these should happen,' continues the writer, 'I would forego her services altogether; and the example, also, which is of infinite more importance.' Isn't there magnanimity for you! It seems to me, that you rarely find such sentiments expressed as these. I think there is little, even in Daniel Webster's 7th of March speech, to compare with them. And yet, these are the sentiments of George Washington, the first person in Mr. Sumner's political trinity—the 'revered demigod' of his devotion and his worship!

Well, let me just pass along to the commentary of Mr. Sumner on that extract from the letter. He says, 'The fugitive never was returned; but lived in freedom to a good old age, down to a very recent period, a monument of'——what? A monument to the 'mobocracy' that prevailed there? A monument to the humanity of the 'rioters,' such as snatched Shadrach from the fangs of the 'cestoyers'? No! 'She lived in freedom to a good old age, down to a very recent period, a monument of the *just forbearance*' of him whom we aptly call the 'Father of his Country'! You must remember what I just read from George Washington's letter. What did he, in his '*just forbearance*,' say must be the condition of her re-capture? Did he say, 'Let her be civilly and kindly requested to go back, and if she decline returning, then let her remain—let her '*live in freedom to a good old age*,' and Heaven bless and reward her for what she has done for us?' He had said this, then there would have been some slight foundation for the language I just now read. But was the poor victim to be consulted at all, more than if she were a dumb beast? On the contrary, did he not brand those as 'RIOTERS' and 'MOBOCRATS' who should seek to rescue her from his clutch?

Now, Mr. Sumner tells us that 'she lived in freedom to a good old age, a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his Country'! I know of no instance that is a parallel to this monstrous logic, except it be in the history of Jesus of Nazareth. 'The Scribes and Pharisees sought to put him to death;' but they feared the people. They took up stones to cast at him—but they feared the people. They went forth and took counsel together how they should put him to death'—'but they feared the people.' Three years they hunted him like any kidnapper; 'but they feared the people.' So, Jesus of Nazareth lived, according to Mr. Sumner's logic, to good old age—at least, he lived a time—'*a monument of the just forbearance*' of the Scribes and Pharisees (laughter and cheers)!

I'd do injustice, in the position I take, to Gen. Washington, or to Mr. Senator Sumner, let the injustice be pointed out. He says, 'she lived a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his Country.' But yet, it was only the fear of a mob or riot, that prevented him from snatching his victim at all hazards, and hurrying her back to the deep perdition from which she had escaped, to weep and wail away the rest of her existence.

But let us go a little further. 'It is true,' continues Mr. Sumner, 'that he sought her return. This we must regret, and find its apology.' Indeed! 'Find its apology'! It seems to me, the Free Soil party might be better employed than in electing Senators to 'find apology' for kidnappers, in high or low life. Why, they could have employed ministers to do the work for half the money it costs to pay Charles Sumner. Boston has got a multitude of such ministers, who are ready to *volunteer*, and do volunteer, to apologize for kidnapping and kidnappers! But yet, '*we must find an apology*,' he says, *for* Washington seeking to re-capture that slave—and that slave, *a mother*! I did not know that it was necessary to find any apology. 'This we must regret, and find its apology.' . . . 'From this act of Washington, still swayed by the policy of the world, I appeal to Washington writing his will.' And what was Washington writing his will? That document provided that all the slaves he had, should live and die slaves, if he happen to outlive them; and that every child should drink the terrible sacrament of weeping, sorrow and anguish which their fathers and mothers had drunk, if he or his widow should happen to outlive them. (What if he had lived as long, perhaps, as Daniel Webster is going to live? You know he said, anticipating futurity, 'I still live!') Suppose Washington did say his slaves, having served him and his wife while they lived, should, at their death—they having no children to whom to bequeath them—be set free? Why, in Heaven's name, might they not be set free then? When there was nobody to interfere with them, and no one could use them no more, what was there of magnanimity in setting them free? 'From this act of Washington, still swayed by the policy of the world,' says Mr Sumner, 'I appeal to Washington writing his will. From Washington on earth, I appeal to Washington in Heaven.' And yet, Washington lived and died a slaveholder!—lived a slaveholder, and died leaving a will bequeathing his slaves to his only heir, his wife!—and then 'ascended to Heaven'! You remember, when Gorsuch was killed at Christiana, that a leading Methodist journal published a long obituary, proclaiming him the most eminent saint of the day, always excepting, of course, Daniel Webster. He was proclaimed, among other things, 'a model Methodist'! and it was represented of him, that he was now walking the streets of the New Jerusalem! I saw an old emancipated slave woman in Ohio, and she spoke—for she was once herself a member of the Methodist Church—she spoke of Father Gorsuch, represented as walking in a model Christian, and she said, 'If the like of Gorsuch goes to Heaven, I tell you dis child will hire her board in t'other place.' If Gen. Washington, after such acts as this, and such sentiments, got to heaven, why, we might as well not have any other place.

'From Washington on earth,' says Mr. Sumner, 'I appeal to Washington in Heaven.' . . . 'His death is above his life.'

I have heard a good deal said before of death-bed repentance; but I never heard it very highly extolled. This is one of the most illustrious instances in which I have heard it commended. 'His last testament cancels his authority as a slaveholder. However he may have appeared before man, he came into the presence of God *only as the liberator of his slaves*'!! I do not know how such a sentiment strikes you, Mr. Chairman, but to my mind, it strikes at the foundation of all morality, and mocks all true religion. It seems to me that it utterly annihilates all moral distinctions. It allows the kidnapper and slaveholder to pursue their prey, and then to plunder them until Death shall come, and proclaim their deliverance. Why may not the pirate on the high seas as well, why may not the perpetrator of any other crime, no matter how bloody or how black, pursue his unhallowed business as long as life lo lengthened out, and then just die, and go up absolved to heaven, only by virtue of having 'quitted his plunder when he could hold it longer'?

Now, Mr. Chairman, are we to suppose that this is the best the Free Soil party could do? Was it for such morality and such devotion to liberty as this, that we were requested and urged to suspend our moral agitation, and allow Charles Sumner to be elevated to the Senatorship of the United States? Was it for this that the laws of Massachusetts must be trampled under foot, while poor Sims was held captive in the Court House, fattening for the slaughter to which he was soon to be led; and that building surrounded with chains, and with a bristling cordon of police, more hateful than scorpions? was it for such morality and such devotion to liberty as this, that these sacrifices were made, and all this shame endured? I have read the character of the Whig party to very little purpose, if there can be found in its speeches anything more gross, more profane, or more blasphemous towards God's law, towards Liberty, Justice, and true Religion, than is the morality of this—the first and the last speech of the illustrious Free Soil Senator from Massachusetts, before the loftiest legislative body of the United States.

Mr. Chairman, I will not longer detain the audience. I have taken this opportunity, at the opening of the meeting, to throw out these remarks, in the hope that they may cause earnest inquiry, and awaken deeper reflection on this subject. I trust a course will be taken in this meeting, that shall give it the character which our meetings have always hitherto been so fortunate as to possess.

I am not discouraged that the house is not filled; I am not discouraged at what some call the apparent coldness on the part of the friends of humanity. But I will tell you what is to be deplored; and that is, that under the influence of such sentiments as those that I have read, very much of this coldness has been produced. It is not on account of the Seventh of March speech. That speech roused all the humanity and love of liberty in Massachusetts, and wherever else its blasphemies went. But the speech of Charles Sumner in Congress has done much to lay the Spirit of Freedom, in this Commonwealth, low in the dust. The effect of that oration will be remembered and felt when the effect of Daniel Webster's speech shall be forgotten. I have nothing to say in regard to the motives of the Senator, nor of his constituents. I institute no comparison as to the *designs* of these two great men; one of whom has just closed a long, but sadly inglorious public life, and the other is now beginning what may be more or less inglorious, according as he himself shall elect. But of this I feel sure—the more such speeches as Mr. Sumner's must be the death-knell of the party of political Anti-Slavery, if it seal not also the doom of the moral and religious agitation, the last rainbow of promise—the Forlorn Hope of the Slaves.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent exulteth in the Fourth of March—And Why?—The Day of Retribution and of Judgment—Illustrious Insignificance—The Correspondent endoreeth it—Political Giants and Pigmies—The Man Humphrey Ever—The Correspondent giveth a Receipe for a Presidential Pie—Who put in the plums and who is to pull them out—The Correspondent on Vice Presidents—On qualifications for Secretaries—He doth justice to Mr. Marcy's patched breeches—Also to Mr. Cushing—He acknowledgeth his ignorance—He narrowly escapeth a bet—He exulteth the Pierce and exalteth the Former Days were better than these—And why?—He is ornothological—He apologizeth—He compassionateth his literary Executors and maketh a Codicil to his Will, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, March 4, 1853.

THIS is a delicious day! I don't mean as to the weather, which is well enough—but that is nothing to the purpose. I mean it is a day of eminent satisfactions to your Correspondent. For is it not the day to which all the Rascalities of 1850, and the time following, looked as the Day of Reward? And is it not the Day of Judgment, instead, to those miserable sinners? It was to this very day of all days that Webster, and Clay, and Cass, and Scott, and Marcy, and Douglass, and Dickinson, and Fillmore, and Buchanan, and all the rest of 'em, were looking forward when they committed, either as principals or as accessories after the fact, the Crime of the Compromises. The glow of this sun it was, seen in vision so long before, that lighted them on to those villanies. On this day each of them hoped to find himself borne on the shoulders of the people, or rather of one handful of slaveholding usurpers, into the Presidential Chair. And now where are they? Clay dead of a natural death, after giving Webster his *coup de grace* which, after a few months of agony, laid him broken-hearted in the tomb at Marshfield. All the rest of them ignominious survivors, living to see the prize of their humiliation carried off by a man eminent only for his insignificance, and selected only because he had not the load of their infamy to struggle against, and because of the discretion not to touch it (publicly) with one of his fingers! And, if the Telegraph does not lie, Scott, and Cass, and Douglass, and Fillmore, are expressing their satisfaction at the result! O, it is a delicious day! Only to think of how their gorge must rise at it! As to the obscure tool who is preferred over their heads, nobody grudges him his success. The Slavocracy must have a President, and he will answer the turn as well as any one. *ex quovis ligno!*" Such a divinity may be carved out of any log! And one could not have been chosen which would disappoint so many profligate adventurers. And that is what Justice most craves. It is a satisfaction of Nemesis.

But is it not odd to see how our public men dwindle as the country grows big! When the surface of our prosperity was a very champaign one, when we lived in the Vale, as it were, at any gate we had pyramids in it, or, at least, giants walking over them. Now that our volcanic energies have heaved its old level to the height of Alps, we find only pigmies perched on them. With the single exception of Polk, we have never had a President that would not have had some sort of a place in History, until some Virginian Diogenes, mousing about with his lantern in search of an honest man of the particular stamp, picked up little Franklin Pierce somewhere in New Hampshire! And the American people, like the farmers in Brobdingnag, had to put on their spectacles to see this new Gulliver, this political mannikin, this Presidential Grildrig!* And then they took him up with their thumb and forefinger and tenderly set him down in the White House at Washington. But the smaller the puppet, the more readily will it obey the wires and hop this way or that, or turn summersets of any given pattern, according as the masters of the Show think good. Mr. Pierce will fulfil the mission of an American President as well as a Bigger rogue. For all he has to do is to let the slaveholders have everything their own way, and call it Concession to Preserve the Union—a just Consideration of the Rights of All Parts of the Country—Administering the Government in a National and not a Sectional spirit. The formulas are all cut and dried to his hand, and by men who had no notion, when they were cutting and drying them, that they were doing it for his benefit. It is that that gives flavour and raciness to his Inaugural. He may be as good a boy as Jacky Horner himself, as he puts in his thumb and pulls out those plums—but the good boy put them there never meant them for his eating. So he does well to say grace for them as he devoutly does.

By the way, when I said that all the Presidents, except Polk, until now, were men that would have had some kind of a niche in history, had they never been President, of course I did not mean to include Messrs. Tyler and Fillmore. I forgot them (as who will ever remember either of them, except as the men that signed the Act admitting Texas and the Fugitive Slave Law?) and only meant the men chosen as *real* Presidents. And, then, the men of whom Cabinets are made now, one would think that, too, were chosen because nobody had ever heard of them! Of Mr. Pierce's Cabinet, Mr. Marcy has been mentioned occasionally, as Polk's Mexican War Secretary, and as the Governor of New York who charged the State fifty cents for the repair of an envious rent in his unmentionables, received in her service. I don't mention this last in his disparagement. Not at all. It was the most creditable thing I ever heard of him. It showed pecuniary honesty and exactness, which, like other Republican virtues, is getting a little scarce. When would Webster have made a charge like that? If he had torn his breeches on public account, he would have charged Fifty Thousand Dollars for it, at least. Mr. Marcy has been heard of, and so has Caleb Cushing. *He has* had a notoriety, such as it is, and, whatever may be thought of him, nobody will deny him ability and industry. But who, in the name of wonder, are the others? Guthrie, Campbell, Dobbin, and the rest of them. I have no doubt they are very great men, as I infallibly believe in the immortal fame of the authors and authoresses on the cover of *Graham's Magazine*, only I must confess to never having heard of them. And it is not only this Constellation that surrounds the Rising Sun, but that which accompanied the Setting Lustre of Mr. Fillmore. How many of their names can you count up on your fingers, Mr. Reader? If I were a sporting character, I would bet Sixpence that not one of my readers can name them over in two minutes from this present reading. I am sure I couldn't.

Now, it was not always so. Whatever one may think of the ministers of the early Presidents, they were, at least, all eminent men. Jay, Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, Marshall, Madison, Gallatin, Monroe, Adams, and so on—scarcely one that had not an historical name, and who was not selected for some other reason than his coming from a particular part of the country. But the fact is, they are now perfectly insignificant—as much so as the underlings in their offices. They are only so many cyphers after the great black figure of Slavery, of no use but to increase the value of what stands before them. So a man of average general information may perfectly well discharge his memory of their names, while he would be ashamed not to know all about the prominent English ministers. For these stand for something, while the others do not. And so as to Congress, how many men of any national celebrity will there be in the next one? I rather think they could all be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, the race of great men has been running out daily the last quarter of a century. We have been hard put to it for idols, of late years. South Carolina has furnished us with the most respectable and the greatest in Calhoun, and yet she had produced Robert Goodloe Harper and William Lowndes. Clay has been all that Virginia has had to show for Patrick Henry and William Wirt. And poor Massachusetts, after having produced Samuel Dexter and Fisher Ames, is reduced to apotheosize such a mercenary political attorney as Daniel Webster! But Slavery is to blame for it all. Greatness cannot grow under such a shade as that. There is as much genius in the country now as ever there was; but Slavery clips its wings and cages it, if it venture within its reach, and so it generally keeps its distance. The eagle must be transformed into a "tame villatic fowl" before it can hope for any pickings on the National Dunghill.

I protest I do believe I have been preaching all this time! I meant to have given you a good dish of gossip, and it is all one as a Leading Article. It might have come from your Corresponding Editor next week—if he were capable of writing anything half so good. However, I am not often guilty of being sententious in my Epistles, so I hope you will excuse me, this once. I will do my best never to be wise again. I am chiefly concerned for my Literary Executors, who may be puzzled as to which division of my works this production properly belongs. But, to obviate all difficulties, I do hereby authorize them to reduce it either among my Rhetorical, Philosophical or Moral Works, or to retain it among my Familiar Epistles, as they may think the best interests of Posterity may demand. And this they may regard as a Codicil to my Last Will and Testament, which I have by me duly executed, in which I have provided for my family to the latest generations, at the expense of my private and public friends.—D. Y.

* Or readers will remember that *Grildrig* was the name given to Gulliver by his little nurse (not above forty feet high), Glumdalclitch, during his residence in that Empire—*Printer's Devil.*

Inaugural Address of President Pierce.

MY COUNTRYMEN: It is a relief to feel that no heart but my own can know the personal regret and bitter sorrow over which I come before you to assume, as suitable for others, rather than desirable for myself.

The circumstances under which I have been called, for a limited period, to preside over the destinies of the Republic, fill me with a profound sense of responsibility, but with nothing like shrinking apprehension. I repair to the post assigned me, not as to one sought, but in obedience to the emphatic expression of your will, answerable only for a fearless, faithful and diligent exercise of my best powers. I ought to be, and am, truly grateful for the earnest manifestation of the nation's confidence; but this, so far from lightening my obligations, only adds to their weight. You have summoned me in my weakness, and I must rely on your strength. When looking for the fulfilment of reasonable requirements, you will not be unmindful of the great changes which have occurred, even within the last quarter of a century, and the consequent augmentation and complexity of duties imposed, in the administration both of your home and foreign affairs.

Whether the elements of political force in the Republic have kept pace with its unparalleled progression in territory, population and wealth, has been the subject of earnest thought and honest doubt on both sides of the ocean. Less than sixty-three years ago, the Father of his Country made "the" then "recent accession of the important State of North Carolina to the Constitution of the United States," one of the subjects of his special congratulation. At this moment, however, when the agitation consequent upon the revolutionary movement had hardly subsided, when we were just emerging from the weakness and embarrassments of the Confederation, there was an evident consciousness of vigor, equal to the great mission so wisely and bravely fulfilled by our fathers. It was not a presumptuous assurance, but a calm faith, springing from a clear view of the sources of power, in a government constituted like ours. It is no paradox to say that, although comparatively weak, the new-born nation was intrinsically strong. Inconsiderable in population and apparent resources, it was upheld by a broad and intelligent comprehension of rights, and an all-prevailing purpose to maintain them, secure in the consciousness that, if occasion for the future of the revolution, tempered to the necessities of the times. The thoughts of the men of that day were as significant of their sentiments as prophetic. They wasted no portion of their energies upon idle and delusive speculations, but with a firm and fearless step advanced the government and people, which had hitherto circumscribed the limits of human freedom, and planted their standard where it has stood, against dangers, which have threatened their existence, and the existence of Liberty, and yet fearfully menaced at home. They approved themselves equal to the solution of the great problem, to understand which doubtless they had been illuminated by the dawning lights of the revolution. The object sought was not a thing dreamed of; it was a thing realized. They established not only the power, but what all history affirms to be so much more unusual, the capacity to maintain. The oppressed throughout the world, from that day to the present, have turned their eyes hitherward, not to the dazzling lights of exhilaration or to fear lest they should wane, but to be constantly cheered by their steady and increasing radiance.

In this, our country has been fortunate, thus far fulfilled its highest duty to suffering humanity. It has spoken, and will continue to speak, not only by its words but by its acts, the spontaneous impulses of courageous and hope, to those who earnestly listen to tones, which pronounce for the largest rational liberty. But, after all, the most animating encouragement and potent appeal for future work will be its own history, its trials and its triumphs. Pre-eminently, the power of our advocacy reposes in our example; but no example, be it remembered, can be powerful for lasting good, if whatever apparent advantages may be gained, which is not based upon eternal principles of right and justice. Our fathers decided, both upon the time when it became to declare and the hour to strike. They were their own judges of the circumstances, under which it became them to pledge to each other "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." We have inherited the priceless inheritance transmitted to us. The energy with which that great conflict was opened, and, under the blessing of God, brought to a successful conclusion, the uncomplaining endurance with which it was prosecuted to its consummation, were only surpassed by the wisdom and patriotism of concession which characterized all the counsels of the early fathers.

One of the most impressive evidences of that wisdom is to be found in the fact that the actual working of our system has dispelled, not only the fears of some, in the outset, disturbed hold hearts and far-reaching intellects. The apprehension of dangers from extended territory, multiplied States, accumulated wealth, and augmented population, have proved to be unfounded. The stars upon your banner have become nearly three-fold their original number, your densely populated possessions skirt the shores of the two great oceans; and yet this vast increase of people and territory has not only shown itself compatible with the harmonious action of the States and the Federal Government in their respective constitutional spheres, but has afforded an additional guarantee of the strength and integrity of both.

With an experience thus suggestive and cheering, the policy of my Administration will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed, it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe, render the acquisition of certain possessions, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important, if not imperative. I not, in the future, essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious national interest and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with a strict observance of national faith. We have nothing to our country's position to invite aggression, we have everything to beckon us to the cultivation of relations of peace and amity with all nations. Purposes, therefore, at once just and pacific, will be significantly indicated as the conduct of our foreign affairs. I intend that my Administration shall leave no blot upon our fair record, and trust I may safely announce that no act which violates the legitimate scope of my constitutional control will be tolerated, on the part of any portion of our citizens, which cannot challenge a ready justification before the tribunal of the civilized world. An Administration would be unworthy of confidence at home, or respect abroad, should it cease to be influenced by the conviction, that no apparent advantage can be purchased at a price so dear as that of national wrong or dishonour. It is not your privilege, as a nation, to speak of a distant past. The striking incidents of your history, replete with instruction, and furnishing abundant grounds for hopeful confidence are comprised in a period comparatively brief. But if your past is limited, your future is boundless. Its obligations throng the unexplored pathway of advancement, and its hopes lose in duration. Hence, a sound and comprehensive policy should embrace, not less the distant future, than the urgent present.

The great objects of our pursuit, as a people, are best to be attained by peace, and are entirely consistent with the tranquility and interests of the rest of mankind. With the neighbouring nations our connection, we should cultivate kindly and fraternal relations. We can desire nothing in regard to them so much, as to see them consolidate their strength, and pursue the path of prosperity and happiness. If, in the course of their growth, we should open new channels of trade, can create additional facilities for friendly intercourse, the benefits realized will be equal and mutual. The complicated European systems of national polity we have heretofore been independent. From their wars, their tumults and anxieties, we have been happily, almost entirely exempt. While these are confined to the nations which gave them existence, and within their legitimate jurisdiction, they cannot affect us, except as they appeal to our sympathies in the cause of human freedom and universal advancement. But the vast interests of commerce are common to all mankind, and the advantages of trade and intercourse, properly regulated, must always present a noble field for the moral influence of a great people.

With these views firmly and honestly carried out, we have a right to expect, and shall, under all circumstances, require prompt reciprocity. The rights which belong to us as a nation, are not those of aggression, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, at home and abroad, must be sacredly guarded. So long as he can discern every star in its place upon that ensign, without wealth to purchase for him preferment, or title to secure for him place, it will be his privilege, and must be his acknowledged right, to stand unabashed even in the presence of princes, with a proud consciousness that he is himself one of a nation of sovereigns, and that he cannot, in legitimate pursuit, wander so far from home, that the agent whom he shall leave behind in the place which I now occupy, will not see that no rude hand of power or tyrannical caprice, shall rudely jostle him with impunity. He must realize, that upon every sea, and on every shore our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our flag, American citizenship is an inviable panoply for the security of American rights. And, in this connection, it can hardly be necessary to re-affirm a principle which should now be regarded as fundamental. The rights, security, and repose of this Confederacy require the idea of interference or colonisation, on this side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissable.

The opportunities of observation furnished by my brief experience as a soldier, confirmed in my own mind the opinion entertained and acted upon by others from the commencement of the Government, that the maintenance of large standing armies in our country would not only be dangerous but unnecessary. They also illustrated, in no inconspicuous manner, the immense importance of the military science and practical skill furnished, in such an eminent degree, by the institution which has given our army what it is, under the fostering care and instruction of officers not more distinguished for their solid attainments, gallantry, and devotion to the public service, than for unobtrusive bearing and high moral tone. The army, as organized, must be the nucleus around which, in every time of need, the strength of your military power, the sure bulwark of your defence—a national militia—may be readily formed into a well disciplined and efficient organization. And the skill and self-devotion of the Navy assure you that you may take the performance of the past as a pledge for the future, and may confidently expect that the flag which has waved its untarnished folds over every sea, will still retain its undimmed honour. All these, like many other subjects, will be appropriately brought in a future time, to the attention of the co-ordinate branches of the Government, to which I shall always look with profound respect, and with trustful confidence that they will accord to me the aid and support which I shall so much need, and which their experience and wisdom will readily yield.

In the administration of domestic affairs, you expect a devoted integrity in the public service, and an observance of economy in all departments, so marked as never justly to be questioned. If this reasonable expectation be not realized, I frankly confess that one of your leading hopes is doomed to disappointment and that one of the chief objects of my anxiety will result in a humiliating failure. Offices can be properly regarded only in the light of aids for the accomplishment of public objects; and as money, power, patronage or prerogative, nor importunate desire for preferment any claim, the public interest imperatively demands this, that they be considered with sole reference to the duties to be performed. Good citizens may well claim the protection of good laws, and the benign influence of a good government; but a claim for office is what the people of a Republic should never recognize. The responsible man of any party will expect the Administration to be conducted on the principles of its party, and will rely on the elements of success, as to retain persons, known to be under the influence of political partisan prejudice, in positions, which will require, not only the best talent, but cordial cooperation. Having no implied engagements to ratify, no rewards to bestow, no resentments to remember, and no personal wishes to satisfy, in selections for official station, I shall fulfil this difficult and delicate trust, admitting no motive as worthy either of my character or position, which does not contemplate an efficient discharge of duty and the best interests of my country. I acknowledge my obligations to the masses of my countrymen, and to them alone. Higher objects than personal aggrandisement gave direction and energy to their exertions in the late canvass, and they shall not be disappointed. They require at my hands diligence, fidelity, integrity and economy, wherever there are duties to be performed. Without these qualities in their public servants, more stringent laws, for the prevention or punishment of fraud, negligence and speculation, will be vain. With them, they will be unnecessary.

But these are not the only points, to which you look for vigilant watchfulness. The tendency of the concentration of all power in the General Government of a Confederacy so vast as ours, are too obvious to be disregarded. You have a right, therefore, to expect your Executive and Legislative departments, to regard the limits imposed upon them by the Constitution of the United States. The great scheme of our constitutional Liberty rests upon a proper division of power between the State and Federal authorities; and experience has shown, that the harmony and happiness of our people depend upon a just discrimination between the separate rights and responsibilities of the States, and your common rights and obligations under the General Government. And here, in my opinion, is the point of danger, which should be the true basis of future concord in regard to the questions which have most seriously disturbed public tranquility. If the Federal Government will confine itself to the exercise of powers clearly granted by the Constitution, it can hardly happen that its action upon any question should endanger the institutions of the States, or interfere with their rights to manage matters strictly domestic according to the will of their own people.

In expressing briefly my views upon an important subject which has recently agitated the country to such a fearful degree, I am moved by no other impulse than a most earnest desire for the perpetuation of that Union, which has made us what we are, showering upon us blessings, and conferring a power and prestige which our fathers could hardly have anticipated, even with their most sanguine hopes directed to a far-off future. I trust, therefore, I may announce my belief before the expression of the voice which called me here. My own position upon this subject was clear and unequivocal, and I have no reason to change or modify it, and it is only recurred to at this time because silence might, perhaps, be misconstrued. With the purest and most earnest desire, I have endeavored, in the sphere in which I have moved, to do my duty, without fear, without favor, individually or officially. What becomes of the noblest field ever opened for the advancement of our race, in religion, in government, in the arts, and in all that dignifies and adorns humanity? From that radiant constellation, which both illumes our own way and points out to struggling nations their destiny, not one star can be spared, and if it must not utter darkness, the lustre of the whole is dimmed. Do my countrymen need any assurance that such a catastrophe is not to overtake them, while I possess the power to stay it? It is with me an earnest and vital belief, that as the Union has been the source, under Providence, of our prosperity to this time, so it is the only guarantee of continuance of the blessings we have enjoyed, and which we are sacredly bound to transmit undiminished to our children. The field of calm and free discussion in our country is open, and will always be so: but it never has been and never can be traversed for good in a spirit of sectionalism and unchristian hatred. The founders of the Republic dealt with things as they were presented to them, in a spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism, and, as time has proved, with a comprehensive wisdom which it will always be safe for us to confidently implore imitation. Fanatical zeal, or selfish feelings of all the members of our Union, has had my heartfelt approbation. To every theory of society obtained, it will be strongly opposed, whether the delusion or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of law and affection which unite us, I shall interpose a ready and stern resistance. I believe in constitutional servitude, as it exists in different States of this confederacy, is recognized by the Constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, in that all the States where it is recognized, are sufficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the "Compromise Measures," are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constitutional authorities of this Republic are bound to regard the rights of the South in this respect, as they would view any other legal and constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs. Such have been, and are, my convictions, and upon them I shall act. I fervently hope that the question is at rest, and that no sectional, or ambitious, or fanatical excitement may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity.

But let not the foundation of our hope rest upon man's wisdom. It will not be sufficient that sectional prejudices find no place in the public deliberation. It will not be sufficient that the passions of human passions are rejected. It must be felt, that there is no national security but in the nation's humble, acknowledged dependence upon God and His overruling providence.

We have been carried in safety through a perilous ordeal. We cannot, like those which gave us the Constitution, prevailed to uphold it. Let the period be remembered as an admonition, and not as an encouragement, in any section of the Union, to make experiments where experiments are fraught with such fearful hazard. Let it be impressed upon all hearts, that, beautiful as our fabric is, no earthly power or wisdom could reunite its broken fragments. Standing as I do almost within view of the green slopes of Monticello, and, as it were, within reach of the tomb of Washington, with all the cherished memories of the past gathering around me, like so many eloquent voices of exhortation from Heaven, I can express no better hope for my country than that God Providence, which smiled upon our fathers may smile their children to preserve the blessings they have inherited.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Receipts for the Standard.

From January 1st, to March 1st, 1853.

690	Mary Springstead, Cassnovia, N. Y.	$2 00
676	Julia A. Wilbur, Rochester, "	2 00
732	Dr. E. Howe, Cambridge, Mass.	10 00
566	E. Ayres, Governsur, N. Y.	0 51
660	F. Morton, Plymouth, Mass.	3 40
676	J. M. Robins, Milton, "	2 00
661	John M. Spear, Boston, "	0 50
687	Robert Johnson, New York City,	1 00
671	Rev. John Anderson, Ithaca, N. Y.	2 00
557	E. Martin, Akron, O.	5 00
707	A. G. Hussy, Nantucket, Mass.	2 00
658	T. Pendergart, Newburyport, Mass.	5 00
660	J. B. Mosher, Millport, N. Y.	1 84
677	R. Haydock, New York City, "	2 00
700	R. Marriott, Standfordville, N. Y.	0 06
700	Wm. Marsh, South Barre, "	2 00
711	Wm. Pope, Jr., Harrison Square, Mass.	2 00
672	Mrs. M. A. Babcock, Boston, "	2 00
682	Joseph C. Garr, Spencertown, N. Y.	1 00
710	Phebe A. Comstock, Mabbettsville, N. Y.	2 00
645	J. W. Cook, Brunswick, Me.	2 00
664	J. R. Moore, Havanna, N. Y.	2 00
716	James O. L. Foster, Rockland, Me.	2 00
634	V. H. Hallock, Pocksepsie, N. Y.	2 00
676	D. Thomas, Palmyra, O.	2 00
675	Stevens, Plymouth, Mass.	2 00
677	W. S. George, Boston, Mass.	1 00
680	John Tweedy, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	1 00
672	W. Tappan, Bradford, N. H.	2 00
716	Wm. Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
657	S. A. Barrett, Milton, "	2 00
625	P. Ware, Medfield, Mass;	4 00
730	Lewis Sloesum, North Easton, N. Y.	2 00
708	Joseph Perry, Keene, N. H.	2 00
709	J. B. Pound, Lockport, N. Y.	2 00
700	Wm. Converange, " "	2 00
687	F. Purdy, Magadore, O.	2 00
676	C. Cowing, West Roxbury, Mass.	2 00
709	Harriet M. Carlton, Boston, "	2 00
680	John Orton, Sherman, Conn.	3 00
658	E. C. Macy, Hudson, N. Y.	2 00
676	Anti-Slavery Society, Concord, Mass.	2 00
668	T. Dowling, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2 00
676	A. B. Pop s, Somerville, Mass.	2 00
676	J. T. Bullock, Milton, N. Y.	2 00
698	Sarah Hallock, " "	2 00
710	J. M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass.	2 00
698	Wm. Merritt, Battle Creek, Mich.	1 50
683	C. G. Davis, Boston, Mass.	2 00
728	S. G. A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill, N. Y.	2 00
710	Rev. J. D. Martin, Tullyallen, Ireland,	2 00
697	F. Hover, Richmond, Ind.	2 00
712	Alcinda Smith, " "	2 00
690	L. Denisdorf, Cedarville, N. Y.	2 00
672	J. Cole, Elk Creek, N. Y.	2 00
653	S. B. Boughton, Middleville, "	2 00
710	Anna Bragg, South Wales, N. Y.	2 00
676	P. R. Meriam, Ashburnham, Mass.	2 00
714	Phebe T. Wilbur, North Easton, N. Y.	2 00
673	James Jennis, Derry, Ind.	2 00
628	Laura McKee, Delevan, Wis.	1 00
—	John Allen, Walnut Creek, Ind.	4 00
666	Chas. Atkinson, " "	6 00
712	Jesse Owen, " "	2 00
754	S Howland, Sherwoods' N. Y.	5 00
—	J. W. Tyson, Perkiomen Bridge, Pa.	3 00
646	A. Sumner, Willow Grove, O.	2 00
679	M. Tomlinson, " "	4 00
686	A. M. Chase, Boston, Mass.	2 00
651	Thomas Davis, Providence, R. I.	2 00
651	Thomas Davis, Providence, R. I.	2 00
		$176 75

COLLECTIONS BY J. H. AND M. A. PHILLEO.

Mrs. A. E. Hurd, Norway, Herkimer Co., N. Y.		$1 00
H. T. Horton, " "		1 00
L. L. Belsey, Fairfield, "	"	1 00
H. L. Easton, Cedarville, "	"	1 00
Horatio Beals, " "	"	1 00
Samuel Matthews, " "	"	1 00
Lewis Devendorf, " "	"	1 00
Ladies A. S. Sewing Society, West Winfield, Herkimer County, New York,		5 00
Harry Thomas, West Exeter, Otsego, N. Y.		1 00
Collection at West Martinsburg, Lewis, "		1 00
" Martinsburg, "		2 25
" Turin, "		0 40
" Port Leydon, "		1 76
" Collinsville, "		1 20
" Norway, Herkimer Co.		2 00
" Fairfield, "		0 87
" Middleville, "		4 17
" Cedarville, "		2 37
" West Winfield, "		2 55
" Unadilla Forks, Otsego Co.		2 09
" Leonardsville, Madison Co.		1 00
" West Exeter, Otsego Co.		1 76
" Burlington Flatts, "		2 48
		$40 16

DONATIONS.

L. Wetmore, New York City,	$70 00
John B. Estlin, Bristol, England,	25 00
S. G. A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill, N. Y.	10 00
	$105 00

RECAPITULATION.

Receipts for *Standard*,	$176 75
Collections by J. H. and M. A. Philleo,	40 16
Donations,	105 00
Total,	$321 91

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

IN CINCINNATI, OHIO,

TO BE HELD ON

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,

The 19th, 20th and 21st of April, 1853.

To the Friends of Universal Liberty, we again send forth our earnest call to come together in Convention.

FREEDOM is an inestimable blessing, Slavery an unspeakable evil; all history bears record to the struggles of the wise, the good and the great in behalf of Freedom. The bodies of men, and the greatest of the nations, have always valued it above

Miscellaneous Department.

THE *Literary World* gives some extracts from a forthcoming work on this country by M. and Madame Pulzki. We copy a portion of them, which will be of special interest to our readers:

It is a common boast with American gentlemen, that their ladies rule, and are more respected than anywhere else in the world. I heard this often when visiting in the society of New York, and I inquired of a gentleman, who was repeating this pet phrase, in what way they ruled? "Why, they have everything, sir," was the reply: "they dress and go shopping, and have not to care about anything; we even live in hotels, to save them the trouble of housekeeping."

"I see," observed I, "you are almost as courteous as the Turks, who allow their wives every amusement in their harems; and about the shops, whilst they attend to graver matters. The elegantly-gilded and painted parlours of your hotels, where the ladies need to rock away time in their easy rocking-chairs, are admirable harems; but what has all this to do with *the rule* of your ladies? Even granted that you accepted their wishes as commands, still you do nothing, but whatever go often out, and are in the community; you, yourselves, rule only by the active part you take in public affairs, and do you mean to say you consult your ladies about these matters?"

"Well, not exactly," answered the gentleman; "but (said he), a lady can travel alone all over the States without danger of an insult, or unbecoming behaviour; our ladies go often out, and are in society without their mothers—every man is their natural protector."

"Quite as in Turkey, replied I; "no man, not even the husband, would venture not to follow his veiled lady in the streets, and if he sees a slipper before the door of her room, the sign that another lady visits her, not even the Pashas presumes to intrude. And, as to the respect of the unprotected ladies, they are perfectly free from insult in Europe than in America, but the manners and customs of our age protect them so efficiently in the old as in the new world. All the difference, perhaps, is that the money in the United States is more sterling than in France and Italy, or in the capitals of Austria and Russia, and therefore flirtations with married ladies are unheard of."

"But in Europe," he said, "women even work in the fields, and they must assist the husbands to earn subsistence for their families; with us, even in the factories, the girls work until they marry; but once married, the maintenance of the family is the care of the husband, and an American farmer would feel degraded if his wife or daughter should hoe the corn or break the flax."

Of course, I readily acknowledged that, owing to the greater facilities of earning a livelihood, the women of the lower classes were much better off than in Europe, but I did not understand in what way the respect for the ladies in America is connected with this fact. The gentleman turned to other topics; I sought information on the other side, and understood from some very intellectual ladies that their lords, *in general*, little consult the opinions of their female relatives on commercial or private affairs. I learnt that it occurs but too often that a lady who believes herself to be in affluent circumstances is suddenly informed by her husband that they must give up housekeeping because they cannot afford it. It appears as if the gentlemen would atone for their all-absorbing *passion for business* by the privilege they give to the ladies of idling their time away. And as business is everything with the Americans—as business is with them not the means, but the very life of existence—they are most anxious to keep this department *exclusively* to themselves; and, well aware that there is no more infallible way to secure non-interference than by giving the general impression that they never act for themselves, *the ladies' rule* has become a current phrase, but by no means a fact, in the United States.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

Dec. 25th.—I called on Mrs. Mott, the eminent Quaker lady, to whom a mutual friend had given me a letter. I have seldom seen a face more artistically beautiful than that of Mrs. Lucretia Mott. She looks like an antique cameo. Her features are so marked and so regular, that, if they were less noble, they might be called sharp. Beholding her, I felt that great ideas and noble purposes must have grown up where such features flourish. Her features are so marked, so expressive in her very movements. Her language at once her appearance, peculiar and transparent, and it is only when she touches upon the Slavery question that her eye flashes with an indignation and her lips quiver with a hasty impatience, disturbing the placid harmony of her countenance and her conversation. But though she so positively pronounces the views at which she has arrived by self-made inquiry, yet she mildly listens to every objection, and tries to convince by the power of her arguments, untinged by the slightest fanaticism. She expressed her warm sympathy with the cause of Hungary, and her admiration of the genius of Kossuth; yet she blamed his neutrality in the Slavery question. I objected, that Kossuth was a non-intervention man, that the sacred law of nations, he was not called to interfere in a domestic question of the United States, so intimately connected with their constitution. But how can Kossuth, the champion of liberty—the champion of the oppressed, be true in favour of the oppressed race? to argue is surely not the same thing as to interfere. I replied, that a question involving intricate domestic interests, and for this reason passionate so bitter, that even an allusion to it rouses sensitive jealousies, certainly cannot be discussed by a foreigner with the slightest chance of doing good; that the difficulty of emancipation has grown less in the South, and acknowledgment of the evils of Slavery than in the hardness to devise the means of carrying emancipation without convulsing the financial interests of the slaveholders, and to do it in a constitutional way. For after all, this must be attended to, if the welfare of the whole community is not to be endangered; therefore this problem can only be solved practically by native American statesmen, living in the midst of the people, who have to lodge the final power to adopt the measure, as it has already been done in the Free States and in the old Spanish colonies.

Though I could not acquiesce in the opinion of Mrs. Mott, that the abolition of Slavery should be preached in season and out of season, by the defender of the rights of nations, I yet fell beneath the charm of her moral superiority, and I warmly wished that I could spend honoured days in Philadelphia in her and Mr. Mott, in the attractive circle of her children and grandchildren. Great was, therefore, my astonishment when, upon my expressing my admiration for Mrs. Mott, I received the gentleman's reply, "Then you do not mean to say that you have called on that lady?"

"Of course I have," was my answer; "why should I not?" I felt very much inclined to add, "and I only regret that the shortness of the time we have to spend here prevents me from often repeating my visit."

"But she is a furious Abolitionist," retorted the gentleman. "It will do great harm to Governor Kossuth if you associate with that party."

"I perceive, sir," said I, "that you highly estimate Mrs. Mott, as you consider her as your political party. But if any friend of Governor Kossuth, even if he himself, converses with a person who has strong opinions against Slavery, what harm can there be in that?"

"Your cause will then lose many friends in this city," was the answer.

I was perfectly amazed at such intolerance, and expressed this frankly. The gentleman, however, attempted to point out to me what mischief the Abolitionists were doing, and how long ago emancipation would have been carried in all the States, had the Abolitionists not so violently interfered, and besides (continued he) Mrs. Mott preached.

"Well," replied I, "do not many Quaker ladies preach occasionally?"

This fact was admitted, but another gentleman remarked that Mrs. Mott was dangerous, as her sermons were powerfully inciting.

"Is she perhaps a fighting Quaker?" inquired I, "who appeals to the words of the Saviour, that he did not come to send peace on earth, but the sword?"

"I am a fighting Quaker myself," said the gentleman; "my forefathers fought in the revolutionary war, but Mrs. Mott is a Hickite."

To my inquiry, what were the tenets of the Hickites, I received such dislike, I got the answer, "They are very bad, very bad; they, in fact, believe nothing."

This assertion was so contradictory to the impression I felt on my mind by Mrs. Mott, that I attentively perused some of her sermons, and I found them pervaded by that fervent desire to seek truth and to do right, of which Jesus teaches us that blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled—and therefore, although my views differ from hers on many points, I perceived that party-feeling must be strong in Philadelphia to cause such unjust views as I had heard expressed; and I could not help thinking that the meddling and narrow spirit had not yet departed here, which, in 1707, proposed that young men should be obliged to wear a certain age, and that only two sorts of clothes should be worn, one kind for summer, and one for winter.

A BIRTH-DAY MATIN.

[For the Standard.]

How the birth-days come and go,
Till, like February's snow,
They hut remind of long ago!
Long ago—when the ring
Of the blood is unhackled thing,
Was like a rill, to leave by Spring.

Now, the pulse's broken play
Is like that stream, snow-hid, to day,
And the Spring seems far away!
Far away—it only seems—
While like loyer's hope, in dreams,
'Neath calm of sleep, the Great Hope teems!

Teems with an awakening life,
As the buried seed, new-rife
With an upward swell and strife:
Strife to break the frozen clod
On which Winter long hath trod,
And ascend to laugh with God.

Laugh with such a holy laugh
As the blossom which doth quaff
Sweetest dews—from Heaven help,
And help from the cold place of birth,
Where it broke the frigid earth
In its wakening, bounding mirth.

Should Joy memorise the day
With such strifes of romping play
As greet the youth, on life's highway,
"I would be more than years could bear—
More than years could bear of care,
Writ in whitening hands of hair.

So God fits the birth-day cheer
To the Great Hope beaming near,
When child Persons is here:
And, lit! the grateful chickadee
As now I sing, sings back to me:
"Life is gracious unto thee."

A. P. C.

Feb. 23, 1852.

We are indebted to a friend for the following copy of verses by Tennyson, found in the October *Literary Gem*, published in 1851. They have not appeared in any of the Volumes of Tennyson's Poems.

NO MORE.

Oh and *No more!* Oh sweet *No more!*
Oh strange *No more!*
By a mossed brookbank on a stone
I smelt a wildwood flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Lowburied fathom deep beneath with thee, *No more!*

A. T.

AN ACCRETION.

With roses musky breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silverleaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown here
For her I love so dearly,
A garland for Lenora.
With a silken cord I bound it.
Lenora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after.

A. T.

A FRAGMENT.

Where is the Giant of the Sun, which stood
In the midnoon the glory of old Rhodes,
A perfect idol with profulgent brows
Farsheening down the purple seas to those
Who sailed from Migralun underneath the star
Named of the Husbandman—the husbandmen whose limbs
Of brassy vastness broadblown argosies
Drave into heaven? Yet endure unscathed
Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids
Broadbased amid the fleeting sands, and sloped
Into the slumbrous summerseas; but where,
Mysterious Sphinx, are those colossal colossi
Graven with gorgeous emblems undiscerned?
They placid Sphinxes dreaming, [illegible]
Looking athwart the burning flats, far off
Seen by the highnecked camel on the verge
Journeying southward? where thy monuments
Piled by the strong and patient? But though she so positively
Over their crowned brethren Os and Orat?
Thy Memnon when his peaceful lips are kist
With earliest rays, that from his mother's eyes
Flow over the Arabian bay, no more
Breathes low into the charmed ears of morn
Clear music floating down the Nile
By columned Thebes. Old Memphis hath gone down:
The Pharaohs are no more: somewhere in death
They sleep with staring eyes and gilded lips
Wrapped round with spiced ceruments in old grots
Rockhewn and sealed for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1851.

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

HE was very reluctant to take precedence of so many respected members of the family, by beginning the round of stories from the family papers; but he was in a goodly circle at the Christmas fire; and he modestly suggested that it would be more correct if "John our esteemed host" (whose health he begged to drink) would have the kindness to begin. For, for himself, he said, he was so little used to lead the way, that really——. But as they all cried out here, that he must begin, and agreed with one voice that he might, could, would, and should begin, he left off shaking his head, and took his legs out from under his arm-chair, and did begin.

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John our esteemed host to whom we are so much beholden for the hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honour to be surprised at anything that falls from a person so unimportant to the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better disabuse your minds of that idea.

It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in anything. That I failed in business because I was unbusinesslike and credulous—in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that Christiana could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed, in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor at between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road—a very clean back room, in a very respectable house—where I am expected not to be at home in the daytime, unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretence of going to business. I take my breakfast—my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee—at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge; and then I go into the City—I don't know why—and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintance are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine: at a cost, on the average, of one and threepence, and still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I looked into the old established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham Road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodging—fire being expensive, and objected to by the landlady on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with anybody. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black at the proper much better); but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirite are not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, Little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is almost as much afraid of me as of anyten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. He is surprising in that, he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the Bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birth-days, we have dined on a-la mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. We once walking with him in Lombard Street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard Street—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, "Sir, your little son has dropped his glove." I assure you, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears into my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half-holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance well enough, and come back back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves. I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring diffidence. But I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment, if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but, I happen to know a miniature of my young face, with a curling head, and an open shirt-frill waving down his bosom (my mother had it taken for me, but I can't believe that it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to any living creature, but may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part from him, though bound to confess that I know no reason why I should live here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavoured to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, with his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong, and that I am not, and there are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to say the word, I assume no such pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; they are thus.

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill, by whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christiana. I had loved Christiana a long time, and she was very beautiful, and very winning, all respects. Her sister was married, and her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but, I thought as well I for my part could, for Christiana's sake, I WOULD love and marry one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and O far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christiana accepted me with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in a melancholy castle. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, and he came to see me. I put it into his hand one night, on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air; colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than anywhere else, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart towards the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It stared upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pump in it, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly out-building that had once been a dissecting-room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle), stared at it.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so pinched and shuddled from head to foot, he was dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick (being infirm, he always walked about this room with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, "You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though he was a bad and angry old man.

"You didn't expect!" said he; "when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words? Feathers, to pelt such an idiot as you with," said he. "Here! Betsy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a withered, hard-favoured, yellow old woman—our only domestic—always employed, at this time of the morning, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she leaning beside him, and turned her face towards me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the Dissecting Room, as it must often have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the fancy of my uncle's legs.

"Look at the snivelling milksop!" said my uncle. "Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who, people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no. This is the gentleman who making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, t'other day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of jeadsies who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that secret, which he had hitherto held in such sepulchral secrecy.

"On my death," he repeated, as if he were delighted to be defying him with the utterance of the word—"On my death—death—Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetite for the breakfast to which I was hidden in these terms; but, I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still I could bear that very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and the cold, slate-coloured, miserable day looked in upon us.

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

"As you will, sir," I returned; "but you deceive yourself, and wrong us, cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle, to the mother. "You divine the purpose of my visit. I have a word to say, and I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christiana, overpersuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the offer from whose carriage wheels is often, in these changed times, thrown upon me as she rides by. No, no. She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than was intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging for her, and was planning for her sake, when, one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:

"My dear Michael, I love given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know very well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now he stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

"God help me, Christiana!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know that you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more for me, but let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what I do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother; without considering that what you have just, have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith: sets her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery. I cannot bear this, for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggle than look upon it. I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labour with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; and we have lived there since, in unbroken together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is like Little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not begin to cheat me basely, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarrelled; nor did he afterwards gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary, he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honour.

Matters went on thus, took his turn: On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks (which he sent after me, *not* carriage paid), I wrenched to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael," said John. "We were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had John," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books, and then borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to to the windows that I had broken."

"I was young," mentioning, John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still, equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, and that I was really useful to the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little instances, my dear John Spatter," said I; "for I was, and am, sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"Now my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing in our school days, two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house—which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be seen going away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a right understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character among our connection, with a shrug, and a shake of the head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust you place in me——"

"But you never will abuse it at all, John," I observed.

"Never!" said he, "but I am putting a case—I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by making secret use of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness, day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and you must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I wish."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your character from being a disadvantage to us, by saying one; you must not expect me to humour it——"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I *don't* expect you to humour it. I want to correct it."

"And, I too!" said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honourably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours will be a prosperous and happy partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership throve well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not (said the poor relation, looking at the fire as he slowly rubbed his hands), not very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My Castle is not a palace, but it is very comfortable, and I find it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of Home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are so much of one mind in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—and when John and I talk over old times, and the one friend that we have always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about it, and the young voices of my descendants are delightful—O, how delightful! to me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining and consoling, is the priceless blessing of my house; from whom all my happiness springs. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed. So weak a man am I, that I cannot bear to hear it from any other source. They played it once, at the Theatre, when I was there with little Frank; and the child said, wondering, "Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my face?"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take Little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together, and, towards the end of this year—the Christmas and New Year time—I am seldom out of my Castle. For, the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the prospects of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

"And the Castle is ——" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

"Yes. My Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the Air. John our esteemed host suggests its situation accurately. My Castle is in the Air! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story"

SISTERS AND SLAVERY.

AFFECTIONATE REPROOF.

By the Ladies Bull.

Dearest Sisters, we implore you
To receive our fond carses,
Whilst we meekly lay before you
An affectionate address.
Do not think we mean to blame you
By a single thing we say,
Or deem that we would shame you
In the slightest kind of way.

But by such a sense of duty
To this course we are impelled,
Lest the Union through Beauty
We're aware—should keep withheld,
That we must call your attention
To a tender point we know,
You will guess it when we mention
Slavery, Sisters dearest,
Make you relatives report.

ENDEARING RECRIMINATION.

By the Ladies Jonathan.

Sisters, darlings, sweetest creatures,
Of a common country stock,
Not a word to cloud your features,
Or your gentle bosoms shock,
For a moment would we utter
For all Calliroy's gold;
But now you've heard all that butter,
You must let the truth be told.

You have slaves, far worse than niggers,
That in ignorance are sunk,
Who know not their Lord's Bibles,
Vicious, destitute, and drunk;
Have them taught to read their Bibles,
And speak English, I ween,
Better this than writing libels
On the Nation of the Free.

Go exhort each male relation,
We have plenty of work to do,
To relieve the dire starvation
Which is lying at your door.
"Tis with pleasure we own that others
Of their faults we're forced to tell,
While inheritance gently smothers
Hearts, each gushing like a well!

SEASONABLE INTERFERENCE.

By an Impartial Arbitrator.

Ladies, ladies, soft and freely
Interchange your loving rags,
Nor, in anger, unkindly
If not come to pulling caps.
Both have grounds for accusation,
But on one side there's a flaw;
Slaves for *want of Legislation*,
Are not quite like *slaves by Law*.

—Punch

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE 'WHITE SLAVES' OF ENGLAND.—The Tribunal of the Duke of Devonshire lately begged his Grace to be good enough to inform them of the information he had obtained his consent. At their request his Grace has named the artist—the gentleman chosen being Sir Edward Landseer. An engraving is to be taken from the portrait, "so that," to use the words of the tenantry, "each one may possess a likeness of a nobleman who will have ever in the hearts of his tenantry, and in the recollection of every well-wisher of his country."

——A LONDON EDITOR FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Our editor was originally intended for the kirk, and was a student of divinity. He used to sit in his study at night in his official chair, a writing his "leader," was a treat for a philosopher. With the slips of paper before him, a pot of porter on one side, and a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, or casually laid down, he proceeded *secundum artem*. The head hung with the chin on his collar-bone, as in deep thought—he puffed out the porter—and a little more than half or two lines committed to the blotted paper.—*Jerdan's Autobiography.*

——NEW THEORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.—Prince Madog was the first, according to the history of Wales, that discovered the New World. The first discovery he returned to Wales for followers, and sailed again, but never afterwards returned—this was about the time of the Norman conquest. It is said that the tribe of Welsh Indians has been lately discovered in America, proves that these Welsh adventurers were the discoverers of the New World.—*Ellis Robert's Lecture on the Music of Wales.*

——REPUTED ORIGIN OF "BLACKGUARDISM."—In all great houses, but particularly in royal residences, there was a number of idle boys, who were employed to wait upon the visitors to attend the wood yard, scullerice, &c. Of these (for in the lowest depth there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been employed to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people in derision gave the name of "blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar, and were before properly explained.—*Gifford's Notes to Ben Johnson.*

——THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND WASHINGTON.—J. B., of Cork (vol. vi., p. 480), tells how Wellington was in his youth remarkable for the charms of a lady; but, when after life, having appealed to save the life of Ney, was not simply unsuccessful in her object, but was ordered to quit Paris forthwith. In Mr. Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage," vol. vi., p. 372, tells how Washington endeavoured to win the love of Mary Phillipse, and how he failed; how years rolled on, and the rejected lover, the successful candidate for the hand of the lady, was supplicated by the same Mary, then the wife of Roger Morris, to spare the life of Andre. The appeal failed, and one of the noblest men was sacrificed to conduct the lady beyond the lines.—*Notes and Queries.*

——A LONDON paper, speaking of *Harper's Magazine*, says: Two engravings in the last number of the magazine have given rise to considerable talk, one of them giving too free rein to fancy. One of the engravings represents the giving of the law to Moses, in which Mount Sinai is shown with a neat *fence* running around it, and a close inspection shows that there are rail fences which are so abundant in Yankee land! The artist was evidently misled by the fact that Moses was directed to put a fence round the mount, lest people should pass up the mount, which bounds were probably nothing more than a line, or ditch. The other engraving mentioned is designed for a representation from being taken in the wilderness, and represents several cakes as quietly reposing on a thing which strikingly resembles in its construction those excellent articles of domestic polypus, called *griddles*, which are found in the hardware establishments of the present day!

——AN English paper gives a new use for milk. It says: A novel discovery has recently been made, which is likely to produce a revolution in the milk trade. In consequence of the advance in the price of olive oil, from £40 per ton to £70, the manufacturers of woolen cloths, finding it impossible to procure sufficient oil, found that necessity is the mother of invention. One of them, in the neighbourhood of Thurlstone, near Penistone, tried whether milk would not do as well as oil to answer the purpose. The experiment exceeded his most sanguine expectations, the mixture being far better for the purpose than olive oil alone. The consequence has been that milk has advanced to 1s. 4d. per gallon, in the neighborhood of some of the woolen cloth mills, and cows are being bought up in all directions. There was a brisk sale at Penistone market on Thursday, everything going off at excellent prices.

——THE Cardinal Archbishop of Besancon has published, on the occasion of the Lent Pastoral, a letter which he dwells on the non-observance of the Sunday. "He maintains," says the *Journal des Débats*, "that temporal vitiations, such as the steeples, the fairs, the supper of grocers and traders, &c., are the consequence and the chastisement thereof. The prelate cites as an example hotel and inkeepers. They, he says, for having neglected to observe the last days ordained by the Church by supplying their guests with meat, have seen the pestilence of railway fall on them. It is true that since railways passed through their towns, the hotels, travelled on horseback or on foot, even in diligences. But we should not have believed that this result could be ascribed to the anger of heaven against the poor inkeepers."

THE EMPRESS'S GRAND AUNT AT DUMFRIES.—Having observed that one of the titles of the intended empress of France was "Kirkpatrick de Closeburn," our curiosity was excited to know whether she was in any way related to the ancient family, the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, in this neighbourhood. Well, we have had the honour of conversing with a venerable and worthy maiden lady—residing near Nithbank hotel—a member of the family of the Kirkpatricks of Conheath, Caerlave-rock, a branch of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn. She informs us that her brother, William Kirkpatrick, became American consul at Malaga, Spain, and married into an ancient family of the name of Graves or Gravi, our informant is not certain which. The fruit of the marriage was the mother of the intended empress, who married the Count de Montijo. Our venerable friend is therefore aunt of the empress's mother, and grand aunt of the empress herself.—*Dumfries and Galloway Standard.*

——AN ALARMING SACRIFICE IN BATAVIA.—The *Journal des Débats*, quoting from the *Java Bode* (a journal published in Batavia), relates the following: A recent sale of slaves at the Chinese camp. The slaves, twelve in number, having been placed upon the table of the exposition, proceed in four lots, ranged some upright in their hands and addressed a few words, timidly, and in low tones, to the assembly. A person who acted as their agent here stepped forward, and stated that his clients, having accounted, by long and painful labours, some small savings, solicited the favour of being allowed to make a bidding for the purchase of their own persons. No opposition being offered, the first lot was cried, and made an offer, through their agent, of forty francs. No advance being made upon this sum the slaves were knocked down to themselves. The next lot, encouraged by their predecessors, offered only twenty-four francs. The public preserved the same silence, and they also became their own masters. The third lot took the hint, and were even more fortunate, picking themselves up a decided bargain for the modest sum of ten francs. The *Java Bode* sees in these facts a great advance in civilization, and among the Chinese, who formed the great majority of the persons present.

——FARADAY'S DISCOVERIES.—In default of literary gossip this week, we will say a few words on Faraday's lecture, "On the Magnetic Forces," at the Royal Institution—a lecture which commanded the attention of the most crowded audience we have seen within the Theatre. Faraday is still pursuing his researches, and has not yet arrived at any conclusion sufficiently definite to bring forward; but he gave us a glimpse of his admirable and exciting search for the ultimate objects of his search in determining magnetic force, and called attention to a most remarkable and far-reaching discovery recently made—a discovery which, while it is in its infancy, promises

"In the shadowy thoroughfares of thought,"

well illustrates the value of all direct and accurate observation, even when the observation seems to have little practical application. It is that, Faraday, a veteran astronomer has for many years been watching the spots on the sun, and daily recording the result. From year to year the groups of spots vary. They sometimes comes very small, sometimes they are few. After a while it became evident that the variation in number followed a descending scale through five years, and then an ascending scale through five subsequent years, so that the periodicity of the variations became a visible fact. Now, of what use, asks the practical Sones, is this fact? We know that every ten years there has been a cycle of variations; what then? What are these said spots, what do the groups mean, how do they affect us? Jones sees nothing but astral twaddling in this pursuit of observation, and Jones is one, so long as the fact remains an isolated fact, it is silent to us, but connect it with some other fact, and it may discourse significantly. Can this be done? There seems good hope in it.

While our German friend was busy with his groups of sun-spots, an Englishman was busy with the variations of the magnetic needle. He, too, kept a pastes recorder of patient observation. On comparing his tabular results with those of the German astronomer, he found that the variations of the magnetic needle corresponded with the variations of the sun-spots—that the years when the groups were at their maximum, the variations of the needle were at their maximum, and so on throughout the series. This relation may be coincident merely, or derivative; if the latter, then do we connect astral and terrestrial magnetism, and new reaches of science lie before us.

How beautifully this illustrates the slow and certain conquests of science, compared with the rapid and illusory acquisitions of the metaphysician! Had the Bacon of a metaphysician would have been employed in vain upon these sun-spots. The "depths of moral consciousness"