

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 3.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
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BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

AT ITS OFFICE, NO. 14 BECKMAN STREET, NEW YORK,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 NORTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the

internal or external policy of the United States, or to the

affairs of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,

New York, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

HOW FALLEN!

[Twenty years ago John L. O'Sullivan was then the pride of that portion of the Democratic party whose principles and tastes were more or less openly at war with the rule of the Slave Power, and who hoped to return the party from its discredited subversive to "the lords of the earth." He was a disciple of Leggett, sharing his opposition to slavery and his elevated aims as a Democrat. How low he has fallen, the following letter, sometime since discovered among the papers of the man whom it was addressed, will show.]

LISBON, August 25, 1861.
My Dear Sir.—I present you herewith a copy of the letter which I wrote to you by Gen. Parsons of 20th ultima. It informs me from Paris that you have changed your residence; that he had sent to you new lodgings; but that, as far as had not been heard from you, he presumed that you had not received it. I draw the same inference from your silence. I send you the letter I requested you to return me the book I loaned you presuming that you had done it, and desiring myself to use it in preparing a public lecture or address in vindication of our negro slaves, which I have long desired to do. Let me assure you that I would be most anxious to do so. I am now in England, and I could not make arrangements with all Europe, and I would not leave him to say that I was in England, with hope of being repaid, and at the expense of being attacked by *The Times* and all the European press.

Indeed, if I could at present afford it, I would go to London for that express purpose. But I have no time to do so as soon as possible. The way to send the book to me is through Mr. John M. Noe, 25 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London. Please send me, at the same time, a copy of the pamphlet which I see by the American papers you have prepared, and also any other printed documents which have been issued.

With kind regards to your friends, I remain,

The devil wrote and vanquished. The next night I came again—this time a little lighter. And showed the names who served J. Davis best, and A. and I to Davis's name led all the rest!

ABO LITTON.

From Vanity Fair.

Abo Ro Lition (they tribe called) And saw within the shadow of his room, Making it mean, and like stink weed in bloom, A red rose, a red rose, a red rose.

Exceeding! said he, Ro Lition an Ass, And the shadow he said, a little pale.

What the others who own J. Davis' Lord?

"Abo Ro Lition," said he, "is the Devil,"

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when the trumpet which will startle the world, will sound. We have profound and well-grounded confidence in his patriotism; but we know that he will not suffer the country to be broken up at the sacrifice of principle, or to set back by neglect all the cause of justice. And with an earnest conviction that permanent peace and a hearty Union are the only hope for the safety of that internal system that has been so long deferred. Hope may sink and expectation die, but the regeneration of the Republic is sure.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT OBSCURENESS—WITHOUT COMBINATION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

Correspondence will greatly oblige us by a careful observation of the following directions, viz:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial contents of the paper, should be addressed to THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK.

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLICATIONS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 48 BROADWAY, NEW YORK."

THE CRISIS AND THE PRESIDENT.

We were none too soon in recording our joy at the proclamation of Gen. Hunter, last week, as all our readers know. The President, without waiting to know whether that immortal paper were authentic or not, unproclaimed Emancipation by telegraph with the speed of lightning. Still, we take no word of praise we bestow upon that sagacious as well as gallant officer for his wise action, and we abate no jot of our belief that it was as judicious and salutary as it was just and humane. Without going into the question whether the President can fatten on the fettters which a General in the field has struck, from military necessity and on his own responsibility, from the slaves within his jurisdiction—though we have no doubt as to the decision which an impartial Court would arrive at in the premises—we think that Gen. Hunter has dealt the deadliest blow yet launched at the heart of slavery. The spell he has uttered may be cheated of its power for a while, but it will never cease to act until it has done its perfect work. We are sorry for what the President has done, and for the way in which he did it. He ran before he was sent, and showed an alacrity which savored little of dignity in calming the shuddering terrors which Gen. Hunter's action had excited. Some show of deliberation would have been better for his own sake, and relieved him in some degree from the imputation of undue inclining to the influences of the Border States. This, however, is rather personal to himself than nationally important, if the result were to be the same after delay as before. And we cannot take all the comfort which some of our contemporaries have derived from the intimations of a possible interpretation by himself to effect the same result. For he does not affirm that he believes that he possesses the power to do so, and his action in this matter and in letting loose the bloodhounds on the wretched fugitives from slavery who had taken sanctuary under the eaves of his palace and the shadow of the Capitol, must excite a doubt as to whether he possesses the strength of mind and firmness of resolution necessary to so great a work. He has greatly damaged his reputation with posterity and with foreign nations by what he has done. We regret it, and grieve that the faith many of us were willing to entertain, that he would have strength equal to his day, seems likely to fail of becoming sight.

We do not think, however, that the prospects of the abolition of slavery are at all damaged by this rescinding of Gen. Hunter's proclamation. On the contrary, we think that it may be hastened by it. But we think that the hope of abolition under the Union is much darkened thereby. It will give the secession emissaries in New England fresh heart and hope, and afford their sympathizers there a new pretext for intervention. What has held back the British government from its chronic itch for intermeddling in other men's matters, has been the fact that a very large and most respectable class of the people, though not the dominant class, are really proslavery, and would make dangerous disturbers in the nicely balanced state of parties in England, were the cause of the slaveholders openly and impudently exposed. This excellent portion of the English nation need not, with us, that the war is now a reality and not merely waged against slavery, it is so virtually and necessarily. The President's counter-proclamation, annulling the act of Gen. Hunter, and armed with the horrible slave-trove going on under his nose, and by his special permission, are very capable of being used to change the state of opinion, and sealing in England just what is done. It is the slaves who sit as our Philadelphian Correspondent, may be relied upon implicitly for its genuineness:

It was like the rallying at the opening of the war, and the rushing to arms when the news of Lexington spread through the land. Gov. Andrew has done such service to his country during the last eventful twelve months; but none more effectual or more honorable to himself and to his Commonwealth than the admirable State Paper to which we have referred.

Events are hurrying forwards with the rush and the might of destiny. A very few weeks, a very few days, perhaps, may decide whether the nation is to live or to die—whether it is to live entire or to be torn into two maimed fragments. If the attempt to save the Union and to save slavery at the same time be persevered in, we believe that the Union will go down under the pressure of slavery. We know that the success of such an attempt would be but a temporary armistice to the rebellion, to be broken when it had gathered strength again. We are sure that the head and heart of the nation is right and sound on this subject. The President may judge from the character of the presses which applied their curse as to slavery in the Southern Department—the New York Herald, Journals of Commerce, Expresses, and Boston Couriers and Posts, etc., etc.—what is its real nature is. The instinct of these bounds is infidelity. They never miss the scent when there is a slave to be hunted or a master to be fêted upon. Their barking makes night and day hideous, but their power to bite is almost gone. Such creatures are not true exponents of Northern feeling. They utter the sense of a small and most malignant sect who love slavery for its own sake as well as for the gains it has brought them. But the great mass of the Northern people, of the virtue, the intelligence, the wealth, the industry of the nation, long for the word of deliverance which they will pronounced their own embodiment and expression as that of the slaves. We trust that Mr. Lincoln will not let the golden opportunity pass, but be found equal to the administration. It lies in his power to make his administration and his name the most illustrious and beneficent, or the most calamitous and the most infamous of all recorded in our annals. And the time of decision may be brief.

PORT ROYAL FREED BLACKS.

The following letter, highly interesting in itself, will be read with additional satisfaction when we state that the writer, an accomplished Philadelphian lady, is a tried and true Abolitionist of the strict class; that now laboring in the cause of the freed blacks in South Carolina, will tell us of her own charges, and in her letter, being addressed to the gentleman who sits as our Philadelphia Correspondent, may be relied upon implicitly for its genuineness:

ST. HELENA ISLAND, May, 1862.

I have formally acknowledged the receipt of the goods from Philadelphia, but I write more fully to you to express the great pleasure they have given to us, as their distributors, and the comfort and encouragement they distribute among the negroes. Mr. Pierce finds it very convenient to have the goods from Philadelphia marketed, and I may say in a very good market, and it has enabled us to get along with an exact one-City and its neighboring towns have been most liberal, and though a month ago those supplies would have been in season to prevent some doubts and fears on the part of the blacks, which have depressed us as well as themselves, yet they are not too late by any means. The need seems great as ever, and the arrival of this food—especially just now of this clothing, for the food has not yet reached the place of distribution—is made very light hearts on this plantation among the negroes. And yet not an article has been given away, except a few second-hand garments and one baby's apparel. All afternoon—had been working at the house—had I been able to find a place to sell a crowd of eager negroes who were willing to pay any price asked, if they could but get clothed, as far as money held out. Though I have never known one to steal the slightest thing, and we have everything of ours unlocked and lying about, we make it a rule never to let any of them enter the store. If we did, we should have no room to turn round.

I am not sure that you understand our mode of distributing these clothes. All from New York go to Mr. French, from Boston to Mr. Pierce, from Philadelphia market to Mr. T. M. May in St. Helena, and so on, as far as to give us reason to believe that these should be virtue enough left even to rise in defense of our own rights; and as we do not believe in miraculous conversions, we are in a quandary as to what course to take. There is a cause for rejoicing that we are drifting towards emancipation at any rate, even through the stern necessity of war, and without the yoke of vengeance.

This nation has descended as far into the depths of wickedness as was ever permitted to any nation, and that God in mercy is setting his claim above our own salvation, we need not fear that a plenty of sackcloth and ashes will not be our portion. Some talk of reinstating slavery, as if that were possible. As well talk of banishing the sun from the heavens, or turning back the waters of Niagara from their source. Its door is sealed—but instead of asking what is to become of the slaves let us rather ask what is to become of us.

When a century hence, the history of this period shall be read, there will be very little for us to boast of. Sacrificing our own national life in the struggle with a foe, which in our blindness, we are striving to save from harm, the future will reveal us as the factors of a revolution ignoring the very principles upon which a revolution is founded.

When was ever effected within constitutional limits? The history of England, which boasts of a Constitution that has existed time out of mind, is a constant success of concessions and rights won from the lips of the tyrants by some enlarged interpretation of the Constitution, but which had not previously recognized.

Emancipation in the District of Columbia, important as it is in its significance, effected by powers which have ever been recognized as residing in Congress, and that only after a whole winter's discussion in the face of circumstances that should have made it the work of a moment, will, in the future, command little merit by the side of the responsibility General Fremont and Hunter dared to assume without knowing precisely what this or that authority would decide as the limit of their powers.

The spirit of a revolution is responsibility—concerning the condition of man, and when God and humanity point the way in characters more to be mistaken, who can measure the guilt of those who willfully shut their eyes to the heavenly light, and persist in regarding the old landmarks until the sword of avenging Justice shall compel them to open a highway for the redeemer of the Lord to walk theron?

Judging from past antecedents and the general corruption of Church and State, events are transpiring as fast and as favorably as we had reason to expect. Judging by the light of the future, when all our present priviledges and glorious opportunities shall weigh with impartial eye, there is not a nation more to be pitied than ours. The negroes are entirely as yet uneducated, and highly degraded, wretched, and very troublesome. I wish I had ten women to educate, and especially ten women to every one here. Everybody is worked too hard. But yet it is important to have only people of the right stamp, and till they can be found, and sent we shall cheerfully do what we can. My only time for writing is late at night; it is long past midnight now, and you as well as my family friends must have very hasty letters, if any. It would give me great pleasure to tell you much of this people; there is so much of the greatest interest to tell, that one is compelled to know where to begin, but there is no time to write.

The cotton agents here have done great mischief. Mr. Pierce was brutally assaulted at Hilton Head yesterday, for exposing some of their dealings. You will probably see accounts by the papers. I am glad to find or believe I find Mr. Pierce so truly and consistently an anti-slavery man.

This place (and its trials) will shake the faith of some who have come down here, I fear, in the immediate possibility of emancipation. But I think Mr. Furness's wisdom the best. Instead of saying educate and free them, he says, make them educated, by freeing them of the shackles of slavery for themselves and others necessary to any substantial education.

I have no doubt that these negroes will prove speedily that even the most degraded slaves are better and more industrious freedom. They are proving it every day since their first payment of wages, a week or so ago, by their eagerness to work. They had worked well even before their payment. It looks very promising to see, at sunrise, from my window, the wide cotton field in front of the house, covered with cheerful men and women, hawing away briskly without any driver. I observe that the "poor drivers" now call themselves "leaders," this I think is significant.

Gen. Hunter sent a negro horse to recruit for the forces. He was only on the Island a few days, and did not get many recruits. The reason is, I suppose, because the idea seemed so bewildering of having arms and being allowed to fight, that they distrusted. Among the women, there was not a little fear of the Yankees before they arrived, their masters having solemnly assured them that though at first we should coax and cajole them, it would be for the purpose of getting them quietly into our power, and then selling all the able bodied to Cuba, or ready the better to oppress the rest. They think men must mean mischief by such strange names as making soldiers of them, and giving them arms.

Their master's promise they shall never be sent further than Hilton Head, and that they are to be sparing among the boys. I saw them beginning to place having a rude kind of drill the other day, and marching to hymn tunes. The air of "John Brown's Body" is one of the most popular and best known among the people here, but they sing other words to it.

It has been said that it was of no use to try to make these negroes live in a more comfortable style; that they like this disorderly style of household life, and would not appreciate comforts. One little incident in the life of a negro illustrates that notion. No sooner had the rebels "taken massa" abandoned them than they eagerly seized all his lumber, and made doors and lofts to their cabin, which had hardly had only the ground below a cool day and find them in utter darkness, the only alternative being a blast of cold wind directly upon them.

The church is very interesting and promising. It was low down into the long mass of the live oaks surrounding it, when being nearly eight hundred negroes were singing inside the building the hymns around seemed joining in, so many were under the windows. I had a class of about thirty children, and was the only white woman present at the Sunday school. We have a fine man for minister, I think, a Mr. Horst, a Baptist. He spoke the first Sunday upon liberty, and tried last Sunday to give them some idea of their dignity as men. Such themes will hold their good and keep them quiet too. They still have their reverence for white men. Our cook comes running to me yesterday to say that two soldiers had given me a pocket-handkerchief from her cabin. "Ah, to think of it! A white man do dat! Dat too bad for a nigger to

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DR. CHEEVER'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I send you the enclosed subscription I cannot forbear to add a word of commendation of the noble fidelity of Dr. Chester.

While all of us as Abolitionists rejoice at the slightest indication of purpose, on the part of the government or people, to perform an act of justice already too long delayed, I am cheering to know that in the Church which is even now taking counsel of constitutional quibbles rather than the higher law of God, there is one man true to his vocation as a Watchman on the walls of Zion, who warns the sheep of his fold against the danger of so condoning a distinction as that between the color of skin for performing the acts of God. In the decess of retributive justice, it has been impossible to do more for the slaves.

There are two stand-points from which to view this question, although history will never grant us but one, and that he occupied when he delivered his admirable speech before the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The utter lack of moral perceptions, and want of faith in the great principles of human rights which characterized the public sentiment of this country, at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, was such as to give us reason to believe that these should be virtue enough left even to rise in defense of our own rights; and as we do not believe in miraculous conversions, we are in a quandary as to what course to take.

There is a cause for rejoicing that we are drifting towards emancipation at any rate, even through the stern necessity of war, and without the yoke of vengeance.

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Mr. Saxe's Speech, lately delivered in the Senate on his bill for the Confiscation of Property and the Liberation of Slaves belonging to Rebels,² appears in our columns to-day, in full, as also (by myself) we presented to Washington, April 16, 1862.

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