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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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NATHANIEL P. ROGERS, Editor.

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London Convention. Speech of M. D'Iamaebert.

Dr Bowring then introduced the French deputies, who were received with loud cheers. M. D'Iamaebert and his colleagues, he said, had succeeded in obtaining distinguished honors in the French Legislature by their efforts on behalf of liberty generally, and also the abolition of slavery in partnership. (cheers) There was also new Minister Colonial, a distinguished French barrister, who though an Israelite, had defended the Protestants of the Garde from cruel persecution (Loud cheers)

Monsieur D'Iamaebert then arose, and was greeted with a most enthusiastic reception. He said, having received acknowledged, he proceeded to address the Convention in French, his knowledge of English not being sufficiently correct to enable him to speak in public! His speech was exceedingly eloquent, delivered with great warmth and energy, and with a peculiar rapidity and vernal fluency of utterance, which contrasted very highly with French style of oratory. To those who understood the language the effect of his eloquence was often striking, and at times his manner, and look, and voice were so energetic and so perfectly free from not so latent seemed almost by intuition to comprehend his meaning through that universal medium, the language of the heart and feeling. As he finished every passage Dr Bowring translated it to the Convention. His version, however, had lost much of the spirit of the original. He (Bowring) said the Doctor begin by expressing the embarrassment under which he stood himself. He regretted that the French ambassadors had not the power of getting up round them such assemblies as these. But that Government was so constituted that it was apprehensive of the outbreak of popular enthusiasm, and, therefore, the consideration of the subject of slavery had been delegated to small bodies, selected by the Government, generally composed of persons of high influence and rank. Hence the friends of abolition had been deprived of many of the means of action possessed by their public liberties, and in consequence, to a great degree, failed. Hence the proceedings of the French government might bear upon this question the appearances of hostility to the cause of the Convention. He (Bowring) was not hear, that the French, were the first nation that abolished slavery; there were had (cheers) He had said and offered, been stated to foreign states that the English had been actuated by selfish motives in carrying emancipation, and that it was because glorious work could not be so cheap as the French Legislature, he would tell them that they were mistaken—(cheers)—that he had found the Convention extending their views

This had been turned entirely to the interest of despotism by the channel of Colonization; and the Man of sin, through the channel of Colonization, and the Man of sin, well satisfied and unresisted in his dominion in the Church, was contented with his steady though undisturbed returning health and authority.

But when the alarm was sounded for liberty, and the true character of Colonization discovered, so as no longer to allege of Freedom's cause, as it recently did, that "the sons by bills and dates of her "disorganized territory," grated harsh music in his ears: and he could not long endure distinctions of slavery and emancipation so as to progress. The relation between liberty for the body and liberty of conscience, was too intimate for one to succeed without endangering the other.

Strange as it may seem, a large portion of the Church and Ministers of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captives, opening eyes of the prisoners, and to set those who were bound, were deaf to the call of liberty, and the moan of the slave. But the voice of liberty was a trumpet voice—loud and long—and it could not keep quiet when summoned.—The community were aroused—a spirit of inquiry was awakened—and notwithstanding the tyrant offered a determined and vigorous resistance, in the form of mobs and brickbats, yet Freedom's march was onward, and her conquests glorious. It was soon seen that other and more decisive measures of slavery's destruction must be resorted to, or his reign over the Church was drawing to a close: and ecclesiastical bodies, and Bishops, and Presidents of Colleges and Seminaries, aroused from their sleep, and sensible of the importance of the subject of liberty, enforcing them with such means as lay within their power: and theological Professors, and Doctors of Divinity endeavoring to establish, by sermons and books and brickbats, yet Freedom's march was onward, and her conquests glorious. It was soon seen that other and more decisive measures of slavery's destruction must be resorted to, or his reign over the Church was drawing to a close: and ecclesiastical bodies, and Bishops, and Presidents of Colleges and Seminaries, aroused from their sleep, and sensible of the importance

hundred and fifteen had been found on board, forty had died during the voyage from the "Pestilential Calabar," where she had been captured by his majesty's ship, "Fair Rosamond," and one had drowned himself on arrival. The rainy season was commenced, and during the night one had poured heavily down. Nearly a hundred slaves had been crowded on the weather on deck, and amongst them a brush of dying creatures at the foremast. After making my way through the clustered mass of women on the quarter deck, I discovered the slave captain, who had also been part owner, comfortably asleep in his cot, undisturbed by the horrors around him. The captives were composed of Mahommedans, pagans, and some written down, for the information of the court, as sacred commission. The task was repulsive enough. As she hold had been divided for the separation of the men and the women, those on deck were first counted; they were then driven forward, crowded as much as possible, and the women were drawn up through the hatchway, to be counted their dark, fetid place of confinement. A black boatswain seized them, one by one, dragging them before us for a moment, when the proper officer on a glance decided the age, whether above or under fourteen; and they were instantly swung again by the arm into their loathsome cell, where another negro boatswain sat, with a cat of nine tails in his hand, to remind them of the best and painful attitude necessary for the scrutiny of so large a number. The unfortunate women, and girls in general, submitted with quiet resignation when the absence of disease, and the use of their limbs, permitted. A month had made their condition familiar to them. One or two were less philosophical, and screamed out scurrilously when the rear. These strikes were finally from their hideous prison, or violent compulsion alone squeezed them into their nook against the curve of the ship's side. Fatigued, he says, to descend in order to see the accommodations. The height between the floor and ceil ng was about twenty-two inches. The agony of the position of the crouching slave can neither be imagined nor described. Suffocation, and nearly 800 men, whose heads and necks are bent down by the boarding above them. One so fired, relief by motion or change of posture is unattainable. The body frequently stiffens in a permanent curve; and in the streets of Freetown I have seen liberated slaves in every conceivable state of distortion. One I remember who could not walk, but was drawn by a rope to the grave by means of his hands and ankles. Many can never resume the upright posture.

* * *

Methodist Church.

Our friend, James C. Fuller of Skaneateles, has written a letter to a friend in England about the connection of the Methodist Church with Slavery in this country, which places that religious body in no very enviable predicament.—The letter is very interesting, and details facts with masterly efficiency. Pro-Slavery men will find a hot berth across the waters ere long. Please read the letter.

From the English Mercury.

Slavery, and the Methodist Church in America.

BRISTOL, 7th Month 15, 1840.

To Joseph Orchard, Hanover Cottage, Saxon-Hill, Bath.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Agreeably to thy request of yesterday, to be informed of the position of the Methodist Church of America occupies in respect to the subject of slavery, I hand the following, and be assured I do it with feelings of joy, and rejoicing, that the Rev. Jonathan Beaver, 22 the Methodist Episcopal Church of America view the accursed system as the execrated blunder of Methodism personify as it, they would personify Satan, and I do not question that "it is the sum of all villanies," and do as he did, "strike at the root of this complicated villany." And why should they strike? Why should Methodists disclaim any reason than I can, why his followers should follow his illustrious example? "This equally concerns all slaveholders, of whatever name or nation, whether Christians, or exactly on a level with men-stealers. The blood of thy brother cries against them from the earth. O, whatever it cost, put a stop to it! Let not any more be bought or sold, not at any price, were it the half of your goods, deliver thyself from blood-guiltiness! Thy hands, thy body, thy mind, thy house, thy land, are polluted with the blood of your brother. Liberty is the birth-right of every human creature as soon as he breathes the vital air, and no human law can deprive him of this birth-right, which he has from God. Are not those worst men passed than surprised they should be based on historical facts; and that thou regretted they were not generally known by the British Conference? Are Methodists generally through the length and breadth of the land. I trust thou will use thy best endeavors to spread the contents of this letter, that the Christian world may know of things may not longer prevail, and I pray that a remedy may be sought and found by a body of Christians whose I love, profoundly, and whose cause I wish to see, and to the ocean, or that they will cease to be one with them on the American continent, so long as the southern portion may be entitled to be called Methodists. Would that I, the poorest rules of the society in America, p. 75, it is described as "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, and desiring to flee from the wrath to come, or that they will cease to be one with them on the American continent, so long as the southern portion may be entitled to be called Methodists. Would that I, the poorest rules of the society in America, p. 75, it is described as "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, and desiring to flee from the wrath to come, or that they will cease to be one with them on the American continent, so long as the southern portion may be entitled to be called Methodists. Would that I, the poorest rules of the society in America, p. 75, it is described as "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, and desiring to flee from the wrath to come, *were the work of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation.*" This is a good Methodist rule, and I wish it *were the work of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation.*" This is a good Methodist rule, and I wish it *were the work of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation.*" This is a good Methodist rule, and I wish it

I am aware that some of my remarks yesterday gave thee pain, so as to cause thee to question my sanity, but I am thou wert not less pained than surprised they should be based on historical facts; and that thou regretted they were not generally known by the British Conference and Methodists generally through the length and breadth of the land. I trust thou will use thy best endeavors to spread the contents of this letter, that the Christian world may know of things may not longer prevail, and I pray that a remedy may be sought and found by a body of Christians whom I love, profoundly, and whose cause I wish to see, and to the ocean, or that they will cease to be one with them on the American continent, so long as the southern portion may be entitled to be called Methodists. Would that I, the poorest rules of the society in America, p. 75, it is described as "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, and desiring to flee from the wrath to come

A Brief Description of the Shakers.

BY A VISITER.

The village of Lebanon, which is situated about 130 or 140 miles from the city of N. York, is divided into two parts, the names of which have forgotten. It is inhabited by a sect of people called Shakers, who derive their name from the singular mode they have of shaking their hands as they dance. Ann Lee, through whose ministration this society originated, was born in Manchester, England, where she first began to preach the faith which forms the primary principles of this community, about the year 1770,—among the first who convinced her tenets were William Lee, James Whittaker, and John Hocknell, and these, in connection with the female above alluded to, became the first founders of this society. The village of Lebanon contains many manufacturing establishments, where are made fans, sieves, brushes, brooms, &c. He who enters among them, must first confess to the Elder, so called, the various sins he has committed during his life, deposite the money he possesses, (if he has any) into the public treasury, and promise to future to be just in all his dealings with his fellow man, and to follow the rules of the society;—in short, to perform all those things, and those only, which are dictated by his inward monitor. He must shun all evil company, all attempts to defraud the unsuspecting, and conduct himself according to the will of his God. If he be married, he must no longer live with his wife, but must remain as a single man. He must not enter into any business unless known to the elders. It is only those of the most advanced age, and most distinguished for piety, that are suffered to visit the great metropolis, New-York, and when they come, they generally bring to sell the various articles which they manufacture or produce, among which, horse-rakes, brooms, fans, &c., &c., hold a conspicuous part. They banish from their company all such as are disposed to be led into the snares of vice, unless they immediately repent and follow the path of virtue. They occupy themselves in various ways, during the cheerful days; in summer, in mowing and the like, and in winter in making articles for the sale. There are among them carpenters, weavers, doctors, &c., each man following the trade or occupation for which he thinks himself most fitted by nature. Hence the success that attends their undertakings, each one carrying his respective trade to perfection. It has been remarked, and very justly too, by all who visit them, that every thing that they manufacture, bore ever small or large displays uncommon dexterity, and so I found it myself; each room, as you enter it, shows clearly that those who occupy them are not a dirty race. The floors are painted yellow, and are all so clean that if by accident any spot of your dress should fall on them, it would not be in the least degree soiled. The chairs instead of standing on the floor as among us, are hung on nails or pegs about the walls. The houses are not elegantly furnished, but are all neat and clean, and their meals are not of every variety and luxurious, but plain and excellent in their kind, extremely well suited to their condition: and when strangers visit them, which they often do, though they are not allowed by the rules of the society to eat with them, unless out of their village, still they are treated with the greatest hospitality, and never required to recompense them, though they should remain for years. The women are fully as industrious as the men; they make the clothes, hem pocket handkerchiefs, knit stockings, make butter and cheese and the like, in short, none are idle: even the smallest has some little occupation allotted to him, in which he may be employed with pleasure and utility. There are assemblies almost two days out of every week in the evening, when all come together, both old and young, women and men, and dance, singing verses, (approaching each other and drawing back again alternately,) among which is the following:

"O time how precious 'tis to all,
We'll labor or improve it
I've heard the gospel's gracious call,
O, how I long to live it
Come try how happy we can be,
By leaving off all evil,
What beauty then we all shall see,
Wherever we assemble"

They all dress in the plainest manner, unadorned by jewels, or finery of any description. The color of their pantaloons is brown, and their coats a bluish grey, with a hat of white fur with a broad rim. The men instead of being adorned by high heels as the fops in Broadway, have every thing of the plainest materials, choosing every thing rather for comfort than show. The women have frocks of linsey woolsey, and when they dance they hang their handkerchief on their left arm. They generally wear high heels, but whether to increase their stature or for any other reason, I have not been able to ascertain. On Sunday, they all, both small and great, old and young, assemble in the meeting-house, where they conduct themselves in the same manner as at their weekly assemblies, but then the number is much increased. All assemble there from every part of the village, and come and return with the most sincere and happy expression on their countenances. The coats of the men are hung up on nails provided for that purpose; all hats are off, even those of the women, all men dancing in their shirt sleeves, and shaking their hands up and down as they advance and withdraw. Thus, they live, as happy as though there was no care or pain in the world—they seek not the praise of their fellow men, but the esteem of their God. He alone, they seek to please, he alone they worship—they love each other dearly, and where one of their number dies, the blow is felt throughout every corner of the village,—They frequent no circus, no theatre, no gaming house, no billiard room; and those who are disposed to have them erected are banished forever from the society, unless they repent their folly and resolve to do so no more. They are not at all influenced in their conduct by envy; they wish for none but what they have, they receive none but what they obtain by the sweat of their brow. They do not absorb themselves in political contests, they have a kind of government of their own, and all attend to it with uncommon attention, not omitting, even the slightest item. They wage no war with their neighbors, they have no cannon, arms, neither gun, or sword; they spend their days in happiness apparently, and seek only the good of each other and the good of themselves. They are ever disposed to do good to the afflicted, relieve the distressed, and succor the poor and bereaved. For an example of this, I need only refer you to the time when the village of Hudson was partially destroyed by fire. Then they contributed freely to their wants, sending them flour, cattle, hogs and the northwest side of clothing and bedding. They die in the same manner as they live, calling on the name of the Lord, their Redeemer, and the happy manner that they depart from this world of trouble, leads us to hope that they are blessed with a station in Heaven, above, and that their memorial is on high.—*Sun*

Whittier's Legends of New-England.

In one of my hunting excursions abroad on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife. Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear, and a fine breeze from the northwest blew the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game, and in climbing a ragged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattle snake, coiling himself, as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he uttered his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright, fiery eye directly upon my soul. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily upon him, for just moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of menace came from him, or, at least, it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming bird. Then the tints of his body deepened and changed, and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope, purple and green and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild curiously woven circles of strange colors quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great psaltery—a world of mysterious colors; and the tints varied and darkened and lighted up apparently around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled: and fear, for the first time came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat trickling from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—all definite ideas of peril was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream,—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to bear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

Suddenly a new sound came upon my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—and I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrid spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The Rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eye, and my wife was at my side clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her scream of agony as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger I sprang forward and crushed him much my feet, grindinn him as we passed over the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand, and it deepened into blackness as I fled her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and we near more near to death—there—alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!

A fashionable Lady at the Piano.

In a book entitled "Georgia scenes, characters and incidents," Miss Crumb, a young lady educated in Philadelphia and highly accomplished, &c., &c., is represented as at a party where, after many solicitations and apologies—

She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right then to the left, leaned forward then backward, and begun. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now put off the right in a brisk canter up the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in a like manner. The right turned and repeated its first movement, but the left outran it this time, hopped over it and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, and the left on its return hopped in on the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for about the space of ten seconds, when the right hopped off at a tangent, as I thought, fairly vanquished; but I was in error, against Miss Randolph cautions us: "It had only fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted upon two black keys, and commenced the use of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake charming beyond dispute. The left rushed towards it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic-struck when it came within six keys of it, and invariably retired with a tremendous roaring down the bass keys. It continued its assaults, sometimes by the way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zigzag through both, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired.

Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano gave forth during the conflict. Certain it is, no one can describe them and therefore, I shall not attempt it.

The battle ended, Miss Augusta moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once; "one song, my dear Augusta," said Mrs. Small "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing in Philadelphia, and which Madame Piggsqueak was so fond of."

Miss Augusta looked pitifully at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Augusta; accordingly she squared herself for the task.

She brought her hands into the capos this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other. They commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and the left responding bass very loudly. The conference had been kept up until I began to desire a change on the subject, when my ear caught, indistinctly some very curious sounds which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Augusta, they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, and a whisper, and they were introduced, it appeared to me, as interpreters between the right and the left. They had progressed in this way for about the space of fifteen seconds, when I attempted to direct my attention to Mr. Jenkins, from Philadelphia His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side; a beam of heavenly enjoyment rested on his countenance, and his whole man gave visible demonstration that Miss Crumb's music made him feel good all over. I had just turned from this contemplation of Mr. Jenkins' transports, to see whether I could detect from the performance any thing intelligible, when Miss Crumb made a re-doubling grab at half a dozen keys in a row, and at the same instant she fetched a long dinglinll cock row, at the conclusion of which she grappled as many more, and then fell back. This came over Jenkins like a warm bath, and over me like a rake of bamboo briers.

My nerves had not recovered from the shock before Miss Augusta repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw me into a state of fear, but, from respect to the performer, I maintained my position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and boxed the faces of six keys in a row with the left, and at the same time raised one of the most mournfully howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, clawed it, she raked it, she scraped it. Her neck vein swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screach-owl when I took the St. Vitus's dance and rushed out of the room. "Good Lord," said a bystander, "if this be her *singing*, what must her *crying* be?"

From the Brooklyn Daily News.

A Criticism upon Byron's celebrated Description of an Alpine Thunder Storm.

Boston Lunatic Asylum—House of Industry, &c.—On Friday afternoon, in company with two other gentlemen, we went over to South Boston to visit the Lunatic Asylum and House of Industry. We were very fortunate: for that afternoon Dr. Butler, the superintendent of the Asylum, gave a party to the lunatics, and we received an invitation to join in their sports. When we were ushered into the parlor, the patients were seated, very quietly, round the room, listening to the most comic of their number playing upon the fife. Some of them were dressed in most fantastic array, but most of them gave no indications of insanity. After we had been introduced to some ladies—whom we were given to understand were *none*—a dance was proposed. The fife was exchanged for the violin, and we were allured to a very sensible *looking* lady, who could not join two ideas together; the others selected partners, and we commenced the merriest dance I ever joined in. The Dr. and his lady went round speaking pleasantry to each one of them, but no one exception they seemed like a group of merry-faced, happy children. This was a young girl, who wept constantly, and was anxious to escape from the Asylum. Most of them, I was afterwards told, had been driven mad by bereavement, and been taken from cages and cells, where they were fed and treated like wild beasts in a menagerie. After the dance, a tall, stately mulatto was called out and commenced a *pas seul* to the music of the violin. He danced