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The Peculiar Institution.

APPREHENSION OF RUNAWAY NEGROES—CONDUCT OF ABOLITIONISTS IN ILLINOIS.

[illegible] the people of Illinois have ground of complaint against the citizens of Missouri on any score whatever, certainly we have good reason to complain of their conduct in interfering with, and destroying the value of property guaranteed to us by the Constitution, and which, if not tampered with and corrupted by Abolitionists, would feel no desire to leave our homes. Almost every day our slaves are induced, by the persuasions of Abolitionists, to abandon comfortable homes, and to entrust themselves to the dealings of Abolitionists, who are ready enough to fleece them of all their money before they kill them. We published yesterday a telegraphic dispatch from Quincy, Ill., announcing the *escape of fifty slaves*, in the vicinity of Quincy, Pike County, Ill. Lewis, and no one will doubt that they were aided in their escape by citizens of Illinois. Of the number of these men—the unblushing effrontery with which they act, even to the extent of perjury—we proceed to present a case which has occurred.

Our slaves, the property of Messrs. R. Block Cune, Glasby, and Pittman, runaway from their homes in this city on Saturday night, a week ago. They went up the river to the head of Gabourie Island; crossed over to the Island, and then thence assisted in getting to the Illinois shore by some men, whose names have not been furnished us, but one of the runaways belonging to Mr. Pitt was left there, being lame, to make what profit he could, and is yet at large. The others came up the river to this city, and were arrested last night miles beyond Alton, in Jersey county, by Mr. R. Bowmar and brother. The slaves were in the jail of Jerseyville on Monday, and Mr. Bowmar left for St. Louis, to inform the owners of their apprehension. They immediately proceeded to Jerseyville and arrived there on Tuesday night. They found that an Abolitionist, named E. J. Carter, had made oath that the slaves in question were free men, and falsely imprisoned, and not, as stated, slaves. Upon his oath, a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, directed, not to the Judge of the Circuit Court in Madison county, to which they could easily return, but to the Judge of the Circuit Court at Beardstown, a distance of seventy-five miles in the river, and nearly one hundred by land, were to take, in making their escape. This was expected, and attempted to do on the way.

The officer was ordered to take the slaves, if they let that the company had left a few hours before Carrolton, in custody of the Deputy Sheriff, Mr. Ayer. This officer was forced to leave in a [illegible], and was followed by a party, at the use of a person or carriage belonging to Isaac Snedeker, a [illegible] Abolitionist, who drove the team. It was reported to Mr. Bowmar, on his arrival, that the slaves would be there in a few hours, to prove and reclaim their property, but this was urged as a reason for getting off as speedily as possible. The officer, Mr. Ayer, and the Abolitionists indulged in huzzas and glorified the habeas corpus law. They reached Carrolton at 10 o'clock at night, and went entirely past the house of the Abolitionist driver the whip to his team intending to drive through town without stopping, and thus get clear with slaves. But it so happened, that the former [illegible] of the county, Mr. Sullivan, was along, he seized the reins and stopped the vehicle. Abolitionist, Snedeker, then ordered the negroes to make Sullivan, and hold him, until they get through the town, but they failed to do it. The negroes were committed to the jail in Carrolton that night. Meanwhile, the officer destroying the writ of the Abolitionist Carter, and delivered the negroes to Columbiana, on the Illinois river, thence to Beardstown by boat; but the owners reached early next morning, and the officer, Ayer, had fled. The slaves, with the fellow Palmer, had caused the writ to issue, were brought before Judge Woomson, of the Circuit Court, then in session, and the proceedings were argued. Dr. A. Smith, and Murray McConnell, members of the bar, were retained by Palmer as counsel for the negroes, and the defendants in the case were represented by Messrs. Bond, Bell, Dunn, as their counsel. On the part of the slaves, it was contended, that the proceedings in the case were illegal; and the defendants admitted the illegality. But before the decision of the Judge was pronounced, Mr. Smith pleaded to make an inflammatory abolition speech, intended for the benefit of the Court, but addressed to the negroes, who crowded the house, quoted the Declaration of Independence, about men being born free and equal, &c. Among other things, he said that citizens of Missouri had no right to come into Illinois, and taking people of color—men born free—carrying them off, selling them, and making fortunes out of the property.

He complained of the defendants in the case, for not giving a trial in a summary manner, and not giving his clients an opportunity of proving their freedom. When so great a question of liberty was at issue, he thought it was wrong. It will be observed, that it was the Abolitionists who had made the habeas corpus—that they were forcing a trial, in distant point, and refusing to give time for the trial of the question of the property.

Bogo Brown replied to Smith in very appropriate indignant terms. He referred to that part of the language in which Smith had said, that his address was intended for the Court, and said that he supposed he was addressing a town meeting, for the purpose of exciting the sympathies of the people against the institutions of the South. He alluded to crimes and bad feeling between citizens of sister States ought not to be indulged. Smith, in explanation said that his remarks in relation to the slave trade were merely intended for the purpose of showing that this case whom he understood to be honorable men.

Judge Woomson then remarked that, as the defendants admitted that the proceeding was illegal, he let discharge the persons from custody; but if they did not done so, he should have directed the officer to arrest the parties, and they would be proceeded with according to law. The costs of the proceeding be adjudged to be paid by the Abolitionists; and he said that if was found out that they had taken the negroes from their owners under pretence of employing lawyers, fees, &c. A pretty set of scoundrels philanthropists, of a certainty!

The owners of the slaves, on their discharge under the habeas corpus, took them before a justice of the peace in Beardstown, established their right to them, put them on board a boat, and brought them home.

Among others assisting in the escape of these men, is a *free negro* by the name of Bill Williams, an [illegible] in this kind of work. He recently visited Beardstown, and was seen to talk with them, and he was discharged at Beardstown with them. He has also brought back, and is now confined in the jail at Alton. He has made a full confession of all the facts in the case, and will likely go to the penitentiary for his trouble. Capt. Dewitt, of the steamer Dan Hillman, arrived at Beardstown about the middle of the proceedings, and he is recognised as Bill Williams as the fellow who, about a month since, had his boat run off three slaves belonging to Colonel Whitehill, Jacksonville and Carrolton, to say that the feelings of these Abolitionists, and such is, most probably, the prevailing feeling; but the class of fanatics is so numerous as to make it exceedingly difficult for our citizens to reclaim their slaves when once they are in their clutches in Illinois.

The Lewis County Runaways all Captured—Three Slaves Killed.—A Telegraph dispatch from Quincy, Illinois, dated yesterday, says:

"The negroes who started from Lewis County, Missouri, night before last, were overtaken yesterday and held in bonds four hours! They were finally captured, after their leader had been killed. He was a man belonging to Mr. Miller."—*St. Louis Republicans.*

SLAVES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

To the Editor of the Eagle:

Mr. Cabrell: I witnessed a scene on Tuesday in the streets of Memphis, so illegal, and so mischievous in its tendencies, as affecting the proper relations between the white and the black race, and between the servant and the master, that I consider it my duty to consider it important to make it public, as well as to point out the evidence of mischief seriously injuring the value of our slaves to their masters, and which call loudly for speedy abatement. The scene was this:

On the corner of Main and Madison streets, a public auctioneer was crying a mule for sale to a crowd of some forty persons, near one half of whom were slaves, several slave-holding men, and the competition being mainly, if not wholly, between the slaves. The auctioneer addressed himself particularly to them. I was generally present to witness this, and kindly spoke to the auctioneer, (a friend of mine, I esteem he an excellent man and a good citizen,) asking him if he did not know he was violating the laws, and doing great mischief to the parties trading with slaves. He seemed not to be aware of the wrong, and thought if there was anything improper in it, it was in their masters who permitted or encouraged it. There to do it, I told him he should send the slaves off about their business, or to tell their masters, if they wanted to buy, to come themselves or send some white person; that he was prohibited by law, as well as a duty he owed to the community, to keep servants in their proper places.

The loose condition of our slave population in Memphis, has actually become a source, not only of great trouble to their owners and to the community, but one of imminent danger to property. And it is this unlawful intolerance, and this loose and improper indulgence of their masters, that is producing it. They are suffered to hire their own time, and in many by hiring their masters or other slaves, by hiring them of their masters—one of the most gross and mischievous violations of the law that could well be tolerated. We see them fighting and wrangling in the streets, while crowds of white people stand and listlessly gaze at them, or take sides with them. They will hire out to drive in the city their carriages and buggies on a Sabbath day, expensively dressed, and gentlemen are unable in consequence to get similar accommodation at some of our public stables. Far be it from me to recommend that slaves should not receive the very kindest treatment, and all the indulgences their situation will bear, consistent with their own and their masters' safety, but these indulgences should never be lost sight of, as they certainly are, by many masters in Memphis.

Another source of evil to our slaves, and one of which great complaint is made by them, is the encouragement and permission of *free negro haunts* in our city. There are many, both male and female, where our slaves are decoyed and lured by every kind of seduction and iniquity to our slaves, who frequent them, and it is here where they learn discontent, disobedience, and the worst lessons of vice and crime. Many of these free negro places are harbors for thieves and stolen goods, and it is here where servants are first induced to steal and sell their stolen property.

The black washerwomen, whether free or bond, should not be permitted to keep house of themselves, as many now do; they are filled with vice and evil to the slave population, and spread discontent among them, as well as a desire to be half-free also, as those black house-keepers are. In conclusion, we venture the remark that there is no community in the South where the slaves are so bold and unrestricted as in Memphis. And unless they are restricted, and speedily, and compelled to go to their proper sphere, we may soon expect more unpleasant things than now exist. It is notorious, and the remark is made every day by strangers who have visited Memphis, that Memphis is the best place in the world to ruin good servants. They are entrusted too far—farther than they can stand the test, when evil to their masters and themselves is the result. I hope, sir, that these remarks may do some good. To masters, as well as our city authorities. Let the laws be strictly enforced, especially against all white persons, and free negro, and others, who unlawfully tamper with our slaves, by trading with them, and making drunkards of them. This is a source of incalculable mischief, and should be suppressed. The vicinity and purlieus of our city has become also, as it were, a vast den for runaways—from afar as well as near—and there is scarcely a week that they are not seen or heard prowling about us; and it is the facilities afforded them by the free blacks and slaves of our city, who are more than half free, and the rest of evil, that attracts them here. They must, for their own good, as well as for the safety of society, be kept in their proper sphere, and those white persons, who frequent them with, and corrupt white persons, should be dealt with in the full severity of the law for such infractions. Our safety demands it.

L.

Selections.

We give below a number of extracts of Southern papers representing the conservative side on the Disunion question:—

THE UNION OF THE STATES.

Far from intending to underrate the blessings, which have flowed from that institution, we have always esteemed them not only great, but absolutely essential to the prosperity, nay, even, one in the first instance, of the State which gave us birth, are yet, we hope, expansive enough to include in the sphere of our hope, expansive enough to include in the sphere of our brace all that vast and flourishing territory, of which we are a part. We have been accustomed to regard its growing prosperity with the eye of a proud parent, of Virginians alone, but of Southern Virginians, and of the whole Union, and of every proud of the Union, if separately and collectively. We gazed with pride on the Union, as it was, The unrivalled commerce of New York, the astonishing productiveness human energy of Boston, the marvellous developments of California, the numerous developments of California, the marvellous developments of Louisiana. We have ever been to us, as they should be to every man in whose bosom beats an American heart, every man in whose bosom beats an American heart. We have been accustomed to regard with a reverence objects of human adoration, to regard with a reverence bordering on idolatry, the proud boast, the high sounding almost to idolatry, the proud boast, the high sounding almost to idolatry, the proud boast, the high sounding dom, whose expanded wings overshadow a continent. The memory of the martial toils of our fathers, and the triumphs which grew out of them—the glorious protection of an hundred victories and an hundred defeats—the glory of our fathers, the glory of our sons, dom will never permit to die—the unconquerable progress of our common country—all these things rise before us, whenever we think upon this subject.

Where in the history of the whole world shall we find anything comparable to the progress which America has made under her present form of Government? But thirty-seven years ago, an English Statesman, the most renowned of his day, rose in the House of Commons, and declared, that in the event of a war with us, the mighty navy of Britain would sweep our half formed ships of war from the ocean in one long. Afterwards—whenever occasion arose to speak of us—we were pointed out as a mean-ing and contemptuous manner, as though we were a power which it was scarcely necessary to take into the estimate when calculating the strength of the alloyed pride, observe the contemptuous tone in which we are spoken of now? It has become the custom to speak of us among the great nations of the earth.—Far before them in every respect, we appertains to the knowledge of self-government, even in the element of power, we are classed with Russia, with France, and with Austria, while in the honest pride of his heart, the American believes his country a fair match for them all, in the full combination of the gigantic strength. Can an American be otherwise than proud of that form of Government which has wrought such marvels.

While contemplating with intense satisfaction the great blessings the Union has already afforded, we have been accustomed to look forward to the future with even greater delight. Other nations have attained to a *par plus ultra* of prosperity. The mighty energies of Great Britain have been exercised to its utermost; France, it is fair to presume, will never occupy that station among the nations of the earth, which distinguished her during the reign of Napoleon; Austria and Prussia have within them the seeds of certain destruction; the despotism of the Czar, embracing as many nations who abhor the Russian name, and keep down only by the force of military law, must well before the advance of civilization, in the its place of its native Neva, crumbles beneath the weight of its colossal pride. To all these Nations, the future is a land of gloom—to us it is a land of promise. We have yet not entered upon our career. We have yet to show to the world our ready given of energy and enterprise, are but as the promising dispositions of the child. They indicate the infinity, but not the full growth man. What we shall be when we shall have attained our full stature shall have been filled, not as the countries of Europe are, with a dense, but with a happy population—settle is—when the parts of our immense empire, seeming with population shall have been united into a solid mass—when our population shall have spread out in every direction—when a mighty thoroughfare connecting the Oceans, which wash the shores of our continent, shall pour the wealth of the trade of the East—when India and China, shall send to us their treasures through the outlet which we offer them—when a vast fleet of steamers, hissing with the engines of war, shall cross from the Pacific, equally ready to defend the immense cities which Commerce shall have already built upon its shores, and to land the sinews of war, and an army, which the population of the West can swell to the size of that of Xerxes, should it be necessary to carry the blessings of our Government to the vast Empire of Rome, embracing as it did the whole world, from the Indus to the pillars of Hercules, was then absolute insignificance in comparison, and the domination of Britain, upon which we are told the sun never sets, dwindles into an inexpressive metaphor. That we are rapidly progressing in such a condition—the history of the past seventy years—is irresistible energies of our people—the marvels which they accomplish every day—testify as clearly, as though it were capable of a mathematical demonstration. There is but one thing that can arrest our career; there is but one thing that can make the Eagle stoop from his lofty flight; there is but one thing that can transfix the Eagle and nail him to the earth.—That one thing is Disunion!

If in the progress of these States, there were any resemblance to those which others have attained the scene of their greatness—if we had reached through the blood and tears of Revolution—if it could only be attained at the expense of man's happiness, the sacrifice of all that is the ordinal is accustomed to hold dear—if on the road to glory, it were compelled to pave its way with the bones of our countrymen, and the ashes of our homes, the blessing to mankind. Rome became the greatest *blessing, he blasting all others from the map of the world.* Rome, in her greatness, was but the sirocco of the desert. Nations dropped—withered—and finally disappeared beneath its fatal influence. Rome, in her greatness, was but the day of a wind, she fell unpitied, amid the victims of her consuming ambition. But this is not the path this glorious Union—the history of the past seventy years—is sufficient, while she spreads her branches abroad like the Cedars of Lebanon, and offers a shelter and refuge to the oppressed of all the earth, the lofty tree, herself

California with the boundaries marked out in its Constitution, he must face the displeasure of those who insist, with the *Journal of Commerce*, on the extension of the line of the Missouri compromise to the Pacific Ocean. The *Redwood Enquirer*, of Saturday last, referring to the paragraph which we have just quoted, says:

"So far from indicating any sympathy with such a sound and conciliatory principle, President Taylor avows himself in favor of admitting the new State of California, with its Anti-Slavery clause, in spite of most serious difficulties (including 700 miles of sea-coast) and all. Were he not fettered by the double-dealing policy of cheating and humbugging the South section of the Union, and the awful penalty of an exposure, he might show himself a glorious name, by marking out such a plan of adjusting this difficult question. He has not done so—and will continue the game of ambiguity and deception, dreading to meet the issue."

This is a sample of the treatment the old hero must make up his mind to meet with, if he does not co-operate with those who desire to bound the State of California by the line of the Missouri compromise.

With regard to the Territorial government of New Mexico, it seems to be pretty well settled that if any bill for this purpose is adopted at the present session it will contain a prohibition of Slavery. Will General Taylor send back such a bill, with the objection that Congress has no power over Slavery in the territories? Will he lend his administration with the odium of sustaining such a doctrine in the face of the opinions of three-fourths of whole population of the Union? Will he take upon himself the responsibility of leaving New Mexico without a government, till another Congress shall assemble? General Taylor is a brave man in the field, but we doubt whether he has sufficient hardihood for this.

The assertion of the right of Congress to prohibit Slavery, is what the North demands. Refuse them this as long as there are any territories for which a government is to be provided, and you refuse them everything. The quarrel is one which does not, in its nature, admit of a compromise. It is not a contest for the admission of California as a State; it is a struggle for the regulation of our territories, for such a manner as shall prevent the planting of Slavery within their territories. If General Taylor expects to atone for his hostility to the cause of freedom in the territories, by assenting to what he cannot help, the admission of California as a State, he is deplorably mistaken.—*Evening Post.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1850.

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, January 23d, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will probably continue in session the two succeeding days. The signs of the times are so auspicious for the friends of emancipation, that a large and spirited attendance on their part is confidently expected. Such are the facilities of railroad conveyance, every part of the Commonwealth ought to be well represented. We are daily invite our friends, beyond the limits of Massachusetts, to be with us on the approaching anniversary. The Slave Power is beginning to falter—fresh adherents are daily rallying around the standard of Liberty—and the cry of NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS is causing the knees of the oppressor to tremble. We must press onward until our work is accomplished, the slave liberated from his chains, and the land purged from its stains of pollution and blood.

☞ All the meetings will be in FANEUIL HALL. Settees will be provided on the floor of the hall for the accommodation of the aged and infirm. A notice of the Annual Report will be printed and ready for distribution at the opening of the session

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President*
EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

A Contented Commonwealth.

MAN is proverbially a discontented animal.—"Enough" is, with him, always "a little more than we have." Never satisfied with what he has, never satisfied with his lot. Grumbling is the heritage of humanity, and, especially, of Anglo-Saxon humanity. The privilege of finding fault is one of the most dearly prized of a free-born Briton's rights. And free and independent Americans, though they will not suffer any body else to find fault with the perfection of their political and social relations and habitudes, from baging children and whipping women down to eating with their knives and making the Creation one sublime universal Spittoon, prove that they have not changed their nature with their skies, by their sensitiveness to ridicule, their intuitiveness of foreign manners, their toad-eating and tuft-hunting, their horrible surmises of the snobbishness of their Republican Institutions, (as indeed they are, though not as they count snobbish,) and, in a hundred way, by their general restlessness and go-ahead-ativeness, States, which we are told are constituted of "Men" "highminded" or otherwise as the case may be, are apt to be coloured by the complexion of the particles of which they are made up. Few have attained that pitch of perfectism that they are crowned with the fullness of content.

We are happy to learn from the highest authority, that there is an exception to this general disquietude, in this family of States, if not in the Great Commonwealth of Nations. Governor Briggs, the nursing father of Massachusetts, has just informed the world in his Annual Message, that "she (Massachusetts, to wit,) IS CONTENT to leave Slavery where it is left by the Constitution, that is, within the limits of the States where it exists!" Happy Massachusetts, in that she hath thus found rest unto her soul! Happier in that she hath brought up in the nurture and admonition of her Religion and Politics a devout man worthy to give God thanks for this rare blessing of a contented mind! If it be true, (and we fear it is!) then she is as Falstaff called Dame Quickly, "a Thing to thank God on"—She is content, is she, to leave Slavery where it is under the Constitution, and to return fugitives from it and to send Volunteers or forced Levies to put down its struggling in its chains? We dare say she is. The wretch who kidnapped a Slave who had sought the hospitality of his ship and had become entitled to the protection of Massachusetts laws, is coaching her soil, and bent him back to the torture in New Orleans, yet walks the Exchange in Boston, and the honorable merchants there do not spit upon him as he passes. The Sheriff who suffered the God of Boston to be turned into a Barracoon for the safe-keeping of Lucretia, still serves the laws in the Capital of the State And the Governor who appealed to the patriotism of her sons to go up and fight the battles of Slavery in a War consequent on that Act which he had declared would justify and should produce Disunion, has been chosen again and again to fill the highest office in her gift.

No doubt Massachusetts is content to leave Slavery where the Constitution leaves it, but she content to be left where Slavery under the Constitution has left her. Sons of here, so good in her eyes as Governor Briggs, exercising the Constitutional Franchise of visiting another State, where equal citizenship is secured to them, on paper, are seized and sold into life-long Slavery. She sends as honorable brother of theirs to bring an action at law to try the question of the Constitutional right of that State so to enslave them. The Commonwealth turned out of the State and a law is passed decreeing to the punishment of felons, the monster who shall dare again bring an action in the Federal Courts, questioning her supremacy! Is this the Constitution and the Union to which, Governor Briggs affirms, Massachusetts, "come what may, will be faithful?" "Come what may," indeed! What can come more dishonorable to a Sovereign State, whose first duty is protection to the weakest of its citizens, and its second to compel the observance of the obligations which other States have entered into with her at any expense, than what has come? She has been to the South what Russia was to Austria and what Turkey refused to be. She has interposed the intervention of her physical force to put down or to keep down insurrection, and she has consented to the extradition of the true lovers of liberty who have laid hold of the hem of her garment. She has performed the dirty consideration asked of her, and when in return she asks for her children the liberty the Pilgrims sought, for the Religion of Massachusetts is like the Religion they cherished, They would spurn the one as well as the other as a Sham and a Mockery. Let His Excellency glorify himself and his Honorable Colleagues as he may, he knows, he feels, he believes he has spare the memory of the Pilgrims! If Governor Briggs thinks he is the representative of Carver and Bradford in anything but lineal succession he is as much mistaken as Gulliver would have been if he had thought himself a match for the King of Brobdingnag. The old Puritan Governors did not consider Slavery in such light as this They believed in the sword (does not Governor Briggs?) and they smote their enemies with it, hip and thigh. Governor Briggs is Commander in Chief of Massachusetts, he has under him Major Generals of Divisions, and Brigadier Generals of Brigades, and Colonels of Regiments, and Captains of Companies, and he has returns in his Adjutant General's Office of all men within his jurisdiction able to bear arms. What is all this for, except to vindicate the rights and maintain the honor of Massachusetts? To protect her citizens and redress her wrongs? Where is the slave-owner so secure in his power, so strong in his strength, to fall back upon those reserved rights which lie behind all Governmental Agreements, if she be content to sit down in her present ignominy and under her existing injury?

If Massachusetts had accepted the Ultra Peace principle and refused to vindicate her rights and redress her wrongs by the sword, because, as she holds it an unhallowed instrumentality, there would be something to be proud of in her submission. Though even then there are ways and means of peaceful retaliation, which might prove that her quietism was neither insensibility or cowardice. But she brags of the fighting she has done in time past, and which she is ready to do again in time to come She goes armed to the teeth and yet suffers herself to be kicked and spit upon with scarcely a whine of remonstrance. She takes for her motto the words of Algernon Sydney, "*Dum pectit placidum sub Libertate quietem.*" She takes for her inscription Liberty, by the Sword! She seek for servile quiet, by patient crouching under the cudgel of South Carolina. If some tall bully should assault an inoffensive Quaker and he, in obedience to his principles of non-resistance, should take it patiently, why would think the worse of him? For his immortality is a matter between him and his maker, and his reward is in the Kingdom of Heaven eternal truth. But if this same bully, armed with revolvers in his pocket, a bowie knife in his sleeve and a sword-cane in his hand, strutting up and down bragging that he would never submit to an insult or an injury, should be met by a man, of quiet courage, but of determined nerve, who knocked the bully's teeth into his nose, spit in his face, kick him behind and break his cudgel over his shoulders, and he should sneak away like a whipped cur, he would be a just object of scorn and derision. Now this is just the parallel that set forth the conduct and position of Massachusetts. And yet we are sold by her Head, that she is content to have it so.

Braggarts have ever been the butt of the Comic Stage. Comedy delights to portray this variety of the species, because it is so rich. Falstaff and Parolles and Ancient Pistol were always sure to bring down the House. And yet Bobadil was a tall fellow of his hands, Parolles a man of spirit and Ancient Pistol, caring the leek, a hero, compared with the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Bobadil, Parolles too, is sure to be a stalwart trencher-man. Give him his belly-full and you may thwack his ribs till they resound again. So Governor Briggs by way of improving the contentment of his constituents, devotes the latter half of his Message to an exulting enumeration of the numerous resources and means of treating which they possess, and in a triumphant hope that General Taylor's wish may be father to his thought, when he advocates a Tariff and Internal Improvements, and that his power may equal his good will. This is true to character These are the climates of the north of Massachusetts, where they have a thriving trade and prosperous manufactures and South Carolina may thrash her as long as she can stand over her. But, thank God, any permanent and abiding prosperity is incompatible with a Union with her natural enemy. Whatever she may have, is in spite, and not because of her unholy partner. Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, Nantucket, Fall River, Taunton

distinguished citizen, for whom I have much personal regard, had left Kentucky on the 22d of December, to repair upon a mission to Mexico. He will never repay my vote to remain there. I do not consider myself as passively hasty—this flight from the judgment of the Senate, as though confirmation were rendered negative, by the public expense they have incurred, and a moral obligation consequently imposed upon this deposition of a portion of the Executive, in connection with a portion of the action of the President. I trust that gentlemen will give influence our conduct, but that we shall be a coordinate branch, with the rights of the Senatory, will restore to the Senate its efficiency and control, and will not yield, I will not say to the capitulation; but I will say, to the political desire for office, which is more powerful, more powerfully display than now.

Mr. Bright can expressed his deep regret that a speech so able and so eloquent as that to which the Senate is just listened, should have been embarrassed at the outset, by a motion to lay the bill on the table, and asked he highly honorable gentleman who fills the mission posed to be suspended. Such remarks, by every Senator, of the prominent feelings in the Senate, Session of this Senate, and their utterance, under circumstances, was matter for great surprise and regret. Mr. Bright was a member of the Committee, and, devoted and abiding friendship for the gentleman whose name and appointment had been thus dragged to the Senate, he held in the place of the Senate, he the Senate that he held in his possession proofs which would in a public measure palatable, if not entirely, to the proceeding which he had thought so unpopular demned. He might say that the proofs he possessed ed entirely removed any imputation upon that honorable gentleman, of having connived at the action of the Senate, upon his nomination, and yet would not, under circumstances, when the charge had been made, without deeply injuring his honorable gentleman in his domestic relations. The injustice of calling the Senate upon to vote, the Senate, under these circumstances, would be seen, and he would ask the question of opinion on the part of the Senate for the present, to lay the bill on the table, and the motion to which he referred it might be presented to unprejudiced and unbiased judgment.

Mr. Case regretted that personal feelings towards Mr. Webb were so friendly, and his relations, independently of politics, so intimate as those of the Senator from New York, that he could not, he was not a question of personal fitness, but that the expostscene to which reference had been made, might, if it were possible, be avoided, and the consideration in that view it was subject for discussion in open, in with a view to the passage of some law which would enable the President to remove the officer in question of conduct such as that which he had condemned.

Mr. Foote said that the question whether a gentleman who had been nominated for a foreign mission and respectfully, unceremoniously, and with impunity, fly to investigation of his character, was one of a case a meeting, was one that very properly came before Senate, and had been the subject of time the offence. He then proceeded with lengthened and eloquent remarks upon the Senate, and the Senate, under these circumstances, would be seen, and he would ask the question of opinion on the part of the Senate for the present, to lay the bill on the table, and the motion to which he referred it might be presented to unprejudiced and unbiased judgment.

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Mr. Hale said he was not a member of the Senate, and he could not, and he would not, and he would not, and he would

Poetry.

For the Standard.

THE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

BY C. A. BARRETT.

THERE is a Spirit, nobler far
Than ever led the van of War,
A peaceful Spirit, pure and free,
(Misnomer'd Infidelity,)
Which leads the van of human mind
Against the errors of mankind;
Against the powers of Prejudice,
Against the olden haunts of Vice,
Against the blind, benighted train
Of Superstition's dark domain,
Against the myriad hosts of Wrong,
Time-honor'd as they are, and strong.

It is that *Spirit of Reform*,
Which quails not at the Spirit's storm,
But press onward, valiantly,
With steady purpose, hold and high,
And dares defend the *true and right*,
Regardless of the tyrants' might;
Regardless of the axe or wheel,
The dungeon, scaffold, or the steel;
Regardless of the scorn of men,
Of truthless tongue, or poisoned pen;
Regardless of all things, whatever,
That would impede its high endeavor.

That noble Spirit wanders now,
Beside the press, beside the plow;
Within the student's lonely room,
In lowly cot and lordly dome.
It strikes thro' legislative halls—
Its footsteps shake earth's capitols,
And echo thro' the homes of men
Like Zions trumpet, blown again!
It mounts the pulpit—and says,
Ye list its deep, inspirational tone;
Unlike the olden tones ye heard,
There's inspiration in each word;
Something of *Progress, Science, Truth*,
Which startles Age, and teaches Youth.
It speaks to man what man should be,
Yet fears his hope, nor wakes his fear,
But holds before his mental view
Whate'er is tangible and true,
And points the path to human bliss,
So plainly that he scarce may miss;
For, lit by Reason's heavenly ray,
No mystery obscures the way.

Whatever stands within its path,
It sweeps away—but not in wrath;
Its mission is *the good of all:*
If, in its course, a church should fall,
A school of science may arise
Where fell the seeming sacrifice,
And Learning spread her grateful store,
Where bigots rob'd the poor before.
Or, where a school is swept away,
A church-spire may reflect the day,
And God's own truths be freely given,
To lead his children up to heaven.

Of form irradiate and fair,
This Spirit wanders everywhere;
Where'e'er the *Press*, unfettered—free—
Impulsive, favors Liberty;
Where'e'er the *Tongue*, with God-like power,
Aids Truth, in Faction's stormy hour;
Its omnipresent voice-tones fall
Like Jove's own thunders, swing all!

'Tis in each action, thought, and word,
By which the world's deep pulse is stirr'd
To renovated life anew;
By which the keys of mind are taught
To vibrate to the touch of thought—
Thought, which impels the *right* and *true*.
It paced the cell with Socrates,
It trod the shore of Galilee,
Impell'd the Mayflower o'er the seas,
And nerved Columbus to be free!
It breaks the prisons' massive walls,
It quells the nations' cruel wars,
It hurls the gloomy scaffold low,
And to the friend converts the foe.
Its course is onward, ever on—
No earthly power can bar its way:
It treads the world from zone to zone—
No limitation to its sway.
Its agent is the human mind,
Determin'd, dauntless—firm and free;
Its aim, to give to all mankind
Truth, Freedom, and Equality.

Miscellany.

From Sharpe's London Journal.

A GOSSIP ON EPIGRAMS.

"OVR NAVE is Christ Church meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Kalf, a merry wag,
'An epigram if just and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.'

'Your smile is trite and trace,
But how that make it out?' said Hugh.
'Qouth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top, hoth wide and fat,
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end.'"

There has been some discussion on this subject.—Some maintain that an epigram like an arrow, should carry its sting at the point; which others contend that the thought should be equally diffused through the whole. The matter, however, is of little consequence. Each method may have its advantages.—The first may afford room for a more piquant stroke of wit; the second may demand more powers of poetry; but whether this be or be not true we shall not meddle with it, for our object at present is simply to string together a few of the best, and simplest, and shortest epigrams which occur to us—those which seem to convey in the happiest manner the thought they intend to express. In some, however, the point consists in the absence of thought; and one in particular may be quoted in which the whole pith is contained in the word of expression.

"Those epigrams you must commend
That with a turn least thought of end;
Then sure a tip-toe one you'll call
This which includes hath neither."

Epigrams have generally been designed to satirize, to compliment, or to convey a pun in verse. The first species affords most room for wit, the second for pleasant delicacy, while the third is usually graded into one or other of the two former. We shall commence with the complimentary kind, which is susceptible of a minute dissification. The first and most, of course, is woman's beauty, which has drawn from witty pens scores of epigrammatic panegyrics, of which among the most delicate we remember is one written by Sir Thomas Erskine when on a visit to Lady Payne. He was much indisposed, and she begged him to retire; he obeyed, but returned soon with the couplet written on a leaf:—

"Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain—
He never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne*."

This was applicable to the lady's beauty, wit, and all other good qualities, and is admirable for one of the happy plays upon words the richness of the compliment, and the terseness with which so great a truth is conveyed.

There are some epigrams, however, which apply only to personal charms. A flatterer will seize on every occasion to speak his adulation, and the author of the following lines wielded an excellent opportunity. Seeing some snow melt on a woman's breast he said:—

"Those envious flakes come down in haste,
To prove her heart less fair;
Grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear."

The idea here expressed was fine, as the occasion was legitimate. But another admirer of beauty, anxious to compliment a young girl, selected the only fault she possessed as the subject of his panegyric. She was youthful, handsome, amiable, and well-bred, and the only exception that could be taken against her was a singular habit which she possessed of exclaiming, whenever annoyed or surprised, "The devil!" Upon this it was said:—

"See yonder lips the ready devils fly,
Mix with her words, and hask beneath her eye;
Plead that so sweet a station should be given,
They half forget they are fell from heaven."

From the innumerable specimens which have been gathered together on this subject we have selected these three as differing in character, and shewing their kind. After these follow epigrams compliimenting literary abilities, which are equally numerous and varied. Most readers will remember Dryden's exalted opinion, conveyed in a magnificent stanza, of Milton's poetical powers. It was perhaps an exaggerated, but it was certainly a noble compliment; too well known to need insertion here.

Pope, when he designed to pay court to the Earl of Chesterfield, conveyed an idea of the nobleman's brilliant qualities, not by enumerating them, not by direct panegyric, nor even by allusion, but by writing with the Earl's diamond pencil-case on a glass, thus:—

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

Painters also have received their share of compliment adulation, and Varelst was particularly fortunate in securing the approbation of Mr. Prior, who could, as well as most men, express himself in the flattering, and yet in the simplest kind. His epigram is not remarkable for expression, except in the last line. In other verses by other authors we find considerable striking. The painted figure of a woman for her own image reflected from the canvass, the birds of the air deceived into the idea that the picture was a reality, and endeavoring to pick the grapes from its flat surface; but here the goddess Flora is represented interrupting Varelst, who was engaged in painting a flower, and seeing him at fault, snatches the pencil from his hand.

"And finishing the piece she smiling said,
Behold *one work* of mine which ne'er shall fade."

If, however, women, poets, and painters, have found panegyric among the epigrammatists, so also have they found among them the severest critics. Beauty could supply no pretence for censure; but when she is employed to supply the defects of nature, we have numerous specimens of this species of satire, some of them as pointed as they are severe.

But this is not an agreeable subject. We pass it by and proceed to note, who have been made the mark of many a volley of epigrammatic wit. It would seem that two great delusions are here discoverable—the poets appear to believe that none but talented who cannot write verses, whilst the public think none can be a fool who does not rhyme. Tragedy, comedy, epic, ode, and pastoral have all been assailed with virulence and vigor, while the unwary is still more listerly persecuted. Few things would appear to have afforded the world so much amusement as poetical blunders. Epics of myriads of lines and droughts and pills more destructive than disease itself, have formed, since time began, the constant theme of satire. If a prose sensible character in a novel is to be hoxed, a poetical, friend is introduced to torture him with a five act play, or a hundred verses. If the incarnation of folly and nonsense is to be painted, nothing more is needed than to depict a swain sighing out sonnets, to eyes, brows, and smiles; whilst in the list of the destroyers of the human race the physician always occupies a conspicuous place on the roll. But poets have been used with equal harshness. He must have been as cruel as Nero who said—

"Your verses are eternal, Oh! my friend,
For he that reads them, reads them to no end."

We have heard of novelists hiring apprentices to assist them with their three-volume fictions, just as sculptors employ their pupils to prepare their lines the physician always occupies the chief place. Farewell to the poetasters, who