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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

THE CASE OF THE CREOLE.

This late affair of the Creole has revived the interest felt in it in the country, in the negotiation between our government and that of Great Britain, in relation to the cases of the Comet, the Encomium, and the Enterprise, which has for some time been a portion of our paper to a review of the correspondence which not place between our Minister at the Court of St. James (Mr. Stevenson) and the Right Honorable the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, (Lord Palmerston,) in relation to those cases.

We beg leave to remind our readers, from the correspondence, in which was laid before Congress in 1839, and published in the journals of Congress, that this was one of the first subjects which engaged Mr. Stevenson's attention, after his arrival at London. Within three weeks after he had laid his credentials before Lord Palmerston, he addressed to him the longest and one of the ablest papers which have appeared in this correspondence. The paper was prepared by himself—at the instance of a very brief instruction from the Secretary of State.

To enable those who have not a clear conception of the principles involved in the negotiation, it will be necessary to give a brief narrative of each of those cases.

The Comet is the first in order of time. She sailed from the District of Columbia in the latter part of 1830, bound for New Orleans, having on board, among other things, a number of slaves. She was stranded on one of the false keys of the Bahama islands, opposite to the coast of Florida. The persons on board, after the negroes were taken from the wreckers, against the remonstrance of the capitals and owners, into Nassau, (the same port into which the Creole was taken,) where the negroes were seized by the local authorities.

The case of the Encomium is almost in every particular the same. It occurred in 1831. In this case, the persons sent in charge of the property, belonging to a trader, but were the property of a highly respectable gentleman of North Carolina, formerly the President of the Senate of that State, who was emigrating with them to the State of Texas.

The Enterprise sailed, in 1835, from the District, for Charleston, South Carolina, and was forced unavoidably, by stress of weather, into Port Hamilton, Bermuda Island, where the negroes were seized and detained by the local authorities. The owners of the slaves, after insisting in vain upon the surrender by the local authorities, applied to the government for redress. After a protracted negotiation, the applications made in the case of the Comet and Encomium were, in the language of Mr. Stevenson, of the Enterprise, it was otherwise—the government agreeing to compensate the claimants in the first two cases, upon principles which it then declared, but refused to compensate those in the last, because it occurred afterwards.

In 1841, in his instructions to Mr. Stevenson, of 19th March, 1837, he makes the following state ment of the grounds upon which the British Ministry placed their decision: "The great land down by Lord Palmerston is, that those claimants must be considered entitled to compensation, who were lawfully in possession of their slaves within the British territory, and who were disturbed in their lawful possession of those slaves, by functionaries of the British government. He then proceeds to state, that the owners of the slaves on board the Enterprise, were were lawfully in possession of those slaves within the British territory, slavery having before her arrival in Bermuda, been abolished throughout the British empire, and he asserts the doctrine that those men who have been held in slavery, are brought into a country where the condition of slavery is strictly and all forbidden, they are ipso facto, free by the very nature of things, placed at once in the situation of aliens, who have, at will from their birth, been free. In the conclusion of his note, he declares, that slavery has ceased to exist throughout the British empire, there can be no well-founded claim for compensation in respect to slaves who, at the time of their arrival, may come into the British colonies. His lordship at the same time admits, that if a ship containing irrational animals, or inanimate things, were driven by stress of weather, into a foreign port, the owner of those things could not be deprived of his property, by the operation of any particular law which might be in existence in that port; and he admits that it would be highly unjust that the owner should be stripped of what belongs to him through the forbidden application of the municipal law of a country, to which he had not voluntarily submitted himself." To reconcile these conflicting decisions, his lordship intimates that since the act of 1833, for abolishing slavery in the West Indies, property in slaves has ceased in the British empire, *under any circumstances*. And he undertakes to justify this alleged distinction taken between slaves and other property, by assuming that the slaves are a third party to the transaction: that they have, as persons, the right to claim the protection of British laws, and that the British authorities who should refuse them that protection would be guilty of a wrong, and be liable to damages. All of these fallacies of the British Minister are exposed in the correspondence, with abundant ability and power. We recommend such as have a taste for diplomatic writing, to read the dispatch of Mr. Forsyth, of the 27th of March, 1841. It is admitted, that the municipal laws of any country, are of no force out of it, and the laws of nations, may rightfully control the personal property of the natives of other States, who, by voluntarily entering within the limits of such country, place themselves under its jurisdiction. It is utterly denied, that the municipal laws have any controlling authority over aliens who are *forced* within their jurisdiction, in violation of any respect conflict with those higher obligations which regulate the intercourse of nations. It is shown, that it is a principle of international law, that foreign State of his property by the law of the territorial into which he had been driven by necessity, the question of property is not determined by the municipal law to which the claimant has never voluntarily submitted himself; but that it is determined, under the law of nations, by the laws of the country to which he belongs, and where he acquired the right of property. This is so clearly the doctrine of the law of nations, that it is a matter of surprise that the British ministry, even under the influence of dark fanaticism, should attempt to resist it. In this correspondence, it was considered by all jurists, as an admitted principle of the law of nations, that a vessel on the high seas, or land, or sea, entered in a lawful voyage, is under the exclusive jurisdiction of the State to which she belongs; and that if such vessel should be forced by stress of weather, or other unavoidable cause, into a port of a friendly power, she would lose none of her rights; but on the contrary, she and her cargo and persons on board, with their property and all the rights belonging to their personal relations, as recognized by the laws of the country to which they belonged, would be placed under the protection of the law of nations. This position being true, it is very clear that the local laws of England had nothing to do with the case. And strange as it may seem, it was in fact admitted by the British government, in allowing compensation to the claimants in the cases of the Comet and Encomium, although in both cases, compensation was allowed to the owners of the British laws for the abolition of the slave trade, which were in force at the time that the Comet and Encomium were thrown into the British ports; all negroes brought into that territory are declared to be free. This law was as applicable to these cases, (if, indeed, not more so,) as the law for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies can be to any subsequent case. Yet, in those cases, compensation was allowed to the owners who had been deposited of their property, which could be done only upon the ground that the municipal law of England had nothing to do with the case. This being admitted, it is very clear that there was no foundation for the distinction between property in persons and in things, as no such distinction is recognized by the laws of this country, which govern the case.

But the distinction attempted to be set up by the British minister in favor of the slaves, rests on the ground that they, as a third party, have a right to claim the protection of British laws, is so well exposed in the dispatch, that it would seem a waste of time to do so well said upon that point." It is asserted, that no nation has a right to confer benefits by its municipal law, necessarily involving the conversion of vested property of others not subject to their jurisdiction. Before the slaves in question can claim protection against their owners, or for damages if surrendered to them, it must be assumed that the municipal law of England could be applied to the prejudice of those who were forced within their reach, and take away property vested by the laws of another nation, which that nation had an acknowledged right to enact. How long it is since such an application of the laws of England, has been deemed consistent with the unchangeable laws of nations? Are the principles of the international code affected by governmental relations between the United States? Yesterday, a foreigner was protected in his acknowledged property in slaves in the British West Indies—to-day, his property in slaves is denied. The law of nations is the same. But have the laws of nations been changed in the year 1725, when Spain possessed Florida, and Great Britain the Carolinas, the retention and liberation of slaves into the British and Spanish territory, was complained of by the Governor of South Carolina, acting as the special commissioner of his King, as "*a breach of national honor and faith*," on the part of Spain, notwithstanding that all such cases compensation was promised, by a decree of the King of Spain, to the owner of the property he had lost. At the present day, Great Britain asserts slaves from their masters, when driven into her ports by stress of weather, denies all compensation, and declares that as soon as the slaves will be entertained, who come, under any circumstances, into British territory. Can her Majesty's government repose securely upon a principle which gives birth to such perpetual aggressions and outrages?

We are very much tempted to make some comments upon this new and startling instance of the haughty assumption of the British nation, but want of space forbids it, and indeed comment would be superfluous. Leaving it, therefore, we proceed to our original subject. We presume it will be comprehend the distinction taken by Lord Palmerston, between the property and the persons of a shipwrecked vessel within the British territory. The first is admitted to be free, the second, by the law; the shield of distress is thrown over the property; it is safe from the laws of revenue and confiscation. But not so the persons of those, who are lies prohibited under penalty of confiscation of vessel and cargo, and fine and imprisonment of all on board, are taken into custody and prosecuted for smuggling, if, in the opinion of the government. Yet the persons on board, were held to be subject to local laws, and the relations between them are to be ascertained and referred to the tribunals of the independent of the laws of their own country, by which these relations were before their entrance into the British territory adjudged and fixed. This last point is considered the more extraordinary, when it is remembered that the persons on board a former vessel, entering voluntarily for commercial purposes, or emigrants, into the British territory, are not subject to the same extent to the local laws as the property on board; and that when questions arise as to previous existing obligations between persons, they are always decided by the laws of their own country and not by the British code. This position is very clearly proved—but we fear it will readily be admitted, we omit the reasoning—pouring in ourselves with noting, "Would the laws of Great Britain deny to the master possession of the apprentice or servant, if it were, if of the government itself

A, B, C, of ABOLITION.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

The following explanation was prepared and published in Boston, at a time when popular excitement was very strong against the abolitionists; if we mistake not, it was in the summer of 1835. It is no longer needed in that region; but in some sections of the country, this calm and solemn appeal may still be the means of disabusing honest minds, filled with prejudice by the active misrepresentations of our opponents:

ADDRESS.

The abolitionists feel it to be their duty to themselves and the community, to make the following public declaration and disavowal. We offer this statement, at the present time, because the attempts is now made, to fix upon us the opinions and intentions which we abhor; because the suppression of our opinions by open force is recommended, and has been in numerous cases, actually commenced; and because we are confident the public would think more favorably of our opinions and purposes, if they were better understood.

We are charged with violating, or wishing to violate the Constitution of the United States. What have we done, what have we said, to warrant this charge? We have held public meetings, and taken other usual means of convincing our countrymen that slaveholding is sin, and, like all sin, ought to be, and can be immediately abandoned. We have said, in the words of the Declaration of Independence, that ALL MEN are created equal," and that liberty is an inalienable gift of God to every man. We know of no clause in the Constitution which forbids our saying this. We appeal to the calm judgment of the community, to decide, in view of recent events, whether the measures of the friends, or those of the opposers of abolition, are more justly chargeable with the violation of the Constitution and laws. Have we opposed the freedom of speech? Have we attempted to prevent the assembling of dispersing meetings by force? Have we incited mobs, burnt religious, town and dwellings, despoiled churches, put cities to death without law?

It is said that the Constitution of the United States forbids our acting, in any way on this subject. We reply that there are but three alliances to slavery in that instrument. One clause provides for a representation in Congress; a second forbids Congress to prohibit the African slave trade, till the year 1808; and the third enacts that "persons not bound to service or labor" in one State, escaping into another, shall be delivered up, on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due. We have yet to see this think that these sections contain any prohibition of *speaking* or *writing* on the subject of slavery?

To the union of these States we feel a deep attachment. No price can be paid too great for its preservation, but the sacrifice of honor and principle. It is because we love the Union so much, that we think it full time to discuss at least, the remedy for an evil which has been at the root of most of our national difficulties, and which is daily gathering a fearful importance and strength, over liberty, our existence as a nation, that will permit no patriot to be silent.

It is intimated, that we are guilty of circulating incendiary publications among the southern slaves. We utterly and indignantly deny this calumny, and call for proof! We have no design nor no means to address the slaves. Nothing can be further from our wishes, than to excite the slave population. We should consider any action of this kind as far worse than useless—as wicked in its intents, and as little less criminal than murder. Why should we seek to promote insurrection? What should we not lose by it? As members of a benevolent association, as citizens and parents, as patriots and Christians, we have as much to risk, as others in this community;—and we know that insurrection would be the greatest calamity to the slaves, and to the cause of freedom. No anti-slavery society,—and no person connected with any anti-slavery society, is believed to ever entertain a thought of such a thing, any publication whatever,—as is so often *hinted*, but never yet, we *believe distinctly charged*, by the opposers of our cause. We solemnly pledge ourselves, that if it can be shown, that any person, connected with our cause, has ever circulated inflammatory tracts among the slaves, or with a view to be read by them, we will publicly denounce him as a foe to the peace of society, and to the best interests of the oppressed.

We refer our fellow-citizens to any and all of our publications, peremptorily denying that there can be found in them a sentence from which could be inferred other control to the slaves than this, that "to refer injury long, and still be kind,"—"not to avenge themselves, but give place unto wrath."

The attempt is made to delude the community into the belief, that abolitionists are willing to secure the emancipation of the slaves, at the expense of the safety of the whites. We deny this charge in the most pointed manner. We have never advocated the right of physical resistance, on the part of the oppressed. We assure our assailants, that we would not sacrifice the life of a single slaveholder, to emancipate every slave in the United States. On the contrary, we are fully persuaded that the triumph of our principles is the only means of permanently and safely, for our country.

The foolish tale that we would encourage amalgamation by intermarriage between the whites and blacks, should not often repeated, to deceive anyone.—We shall content ourselves with a simple denial of this charge. We challenge our opponents to point to one of our publications in which such intermarriages are recommended. One of our objects is to *prevent* the amalgamation now going on, so far as can be done, by placing one million of the females of this country under the protection of law.

We are accused of *interfering* in the domestic concerns of the southern States. We would ask those, who make this, if it is criminal, to say what they mean by "interference." If, by interference, be meant any attempt to legislate for the southern States, or to compel them, by force or intimidation, to emancipate the slaves, we at once deny any such intension. We are strictly opposed to any force on the subject, but that of conscience and reason, which are "mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." We fully acknowledge, that no change in the slave-laws of the southern States can be made, unless by the southern legislatures. Neither Congress, nor the Legislatures of the free States, have authority to change the condition of a single slave in the slave States. But, if by "interference" be intended the exercise of the right of freely discussing this subject, and, by speech and through the press, creating a public sentiment, which will reach the consciences of the slave holders, the convictions of the slaveholders, and *thus* ultimately work the complete extinction of slavery,—this is a species of interference which we can never consent to relinquish. We are sold (what we have uniformly said) that on the subject of our relations with the southern States, we fully concur in the continuance of our fellow-citizens, in the language, in his published letter to Mr. Bolton. We desire at the same time, distinctly to avow our convictions, as according with those of many of our fellow-citizens, statesmen in the country, in regard to the constitutionality and expediency of immediate legislative action, in the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, in the District of Columbia. Where, in the words of the Constitution, Congress has the power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever."

But, without any legislative action, in the behalf of our principles, we claim as our Constitutional right, the privilege to discuss and promulgate them. The Constitution of the United States *prohibits* Congress from making any law "abridging the freedom of speech or the press. The Constitution of Massachusetts expressly guarantees the "right, in an orderly peaceable manner, to assemble to consult upon the common good," and asserts,—*not* that sound opinions only shall be tolerated, but that "the liberty of the press is essential to the security of FREEDOM *in a State*; it ought not, therefore, to be restrained, in this Commonwealth."

We respectfully ask our fellow-citizens, whether we are to be deprived of these sacred principles,—and, if so, whether the constitutions of our states will not involve consequences dangerous to all moral, and even personal freedom. We have violated,—we mean to violate, no law of our country. We have shall continue to act, under the sanction of the Constitution of the United States. Nothing that we propose to do, can be perceived to violate the law, without violating the charter of our rights. To the Law and to the Constitution! appeal.

APPEAL TO OUR FELLOW CITIZENS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—In behalf of the abolitionists,—as men accused of the most horrid purposes and the most detestable crimes—we beseech you to grant us, in behalf of truth, permission to be heard in self-defense. In the midst of the furious excitement of the times, despairing of being patiently heard, in a full exposition of our designs and principles, we are compelled to restrict ourselves to the following brief DECLARATION:

As in the immediate presence of God, we solemnly declare, that the allegations which are brought against us, in our conference, by the presses of laws and other cities, are utterly groundless—That they excite in our minds the strongest emotions of surprise, indignation and horror:—That we have never made one single publication, never spoken to the slave population, nor sent to them any of our agents or publications, either individually or collectively:—That we have never justified the slaves in any act of violence, but have invariably inculcated the duty of submission, non-resistance and forgiveness, under all provocations, leaving retribution to be administered by God, who declares, "Vengeance is MINE—I will repay."—That we contemplate, and have taken, no coercive measures for the abolition of slavery, but that we would rely on our weapons than those of Truth, and Light, and Love—spiritual weapons, which are mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong holds:—That we have never been, and are not, members of any constitutionally empowered either to modify or abolish slavery in any slaveholding State, but have always maintained that slavery is a subject with which sovereign in this matter:—That we are not hostile to the Constitution of the United States, but desire to see it perfected and made perpetual:—That we are not disturbers of order, but in perfect peace with all the Union, until time shall be no longer:—That we are neither traitors nor incendiaries; neither madmen nor fanatics, but believers in God, in His name and by His authority, for the suffering and the dumb, and speaking forth the words of truth and soberness:—That in our association, we embrace clergymen and church members of all religious denominations, individuals of every political party and of every section of the country, presidents and professors of colleges, and other literary men, lawyers, statesmen and philanthropists, men of the highest standing, of the deepest piety, of the purest morals, of the most benevolent dispositions, of the most patriotic, of the strongest intellect, of the most enlarged benevolence, and filled with true wisdom and holy zeal:—That we have never, in any of our addresses or publications, uttered one dangerous, or fanatical, or incendiary sentiment than that which was unanimously adopted by the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and has been since been solemnly ratified, annually, in the face of observant heaven and of a gazing world, by all the people:—That we hold these truths to be self-evident: that *all* men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable rights*; and that among these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness":—That we report no facts, to arguments, to warnings, to entreaties, to rebukes, to moral associations, alone, for the fulfilment of these acknowledged perilous times. Needless provocation we have no wish to excite; unnecessary hazard we have no motive to encounter. We charge you, fellow-citizens, to be fear of God, not to run with the stream of evil, and do that you do not the cause of the oppressor against his bleeding victim; not to believe the numerous allegations of those who are interested in continuing the system of oppression, cruelty and oppression; not to bring upon your souls the execration of the world, and the wrath of Almighty God, by helping, whether passively or actively, to reduce your own kinsmen—your own countrymen—to chains and servitude.

Hearken—thus saith the Lord. "Rob not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gate. For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them." *Proverbs* xxii. 22.

"Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench, because of the evil of your doings." *Jeremiah* xxi. 12.

In behalf of the abolitionists of this country, generally, do we venture to put forth this Appeal.

Communications.

ANTI-SLAVERY REMINISCENCES.—No. 3.

SOUTH SUTTON, DEC. 18, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

If I remember aright, it was at the time I was a member of the Convention that instituted the American Anti-Slavery Society. That assembly, gathered from eleven different States, was composed of devout men of every sect, and of no sect, in religion—of each political party, and of neither. But they were all of one accord. They evidently felt that they had come together for an object of paramount importance, and of no sect, or party. Never have I seen men so ready, so anxious to rid themselves of whatsoever is narrow, selfish, or merely denominational. I was all the more affected by the manifestation of this spirit, because I had been living for ten years in a community where every one, who was not of a certain faith, was peremptorily proscribed. In the Convention, Philadelphia Friends, more than two or three of my sect, which you know has but few avowed adherents any where except in the eastern half of Massachusetts, and which was then even more than now especially obnoxious to all other religionists in the land, yet we were cordially treated as brethren—admitted freely, without reserve or qualification, into that goodly fellowship, which was then, and ever since, the Lord's freemen—a devout company. And the most sacred regard for the rights of the human mind, no less than for the other natural rights of man, was shown from the first to the last moment of their meeting.

Much the largest number of any one sect, in the Convention, were what are called orthodox Christians, and yet, even twelve or twelve ministers of that name.—Yet I distinctly remember that some of them were the most forward, eager to lay aside everything sectarian.—And their generous example was gladly followed by all others.

At the suggestion of an orthodox brother, and if I remember correctly, without a formal vote of the Convention, the meeting was opened, from an orthodox minister—readily condescended to the scruples of our Quaker brethren, so far as not to call upon any individual to offer prayer. But at the opening of our sessions each day, he gave notice that a portion of time would be spent in prayer. Any one prayed aloud, who was moved so to do.

I was at the suggestion, also, of an orthodox member, that we agreed to dispense with all titles, civil or ecclesiastical. Accordingly, you will not find in the published minutes of that Convention, appendages to any names. Neither D. D. nor Rev. nor Hon. nor Esq., may not even plain Mr. We met as fellow-men in the cause of our common humanity.

When the resolution was read, that recommends the adoption of the Quaker custom of silent prayer for the abolition of slavery, a Quaker member objected to its passage, on the ground that he believed not in stated times and seasons for prayer, but that then only can we truly pray when we are moved to do so by the Holy Spirit.—Effingham L. Capron, a member of the same religious denomination, immediately rose, and earnestly expressed his secret hope that the resolution would pass, as it was. For, said he, "this measure is only to be recommended by the Convention, not imposed on, much less incorporated into the Constitution of the Society: and such is the liberal, catholic spirit of all here present," he added, "that I do not suspect any one wishes to use the measure upon those, who would have conscientious scruples against it." Certainly not, said many, "of course not," said the mover of the resolution. "Certainly not" responded several from different parts of the hall. On this explanation, the brother withdrew his opposition, and the resolution passed, nem. con.

A considerable number of women were in constant attendance upon the meetings of the Convention, which continued three days, successively, without adjournment. Never, since the second day, was there, even a very interesting debate, (I think it was on the use of the productions of slave labor,) we heard a female voice. It was Lucretia Mott's. She had risen and commenced speaking, but was hesitating, because she feared that the larger part of the Convention might think it "a shame for a woman to speak in a church"—and she was unwilling to give offence to any. Her humble reminiscences was radiant with holy thoughts, that had moved her to speak; and the expression was made all the more energing by the emotion of death, with which it was suffused. Our President—Beriah Green—conferred not with flesh and blood, but, filled as he then was with the spirit that animated the whole body, at once, without waiting for the formal sanction of the Convention, cried out, in the most encouraging manner, "Go on, ma'am, we shall be glad to hear you!" and "go on! go on!" was heard from every quarter of the hall. Such was, and is, a professedly *Christian* land, because we maintain the self-evident truth, that liberty is the inalienable right of every man, irrespective of clime or color!

In the midst of the mighty excitement that is raging around us, we possess our souls in patience, and stand prepared, in the calmness of innocence, in the firmness of integrity, and in the majesty of conscious rectitude, to encounter all the malice and fury of a guilty and infatuated people. *We shall not yield the world.* We shall not abandon a single principle; nor suppress a single publication, nor wield a single agent, nor dissolve a single society, nor relax a single effort. Lamenting our past indifference, slothful, unbelief, and consequent guilty, we will now, hereafter to be more zealous, more active, more believing, and more liberal; for this is our condemnation, not that we have done too much for our country, but that we have not remembered those who are in bonds as bound with them, nor put our souls in their souls' stead, as fully as we ought to have done: for this we do most sincerely repent.

We acknowledge no earthly leader. God is our strength and shield; our light and defense; and under the banner of the Prince of Peace we rally, so that we cannot desert from the one, nor deny the other. We are persecuted, but not dismayed; cast down, but not destroyed. If any of us, like Stephen, should be called to stand by your side, upon us with their teeth, and stop their ears, and run upon us with one accord, we trust that in the agonies of death we shall be able to say, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" If we are beaten with many stripes, and cast into dungeons, we trust that we shall, like Paul and Silas, we shall pray and sing praises to God.—If we are nailed to the cross, we pray that the spirit and example of our dying Lord will lead us to exclaim, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" If tyrants and their abettors shall seize us and condemn us to an ignominious death, we trust we shall be able to say, "I am the blunder of this truth in their ears—*God is against you!*" If they shall cut out our tongues, our pens will write in legible characters for their terrified vision—God is against you!" If they shall tie us to the stake, a voice from our ashes shall peal this condemnation—GOD IS AGAINST YOU!

Fellow-citizens, we are not the only people of all who are in bonds, and committing our souls in well-doing unto a faithful Creator, we calmly abide the issue. We have been tried in times of peril before. Needless provocation we have no wish to excite; unnecessary hazard we have no motive to encounter. We charge you, fellow-citizens, in the fear of God, not to run with the stream of evil, and do that you do not the cause of the oppressor against his bleeding victim; not to believe the numerous allegations of those who are interested in continuing the system of oppression, cruelty and oppression; not to bring upon your souls the execration of the world, and the wrath of Almighty God, by helping, whether passively or actively, to reduce your own kinsmen—your own countrymen—to chains and servitude.

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In behalf of the abolitionists of this country, generally, do we venture to put forth this Appeal.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

DUBLIN, 30th of 11th mo. 1841.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:

It is very easy to *talk* anti-slavery here, and to make brave resolutions concerning what we would do, if exposed to all the discouraging obstacles you have to contend with here. Perhaps I should be as cowardly as others, for perhaps we should prove recreants to the good cause, if such trial of our faith were made; but it seems to me well to offer an occasional word of encouragement to our friends; and my heart is moved to tell them how constantly and earnestly I and mine desire their success, and how fervently we bid them God-speed.

You have asked for some encouragement than despondency. The numbers among you obviously increase, who, though they "see through a glass darkly," yet do see the horrors of slavery, and honestly wish for its abolition. Your excited ones in the cause seem to retain their energy wonderfully; in fact, they appear to go forward with increased strength. This is eminently the case with the members of the Friends' Association, and I have sympathized in it. It is plain enough that the palm, quiet, unmolested days of slavery are at an end.

Be not disturbed at the lowering clouds of slaveholding wrath. The South cannot stay your hand, though backed by Cincinnati; that city which has so shamelessly disgraced herself in the eyes of the civilized world. Southern wrath may lower, and threaten, and, it may be, utility to freedom, and her wicked, demonise efforts to drive a whole class of free citizens from their homes and hearths, into the wilds of Liberia. The veriest despot on earth should blush to exhibit such a spirit. But these things are merely convulsive throes of the struggling monster; he has received his death-wound.

I confess that I am surprised at the manner in which Massachusetts has disgraced herself, in the management of the Eastern Railroad! Verily it has amazed us here in Ireland. Kentucky would have been ashamed of such proceedings; though the darker parts of Ohio might have done such deeds at their master's bidding. But Massachusetts! Free old Massachusetts!

I heard Stephen A. Chapin give an account of the matter; and I find no justification of such conduct, even if there had been no blows given. But blows were struck; and an Orthodox Friend remains one of the directors, in pay of the railroad!

Stephen Chase, I know thee not; but I tell thee Irish Friends blush for thee! We blush for this "Quaker!" not; for it is deeply disgraceful to our Society. The Society, instead of being a Christian community, is the last of all the foul stain. What! an Orthodox Friend submitting the principle that man's brotherhood to man is changed by the color of the complexion! An Orthodox Friend an accomplice in physical force! Where is the spirit that actuated John Woolman, and Anthony Benezet, of whose consistent words and deeds Irish Friends love to cherish the memory, as an illustration of genuine Quakerism?

Some urge that it was Stephen Chase's employment; and that he could not refuse to do the bidding of those above him in authority. But, are thy principles sunk so low, that any should be found among us to advocate a course like this? Are we to do the bidding of those from whom we receive our wages, without asking whether the monitor within approves, or not? Who is the man, who has ever been in our Society, who has prayed, struggled, and suffered? Was it for such fruits that John Woolman, and other faithful ones, endured buffeting and contumely, even unto the end? Strong as Quakerism is, (and I believe it is founded deep in Scripture truth,) if its supporters will defend such doctrines and transactions as these, I say in the whole frame crumble in the dust, and another more worthy rise upon its ashes.

Orthodox Friends of America, allow one, who holds the same views that you do concerning the sacred truths of the New Testament, and who most fully believes in the gift of divine direction, as revealed to the inner man, to ask you a few questions. I am far from supposing that you would not generally condemn the act to which I have alluded. But has not prejudice against color crept deeply into your minds? Can you lay your hands on your hearts, and say sincerely, "All mankind are my brethren; I know no difference in man on account of his complexion!" Has color never weighed a feather in the balance, to influence your reception or rejection of a member? Are your doors thrown open to the colored and the white man with equal hospitality? In Philadelphia, where Friends are so large a body, and colored people so numerous, do the oppressed negroes and mulattoes flock to our meetings, as to a place of refuge? Do they sit unmolested by white people, or are they made to feel that they are inferiors? Would they, however worthy in character, however great and respectable in personal appearance, be invited, under any circumstances, to honorable seats? I mean not unjustly, inconsiderately. I am not angine fellowship with vice, in filth and rags; but I say, with earnest solemnity, whether you are clear of distinctions merely on account of color? I wish that Friends in New-York, too, and in every part of the American Union might give these questions their serious consideration.

Some urge that Friends in America are prevented from acting in the anti-slavery cause, because some Friend or person have "gone too far." To such, I would reply, "Friend, what will it avail thee, at the final judgment, to say, 'I passed by on the other side, I forbore to aid the sick, the wounded, and the oppressed; because others were doing it with too much zeal, or in a way I could not approve?'"

Friends in America, I earnestly entreat you to look up to your principles, and not to themselves narrowly. Set to it, that the plague-spot of inconsistency is not among you. Remember your principles, and by them test your actions. Do not try to shield your own inactivity behind what you deem the excessive zeal of others. If a good cause is mismanaged, the more need is there that the wise among you should come forward to carry it on in the right spirit.

My earnest desire is to avoid a judging spirit. I tremble at it in view of my own imperfections. I am far from assuming any superiority over those whom I address. Had I lived in America, I might, like them, find it very hard to withstand the inroads of a general prejudice. But I know that like prejudice is wrong; and I have seen instances where it was in the light I have, in my brethren in religious profession. It may be asked why I choose such a channel of communication with you? I answer, that I do it because I have good reason to suppose that a more suitable one would be closed against me. The American "Friend" copied a paragraph from an English paper, stating that colored people were found amongst the English society, and that a young coloured man, Charles Lenox Remond, sat on the same platform with Elizabeth Fry, and the Duchess of Sutherland. But they introduced it with a pitiful apology; saying they merely quoted it as an article of news—not meaning to imply that such a state of things should exist in their own country. It would be useless for me to offer my letter to such a channel of communication; I therefore seek a more consistent vehicle to convey my sentiments to each of my brethren as may chance to read the Standard.

I honor the Society for their humane exertions in behalf of the deeply-injured not oppressed Indians; but I cannot but marvel how it is, that, while their testimony is so decidedly against the sin of slaveholding, it is so constantly closed up, as it regards the poor slave. I cannot understand it. I am well aware that Friends compassionate the colored class. I know that they have colored schools, and that they pity and assist many colored individuals. But the question is, do they pander to the sinful national prejudice? Ought not the whole action of the Society to be directed toward the destruction of this prejudice? Ought not their schools to be open to *all* who need instruction, without any invidious distinctions of color? May these questions, which I ask in a most fraternal spirit, sink deep into the hearts of my fellow-professors.

AN IRISH FRIEND.

[Extract of a Letter from a Correspondent in the West.]

MERCHANDIZE FORWARDED.

There is a forwarding-merchant in Ohio, at one of the ports on Lake Erie, who is also a good abolitionist. The northern emigrants who take that route, are directed to him, and he sees them safely on board a boat for Canada. Some have threatened to prosecute him; but he says, "I am a forwarding-merchant, and must of course send on *all property* committed to my care."

B.

ADDRESS

Of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, to the subscribers to the Pennsylvania Freeman, and friends of Anti-Slavery Societies, in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Upon the conclusion of the arrangement for supplying the subscribers to the Freeman with the Anti-Slavery Standard, we deem it proper to address you.

Our object is to keep the subject of slavery, and the duty of its abolition constantly before the people. For this purpose it is intended to employ an increased number of competent lecturers; to print occasionally a large edition of the Pennsylvania Freeman, containing arguments and statistics on the subject of emancipation, and the duty of the whole people in relation to it, and to distribute gratuitously through Eastern Pennsylvania; to procure the publication of anti-slavery matter in the newspapers of our Commonwealth; and to extend as far as it lies in our power, the circulation of the Anti-Slavery Standard, the Standard will be forwarded by the railroad to Philadelphia, and there assigned to the subscribers as order and pay for it, through the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Depository, No. 31 North Fifth street. By this arrangement the postage will be less than if the papers were mailed at New-York.

The objects to which we have adverted will be pursued with energy and effect, in proportion to the degree of assurance that we shall obtain from our constituents, and from friends of the cause. Contributions will at all time, be gladly received, in money, or they may be made through the local anti-slavery society. Those who desire their contributions appropriated in any particular manner, are requested to express their wishes, and they shall be complied with.

We would respectfully urge upon you the importance of obtaining subscribers to the Standard. There are too many abolitionists who have not kept pace with the progress of the cause, some perhaps have even gone backward. The reason in many cases is that not taking an anti-slavery paper: thereby missing the many facts bearing on the question, which are continually developing, and which furnish a basis for the most effective arguments. This ought not to be. The whole nation ought to perseverance until every family professing attachment to anti-slavery principles become a subscriber to some anti-slavery paper.

A great expense may be saved, probably $600 a year, if our friends will make their payments with promptness and punctuality, so that we need not be compelled to send for the amount of their subscriptions. We trust therefore, that at least in mind, that they will render an increased aid to the cause by forwarding their payments promptly, and without expense to the subscribers.

We respectfully ask our friends to furnish us with lists of the names of such persons not yet identified with the movement, as will be likely to receive and read the extra numbers of the Freeman, which we contemplate publishing for gratuitous distribution.

Your committee will endeavor to labor with industry and yourself zeal to convert the people to a just course of action in reference to slavery. We ask your aid as societies, and as individuals. If you feel the importance of the cause, and have confidence in us, we shall obtain your support and co-operation.

The State meeting, which has just been held, affords the strongest proof that harmony of feeling begets a mutual confidence, from which harmony of action will follow. The result of this conference may be seen in the voluntary subscriptions made at that meeting. We ask a continuance of the liberality manifested on that occasion. Upon those who attended that meeting, and shared in the good feeling that pervaded it, and witnessed the solemnity with which it closed, we confidently depend for a vigorous seconding of the new impulse which we trust has been given to our righteous cause: and upon those who were absent we rely for a laudable emulation in good works.

DANIEL NEALL, *President.*

HAWORTH WETHERALD, *Secretary.*

Philadelphia, 1st mo. 1st, 1842.

MASSACHUSETTS FAIR.

In compliance with the urgent request of several friends, I left home on the 21st ultimo, for Boston, to join a numerous band of true, open-hearted friends of the anti-slavery cause, who were expected to assemble in that city, at the time of holding the Fair. I arrived, next morning, at the hospitable mansion of Ellis Gray Loring, by whom, and his amiable and intelligent family, I received every kind and cordial welcome.

About twelve o'clock, I went to the Fair, at Amory Hall, a large, light, and elegant room, well adapted to the purpose. The tables were arranged round the hall, and in the centre, so as to leave free passage for the inspection of the articles, which were of great beauty and variety. Some were useful, some ornamental, and many both useful and ornamental. Of toys for children, at each table stood a woman to superintend the articles for sale; and a more intelligent and pleasing company I have seldom met with. They were mostly young, and belonged to Boston and its neighborhood; but some had come from a considerable distance.

The room was soon well filled with purchasers—among them many of the most distinguished citizens, who appeared highly gratified, and thought not concerned, with the anti-slavery cause. Among the visitors, was Lord Morpeth, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. (I would call him by his Christian name, if I knew it, it is plain enough he was not baptized Lord.) His manners were extremely friendly and agreeable, and he expressed himself very warmly in favor of the work. He attended frequently, made some purchases at the Fair, and purchased several articles. I had an interesting conversation with him on the subject of anti-slavery; in the course of which I alluded to the Amistad captives, and the case of the Creole, as striking proofs, among many others constantly arising, that Divine Providence was preparing the way for the overthrow of slavery. In answer to my questions, he said there could not be the slightest probability that Great Britain would be so inconsistent with herself as to restore those slaves to bondage; even with regard to the nineteen concerned in the mutiny, it was his opinion that England would not be required to surrender them by the law of nations; and certain it was, she would have no disposition to do so.

I was at the Fair almost every day, until it closed, on the 29th; and was highly gratified to observe that the most perfect decorum prevailed. There was nothing bordering on frivolity, or lightness. Everything was chaste, dignified and refined. In fact, I thought it might be viewed as a model of true politeness.

It was a cheering and strengthening occasion. I was reminded of the saying, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." It was amazingly to witness so many young people collected together, on an occasion so interesting. It seemed as though they were just entering upon a theatre of usefulness, which I cannot but hope will in after life produce much good fruit. It was likewise a matter of no small gratification to see such a large collection of persons of different religious opinions, kindly saluting each other, and bound together by the ties of affection; all uniting, as the voice of one man, in the most noble and dignified testimony that can engage the attention of the human family—even that against oppression and cruelty.

The donation of articles from England, Scotland, and Ireland, was extremely liberal. Some estimate of the quantity may be formed from the fact, that the freight on them cost one hundred dollars. The articles were generally valuable and suitable for the Fair.

About $2,200 were made, after expenses were defrayed; and ample materials remained on hand for another handsome Fair. This I think was doing well.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

ANOTHER DEVELOPMENT OF COLORPHOBIA.

SOUTH KINGSTON, R. I. Dec. 20, 1841.

Since I have had the privilege of travelling in connection with Frederic Douglas, the fugitive *prodigy*, my mind has been unusually exercised on the subject of prejudice against color. No friend of humanity can witness the inveteracy of caste, which which the community seems to be thoroughly infected, without experiencing the most painful sensations. I am more and more convinced of the great mistake into which many of our friends have fallen, in supposing our work to be almost accomplished. It is true the friends of the slave have passed through many severe trials, and have gained many important victories; but I think our work almost untouched, compared, begin to lay off our armor, and betake ourselves to the "quiet," the question may be asked with as much propriety as on a former occasion, "*What! cast thou not work one hour?*"

The great and glorious principles of Christianity, and republicanism, must be more thoroughly diffused, extensively received, and generally practised, before the people of the North, are prepared to begin to move in the abolition of southern slavery. I have been prompted to preface what follows, with these remarks, in consideration of the *hate* which is rife in the community.

On Saturday afternoon last, amidst a most furious snow storm, Frederic Douglas and myself, took passage in the cars of the Stonington and Providence Railroad Company, for Westerly, twenty-four miles distant. Several spare cars were on the train, which would have accommodated more than a hundred passengers; but not more than two or twelve were on board.

I entered a long car, and Frederic followed immediately after; but before he had entered the door, the conductor seized hold of his coat, and ordered him into the "*Jim Crow car.*" I, of course, followed, and took a place with Frederic in the "*cage*," in which we stood several shovels, and other implements used in shoveling *paths*; the seats were covered with snow, and doors were fastened open, to let out the cold, and reduce a free current of air. Frederic was admitted through glass, was one pane 7 by 9. To render our situation more agreeable, after a few miles, four smokers came in, three had their mouths stopped with segars, the other had a pipe or rather an apology for one, which, to say the least, ought to be "hunt out." He felt inclined to open the shutters and suffer from the cold and snow, but I thought to endure the pipe and smoke. If this does not already appear serious matter, the sequel will prove it to be so. Frederic did not sit down, but stood, standing his feet. He contracted a severe cold, in consequence of which, he has been scarcely able to leave the house for two or three days, and from which he may never fully recover.

The ill of the series of Conventions now being held in Rhode Island, is in session in this town. The following resolution is now before the Convention, which was drawn up with reference to the case of brother Douglas, who, I am sorry to say, is not able to attend our meeting this evening.

Resolved, That prejudice against our colored population, as developed in proscription of our railways, in churches, and almost all departments of society, is wicked, cruel, and murderous.

Although prejudice has always prevailed to a considerable extent in this town, I am happy to inform you that, by communicating these facts to the Convention, this evening, a sympathy was manifested for Frederic, before unknown.

GEORGE FOSTER.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1841.

SOCIAL COMMUNITIES.

"To assert that labor is not the destiny of man, is to deny evidence; to assert that labor is the destiny of man, and that it cannot become for him a source of happiness, is to calumniate the Creator.

C. Figuerrue.

When an idea continually reappears in the history of the human mind, it is strong presumptive evidence that it is in accordance with the wants of man, and in harmony with the laws of his nature. Such an idea is the principle of association, for the common benefit of all. Hitherto, all attempts to embody it have been failures, in a greater or less degree; because they have all been sectarian in their character; that is, they were intended to carry some *one point*, to effect some *one object*. They were not broad and universal in their character.—They left some of the faculties to die of inertness, and smothered some emotions, which nature intended should live.

The old monastic establishments, strong as are our Protestant prejudices against them, and unquestionably corrupt as they were, in many respects, were yet not without beneficent uses and attractive features. They gave a home to the homeless, food to the hungry, and protection to the friendless. The poverty-stricken pilgrim could travel on with a light heart, singing to his shadow in the moonshine, secure that before darkness closed around him, he should arrive at some abbey gate, never closed against the weary wanderer. The blazing fire on the broad hearth-stone, and the savory supper in the refectory, so freely given, seem indeed like a beggar's paradise, compared with the cold and stinted charity of our asylums and alms-houses. And many of those old monks, especially in the early days of the Catholic church, were innocent and holy men, who loved each other with the kindliest sympathy. I cannot say, with Mary Howitt, that "I would call back again those abbey gardens old;" but I would gladly with them I could bring,

"The poor lay-brother
That loved the flowers so well;
Who laid the abbey-gardens out,
With all their fancies quaint,
And loved a little flower as much
As his own patron saint."

I would not bring them back, because their mission being ended, they became a bad incumbrance. From inherent faults in their constitution, their tendency was toward corruption. Emotions in their nature holy had been so perverted and degraded, that they were utterly rejected as sensual and profane, and were allowed no healthy and appropriate field of action. A large portion of the faculties, too, lay dormant; for religion was made the *only* business of life, instead of a pervading sentiment, over all its employments and its pleasures, like sunlight on a landscape.

The only freedom from the cares of monachism is found among the Shakers; or, as they like to be called, the Community of United Brethren. They, too, counteract natures plainest, and, strange as it may sound to them, her highest laws. With them marriage is unholy; and of course, all the strong and deep affections between husband and wife, parents and children, must be repressed. The heart has to be made dead to the most powerful sympathies; and their women look like home-sick ghosts. With them, as with the monks, a large class of faculties, as well as emotions, lie dormant. Literature and the arts are excluded. Intellect employs itself almost solely in arranging the best contrived comforts for the outward man.*

Certain advantages, which they derive from co-operation and community, are too obvious not to strike the most superficial observer. They have a greater amount of comfort, at less expense, than any other people in the world; they do a greater amount of work, with less labor and outlay of money, than any other; and they bring their work to a higher degree of perfection than any other. This arises from the division of labor, according to the saying that "many hands make light work;" and from having every species of machinery at command, by means of their united funds. These things indicate that there are some right principles at work in their organization.

It has been computed that if every man and woman performed an equal share of manual labor, the entire work of the world might be done most perfectly by devoting to it four hours a day each; allowing for the present lavish expenditure of vanity and sensuality. It is rather a singular coincidence that a Shaker, belonging to one of their largest establishments, told me that the immense amount of all their agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing operations, required but about four hours a day, on an average, from each individual.

The misfortune is, that the absence of the domestic relations, of literature, science, and art, leaves unoccupied the spare hours thus obtained by wise, economical arrangements. The empty countenances and listless movements of their women, the narrow and trivial character of their conversation, the absence of all generous freshness—in a word, the general rigidity of moral outline—show that there are some wrong principles at work in their system.

Yet even with these disadvantages, these establishments are in many respects a blessing to the community in the midst of which they are situated. We will leave out of the account their example of neatness and industry; that their houses, baskets, sieves, &c. are without equals in the market; and that their herbs and gardens seeds are of the very best, because gathered in season, and carefully prepared. In addition to this, they perform, to some extent, the kindly office of the old convents. "Many insulted beings exist even in this happy land; crushed with prosperous families; and neglected, nay, mocked with noise, and laughed to scorn in the crowd. Single women without protectors; orphan children without relations; pilgrims in the world, struck with melancholy on the way; all those who, in one way or another, seem left out of the game or the battle of life, furnish recruits to the Shakers."

Still, even to such weary and way-worn travellers, there is much that is repulsive in these cold and thriving establishments. Nature cries out spontaneously, that where she is fettered and dungeoned, she will not be kind. Hence other plans of co-operative labor have been formed, and failed; some from one cause, and some from another.

Owen's, which had many rational features, was ill adapted to the wants of man. The religious sentiment, the tendency to worship, without which the human soul cannot live, was not provided for in his system; and increased sensuality destroyed the sacredness of domestic relations, as effectually as the unnatural restraint of the Shakers.

The Saint Simonians were likewise infidels; and moreover aimed to overthrow the government of France.

After all these mistakes, the puzzling problem seems at last in a fair way of being solved by the writings of Charles Fourier. So far as we can understand his system, (for he writes in a technical and unattractive style,) he seems to have devised a plan which more effectually provides for all the wants of the human soul, than any that has yet been proposed. As a joint stock investment, were it not for our ignorance of such matters, we should venture to speak of it in strong commendation; the sacredness of the domestic relations are preserved; each man and woman may enjoy their household meals undisturbed, instead of eating at a public table like the Shakers; woman is in all respects made the equal of man; individual taste is left unfettered; the intellectual faculties can have free exercise and full development; refusing to intermingle with politics, I can believe, though not equally well, under any form of government; the members may cherish and manifest the religious sentiment, each in his own way, as they do under our governments. The idea on which this system is based, is not a religious one; else would the establishments be sectarian in their character. We should define its central idea to be *the wisest and most profitable investment of time, skill, and capital*. In fact, it aims at a complete revolution in political economy; and because it would rather have easy, by co-operation and mechanical skill, and enoble it, by mingling with natural and moral refinement, it names itself The Science of Attractive Industry.

Such a system at least deserves candid investigation. Would not the annual division of a fund produced by united skill and labor, destroy the spirit of *bargaining*, by making the interests of the whole community most important to the interest of each individual? Why should I wish to lower the price of my neighbor's wares, when the higher their price in the market, the larger would be my dividend? If a system can be discovered, which will exercise the demons of speculation, assuredly, the millennium will be near at hand. If Charles Fourier has discovered such a moral propelling-power, a greater than Archimedes has written. His scheme is now laughed at by a large majority, as visionary, wild, visionary, and impracticable.—That it is imperfect, is only saying that it is human; that the first attempts to carry it into operation will be failures, is very probable. But it is nevertheless true that *this strong tendency to association in the workers of a great idea, destined to work miracles in its progress*; and if we mistake not, Charles Fourier has done more than any other individual has yet done, to realize such ideas. The agonizing amount of suffering, the fruitful increase of crime, the obvious fact that our institutions tend to produce, with accelerated power, the very evils they are meant to cure—these, and many other symptoms, indicate that the superstructure of society rests on a highly-wrought mine. The time for mighty chemistry, by which society should be governed, and its miseries prevented. He made many urgent appeals for a practical trial of his system, and offered many strong arguments, and careful calculations, to prove that such an association would prodigiously increase national wealth and prosperity. But though he had very warm admirers, his views were not sufficiently practical, or his prejudices believed. He died without any prospect of realizing the object he had so near at heart.

Some fifteen or sixteen volumes, which he wrote in illustration of his system, have been condensed into a single volume, by Albert Brisbane, of New-York, under the title of "The Social Destiny of Man."

From a meering article in the high tory paper, called the London Times, we learn the following interesting particulars:

"The old Abbey of Citeaux, one of the most illustrious remnants of the middle ages of Christian France, has been purchased by an Englishman, named Young, for the sum of 1,200,000f; and the journals announce that it will be preserved under its monkish appearance, upon the plan of Owen's institution at New Lanark, which has turned out so complete a failure. If the statements which have appeared in several of the French newspapers be correct, the transaction referred to is another and most conclusive demonstration that 'a fool of his money is a knave of his brains.' Phalansterianism, as it is termed, is to be a receptacle for those who choose to give in their adhesion to the principles of Charles Fourier, the French Owen. It is said, that in addition to the enormous outlay already incurred, Mr. Young has likewise promised to lay out a million of francs, upon the establishment of the colony.

"Already the prospectus of the new community has been launched into the bosom of the Sublunar Ocean. It invites all mankind in general, without distinction, reservation or exception, to betake themselves to the Phalansterium, promising them a sufficient maximum of comfort, through which they will be enabled to pass hereafter days intervoven of silk and golden tissue, and, in brief, to live as lived of yore the monks of the fat Abbey of Citeaux.

"The locality chosen for this institution is one of the most delightful in all France. It is the Valley of Aosta, which is about to be converted to uses so alien from the intentions of its founder, in one of the oldest in France; having attained to great celebrity at the period of the war against the Albigenses at the commencement of the twelfth century, being then most richly endowed, and governed by a haughty Abbot, whose cruel saying at the capture of Beziers is recorded in his history:—'How shall we know, said the orthodox soldiers engaged in this iniquitous crusade, by what means we are to distinguish the sons of the church?' 'Slay all,' replied the sanguinary monster, 'and Heaven will know its own!'"

The London Phalanx, edited by Hugh Doherty, a highly intelligent disciple of Fourier, copies the above article, with the following remarks:

"Though it contains some ill natured pettiness with regard to Mr. Arthur Young, the *nouveau-riche* and grandson and founder of this pretentious attempt to realize the theory of Charles Fourier, and show humanity the way to practical Christianity, we shall offer no remarks, but which is about to be converted to uses so alien from the intentions of its founder, is one of the oldest in France; having attained to great celebrity at the period of the war against the Albigenses at the commencement of the twelfth century, being then most richly endowed, and governed by a haughty Abbot, whose cruel saying at the capture of Beziers is recorded in his history:—'How shall we know, said the orthodox soldiers engaged in this iniquitous crusade, by what means we are to distinguish the sons of the church?' 'Slay all,' replied the sanguinary monster, 'and Heaven will know its own!'"

In this country, the idea of social communities is becoming a circle considerable interest. George Ripley, formerly a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, a man of great truthfulness and purity of character, and rare intellectual endowments, has commenced an Agricultural Community, at West Roxbury, Mass. which has been in operation about a year. It has laboured under the serious difficulty of modelling its concern for philanthropists and philosophers, and not merely capitalists; but it is said to prosper well, both in a moral and economical point of view. In its general features, the plan seems to resemble that of Fourier; but differs from it in some particulars.

Adin Ballou, one of the purest, kindest, and most of all spirits, likewise issued proposals some years ago, for the formation of a social community. The Roxbury Community would probably have united with him, had he not thought it necessary to make non-resistance a test of membership. Many, even of those who like the principle, had strong objections to having it made a test, lest the community should thereby assume a sectarian character. This tendency, we believe, to show in Adin Ballou's mind, as it possibly could be to any one; but he argued, that the interests of the community, rested in a common fund, could not be harmoniously managed, if some of the members felt free to draw upon the treasury for law-suits, while other members had conscientious objections to any such appeals.

What we have written, has been merely to convey information on a subject that interests many minds. This is not the appropriate place to answer Mr. Ballou's objection, even if we were prepared to do so; but we may say, in general terms, that we suspect a flaw in any argument, which assumes that it is necessary to fence off an enclosure in the broad field of human freedom.—L. M. C.

* The following anecdote will serve to illustrate the perfection of their mechanical system. A traveller who lodged at one of their establishments, observed a little boy hanging on the pegs of every bed. He inquired its use, and was told that the women kept them to put a sexy trinket that might escape in shaking the bed and pillows.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

We cordially thank our "Irish Friend," for his excellent letter; and we trust that his earnest exhortations to his brethren will not fall upon their hearts like seed in stony places, or scattered by the way-side.

We likewise thank our friend for a pamphlet, containing four letters, by Rev. Amos Cassipy, an American clergymen of the Methodist episcopal church, now in Ireland. We heartily wish that every minister, who professes to be an abolitionist, while he apologizes for slavery, and strives to gloss over the guilt of American churches, might meet with as plain dealing, and have as searching questions *spectred* at him.

If the Rev. James Cassipy, preaches in the United States, especially in the southern part, we question much whether he would deem it a duty even to *profess* to be an abolitionist. According to the religious cant of pro-slavery, he would probably, under such circumstances, feel required, for the sake of "the peace of the church," to "preach only Christ, and him crucified." As if there *could* be peace, where there is no parity! As if Christ *could* be preached, without therein involving redemption to the slave!

The moral atmosphere is very different on the two sides of the Atlantic; and priestly lungs, as well as others, are sensibly affected by the sudden change.—There was Dr. S. of New-York, who very publicly declaring that he had ever been guilty of reading any anti-slavery notices from his pulpit, went across the Atlantic, and figured as a distinguished anti-slavery brother from America. There was the Rev. Dr. C. of Massachusetts, who felt almost ready to oppose the formation of anti-slavery societies in his vicinity. A few months before he went on board a British packet, he called on a friend of mine, and requested him to take notice that he declared himself an abolitionist before he left this country; for he did not wish to have it said that he was made one by English influence. He wore his new laurels while yet fresh, and attempted to cover the same dislike of anti-slavery, which had marked his previous career.

To prove that this rule works both ways, we can tell our correspondent a true anecdote of an *Irish* divine, who brought to this country letters of introduction, as an abolitionist, from Dr. Wardlaw, John Angel James, Geo. Thompson, &c. One, to whom he brought a letter, said to him, in the course of conversation, "I hope when you gain access to American pulpits, you will give your hearers some indication of *British* feeling on this important subject." With smooth and slow enunciation, the clergyman answered, "Such was not the work for which I came to this country. I came to witness the glorious work of the Lord in revivals; and to catch a spark of the flame me self—which I greatly need."

Afterward, meeting W. L. Garrison *in* a small company, he saluted him with perfect politeness, and said, with most amusing *naiveté*, "I thank you, Mr. Garrison, for your kind consideration in not returning my call. In the present state of your country, the appearance of any intimacy between us might diminish my influence, and retard the great work of saving souls; the prospect of which indeed me to come to America." We never heard concerning his success in "saving souls," or whether he was afterward in a better way of saving his own.

A. J. Gurney likewise thought that a public testimony against pro-slavery would diminish his usefulness as a Christian minister, and excessed himself by saying, such was not the object of his mission. I respect him highly, and believe he is doing a great and good work in the world; but the question will arise in my mind whether he could preach genuine Christianity, without involving in it a public, open, and decided denunciation of the pro-slavery spirit, which prevails in the Society of Friends, as elsewhere. Wherein did his position differ from that of Doctors Hoby and Cox, toward *their* denomination in this country? and is he more excusable than they? If he is not, we cannot consistently apply to him the language of divine, in the saying, "Give me the Priest's office, that I may have a piece of bread."

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 15.

I wish you a Happy New-Year. A year of brave conflict with evil, within and without—a year of sinless victories. Would that some fairy, whose word fulfills itself in fate, would wish our souls a year! Yet sincerely I wish you happiness, and I hope, by gifting yourself in view of the native images they have conjured up; and my soul turns, with wistful gaze, toward the green pastures and still waters of spiritual quietude, and poetic ease. Yet were the aforesaid fairy standing before me, ready to grant whatsoever I might ask, I think I should have strength enough to choose a year of conflict for the good of my race; but it should be warfare without personal arrows, and fought on the broad table-land of high mountains, never descending into the narrow by-paths of personal controversy, or chasing its foe through the crooked lanes of policy. In all ages of the world, Truth has suffered much at the hands of her disciples, because they have been over-zealous in the cause, and forgot her in the weapons they chose. Let us learn wisdom by the Past. The warnings that sigh through experience, and the hope that smiles through prophecy, both have power to strengthen us.

The Past and the Future! how vast is the sound, how infinite the significance! Hast thou well considered of the Past, that thy soul may be strengthened in the, and of the Future prophesied? Had not Pharaoh's daughter saved the Hebrew babe, and brought him up in all the learning of the Egyptians; had not Plato's soul uttered itself in harmony with the great choral hymn of the universe; had not Judean shepherds listened, in the deep stillness of moonlight, on the mountains, to angels chanting the glorious tidings of peace—all music flows—Worship, Peace, and Love; had any one of these been silent, wouldst *thou* have been what thou art? Nay, thou wouldst have been altogether nothing; unable even to comprehend thy present self. Had Christianity remained in dens and caves, instead of clothing itself in outward symbols of grandeur and of beauty; had cathedrals never risen in towered glory

"And over hill and dell
Gone sounding with a royal voice
The stately minster bell;"

Sir William, the Norman, never divided Saxon lands by force, Wilfrid, in his new pictorial state in solemn marriage with the Church; had Luther never thrown his inkstand at the Devil, and hit him hard; and Bishop Land never driven heretics, by fire and faggot, to the rocky shores of New England; had William Penn taken off his hat to the Duke of York—would thy present self have been known to thyself, couldst thou have seen its features in a mirror?

Nay, verily. Thou art made up of all that has preceded thee; and thus was thy being predestined. And because it is thus in the inward spirit, it is so in the outward world. Our very shawls bear ornaments found in Egyptian catacombs, and our sofas rest on the mysterious sphinx. Cut-sides and Chinese vases, Persian and Dacian lamps; and the water of modern wells flows into vases, whose beautiful forms were dug from the lava of long-buried Herculaneum.

Truth is immortal. No fragment of it ever dies. From time to time, its fragments are lost, but it rises in a more perfect form, leaving its grave-clothes behind it, to be, perchance, worshipped as living things, by those who love to watch among the tombs. Every line of beauty is the expression of a thought, and shares the immortality of its origin; hence the beautiful acanthus leaf is transferred from Corinthian capitals to Parisian scarfs, and Dacian dresses.

It is said that the bow of a violin drawn across the edge of a glass covered with sand, leaves notes of music written on the sand. Thus do the vibrations of the Present leave its tune engraven on the soul; and in the lapse of time, we call those written notes the language of the Past. Thus urt thou the child of the Past, and the father of the Future. Thou standest on the Present, "like the sea-bird on a rock in mid ocean, with the immensity of waters behind him, ready to plunge into the immensity of waters before him."

Thou art a reformer; beware of the dangers of thy position. Let not the din of noisy Present drown the music of the Past. Be assured there is no tone comes to thee from the far-off ocean of olden time, which is not a chord in the eternal anthem of the universe; else had it been drowned in the roaring waves, long before it came to thee.

Reform as thou wilt; for the Present and the Future have need of this; but let no rude scorn breathe on the Past. Let it be sacred to thee. Let thy love lap, and let the glance of her eye pass into thine; for she has been to thee a mother.

"I can scorn nothing which a nation's heart
Hath held for ages holy; for the heart
Is alike holy in its strength and weakness;
I might not be the man to trample any one scorned.
All things to me are sacred that have been.
And though earth, like a river streaked with blood,
Which tells a long and silent tale of death,
May blush her history, and hide her eyes,
The Past is sacred—it is God's, not ours.
Let her sad ashes lie! let them lie!"

At no season does the thoughtful soul so much realize that it ever stands "between two infinities"—never does it so distinctly recognize the presence of vast ideas, that look before and after, as when the Old Year turns away its familiar face, and goes off to join its veiled sisterhood beyond the flood. Yet is not every day each year? Is not every hour a day? Is not every day ends a year? Is not every birth-day does, in an especial manner, end one year; yet is there somewhat peculiarly impressive in that epoch, which whole nations recognize as a foot-print of departing time.

The season itself has a wailing voice. The very sky in spring-time laughingly says, "How do you do?" but in winter it looks a mute farewell. "The year is dying away," says Goethe. "Like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble, and finds nothing to moan. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured bell of the churches fall only in the thought that *is the dry and fallen leaf is so much of nourishment and life.*"

Thus Hope springs ever from the bosom of sadness. A welcome to the New-Year mingles with our fond farewell to the old. Hail to the Present, with all the work it brings! Its restlessness, if looked at aright, becomes a glad prophecy. Its pulse, if felt, will make all the world count our steps, as schools have taught; but the heart shall chant it; and tones shall change the words to music, that shall write itself on all coming time.

* * * * *

New-York welcomes the new year, in much the same style that she does everything else. She is not prone, as the Quakers say, "to get into the stillness," to express any of her emotions. Such a hubbub as was kept up on the night of the 31st, I never heard. Such a firing out of the old year, and such a firing in of the new! Fourth of July in Boston is nothing compared to it. The continual discharge of musketry and pistols prevented my writing in peace, and I took refuge in bed; but every five minutes, a lurid flash darted athwart the walls, followed by the hateful crash of fire-arms. If any good thing is expressed by that sharp voice, it lies beyond the power of my imagination to discover it; why men should choose it for utterance of joy, I leave to Dr. Cantell.

The racket of these powder-devilkins kept me awake till two o'clock. At five, I was roused by a stout Hibernian voice, almost under my window, shouting "Pa-ther!" "Pa-ther!" Peter did not answer, and —— off went a pistol. Upon this, Peter was fain to put his head out of the window, and ask what was wanted. "A bright New Year to ye, Pa-ther. Get up and open the door."

The show in the shop-windows, during the week between Christmas and New-Years, was splendid, I assure you. All that Parisian taste, or English skill, could furnish, was spread out to tempt the eye. How I did want to be well-off, that I might have some of the fine stuff for a present! and then, methinks, I could still long for another world to endow. The happiness of Heaven must consist in loving and giving. What else is there worth living for? I have often involuntarily applied to myself a remark made by Madame Roland. "Reflecting upon what part I was fitted to perform in the world," says she, "I could never think of any but the quiet sphere, and but that of Divine Providence." To some, this may sound blasphemous; it was, however, merely the spontaneous and childlike utterance of a loving and liberal soul.

Though no great observer of time and seasons, I do like the general custom of ushering in the new year with gifts and gladsome wishes. I will not call these returning seasons notches cut in a stick, to count our prison hours, but rather a garlanding of mile-stones on the way to our Father's mansion.

In New-York, they observe this festival after the old Dutch fashion; and the Dutch, you know, were famous for making merry on New-Year's day. In a lady, will be out in the streets on the first of January. Every woman, that is "anybody," stays at home, dressed in her best, and by her side is a table covered with cakes, preserves, wines, oysters, hot coffee, &c.; and as every gentleman is in honor bound to call on every lady, whose acquaintance he does not slight to cut, the amount of eating done by some fashionable beaux, must of course be very considerable. The number of calls is a matter of pride and boasting among ladies, and there is, of course, considerable rivalry in the magnificence and variety of the eating tables. This custom is eminently Dutch in its character, and will pass away before a higher civilization.

To furnish forth this treat, the shops vied with each other to the utmost. Confectionary mounded, in the shape of every living thing; beside manythings nowhere to be found, not even among gnomes, or fairies, or uncouth mermows of the seas. Cakes were of every conceivable shape—pyramids, and towers, pagodas, castles, &c. Some frosted loaves nestled lovingly in a pretty basket of sugar eggs; others were garlanded with flowers, or surmounted by cooing doves, or dancing cupids. Altogether, they made a pretty show in Broadway—too pretty—since the object was to minister to heartless vanity, or tempt a satiated appetite.

But I will not moralize. Let us all have virtue, and then there will be no further need to *talk* of it, as the German wisely said. Only this one scrap of morals I leave you, with my heart's blessing. May you treat every human being as you would treat him, and speak of every one as you would speak, if sure that death would part you before next New-Year's Day.—L. M. C.

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for Hiram Wilson, of Upper Canada:

From a friend in Boston, $10; Amanda Bliss, Rehoboth, Mass. $2; a friend, 50 cents.

Literary Efforts

Among the curious books which from time to time leave the German press, we notice an Essay of a Complete Theory of the Souls of Animals, by Professor P. Schicklin, published in Stuttgard, in two volumes, octavo. It is full of the most extraordinary facts in animal psychology.

Lea and Blanchard, of Philadelphia, have published four volumes of The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford. They comprise all the letters before published in various editions, together with a good many now published for the first time from the original MS. The reminiscences are collected together with explanatory notes; and the names of persons hitherto supposed, are now given, in chronological order.

Walpole's letters have always had great popularity among the lovers of elegant literature, and fashionable gossip. The fastidious Macauley pronounces him unrivalled in letter-writing; for which his whole life, education, habits, and associations peculiarly fitted him.

We rejoice to learn that a fine edition of John Sterling's Poems is in the press at Philadelphia. The readers of Blackwood will not need to be reminded that he is one of the few original minds of the age.

Anti-Slavery Items.

"DYING AWAY."—A letter from Philadelphia, by J. M. McKim, says: "Our State meeting, week before last, was the best we ever held. I wish you could have been present to have witnessed its spirit, and participated in its proceedings. We mean to do a larger business in the way of lecturing and publishing than we ever did before. Our spirits were never better, our prospects brighter."

The Pennsylvania Freeman says: "It was the largest, the most interesting, and best meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, we ever had the pleasure of attending. Our friends from the country and city turned out well. A common desire seemed to animate all, that we might have a good, cordial meeting; that we might be baptized into a deeper sympathy with the slave and inspired with a purer and more ardent zeal to labor for his liberation. And this desire was not cherished in vain; we had just such a meeting—and there were few who attended, we believe, who do not now feel their hearts warmed, and their devotion to the cause of righteousness new-kindled.

Abolitionists, as they grasped each other's hands, at the end of the meeting, welcomed back the halcyon days of 1835 and '36. In short, an impression was left by this convocation which will not soon be forgotten."

THE MAMMOTH IRISH ADDRESS.—The address signed by SIXTY THOUSAND names, among which are O'CONNELL and FATHER MATTHEW, was brought to this country by Charles Lenox Remond. It calls emphatically upon all true-hearted Irishmen in this country to make common cause with the American abolitionists.

AMALGAMATION.—The Washington correspondent of the New-York Evangelist writes thus:

"Sabbath afternoon I attended one of the colored churches, of which there are three in the city. It was the Bethel, the church of those who have separated from all slaveholding churches. A class-meeting was held instead of the regular service, and though the language of the Spirit was, "Come out of them and be ye separate, I was sometimes uncouth, the hymns so mutilated as to make one smile, and in one or two instances the tones and gestures of the performers were so much like a Christian simplicity, so much *heartless* of faith and love manifested, that I felt it was good to be there, and to mingle in the exercises. One member, in relating some of their trials and 'persecutions,' a term easily understood, when it falls from the lips of a *female slave*, were quite affecting. One member, who was white in his appearance, after expressing her confidence in the power of the Saviour to make her triumphant over all her foes, alluded to the persecution she had met with and sunk sobbing upon her seat. Every one seemed to understand her hard lot, and all wept with her."

IRISH HEARTS.—Richard Allen, of Dublin, writing of the zeal shown there in working for the Boston Anti-Slavery Fair, says: "Some United Irishmen of sacrifice have greatly delighted me. One young woman, in a very humble rank of life, brought in numerous contributions. On my questioning her closely, she acknowledged she had frequently sat up till five o'clock in the morning preparing her offerings,—mostly the work of her needle."

FREE LABOR.—The following has been sent to Washington:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:—The memorial of the members of the American Free Produce Association now in session in Philadelphia, represents, that, together with a considerable and increasing number of our fellow-citizens, believe it wrong to countenance and sustain slavery, especially by the purchase of its products, and that, in all by so doing we become participants in the act, and sharers in the guilt. In our efforts to promote the obedience of our fellow-citizens to the substitution of free for slave labor goods, we have been obliged to pay a heavy duty on the importation of foreign cotton. So far as we are concerned, we feel the effect on us are essentially a tax upon conscientious scruples.

We would therefore respectfully but earnestly ask, that the duty to which we have been compelled, may be speedily repealed; but if you should deem it impolitic wholly to abrogate it, we would request you to enact a proportionate duty on cotton imported, equivalent to the use of its members, and those who hold similar views, in the manufacture of the fabric of life. By so doing, you would be injuring none, but would manifest your respect for the conscientious scruples of a portion of your fellow-citizens and constituents.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.—The expedition fitted out by the British government, at the instance of the African Civilization Society, which was to be conducted by the Hon. Thomas Fowell Buxton, seems to have gloomy prospects. They had not ascended the Niger very far, when about 60 of the company were attacked with fever, 20 of whom were dead at the date of our last advices, September 18th. About 30 of the sick were sent down to the sea, in the hope of saving their lives.

R. R. Gurley, in his late work, entitled "A Mission to England in behalf of the Colonization Society," speaks of the African Civilization Society, as fellow-laborers, in terms of high respect and confidence.

Congress.

Both houses having adjourned during the Christmas holidays, little has been done. The progress of the house has been obstructed by a long debate on a proposition for disposing of so much of the President's Message as relates to the Customs and Manufactures.

In the Senate, many bills have been reported, mainly of a private character, and incidental discussions have arisen on subjects of more general interest, such as the Bankrupt Bill, and the Land Act.

Dec. 28.—The President of the Senate presented a memorial from the Anti-Slavery Society of Pennsylvania, asking that Congress would take measures for the removal of the seat of the General Government to some non-slaveholding State. Motion to receive, ordered to lie on the table.

Died.

The venerable and excellent John Vaughan, Secretary of the American Philosophical Society, died last week at his residence, in Philadelphia, at about 90 years of age.

He was a native of England, but resided in this country about sixty-five years. He was personally and intimately acquainted with most of the great men of our revolution—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Franklin, and others—and was universally known for his active benevolence, purity of life, and intelligence.

On the 24inst. in Schuylkill Township, Chester county, Pa. Sarah W. Pennypacker, wife of Elijah F. Pennypacker.

She was a spiritual-minded woman, and felt strong sympathy with those who were striving to establish the reign of peace on earth. She was so deeply impressed with the sufferings of slavery, that on Bearding her the presence of cotton made her very uneasy. Upon her husband, who had been for a long time a devoted advocate of the cause, she imposed a solemn injunction to continue faithful to the cause.

At his residence, in Plymouth Township, Pa. Jacob Ritter, aged 85. He was born of humble parentage, of German extraction. He was a strong friend of Washington, at the age of 20, and fought side by side with him at the battles of Germantown and Brandywine. He afterwards served under Gen. Greene, and became a prominent preacher among Friends. He was so much interested in the subject of slavery, that it became a proverb, to be "as honest as Jacob Ritter."

At Mt. Pleasant, Hamilton co. O., Nov. 19th, David Ingraham Dresser, only child of Amos and Adaline Dresser, aged 17 months and 19 days. He was born at Good Hope, Jamaica, W. I., June 9th, 1840.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 1st month (Jan.) 4th.

For the Mission.—The following sums have each paid $2: T. M. Manard, Warren, Worcester county, Mass.; Isaac Griffen, Quaker Spring, Saratoga county, N. Y.; Oliver Wood, Northampton, Mass; John Pollan, Portland, Me.; John Harned, N. J.; F. W. Holland, Brooklyn, L. I. David J. Foster, Royalston, $1; Moody Bunce, Bow, N. H.; Ezra Pound, Russelburg, Pa. $3; Mary Smith, Marion, Wayne county, N. Y. $1. H. Landon, O. Hampton, A. Dixon, L. Higgins, L. Preston, J. E. Dye, P. Fuller, and M. S. Brown, all of Cayuga, N. Y. each $1 50; Hiram A. Morse, Hollinton, Mass. $12 00; S. Dean, Stoneham, Mass. $1; E. Bird, Taunton, Mass. $1 62; James Monroe, $2 00; E. Gilman, Oxford, Mass. $1; D. P. Parker, Boston, $2; H. D. Hussey, Boston, $2.—$52 53.

Some of the above subscriptions were obtained previous to the adoption of the new list of prices. Agents are requested to observe the terms at the head of the paper.

Donations.—Dea. Stillman Lathrop, Cambridgeport, Mass. $5.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, Treasurer.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution; and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledge		$832 00
931 John Thomas, Kimberton, Chester co. Pa.	1	00
934 David T. McCullock, " " "	1	00
935 Lewis Thomas, " " "	1	00
936 John Kimber, " " "	1	00
937 John Paul, " " "	1	00
938 Henry Haldeman, " " "	1	00
939 John Comstock, " " "	1	00
940 Gertrude Kimber, " " "	1	00
941 Martha Kimber, " " "	1	00
942 Enos Thomas, " " "	1	00
943 Margaret H. Thomas, " " "	1	00
944 Hannah L. Thomas, " " "	1	00
945 Deborah Thomas, " " "	1	00
946 Esther Hawley, Pughtown, " "	1	00
947 Lennel Potts, Marsh, " "	1	00
948 Reuben B. Taylor, Phoenixville, " "	1	00
949 Jonathan P. Taylor, " " "	1	00
950 Sarah H. Coates, " " "	1	00
951 E. F. Pennypacker, Schuylkill, " "	1	00
952 S. W. Pennypacker, " " "	1	00
953 Benj. Pennypacker, " " "	1	00
954 Joseph Pennypacker, " " "	1	00
955 Moses Robinson, " " "	1	00
956 Levi Roberts, " " "	1	00
957 Wm. Roberts, " " "	1	00
958 Mary Roberts, " " "	1	00
959 Sarah Ann Roberts, " " "	1	00
960 Charles Anderson, " " "	1	00
961 Samuel Davis, " " "	1	00
962 Mary R. Matlack, " " "	1	00
963 Olive Downing, East Hampton, Ct.	1	00
964 Hannah Coates, Wheeling, Va.	1	00
965 Lydia Ann Ely, " "	1	00
966 Margaret Jones, Philadelphia,	1	00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

NEXICO.

Santa Fe Expedition.—There is no longer any doubt of the capture of this expedition; but it is now stated that they did not surrender without a desperate struggle. When within two days' journey from Santa Fe, they were encountered by 1200 Mexican volunteers, 300 regulars and 300 *rancheros*, or herdsmen. This body of 1800 the "Expedition" fought for more than twelve hours—killed 200 of the enemy, and lost as many out of their number. They fired away every ounce of their ammunition, and surrendered from that cause only. Among them were two Americans, Dr. Kendall, one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, and a son of Gen. Combs, of Kentucky. It is supposed they will all be shot, or confined in dungeons. The New Orleans papers think our government ought to fit out an expedition for their relief.

YUCATAN.

It is impossible to divine what course the Yucatanes intend to pursue, have they been two parties in the country contending for their absolute independence, and the other for uniting with Mexico. The latter is said to comprise a large majority of the people, while the latter is composed of the aristocratic few, with their influence.

General Items.

Further of the Mutineers of the Creole.—We have been favored with a letter from a gentleman in Nassau, giving some further details respecting the negroes on board the Creole, recently liberated by the British authorities at Nassau. It is to the humanity of the people of Kingston will persist in the view thus taken, and that the negroes may eventually be restored to their rightful owner. The letter is dated from New-Orleans, 21st inst.

"A passenger in the brig Susan, which arrived here on the 30th ult. says that 3 or 4 days before he left, a schooner came into Kingston, with about 60 or 70 negroes, and he understood they were a portion of those taken into Nassau by the brig Creole—the inhabitants and authorities were in doubt what to do with the schooner was anchored off the town—they were looked upon as a gang of murderers, and the inhabitants did not appear disposed to have anything to do with them. The schooner was still lying at anchor with the negroes on board when he left."—*Charleston (S. C.) Courier.*

Conspiracy at the South.—A gang of negro thieves, robbers and murderers, from the Natchez-Tree Trader of the 7th ultimo, has been detected in the parish of Claiborne, Louisiana. A letter from one of them, recommending certain murders, robberies, &c. has been accidentally obtained, and is published in the Natchitoches Herald, upon the authority of thirty-five citizens.—It is signed by John M. Bradly, and addressed to Col. John Davidson. There is, beyond doubt, an organized band of villains in the parishes of Claiborne, Bienville and Arkansas, who prey upon the rest of the community.

Horrible Murder.—An Irish shoemaker, in New-York, by the name of Toppen, murdered his wife in a most shocking manner, on New-Year's Day. He continued beating and mangling her with chairs, brooms and hammers, from 11 till 5, when death released her from her sufferings. They were both of drunken hab

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1842.

Farewell, old year; thou'rt gone forever—
Time stoppeth in his course—no, never!
Come what may, or joy, or grief,
Man's tarriance here is very brief.
His joys are transient as a flower,
Also his griefs; 'tis but an hour
He strivetb in this mortal frame,
Then falleth, and his very name
Is soon forgotten, in the tide
Of life, and time, and power, and pride.
Resolve we, for the year to come,
To profit by the year departed;
Of human joys to swell the sum,
By kindest words and deeds imparted.
Our brothers' life be all our care
We must not live for self, alone. G.

TEXAS—A PROPHECY IN 1837.

BY MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

A rushing sound is in my ear—a weight is on my brain,
And evermore to thrust it thence, my spirit strives in vain.
Oh, heavy is my heart, amid the leafiness of June,
For I feel a darkening shadow pass athwart the summer noon.
It comes before me, visibly, when midnight's curtains fall,
Like frenzied sketch of Angelo, on some vast palace-wall!
Oh, brothers of New England blood! white yet upon the steps are free,
Believe my spirit's agony—be warned by what I see!
Hark! dwellers by the boundary, mid northern mountains cold!
Your shepherds, set to guard the flock, themselves would rob the fold.
They sell, even with your hard-won homes—the dwellings of your rest,
To buy a broader mart for slaves along the far south-west.
Oh, western borderer! slumber where the prairie flame flies past:—
Wet warder of the stars and stripes! sleep on the rocking mast:—
Go slumber on the field where chiefs their charging synadrons urge:—
Go rest below the ocean-mark when thundering comes the surge:—
But, each and all, take head ye watch with eagle eye the day,
When zebile statesmen play their game; for you the stake must pay!
Lo! where in craft and rage they sit, while Truth in shame retires,
And high-souled Honor laughs to scorn their smoulder-ing council fires;
Wake, freemen of the North! awake! for if you slumber now,
Ere while, ye shall abide the curse of a nation's broken vow.
In tears, and strife, and blood, your sons shall fearfully atone
For the day that seen ye madly grasp at regions not your own.
I see, in their gathering wrath—the bands of Mexico—
And I tick between the trees tract up the Indian foe.
Their prayer despised, their faith betrayed—their children seized as slaves,—
They come to slay their hecatomb upon their fathers' graves.
Hark! to the shriek of women, before the fierce marauder!
Right onward sweeps a storm of fire along your southern border!
The city thresholds tremble to the tread of ruthless feet.
And the blood of slaughtered innocents doth drench the taken street.
Up! ye southern chivalry, stout Carolina, come!
Aid! old Virginia! pour your sons from each ancestral home!
In vain—in vain! a foe is there your gallants quail before!
The insurgent *Negro* stands in blood on every house-hold floor!
"*Now, brothers of the North, come on!*" these lordly statesmen cry!
"The yoke you heat your necks to take, that yoke we now will try.
Tell up your numbers, as you bring your Senate's ranks to view;
From the land of Penn to Mexico, we number more than you!
So drop the plough, base laborers, now! ye white slaves of the North!
And shed your blood to save the State and us, who show it forth!
You murmur! sluggish dolts! be hush'd; and call to mind the day
When we played our game for TEXAS! for you the stake must pay."
Now Christ have mercy! still they stand in every mountain path,
And Lion-like and terrible the stillness of their wrath;
Then with a roar of rage and scorn they hail the tyrant order,
That bids them *strike for slavery* upon the southern border:
"No brothers, now!" they sternly vow,—"the same we will not wear—
The bondage of such brotherhood our spirits scorn to bear.
Now bitterly we wake to feel that our strong hearts and bold,
Have lost the stamp of honesty, of which our fathers told.
We heard your fair, deceiving words, and yielded up our trust,
That we might meanly share with you the pillage of the just.
But now we wake: and here we hide, our pleasant homes to bless—
Your wives shall be the widows and your children fatherless."
Vain dream of homes and blessings! lo, your fate comes rushing on,
Amid the crushing wreck of States! Ere hopes and homes are gone,
Oh turn ye to the living God! and with repentance pray,—
"Lord, save! we perish!" and perchance he will not say you nay.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MISS ——

Oh! wherefore, lady, was my lot
Cast, from thy own, so far?
Why, by kind fortune, live we not
Beneath one blessed star?
For, ha! thy thread of life, and mine,
But side by side been spun,
My heart had panted to entwine
The tissue into one.
And why should Time conspire
To sever us in twain?
And wherefore have I run my race,
And cannot start again?
Thy thread, how long! how short is mine!
Mine spent—thine scarce begun!
Alas! we never can entwine
The tissue into one.
But, take my blessing on thy name,
The blessing of a sire,
Not from a lover's fearless flame—
'Tis from a holier fire;
A thread unseen beside of thine,
By fairy forms is spun—
And holy hands shall soon entwine
The tissue into one.

Miscellany.

THE SILVER TANKARD.

The following interesting story, illustrating the potency of kindness in subduing the most obdurate, we find in the last number of the Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, published by William Crosby & Co. Boston:

On a slope of land opening itself to the south, in a now thickly settled town in the state of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farm-house to which epithet "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cleared fields; beyond one, a wide ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to consume them. One house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was about two miles off. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his own home, but prospective, as the home of his children, and his children's children. He was willing to be far off from men, that his children might have room to grow around him. He had looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front and a roof behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains. He had lavished on comforts of life,—the furniture even a little "showy" for a Puritan; and when the table was set, there was, to use a Yankee phrase, "considerable" silver plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent.—This silver had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to the beginning of the valley as it was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday; and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting, on foot, down to the "Landing," a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door, with the dame and chaise, ready for waiting for his good wife who had been somewhat detained. He was standing at the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with little prophet in his heart perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread before him. At that instant a neighbor, of six miles' distance, rode up on horseback and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon," said he, "I was gone out of my way in going to meeting, to tell you that Tom Smith—that daring thief—with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and they had better look out, lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after the silver tankard, neighbor, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for faithful people's parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal the better.—I don't think it safe for you all to be off to meeting to day: but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good-bye."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. He had been alone for no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl, about nine years old. Shall I stay or go? was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had outlawed the day of worshipping God in His temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty: but then he was a father, and little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unflinching—He soon settled the point. "I won't even take Hitty with me; for 'twill make her cowardly. The thieves may not come,—neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house, they will not have time to do much harm, for we in God's hands; and we will go to worship Him, who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him." As he settled this, the little girl and her mother stepped to the chaise; the last kiss was given to the child, "If any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What is either of us good, only for God's sake? Be a good girl."—With these words on his lips he drove off,—a troubled man, in spite of his religious trust; because he felt his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to her father and mother, for their safety, and to pray, and get the better of her training. "No harm," thought she, "to see the brood of chickens." Nor did she, when she had given them some morsels of food, go into the house to sit and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and following with her eye the bob'linoln, as he flitted from shrub to shrub. She passed near to the door of the house, because she did not want to be alone; and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a little wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible, and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was there seated, she saw three men coming up towards the house, and she was right glad to see them: for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary long day before her. "Father," thought she, "would not have left me, if he told me I ought to stranger. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting. Never mind; I'm glad they are coming for company. I'm sure little Hitty;" so putting down the Bible, she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come. She called to them to come in and without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can. Come in, and I will be back in a loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father; whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the poor and stranger."

Smith and his companions entered. Now it was neither breakfast time nor dinner time, but about half way between both; yet little Hitty's mind was full of the directions, "to spare of their abundance;" and almost before they were fairly in the house, she asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, "Yes, I thank you, my child, for we are all hungry." This was indeed a civil speech for the thief, who, half starved, had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard and spoons, and who had gone to meeting. "Shall I give you could vitals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?" asked Hitty. "We can't wait," said Smith; "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I am glad you do not want me to cook for you,—but I would do it if you did,—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sunday." Then away she tripped about, making her preparation for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread on it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver spoons and the silver tankard full of "cold orchard," with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silver spoons were left lying around little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith, and with a courtesy told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance and manners of her guests. She did the work as quickly as she could, and was as unembarrassed, as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers.—One of the men was stout and robust, with his hands on his knees, and his face down almost to his hands, looking all the time on the floor. Another, a younger and better looking man, stood erect, rounded and trimmed, with a face of high bien well broken into his trade; and often would he go to the window and look out, keeping his back to the child. Smith, on the other hand looked uncomfortable, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never once took his attention off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner table; there was even a half smile in his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's hair at the head, one of his companions on each side, the child at the foot, standing ready for her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies is there was need.

The men are as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the silver tankard.—When they had done, Smith started up suddenly and said, "Come! lock go." "What!" exclaimed he older robber, "go with empty hands when the river is here." "Go empty! I have the silver. Put this down," whisted Smith; "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house." Poor Hitty childlike frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand and looked into his face, as if she felt sure that *he* would take care of her.

The old thief, looking to his young companion, and finding he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that he was ready to run down the tankard, growling like a dog which has had a bone taken from him. "Fool! catch me in your company again!" and with such expressions left the house. Smith followed them, and laid his hand on the head of the child and said, "Don't be afraid—stay quiet in the house—nobody shall hurt you." "Are you more than one of the thieves? that God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in him. What a story had the child to tell when she came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up that evening from the family altar!

A year or two after this, poor Tom Smith was caught in the commission of a crime, was tried, and sentenced to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in jail in the neighbor town, to await the dreadful day when he was to be hung up like a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to him for the protection of his daughter, and went down to see him. He was admitted the dungeon, Smith was seated, his face was pale, his hair tangled and matted together,—for why should he care for his looks; there was no other expression in his countenance, than that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing, but the Avenger of blood, he did not see, he did not hear, no, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endeavor, he turned to him, "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone, even here?"

"I come," said Gordon, "to see you, because my daughter told me all you did for her when you were."

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his face, and he was altogether another man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. "Are you the father of that little girl?—Is that a dear child yet? Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once, I think I should be still happier." In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling, little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained in the prison, and talked to him of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothed in some degree his passage through the dark valley of a dreadful death, and left him, "hoping that God love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested; whose hand had been against all men, *because their hands had been against him.*"

I have told the story more at length, and in verworen some unimportant circumstances, but it seemed to me substantially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true; though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been coloured by the imagination. The silver tankard as an heir loom has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Mehitable, and is now in the possession of the lady of a clergyman in the western part of Maine.

What a crowd of thoughts do these incidents cause to rush upon the mind! How sure is the overcoming of evil by good! How true that Jesus Christ know what is in the heart of man.—How true to the best feelings of human nature are even the outcasts of society. How much of our sorrow is owing to our position towards others. How inconsistent with Christian love is it to put to death our brother, *whose crimes arise mainly from the vice and severe neglect of society.* How incessant should be our exertions to disseminate the truth, that the world may be reformed, and the law of love be universal! Oh! if it be in the Western reader will not however need our help to make the right use of the guarding of the "silver tankard," by the kindness and innocence of a child.

S. E. C.

From Catlin's new work, "Letters on the Indian Character."

EFFECT OF PORTRAIT PAINTING AMONG THE INDIANS.

Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my brush.—The art of portrait painting was a subject entirely new to them, and of course unthought of; and my operations, as I have mentioned, were in the very arena of *medicine*, or mystery. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. Of course I could not avoid having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on; and even the chiefs themselves were in ignorance of my design until the picture was completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation; and when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them hunting for themselves, and their likeness, and assure each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of them pressed their hand over their mouth while in dead silence, (a custom among most tribes when any thing surprises them very much,) looking alternatively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and the pots with which these unaccountable effects had been produced.

They then walked up to me, in the most gentle manner taking my hand with a firm hold with a firm grip; and with head and eyes inclined downward, in a tone a little above a whisper, pronounced the words, "*Ie-ko-pe-ah-ko-ta-ah-ah-ah-ah*" (great medicine white man) and walked off.

After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, they returned to their wigwams, and deliberately collected themselves in a circle around their fires, and silently smoked a pipe or two, (according to universal custom,) they gradually began to tell what they had seen; and in a few minutes, crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glittering eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within. In a hole or two opened in this way, and the soft and silken throng continually increased, until some hundreds of them were clung and piled about my wigwam like a swarm of bees hanging on the front side of their hive.

During this time, not a sound was made, apparently, beyond the rustling of wear silks, however, they could be seen folded in their robes, gradually *sidling* up toward the lodge, with a silly look upon their faces, which confessed the fact that curiosity was overcoming them relatively where their pride checked and forbade them to go. The rush soon after became general; and the chiefs and medicine men took possession of my room, placing *sidlers* (braves with spears in their hands) at the door, admitting no one but such as were allowed by the chiefs to come in.

Mr. Kipp the agent of the fur company, who has lived here eight years, and to whom, for his politeness and hospitality, I am much indebted, at my request, came in and sat with the chiefs; and speaking their language fluently, he explained to them my views and the objects for which I was painting these portraits, and also explained to them the manner in which they were made; at which they all seemed very much pleased. The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the assembled crowd, was obviated by their being become impertinent, and they were held up together, or over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognize themselves. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had no way for recounting for them, was novel, and really laughable. The shouts of laughter were insanity to the crowd, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some were stamping off in the turning dance, others were singing, and others again were in the deepest gloom, and some months with open hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground; and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams.

The pictures seen, the next curiosity was to see the man who made them, and I was called forth.

The eager curiosity and expression of astonishment with which they looked upon me as some strange and unaccountable being. They pronounced me the greatest medicine man in the world; for they said I had made *young beings*; they said they could see their chiefs alive in two places; those that I had made were *little alive*; they could see them move, hold and shake their heads and laugh, and that if they would laugh, they could certainly speak, if they should try, and they must therefore have *some life* in them.

From the New-York Tribune.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

[Extract from a Lecture delivered by Dr. Lardner

Such are some of the gifts which science has conferred upon art. I will now mention one or two others; and one of the most recent is that of the electric telegraph, which Mr. Wheatstone is now employed in London. He had devoted to the subject of electricity much time, and its first fruits in progress, and in fame, he has. How truly did electricity, to communicate between two distant places in a very short space of time. In England, it has already been applied along a railway, for some purposes of business. All that is necessary, is to go to the office at one end and ask his question: in about three minutes he receives an answer. Experiments are now making, and very fair prospections, to witness an operation of this kind, and I shall not soon forget my astonishment at the result. I was standing near the office of Liverpool and Manchester railroad, when a passenger got out from the train of cars, which had just arrived, over forty miles, from London, went into the office and told the clerk that he wished to know the time, and he went to a room by his hotel in London, concerning a clock and umbrella he had left there. "Yes, sir," said the clerk, "what shall I do?" "Ask the man if he has seen the clock and umbrella." "Yes, sir." "Ask the man if he has seen the clock and umbrella." "Yes, sir." "Ask the man if he has left them." "Yes, sir." "Ask the man if he has left them." "Yes, sir." "Ask the man if he has left them