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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

NUMBER 25.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Cincinnati Republican.

OUR OWN CITY.

On our recent trip down the Ohio, we chanced to fall in with two Louisiana planters, who had been spending the summer in Virginia. After we became acquainted with them, we learned that they were bound to their homes on the Red river.

They had entered their names for Maysville, which seemed strange, as they appeared anxious to hasten home. In the conversation of them, why they did not continue immediately on to Louisville, instead of going through Kentucky by land, they replied that they had left their wives at Cincinnati, and that they had every confidence in their friends, and therefore leaving from them, if they were permitted to act for themselves. They did not believe they could be persuaded away, but they had been informed there was danger that an attempt would be made to take them by force, under some recent decision of our Courts. They said they wished to purchase some five or six wagons for their plantations, and had been informed they could procure them cheaper here than at Maysville or Louisville, but they supposed the difference would not be a compensation for their fears and uneasiness. It was with great difficulty they could be persuaded there was no danger in landing at our wharf even for a few minutes. They finally concluded they would venture to land here, and take their families over to Covington till they had made their purchases. We landed before day, and early in the morning, they informed us they had found a boat about starting to Louisville, and they had concluded it was more prudent to take passage immediately, which they did.

Another circumstance of a similar character came under our observation, in the same trip. When we landed at Gyandotte, several respectable-looking farmers came on board for passage for them selves and their families, including their slaves—in all, about eighty in number. They also wanted their wagons, (some of eighteen months,) their horses, and their "*plunder*," freighted to their new homes on the Mississippi, above St. Louis. When they learned the boat must necessarily land at Cincinnati, they said they had better go to Covington, Kentucky by land, notwithstanding it would cost them so much more time, and be quite as expensive.

We do not recollect ever to have seen a thing so producing excitement. Far from it. The late mobs have only had the effect to create the impression abroad that a spirit of mobocracy prevails to a considerable extent in our city. This belief is encouraged by those who are envious of our prosperity. We trust, however, they may have some effect upon the reflecting portion of our citizens, and those who countenance and encourage them.

* Was there ever a more appropriate word for slaveholders to use, than this odd southwestern phrase for property?—*Ed. Standard.*

ABOLITION

Candid observation has convinced us that the course of the abolitionists is producing serious and heart-burning jealousies between the free and slave States—and making them the common foe of both the free negro and the slave—rendering the prospect of emancipation more remote, and materially injuring the prosperity and peacefulness of our city. The latter consideration would not be so worthy of notice if there were any corresponding good. But with all our activities, we never yet have been able to learn of a single beneficial result consequent arising from their efforts. They collect money and spend it; and how? They publish inflammatory documents, which, instead of enlightening, only irritate the slave holder. Occasionally we hear of some unfortunate negro being aided in escaping from a comfortable home, and hurried to Canada, where he suffers both from the climate and from an inability to provide for himself. But our object is not to heap abuse on them, or increase the prejudice already existing against them. They have many honest men among them, and kept together thus long by working themselves into a belief that they were persecuted saints, laboring in the cause of philanthropy. Let them alone, and they will soon become ashamed of their own insignificance, and dissolve into nonentity.

They have been heretofore too much courted for their supposed political weight. This very fact, together with the open attacks upon them, has created the impression abroad that they have strength in our city. Yet, we believe, they muster about a dozen or two of them, *all told*, who would either assist or advise a slave to run away. Be this as it may, we will not aid in giving them consequence in their own eyes or the eyes of others, vote or live Presidential election—let them do it again. We do not fear that either party will suffer.

COLONIZATION.

What has become of our Colonization Society?—Who are its officers, and what have they been doing? Or the cause? From the zeal manifested on this subject some years since, we hoped for beneficial practical results. We thought it was a fair-looking condition, and we are told that many of our most respectable negroes are ready and willing to emigrate. We can only remedy our present difficulties by sending the free negroes out of the country. They can never live among us without being the cause of very unpleasant circumstances.

Our present law, requiring them to give security that they will not become a township charge, cannot be enforced. What can be done with those who refuse or are unable to comply? Where will you send them, or what disposition can be made of them? They are here, and the fault is not theirs. *The abolitionists are continually making their condition more pitiable, and rendering their presence more onerous.* This is not the fault of the negroes, nor does it render them any claim on our philanthropy the less binding. Much has been done by other cities; and we know that so much benevolence prevails in Cincinnati as to any other city in the Union.

All that is necessary is to place the facts before the people. Show them the way in which good can be done, and they will not be backward in furnishing the means. We think the present is the propitious time for action. Will not the officers and members of our Colonization Society wake up and rub themselves? Our columns are always open for the advancement of this cause.

From the St. Louis Commercial Bulletin.

A LOVE PAT.

"If there is, under the broad space of Heaven, a soul senseless to all the feelings of humanity—devoid of one solitary spark of Christian kindness—hardened against the dictates of a disapproving conscience—it is the ABOLITIONIST—the cursed abolitionists who mould into the dark minds of untutored ignorance the seeds of his unholy purposes—it is he who would poison with the mind of an ignorant slave, and advise him to fly from the home of his master, by the promises of wealth and freedom."

The Standard.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Extracted from a Report of the Legislature of New-York, 1841.

The recognition of the dangerous principle of the right of society to inflict the punishment of death for the purpose of "intimidating others from the perpetration of crime, has led, in all countries in which it has been recognized, to the practice of attaching this terrible penalty to offences of a minor character, against property, to the commission of which the inducement is of course derived from motives of a very inferior character to those which usually impel to the monstrous and unnatural offense of murder. Yet it is a well-established truth, that the infliction of this penalty would not produce the effect of repressing the offences for which it is intended, *and the substitution of a different punishment, has always been found to be speedily followed by a diminution of the frequency of the crime.* A principle and universal acknowledgment of this truth may be found in the abolition of the penalty, by all the nations in the Union, from all those minor offenses which were capital by the laws by which we were governed before the assertion of our national independence, and its restriction to a small number of the more heinous offenses, such as murder, treason, rape, treason, &c. On this point, Mr. Livingston thus writes:—

As it (the punishment of death) is acknowledged, then, to be an inadequate remedy for the offenses, the enquirement will be restricted to an inquiry, whether there is any probability that it will be more efficient in cases of greater importance. The consideration of this point, when we reason on this subject, the great principle, that the punishment should be proportionate to the offence, indeed, operates to the disadvantage of the criminal, and the delinquent; but the great object of inflicting it is the force of example on others. If this spectacle of horror is insufficient to deter men from the commission of slight offenses, what good reason can be given to persuade us that it will have this operation where the crime is more atrocious? Can we believe that the fear of a more uncertain death will stop the traitor in the intoxicating moment of heated passion, when he contemns and his orgies of his country? While in the proud confidence of success he defies heaven and earth, and consults his ambition to the chance of arms, that the dread of this punishment will "check his pride," force him, like some magic spell, to yield obedience to the laws, and abandon a course which he persuades himself makes, a "virtue" of his "ambition?" Will it arrest the hand of the infuriate wretch who, at a single blow, is about to gratify the strongest passion of his soul in the destruction of his deadly enemy? Will it turn aside the purpose of the secret assassin, who meditates the removal of the only obstacle to his enjoyment of wealth and honors? Will it master the strongest passions, and counteract the most powerful motives, while it is too weak to prevent the indulgence of the slightest criminal inclination? If this be true, it must be confessed that it presents a paradox which will be found more difficult to solve, when we reject that great principle of the Mosaic dispensation, by men whose long habits of guilt have familiarized them to the idea of death, or to whom strong passions or nefarious motives have made it a matter comparatively indifferent; and that the cowardly poisoner or assassin always thinks that he has taken such precautions as will prevent any risk of discovery. The fear of death, therefore, will rarely deter from the commission of great crimes. It is, in the contrary, *sometimes, undoubtedly, the cause* of the criminal abatement of the passion that prompts the only other crime thus punished by our law," is proverbially blind to consequences, and rushes into the perpetrator of simple gratification. Threats of death will never deter men who are actuated by these passions; many of them afford it in the very commission of the offence, and therefore rarely incur the lesser risk of suffering it in what they think the impossible event of detection.

If the fear of death be so powerful a restraint upon the commission of crimes, as to be a sufficient this argument, how happens it that the *multiplication of executions has always been found to be the multiplication of the crime they are intended to be checked?* To this inquiry, *familiarity* would be no answer; because no frequency of executions could serve to weaken the force of those instincts which constitute the love of life, on the minds of which this argument is founded; while on the contrary the frequent reproduction of the appalling spectacle would tend to bring home to the bosom of the prime mover the certain realization of his own probable doom, as the penalty of his meditated offence. Every man must feel that his own fate—passing through the fearful portal of the grave, to meet and solve the dark mystery of death—singly and alone. Though a million persons at the same instant, yet to each the summons comes still the same awful solemnity as though it were addressed to himself alone of his race. How happens it that, in Hume's account, of the executions of *seventy thousand* "great and petty thieves," in England, during the reign of Henry VIII, was totally inoperative to check the offences for which these human victims were sacrificed, on the altar of this principle of social expediency?

If the punishment of death did indeed produce the effect of the prevention of crime, by the terror of its example, why, it may again be asked, have we abolished, with the unanimous approval of the entire community, the practice of *publicity* in its infliction? *Why does an execution in this State resemble now rather a private judicial assassination, which shrinks from the gaze of the public, and performs its revolting function only within the guarded precincts of the prison-walls, in the presence of a small number of officers?* Is it because the law, on that supposition, ought rather to be to assemble the whole people, old and young, from our furthest borders, to Witness the scene of the terror-inspiring example.

* * *

It must be manifest, that the extent to which the mere knowledge of the simple execution tends to impress and perpetuate the great striking impression on the mind made by the actual spectacle, reproduced and multiplied by successive narration from one to another—and the consequent increase of the dread to those who have to find it only in a written form in the newspapers; with which it is to be presumed that many, if not the greater number of the offences for which such crimes usually proceed, are not often familiar.

It is very certain that if public executions will produce little effect in deterring from the perpetration of crime, by the actual spectacle of the awful "example" of the law, these unreen, unheard, unpublized, and to a great extent, unknown in fact, of the former, even upon the immediate witnesses of the solemn ceremony, will be very inconsiderable. The poor wretch Leadigo, who was recently executed in this city, for a very brutal murder, had witnessed an execution, but he said, in answer to the question, "we better know him by the simple title under which he was so long endeared to our hearts by his philanthropic labors, than under the knightly one we have given him in our Court." * * * "It is notorious that executions very rarely take place, without being the occasion on which new crimes are committed. A pick-pocket having attracted the Sheriffs Newgate, from his cell, to venture on such a deed at such a time, very frankly replied, 'That executions were the best harvest that he and his associates had; for when the eyes of the spectators are fixed above, their pockets are unprotected below.'"

* * *

"To those who still pertinaciously advocate the cause of death and vengeance," writes the very sensible author of *Old Bailey Experience*, "I say, if it can be shown that severe punishments, dealt out especially, have not operated as a preventive, but have in many instances, been followed by the crimes of those who advocated them, I shall be unanswered, and their reasoning confounded. To the truth of this proposition, I refer to the evidence given in all ages, and, I believe, the best acquainted on the subject; also to the tables published annually of increasing delinquency; and further to Dr. Beaumont's work, that is the memorable era of the one-pound note prosecutions, the faster they hung up their victims, the more rapidly men were willing to sacrifice themselves to the gallows, until the voice of their blood crying from the ground began to alarm even those employed in executing their bloody decrees. Gradually in the course of my practice," testifies a solicitor who has practised for more than twenty years in the criminal courts, when examined before a parliamentary committee, "I have found that the punishment of death has no terrors for the common thief; indeed it is much more a subject of ridicule among them, than any deterrent consideration. The certain approach of ignominious death does not seem to operate upon them; for after the warrant has come down, I have seen them meet it with levity; I once saw a man for whom I had been concerned, the day before his execution; and on offering him condolence, and expressing my concern at his situation, he replied with an air of indifference, 'players at bowls must expect rubbers;' and this man I heard say, that it was only a fair game, a kick and a struggle, and all was over. The fact of our not hearing of many instances, had no effect, even on those who were sent to be reported for execution; they play at ball and pass their jokes as lightly as any the matter. I have seen the last separation of persons about to be executed; there was nothing of solemnity, nothing of that sort of feeling, which would in a country journey than taking their last farewell; I mention these things to show what little fear comes from the contemplation of capital punishment, and that, so far from being arrested in their evil courses, by the distant possibility of its infliction, they are not even intimidated by its certainty."

Another witness, a very respectable person, one of the magistrates of London, being asked, whether he thought that capital punishment had much influence in the prevention of the commission of offenses, answered: "I do not.....During one sitting, as a magistrate, three persons were brought before me for uttering forged notes. During the investigation I discovered that those notes were obtained from a room in which the body of a person named Wheller, (executed the preceding day for the same offence,) *lies lay*, and that the question were delivered for circulation by a woman with whom he had been living. This is (he adds) a strong case, but I have no doubt that it is one of many others." "I never missed an opportunity," writes Mr. E. G. Wakefield, "of sending prisoners whose sentence of death had been commuted by the Council or the Secretary of State, to converse with me about executions, and the effect of those shows upon the individual called to express his own feelings. With a great many of those persons, whose sentences had been remitted, I held a dialogue to the following effect. Indeed, what follows is copied, omitting some adds, from a note made on the day of a conversation held with a convict who was within an ace of being hanged for coining. Q. 'Have you often seen executions?' *A.* 'Yes.' Q. 'Did you not frighten you?' *A.* 'No; why should it?'—Q. 'Did it not make you think that the same would happen to yourself?' *A.* 'No, not a bit.' Q. 'What did you think, then?' *A.* 'Think? why I thought it was a d—d shame.' Q. 'Now when you have been going to run a great risk of being caught and hanged, do you think of what happens to your head, that it would be as well to avoid the risk?—*A.* 'Never.' Q. 'Why, what hinders you from making seen men hanged for the same thing?' *A.* 'Oh, I never remembered any thing about it; and if I had, it would not have made me stop.' Q. 'Why, all take our chance. I never thought it would fall on me, and don't think it ever will.' Q. 'But if it should?' *A.* 'Why then I hope I shall suffer like a brave man, and not like a cowardly dog?' "Upon hardened offenders," Mr. Wakefield adds, "the execution makes no more impression than the death of a fly; while it gives to other persons, the most innocent into the most violent and reckless of criminals. * * * Let the schoolmaster of Newgate be examined, and he will tell you that for some days after every conviction, a common amusement of the boys is to play the scene over again; one boy acting the convict, another the ordinary, a third the sheriff, and a fourth the executioner. I have seen this done many times; and on one occasion, before the bodies of the men just hanged had been removed from the scaffold."

THE USE OF COFFEE.

Extracts from Hahnemann's Essay on Coffee, published in the 8th No. of the Homœpathic Examiner, New-York. This Essay has been translated into French, Dutch, and Hungarian.

In order to live long and in good health, man requires food composed only of nutritious, and not of stimulating, medical substances; and drink which is merely fluid, or both fluid and nutritive, but containing no medicinal or stimulating substance, as for example, pure spring water and milk.

Of the condiments which gratify our taste, table salt, sugar, sweet herbs, and other innocuous vegetables, have been found safe and harmless for the human body. All other condiments, which we call spices, and all changes in our drink, which give it a flavor different from water, tend to impair the useful and dangerous are they to health and longevity. The most serious circumstance of all, is the daily use of extremely powerful and purely medicinal substances, as articles of diet.

Medicinal agents are substances which do not nourish, but alter the healthy state of the system, and in fact merely change from a state of health to a species of unnatural disease. Coffee is strictly a medicinal substance.

Coffee is strictly a medicinal substance. All medicines produce a more or less disagreeable effect on the feelings of a healthy person. No one ever failed to be disgusted the first time he smoked tobacco. No healthy man ever found pleasure in taking Rhubarb, out sugar, palatable on the first trial—a him from nature to flee from the fist temptation to overstep the laws of the Author of his being, and to take refuge in species of unnatural disease. Coffee is strictly a medicinal substance.

If we continue the use of these medicinal articles in the usual fashion and example seduce us, habit gradually weakens the unpleasant impressions which they originally produced. They even become agreeable to us. The drug-consumers (opium eaters, tea and coffee,) and not a case has failed of being cured, on the renunciation of those drinks. In saying this, however, it is by no means intended that there are no cases of sick-headache to be found, except those which owe their origin to tea and coffee, only affirm that I have never known of any such cases. Nervous headaches, in a great degree, this physical law in other respects, tea and coffee may claim sick-headache as their highly-favored representative."

CORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Mr. Dowden rose to support a motion approbatory of Mr. Remond's exposition of the evils of slavery in North America, and said—Mr. Mayor, the last time I had the pleasure of meeting your worship in that chair, was when you presided over a meeting to promote Irish manufactures; it was a becoming position for the Chief Magistrate of this city to occupy, when trying to liberate our fellow-countrymen from the slavery of poverty and want of employment; (cheers) and it is no less a worthy station to preside here, where men and women are assembled to demand that laborers of every color, and in every clime, shall be permitted to be citizens—shall be freemen. (cheers.) I may be said that American slavery is not an Irish question. Sir, the common rights of humanity have a right to require independence for all mankind; we have a right to do moral battle for succeeding hours, more lively. His pulse beats fuller, quicker, but softer. His presence of mind, his flexible attention and capacity for work are more than in the healthy, natural condition. All external objects wear a sort of pleasing coloring, or varnish of joy, and the outward circumstances of life have an almost painful brilliancy. For the first few hours, satisfaction with himself and with all external objects, is the prominent feeling. Hence, he is especially was what promoted coffee to the rank of a social beverage.

After the labor of one day's labor, we must, in the course of nature, become weary; a consequent sense of exhaustion in our powers of body and mind compels us to seek necessary rest. But this discontent and indolence disappears at once before this medicinal beverage, and an artificial liveliness, a wakefulness in defiance of nature, makes its appearance.

We require nutriment in order to live, and nature compels us to seek it by the gnawing, painful feelings of hunger and thirst. We drink coffee—and lo! we feel little or nothing of these painful sensations. True coffee-drinkers, especially women, who are devoted to the sweetness of recreating from time to time, from the ill effects of this beverage, by exercise in the open air, know little of true hunger and thirst. The body is refreshed by a cup of food and drink, and the vessels of the skin are forced against nature to imbibe as much moisture from the atmosphere, as is required for the absolutely necessary purposes of life.

The beneficent Preserver of all living beings caused in the healthy individual unpleasant feelings, on action, after being exhausted by the food, and designed to compel us to a certain quiet of body and mind, in order that the important task of digestion might begin undisturbed. Coffee destroys this oppressed feeling, this heaviness of mind and body. Refined revellers drink it immediately after meals, and it is a great deceiver, this unnatural result. They become gay, and feel as light and lively as though their stomach was but partially, or not at all replenished.

Thus we neutralize the wise laws of our nature; *but not without injury.* When the first transitory effect of coffee has disappeared, the opposite condition, its first effect, follows. The first condition was the first, the more unpleasant is the latter. It is true, every man does not experience the same degree of injury from the same cause, or the same beverage, like coffee. Our bodies are so admirably framed, that provided only we follow a natural way of living in other respects, some faults in our diet, if not too gross, are tolerably harmless. On individuals who lead a sedentary life, the effects of all drugs is far stronger and more striking, than in robust persons, accustomed to labor in the open air, who can often bear very injurious things, without particular injury.

When the short period of exalted, artificial, vital activity excited by coffee, is over, a yawning indolence gradually creeps over us, and a greater inactivity than usual; bodily motion becomes more difficult than before, and the excessive activity of the preceding hours changes into dulness. If coffee at first filled the individual with a genial warmth, the reaction of coffee leaves behind it, the opposite, chilly, and the hands and feet grow cold. All external objects are less agreeable than before. He is consequently excited to seek, in a great degree, fuel gnawing hunger takes the place of the healthy desire for food, and yet eating and drinking oppress the stomach more than before. He feels a much troubler than before, and his sleep is duller than when he was unacquainted with coffee, and on awaking he is more sleepy, ill-humored, and more fretful than before.

But the renewed enjoyment of this injurious palliative banishes all these complaints; a new seriousness, and a more vigorous mind, is produced than the first time. A repetition of the beverage produces a more powerful effect, and the effect is stronger, to have the effect of stimulating life again for some hours. Hence the frame of the sedentary coffee drinker becomes more and more exhausted. The injury produced spreads too wide, taken root too deeply, to be removed even by a more frequent repetition of the palliative, or by stronger doses.

The body becomes more sensitive to cold, and even to fresh air; digestion is more difficult; sleep ensues painfully, and affords little refreshment; the body is more weak with the fullness of the head, torpor of the imagination, slowness of recollection, helplessness of the limbs, and a peevishness, which makes God's lovely creation dark and comfortless to the eye.

It would be difficult for me to point out all the mischiefs which prevail among the votaries of coffee, (sometimes called by the name of weakness, sometimes of nervous disorders and chronic diseases,) which unnerve man, and make him degenerate mentally and corporally. But it must be my duty to mention that all these mischiefs occur in the same degree to every coffee-drinker. One suffers more from one symptom, the final effects, and another from another symptom.

The teeth are not more speedily and certainly rotted by any other error in diet than by indulging in coffee. Next to great, and the abuse of spirituous liquors, coffee destroys the teeth most speedily. Close air, and overloading the stomach, especially at night, also contribute to it. It is true, that the habit of coffee of destroying in a short time, or at least making black, and yellow, this ornament of the mouth, this necessary instrument of digestion.

Coffee has the most injurious effects on children. Their complexion becomes pale, their flesh flaccid. It is only after a long time that they learn to walk, and then gait is tottering, and they soon lose the desire to want to be carried. They desire many and various things, yet not little. They are fearful and easily terrified. They are peevish, and, if they are not, they are sleepy, and yawn, and stretch, and have a pale and beat of one or both cheeks. They sleep but half, toss about in the night, often ask for drink, and cry in their sleep. They overcome all diseases with difficulty, and their recovery is very slow and imperfect. They are generally exposed to spreading inflammation of the eyes, not unfrequently accompanied with an eruption in the face. Often, they open slowly and like deep, are often the results of coffee alone.

The inflammation of the eyes, rattling in the breast, and others of the above-named complaints, attack even infants at the breast, which partake of nothing but the mother's milk. The mother, who drinks much coffee, besides breathing much confined air. How wide-spreading, and *penetrating*, must the injuriousness of this beverage be, when even the sucking child suffers from it?

Causes of the Sick-Headache, and its Cure.—A doctor in Boston, in a letter to the Medical Journal of Boston, thus remarks: "Not a case of sick-headache has ever occurred within my knowledge, except in persons addicted to the drinking of spirituous liquors, tea and coffee,) and not a case has failed of being cured, on the renunciation of those drinks. In saying this, however, it is by no means intended that there are no cases of sick-headache to be found, except those which owe their origin to tea and coffee, only affirm that I have never known of any such cases. Nervous headaches, in a great degree, this physical law in other respects, tea and coffee may claim sick-headache as their highly-favored representative."

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Attachment to country is becoming in one in those diffusive things called humanities and the rights of men. Time was when patriotism consisted in a limited sphere of justice to our own little borough, or city, or nation; but men have found out, Christianity has taught them, that to do good we are not to be bounded by land-marks—not limited by mountain-circle, nor by ocean-flood. (cheers.) America, then, and every spot of earth burdened by the footstep of a slave, demands our interference, and offered it is not a little meritorious to remove from home interest as some may think it. (cheers.) Nations act upon nations, as men act upon men; we are in masses, as well as individually, in want of one another's approving sympathy. Freedom, the bold nursling of the western wilds, has long made herself felt in the opposition to the onward destinies of Europe. These theories of liberty, which America and her history poured out upon the world with devastating effect upon white-slavery, we return to her, over, then—with better interest and better effect with which she enslaves the black man, and still disinterestedness, by infamously violating her compact with her own citizens. (cheers.) But, sir, we have still more immediate application for the American anti-slavery cause. Numbers of our people daily leave this country to earn that independent bread abroad, which their industry cannot command at home. It is, then, a matter of interest to investigate the cause; but we have no deal with the result. It is not the most abject poor who emigrate; it is those who would wish to elevate themselves, after the long and degrading state of an independent competency, and, who, finding no means of doing so at home, are content to expatriate themselves, to secure that comfortable position; and when I look around now, I see many of that respectable pass, and of the relatives and connexions of such emigrants. I want to see the public opinion on this slavery question, and to make slavery an object of your hatred wherever you may meet it. At home, as Irishmen, freedom has your warmest heart; go where you will, it follows you round you with fifty miles, and freedom becomes irresistable, and bids every slave be free. (hear, and cheers.) Circumstances may arise, which may be most important to your welfare at this first love; but, oh, remember your home; never witness slavery tamely nor inertly. A countryman of ours, Alderman Watson, of Limerick, was in Paris, in Sorbonne, and, hearing a person speak some Irishme's at work paving or flagging the *Boulevard de Porte Royale*, I forget which, on that day, (cheers.) Sir, he ran down and embraced him and his humanity shocked, to see his countrymen such slaves as that; to have to themselves even that sacred day of rest. The speech that, and will that remember home; "Oh, Pat" said he, "if your old mother saw you a slave, and among slaves on a Sunday, what would she say?" It was enough; the best virtues of better days returned on them; they and their companions flung down their tools, and secured to themselves the humanizing influence of a Christian day of rest. (cheers.) "Remember you travel, and meet with those who would make beasts of burden of your fellow-men, and try, for lucre, to provoke you to such degradation—"Oh, Pat, remember old Ireland; remember your mother; what would be the cry at home if your scandal and degradation—"Oh, Pat, remember old Ireland." An Irishmen, do your best to extend freedom wherever you go; the Americans are much under the influence of public opinion; do you carry to them some of the mighty influences of public opinion against freedom, and a blessing will attend your work. Nor let any one tell you that your efforts are of no consequence. (cheers.) Sir, public opinion in America must is not to be despised.—You recollect the Irish soldier who, in answer to that it was exceeding a few men through a wood, and fell in with seven Russian sentinels; he brought his firelock to a charge, and cried, "lay down your arms, or else"—the mere-sounding of the word, and the sight of the firelock, a strong party at hand behind the trees, and they surrendered; he stood sentry over the arms until his party came up and brought them in. Do your duty, enemy, when the sergeant said to him, "Pat, how did you take them?"—"Why," said Pat—"I surrendered them." (much laughter.) Sir, the people you may seem single-handed, you are only an advance guard of the humane, the wise and good of mankind; fear not then the mercenaries; be soldiers of liberty, and do your duty; the mercenaries are only fight for slavery and debasement. (cheers.) But, believe me, our labor is not vain; the very wrath of the American slave owners indicates a change; we never are angry with what we despise, and the American pro-slavery men show, by their inhuman laws, that they fear the consequences of their wrong hold their prisoners. But, men can hear a thunder storm which portends a change to fair weather; the tempest and storm is generally accompanied by disturbances of the atmosphere, which are not comfortable to the indolent or timid; but we see a joyous future beyond the variations which precede it. It is true, a uniform dull day, sad as it may, gives no shadow, and so far some men can repose in its sombre light; but give to us to-morrow's dawn; when first it streaks the grey sky, it gives shadows, and as the daylight advances, it casts deeper shadows, and longer darkness on our path; and those men who are nervous, and have imaginations and sensibilities, see the glorious light of liberty progresses, the strength of shadow but records the brightness of his light; until at length a noon arrives of meridian freedom which illuminates the whole country, and leads mankind to glory in the perfect day. (cheers.) To be the humble instruments of such a consummation, we are assembled here to-day. We are into action for such results Mr. Remond has lectured to instructed and gratified audiences. And, sir, before I sit down, I must be allowed to congratulate you and our thanks to Wm. Martin, who was the principle means of procuring to us the advantages of having heard the learned American, whose advocacy has renewed our anti-slavery zeal. It would burt the feelings of Mr. Martin to speak of his zeal and hospitality; nor shall I do more than put his name forward in company with that of the first object of our congratulation, and say that it is honored by being associated with every useful exertion and every noble and disinterested moral advancement of the slave. With these words, sir, I second the motion presented to you.

From the Philanthropist.

BASENESS.

Cleveland, Oct. 12, 1841.

Dr. Bailey:—As much interest has been excited in the case of the two colored persons, recently kidnapped in the State of New-York, I now forward to you a short account of a most nefarious transaction, with the names of those concerned:

In August, a fellow by the name of Lidenhurgher, from Louisiana, an expelled officer from the United States Navy, came to Jackson, Michigan, with this city. He called on one Jackson, a mulatto barber, and presented him two dollars for shaving him, thereby obtaining his confidence; and from him learned that a Jackson, had employed a yellow boy by the name of Williams, then living in Buffalo, and also that the barber had assisted fugitives on the way to Canada. Lidenhurgher, then, went and sought for and soon found suitable persons to aid him in his vile project, in the firm of Payne and Dodson. If the statement of the barber may be relied on, Wilson then called on him with law in hand, from which he pretended to read, showing him that he had violated, it, in assisting fugitives, and that the Penitentiary was the punishment for the offense. Thus frightened, to save himself, he agreed to convey Williams and a mulatto girl to a short excursion on the Niagara River, and thence to a short excursion on the Niagara River, and thence to a short excursion on the Niagara River, and thence

explored and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve an army. They fought thus through the war. They were brave and hardy troops."

Governor Morrill, of New Hampshire, in a speech in Congress, in 1820, said: "Your soldiers of color have fought your battles. They have defended your country: they have preserved your privileges, but they have lost their own."

The celebrated Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and support of slavery, made the following remarkable admissions: "They (the colored people) were in numerous instances the pioneers of civilization, and the nurses of our armies. To their hands were owing the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country. Fort Moultrie was built in an early period of the inexperience and untried valor of our citizens, immortality to the American arms. And in the northern States numerous bodies of them were enrolled, and fought side by side with the whites at the battles of the Revolution."

The venerable and respected James Forten, of Philadelphia, a man of color—has told us, that when the forces from the North marched through that city, one or more companies of black soldiers were attached to nearly all the regiments, and Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. He himself, with nineteen other colored men, enlisted on board the "Royal Louis," under Capt. Decatur, was taken prisoner, and confined for seven months in the horrible old Jersey prison ship.

Such are the men, with their descendants, who are now persecuted and proscribed in almost all part of the Union—the victims of mob law and black law in Ohio—and of the diabolical benevolence of colonization in Maryland. Even in Massachusetts, one of those old revolutionary heroes, if he attempted to seat himself in any other than the "negro car," on some of the railroads, would be thrust out with ruffian violence, and that, too, in the very assembly of "the people of the independence for which he fought.—"Hail, Columbia!" J. C. W.

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. Is there any truth in the charge, that abolitionists have tried to excite insurrections among the slaves?

Answer. This charge is destitute of the slightest foundation in truth. The abolitionists have addressed facts and arguments to the slaveholders *only*. They have never sought for any communication with the slaves; and if they did so, their principles would lead them to teach patience and submission, until their deliverance could be accomplished by peaceful measures. I believe the publications by the Female Society do contain no word, or even hint, of non-resistance under injury, as the publications of the abolitionists. If it should be discovered that any member of an Anti-Slavery Society had tried to excite disaffection among the slaves, he would be immediately turned out of the society, with strong expressions of disapprobation. This false charge has been got up at the South merely to excite sympathy. A little while ago a paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers, concerning an *abolitionist* who had been overhearing a plot for a negro to run away, and offering to forge free passports for him. It was afterwards ascertained that the man was a *kidnapper*, and had taken means of getting the boy into his own power, for the sake of selling him. Complaints are made that pictures of a man flogging slaves have been put out of their hooks sent to the South; and it is urged that negroes can understand these pictures, if they do not know their letters. In the first place, the books are sent to the north side. In the south side, (as has been well observed,) the pictures represent a thing that is either true, or not true. If it is not true, the negroes would be at the pains to whisper (without being reminded of any thing *they* had ever seen or known,—if told that it represented a driver beating slaves, they would laugh at such a ridiculous story of things that never happened. On the other hand, if the representation is true, would the mere picture of a thing be more likely to excite them to insurrection than the thing itself? These scares of efforts to excite violence are mere specters raised on purpose for the occasion. If you will take notice of the charges brought against abolitionists, you will find that they are always mere assertions unsupported by quotations, or any species of proof. Mr. Calhoun have read the resolutions passed at public meetings against the abolitionists, I have smiled at the farce which those men have been acting. In nearly all their resolutions, the abolitionists are stated to be godly and conscientiously concern. The enemies of the cause have in several cities gravely met together to declare that they do not approve of attempts to promote insurrections. The abolitionists agree with them entirely. With the same ridiculous gravity, they make known to the world that they do not approve of any legislative interference with the southern States. The abolitionists have never dreamed of any such interference. They merely wish to *abolitionize* the *people of the States themselves*; and they hope to do this by the universal dissemination of facts and arguments, calculated to promote a *correct public sentiment* on the subject of slavery. This is all they ever intended to do; and this they will do, though earth and hell combine against their efforts. The men engaged in this cause are not working for themselves, but for God—and therefore they are strong.

Q. But do you believe the southerners ever can be persuaded?

A. At all events, it is our duty to try. "Thou saith the Lord God, Thou shalt speak my words unto them, whether they will hear, and whether they will forbear; neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dest dwell among scorpions." If public sentiment be once universally reformed on this subject, it cannot fail to have a powerful influence. Slavery was abolished in the British dominions entirely by moral influence. If public sentiment never had become ripe, the bill, the king never would have signed it, if an enlightened public sentiment had not made the step absolutely necessary; and the bill became enlightened by the exertions of benevolent men, who were obliged to endure every form of obloquy and rage, before the good work was completed. The slaveholders are perfectly aware that the same causes will produce similar effects in this country. One of the southern editors has lately declared that what is must be feared is the fact that the Christian abolitionists will make some people of morbid consciences believe that slavery really *is* wrong, and that it is their duty to relieve it. Another said, in an newspaper complains that the worst effect of this discussion is, that it is causing good men to regard slaveholders with abhorrence.

Q. But if the system were so badly in every respect, why are people so unwilling to give it up?

A. Human nature is *willing* to endure any thing rather than relinquish unrighteousness and despotic control. The emperor of Russia, and the pashas of Egypt would be reluctant to abridge their own power for the sake of introducing a system of things more conducive to the freedom, virtue and happiness of their subjects. They had rather live in contact of the pestilence, and wear the dagger, the bowstring, and the dungeon, than give up the pleasant exercise of tyranny, to which they have so long been accustomed. In addition to this feeling, in common in our nature, there are many conscientious people, who are terrified at the idea of emancipation. It has always been presented to them in the most frightful colors; and had never been presented, if possible, to prevent the abolitionists from proving to such minds that *the dangers of insurrection all belong to slavery, and would cease when slavery is abolished.*

At the North, the apologists of slavery are numerous and vociferous, because their wealth is entwined intertwined with the pernicious system. Inquire into the private history of many of the men, who have called meetings against the abolitionists—you will find that some manufacturers of cotton for the South—some have sons who sell those cloths—some have daughters married to slaveholders—some have plantations and slaves mortgaged to them—some have ships employed in southern commerce—and some candidates for political offices would love until their backsides were broken, to obtain a place, for southern influence. The southerner understand all this perfectly well, and despise our servility, even while they condescend to make use of it.

One great reason why the people of this country have not thought and felt right on this subject, is that all our books, newspapers, almanacs and periodicals, have combined to represent the colored race as an inferior and degraded class, who never could be made good and useful citizens. Ridicule and reproach have been abundantly heaped upon them; but their virtues and their sufferings have found few historians. This evil has been well satisfied with such a public sentiment. It sends back no echo to disturb their consciences, and it effectually rivets the chains on the backs of their vassals. In this department of service, the Colonization Society has been a most active and zealous agent.

Q. But some people say that all the mobs, and other violent proceedings, are to be attributed to the abolitionists.

A. They might as well charge the same upon St. Paul, when his fearless preaching of the gospel brought him into such imminent peril, that his friends were obliged to let him down over the wall in a basket to save his life. As well might St. Stephen have been blamed for the mob that stoned him to death. With the same justice might William Lloyd Garrison be blamed for the mobs of his resent persecutions against the Quakers. When principles of truth are sent out in the midst of a perverse generation, they *always* come "not to bring peace, but a sword." The abolitionists have offered violence to no man—they have never attempted to stop the discussions of their opponents; but have, on the contrary, exerted themselves to obtain a candid examination of the subject on all sides.—They merely claim the privilege of delivering peaceable addresses at all reasonable times, and publishing what they believe to be facts, with an honest desire to have them tested by the strictest ordeal of truth.

Q. But do you think a foreigner ought to be allowed to lecture on this subject?

A. We have some hundred missionaries abroad lecturing on other subjects—preaching against the most closely entwined with the government and prejudices of the people. If good and conscientious men have been allowed to freely lecture among them, to come here, and labor among the poor and the despised, merely from zeal in a good cause, shall we refuse to hear what they have to say? If we insult, and mob them, for their labors, shall we consistently blame the Hindoos and Sandwich Islanders for assuming our missionaries? Shall we profit by the foreign land, to give them the benefit of our experience on the subject of temperance; ought we not to be willing to receive the benefit of the experience of the subject of slavery? Let us candidly hear what these men have to say. If it be contrary to reason and truth, reject it; if it be the truth, let us ponder it in our hearts.

Q. But everybody says the discussion of slavery will lead to the dissolution of the Union.

A. There must be something wrong in the Union, if the candid discussion of *any* subject can dissolve it; and for the truth of this remark, I appeal to your own good sense. If the South should be indignant enough to withdraw from the Union for the sake of preserving a moral pestilence in her borders, it is very certain that slavery cannot long continue on the Union. Now the question is, how could we long keep their slaves, if we were not obliged by law to deliver up runaways; nor could they any longer rely upon the North for aid in cases of insurrection, or support slavery by force of arms. The union of these States has been continually disturbed and embittered by the existence of slavery; and the abolitionists feel fully convinced that the whole country that it is best to cast away this apple of discord. Their attachment to the Union is so strong, that they would make any sacrifice of their property to preserve it; but they never will consent to sacrifice honor and principle. "Duties are ours; events are God's!"

Communications.

LETTER FROM D. L. CHILD.

NORTHAMPTON, NOV. 10, 1841.

I made a journey from this place, directly across the country, to West Greenwich, Rhode Island. The main motive for choosing this unfrequented way, was an old desire to see the Houssatonic and its valley. Its musical, aboriginal name, and arrowy course, from the western and wooded hills of Massachusetts, had imparted to it a certain interest from my earliest map-lessons.

This route lies through the westerly part of Hampden, in Massachusetts, and through the Eastern and Pawfield counties, in Connecticut. It abounds in beautiful woodlands and highlands, none, however, rising to the grandeur of mountains. The highways are poor. In some places it would be very difficult for them to be otherwise; but for the "corduroy roads" and bridges, along the valley of the Housatonic, I should think a very good road might have been offered. I compared that way, many years ago to Iowa and Wisconsin.

Litchfield, situated at the summit betwixt Farmington and Housatonic rivers is a pretty town. Its famous Law School has ceased. All the old lawyers, who used to conduct it with so much reputation, are dead. In the public house I listened to a politician, who charged abolitionists with "seeking office, like the rest." He seemed to take it for granted that all abolitionists belonged to "the third-party."

At New Milford, I reached the Housatonic, and saw the stream in its rural brightness. It flows placidly here, with just size enough to touch the majestic. In other parts of its course it is, I am told, impetuous. New Milford is the present termination of a railroad from Bridgeport, thirty or forty miles. This is to be extended up the valley; and the work is now going on, as the explosions of blasts, and the rock, from time to time gives evidence.

At New Preston, on the Litchfield road, are inexhaustible quarries of marble. They send the article hence to all the southern and western cities. This marble various much in quality. Some is of a dazzling whiteness, and some more or less cloudy. On a small and pleasant stream, running, like streams of the Alps and the Jura, the length of the village street, stand a number of saw-mills.

I have seen the workers in stone of different countries employed in sawing it into blocks and slabs, but always by hand; as in Spain and Portugal they still saw their boards. A French railroad to this place from New Milford, would accommodate wonderfully the trade and manufacture of the commodity.

There are more indications of excessive drinking in Connecticut, than I should have expected to meet in the land of steady habits, and in the present stage of the temperance reformation. I found but one temperance house on the part of the route, lying through that State. Intemperance, and its attendant miseries, are real and undeniable. At New Hartford, a pleasant village on the Farmington, I heard from a gentleman-like man a detestible technical, which I never before heard in New England, and supposed to be confined to the South and West. He asked his companion, if he had *liquored*. He replied in the negative, adding that he supposed "a man would be hun no hear." Hereupon they stood to the bar and took a good deal.

Ridgefield, with a neat and attractive street, extending nearly a mile, was the last town in Connecticut, on this journey. The inhabitants were busy in building two churches, methodist and episcopal. I should that some years ago the meeting-house was blown sky-high, because an anti-slavery lecture had been delivered in it. This pestilent discourse had rendered the walls unclean to the Christians conversating there. A carriage-factory, rearing its vast sides hard by, and probably supplying the southern market, with whole freights of coaches, buggies, and pleasure carts, had not been blown up, because of that explosion; an emblem, perhaps, of a greater church-explosion, to be fired from the altar of the same lewd and bloody idol.

Bedford, the first town I reached in New-York, has a pleasant and respectable temperance house. I had to repent having learnt this only on my return. For the present, I took refuge from rain in a wretched tavern. I heard an ill-natured conversation betwixt the hostess and her customers about one of our most excellent and useful anti-slavery writers; the reader will readily conclude that I mean Judge Jay. "He came down here rid upon a nail," said a tall toper, in a few-nought oath, and in language hard. I wanted to inquire what it was for, but thought, on making a speech at an abolition meeting in Court House.? "Do you think people could be found here to do that?" "I guess there could; we are not great abolition here. I wouldn't had a hand in't, though I wouldn't a cared if I had seen it alone." "Had he not a right to speak upon the subject of slavery?" "Yes; and we had a right to ride him on a rail." "I have heard you speaking for some time on that subject; do you think it gives me a right to ride you on a rail."—"No." "Why not?" "Because niggers are not the same as us." "How do they differ?" "They are not the same color." "There are no two nations, and scarcely two individuals, in the world of precisely the same color, yet all are of the human species." "May be so; but as for these lazy, black rascals, I know they are not the same." "Wherein do they differ? If they are lazy, so are whites. They love and hate, like whites; only they do not late their brethren on account of complexion. They waste their time, and mispend their money like other people. They have their prisons, lie, steal, and get drunk, like whites." At this part of the conversation, the proud champion of caste was carrying a glass of Santa Cruz from the counter to his lips, but he suspended it midway, apparently confounded at so close an argument of identity. He recovered himself; and observed that, during the speech at the Court House, the people became so enraged, that they had to carry off a gentleman by that?" "Oh, he had a dead baby, as black as ink, sent him for a present, in a mahogany box." "I see nothing discreditable to him in that; or very witty in those who sent it." "No; but then it was a good joke upon him for this nigger business."

Alas, thought I, against such ignorance and meanness, how vast the work cut out of establishing liberty for the slave, but of preserving it for the free. Let every friend of the slave and of man, renew and redouble his zeal.

D. L. C.

LETTER FROM E. D. HUDSON.

SHERMAN, SR. JOSEPHS CO. MICH. 3 mo. 20th mo. 20th, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

"Are Friends careful to bear their testimony against anti-slavery?"

With few exceptions, *professed* Friends are careful to bear their testimony against *anti-slavery*.

At the Yearly meetings, of Ohio and Indiana, (with the exception of some heretical, George-Fox Friends,) they ordered anti-slavery to be turned out of their meeting-houses, and faithfully warned their young members to carefully avoid its contaminating influence. In most cases, professed Friends denounce *anti-slavery* man, who "cary aloud" against the dead; system of slavery, as "the disturbed heart" "turning the world upside down;" and those who refuse to bewray the hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and friendless stranger, as "kidnapper." In most cases, professed Friends bear a testimony against anti-slavery, in declaring epistles from slaveholding States as authentic inspirations against abolitionists, while the epistle of Joseph Sturge, and the London Yearly meeting, they consider as "foreign interference," heretical, and mischievous. In most cases, professed Friends hear their testimony against anti-slavery, by discoursing those who sigh and cry for the abominations and oppressions in the land. Those whose ears are open to the cries of the poor and needy, they declare "disorderly," and "disturbers of their quiet;" and worthy only to be dealt with by those who have declared for the slaveholders. With few exceptions, professed Friends lend their influence against anti-slavery, by declaring that "slave-labor produce should not be considered '*prize goods*,' inasmuch as their discipline did not originally contemplate them as such, and because slave labor is sanctioned by the statute laws of our country!" A Quaker minister, in full fellowship with Indiana Yearly meeting, from Philadelphia, boasted of the chivalrous conduct in one of the boats on the Ohio river, in uniting with slaveholders in lynching an abolitionist, Mr. W——, and setting him on shore. For his honorable services, the manstealers gave him the cognomen of "General." This abolitionist was murdered, soon after, by a Quaker, in an interview which I have since had with him. These, and numerous other like testimonies, are such as professed Friends generally bear against *anti-slavery*.

"Are 'Friends' careful to bear their faithful testimony against American *slavery*, 'the vilest system that ever saw the sun?'" "Are 'Friends' careful to live holy in themselves; all who possess "the spirit of the Lord God?"—those only who are the disciples of "Friends"—do bear a faithful testimony against it; it being ever the spontaneous and legitimate fruit of the Spirit of God. In these vicious and vitiating times, we are taught by every day's observation, that *profession* is one thing, and a living, *governing principle*, is another. All are no more Quakers who profess to be, who wear broad-brimmed hats, and straight coats, and say thee and thou, than all are Christians, who belong to the pseudo-christian denominations, called churches, or than all are democrats, who talk loudly about democracy, liberty, equality, and *inalienable* rights.

Like all other sects, they, as a body, have become a cold, formal abstraction; their vitality has gone; their light hid under a bushel, so tight that it has suffocated and expired. We behold nothing but a sectarian candlestick.

The numerous and pressing invitations we received from Friends in Richmond, from various sections of Indiana and Ohio, to visit them before we returned, induced us to separate for a season; and while brother Burleigh visited Cincinnati, and the western part of Ohio, I agreed to visit some portions of Indiana. Accordingly, I left Richmond in company with Friends from New-Garden, the residence of our uncompromising "friends," the editors of the "Protectionist" and "Free Labor Advocate," Ar. nold Buffum and Dr. Way. This is a large settlement of Friends. They are mostly wealthy of the name, and are "zealously affected in the good cause." There are some here, clerks of Yearly meetings, who put out kidnapping advertisements, in the southern papers, "very free." I heard attentively nearly two hours to my discourses, on the application of the Christian and republican principles of our country, and the moral obligation of living them out, and the effect of so doing on the system of slavery, illustrated by what our moral efforts had accomplished in the cause of temperance, in spite of the public mind more healthy. After the meeting, about a dozen subscribers were obtained for the Standard, and encouragements given of increasing them to twenty or more. Friends here are a hearty God-speed, and bade me not to be disheartened, though I found some "meeting-houses closed against me." And I went on my way, rejoicing in hope.

In Winchester, I found Church and State had made a common cause of pro-slavery, and the court-house and "steeple-houses" bolted and barred against the cause of the oppressed. A few friends, after consultation, concluded it best I should take a stump in the public square for my pulpit, and the heavens for my sounding-board, and let my voice reach every human dwelling. I accordingly, in a warm day, in the people, they gained access to three or four bells on the taverns and school-houses, and made them chime to the tune of "Liberty Call," and I took my stand, and while—set an audience of forty or fifty who had gathered, beside numerous others, who stuck their heads from their windows and doors. I endeavored to show what it was to be a friend to slaves, and to be making a speech at an abolition meeting in Court House." "Do you think people could be found here to do that?" "I guess there could; we are not great abolition here. I wouldn't had a hand in't, though I wouldn't a cared if I had seen it alone." "Had he not a right to speak upon the subject of slavery?" "Yes; and we had a right to ride him on a rail." "I have heard you speaking for some time on that subject; do you think it gives me a right to ride you on a rail."—"No." "Why not?" "Because niggers are not the same as us." "How do they differ?" "They are not the same color." "There are no two nations, and scarcely two individuals, in the world of precisely the same color, yet all are of the human species." "May be so; but as for these lazy, black rascals, I know they are not the same." "Wherein do they differ? If they are lazy, so are whites. They love and hate, like whites; only they do not late their brethren on account of complexion. They waste their time, and mispend their money like other people. They have their prisons, lie, steal, and get drunk, like whites." At this part of the conversation, the proud champion of caste was carrying a glass of Santa Cruz from the counter to his lips, but he suspended it midway, apparently confounded at so close an argument of identity. He recovered himself; and observed that, during the speech at the Court House, the people became so enraged, that they had to carry off a gentleman by that?" "Oh, he had a dead baby, as black as ink, sent him for a present, in a mahogany box." "I see nothing discreditable to him in that; or very witty in those who sent it." "No; but then it was a good joke upon him for this nigger business."

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At the Yearly meetings, of Ohio and Indiana, (with the exception of some heretical, George-Fox Friends,) they ordered anti-slavery to be turned out of their meeting-houses, and faithfully warned their young members to carefully avoid its contaminating influence. In most cases, professed Friends denounce *anti-slavery* man, who "cary aloud" against the dead; system of slavery, as "the disturbed heart" "turning the world upside down;" and those who refuse to bewray the hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and friendless stranger, as "kidnapper." In most cases, professed Friends bear a testimony against anti-slavery, in declaring epistles from slaveholding States as authentic inspirations against abolitionists, while the epistle of Joseph Sturge, and the London Yearly meeting, they consider as "foreign interference," heretical, and mischievous. In most cases, professed Friends hear their testimony against anti-slavery, by discoursing those who sigh and cry for the abominations and oppressions in the land. Those whose ears are open to the cries of the poor and needy, they declare "disorderly," and "disturbers of their quiet;" and worthy only to be dealt with by those who have declared for the slaveholders. With few exceptions, professed Friends lend their influence against anti-slavery, by declaring that "slave-labor produce should not be considered '*prize goods*,' inasmuch as their discipline did not originally contemplate them as such, and because slave labor is sanctioned by the statute laws of our country!" A Quaker minister, in full fellowship with Indiana Yearly meeting, from Philadelphia, boasted of the chivalrous conduct in one of the boats on the Ohio river, in uniting with slaveholders in lynching an abolitionist, Mr. W——, and setting him on shore. For his honorable services, the man-stealers gave him the cognomen of "General." This abolitionist was murdered, soon after, by a Quaker, in an interview which I have since had with him. These, and numerous other like testimonies, are such as professed Friends generally bear against *anti-slavery*.

"Are 'Friends' careful to bear their faithful testimony against American *slavery*, 'the vilest system that ever saw the sun?'" "Are 'Friends' careful to live holy in themselves; all who possess "the spirit of the Lord God?"—those only who are the disciples of "Friends"—do bear a faithful testimony against it; it being ever the spontaneous and legitimate fruit of the Spirit of God. In these vicious and vitiating times, we are taught by every day's observation, that *profession* is one thing, and a living, *governing principle*, is another. All are no more Quakers who profess to be, who wear broad-brimmed hats, and straight coats, and say thee and thou, than all are Christians, who belong to the pseudo-christian denominations, called churches, or than all are democrats, who talk loudly about democracy, liberty, equality, and *inalienable* rights.

Like all other sects, they, as a body, have become a cold, formal abstraction; their vitality has gone; their light hid under a bushel, so tight that it has suffocated and expired. We behold nothing but a sectarian candlestick.

The numerous and pressing invitations we received from Friends in Richmond, from various sections of Indiana and Ohio, to visit them before we returned, induced us to separate for a season; and while brother Burleigh visited Cincinnati, and the western part of Ohio, I agreed to visit some portions of Indiana. Accordingly, I left Richmond in company with Friends from New-Garden, the residence of our uncompromising "friends," the editors of the "Protectionist" and "Free Labor Advocate," Arnold Buffum and Dr. Way. This is a large settlement of Friends. They are mostly wealthy of the name, and are "zealously affected in the good cause." There are some here, clerks of Yearly meetings, who put out kidnapping advertisements, in the southern papers, "very free." I heard attentively nearly two hours to my discourses, on the application of the Christian and republican principles of our country, and the moral obligation of living them out, and the effect of so doing on the system of slavery, illustrated by what our moral efforts had accomplished in the cause of temperance, in spite of the public mind more healthy. After the meeting, about a dozen subscribers were obtained for the Standard, and encouragements given of increasing them to twenty or more. Friends here are a hearty God-speed, and bade me not to be disheartened, though I found some "meeting-houses closed against me." And I went on my way, rejoicing in hope.

In Winchester, I found Church and State had made a common cause of pro-slavery, and the court-house and "steeple-houses" bolted and barred against the cause of the oppressed. A few friends, after consultation, concluded it best I should take a stump in the public square for my pulpit, and the heavens for my sounding-board, and let my voice reach every human dwelling. I accordingly, in a warm day, in the people, they gained access to three or four bells on the taverns and school-houses, and made them chime to the tune of "Liberty Call," and I took my stand, and while—set an audience of forty or fifty who had gathered, beside numerous others, who stuck their heads from their windows and doors. I endeavored to show what it was to be a friend to slaves, and to be making a speech at an abolition meeting in the people of this country—even holding and having our meeting-houses and halls of justice against the cries of the down-trodden and oppressed—and our prophets and repentirs them to prophecy deceitfully—corrupting the people, hardening their hearts, darkening their minds, driving up their humanity, and quenching the spirit of the Lord God to depart from them. I showed that slavery, trampled on every constitutional and "inalienable right" of the people, and lived continually at the expense of freedom, and the industry of the free States. We continued for the meeting until the cause of slavery began to gather around us, and we were warned by some of the rotten arguments of those who do the bidding of slavery, (who love darkness rather than light, to do their deeds in, because they are deeds which would cause the sun to blush,) that we must adjourn. There are a few good and true friends to our cause here. After doing something for the freedom of the slave, I left Winchester for this county. Here I lectured twice, to a large audience, in the Friends' meeting-house. The meetings were lively, and the spirit manifested by the Friends here was a cordial to my weary and drooping spirits. One warm-hearted woman said "they had no lock and key to their meeting-house, and she did not know who would take it upon them to lock one." A large Quaker meeting-house, full of people, recently emancipated, reside here; they are very industrious, and enterprising, and are allowed equal religious and school privileges with the other people.—They felt that they belonged to a persecuted and proscribed class, and expect soon to experience the affliction which had been heaped upon their brethren in the south, and in the State, and in Ohio; that not will be given them by their crazy, persecuting white brethren.—"O, Lord, how long?" Found an active, enterprising Friend here, Andrew Spilliard, who goes forth occasionally with his spiritual weapons, making war upon slavery, "from compromise to conquer." A bundle of the Standard was distributed among Friends.

A few "friends" accompanied me to Hagerstown, where an appointment had been sent for a meeting.—The hostess where we stopped, formerly from South Carolina, objected to abolition, because she thought it favored "amalgamation!" As she was from the very hot-bed of slavery, I asked her if slavery was a system of amalgamation? and if abolition could possibly be worse? Her cheeks mantled with shame! for she well understood the concubinage system of the domestic institutions of the South. As no public or private house could be occupied here for an anti-slavery lecture, and quite a gathering had occurred at an auction sale, one of my friends proposed to the landlord to let me stand in front of his house, on an offset, and address the people at the close of the sale. This he forbade; and while I was remonstrating with him for his illiberal, anti-democratic conduct, and holding up that spirit as the spirit of slaveholders, of despots, who always wished to put down free discussion, I went on to expostulate to some extent on the democratic principles of our country, and of the tenure by which we held our own rights, i. e. by not daring to exercise them. I urged that to secure our own rights, we must secure to our neighbor the free exercise of *his* rights; the spirit that would take away our neighbor's rights, would likewise alienate our own. I alluded to the declarations of slaveholders concerning the right of their property, and I asked them if they said the cry of "hard times" was the result of slave labor, living at the expense of free labor. I was going on to illustrate how it was so, to the audience, listening with opened mouths and astonished expressions, when the landlord, who had forgot himself, was aroused to the interests of his masters, by some one responding, "That is a pious sentiment!" He

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NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 25, 1841.

PROPERTY OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY COLLECTION

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

Almost all classes of readers have of late heard this long word repeated again and again, most of them with the dimmest perception of its meaning. Definitions in the jocose vein have abounded; some of them slily ridiculous, and others meaning with genuine humor. Part of the comprehensive duty of an editor is to give occasional glimpses of new opinions, or novel guesses, as they rise up to perform their destined mission in this ever-changing world; therefore, as far as I understand the subject, I purpose to give an explanation of the term, in clear simplicity, neither in the fog nor jest.

All, who know anything of the different schools of metaphysics, are aware that the philosophy of John Locke was based on the proposition that *all* knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses, and thence passes to be judged of and analyzed by the understanding.

The German school of metaphysics, with the celebrated Kant at its head, rejects this proposition as false; it denies that all knowledge is received through the senses; and maintains that all the highest, and therefore most universal, truths are revealed within the soul, to a faculty *transcending* the understanding. This faculty they call pure Reason; it being peculiar to them to use that word in contradistinction to the Understanding. To this pure Reason, which some of their writers call "The God within us," they believe that all perceptions of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful are revealed, in its unencumbered quietude; and that the province of the Understanding, with its five handmaids, the Senses, is confined merely to external things, such as facts, scientific laws, &c.

This idea of an inwardly-revealing faculty, *transcending* mere intellectual perception, will naturally remind many of the "inward voice," believed in by the Society of Friends. In fact, the two phrases are different aspects of the same idea. The Quakers saw it through a religious medium, Kant in a light purely philosophic.—Closely connected with this idea is the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures; a doctrine concerning which the most confused and unsettled notions prevail, even among those who would be most shocked at being charged with any doubts upon the subject. It is this idea which leads some to inquire, "Did Paul mean the same thing as the Transcendentalists, or the Quakers, when he made a distinction between what he wrote of *himself*, and what was given him to write?"

Unitarianism does not involve transcendentalism; on the contrary, it often cherishes an extreme aversion to it. Yet, generally speaking, minds inclined to transcendentalism are of Unitarian habits of thought. The cause is obvious enough. Both judge the recorded facts of Revelation by the light of Reason; and in no case acknowledge the authority of Revelation over Reason; believing, only when Reason and Revelation seem to them coincident.

The more popular and common forms of theology have a natural affinity with the metaphysics of Locke.—That is, certain things witnessed by the senses, and recorded as miraculous facts, are considered sufficient reasons for believing everything uttered by those who performed the miracles. Those who presume to judge of Revelation by Reason may, and generally do, believe the miracles of Christ, as recorded facts; but they could not believe in the doctrines of Christ *because* he worked miracles. There is, of course, a general affinity between the theology, the metaphysics, and the arts of an age.—When changes are coming over forms of the religious sentiment, philosophy utters its voice in prophecy.

Transcendentalists and Perfectionists touch at one point, and one only, like rounded marbles. Both believe "we may be perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect;" though they utter the idea in very different expressions. I should consider myself as a Unitarian and Transcendentalist, if I spoke the same thought; hence, one naturally speaks in the language of philosophy, and the other of Scripture. In making this comparison, I allude only to the one idea from which Perfectionists take their name. The shadings of belief in other particulars are probably as various as individuals. Of course no idea stands alone and unconnected. Every thought has infinite relations, and these relations present themselves to different minds in infinite variety. Hence the extreme injustice and absurdity of endeavoring to make a man responsible for all the other opinions of those with whom he happens to agree on some one point; though it may chance to be the very point from which a sect derives its name.

There is small resemblance between Quakers and Transcendentalists; the former tending to asceticism, and loving to dwell within prescribed rules and regulations; the latter luxuriating in the beautiful, and so expansive in its tendencies, that, like steam or smoke, it can take to itself no particular form. Yet the doctrine of perpetual revelation, heard in the inward depths of the soul, produces one similar result in both. Neither of them favor the activity of reforms. The Quaker wishes himself to remain in his tents;[1] his care for evils is to "keep in the quiet." The Transcendentalist phrases it otherwise; he advises "to be still in the spiritual sunshine, and grow." Neither are fond of the maxim that "action strikes fire; light from the rocks it has to love through."

The style of writing characteristic of Transcendentalists has excited much merriment, and more wonder.—That which is really uttered has deeper significance than it is usually supposed by intelligent minds unaccustomed to similar habits of thought; but it has a mysterious and mystical sound, because they rather announce what they argue what seems to them truth. This comes of their doctrine of intuitive perception. It is the business of the understanding, they will say, to compare, analyze, and prove; but reason reveals.

Imitations of Transcendentalism are unquestionably the most contemptible form of affectation and sham. Parrots trying claim to Edward Irving's inspired gift of tongues, would be wisdom compared with it. Above all the tribe of superficial and artificial writers, I think two class are best described by Daniel O'Connell's witty remark concerning certain public speakers: "They are men who aim at nothing, and hit it."

In this explanation, I have mainly confined myself to the central idea from which Transcendentalism takes its name. Other doctrines, too numerous to be mentioned, are often classed under this perplexing title. In fact "Transcendental" and strange, particularly if it be much intelligible, "reviews this opprobrium. The simple fact is, they are not a sect, and have no creed. No two individuals of them think alike; except on the point that the highest truths are perceived by a faculty transcending the understanding, and not dependent on the senses for its knowledge.

The tendency of men's minds to resist classification into sects is becoming more and more apparent. They begin to feel themselves each for his own opinions, and not for those of presbyteries, synods, assemblies, conferences, meetings of elders, associate, or parties.—Of this increasing feeling, transcendentalism is the most ultra form. As R. W. Emerson says, in his sententious way, "This is the era of individuality. It is All Souls's Day."—[1] M. C.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

We are pleased to see that Judge Jay has made a donation of fifty dollars to repair the loss of this press, occasioned by the mob. One hundred dollars has likewise been subscribed, mostly by members of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. Many other donations, mostly in small sums, are acknowledged by the Philanthropist, as received from various societies and individuals.

We heartily rejoice at all these indications. We do not see eye to eye with Dr. Bailey, as it regards the best means of advancing the anti-slavery cause, but we do feel heart to heart with him. Few can estimate the degree of moral heroism exhibited in the abolitionists of Ohio, particularly of Cincinnati; for those who are on the spot can never realize the terribly fierce and excited state of public feeling there, or the reckless, vindictive character of many of their slaveholding neighbors. Ohio lies directly in the slave's path to Canada, and the Queen City is the point where most of trade with the South. These circumstances will inevitably produce constant excitement, not to be avoided by any degree of discretion and forbearance on the part of abolitionists.—Through many and bitter trials, Dr. Bailey has conducted his paper with an admirable mixture of firmness and moderation; and yet, was nothing for the sake of irritating; but he cannot be silenced, and he will not be duped. The pro-slavery papers try hard to express contempt for the brave band of Ohio abolitionists. It is all assumed; hate them they may, but despise them they cannot.

James Boyle, now travelling as voluntary agent in Ohio, thus writes to the anti-slavery committee:

"You have never occupied so sublime a position as you do now, in the public mind. Your friends say, your friends say to me, such are the changes produced in public opinion, that if our cause by the last mob, that we can well afford to lose a press every year. You need not fear. You will most certainly be sustained. May your faith be strong, and may God give you the victory."

To this prayer we most heartily respond, Amen.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 11.

After a month's absence in the woods, here I am again, in the editorial tread-mill. One of the first places of interest which I visited after my return, was the Catholic Cathedral, a fine-looking Gothic edifice of grey stone.—The interior is in a rough state, undergoing the process of enlargement, to accommodate the numerous congregations. Peter's is the aristocratic church; this is the church of the poor. The temporary rough boards behind the altar were adorned with no paintings or images, and the music was inferior to what I have been accustomed to hear in Catholic churches; yet was I sensible of that feeling of reverence, that bowing down of the spirit, always inspired by a venerable relic of the Past. I approached the altar, and knelt in the church; a Catholic church filled them with laughter, the services seemed so absurd a mockery. It was never thus with me. I know not whether it is that Nature endowed me so largely with imagination and with devotional feelings, or whether it is because I slept for years with "Thomas A. Kempis's Imitation of Christ" under my pillow, and found it my spiritual nourishment in the days of my youth, next to the New-Testament; but so it is, that holy old monk is twined all about my heart with loving reverence, and the forms which had so deep spiritual significance to him, could never excite in me a mirthful feeling. Then the mere circumstance of antiquity is impressive to a character inclined to reverence. There stands the image of Peter, in the oldest church. A sort of Congress of Religions is she; for the Christian Idea was a resurrection from deceased Heathenism and Judaism, and rose encumbered with the grave-clothes and jewels of the dead. The Greek and Roman, when they became Christians, still clung fondly to the reminiscences of their early faith; the undying flame on Apollo's shrine appeared in new-kindled beams on the Christian altar; the same idea that demanded vestal virgins for the heathen temple, set nuns apart for the Christian sanctuary. Tiara and embroidered garments were sacred to the imagination of the converted Jew; and conservatism, which in man's dull nature ever keeps innovation in check, led him to adopt the Levitical robes, next to the spotless garments of Christ come to as loaded with forms not naturally and spontaneously flowing therefrom. The very cathedrals, with their clustering columns and intertwining arches, were architectural models of the groves and "high-places," sacred to the mind of the Pagans, who from infancy had been worshiped therein "strange gods." The dark, mysterious Druidical temples, the names of heathen deities, and statues of Venus were adored as Virgin Mothers. The bronze image of St. Peter, at Rome, whose toe has been kissed away by devotees, was once a statue of Jupiter. An English traveller took off his hat to it as Jupiter, and asked him if he ever conserved his power, to reward the only individual that ever bowed to him in reverence.

Let us smile at this old Commingling of religious faiths and forms. It is most natural; and must ever be, when a new idea evolves itself from the old. The Reformers, to evade this tendency, destroyed the churches, the paintings, and the statues, which inlaid and hung endeared to the hearts and imaginations of many yet within their fold. This was with ruthless hand, all the poetry of the old establishment, they were themselves so much the creatures of education, that they brought into the new order of things many cumbrous forms of theology, the mere results of tradition; and the unpretending Sabbaran, and tent-maker, still remained *Saint* Peter and *Saint* Paul.

I think it is Emerson, who says, "After Christianity had been incorporated with the government, it is difficult to determine whether Heathenism was most Christianized, or Christianity most heathenized."

Protestants make no image of Moses; but many divide the homage of Christ with him, and *spiritually* kiss his toe. They will the glory of a coming church will be in the shadow of our times, casting a radiance over that which is cannot quite dispel.

The Catholic church is a bad foundation for liberty, civil or religious. I appreciate its obvious and valuable tendency to endanger the human mind. Yet am I sensible of the great advantage to this form of opinion, scrupulous for performance of the outward, and careless as for all schisms. Modes of faith last just as long as they are needed in the order of Providence, and not a day longer. Let the theological flame and fire as he may, truth cannot be *forced* above its level, any more than its great prototype, water. Of what avail are sectarian efforts, and conservative words? Live thou a lofty life—let thy soul commune be that of a free, meek spirit. Thou art not by mechanical machinery, will power, or intellect, but by revelation from the world for a wiser truth and a purer worship.

I marvel not that the imaginations of men are chained and led captive to this vision of the Past; for it is endowed all around with poetry, as with a halo; and received all around with poetry, as with a halo; and within it lurks the popularity there is much that makes up of poetry.

What can be more beautifully significant of a great and glorious idea than the custom observed at Easter? On that day, all distinction of rank is laid aside. A beggar may kiss the king, unrebuked; saying as he salutes the monarch, "Christ has risen!" The answer, returned with a kiss, is "He has risen indeed!" What wonder that the ignorant multitude perform this as a traditionary rite, and know not that because Christ has risen, the human race are indeed all brethren? To the reflecting mind the form is still beautiful with the spiritual light that shines through it.

Another reason why I cannot laugh at the ceremonies of the Catholic church, is the sincere devotion of its ignorant devotees. I cannot but revere the pipes aught that flows from a feeling heart. Nothing would tempt me to disturb, even by the rustle of my garments, the Irish servant girl, kneeling in the crowded aisle. Blessed be any power, which, even for a moment, can turn the human soul at the foot of the cross, conscious of its weakness and its ignorance, its errors and its sins! We may call it superstition if we will, but the zealous faith of the Catholic is everywhere conspicuous above that of the Protestant. A friend from Canada lately told me an incident which deeply impressed this fact upon his mind. When they cut new roads through the woods, the priests are in the habit of inspecting all the places where villages are to be laid out. They choose the finest site for a church, and build thereon a high, strong cross, with railings around it, about three feet distant from each other. The inner enclosure is usually more elevated than the outer; a mound being raised about the foot of the Cross. Inserted in the main timber is a small image of the crucified Saviour; defended from the atmosphere by glass. In Catholic countries, this is called a *Calvary*. In the village called *Petit Brule* (because nearly all the dwellings of the first settlers had been consumed by fire) was one of these tall crosses, rendered conspicuous by its whiteness amongst the dense foliage of the forest. My friend had been ploding for a long time in silence and solitude, and twilight was fast deepening into evening, when his horse suddenly reared, and showed signs of fear. Thinking it more prudent to understand the nature of the danger that threatened him, he stopped the horse and looked cautiously around him. The tall, white Cross stood near, in distinct relief against the dark back-ground of the forest, and at the foot were two Irishmen kneeling at their evening prayers. They were poor, laboring men, employed in making the road. There was no human habitation for miles. From their own rude shanties, they must have walked a little over three miles, after the toil of their daily toil, thus to bow and worship the Infinite, in a place they deemed holy!

Let those who can, ridicule the superstition that prompted such an act. Hereafter, may angels teach them what remained unrevealed to them on earth, that "neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem."

I like the Irish. Blessings on their warm hearts, and their leaping fancies! Clarkson records that while opposition met him in almost every form, not a single Irish member of the British Parliament ever voted against the abolition of the slave trade; and how is the heart of the Philanthropist glowing and throbbing with sympathy for the American slave!

Creatures of impulse and imagination, their very speech is poetry. "What are you going to kill?" said I to one of the most stupid of Irish serving-maids, who seemed in great haste to crush some object in the corner of the room, "a black bug, mayby," she replied. "Oh, that is a cricket. It does no harm, but makes a friendly chirping on the hearth stone." "Och, and is it a cricket, it is? And when the night is shroud will it be *speaking?* Sure, I'll not be after killing it, at all."

The most faithful and warm-hearted of Irish laborers, (and the good among them are the best on earth) urged my young brother not to fail, by any means, to rise before the sun on Easter morning. "The Easter sun always dances when it rises," said he. Assuredly he saw no mockery in my countenance, but perhaps he saw incredulity; for he added, with a pleading earnestness, "And why should it not dance, by reason of rejoicement?" In his believing innocence, he had seen the sun dance, and he inquired for the reason; at least I felt so for the moment. Beautiful is the superstition that makes all nature hail the holy; that sees the cattle all kneel at the hour Christ was born, and the sun dance, "by reason of rejoicement," on the morning of his resurrection; that believes the dark Cross actually bent in the wind, and that the first flower placed there when Jesus rode into Jerusalem with Palm-branches strewed before him.

Not in vain is Ireland pouring itself all over the earth. Divine Providence has a mission for her children to fulfil; though a mission unrecognized by political economists. There is ever a moral balance preserved in the universe, in the dispensations of the pendulum. The Irish, with their glowing hearts and reverent credulity, are needed in this cold age of intellect and scepticism.

Africa furnishes another class, in whom the heart ever takes guidance of the head; and all over the world the way is being prepared for them among the nations. Hayti and the British West Indies; Algiers, settled by the French; British colonies, spreading over the west coast of Africa; and emancipation urged throughout the civilized world.

Women, too, on whose intellect ever rests the warm light of the affections, are obviously coming into a wider and wider field of action.

All these things prophesy of physical force yielding to moral sentiment; and they are agents to fulfil what they prophesy. God speed the hour.—[1] M. C.

EXPLANATION.

L. M. Child is not the author of the text which the last Madison County Abolitionist ascribes to her, and which has given occasion for the animadversions of the Liberty Party. It was written by the undersigned, in the name of the editor, and was intended, simply, as an expression of his belief, that the large majority of abolitionists still adhered to *moral power*, in contrast with *Political Party*, as the agent for effecting the overthrow of slavery. I think the point of the paragraph is obvious enough without explanation or defence.

JAMES S. GIBBONS.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, FOR 1842.

For the information of all who wish to know, we would state that this almanac is made an agent of the "Liberty Party." It mounts the Cedar of Lebanon, and summons loudly to the polls, for their candidates. It contains various statistics. The article from L. M. Child, were not written for it; but copied from the Standard, as they had undoubted right to do; though it would have been better to have acknowledged the source.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE MENDIANS.—These interesting strangers have lately been through Massachusetts, and meetings have been held for them in Boston, Lowell, Haverhill, Nashua, Andover, Springfield, Northampton, Hartford, &c. The deepest interest was felt at these meetings, the audiences were crowded, and contributions liberal. The sum is stated to be as yet insufficient to pay their outfit and passage to Sierra Leone and their own homes. Lord Aberdeen, Foreign Secretary for Great Britain, has waited upon by a deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and has promised that if a passage can be provided for the Mendians from New-York to Sierra Leone by his government, they should assuredly be under British protection as soon as they arrived there. Mr. Wm. Raymond and his wife will accompany them as religious teachers. The president of the Boston and Portland railroad gave a large number of free passages to the Mendians, for their express as far as Wilmington.

THE DRANKA.—Among other indications of the anti-slavery sentiment of the world, we observe that a piece called The Quadroon Slave, is about to be brought forward at Haymarket Theatre, Dublin.

FLORIDA.—The editor of the Philanthropist says a gentleman who was violently opposed to anti-slavery, lately subscribed for his paper, in consequence of reading Giddings's most excellent speech on the causes of the Florida war. The Philanthropist thus pithily announces the promised close of this murderous and long-protracted campaign: "THE NATIONAL NEGRO HUNT, it is said, is nearly up."

JAMES G. BINNEY.—The postoffice address of this gentleman is now Saginaw, Michigan.

ARNOLD BUFFUM.—It is proposed that this early, unwearied, and excellent friend of the slave, should remove to Indiana, and publish a paper in the capital of that State, open to discussion on all subjects of political interest, but especially devoted to anti-slavery.

ANTI-SLAVERY WAFERS.—The American Anti-Slavery Society have published a sheet of white, coarse, unsized, excellent mottoes, prepared with gum on the back, all ready for use in sealing letters. This is a new and excellent way of promulgating anti-slavery sentiments. Price 6 cents single sheet, 25 sheets for a dollar.

COLONIZATION.—The pro-slavery of Ohio, which has so lately manifested its love for colored citizens by the most brutal mob on record, is now exceedingly affectionate and palavering in its tone. It has such benevolent feelings towards the colored race, and is so concerned to think that they have no hope of good treatment among the Christians of America, that they are doing their best to convey them off to Liberia. More than the usual cajolery is made use of, yet we think it will be attended with very limited success. They complain of a very unpatriotic apathy, and evidently do not possess the confidence of the colored people.

At a large and respectable meeting of the colored people, held at the Seventh Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati, on the 1st of November, 1841, the following preamble and resolution was unanimously received and acted upon:

"Whereas, a report was extensively circulated since the 1st of July last, that the people of color in this city, and a part of the people desired or intended to emigrate to Liberia, as called in Africa, formed by the American Colonization Society: and we believe that said report, if left uncontradicted by us, may prove detrimental to the interests of our people, therefore

Resolved, That we deem it our indispensable duty to disabuse the minds of our white fellow-citizens in regard to said report, by stating, that we have no such intention or desire; nor do we know of a single individual among our people, in the city of Cincinnati, or county of Hamilton, who has the remotest idea of ever emigrating to Africa.

GEORGE CARY, *Chairman.*
Charles Satchell,
W. W. Watson,
William O'Harra,
John Lewis,
Stephen Burgess,
A. M. SUMMER, *Secretary.*
Assistants.

GREAT REJOICING AMONG THE ABOLITIONISTS.—A very curious event occurred at Townsend, Middlesex county, Massachusetts—one perhaps unparalleled in this country, and which has caused great rejoicing in the colored circles, and not a little amazement among the politicians. The three political parties—Whigs, Loco-Focos, and Abolitionists—were equally divided in that town, and neither party could elect a Representative to the Legislature without the aid of another party. The Whigs and Loco-Focos by turns courted the Abolitionists, and finally proposed to make with them upon a man who should represent either Whig and Abolition principles, or Abolitionism and Loco-Focoism. The Abolitionists refused to have any other than their own man. The others, getting vexed at their obstinacy, had an understanding between themselves, and resolved to give their Abolition friends a real Democratic nomination, on account of their nominated a very dark, but respectable old colored man, and as both Whigs and Loco-Focos voted for him, he was elected over the "regularly nominated" Abolition candidate by ten to one. The respectable old colored Representative agreed to take his seat as a member, if allowed—and he was accordingly admitted, on account of color. But it seems that an informality in keeping the polls open beyond the legal time has rendered his election null. Another meeting is to be called immediately, and if the Abolitionists still hold out, the old colored gentleman will be elected, sure as fate.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CENSUS OF MARYLAND.—Throughout the State there was in 1790 one free colored person to 60 slaves; at 1840 sixty free colored persons to one slave; and at present the free blacks has been increased in half a century from 1 to 20, 30 and 40, to one to every *two, three* and *four.*—This calculation is entirely distinct from the slave population.

CAN'T TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.—The colored people of Philadelphia have sixteen churches, twenty-one schools, eighty beneficial societies, six literary and debating societies, one hundred and twenty-five lyceums and two weekly newspapers.—*Colored American.*

MANAGEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.—We learn that the affairs of the White House at Washington are all conducted by a *colored man*, by the name of Wilkins, whom the President hires at a salary, with perquisites, of $1700 per annum, and who disburses all the expenses of the palace. He has his office, where he keeps his accounts, employs and discharges servants, whenever he pleases. His son, a gentleman, it is said, is employed at $1000 a year and introduces all strangers to the President. His daughter is also employed at $300 a year.—President Tyler has in all 18 colored persons hired—he has but two of his slaves with him, as servants. This is the first time that any of our Presidents have made a colored person the chief head of their household, as their various predecessors" have had white men. Surely we are getting up slowly.—*Colored American.*

A SAILOR'S HEART.—A sailor, seeing some domestic slave traders driving colored men, women and children on board a ship for New-Orleans market, shook his head, and said to one of his shipmates. "I say, Jack, if the Devil don't catch them fellers, *we might as well not have any Devil.*"

TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES.—The killing of a slave by cruel or inhuman treatment is murder in the first degree, and punished with penitentiary for life; but who has ever heard of the *infliction* of the penalty? Yet we have the best of assurance that murders of this kind are committed every year. PARKER PILLSBURY.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign News.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Fire in the Tower.—On the night of the 30th of Oct. the Tower of London was on fire in that part of it called the Royal Tower. The building, with nearly all its contents, was totally destroyed; upwards of 250,000 stand of arms, and a great quantity of valuable regalia, jewels, &c. Near midnight, the flames communicated to the roof of the Armory, and shot up with such frightful rapidity, that all attempt to save the building were soon given up, and the entire attention turned to saving as many of the arms and valuables as possible. At ten o'clock, the fire had spread so far as to threaten surrounding crash. The White Tower opposite, and the church of St. Peters, were saved with very great difficulty. The fire was at length arrested, when it was within fifty feet toward the Jewel Tower, the destruction of which seemed inevitable. By orders of the Governor, it was kept open to the public, and thousands of the crown jewels carried to his residence. Crowns and sceptres, glittering with diamonds and costly gems, might be seen glancing in the light of the fire, and the crown jewels in soldiers, police-men, and firemen. They were conveyed without loss or injury; and the Jewel Tower was saved. About five o'clock in the morning, the fire abated, and was finally extinguished. The value of property destroyed is estimated at one million pounds sterling. It is supposed it have been occasioned by the overheating of some flues adjoining the Armory office.

Fraud on the Exchequer.—An alarming fraud has been discovered, which is supposed to have been continued several years, and to amount to £250,000. Beaumont Smith, nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, senior clerk in the office, was arrested, and made a full confession of the fraud, for three or four years past, been gambling in the stocks, and, meeting with constant losses, he had forged Exchequer Bills, and deposited them with parties at the Stock Exchange, as security on loans. Considerable anxiety was felt to know what would be done in the case of innocent holders of spurious bills. Government have issued two notices: first, that all the bills bearing date in June and March, are believed to be genuine; and next, that holders may bring in their bills for examination, accompanied with lists of their date and amount, and, if found to be genuine, they will be stamped as such and returned. The forged bills are detained when presented; and it is supposed that the government will ultimately adopt all the bills, as having been issued from the Exchequer, and bearing the usual Exchequer stamp, which is acknowledged as genuine, although the signature of Lord Montague is forged. It has long been the practice for the Comptroller-General of the Exchequer to allow their assistants to sign the bills in their names; hence the ease and facility with which Mr. Smith carried on this enormous fraud for so long a time.

England and America.—The English press in general expresses great satisfaction at the acquittal of M'Leod, and the peaceful indication of things. The London Times, however, thus: "In the beginning has done the worst to promote a war, still retains its swaggering position, and appears about as dignified as a vicious boy trying to set two dogs a fighting. This journal still entertains a lingering hope that difficulty may yet be made concerning the right to try M'Leod. It says: "We care not a straw about his acquittal; it is enough, that in proud defiance of their own nominal government, they have actually brought him to trial. It is to be endured that our glorious empire shall quail to my masters of New-York?"

It is strange, on good authority, that if any serious difference should arise between Great Britain and the United States of America, relative to the trial of M'Leod, the northeast boundary, or any other question pending between both countries, our government has agreed to accept the mediation of France, which mediation has been offered in a manner, of great kindness and good will between the French and English cabinets.

The King of the French is very earnest in his endeavors to prevent war between the two countries. He has had two or three conversations with the American Minister on the subject, and no doubt is entertained of his success; for he feels that it is difficult to keep the keep down the Republican party, if a war were to break out.

It appears that Lord Aberdeen takes his stand that no court in this country had any right to try M'Leod, for one act done in the exercise of his duties; and that this point, together with the whole question, is to be submitted to Louis Philippe, for arbitration.

Right of Search.—The London papers publish a long correspondence between the Secretary and Lord Ferrermeriton, concerning the alleged violations of the American flag on the coast of Africa, under the pretense of suppressing the slave trade. Lord Palmerston promised that a rigid inquiry should be instituted, and the result communicated to Congress. The Richmond Enquirer intimates that this question may lead to a war with England.

Cuba.—The new ministry of England have announced their correspondence between the Spanish and Brit ministers, concerning the suppression of the slave trade at Havana. This will of course excite prodigious disappointment in the South. What action they will take upon it, is very uncertain.

O'Connell.—The agitator is chosen Lord Mayor of Dublin. He declares that, apart from his office, he will still be a repealer; but that in his character of chief magistrate, he shall be of no politics whatsoever.

Irish Distress.—This year, the peasantry will be exposed to the terrible calamity of a failure of the potato crop. It is also known that the wheat and oat crops are one-third better than last year, and that the price of corn is rising, on account of a distempter among the cattle.

Chinese War.—General dissatisfaction is felt in England with Commissioner Elliot, for allowing Canton to be ransomed, and the Chinese commissioners are attributed to a humane temperament, anxious to avoid the spilling of blood. Sir Henry Pottinger, who succeeded Elliot, recommends, that Canton be a second Lord Nelson; furious enough to send the "Brother of the Sun and Moon" to ride on the tail of a comet, beyond the limits of space. The following is an outline of the terms of the instructions he received:

"His Excellency is to demand fifteen millions of dollars, as an indemnification for the opium seized by Lin, the expense of the war, and the Hong debts. Immediate payment of one-third of the above sum, equal to the estimated value of the opium, is to be required, the remainder to be paid by instalments within five years, and a long interest at the rate of 5 per cent and 5 per cent per annum. Sir Henry has further been directed not to negotiate with any mandarin who does not hold plenary power from his sovereign. He is also to insist on a British envoy being allowed to reside at Pekin, and hold direct communication with the Emperor. All the principal ports are to be thrown open, and British ships of each of them ground, sufficient in extent for the erection of factories, to be ceded to the English. Hong-Kong is to be retained, and the British Government retained."

It is stated that the greater part of the $6,000,000 paid by the Chinese for the redemption of Canton, turns out to be bad silver.

FRANCE.

Carnivial.—This man, who attempted to shoot the sons of Louis Philippe, has been condemned to death, show a somewhat extensive plan for insurrection. The English papers accuse the king of being in league with Christina, the exiled Queen, to produce the recent troubles in Spain; but the French papers deny this. The press is well guarded in France. Two copies of every journal must be sent to the royal attorney, as soon as they are printed.

The displeasure of France at being placed, as respects commercial matters, upon an equality with all other nations by the United States, is fast having subsided.

SPAIN.

There has been an attempt at revolution. O'Donnell, Captain-General of the Basque Provinces, the descendant of an Irish soldier of fortune, first raised the standard of revolt in favor of the hereditary queen. She is said to be the most efficient individual in Europe, with the single exception of Louis Philippe. She is accused of having used her influence to promote the insurrection; but she utterly denies having any connection with it. The attempt failed, and about 600 of the insurgents, among whom is O'Donnell, have taken refuge in France.—Christina and Louis Philippe have been upon the best of terms ever since she sought his dominions as an asylum.

A French Army of Observation had been formed on the Spanish frontier.

MEXICO.

Santa Anna is again at the head of the government, which is completely organized. Bustamente, being completely overthrown, is said to have left the country, and thence to Europe. Santa Anna will probably have some more big *talk* about invading Texas.

TEXAS.

A deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society were lately assured by Lord Aberdeen that Great Britain had not acknowledged the independence of Texas, and that it would not be hastily done; and, said he, though a Consul was appointed by the late government, that appointment was irregular.

The Santa Fe expedition had reached at its place of destination, after a severe journey, and encountering hordes of hostile Indians, whom they had to fight through.

Advices from Galveston to the 31st ult. state that the Texan navy consisted of the sloop of war Austin, and the brigs Archer, Wharton and Zavala, were fitting out for an expedition against Mexico, to be carried on in concert with the government of Yucatan.

The loan of $24,000 in specie from the Yucatecos, had arrived at Galveston, and the greatest activity prevailed in our navy yards.

Houston was extremely popular with the majority that elected him, but there was a minority very especially fierce against him.

A civil war is raging between two parties called the Regulators and the Mustangers. The Regulators originally combined to rid the community of a large gang of inveterate gamblers, and rowdies. The Moderators are those who oppose them, including the said band of desperadoes. They indulge in mutual acts of outrage upon life and property; and their bands continually augment in number. We have heard of a battle between them, and the conquerors march off their prisoners in triumph.

General Items.

New State.—A new State is proposed to be formed out of the eastern portion of Tennessee, and of Kentucky west of Kentucky river.

Death of a Missionary.—Rev. Colby Mitchell, who left Boston last January for the Nestorian Mission in Persia, died on the passage from Smyrna to Village of Koonis. He was buried in a village of Jacobite Christians near by, called Tiflis. On days afterwards the company reached Mosul. The information was brought to Aleppo by a man who accompanied Messrs. Mitchell and Wadsworth from Beyrout. On his return, he was taken sick, and in the mean time robbed of all the letters which the missionaries had entrusted to him to convey to Beyrout, and which would have given the particulars respecting the journey and the decease of Mr. Mitchell. The man states that Mrs. Mitchell also was sick, and carried on a litter, and that she was not expected to survive three days after their arrival, it was thought she would recover.

A Slaver.—Lieut. Littlehales, commanding the British Brig Dolphin, on the coast of Africa, off Whydah, captured the Brazilian slave vessel Firme, of 179 tons, by boarding her from a cutter and gig, with the loss of two men killed. The Firme was direct from Bahia, and had just made the land. She was a new vessel, built at Baltimore, and had regular papers proving her to be Brazilian property.

America de Vespucci.—This Italian Countess, who made such talk among us, by asking of Congress, a grant of land, in honor of her descent from Americus, has arrived in the Caledonia, on another visit in this country.

George Bradburn.—We regret much to learn that this bible and upright friend of freedom is not elected to the Massachusetts Legislature this year.

Murder on the Highway.—William S. Moseley, Esq. the Prosecuting Attorney for the Helena (Arkansas) District, was murdered on the highway in St. Francis county, Arkansas, on the 23d ult. He was at the time on the road to church, alone. The assassin or assassins had crept in behind, from behind which they shot him, several buckshot passing through his head and shoulders.

One hundred and Ninety-eight Lives Saved.—A French whale ship in the Pacific, lately discovered from the mast head, a ship on fire, about eighty miles distant. She immediately made sail and saved from the flames 198 persons, of whom 40 were females. It was the ship Greenwich, for New-Bedford. Sailors had known themselves into the sea. The fire was caused by a barrel of brandy taking fire.

Improvement in Shingling.—It is well known that shingles decay most rapidly, owing to the preservation of water by the nail hole. A Mr. Bowman, of Brownsville, Pa., has successfully applied a cheap and easy remedy for this defect. It is simply to dip the point of each nail, as it is driven, into white lead ground in oil, just as taken from the keg—the lead adhering to the point is forced up to the nail process, effectually filling up the hole—and as the head of the nail is imbedded in the paint, the pentration of the rain, and consequent corrosion of the nail head, is effectually prevented.

It is stated that the progress of the workmen is very little retarded by the operation, and that a keg of 25 lbs. will answer for about 10,000 shingles. The same process will do for siding or weather boarding, and indeed for any purpose where the nail is exposed to the weather. In ship-building, it seems to us, the application of this simple plan will be particularly useful.—*Bedford Gazette.*

Randolph's Will.—The long contested will of John Randolph, involving the liberty of his slaves, has again been brought up for decision, in Chancery, at Richmond, and several other distinguished civilians are employed in it.

Distress.—The dreadful effects of the late gale on the shores of Cape Cod, are in general well known. The loss of property on the Town of Truro is without a parallel in its former history; and the loss of life is truly appalling. 47 townsmen have been swallowed up in the night time, at short distances upon the shores; leaving, almost in a single neighborhood, 21 widows, and 39 fatherless children—many of which are left in the direst of the most common necessaries of life; food, clothing, and fuel.

Prince de Joinville, after a very interesting tour through the West, is on his way to New England. His first inquiry at Cincinnati was for Mr. Morgan, Esq. who was many years since acquainted with his father, Louis Phillippe, and of whose death he was ignorant. The Frenchmen are now in the city of Boston, at Panell Hall; but we apprehend that dancing is an accomplishment in which Yankees will be little likely to astonish a Frenchman. Colonel Thorndyke, of U. S. Marine service, Boston, had proposed to be present at this Ball, but on reading of the distress at Truro, the generous-hearted man at once resolved to appropriate to their relief the money with which he would have purchased his ticket. It was wisely and nobly done.

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 adopt 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 the sums which may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the Standard 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 acknowledged	$853	00
854 Edward D. Linton, N. Rochester, Mass.	1	00
855 John Bishop, South Wrentham, "	1	00
856 Jesse Ames, " "	1	00
857 George G. Clark, Providence, R. I.	1	00
858 Joseph Jewett, " "	1	00
859 John Ward, " "	1	00
860 Mary R. Clark, " "	1	00
861 Charles Perry, Westerly, "	1	00
862 Elizabeth Perry, " "	1	00
863 Stephen Smith, " "	1	00
864 George J. Adams, Fiskville, "	1	00
865 Abel Thompson, Warwick, "	1	00
866 John Adams, Pawtucket, "	1	00
867 Robert Adams, " "	1	00
868 Jeremiah Cranston, " "	1	00
869 Edmund Thurber, Providence, "	1	00
870 Jane C. Thurber, " "	1	00
871 J. A. Barrows, " "	1	00
872 Thomas Brown, jr. " "	1	00
873 A. R. Jones, " "	1	00
874 Sophia Jones, " "	1	00
875 Phebe Jackson, " "	1	00
876 J. Robinson, " "	1	00
877 Henry A. Howland, " "	1	00
878 Samuel H. Wales, " "	1	00

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

*

Poetry.

From the Northern Light.

HOME.

BY ABRAHAM MESELEM.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
How slow the lingering moments roll!
Nature with every charm is rife,
And Autumn casts her solemn stole
O'er glen and mountain, wood and plain.
But home has charms of stronger spell,
And voices which I feel more dear
Than all those sounds and charms which tell
The closing of the "rolling year;"
To these my heart returns again."

Away from home, my love, my wife!
I hear no more our prattlers' mirth,
Buoyant with health, and joy, and life;
Nor mark at eve, around the hearth,
Those smiles and voices which we love.
At noon I pause to hear them rush
Tumultuous from the distant school,
With sparkling eye and rosy blush;
And when returns the evening cool,
Their prayer to Him who rules above!

Away from home, my love, my wife!
I hear no more our prattlers' mirth,
The morning dawns in splendor bright,
And busy Nature wakes to life;
But no sweet voices sounds delight
My sadden'd heart—no happy home
Invites me to repose in peace.
I linger on the distant hill
And muse—and ask, why do not cease
These yearnings strong? but deeper still
They come, where'er I rest or roam.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
In dreams the midnight watch is spent;
I saw thee bright and full of life,
Like some good angel kindly sent,
To calm Affection's troubled strife,
Sleeping beside my couch—and felt
Thy gentle hand upon my heart,
Thy breath upon my glowing cheek;
I thought we were not far apart,
I almost thought I heard thee speak,
While kneeling where so oft we's knelt.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
I meet no greetings like to thine—
No hand so warm, instinct with life;
No smile that answers back to mine.
The world is all too cold for me;
Friendship is a deceitful sound—
I would not leave my home nor thee,
For all those pleasures which abound
In mirth, in song, in revelry;
They'd keep my heart, O God, from thee.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

The American Lycurgus in learning, and liberty, and law.

'Tis not alone in lofty halls,
Where learning sits enshrined,
His eloquence sublimely falls,
And marks his mighty mind;
But in the temple of the free
His thunder tones have rung—
His father's love of liberty
Falls from his tuneful tongue.

Sublime in sentiment and soul,
To him all wreaths belong;
His polished periods richly roll
Along the chords of song:
He wakes to war the mournful wire
On Ireland's lovely plains;
He wakes to liberty his lyre,
And weeps o'er Erin's chains.

Whether in council or at court,
Or at the barp or ball—
Whether in seriousness or sport,
His graceful accents fall—
He is a grandeur still he is the same—
Time hath no meri hurl'd—
His trophies, treasured up by fame,
Are wonders of the world.

Time can no triumph o'er him owa,
Though scaws his brow may bind;
Reason still sits upon her throne,
The monarch of his mind;
The glory of his by-gone hours
Through ages yet shall last:
Fame gathers up his present flowers,
To bloom with all the past.

Ah! had he lived is that proud day,
Ere Greece bowed to the grave
O'glorious men, long passd away,
The brilliant and the brave,
The marble cenotaph sublime,
The column and the crown,
Would still transmit, to future time,
His record of renown.

Yet while thy love of liberty,
Of learning and of song,
Shall warm the proud hearts of the free,
Or shall to fame belong,
The memory of his magic mind
Shall wander o'er the wave,
And win from millions of mankind
A garland for his grave.

MILTON BARN.

WRONG NOT THE LABORING POOR.

BY REBECCA RITCH, OF PENNSYLVANIA, MADE THE

Wrong not the laboring poor by whom ye live!
Wrong not your humble fellows, because ye proud!
For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

O, be not like the vapors, splendor-rolled,
That, sprung from earth's green breast, usurp the sky,
Then spread contagious blasts, black and cold,
Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die!

No! imitate the bountious clouds, that rise,
Freighted with bliss, from river, vale, and plain;
The thankful clouds, that beautify the skies,
Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes! emulate the mountain and the flood,
That trade in blessings with the mighty deep!
Till soothed to peace, and satisfied with good,
Man's heart be happy as a child asleep.

THE GREAT AND GOOD.

"How seldom, friend, a great, good man inherits
Honor, or wealth, with all his worth and pains;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."
"For shame, dear friend, renounce this cavting strain.
What would'st thou that the great, good man obtain?
Place, title, salary—a gilded chain?
Or throne on corpses which his sword has slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three true friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Coleridge.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW;

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The first touch of the nearest Choctaw's fingers upon his rifle, had sent Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw back into the cabin, where he found his whilom rival that of the ball which he more than half expected to hear whistling after him.

As he drew near Natchez, on his return from his unprofitable expedition, he descried Hogstown and Smith, who had already met and joined their lamentations on the escape of Lucy. He hailed them, and communicated his disappointment in finding she had been the runaway, but in a situation that precluded the possibility of taking her; and a chorus of maledictions was uttered by the trio, upon the mischievous license granted to the savages, which permitted them to carry arms.

It was now clear, that the young preacher of whom they had been so anxious to make a convert, receive such timely warning from his sister, as would naturally prevent his assembling his black congregation on the following Sunday.

"You may say that," said Smith to Whitlaw, in answer to this observation: "he'll be too cunning to show his nose out on that night, at any rate."

"I dubiate a bit about that," observed Hogstown; "I don't say that it isn't likely neither; but I haven't forgotten my talk with the chap in the market-place here. He is as quiet as you will, and could sit still a spell, and hear, but say nothing; but he'd that in his eye that says "*try me*;" and if that slip hath night with the niggers, on the Sabbath night, with the niggers he'll pray."

"What, then he knows that we shall be down upon him with Lynch law, and Stick-law, and all the laws in the land?" responded Smith, incredulously.

"Why, you jest see," said Hogstown, "what a near heat it will be 'twixt his wit and our wit. We think he won't be there, 'cause he'll expect we'll nab him; and he'll think, maybe, that we won't be there, 'cause we know that he'll expect us. So 'tis jest the turn of a hair which way 's most likelest to be right."

"That's what 'tis to be Yankee," retorted Smith, laughing. "We southerners should take a long spell to think, before we cross or go fine at a hair. However, Hogstown, 'twouldn't do, my man, to rouse up Lynch-law for nothing. Your guess may be right, or your guess may be wrong; and if we was to rouse out the neighbors, and they to do the their duty upon the canter, and lead them out at dead of night into the forest, when they'd rather be amusing themselves at home, and find he had gone, and find nothing but you and I and the trees, 'twould never answer. They'd get no reward from none of the planters, that always behave handsome when work 's been done; and, maybe, we'd stand a fine d——a difficult to bring 'em together again; and if they're cold on the job, we're stumpt outright."

"Mr. Smith, you're a gentleman as deserves to be listened to, if you spoke from July to eternity. What you say is worth a dollar a word, and cheap too. But I expect, sir, you might take a middle course—neither altogether neglecting our duty, and giving the warrant a chance of herding together, the black beetles, without being corched, and yet not weakening our effective force, as the general would say, by bringing 'em out, when we are not that sure there'll be any work to do. I guess, gentlemen, that we could manage to, as to avoid both the one damage and the t'other."

"You're first rate, Hogstown, by G—d! And how is it to be done, eh?"

"Why it's not that difficult neither, I should say, Mr. Smith, begging your pardon if I differ. My judgment would be for one, two, three, or more of us as have got the business at heart, and would be ready to watch for a spell without hope of fee or reward, but for the alone love of the cause;—I say, some few such as that might be right to keep themselves, with a cigar in their mouth for comfort, jest at that spot, Mr. Smith, that we heard the black fellow name, not to his mass. Well and high enough hiding in such a place, and such an hour; and so we might see and hear all, and bear witness of something, if something there is; and if not, why we can wait for that, and no harm done."

"He's right, Smith," said Whitlaw; "that's the way to fix 'em. And there's another reason still, I can tell you, why it would be not to be wished to have 'em at the meeting with the Lynchers; and I'll tell you what it is in no time. Them Steinmarks *want* the niggers *will*, whose lives must be looked after, for lucre if not for love. So let us mark down our preacher, and then follow him, the day after, maybe, to the German's, where I expect they're all likely enough to be found flocking together like birds of a feather as they are; and then would be the time to let fly at 'em. My old Colonel would be a loser a little, I guess, with the Dutch fellow about his estate; and a capital bit it is, and we'll get a bargain after all, should upon it. But 'tis hard to me that if we don't look sharp, Mr. Smith, we shall lose our example, for they're all taking flight, you see, and will be off together in no time.—I haven't been able to see my Juno, for a minute at a time, these two days; but I shall charge him to have nothing to do with the house, and then our folks may be amusing themselves, yet, or what they will; and my father will take care that we shall know when they're to start."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Smith, "it is clear that we can't be in two places. Private and public feelings seem to unite to excite your zeal; and I can only say, that as I own three hundred and ten niggers myself, I should be no loser, you have no doubt of my willingness to help. Perhaps, Mr. Whitlaw, it might be as well to have a few handbills prepared, to stick about at Natchez-under-hill,—'tis as well that the mind of the people should be prepared."

"'Tis you, Hogstown, as must do that, I expect," observed Whitlaw; "we two will be busy for a minute at a time, these two days; but I shall charge him to have nothing to do with the house, and then our folks may be amusing themselves, yet, or what they will; and my father will take care that we shall know when they're to start."

"Jest so," said Hogstown, "and I'll see to the handbills, I guess, Mr. Smith, and get a bit of supper together in a private room; and then we can have a look at your handbills, Jonathan Jefferson, yet, or what finally what's to be done Sunday night. I expect I may be able myself to pick up something among our own gangs, that may be useful; and if I do, I can make it known to you, my father and you."

This proposal was agreed to, and the triumvirate separated.

Whitlaw's first care, as in duty bound, was to visit the Colonel; and as he had inquired for him before starting in pursuit of Lucy, and been told that he was in a pretty comfortable fix in his armchair, and that he was sorry he could not see him, he was a good deal startled when the black valet told him that, "massa was roaring mad at gripes," and that "Good Gracious! he knowed what to do wid him, for the doctor was stumped."

Whitlaw hastened to his room, where he found him in bed with a very red face and considerable tension. Inflammation had taken place, and a mortification was expected to follow; but no one had yet been there, of consequence, to tell him the extent of his danger. No sooner was Whitlaw informed of it, however, than his active and intelligent spirit suggested to him, what was proper to be done. His first care was to assure the Colonel that he was desired snugly in one of the sitting-rooms, with plumcake, iced water, and whisky, wherewith to amuse himself. He then sent messengers to some of his white overseers, who, if wanted, could write their names; and having placed them in another room, with a bottle of rum and a couple of glasses, he returned to the Colonel's bedside.

The physician was with him, and after the examination of a few minutes, attended Whitlaw into another room.

"It's all over with the Colonel, I expect, doctor?" said Whitlaw, with very proper solemnity.

"I calculate he can't last long, sir," was the reply; "for at my age he'll never see the morning light again, Mr. Whitlaw. These complaints, sir, go space in this country that mostly beats time, set in so short a run with 'em."

"But I guess, doctor, that he wont keep on this fashion to the last? He'll come to, a little, wont he, and be more reasonable before he dies, sir?"

"I calculate that it's possible he may, Mr. Whitlaw; and so, sir, if there is any business to be done, which is your meaning, I expect, I advise you watching without much reluctancy of attention. Where you catch him quiet for a spell, get him to swallow a mouthful of rum, and repeat the doses as you see he wants it, till such time as he can be left a prince without inconvenience. Good day, Mr. Whitlaw, sir,—I'll look in again as I ride back;—my cab is waiting for me, I expect, and I've got to ride as far as Mount Sterling."

Whitlaw looked at the patient, and saw that as yet he was anything but quiet; he therefore ventured to retire for a few moments to refresh himself, and then returned to the sick chamber, accompanied by one negro, carrying rum and a small glass, and another with all implements necessary for writing. This proceeding, he confided to the clerk seated below, where he could watch the sick man without being seen by him; for the appeals of the poor sufferer to every one within reach for the succor which no one could give him was unendurable to him; even the philosophy of my hero could not render him entirely insensible.

The very anxious attendance, continued for about two hours, without any visible change in the condition of the Colonel; but at the end of that time his complaining began to cease, and he gradually sank into silence, and seemed to turn into somnolency.

Whitlaw drew near and contrived to make him swallow the prescribed cordial. The dying man looked at him with an expression of anxiety in his eyes and countenance, which Whitlaw felt that it was evident he knew him, but equally evident that he had not strength to articulate. The confidential boy was ordered to administer one more glass of rum, and then quietness succeeded to the sick, and the attendant again submitted to the dose, and with excellent effect, for in a minute or two he half raised himself in the bed and said, quite distinctly—

"Where the devil have you been, Whitlaw?"

"Engaged in your service, my dear sir," replied the young man, arranging the bedclothes and the pillow with an air of affectionate assiduity; "engaged in a way that will, I trust, spare you all further trouble on the score of insurrection, or anything else, sir, I hope."

"That's well, Whitlaw.—And I wanted to tell you about my purchase. I've got it all, and paid down ready-money, too; but it's a capital purchase, and I shall be quite comfortable and independent."

The last words being pronounced with considerable languor, and even difficulty, a third glass of rum was administered to prevent his being excited by the Colonel, and its effect immediately made manifest by so active an attempt at renewing the conversation, that Whitlaw thought it prudent to check so idle a waste of very precious breath, saying—"My dear Colonel, I'm not altogether easy about your health, and you must not exert yourself. I hope that will all go right; only your strength must be kept up by cordials, the doctor says, and you kept quiet, except as to any matters of business that you may have to do for me."

"Business, Whitlaw? How the devil can I be doing business? Not but I feel elegant easy, too; and have been thinking of it, should I be a sick proper, if I were to stir. What business do you think I could do? I couldn't keep my eyes open for two minutes together, if a nigger flogged, if he'd been caught at insurrection before me."

"No, no, my dear sir,—no such sort of business as that; that your faithful friends can do for you; Why do you think, Phebe, I'd leave you, without wishing to settle his affairs, I expect."

"Settle I——What?—make my will, d'ye mean? Why the devil should I make my will? I'm not going to die, Whitlaw, am I?"

"Heaven forbid, my dearest Colonel, that, at such a moment as this, the country should lose you! No, my dear sir, but a man should be prepared, so much wanted!——But Dr. Thomas says, that though the appearances are very particularly favorable at present, there is just enough possibility of a relapse,—though no probability of it,—but just, as he says, enough possibility to make it advisable, if in case of the worst, that you should dispose of your affairs; and would have it go—to make it advisable for you to leave it your own way instead."

The sick man groaned heavily, and answered not a word.

The rum-bottle, ever close at hand, was again seized, and again was the dram administered to the groaning Colonel.

"Am I dying, Whitlaw?" said he, solemnly, and as if rousing all his strength to hear the answer.

"My dear Colonel, no!" replied the anxious sympathant; "but the doctor says he knows you've no reason to love your nephew overmuch—and so he thought that it might help to make you quiet and easy, if you could be certain that he'd never get what he never helped to make."

"My nephew?——Where is my nephew?" said the dying man, with renewed incoherence.

"Thank God, sir, he is not near you, nor likely to be. What was it he said you was like, sir, the last time you had him here? Isn't you remember his overhearing him joking with one of the nigger gals, about you?"

"Don't I?" cried the Colonel, starting up in bed, in a rage more smiting to rouse the nigger gals, "I expect I do, Whitlaw. You heard him say to that wench that he knew I'd a fancy for, that I was jest a bewitched with the way she tyed her wa ya ya rigs,—wasn't that it? Curse me, if ever I forget it!"

"Yes, those were the words, my dear Colonel; and yet that's the man that will have every cent of your property—estates, slaves, money, and all; if any unexpected accident should happen to you before you've made a will."

"I'll be d——d if he shall!" exclaimed the stamering Colonel. "Send for a lawyer, d'ye hear, Whitlaw. Never mind about giving me more rum yet;—I expect I'm better without it. Send for your work you'll be doing, I guess, if you bring me a lawyer."

The lawyer was instantly summoned to the room, and the two overseers ordered to be in waiting on the outside of it. By the time this was done, the Colonel appeared sleepy, and so greatly inclined to give place to his ease, that Whitlaw feared he was so nearly within his grasp, should even yet escape him. It was with difficulty that the inspiring cordial was given to the sinking man; but yet the help of something approaching to gentle violence, this was effected, and sufficient life resulted from it to enable him to pronounce the words, "I give all my property, real and personal, leasehold, and personal, to Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, for his sole use and benefit." Hardly were the words uttered, than the Colonel sank back into a state of insensibility, as if brought in. The lawyer, who saw that he never should be paid for the will if he delayed to complete it, wrote out a memorandum of the will in all technical correctness, and with a flying pen. Whitlaw raised his patron in his arms; the document was laid before him, the pen put into his clammy fingers, another spoonful of rum was forced into his mouth, and the name of George Washington Dart scrawled in nearly illegible characters upon the paper. In the presence of the two overseers, witnesses, and he, nearly, his hero stood, the richest man in Louisiana, before the ghastly corpse of his benefactor.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was certainly a proof either of a very strong mind, or of a very strong attachment, that this vast change in the condition of Whitlaw did not make him forget the object he had in view for Sunday night. Neither did he, in the hurry of his decisive step, forget the means by which he hoped to ensure his success. Before this important event happened, he had dressed Phebe and sent her to Juno, and his purpose remained unaltered, though, instead of a pitiful clerk with a salary of five hundred dollars a year, he would now stand before her, no longer a poor and dependent lover, but as the legal master and owner also of five hundred of her fellows, and of all the load of wealth which they had yet to bring to market, and there in augmentation.

Such views as this flies fast; and when the new great man entered at daybreak the lovely of the old woman, she already saw her Phebe in a splendid carriage, with twenty footmen behind her, and thought that it might have been supposed that this intelligence would have been rather painful than pleasant to her, for the mere reason of either it was not so; and it was with joy as sincere as that which swelled his own bosom, that she congratulated the young man on his good fortune.

"I thought it would please you, Juno," said he, with infinite condescension; "because you know it was your own prophecy, I dare say, you remember, I mean, when I first set out for New-Orleans, that you put it all in rhymes about my flying high?"

"I remember every word of it, master," replied Juno; "and I hope that it may prove true so soon, or maybe I should not live to see it."

"Oh! you'll see more yet, old woman—here's money for the good luck your words brought with them!" and he drew out the new bank-bill, and gave it to her. "I know you'll shall get into the senate—that is, after I've done sat my time in congress."

"I know it, mother!—we all know it; and what then? you have nothing more to do, but to look for one for mother; but you do no good to make me up to talk to it."

"Tut, if you are a man, you will not let this vision live! Now is the time to take him—now is the appointed hour; now, when his riches and his glories hang thick upon him—now take him up, cast and branch, and bear him to the wolves and foxes, that are his kindred."

"O Lor! O Lor! Juno,—what monstrous wickedness is that you say! Is we not Christians, Juno? and what would your mass Edward say if we did such a deed as that?"

"It is to save our mass Edward's life, that you must do it. The wretch has pledged himself within four to shed the blood of their master by his own hand!—Shed the blood of your master, Juno, only friend—and will you let him live?"

"Shed the blood of mass Edward, Juno? No, no, he has no power to do that, for God will come to help him."

"Impious and profane!" cried Juno, once more inspired by the strength of passion—"you shrink from the task yourself, and call on God to do it—I tell you that it must be done by my means,—he has given me power to tell you of the reason this wretch meditates against the spotless saint who has taught you to believe in a God of love; you will see him butchered in cold blood before your eyes, rather than raise your coward arm to help him!"

"No, Juno,—we will do no one wrong; and if you will only bring our mass Edward to bid us do this thing, why then we'll do it, Juno."

Baffled and disappointed in the one hope she had hoped for, Juno in bitter anger left the hut of the negro Christian, and sought to use her influence upon another. Her success was no better. Poor Edward, could he have that night foreseen how well these simple people had "learned Christ," would have felt repaid for all his sufferings.

The whole night passed away in these fruitless efforts to neutralize the effect of a faith so welcome and so healing to the hearts of those who suffer; and the weary, miserable boy, returned home to his father just as the overseers were driving their gangs to the fields.

"It must be poison then,—poison by my own hand!" said the wretched Edward. "I see will be comfort in that, but it may not be easy,—first, I must get the drug from Natchez.—It shall be henbane, secured henbane,—it is thus they poison dogs—a fitting death for him!"

But her mind was not clear; and though her purpose and her will were desperate, she felt that the task was beyond her strength, and that which hitherto insured her success in nearly everything she undertook.

We must leave her meditating on her fixed purpose, and turning in her wild and wandering brain, the means by which she might hope to effect it, while we return to Jonathan, who, after the first day after packing proceeded, and whether they were likely to depart for New-Orleans at the appointed time.

When Phebe returned, and instead of Lucy, delivered to the family the message she had sent, a very considerable degree of gloom seemed to fall upon the spirits of the young party. Frederic himself was decidedly not the least disturbed by it. He made Phebe repeat more than once her very graphic description of Edward, lest she should have any watchful eye seeing and reporting the secret interviews; and when she had finally left him, with Lucy seated by his side, at their cottage door, looking fondly and as quiet as if she had never left her home."

"Dear, excellent creature!" cried Steinmark, with enthusiasm. "I wish I could see her; I am a man she might love to lead round the world with him,—a second Mary. Poor thing! she did seem so very happy here! To-day I think we must leave them altogether; we have tried long enough, I think, and, as I believe, often happens, the woman has shown more passive courage than the man. To-morrow, I will go alone to Natchez, I cannot wear out my ancholy Lazques into our circle. So now again to business, children. Who has remembered the dried fruits? I must have some of them, for my friends either, heavy and cumbrous though they be."

Karl was decidedly fidgety through the whole day, and more than once asked his father if he did not think it was time for the Lazques to arrive. Lazques would refuse to accompany them after all."

Now this was exactly what Frederic did think; he had observed the strong sympathy and romantic independence of feeling in Edward, such almost morbid dread of incurring obligation, and such an abandonment of all hope of repaying his pleasure, that he feared lest, if he should persuade to Europe, because he had not the means of paying his own and his sister's expenses, perpetually repented to the last, that he had done so, and was so painful to him was the very strong suspicion he entertained that his situation, and that of poor Lucy, too, were well known to the family, and had been heard upon him, and judging from what had happened elsewhere, it was highly probable that injury would follow.

With these feelings he set off upon his benevolent expedition the following day, determined not to let any idle ceremony or want of open speaking on the part of the Lazques, be the object he had in view. Karl was very desirous of accompanying him; but the gentle philosopher remained firm in his refusal, being determined, if possible, to avoid any remonstrance with the too sensitive Edward, which the presence of another might render unnecessarily painful.

From a Correspondent of the New-York American.

MONTGOMERY AND ELLIOTT.

At Sheffield, our mutual friend S. introduced me to James Montgomery, the author of "The Ocean," which sentinel the town, and start up from its dense sea of waving smoke, like island knolls lifting their heads above the ocean, and which I prize above his excellent man resides. Our cards, sent in by a servant, brought him to the door, where he gave us a cordial and hearty welcome as made me feel quite at home ere I was seated on his sofa beside him.—Though nearly seventy anxious years rest on his shoulders, his form is still erect, and his manners yet have the unaffected ease and the sprightliness of youth with the dignity of age. His emphatic style of conversation—the angles of whose abrupt and pointed sentences are all rounded off—and the fire of his grey eye—reminded me of John Quincy Adams. No doubt the contour of the head, and the tones of the voice, helped to paint to Memory's eye the sage of Quincy, while the author of the Ocean, the author of Greenland before the Flood—for they are very like. In his youth, twice did the cold walls of a prison, which the Revolutionary Lilburne of Sheffield, the Press which Britain now so amply enjoys, was like Faith—but "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," When alluding to his disgraceful banishment to York Castle, his free Scotch blood grew warm, and he finished a racy sketch of the present licentiousness of the press, as compared to the days of his early trials, with remarks.—An Editor may steal a horse with more impunity now, than he could look over a hedge then."

The scene has passed away, and the last champion of Freedom enjoys a serene old age. He has outlived the enmity of his persecutors, and now occupies a place in their affections. The government which trampled on his liberty, and tortured and strews its munificence in his declining path.—The pension that supports his aged steps, was worthier than a knight's "Accolade."

Though his thin snowy locks give Montgomery a venerable appearance, his poetic eye is not dimmed, and his mind is as vigorous as ever. The circumscribed literary labors only that he may devote more time to works of charity and benevolence.

Leaving the house of Montgomery (how swiftly the two hours glided away!) I was introduced to his neighbor, Ebenezer Elliott, the author of the "Corn Law Hymns." The transition could scarcely have been greater. Instead of the venerable, the first educated, refined gentleman, of polished manners, and exquisitely neat personal appearance, and now bowed with infirmities, I saw a stout, robust, rough man, whose blunt address and slovenly dress made one almost shrink from the proffered grasp of a hand of Herculean power and some of the best "Rhymes" in the English language. Elliott is a self-made man, "a walk in," of the burly poet, who stood on the threshold in his stocking feet, holding a pair of coarse boots in his hand, and exhaling with democratic blood, and assured me I was welcome. The first glance at Mr. Elliott's head reminded one of the appearance of Washington's when we saw him at Washington some fifteen years ago. The same hold, frank, unrelaxing expression which marks the face of the hero of the Hermitage, animates the countenance of the author of the Rhymes. I was instructed, amused, vexed, and inspired during our interview. There is a struggling mixture of humanity, depravity, and genius, in his composition, which makes him a rare man. His views are sometimes deep and shallow; his conceptions large and small; his feelings tender and tame. I found a great heart in his bosom, beating strongly with generous impulses towards crushed manhood. He is an enthusiastic admirer of General Jackson, and a sworn foe of Biddle and the Bank. In England he is called Jackson. In America he would glory in the name of Loco-foco. He improved the occasion of our pretty long discussion upon tariffs, banks, and corn-laws, to thoroughly air his Corn Law Hymnings—thus proving that Dr. Franklin was not the only man who knew that time is money. A hundred Carlyles, Alexander H. Rhetoricians, could, in an aristocracy tremble on their base—ay, to their fall.

From Actualities, on Times and Things.

RIGHT USE OF WEALTH

All wealth, natural, spiritual, and intellectual, is in *itself* good. But the love of money, or the trust in our own righteousness, or pride of our learning and literary attainments, is what constitutes the evil of riches. For a man to love gold simply because it is gold, without using it for the purpose for which it was given by an all-wise Creator, is to become the slave of that is calculated to debase him for time and eternity.

He who marks out a line of distinction between himself and his fellow creatures, and who imagines himself and his sect favorites of heaven, to the exclusion of others of a different creed, suffers the perfections of a beneficent Deity, by rendering Him the Benefactor such as suits his fancy. Reliance on his spiritual wealth will never bring him into the kingdom of God.

A Man of Jesus who possesses the most splendid intellectual powers, who boasts of the multitude of his scientific and literary attainments, yet, fails to acknowledge that all these are the gift of God, and in trust for his own and his fellow-creatures' good, is but little better than the beasts that perish, satisfied with intellectual light, as the miser is with gold, and yet as unwilling to use it for any purpose, for not one native work of charity do he engage in. None of these "can by any means redeem his brother."

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