National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

ASIATIRIAN DESPOTISM IN AMERICA.

From The Independent.

We are so accustomed to speak of ourselves as the only despotism on the face of the earth, that it may be high time to turn our eyes opened to a class of facts which are constantly and increasingly transpiring in our country. We therefore beg leave to call the attention of our readers to a most extraordinary narrative, in the shape of a letter addressed by Miss Delia Webster to the Rev. Dr. Cheever.

WORCESTER, Friday, Oct. 19, 1855.

DR. CHEEVER—Sir: Perhaps you may like to know, I send you the following summary of facts:

In 1842, by the advice of physicians, I first went to Kentucky for the improvement of my health, in company with a clergyman and his wife from Oberlin, and visited different parts of the State, and at last went to Lexington. Being short of funds, I opened a select class in that city to defray current expenses, and not my purpose to remain there many weeks, but, as I was repeatedly and urgently solicited by clergymen and prominent men, I was led to stay to establish a permanent school for young ladies. I at length founded the Lexington Seminary, which soon became one of the most interesting and flourishing institutions in the State—bringing me an income of $800 per year.

In being so adapted to my constitution, my health had very greatly improved; and in 1844 my school proved from 80 to 100 pupils, and I had the entire confidence of the people, notwithstanding it had been opposed from the beginning that I was thoroughly anti-slavery.

Suspicions were entertained against me until after the arrest of Mr. Fairbanks, in September, 1844, when an anonymous letter was found upon his person addressed, "Miss Delia Webster, Lexington," and commencing "Dear Brother," and signed "Frater."

This letter an allusion was made to to Miss W. This the initials of my name was entirely without my part or knowledge, nor did I know anything of the writer or any such letter. Yet it resulted in my immediate expulsion at the midnight hour, without any form or process of law, and I was committed to close jail. Some afterward I was secretly charged with being accomplice in the escape of Mr. Fairbanks' family.

In December following this indictment was brought in, and a new set of indictments was got up—a separate one for each member of the family—and the fourth for the man who escaped some time previous. In these I was charged as principal instead of accomplice. I tried on one indictment, for the escape of the Lewis.

Such were the excitement and prejudice which prevailed against me, that a whole day was consumed in empaneling a jury. The trial continued five days, during which time the Jury were at large, mingling and dining *ad libitum* with the excited populace.

On the fourth day of the trial the letter above referred to, which by law was introduced against me. The court had repeatedly ruled it out as illegal testimony; but at last, the Commonwealth openly declaring they would make out no case without it, the Court admitted it. The letter was read to the jury, and I rested my defense on the said letter with them. But failing to agree, they were discharged, and they compromised, the foreman drew up a strong petition to the Governor, praying for my immediate release, which petition was signed by every member of the Jury, and presented to me by the foreman as they returned with the verdict. But before it was presented to the Governor he received a long remonstrance signed by 120 of the most respectable citizens.

Several gentlemen then came forward and made strong appeals in my behalf, upon which I asked a new trial, as the life of the Court being threatened if he granted the motion was overruled, and I was sentenced to close confinement in the Penitentiary, for my release, and from in that Penitentiary, I was rescued by the sheriff, who handed me a warrant, which read to this effect:

"Whereas, John W. Coleman states under oath that he suspects Delia A. Webster has made an attempt to entice away Daniel McCarty Payne's slave Tom, and divers other slaves from Trimble County, therefore I command that Delia A. Webster be forthwith apprehended and brought before me to be dealt with according to law.

(Signed) "ROBERT GRAY."

The Sheriff said this move was only to appease the excitement of the mob, for individuals, and after an examination before the Judge I would be discharged and return home.

I told him plainly that I understood the whole plot, that the case was decided already, and that I should go to jail, and I wished him to take with me some articles of wearing apparel. He assured me it was wholly unnecessary, as I would be back in a few hours; and thus they tore me away from home, not allowing me even a change of raiment. Nor was I permitted to send for my brother, or to communicate with friends. Counsel was allowed a trial by Jury. A score of witnesses and three attorneys were introduced against me, and I had a mock trial. Not the first particle of testimony was found to sustain the charge, and yet this County Judge placed me under $10,000 bonds to leave the State and never return, or go to the County Jail and there lie some four months, and unless I could then prove a negative (a difficult thing for mortal man to prove in such a case, however innocent), I must remain there during life, as the Judge told me. Being criminal or indictable, I could not be sent to the Penitentiary even though it were sustained.

The prison was a log hut of rude construction, foul and filthy, having been used as a pen for the confinement of negroes during the night, during a sufficient gang to be transported down the river. The weather was cold, and the only means of having a fire was a rusty iron stove without a pipe. When persons in the vicinity remonstrated at the cruelty of keeping me without a fire, I was for ever indebted to the stove, which filled the cabin with smoke, and when this reached to the point of suffocation they dashed water upon it, and then it was confidently said that I had enjoyed a fire in my prison. Observing me standing up by the hole which served as a window endeavoring to write, the jailer nailed a board across, which completely excluded the light. In vain I petitioned them to send for a change of clothing, and reduced as I was by sickness I was obliged to lie on the floor with only such scanty covering for the greater part of my time.

A Kentucky lady in the neighborhood, the wife of a large slaveholder, hearing of the indignities and hardships to which I was subjected, took my brother's horses in a servant, in the midst of a driving storm, bringing with her in a basket a supply of clothing and other necessaries suited to my suffering state. The jailer, however, degrefully refused to open the door to allow her to have an interview with me. I did and his wife even refused to convey to me the comforts which were brought, saying that "my spirit had got to be subdued by hardships till I would be willing to give up and leave the State." Finding all importunities useless, she commanded her servant to take off the board from the window, and then resolutely stood by while he passed to me the contents of the basket, and when the jailer undertook to interfere, she told him "he would be made to feel her husband's influence." Thus was I treated by a lady of no "social standing" in the community, and the same respect even as though I had never been an inmate of their jail.

I purchased a valuable farm, consisting of six hundred acres of superior upland on the fertile banks of the Ohio (Sale), directly opposite and adjoining the city of Madison. Here in my rural home I spent the Winter of 1854, at which time preparations were renewed with tenfold vigour.

Mr. Webster meeting was appointed to be held at the Court House on the 4th of January, at which place, called by a large crowd, and flaming and excited speeches were made and plans concocted to drive me from the State. A set of resolutions were drawn up and discussed, and adopted, the purport of which was as follows:

1. Resolved, that Miss Delia A. Webster has been the cause of numerous slaves from Trimble County, there to be liberated, and by her aid and determination of the city of Madison, and that Miss Delia A. Webster leave the State.

2. Resolved, that a committee of fifty men, comprising the most honorable and wealthy citizens of the County, shall be appointed to the catalogue, were appointed to see that Miss Webster leaving was to enforce the resolutions. This committee was formed without my knowledge, consent, or any shade or colour of provocation. And on the 4th of February, while quietly seated at my cheerful home, enjoying the peaceful retirement of my own little family, I was suddenly surprised by the arrival of a large force who had come to carry their plans into execution. It was a dark and dismal day, and the rain pouring down in torrents. Thoroughly drenched, and shivering with the cold, they were invited in to warm. The weather was severe and I grieved for their fires recruited. They sat about three-fourths of an hour before they broached the object of their visit, and at length the president introduced the secretary, who relentlessly drew forth a paper, and with a trembling voice read the weighty resolves.

When he had concluded, I raised two objections to the resolutions. First, their illegality; and secondly, they savored too strongly of cowardice and mobocracy.

I told them that I had chosen Kentucky for my home, and I told them that I expected to live and die there, *notwithstanding* their resolutions. They then required that I send in a written reply to the resolutions to be read at the next County Court, but utterly and positively refused me a copy of the resolutions to which they required an answer. I, however, replied the best I could from memory, assuring them in very decided terms that I should exercise my right as a "*free white citizen of the United States over the age of twenty-one years,*" to live where I chose; that I was not intimidated by their threats, and should not be driven out *defenceless* and *alone*; and when they should see fit to carry their threats into execution, they would not require so large an army to storm so weak a fortress as I waited upon me with their resolutions, though they might require a larger one to hold it, &c.

This reply I sent to the Court, as requested. Soon after, another committee, including the Judge himself, was appointed to wait upon me, and add another clause to the resolutions. Business, and business, not a man of the former committee would serve on this.

Next day, being the 7th of March, while engaged in my domestic pursuits, I was agreeably surprised by the arrival of the committee, who had come to deliver the riotous message in substance as follows: "Under the consent forthwith to *sell us your plantation*, and speedily leave the State, no more to return, you will be mobbed at a dead hour of the night, and the threats of the *mass* executed."

These threats they did not deem it necessary to enumerate, knowing I had previously been informed of their character, namely:

"Your fences will be torn down, your fine orchard ruined, your valuable timber destroyed, your cattle and horses slain before your eyes, your barns and out-houses burned, your dwelling-houses blown up, and yourself assassinated at the midnight hour."

I told this venerable Committee to tell their constituents they could carry their nefarious threats into execution as soon as they saw fit; that they would find me at home, and though but a lone woman I should stand my ground. That I had invested my "little all" in that piece of land, and had paid my taxes, and was a law-abiding citizen, and would sacrifice both liberty and life before I would be driven from the field; that I loved Liberty, that my motto was "Freedom or Death," and, if necessary, I would shed the last drop of my blood in defence of my constitutional rights.

I told them further that I supposed that they were perfectly aware of my position before they came, as that was the substance of the reply I sent to their former resolutions.

They declared they had not heard a word of any reply, and until now were not aware I had replied. That it had all been concealed from them, and the general feeling was that I had treated their resolutions with silent contempt. Thus saying, they apologized, assured me of their respect and kind feeling, and tendering their good wishes, they bade me adieu; and I was once more left in quiet.

On the morning of the 13th (same month) my premises were invaded by a gang of ruffians armed with pistols, clubs, &c., and the whole day spent in industrious search, but not finding me they were constrained to believe the statements of my domestics, that having been ill for several days I had taken a trip to Cincinnati for my health, and to get some deeds acknowledged, and as soon as that business was completed would return.

On the 14th I returned, but was still very feeble. I had not been long in my dwelling when a band of men headed by the High Sheriff, environed my house and demanded of my domestics that their mistress make her appearance instanter. I was in my dressing-room attending to the duties of the toilet, and sent them word to be seated in the parlor and I would be with them in a few moments. Desperate, and unwilling to wait an instant, they got an axe, with which they were about breaking down the door, when one of them succeeded in tearing off the lock, and the Sheriff was announced. I immediately met by his ruthless gang, when I approached and requested them to return to the parlour and await my convenience. They apologized and withdrew to the parlour. In a few moments I went down and was formally introduced to the Sheriff, who handed me a warrant, which read to this effect:

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generous scorn, described the conduct of a northern visitor, who had tried to please them by defending and praising what he saw. Such sycophants are not traitors to freedom, but mistake, very frequently, the real feelings of those whom they attempt to flatter. There was a third class, a small but earnest one, who felt that they could not tolerate the system, but they felt that the South was tyrannized over by an oligarchy, who were bringing ruin upon it, and crushing their poor white fellow-citizens. The white labourer and artisan were degraded in the South. There were few persons more despicable than the earth-eaters, as they were called. These reformers, who were determined to achieve freedom for their States, strove for all approximations to it. A great point would be gained if the slave trade were forbidden, and no slave was to be sold on a table, if education were permitted, and the sanctity of marriage respected, and other of the revolting evils of slavery prevented. It needed no small courage for men to advocate freedom in slave States. Of the right instance the courageous Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, who spoke boldly, knowing, however, that he might at any time meet with a violent death in consequence. Of M. Clay he related a characteristic anecdote. Mr. C. M. Clay was visiting a friend in Philadelphia, and was conversing in so quiet and gentle a manner that no one would give him credit for much stern heroism. His friend said, "Now, suppose that you were in a crowd of slaveholders, and they gave you the lie, and threatened your life, what should you do?" He replied, "With my servant by my side, and bowie-knives in our hands, we would cut our way through them like wild-cats!" He said it in tone and gesture showed how resolute was his purpose; he was just the man to resist to the death in maintenance of his principles. When we involve the South in one general censure, we must not forget that such men are living there.

He would now speak of the North. In the early days of the Republic it was generally expected that slavery would, ere long, meet with a natural death under free institutions. From various causes, however, the spirit of freedom had declined, and the strength of the North had been sapped by compromises. The man to whom, of all others, the awakening of an uncompromising resistance to oppression was due is William Lloyd Garrison. He could speak the more freely of his honour because he did not accord in his philosophy of antagonism, and regretted some extremes to which his puritanical nurture had perhaps led him. To Mr. Garrison must be assigned the first place as the leader of those who demanded entire and immediate emancipation for the slave, and who refused to tamper or have any dealings with wrong. He had mentioned the extreme party of defenders of slavery in the South, they were met by these champions of liberty in the North, but there was a middle class, of those who thought slavery very dreadful and sinful, but who wished to persuade themselves that there was nothing which they could do to check or overthrow it. Then, again, there was a third class, the Political Abolitionists, which comprised many sub-divisions, to which he could scarcely even advert. They had now learnt that slavery was not a declining evil, but that it had been allowed to assume an influence which was destroying the free character of the Republic. The slaveholders had been more earnest and successful in the propagation of slavery than the North had been of liberty. If not resisted, it might be found that States now nominally free would admit slavery into their borders. They had not a strong against those constitutional powers which their untiring and united opponents had hitherto employed to maintain and extend it. One of those who had just given their adhesion to the new Republican party was Governor Seward, a man well qualified to be a leader, and whose name had been tested in the following incident: A poor negro had been imprisoned, on the charge of horse stealing, in the prison of Auburn, New York. The wrongs that had been inflicted on him so prepared upon his mind that his reason was affected, and, soon after his release, he perpetrated some dreadful murders. No motive could be assigned for them, as his victims had befriended him, and his barbarities excited the utmost horror. When he was brought to trial, the judge asked the prisoner if there was any counsel to defend him. When the bewildered man made no answer, Mr. Seward, then a rising lawyer, undertook the office. His defence of an object of popular odium had previously done him great injury, and his heroism on this occasion cost him dearly, through the violent rage of those who were crying out for the negro's death. He brought forward such cogent proofs of the murderer's insanity that the jury were convinced; and, when, after the negro's discharge, which shortly happened, his brain was examined, the obvious cause of his crime was Mr. Seward's sound judgment as manifest as his heroism had been. Connected with the Political Abolitionists were the eminent philanthropist Gerrit Smith, and Frederick Douglass, whose own experience of slavery gave increased power to his eloquence. He might name many other distinguished men, did time permit. If the North would unite in such a Republican party, it could prevent the extension of slavery, and secure all the vast Territories of the United States for free labour. The various other ways effectually weaken the influences of tyranny, and hasten the progress of emancipation. Congress could not indeed decree that slavery should cease in the States which permitted it, but the Constitution did not authorize them to interfere with the State governments; they could not force this change against the will of any State. And there was this objection to the plan of compensation, which some recommended after the example of Great Britain—that it would be to reward the recognize an existing right of property in man. He believed, and prayed, that when the spirit of freedom actuated those who professed to prize it, a way out of the present evils would be found. He did not wish the North to meet the South in angry assault. Those States which had seceded from the Union were not yet free from complicity with it. All had been more or less in fault. The sin was national, the atonement for it must be national, by a national sacrifice. As the Northern Free States had from time to time set those slaves free which were once within their borders, let them show sympathy and encouragement to those that might follow their example. There were States that were walking up to the solemn and sublime work of freedom, and the immediate pass and disappointment which they anticipated from emancipation. Now, if the North were united and true, it might enable Congress to say to such a State, the people of which had resolved to declare freedom, "We do not buy slaves, but are willing to make you a grant, to put your purchase of freedom into your treasury, and if your coloured population is more numerous than you venture to retain among you uncovered, we will make you, on their behalf, a grant from our public lands, and will assist their journey." If Congress had voted millions to purchase from foreign governments their possessions, and devoted to slavery, it was surely in its power to redeem the evil in some measure, by making grants to its own States, to compensate that freedom which was the origin of its national life.

The issue of the present struggle it was impossible to predict. One point was already gained—discussion could no longer be stifled, and the North was waking to the conviction that the slave power must be crushed, or all others must be subordinate. A quarter of a century—perhaps a very few years—might witness bloodless victories for freedom, which, at one time, could have hardly been anticipated, but if not, there was a fearful alternative on which it was painful to dwell. He concluded his address by inviting the sympathy of those who wished well to America for all who were labouring to remove its greatest evil.*

Mr. Carpenter expressed the deep interest with which he had listened to Mr. Channing's Address, which was no less just and candid than eloquent. The cause of justice and free-om is best promoted by such just and free advocacy. He hoped his hearers would not only show practical sympathy with those who were striving for freedom in America, but would do their utmost to imbue with right principles those who were continually leaving our shores to settle in the States, and would let their hopes and counsels be known to their friends and correspondents across the Atlantic.

On the motion of J. B. Cooke, Esq., seconded by T. B. Blackburne, Esq., the cordial thanks of the meeting were voiced to Mr. Channing.

* We have not attempted, in this concise summary of Mr. Channing's address, to use even his leading ideas. Those who have heard him speak will recognize the eloquence in which he clothed them.

THE PASSMORE WILLIAMSON CASE.

INTERFERENCE OF THE PRESIDENT.—A REMARKABLE SPECTACLE.—Extract from a letter of the *Cincinnati Gazette* writer from Philadelphia, that, when the case of Passmore Williamson was argued before the Supreme Court, last, Hunsicker (Pettigrew) on motion to bring Williamson out on a writ of habeas corpus, and Chas. Ingersoll, Cadwalader (Sloper, Low to Hewitt and McKean) were in favour of the motion; the writ issued two Judges Black and Lewis, opposed it. When the writ was returned, Williamson was in Philadelphia, Judge Kane and his friends had an interview with the President and Cabinet, and the President, in fact, the President had ordered the United States Marshal in case the Court should issue a writ, to take, by force, to remove Williamson from the jurisdiction of Philadelphia, and to employ the marines and soldiers, if necessary, to do it, if the Court should attempt to take him. The President was not in a rage, but firm; the question was, whether it was proper for the President to allow the Court to issue a writ, and then, if they should, to allow the writ to be executed. They had not the nerve to do it. Judge Kane, and Judge Wood-ward, were in favor of letting *things alone* (as we just found, at first, was the course of President Buchanan, in Kansas, instead of the Judiciary taking the question of State Right to the Supreme Court of the United States, and getting it settled in this way. If they do, the President and Judges owe it to the people, to explain and reconcile to contradict it. The President and Cabinet, were not to make an apology and humble themselves, for what they had committed under illegal and improper orders or threats. No, he should lay the whole matter before Congress, and let the Judiciary, if they dare, and if they have had the effrontery and the audacity to do so, the United States Marshal, in case the Court should direct such a writ, should be ordered to remove Williamson from Moyamensing to a United States receiving ship, and defend him there, against any force the State might send to take him. Is this true? Some such thing was what we want to know! And is it true that Judges Woodward and Lowrie crowed before this threat and changed their minds? Has what we want especially to know!—*Lancaster (Pa.) Intel. Whig.*

ADVANTAGES OF "OUR GLORIOUS UNION" ILLUSTRATED.

A CITIZEN OF SYRACUSE EXPELLED FROM FLORIDA.

From The Syracuse Chronicle.

IN the early part of last winter, E. T. Hayden, of this city, left his farm of Messrs. Lyman & Hayden, builders, went to Florida to make some erections for a gentleman residing in Gadsden County of that State. Mr. Hayden is a very intelligent man, an old resident of Syracuse, and an active member of the First Presbyterian church, where he is commonly called Deacon Hayden. In Florida he associated himself with the church and went on to pursue the objects which had called him thither with the energy of a northern freeman, and soon secured the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens and worth. Mr. Hayden at home was not regarded as an Abolitionist. He was no friend of slavery, but had always taken a strong interest in colonization as a principal remedy for that great evil. He was politically a Seward Whig, and held about the opinions of those who were the leaders of politics. The people of the South he scrupulously stood aloof from all differences between the master and his slaves, and from all active interference with slavery in every way. But he did not shut his mouth. When questioned on the subject, he declared, as an honest man should, that he was against the usage; that he regarded the Bible as against it; and that humanity and the best instincts of our nature were against it. He also freely expressed his belief that the Fugitive Slave law was in direct conflict with the provisions of our Constitution and with the "higher law" of God. These expressions of opinion were made only in the private circle, among his friends, and never seeded to create any excitement or displeasure.

But as the excitement began to grow that Mr. Hayden was an Abolitionist, and did not believe in the gospel of slavery. The first that he knew of these rumours he learned from a self-constituted committee, consisting of his minister and some members of the church which he attended, who, in the spirit of Christ, invited him to let him know what kind of talk was current in the neighbourhood and what treatment he would be likely to meet. The next step in the transaction was the following notice, which was posted up in sundry places:

"PRIVATE NOTICE.

"*Query*—Are there any Abolitionists amongst us?

"*Query second*—Any Amalgamationists?

"*Query once more* and the greatest of all!—Are we fit to commune at his and such fellows he amongst us, and not give them fits? Spoke we fairly and was we plain enough?

"Yours respectfully, his

"Many voters, mark."

At length a meeting was called at the Court-House, and Mr. Hayden was informed that he was wanted. There were present at this meeting some two hundred people, and one of the most respectable slaveholders, an Episcopalian, was called to the chair. There were present a Judge of the Supreme Court, several Lawyers, several Ministers, and some of the most respectable citizens of the place. At this meeting, Mr. Hayden was permitted to plead to the indictment which had been drawn up against him in the Court of Judge Lynch.

He did not attempt to evade the facts. He stated to the meeting that he was against slavery; that he believed the Bible was against slavery; that he believed the Fugitive Slave law unconstitutional; that it commanded what the word of God forbade; and that the North would never be quiet until it had the power to repeal the Fugitive Slave law. Having made this explicit statement of what he *did* say and what he *did not* say, what he *did* believe and what he *did not* believe, he was requested to withdraw, and the meeting proceeded to appoint a committee of seven slaveholders, who reported resolutions to the sense of the meeting. They retired, and Mr. Hayden is informed that they came in with a report exculpating him from any overt act prejudicial to slavery, and recommending that he be let alone, if he was not satisfactory to the meeting and it was found satisfactory. The committee retired, and, after consultation, presented the following, an official copy of which is before us:

"Whereas, E. T. Hayden, as has been shown to this meeting, has, on various occasions during the present year, expressed opinions in opposition to the institution of domestic slavery, and also in opposition to the constitutional right of the southern citizen to hold slaves in the States where the laws belonging to the United States, and also in opposition to the Fugitive Slave law, and, by his own admissions before this meeting, admits the belief that the Bible teaches, not only the violation of the Constitution of the United States, but also of the law of God and reverence, and consequently he cannot be a "Higher Law" man in the sense in which it is regarded as applicable to the said Fugitive Slave Law; and whereas, we, a portion of the citizens of Gadsden County, assembled in this assembled, after having given said Hayden due notice of said assemblage, hereby express the belief that the toleration of such sentiments in any one is highly dangerous to the rights and interests of this community; and whereas, it is the duty of every law-abiding citizen to protect themselves against the danger of such opinions by prohibiting such persons and the them from coming and remaining in their midst;

"Therefore, be it resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the chairman to notify said Hayden of the action of the meeting, and that said committee be charged with the further duty of carrying out the resolution contained by requiring said Hayden to leave this community at the expiration of such time as said committee may deem expedient and proper.

"Passed by the meeting, and the Chairman appointed the committee under the foregoing Resolution.

"Dr. J. M. W. Davidson,
W. S. Gregory,
W. M. Tucker.

"The committee asked instructions of the meeting as to the time within which they should execute their duty, and they were answered as follows:

"Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1855."

Now, here is the offence; and we wish to call to it the particular attention of the reader. It does not charge that Mr. Hayden had spoken in opprobrious terms of what he had helped the slave to escape; or that he had, in any way, interfered with the relations of slavery. The report only charges that he held *certain opinions* which could not be tolerated in a slave community; that he believed the slaveholder had no constitutional right to carry his slaves into a Free State; that the Fugitive Slave law was not in accordance with the great fundamental law of the Constitution; and that he held to the supremacy of the law of God and reverence for God's law above Courts. This is the freedom for which we are holding State. His opinions must square exactly with the Slave Power, or the place will be made too hot for him. Mr. Hayden was doing a prosperous business, and had the confidence of his neighbours. But the interests of slavery were to be considered above the rights, feelings, friendships, and in seven days he was obliged to leave. How does such a despotism differ from that of Austria or Russia? Why not call the Slave Power by its name? What can we say to our foreign friends, when our citizens with the police, and lock them in prison because they read the Bible? What shall we say hereafter of the "land of the free and the home of the brave"?

U. G. R.

ANOTHER STAMPEDE.—The Richmond *Whig* states that *eleven* slaves ran away from their owners in that city on Saturday night last. Seven of the eleven belonged to Mrs. Susan L. Hatcher.

A FUGITIVE CASE.—Quite an excitement was caused in this city on Monday, by an attempt to capture an alleged fugitive from slavery; that the woman is a very light and good-looking mulatto. The claimant alleged that she escaped from him about a year ago. Her friends say that she has been living at least five years in Cincinnati, and can prove that she is a free woman. While the claimant was put on the wrong scent, the woman was carried to parts unknown; and thus ended the excitement subsided.—*Cincinnati Columbian, 21st ult.*

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—*A Good Business.*—We understand that a party of ten did road arrived yesterday with sixteen passengers, all in good condition. The number which took the cars at starting was twenty-one. Five of them, however, stopped at way stations. We were glad to learn that the Underground Railroad is doing a large and safe business. It carries, in the course of the twelvemonth, large numbers from slavery to freedom, from oppression to liberty. Those who arrived here yesterday have been furnished with through tickets. All pursuit of them by slaveholders or sympathizers will be unavailing. They are beyond the reach of further oppression.—*New Bedford Standard, 23d ult.*

RUNAWAY SLAVES RECAPTURED—ARREST OF A SEA CAPTAIN AND MATE.—*The Norfolk* (Va.) *Herald* of the 24th ult. has the following account:

"Early yesterday morning we received information that a schooner had been driven ashore in Princess Anne County with fugitive slaves on board, and shortly after the intelligence came that the schooner had come in. The schooner, we had been brought up to this city and lodged in jail for safe keeping. It appears that the schooner Mary Ann Elizabeth, of Baltimore, commanded by Wm. Lewis, forwarded to Baltimore, Wm. Hamilton, and Collins, of Port Norris, N. J., as mate, left this port on Wednesday last, bound for Philadelphia. During the gale of that night the vessel was driven ashore about five miles from Hungary, and all hands went to work to lighten her cargo and rigging, and in the morning it was discovered that she had on board several negroes, whose owners were twenty miles from Norfolk, in this city. The captain had in his possession $125, which he was given to receive and paid him for their passage to Philadelphia. The captain, however, says that the slaves were on board without his knowledge; that he was forced into the business by threatening and discovered a ship under the forecastle hatch; that she had broken the hatch and discovered the slaves stowed away in the forecastle, which, he said, he had made fast. The fact, who was as much astonished as himself, said he was stowed away by the negroes and the schooner put out to sea. Before he could get back, owing to the gale of wind blowing at the time, he found himself aground, and had

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PECULIARITIES OF PHILADELPHIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I am told THE STANDARD will publish letters relating to other topics than that of slavery; I shall therefore take the liberty of giving you some thoughts pertaining to matters having no immediate connection with this subject. I want to say a few words, for the sake of some friends at a distance who read your paper, about Philadelphia.

Philadelphia is a very peculiar city. It covers an immense area of territory. It lies between the two rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, and forms a sort of irregular parallelogram of about two miles in one direction, by five in another. Its population exceeds a third of a million. The town is laid out in squares, with mathematical precision. Its streets in one direction are named after the most euphoniously titled forest trees, and in the other are designated by numerals. It is well supplied with water and gas, which are furnished at moderate rates, and it is kept in a state of admirable cleanliness. Its red-brick side-walks are washed once a week, and its white marble door-steps and lintels daily.

Philadelphia is a wealthy city; and its wealth is well distributed. Its rich people are not so very rich as is the same class in New York, nor are its poor people so very poor. No one street here presents so many palatial private residences as does your Fifth Avenue, and yet the people of Philadelphia, as a whole, are much better lodged than those of New York. A police force of near a thousand men is maintained, who manage to preserve tolerable order. There are no riots here, even in miserable times, such as those of last year in New York. The city abounds in benevolent institutions, and the number of her buildings devoted to purposes of public charity go far to entitle her to the character implied in her name. Her public school system is admirable; and her educational advantages in general are of the most varied and—for a new country—substantial kind. She has no less than seven Medical Colleges. Four of these are Regular, and the other three are respectively Homœopathic, Eclectic and *Female*. What the system taught in the latter is, I don't know, but believe it is the Regular. These Colleges are attended by near 1,500 students.

Scattered over the city, at measured intervals of course, are five parks, or "squares." These are much too small for a city of such huge dimensions, but several of them are very beautiful. Two of them, Independence Square and Franklin, are peopled with innumerable squirrels (*S. Carolinensis*), which are very tame and afford a great deal of pleasure to all classes of the people. Public sentiment protects these little denizens of the forest; and no one dares to harm them. Even the dogs of the city seem to respect them. The undisturbed existence of these graceful little creatures in the very centre of so vast a population reflects credit on the city, and no one can without their happy gambols without a feeling of increased respect for its inhabitants. I don't know but they have impressed me more favourably toward the Philadelphians than even their numerous eleemosynary institutions. The latter may be due mainly to the benevolence of a former generation; the credit of the former belongs indubitably to this. The people may be Philadelphian by tradition, but this Philadelphian is native in their own hearts. People that know how to treat squirrels aright know what is due to their fellow-men. A man that loves inferior animals can't hate creatures of his own kind.

One of the chief objects of interest to a stranger in Philadelphia is the Water Works at Fairmount. These are remarkable for the simplicity of their machinery, and, at the same time, their completeness as a hydraulic structure. Fairmount Itself is one of the sweetest and most picturesque spots imaginable. Not far from the Water Works is Girard College. This is a magnificent edifice of white marble, built by bequest of the wealthy merchant whose name it bears. It is one of the finest specimens of Greek architecture of modern times. *La Madalaine* is somewhat more imposing from its greater extent and higher elevation, but I maintain the superiority of the Pennsylvania marble to the cream-coloured soapstone of Paris gives the college an air of solidity and classic completeness which the church does not possess. In a line with the college and Fairmount is Laurel Hill. This is the *Père Lachaise* of the Quaker city. It is situated on the banks of the Schuylkill and its jutting cliffs and tasteful green slopes—especially in the month of June, when its roses are in bloom—make it one of the most charming places to be buried in that ever was seen. The Philadelphians' rulings passion for marble shows itself—"strong in death"—in the elegant tablets and chaste monuments which are scattered all through the grounds in rich profusion.

I said Philadelphia was a peculiar city; I may add, her people are a peculiar people. Though but a small proportion of them, numerically, are Friends, the Quaker element has leavened the whole lump. The character, customs and social manners of the people generally show the prevailing influence. This is not seen more in the highly rectangularity of the streets, the absence of display on the exterior of the dwellings, and the excessive plainness of the houses, than in the dress of the people, the style of their conversation, and the manner in which they go about their daily business. They move with a measured pace, never loitering, never in a hurry. They have an accent of their own, and colloquial phrases that are heard in no other part of the country. Their dress differs from that of other cities in some important particulars. I don't now allude to the garb of the Quaker Friends, which is of course unique, but to the style of dress that other people of this city generally adopt. It is a class of belles here known as "Gay Quakers," whose attire shows the characteristics I have been describing in a striking manner. These are members of the society, who live in the same neighborhood, are intermarried by intercourse with the world, and, while they adhere traditionally to the doctrines in which they have been reared, nevertheless discard the outward peculiarity of appearance and manner which distinguishes their sect from people of all other societies. This class is altogether peculiar to Philadelphia, and is to be found nowhere else in the world. I doubt whether there is to be seen in Paris out of the city of Paris better specimens of the finely elegant and chastely rich in female attire than are exhibited at these "gay" members of Arch and Cherry Street Meetings.

And as Dress and Beauty seem, from the title of one of Mrs. Oakes Smith's books, to be cognate subjects, I must say here that Philadelphia is decidedly the home of the fair women. It may be accident—I hardly think it can be—but I have noticed more handsome women, maids and matrons in this city than I have ever seen in any other; and my opportunities for observation have not been limited. Go where you will, into Arch street or Walnut street, to church or to meeting, to market or to the shops—wherever the salesmen are mostly girls—and you cannot but be struck with the number of comely faces you will see. Why is this? Philadelphia men are not especially good-looking; how is it that her women are so handsome? Does the indwelling power of the Quaker Christ-doctrine impart a grace to the form as well as a beauty to the spirit of those who receive it? Does obedience to the light within enlarge the facial angle, give brilliancy and depth to the eye, and expression to the whole face, in the same way that it imparts a holy symmetry and just proportion to the moral features of such as practically practice it? Why not? There are more than one visionary Swedenborg who believe that spirit determines the form of matter, and that the soul gives shape to the body.

Quakerism modifies the etiquette as well as the toilets of the Philadelphians. Have you never, when promenading the Arch street, been saluted by an acquaintance on the other side of the way with a graceful waive of the hand or an accosted more familiarly by some one you knew passing near you with a curt "How do?" A friend of mine, who knows these people "like a book," explains the latter—the waive of the hand—to be a friendly compromise between the inelegant nod of the Quaker and the "bridle" hat-bowing of the world's people; and the latter—"How do?" he declares is—from the same motive—an artful dodge of the complimentary personal pronoun. A peculiar people, it must be admitted, are these same Quakerdelphians.

Philadelphia is a peculiar in the diversity of her population; or, if not so much that, either, as in the apparent unchoicest arrangement of her diversified people. You in New York have all sorts of people, mixed up; here they have all sorts, in lamina or streaks. There is first a streak of Irish, then of German, then of Quaker, then of Fashion, and then a large substratum of Black and Mulatto. Take a stroll on a Sunday morning, and you will see all these varieties assorted and in their holiday best. There; that crowd you have just passed you will have had no difficulty in recognising. Its gait, features and accent, mark it as unmistakably Milesian. Those we are now meeting are of the Teutonic branch of Adam's family. They are a rosy, healthy, happy-looking people, and are going to Dr. Mayer's and Dr. Schlippach's churches, as a suitable preparation for the generous (and copious) dinner that will be ready for them on their return. This streak of russet and brown speaks for itself. Those grave-looking elders with rotund fronts and rubicund cheeks are "weighty Friends," and the crowd that follows are Quakers plain, and Quakers gay, from this severest stiff bonnet and a "shad-belly" to the jauntiest feather and frill and the most exquisite black lappelle that ever graced a picture in the Paris Parisian Fashions." Now, we have crossed Market street and Chestnut, where shops are shut and sidewalks deserted, and have struck upon the fashionable vein that crops out in Walnut street. These elegantly apparelled people are coming, many of them, from some from St. Stephen's, and other some from the Chapel of St. Luke's. They look as though the homilies and preaching sat easy on them; don't they? The *dilettanti* Dr. Ducachet has too nice a sense of propriety to disturb his fastidious audience by any rude appeals to their consciences, and Mr. Wilmer's brief dissertation on the Church Ritual contained nothing to ruffle the self-complacency of his hearers or disturb their appetites for their Sunday's dinner.

But now we have passed through this vein and have come to another of a different complexion. This is the substratum of Black and Mulatto I before referred to. These well-dressed, fine-looking, properly-behaved people belong to the coloured churches, Baptists, Methodist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, which are as numerous in proportion as those of the whites. You are struck with their appearance. They have a look of intelligence, an air of refinement and a *sui ex sensibile* of comfort, that you were not expecting to see. They can't have your prejudices resenting and your respect involuntarily rising, and "I have no idea," you say, "that the negroes of Philadelphia were capable of presenting such an appearance. But your census says you have 30,000 of these people; what are you going to do with them?" Ah, that's a question which will require a longer answer than I have space for in this letter; so my imaginary inquirer must wait till I shall have another opportunity to enlighten him. Till which time I must bid him, and you, gentlemen, respectfully, adieu.

H. OBSERVATOR.

From Our Kansas Correspondent.

LAWRENCE, Nov. 18, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The "Constitutional Convention" has achieved its mission, and, like the numerous embryo cities of her Territory, Kansas is now "some pumpkins" among the incorporated bodies of the Union. The people are to vote upon the question of the adoption of the Constitution on the 15th of December, and, if adopted, State officers are to be chosen on the third Tuesday of January, 1856. In the meantime, Congress will have settled the question of our admission to the Union; and by March, we shall be in "the full tide of successful experiment" in the art of self-government, especially in the opinion of Col. Lane & Co. If we are admitted, then all hail the glorious principle of "Squatter Sovereignty." Nebraska bill men will walk with erect heads. Their opponents will curse the infatuation of the "sovereign squatters," and mourn in secret places over the result. I see with sorrow that some influential Eastern papers are in favour of this suicidal step. Others will, no doubt, lament the course pursued by us, but will fear to oppose the movement. At the risk of losing my slight reputation as a prophet, allow me, in advance, to condemn this whole movement, as one of the most unfortunate measures ever by the enemy to secure this preponderance of the Slave Power in the councils of our nation. No matter how anti-slavery our Constitution may be, the danger from its adoption is none the less imminent to the anti-slavery cause. In the first place, who are the chief supporters of this movement? You have already learned that the Pierce dynasty men are its staunch friends and supporters. Col. Lane, the President of the Convention, is known by all to be a pro-slavery man at heart, and to have expressed himself, in public, as having no objection to the introduction of slavery here, if the people wished it. I allude to him merely because he represents a class of men here, and not on account of any personal feelings against him, for I have never had an unpleasant word with him in my life. It is his pro-slavery character that I am opposing. I am prepared to prove that, soon after he came here, he endeavoured to persuade the people to let the anti-slavery cause alone, and to give their suffrages to the Democratic (Hunker) party. Can such a man be trusted with guiding the anti-slavery destinies of a free State? He claims to be the present of the Administration, and, I have no doubt, is sustained by Pierce in his efforts to procure the adoption of a State Constitution by the people of Kansas.

You have already seen the fate of the anti-slavery cause in California, notwithstanding the adoption of a Constitution forbidding slavery. It is true that in that Constitution a clause existed leaving it to the Legislature to decide when to enforce the proviso excluding slavery. In *ours*, the Legislature is required to enforce this proviso by *July*, 1857. Our friends say that Territorial Legislatures never have provided excluding slavery whenever they please, and that the Legislators being obliged to do it as soon as 1857, makes "assurance doubly sure," and they rejoice over our flattering prospects. It is true that, by the Constitution, coloured men are prohibited from voting, but yet, after July 1857, chattel slavery cannot exist. You and I might demur against allowing the pro-slavery wolf even a year and a half to fatten upon his victims; but, allowing that to be the quickest mode of destroying him, the question occurs, will Pierce & Co. favour his destruction? For one, I believe that "Satan cannot cast out Satan." I do not see how Pierce, with the blood of the slaves so freely sprinkled upon his garments, can become the friend of the slaves. Still, it is true that he may for the sake of hallowing his former course in the eyes of Northern men. The "Nebraska bill" will no longer be refused payment by the Democratic party. It will command 110 per cent., at least. But, much as Pierce desires to redeem this worthless stock at the North, the question is, whether he, as a skilful political financier, will jeopard his Southern speculations, in order to buy up stock now at so great a discount as the Nebraska bill at the North. Remember, the Southern possessions are political stocks, and not commercial ones, and, in my opinion, the Southern funds will prove the heaviest gold in the eyes of the political brokers, when placed in the patent balances against even the *above par* Nebraska bill. That is, let "popular sovereignty" rise to 110 at the North, still it will proportionately sink at the South. Pierce may gain votes at the North if he signs this bill; but, as a matter of course, he will lose them at the South. Can any candid man deny that the South will regard the traitor to their cause that Franklin Pierce will be if he backs his former acts in behalf of the South so much as to sign this bill? Do we suppose that the South will bear this disappointment quietly? Will our proud mistress, whose every behest has been yielded to since she corrupted the North in '85, brook this insult? Not she. Pierce may, in an hour of madness, so earnestly covet the favour of the North as to sign the bill; but, if he does it, the South will spurn him from her arms as harlots always do their lovers when their money is gone. Pierce will have invested his funds at the North, and the South will have no further use for him. Then will the Presidential candidate ever displease the South for the sake of courting the favour of the North? It may be that Pierce overrates the Northern anti-slavery revival, and fears the loss of Northern more than of Southern votes; but if he does, I am mistaken. He also knows that Northern men of sense will never trust him, even if he should sign this bill, and he is likewise aware that Pennsylvania doughfaces and Kanekies will support him, let him do what he will in opposition to the North.

Now, I may be mistaken, but, taking all these things into consideration, I do not see how we can at present gain admission into the Union. But what of that? Is it all? Or, if men were in earnest, can, this question would not voted to be admitted. If some twenty offices were not to be filled, in my opinion we should never have heard of the present Convention to form a Constitution. Not but there are many honest men in favour of the movement, but its master spirits are nothing but office-seekers. Any candid man must admit that a proviso excluding slavery after July, 1857, in a State Constitution, is no better than a joke as passed by Congress prohibiting it to-day. I do not neglect what we may gain by an adventitious method of excluding slavery for the more shadow before us?

Yours, &c., F. W. CHESSON.

Our English Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1855.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIRS: I have just read the following paragraph in the English Correspondence of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*: "I heard of a death, last night, that I did not expect to hear. The *great* 'North of England and Manchester Anti-Slavery League' (*I really forget all its titles*) is no more. I have not yet learned accurately of what complainant died, nor what its age was, nor how many mourners it had, nor to whom it left its property. Suffice it to say, *malgré* all the dolorous drumpets at its inauguration, it 'sleeps in the shade.'" Did I not possess a slight acquaintance with the ludicrous spirit manifested by some persons towards those who render support to, or sympathy with, "the American Anti-Slavery League," I should be totally unable to understand how any one professing to be an Abolitionist could pen such a sneering, contemptible paragraph as the one I have just quoted. It is easy to perceive that the writer chuckles over the decease of "the Manchester Anti-Slavery League," as if it had proved itself to be unfit to live, or as if there was such a superabundance of anti-slavery effort in this country as to render its existence unnecessary. It is easy, however, to discover the motives of Frederick Douglass's amiable complaints. It was hatred to Garrisonianism—pleasure that the friends of "the American Anti-Slavery League" possess one Society the less in England. Reference is made in the letter to "the flourish of trumpets" at the "inauguration" of "the Anti-Slavery League." The writer probably confounds "the Manchester Anti-Slavery *Union*" with "the North of England *League*," as the former Society (whose Hon. Secretary I was until it exhibited the cloven foot of sectarianism) held a great Inaugural Meeting, while the other Society (whose Hon. Secretary I, also, was until I left Manchester) contented itself with simply issuing an address. The Manchester Anti-Slavery Conference was held under the auspices of "the League," but was not its Inaugural Meeting. Leaving Frederick Douglass's correspondent to indulge to the fullest extent her bitter feelings against the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the congenial companionship of the little knot of bigotry-worshippers in Manchester, or "the Glasgow New Association," I wish to make a few remarks relative to the comparative failure of anti-slavery effort in Manchester. Do you (let me say at the outset), for one moment, suppose that, because "the Anti-Slavery League" is no more, the anti-slavery movement is defunct in that city. Certain am I that, whatever else may happen, the few ladies who have kept the sacred fire burning there for many years will never, as long as life lasts, cease to labour for the slave, and send contributions (be they small or great) to the Boston Bazaar. With them, anti-slavery is something very different from a means of securing an ephemeral notoriety, or of gratifying sectarian malice. With them, it is a just, holy and Christian duty—a duty owed to God, and man, duty to religion, and to the principles of our common nature, commands them to support. Hence, you need not fear treachery, or cowardice, or indolence, on their part.

In a letter which I once received from a lady, whose labours in the anti-slavery cause have made her name a "household word" in the homes of English, as well as American, Abolitionists, there are recorded the following remarks, the truth of which has, in my experience, been remarkably verified. She says: "I feel confident that, according to the principles of human nature—mainly through the influence of the press—the progress of the cause in England has to go through precisely the same obstacles that it has encountered in the United States. With you, as with us, men's hearts will fall them with fear of changes. They will, in their turn, act dishonestly, basely, ungentlemanly, and, to divert attention from themselves, they will cry 'infidel' to you, and true men like you." Such, indeed, has been our experience in Manchester, if not in England generally. For opposing the election of a certain American clergyman as the Agent of "the Manchester Anti-Slavery Union," Mr. Thompson and myself were charged with being "worse than infidels, and better proof was needed? Although an uncompromising believer in the Orthodox doctrines of the Christian religion, I consider it an honour to be termed an "infidel" by an evangelical ruffian.

The failure of "the Anti-Slavery League" will be better understood in America if I quote the following passage from its Address (a document which was prepared by Dr. Beard and myself):

"Recognizing the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which Mr. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is President, *not* as the only anti-slavery party in the United States, but as the great, vital organization, in which the hopes of Abolitionists rest, we most gladly, in this place, do what we can to promote its funds by contributions to the Boston and other Bazaars, feeling the most perfect assurance that its funds will be scrupulously employed for the advancement of the cause."

In this paragraph lay the secret of our unpopularity. The great cotton interest, imagining that its prosperity was bound up with the slave system, of course, abstained from assisting us; while the evangelical party (with here and there a singular exception) were horrified by the name of Garrison. Nor is this to be greatly wondered at, when it is remembered that, for years past, that chief magistrate of Christendom, the Pope of Rome, Dr. Cumming, Campbell, has made the *British Banner* (now the fitting advocate of a bloody and iniquitous war) the vehicle for spreading abroad falsehood and slander respecting the American Abolitionists. True, a large number of Manchester ministers were present at the First of August Conference; but it was with difficulty that half-a-dozen of them could be induced to take part in the proceedings, although the venerable Professor Scott occupied the presidential chair. The anti-slavery history of the majority of these gentlemen terminated with the Conference. Some of them, however, on hearing of our "League" no assistance, but sought to blast its usefulness on account of its connection with "the American Anti-Slavery Society."

A Congregational minister in Manchester, writing to a London brother, alluded to the Conference in the following manner. He said: "With the exception of Mr. Parker, who is too good-natured to say nay to anybody, not one of our number stood committed to the movement, except Mr. Christopherson, of Bowdon, and *he apologized to his brethren for having done so*, at our fraternal meeting on Monday last. He frankly said that he had been in a great mistake, and that had he been at all aware of the Garrisonian nature of the business, he most certainly would have stayed away. *The infidel character of the movement, he said, came fully out in the afternoon.*" Immediately after obtaining a copy of this letter, I sent a note of inquiry to Mr. Christopherson, from whom I received the following jesuitical reply: "I have received your letter of yesterday's date; and not having, to my knowledge, made any statement, *in public*, concerning the Anti-Slavery Conference, I am utterly at a loss to conceive wherein is your right to call upon me for an explanation, especially to do so in the terms of your note." In my next letter (which terminated the correspondence), I told Mr. Christopherson that he was as much responsible for a slander which he had circulated privately as if he had proclaimed it to the world; that I demanded an explanation from him, because I was as much affected by his charge as any other member of the Conference; and that the unworthiness of that charge was only equalled by the meanness which shirked the responsibility of it, under the pretence of its not having been made publicly. At the next fraternal meeting of the Congregational Ministers of the Manchester District, Mr. Christopherson brought the subject forward. The culprit who had written the London letter was discovered and a severe and unanimous reproof was administered to him for his "indiscretion." The same body of ministers, on another occasion, expressed their willingness to cooperate with "the Anti-Slavery League" if it were disassociated from "the American Anti-Slavery Society."

I mention these facts that you may the better understand the difficulties with which "the League" has had to contend. Perhaps, however, some of its professed friends were, in reality, its worst enemies. The ladies were always of one heart and one mind—they never hesitated as to the duty of pursuing the narrow path. There were members of the other sex, however, who were willing to purchase the support of Christopherson & Co. by omitting all reference to "the American Anti-Slavery Society" in the Address; in other words, by effecting a compromise with the enemy. One of these gentlemen, I know, placed confidence in the scurrilities of Dr. Campbell—that Dr. Campbell who, just before the appearance of one of his last attacks upon "the Garrisonian party," in the *Christian Witness*, admitted to a friend of mine that Mr. Garrison was "one of the excellent of the earth."

I do not know the particulars, but I presume that differences of opinion relative to "the American Anti-Slavery Society" have led to the extinction of "the Anti-Slavery League." Be this as it may, I have arrived at the conclusion that half-a-dozen men and women, who are thoroughly united and who most in some little "upper chamber," may accomplish more for the slave than any "great" movement of mere anti-slavery professors, who have not received the *true* baptism. Few and feeble though the Radical Abolitionists may be, their numbers will be increased from time to time, by accessions from the ranks of honest and uncompromising Reformers. Men who are inspired by the same motives, aspirations and principles, will surely be attracted towards each other. If this fact had been understood by us, we should have less dross and more of the precious metal in the anti-slavery movement. But it is never too late to learn wisdom.

There is considerable probability that Mr. George Thompson will re-visit India in the course of a few weeks.

Yours, very truly, F. W. CHESSON.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES IN ROCHESTER.

THE friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Rochester, realizing the need of more thorough anti-slavery discussion, and a wider dissemination of radical anti-slavery principles, have determined upon a course of lectures for the coming winter, which shall partly supply this need.

It is rather an experiment with us; therefore the course will be a short one; but we have secured the services of persons eminently distinguished for their uncompromising integrity, scholarly attainments and rare eloquence, and trust to be so generously patronized that we shall enlist in the enterprise with still greater confidence another year.

The following persons have responded to our invitation and are set for the following dates:

WENDELL PHILLIPS,* - - Monday, Nov. 26, 1855.
REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Tuesday, Dec. 4, "
LUCY STONE BLACKWELL, " Jan. 8, 1856.
CHARLES L. REASON, " " 22, "
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, - " Feb. 12, "
REV. THEODORE PARKER, " " 26, "
HUTCHINSON FAMILY (Concert), time not yet designated.

On behalf of the friends,

AMY POST,
WILLIAM R. HALLOWELL, } Lecture Committee.
CATHARINE A. F. STEBBINS,

* Wendell Phillips, in consequence of failure in railroad communication, was prevented from fulfilling engagements in Detroit and Chicago, and, therefore, found it impossible to reach our city in season for his lecture. He will come later in the season.

CONGRESS.

THE XXXIVth Congress assembled on Monday. In the SENATE, the only business of importance is a resolution, offered by Mr. Hale, calling upon the President for information as to what he has done in response to Gov. Shannon's demand for troops to enforce the laws of the border ruffians in Kansas. The resolution has not yet been acted upon.

The HOUSE has been trying for three days to elect a Speaker, but without success. The Nebraska Democracy support Richardson, of Illinois, giving him from 72 to 74 votes. The opposition is divided between the Know-Nothings *South*, the Know-Nothings *North*, the Republicans, and a small number of anti-Nebraska Democrats. Of the first, Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, is the candidate. The second are divided between Campbell of Ohio, Banks of Massachusetts, Bishop of Connecticut, and Morton of N. J. The third support Banks. There were three ballotings on Monday, six on Tuesday, and six on Wednesday—the last with the following result: Richardson, Dem., 74; Campbell, Rep. and K. N., 80; Fuller of Pa. (elected as anti-Nebraska, but now trimming his sails for a southern breeze) 19; Banks 8; Marshall 6; Pennington 7; all others 27. It is thought that Banks will finally receive the full anti-Nebraska vote and be elected.

DISGRACEFUL.—R. M. Johnson, a coloured student of one of the physicians of Cincinnati, had been refused admission to the Medical College in that city, on account of the colour of his skin. One of the Professors asked him to matriculate, but the threats of Southern and doughface students to leave the institution in case he was admitted caused the Faculty to quail, and his application, after some disgraceful paltering, was denied. The Cleveland *Leader*, the organ of the Republican movement in Northern Ohio, has no word of indignation and rebuke for this shameful deed. Governed by the vulgar spirit of colourophobia, dominant in the city, it only musters courage enough to say: "In another column will be found the statement of Mr. Johnson. We let him tell his own story, believing that every man, whatever his colour may be, has a right to a hearing." "A right to a hearing," forsooth! Has he not also a right to the direct support of a press which professes to be opposed to slavery and to the proscription of men on account of complexion? If *The Leader* has not the pluck to denounce so conspicuous an act of unchristlike cowardice as this, it ought never to utter another word against Northern doughfaces.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE COLOURED PATRIOTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, with Sketches of several Distinguished Coloured Persons: To which is added a brief Survey of the Condition and Prospects of Our Race. By WILLIAM C. NELL. "Rise, ye children of Africa, by Hamitic Renown." Pp. 208. Boston: R. F. Wallcut, 21 Cornhill; and sold at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York and Philadelphia. Price $1 25.

This work is an enlargement—and an improvement as well—of a valuable pamphlet published by Mr. Nell several years ago, and which had gone entirely out of print. It is a record of striking deeds, which, as they illustrate the important services rendered by coloured men in the struggles of this nation with the mother country, it has too often been the policy of our white historians to ignore or conceal. Mr. Nell's industry in compiling this volume is equalled only by his modest estimate of the value of his labours. He deserves the thanks of every friend of impartial liberty, and his book should find a place in every anti-slavery household. It is well calculated to put our spurious Christianity and our sham Democracy alike to the blush of shame and to rouse the indifferent to a just appreciation of the debt we owe to insanely cling, and for denying to them the rights and privileges of manhood and dooming them to social proscription and virtual outlawry in a land for whose deliverance from oppression their fathers freely shed their blood.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 602, opens with an article from *The Edinburgh Review*, entitled "The Fathers of New England," wherein the said fathers are boldly arraigned for those acts of bigotry and persecution which many American writers are in the habit of glossing over with ingeniously constructed apologies. It contains also Part 12 of "Zaidee," and several other articles of no little interest and value. New York: 343 Broadway.

Summary.

A bill has been presented to the Legislature of Tennessee levying a tax of five dollars on every gentleman who wears a moustache, and a fine of five dollars upon bachelors over sixty years of age, for the purpose of raising money to increase the school fund.

A DELICATE INVITATION.—General Cass has been invited by the Kansas State Committee to present their State Constitution to the United States Senate. This will place the old gentleman in a tight place, and he will have an opportunity to exhibit his faith in "squatter sovereignty."

INSOLENCE.—We say, says an exchange, on a cold day recently, in one of our cars, a lady, dressed very warmly in shawl and furs, with a babe of perhaps two years old, dressed only in slip and apron, and a small handkerchief tied around its neck, with arms entirely bare, and looking as red as a boiled lobster. It was observed by a passenger that the babe was put for the benefit of the lady's health.

TREATMENT OF COLOURED FOLKS IN BOSTON.—A wealthy St. Domingo coffee dealer, whose skin was rather dark, swung up his carpet sack and left for Philadelphia, when the waiter informed him that it was against the rules to entertain coloured persons. A row ensued, which required the interference of the police. But it appears that the gentleman did not succeed in getting his dinner.

"THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY"—says a letter from St. Paul, Minnesota (Nov. 17), to the Hartford *Republican*—"Hutchinson, John and Asa are singing on Sunday evening; though the night was dark and unpleasant, to a crowded house. The audience, most of them, seemed to feel that they had been under a severe bonarness, and did not sing so well as usual. They have now gone to recruit themselves with a few days' partying and exploring down the Canon river."

THE VERY NEWEST GODIVA.—The Newport (Ky.) *News* of Monday says: "We understand that a *lady*, (!!) for a wager of $20, walked one square and back, on Saturday evening, 17th ult., undetected; in the event of which she was to have the money. The feat was performed on Main street, Covington, between the hours of 10 and 11, no later than a week earlier after 10. The night was very dark."

There is a statute in Indiana which prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the courts of justice. The law, however, gives the exclusive monopoly of the carrying trade in liquor in that State. As they cannot be made witnesses, the liquor dealers are at liberty to do as they please, and are generally employed to effect the exchange between the seller and consumer of the prohibited article.

INDIAN SLAVES IN JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS—TROUBLE ABOUT THEM.—Mr. William Kirk, a citizen and stockholder of Jacksonville, not long since went up to Jackson, Tenn., and brought with him eighteen slaves, for the purpose, he says, of allowing them to visit their relatives there, and of receiving their wholesome pay. They are to be free at death. The citizens of Jacksonville, though of anti-slavery proclivities, don't like the idea of having negroes in their midst. It appears, from the expressed considerable dissatisfaction at the conduct of Mr. Kirk, who, they thought, had brought his slaves to their town for the purpose of turning them loose on society, without any means of support, to shift for themselves, and, eventually to become a burden and nuisance to the community. The owner of the slaves seems, however, to be actuated by better motives. He has provided his negroes with wagons, teams and outfits necessary to enable them to secure a competent livelihood, and pledges himself to remove them whenever they become troublesome. He has not set them free yet, nor do they desire their freedom; for if they did, they could easily obtain it.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.—The telegraph informs us that Governor Seymour's Secret Circular, enjoining the passage of the law known as the Personal Liberty Bill, by the Legislature of last winter. We suppose that there will be plenty of newspaper editors who will now advise the next Legislature that it is best to repeal that law, lest South Carolina may be pacified, and receive as hack to favour again.—*Bost. Tel.*

A Congregational Home Missionary, at Leavenworth, Kansas, entrusted letters for the post-office to a slaveholding neighbour, who carried them to the office of the pro-slavery paper, where they were opened and read in search of anti-slavery sentiment. The missionary afterwards upbraided the slaveholder, when the latter knocked him down, kicked him severely, and was attempting to gouge out his eyes, when friends of humanity came to the rescue and saved him from so great a calamity. The wounded missionary writes: "We live without arms, and our door is only fastened by a small wooden latch, which can be opened from the outside."

TEN DOLLARS A POUND!—This is the selling price of choice specimens of human flesh in Virginia. We quote the following from the Richmond *Enquirer*:

"LARGE SALE OF NEGROES.—At Charlotte C. H., on Monday of last week, fifty negroes belonging to the estate of the late John M. Thomas were sold at the following prices: A man about forty, only trimmed by the scissors. Your health would be improved; your beds will be disturbed; your liability to colds and bronchial and lung affections will be sensibly diminished; your convenience will be daily consulted; your manly beauty to no despicable thing, as it is the duty of every man ought to be; your dower of every man—will be indefinitely increased, and the true and poetical contract to feminine loveliness be once more secured, which is impossible in the case of the shaved, scraped, wiry caricatures which shavelings now present."

The "Hard Shell Baptists" are a well known sect in the South and Southwest. They are so called, as, we are informed, of the Hard Shell Democrats in New York, though their *Christian* name is the same. They go dead against all kinds, temperance, and education societies, and, according to the following of one of their preachers: "Two of them were in the same pulpit together, and, while one was preaching the gospel to say, 'When Abraham built the ark!' The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out aloud, '*Abraham wasn't there.*' But the preacher, in the excitement of the interruption, and only took occasion shortly to repeat, with more decidedly, 'I say, when Abraham built the ark!' 'And I say,' cried out the other, '*Abraham wasn't there!*' The Hard Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and, addressing the people, he cried out with great indignation, 'I say Abraham was *thar*, or *thar* AIN'T!'"

UTAH TO BE A SLAVE STATE.—I met a prominent citizen of Salt Lake City when at Weston. His name is Williams. He is the representative of the Latter Day Saints, and also, I believe, one of the twelve apostles. I asked him if he intended to introduce the cause of his Deity in Congress. He answered by Gum. When he wished to be solemnly emphatic, he declared "By Gum!" and then would make his address. I am inclined to believe that I am indebted for the invoked is Gum Arabic. But I will refer to this curious problem on another occasion.

I asked the gentleman if when Utah applied for admission into the Union, she would seek to be enrolled as a slave State. He said that he owned a slave; that all the apostles did; and that polygamist, Brigham Young, was a slaveholder. Upon this statement, although at variance with previous accounts from Utah, I am inclined to believe that it submit it as a text for political essays and Buncombe speeches.

He told me that the accounts of famine in Utah had been exceedingly exaggerated. The Saints had, in reality, made their Egypt yet for two years to come.—*Kansas Correspondent of St. Louis Democrat.*

TAKING VENGEANCE.—At Memphis (Tenn.), some months ago, Mary Moriarty, an Irish servant girl, attacked with a dagger, and slew on the spot, John Sheenan, her seducer. Sheenan had insidiously wooed and betrayed himself into the confidence of his victim, destroyed her virtue and blasted her hopes under promise of marriage, and then brutally deserted her. She sought him out, reminded him of his broken promise; she besought him by every consideration of honour to himself and justice to her to repair the great wrong done to her as far as lay in his power, by making her his wife as he had promised. The seducer scornfully rejected the proposal, and advised her to "go to hell" where she belonged. The woman She could not endure this. She went home, armed herself with a dagger, sought her destroyer again, sheathed the glittering weapon in his heart, then calmly surrendered herself to the town, with retribution, brandished it aloft in fierce exultation over the blood-stained. She made no concealment of the act, did not seek to palliate it by the least shadow of a legal injustice, but justified it on the ground of the terrible provocation that incited to the act, and of the wrong done to her by the victim. After a consultation of only five minutes, returned a verdict of not guilty.

"WHAT DID YE COME FROM?"—This question occasionally suggests itself to new comers in Texas on meeting with certain tattooed Africans, who bear upon their faces the marks of the branding iron of the Republic of Texas. The Republic of Texas, declaring the African slave trade to be piracy, made a special exception in favour of the Mexican Indians. While Texas was a part of Mexico, these strange people are said to have dropped down on the coast occasionally in a somewhat mysterious way, like frogs in a shower. No statistics, however, were preserved previous to 1835. In that year it is ascertained that there were 1,000 of them in Galveston, and landed 183, on the schooner *Hermosa* from the island of Cuba, at the mouth of the San Bernard. The next year it is surmised that an unknown number landed on the isthmus between Velasco and Caney, and another vessel 200 at the Sabine; the latter being carried into Louisiana. All this was said to have been done by Mexicans, and, there is, indeed, a suspicion that 41 others were landed in the neighbourhood of the Brazos, in the winter of 1837-38, but this needs confirmation.—*Galveston (Texas) Civilian.*

REV. M. C. BRIGGS.—This gentleman, formerly of this city, but now of California, came very near tasting the lash of a Lynch Law Committee, at Stockton, on the 12th ult. He was in a temperance lecture he uttered some very unpalatable truths, which gave great offence to the *Argus*, a paper published in that place, and directed by the Hunkers of California. The editor of the *Argus*, and to a certain class of politicians, he uttered very complimentary terms. These lectures were stigmatized as Million Dollars Speeches. A Lynch Law Committee was organized, and the abode of Mr. Briggs surrounded. The chivalric gentlemen demanded that he come forth, that they might flog him. This he very properly refused to do. Several gentlemen then came up and sided with Mr. Briggs, and, after a long and tedious parley, the Lynch Law Stockton took the matter up, and there has been considerable excitement, in consequence. It appears that the *California Christian Herald*, is, "shall we be free? A discussion of the slavery question of the black, but of the white race; not of men enslaved, but of men who are free to think and to act, free from every kind of restraint, but of mob violence to put down the liberty of speech and the right of private judgment. How shall it be decided? Shall it be left to the Lynch Law Tribunal, to carry out the will, of the rummies to destroy the influence of temperance men in the State, and they deserved all they got? We hope Mr. B. will hit the nail on the head, and that the people will be ashamed to own and repent of their evil deeds."

To this we add our hearty amen. Mr. Briggs deserves well of the people of Stockton for his courage in rebuking popular sin. One such minister is worth ten thousand of those who have learned to temporize, and, under the scathing rebuke of popular evil, lest its perpetrators should grow angry. May God bless Brother Briggs, and make him a prophet to the wicked wherever he preaches.—*Zion's Herald.* 11th.

SOUTHERN SKETCH BY A SOUTHERN EDITOR.—The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 9th inst. says: "The Southern labour society is the only orderly, peaceable and permanent form of association known amongst men. We commend to its attention the following picture, from the pen of a Southern citizen, the editor of the St. Louis *Intelligencer*:

"In the South that character called the Bowie-knife flourishes in tropical geographical perfection. He delights in blood, and never walks abroad unprovided with weapons to draw it. He invites his fellow-citizens, and he has fairly met the great question—the obstacles in the way of the elevation of the coloured race—and has examined the Bible and Christianity afresh.

A tone of slavery party pervades the whole book; and every parent and family, without hesitation, put it in the hands of his children." In one Vol. 12mo. Price $1 00. 640 pp. Price $1 50.

For

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GOVERNESS.

Sobbly, sadly, walking along,
Little and evidently not very strong,
Gentle and timid, with a blush on her cheek,
Trembling down her sparse, young cheek,
Quiet and ladylike, pleasant her mien,
Her heart, like her habit-shirt, beautifully clean.
Kneeling down her aprons, young children to her
Read the gospels of Jesus and say the Lord's prayer.

Young was the maiden when her father died—
Her lover was faithless and fled from her side—
She chose the world half blinded with tears,
Her heart full of love and her soul full of fears.

Coldly compassionate, terribly cold,
Were even the sensible; even the old
Strictly correct and in every point right,
Only too much so, and over polite.

For a very small salary she must wear satin,
Teach French and English, and music and Latin,
And other accomplishments really incredible
Stately, and matronly—plagued with the children.

Lord Brougham is clever, and so is Lord Russell;
To see the Lord Jeffrey is worth a long travel;
If the governess knows only half that's expected,
She beats all the lords, the Lord Mayor not excepted.

A little young woman, who beams, dazzs, and swoons,
Is supposed to have been in the Grand Bohemian Tour;
Better by far to serve tag, rag, and bobtail,
Than by teaching and preaching—of course—balance the topsail.

Poor little girl, she has made all the drunken,
Her face will get thin, and her eyes become sunken.
Foolish and silly one! why longer stay,
Why not other pursuits and pleasures seek?

Oh! may no lady, whose eyes rest this verse on,
Ever become say person's "young person"!
May a spirit from heaven in her breast breathe,
Tear the mask from hypocrisy—and shew the face under.

OWEN HOWELL.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

[From Household Words.]

After the stun of the blow came the realization of the consequences. Susan would sit for hours trying painfully to recall and piece together fragments of recollection and consciousness in her brother's mind. She would let him go and pursue some senseless bit of play, and wait until she could catch his eye or his attention again, when she would resume her self-imposed task. Michael complained that she never had a word for him, or a minute of time to spend with him now; but she only said, she must try, while there was time, to bring back what he had so recently lost with. As for marriage in this state of uncertainty, she had no heart to think of it. Then Michael stormed, and absented himself for two or three days; but it was of no use. When he came back, he saw that she had been crying till her eyes were all swollen, and he was shocked from Peggy's scoldings (which she did not spare him) that Susan had eaten nothing since he went away. But she was as inflexible as ever.

"No, I can't yet. Only not just yet. And don't say again that I do not love you," said she, suddenly hiding herself in his arms.

And so matters went on through August. The crop of oats was gathered in; the wheat-field was cut and set up; yet, when, one fine day, Michael drove up in a borrowed shandry, and offered to take Willie a ride. His manner, when Susan asked him where he was going to, was rather confused; but the answer was straight and clear enough.

"He had business in Ashbleaze, and he would never lose sight of the lad, and have him hack safe and sound before dark." So Susan let him go.

Before night they were at home again: Willie in high delight at a little rattling paper windmill that Michael had bought for him in the street, and which had mistaken this new sound with perpetual buzzings. Michael, too, looked pleased. Susan knew the look, although afterwards she remembered that he had tried to evil it from her, and had assumed a grave appearance of gravity whenever he caught her eye. He put up his horse; for, although he had three miles further to go, the moon was up—the bonny harvest-moon—and he did not care how late he had to drive on such a road by such a light. After the supper, which Susan had prepared for the children was over, Peggy went upstairs to see Willie safe in bed; for he had to have the same care taken of him that a little child of four years old requires.

Michael drew near to Susan.

"Susan," said he, "I look to it Will to see Dr. Preston, at Kendal. He's the first doctor in the county. I thought it were better for us—for you—to know at once what chance there were for him."

"Well!" said Susan, looking eagerly up. She saw the same strange glow of satisfaction, the same instant change to apparent regret and pain. "What did he say?" said she. "Speak! can't you?"

"He said he would never get better of his weakness."

"Never!"

"No; never. It is a long word, and hard to hear. And there's worse to come, dearest. The doctor thinks he will get worse from year to year. And he said, if he was us—you—he would send him off in time to Lancaster Asylum. They were used to both of keeping such people in order and making them happy. I only tell you what he said," continued he, seeing the gathering storm in her face.

"There was no harm in his saying it," she replied, with great self-constraint, forcing herself to speak coldly instead of angrily. "Folk is welcome to their opinions."

They sate silent for a minute or two, her breast heaving with suppressed feeling.

"He's counted a very clever man," said Michael, at length.

"He may he. He's none of my clever men, nor am I going to be guided by him, whatever he may think. And I don't thank them that went and took my poor lad to have some idle talk about about him. If I'd been there, I could have called out the name of my child."

"Well! I'll not say more to-night, Susan. You're not taking it rightly, and I'd hest be gone and leave you to think over. I'll not deny they are hard words to hear, but there's good in them, as I take it; and I reckon you'll have to come to 'em. Anyhow, I'm a bad way of thanking me for my pains, and I don't take it well in you, Susan," said he, getting up, as if offended.

"Nay, I'm heedle myself with sorrow. Don't blame me, if I speak short. Leave me is the only ones, you see. And mother did so charge me to bring back my lad him! And this is what he's come to, poor life chap!" She began to cry, and Michael to comfort her with caresses.

"Don't," said she. "It's no use trying to make me forget poor Willie is a natural. I could hate myself for being happy with you, even for just a little minute. Go away, and leave me to face it out."

"Can I think it over, Susan, and remember what the doctor says?"

"I can't forget it," said she. She meant she could not forget what the doctor had said about the hopelessness of her brother's case; he had referred to the plan of sending Willie to an asylum, or madhouse, as they were called in that day and place. Michael had been urging force in Michael's mind for long; he had talked it over with his father, and secretly rejoiced over the possession of the farm and land which would then be his in fact, if not in law, by right of his wife. He had not considered the possibility that her father could give her in his catalogue of Susan's charms and attractions. But of late he had grown to esteem her as the heiress of Yew Nook. He, too, should have liked like his brother to have to possess, to enjoy, to use, to do what he chose, to bequeath. For some time he had wondered that Susan had been too much absorbed in Willie's present, that she never seemed to look forward to his future, state. Michael had long felt the hope to be a trouble; and he had grown to dislike, loathed Willie's idiotic grinning, his uncouth gestures, his loose shambling gait, all irritated Michael inexpressibly. Hedid not consider the Yew Nook for a couple of days. He thought that he would give Susan time to be more cautious in her speech, and reconciled to his plan. They were strange, lonely days to Susan. They were the first she had spent face to face with the sorrows that had turned her from a girl into a woman, for hitherto Michael had never let twenty-four hours go by without coming to see her, or her come and had had the fever. Now that he was absent, it seemed as though some cause of irritation was removed from Will, who was much more gentle and tractable than he had been for many days. Susan thought that she observed him making efforts at her pleasing, and there was something piteous in the way in which he crept up to her, and looked wistfully in her face, as if asking her to restore him the facilities that he felt to be wanting.

"I never will let thee go, lad, never! Never! There's no knowing where they would take thee to, or what they would do with thee. As they say in the Bible, 'Nought but death shall part thee and me!'"

The country-side was full, in those days, of stories of the brutal treatment of lunatics. Newspapers; stories that were in those days too well founded, and the truth of any of which only would have been a sufficient reason for the strong prejudice existing against all such places. Each succeeding hour that Susan passed, alone, or with the poor, affectionate Will for her only companion, served to deepen her obstinate resolution never to part with him. So, when Michael came, he was annoyed and surprised by the calm way in which she spoke, as if following Dr. Preston's advice was utterly out of the question. He had not counted on nothing but a resolute, reluctant it might be, but still a consent; and he was controversially irritated. He should have repressed his anger, but he chose rather to give way to it, thinking that he could so best work upon Susan's affection to gain his point. But, sometimes, his over-reached himself, and Susan was astonished in his turn at the passion of indignation that she hurst into.

"Thou will not hide in the same house with him, sayst thou? There's no need for thy hiding, as far as I can tell. There's solemn reason why I should hide with my own flesh and blood, and keep to the word I pledged my mother on her death-bed; but, as for thee, there's no tie that I know on to keep thee fa. going to America or Botany Bay this very night, if it lies with me. Thou knowest will have no more of your threats to make me send my bairn away. If thou marry me, thou'll help me to take care of him, or I thou canst choose to marry me on those terms—why! I can snap my fingers at thee, never fear. I'm not so far gone in love as that. But I will not have thee if thou mayst not take care of my lad. Thou shalt have thee if thou mayst take him and the house his own Willie must go out of the house—and the house his own too—before thou'll set foot in it. Willie hides here, and I hide with him."

"Then must may-be spoken a word too much," said Michael, pale with rage. "If I am free, as thou sayst, to go to Canada or Botany Bay, I reckon I'm free to live where I like, and that will not be with a natural who may turn into a madman any day they please. I know, lass, between him and me, Susy, for I swear to you, you shall have both."

"I have chosen," said Susan, now perfectly composed and cold. "Whatever come of it, I will have Willie."

"I'm very well," replied Michael, trying to assume an equal composure of manner. "Then I'll wish you a very good night." He went out of the house-door half-expecting to be called back again; but, instead, he heard a hasty step follow him, and a bolt drawn.

"Whew!" said he to himself, "I think I must leave my lady alone for a week or two, and give her time to come to her senses. She'll not find it so easy as she thinks to let me go."

So he went out the kitchen-window in nonchalant style, and was not seen again at Yew Nook for some weeks. How did he pass the time? For the first day or two he was unusually cross with all things and people that came in his way. But then a change here began, and he was busy, and exultant about his heavy crop. Then a man came from a distance to bid for the lease of his farm, which had been offered for sale by his father's advice, as he himself was so soon to be married and settled. Yew Nook, for so little idea that Susan really would remain firm to her determination, that he at once began to haggle with the man who came after his farm, showed him the crop just got in, and managed skilfully enough to make a good bargain for himself. Of course he bargain had to be sealed at the public-house; and the companions he met with there soon became friends enough to tempt him into Langdale, where again he met with Eleanor Hebthwaite.

How did Susan pass the time? For the first day or so she was too angry and offended to cry. She went about her household duties in a quick, sharp, jerking, yet absent, way; shrinking one moment from Will, overwhelming him with remorseless caresses the next. The third day she was calmer; she had cried the relief of a good fit of crying; and after that she grew softer and more tender; she felt how harshly she had spoken to him, and remembered how angry she had been. She made excuses for him. It was no wonder, in his state of mind, "that he had been vexed with her; and no wonder he would not give in, when she had never tried to speak gently or to reason with him. She was to blame, and he was right to go, and tell him so. Once again all that her mother had bade her be to Willie, came to her in the stories she had heard about mad-houses, and he would be on her side at once."

"Not just yet. Only not just yet. And don't say again that I do not love you," said she, suddenly hiding herself in his arms.

And so matters went on through August. The crop of oats was gathered in; the wheat-field was cut and set up; yet, when, one fine day, Michael drove up in a borrowed shandry, and offered to take Willie a ride. His manner, when Susan asked him where he was going to, was rather confused; but the answer was straight and clear enough.

"He had business in Ashbleaze, and he would never lose sight of the lad, and have him hack safe and sound before dark." So Susan let him go.

Before night they were at home again: Willie in high delight at a little rattling paper windmill that Michael had bought for him in the street, and which mistaken this new sound with perpetual buzzings. Michael, too, looked pleased. Susan knew the look, although afterwards she remembered that he had tried to evil it from her, and had assumed a grave appearance of gravity whenever he caught her eye. He put up his horse; for, although he had three miles further to go, the moon was up—the bonny harvest-moon—and he did not care how late he had to drive on such a road by such a light. After the supper, which Susan had prepared for the children was over, Peggy went upstairs to see Willie safe in bed; for he had to have the same care taken of him that a little child of four years old requires.

Michael drew near to Susan.

"Susan," said he, "I look to it Will to see Dr. Preston, at Kendal. He's the first doctor in the county. I thought it were better for us—for you—to know at once what chance there were for him."

"Well!" said Susan, looking eagerly up. She saw the same strange glow of satisfaction, the same instant change to apparent regret and pain. "What did he say?" said she. "Speak! can't you?"

"He said he would never get better of his weakness."

"Never!"

"No; never. It is a long word, and hard to hear. And there's worse to come, dearest. The doctor thinks he will get worse from year to year. And he said, if he was us—you—he would send him off in time to Lancaster Asylum. They were used to both of keeping such people in order and making them happy. I only tell you what he said," continued he, seeing the gathering storm in her face.

"There was no harm in his saying it," she replied, with great self-constraint, forcing herself to speak coldly instead of angrily. "Folk is welcome to their opinions."

They sate silent for a minute or two, her breast heaving with suppressed feeling.

"He's counted a very clever man," said Michael, at length.

"He may he. He's none of my clever men, nor am I going to be guided by him, whatever he may think. And I don't thank them that went and took my poor lad to have some idle talk about about him. If I'd been there, I could have called out the name of my child."

"Well! I'll not say more to-night, Susan. You're not taking it rightly, and I'd hest be gone and leave you to think over. I'll not deny they are hard words to hear, but there's good in them, as I take it; and I reckon you'll have to come to 'em. Anyhow, I'm a bad way of thanking me for my pains, and I don't take it well in you, Susan," said he, getting up, as if offended.

"Nay, I'm heedle myself with sorrow. Don't blame me, if I speak short. Leave me is the only ones, you see. And mother did so charge me to bring back my lad him! And this is what he's come to, poor life chap!" She began to cry, and Michael to comfort her with caresses.

"Don't," said she. "It's no use trying to make me forget poor Willie is a natural. I could hate myself for being happy with you, even for just a little minute. Go away, and leave me to face it out."

"Can I think it over, Susan, and remember what the doctor says?"

"I can't forget it," said she. She meant she could not forget what the doctor had said about the hopelessness of her brother's case; he had referred to the plan of sending Willie to an asylum, or madhouse, as they were called in that day and place. Michael had been urging force in Michael's mind for long; he had talked it over with his father, and secretly rejoiced over the possession of the farm and land which would then be his in fact, if not in law, by right of his wife. He had not considered the possibility that her father could give her in his catalogue of Susan's charms and attractions. But of late he had grown to esteem her as the heiress of Yew Nook. He, too, should have liked like his brother to have to possess, to enjoy, to use, to do what he chose, to bequeath. For some time he had wondered that Susan had been too much absorbed in Willie's present, that she never seemed to look forward to his future, state. Michael had long felt the hope to be a trouble; and he had grown to dislike, loathed Willie's idiotic grinning, his uncouth gestures, his loose shambling gait, all irritated Michael inexpressibly. Hedid not consider the Yew Nook for a couple of days. He thought that he would give Susan time to be more cautious in her speech, and reconciled to his plan. They were strange, lonely days to Susan. They were the first she had spent face to face with the sorrows that had turned her from a girl into a woman, for hitherto Michael had never let twenty-four hours go by without coming to see her, or her come and had had the fever. Now that he was absent, it seemed as though some cause of irritation was removed from Will, who was much more gentle and tractable than he had been for many days. Susan thought that she observed him making efforts at her pleasing, and there was something piteous in the way in which he crept up to her, and looked wistfully in her face, as if asking her to restore him the facilities that he felt to be wanting.

"I never will let thee go, lad, never! Never! There's no knowing where they would take thee to, or what they would do with thee. As they say in the Bible, 'Nought but death shall part thee and me!'"

The country-side was full, in those days, of stories of the brutal treatment of lunatics. Newspapers; stories that were in those days too well founded, and the truth of any of which only would have been a sufficient reason for the strong prejudice existing against all such places. Each succeeding hour that Susan passed, alone, or with the poor, affectionate Will for her only companion, served to deepen her obstinate resolution never to part with him. So, when Michael came, he was annoyed and surprised by the calm way in which she spoke, as if following Dr. Preston's advice was utterly out of the question. He had counted on nothing but a resolute, reluctant it might be, but still a consent; and he was controversially irritated. He should have repressed his anger, but he chose rather to give way to it, thinking that he could so best work upon Susan's affection to gain his point. But, sometimes, he over-reached himself, and Susan was astonished in his turn at the passion of indignation that she burst into.

"Thou will not hide in the same house with him, sayst thou? There's no need for thy hiding, as far as I can tell. There's solemn reason why I should hide with my own flesh and blood, and keep to the word I pledged my mother on her death-bed; but, as for thee, there's no tie that I know on to keep thee fa. going to America or Botany Bay this very night, if it lies with me. Thou knowest will have no more of your threats to make me send my

victory as soon as possible: and, accordingly, she brought a hailstorm of good reasons to hear upon Susan. Susan did not reply for a long time; she was so indignant at this intermeddling of a stranger in the deep family sorrow of her family, that she was almost at a loss gaining the day, and urged her arguments more pitilessly. Poor Michael grew wicked for Susan and wondered at her silence. He shrunk out of sight, and into the shadow, hoping that his sister would be so thoroughly conquered at the hard way in which she kept putting the case.

Suddenly Susan turned round from the occupation she had pretended to be engaged in, and said to him in a low tone, but with a firmness of utterance that made the hearers tibrate through all their nerves:

"Michael Hurst! does your sister speak truth, think you?"

Both women looked at him for his answer; Mrs. Gale without anxiety, for had she not said the very words they had spoken together before; had she not used the very arguments that he himself had suggested? Susan, in the long interval, had to his answer as selling her doom rend more despair than hope.

He shuffled his position. He shuffled in his words.

"What is it you ask? My sister has said many things."

"I ask you," said Susan, trying to give a crystal clearness both to her expressions and her pronunciation, "if, knowing as you do how Will is afflicted, you will help me to take care of him that I promised my mother on her death-bed I would do; and which means, that I shall keep him always with me, and do all in my power to make his life happy. If you will do this, I will be your wife; if not, I remain unwed."

"Come, lass, thou speakest rough; he can be hut a trouble; his being here is a pain to you. Susan, dear, a pleasure."

"I ask you for either yes or no," said she, a little contempt at his evading her question mingling with her tone. He perceived it, and it nettled him.

"And I have told you, I have answered your question the last time I was here. I said I would never keep house with an idiot; no more I will. So now you've gotten your answer."

"I have," said Susan. And she sighed deeply.

"Come, lass," said Mrs. Gale, hearing the sigh; "one would think you don't love Michael." The sigh; so stubborn in yielding to what I'm sure would be best for the lad."

"If she does not care for me," said Michael. "I don't believe she ever did."

"Don't I? Have not I?" asked Susan, her eyes blazing out fire. She left the room directly, and sent Peggy in to make the tea; and catching at Will, who was lounging about in the house, she went upstairs with him and holted herself in, straining the boy to her heart, and keeping almost breathless, lest any noise she made should cause him to break out into the howls and sounds which she could not bear that those below should hear.

A knock at the door. It was Peggy.

"He wants for to see you, to wish you good-bye."

"I cannot come. Oh, Peggy, send them away."

"And here only you for sympathy; and the old servant understood it. She sent them away somehow; not politely, as I have been given to understand.

"Good go with them," said Peggy, as she grimly watched their retreating figures. "We're rid of bad rubbish, anyhow." And she turned into the house with the intention of making ready some refreshment for Susan, after her hard day at the market, and her harder evening. But in the kitchen, to which she passed through the back-house-place, making a face of contemptuous dislike at the neat tea-table set out, and the cold meat and delicacies there, she found Susan, with her sleeves tucked up, and her working apron on, hasied in preparing to make clap-bread, one of the hardest and hottest domestic tasks of a warm summer's day. She looked up, and first met and then avoided Peggy's eye; it was too full of sympathy. Her own cheeks were flushed, and her own eyes were dry and burning.

"Where's the hoard, Peggy? We need clap-bread; and I reckon I'm hard to get through with it to-night." Her voice had a sharp dry tone in it, and her motions had a jerking angularity in them.

Peggy said nothing, but fetched her all that she needed. Susan beat her cakes thin with vehement force. As she stooped over them, Peggy noticed how, if the task in which she seemed so much occupied, she was trying to be in touch on her month of something—what she did not see at first. It was a cap of tea, delicately sweetened and flavoured with a little hot water, and it was brought to the faithful old woman, who, instead of eating it, broke it, and looked into Peggy's eyes, while her own filled with the strange relief of tears.

"Lass!" said Peggy, solemnly, "thou hast done well. It is not long for thee to bear, and God will come."

"But you are very old, Peggy," said Susan, quivering.

"It is hut a day sin' I were young," replied Peggy; but she stopped the conversation by again pushing the cup with gentle force to Susan's dry and thirsty lips. When she had drunk the hot drink, she fell quietly to labour, Peggy heating the hearth, and doing all that Susan would be required, but never speaking another word. Will hasked close to the fire, enjoying the animal luxury of warmth, for the autumn evenings were beginning to be chilly. It was one o'clock before they thought of going to bed on that memorable night.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. ESTLIN.

NO. IV.

Mr. Garrison's visit to England, before mentioned, contributed largely to increase Mr. Estlin's acquaintance with the nature and workings of American slavery, and with those open and subtle influences which sustain it. He watched the course of Mr. Garrison with the closest interest. Careful, moderate and exact as Mr. Estlin was, in all his words, and in every step he took forward, it will surprise no one that he did not at once fully understand Mr. Garrison's uncompromising principles, or that he sympathize in his bold denunciations of oppression and its abettors, wherever he found them, regardless of the consequences to himself. But all his previous impressions of Mr. Garrison's devotion to principle, and conscientious faithfulness to the cause he undertook to advocate, were fully and thoroughly established by what he saw and learned of him, during this visit to Great Britain. "His high moral character," he writes, "and his unselfish devotion to the cause of humanity, claim the serious and considerate attention." It was Mr. Estlin's nature, and equally the nature of all his habits, to adopt new views and opinions cautiously, and to take new steps slowly and gradually. But to him belong, by universal consent, the high praise of a courage which never shrunk from a sacrifice, of a spirit, nor sympathize in his bold denunciations of oppression and its abettors, wherever he found them, regardless of the consequences to himself. But all his previous impressions of Mr. Garrison's devotion to principle, and conscientious faithfulness to the cause he undertook to advocate, were fully and thoroughly established by what he saw and learned of him, during this visit to Great Britain. "His high moral character," he writes, "and his unselfish devotion to the cause of humanity, claim the serious and considerate attention." It was Mr. Estlin's nature, and equally the nature of all his habits, to adopt new views and opinions cautiously, and to take new steps slowly and gradually. But to him belong, by universal consent, the high praise of a courage which never shrunk from a sacrifice, of a spirit, nor deserting it for any cause. If his advancement in anti-slavery was slow, as compared with some others, it was, on the other hand, sure. The advance was a real one, both in principle and in practice. He never fell back. When he went forward, it was with knowledge of the step he was taking, and that it would bring with it responsibilities and duties, and he was fully prepared to meet them. We dwell on this feature of Mr. Estlin's character, because it was so conspicuous and influential. It gave him a solidity and reliability of character which inspired entire confidence. It made him one of the firmest and most invaluable of friends. Every one knew where to find him, and knew that those who sought his counsel or aid failed to be impressed with the conviction that he was the man of the truest principle. Not blown about by every wind of doctrine, he built on the rock of principle and truth, and kept his place and faith unshaken.

When Mr. Garrison was about to leave England in the autumn of 1846, Mr. Estlin went to Liverpool and Ireland to bid him farewell, as he had previously gone to London purposely to become acquainted with him, and welcome him to England.

In June, 1847, Mr. Estlin addressed a public letter to the Rev. Edward Tagart, Secretary to the British and Foreign *Unitarian* Association, on "the Present Position of English Unitarians, in reference to the American Slavery Question." As a fair specimen of his writings, as well as of his manner of treating a difficult and delicate question before him, I subjoin an extract or two, regretting that necessary limits do not allow of the republication of the entire letter:

"Let it then be borne in mind, that in a country of professing Christians, three millions of its inhabitants, speaking the same language with the rest of its people, have the Bible sedulously withheld from them; that to teach them to read the Bible is a criminal offence, punishable in some places, on a repetition of the crime, by death; that to send copies of the Bible, for the spread of Christianity; large sums are collected by some of the religious bodies, for the conversion of the heathen. Passing by three millions of their countrymen, as if they were not within the pale of Christian sympathy, the ministers aries, laden with Bibles, go forth to distant lands. The Reports of the Board of Foreign Missions state, that their society converts annually about 1,000 heathens to the religion of Christ; while, on the other hand, the Reports of the Board of Domestic Missions state, there are every year brought into existence. So there are 1,000 annual conversions abroad, and 70,000 human-born, and forced to remain heathens, at home! Moreover, in the well-clad Christian land of the United States, two million children are sold to benefit theological seminaries; they are sold to purchase communion-plate; their bodies are sold to procure Bibles, from which their souls are allowed to receive no benefit! The Bible, too, is brought prominently forward in the land where the slave-code is in force; while Ecclesiastical Synods have decided that, in the case of slaves, some of its sanctions may be dispensed with, and especially that the marriage vow is not binding.

With such facts full in their view, it is not to be wondered at that however much American Abolitionists differ among themselves upon the mode of carrying out their anti-slavery purposes, there is one point upon which they are unanimous—namely, that those evils, and all the evils connected with slavery, have been greatly increased by the relinquishment of the country—that it is the respectability and support given by the ecclesiastical bodies of their land which maintain slavery. Even bishops and ministers are frequently holders of slaves, and all the important lay-offices in the church. The Southern States are often called the land of slave-owners. Now, the Abolitionists all agree in maintaining that if, instead of the sanction thus given to this iniquity, ministers of the Gospel were to speak out against the national sin as its enormity demands (instead of being *silent* upon it, or calling upon the Scriptures to furnish arguments in its defence), slavery would immediately terminate.

"Upon those religious bodies in the United States which are most numerous, the greatest responsibility in the matter, of course, rests. These are the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists and the Episcopalians; but I regret to believe that the Unitarians, in proportion to their number, are almost as numerous and as other sects for the encouragement they afford to the continuance of slavery."

* * * * *

"But occasions will occur on which there will be no difficulty as to the appropriate line of conduct to pursue. The American Unitarian Association, at the present moment, furnishes a good illustration of the circumstances under which a sister society in Britain has, in my view, a right to offer remonstrance on the slavery question, in any official communication that may be hereafter made. In the first name on its List of Officers, as given in the Boston 'Unitarian Annual Register,' for 1847, is that of the Rev. Dr. Dewey; and the last named of the fifteen Vice-Presidents is Dr. Bachman, of South Carolina. Now, Dr. Dewey was in England, in 1843, he asserted that he had been for many years a member of a secret society for the abolition of slavery, and considered there was much injustice in the being thought (as was inferred from his mode of arguing on the subject) that he was but lukewarm in the cause of the slave. And yet, on his return to the United States, he published an Address on 'American Morals and Manners,' in which he speaks of the colored race as a despised minority; separated from the white inhabitants by 'impassable *physical*, if not mental, barriers'—an assertion made with the full knowledge of an almost white race of descendants of negroes at the South, the offspring of iniquity. And then, as a consequence of the avowal of such a fully-formed opinion, men with skins differently coloured from his own, he recommends their removal from the soil of their birth (of inhabiting which their right is as strong as Dr. Dewey's) to distant territories.

"Such are the sentiments of the *President* of the American Unitarian Association. And then, with regard to Dr. Whitridge, one of the *Vice-Presidents*, nothing more need be said of him than the simple statement, that he is himself a holder of slaves.

"Now, had these facts been fully before us and considered, I can hardly suppose that some of the speakers at our meeting would have taken such low views of the slavery question as their observations indicated."

This letter attracted much attention among English Unitarians, and was the cause of his being, on coming from one so judicious and so highly esteemed among his religious associates as Mr. Estlin was.

At about the same time, he writes that "the stir among the Unitarians is likely to do good." One of its objects was to secure such an understanding between and feeling in the denomination, "that American Unitarian ministers visiting this country (England) may not expect to altogether escape inquiry into their previous course on the slavery question."

It was early in this year that a letter was sent by "The Friends of Unitarian Christianity in Boston to their Brethren in a Common Faith in England and Scotland," inviting the latter to join in the celebration of the two hundred anniversary of the landing in Boston, in the month of May. The letter was duly received by the Committee in London, but so strong was the feeling which had been awakened among the English Unitarians by the conduct of slave-holders among the American Unitarians with it, that, at the annual meeting of the Unitarians in London, the first of May, no action was had or proposed in relation to the invitation. Several months elapsing, and no official reply to it having been sent, an inquiry was made, and it was found that it was actively circulated through the kingdom, and very numerously signed by ministers and laymen, and forwarded to this country. To this movement, Mr. Estlin's letter of inquiry contributed largely contributed, and in carrying it to a successful termination, he was the chief agent. Some among us do not forget the tone of derision and even insolence in which certain leading Unitarians in and around Boston assailed this temperate and manly reply, and the tone of triumph in which it was then treated, in preference to making any attempt to answer, a few extracts are subjoined:

"To be permitted to share in your celebration would be felt as a high privilege. * * Boston to us would, on this occasion, be interesting ground; and the scenes which have been familiar to the living and the dead, and dwelling in names our reverence and love are affectionately intertwined, could not be visited by us with any common emotion."

"Nevertheless, in the exercise of the liberty wherewith the Gospel makes as free—and encouraged by the recollection of the brotherly relation in which you permit us to hope we mutually stand—we feel that we should be false to the expression of our thoughts, and that it becomes us to state that there are circumstances, as we have been lately informed, which justify our anxiety for some explanation—in order to disemharrass a proposal which, apart from such circumstances, could not be otherwise than acceptable and cordial."

"It has been reported, brethren, that among the officers of one of the most important of those Societies in whose operations you have invited us to take a part [the American Unitarian Association], there was at least one individual in the unhappy predicament of being a *holder of slaves.*"

Upon this fact the respondents briefly enlarge, entreating attention to it, and close with the hope that "their brethren will be in regard to slavery and slaveholders, may be 'above fear and reproachable,' and make such a temperate and friendly appeal the object of ridicule may be an easy thing for some minds; but even *they* must have sorely felt the strait they were in, before they could consent to such insinuations.

In allusion to the subjects just mentioned, Mr. Estlin wrote, in September, 1847—

"Many thanks for the *Christian Register* and *World*, and the other papers which gave me so lively an impression of the feeling that exists among Unitarians at Boston. The manner in which the Editor speaks of my letter, with my letter to Mr. Tagart (if general among your editors) would lead me to suppose that a different standard of morals, or a different mode of interpreting language, prevails among them from what is recognised here. It would not be considered very honourable, nor quite *honest* in an editor—especially of a *religious* paper—to characterise my letter to Mr. T. as containing 'offensive personalities,' and, while professing to omit such improper matter, to insert the remainder, which is chiefly or only those which speak *respectfully* of America. Perhaps, however, the editor interprets as 'offensive personalities' all reference to persons upon subjects not agreeable to them."

More than *fifteen hundred* signatures were appended to the above-named Reply, but among them were (not included (with a few honourable exceptions) the names of the "influential" and "leading" ministers of the denomination in Great Britain. When, indeed, was it ever known, that the rich and the great, in any land, lent the help of any great movement for truth, freedom, justice? "Are any of the rulers believed on him?" was sneeringly asked concerning Jesus; and his cause, renewing itself in every age, meets with the selfsame measure of supercilious indifference, and, not unfrequently, of bitter opposition. Some of the "influential" and "leading" ministers of the denomination, and teachers of vain philosophies. "Our move," writes Mr. Estlin, "has occasioned much dissatisfaction among the more influential part of the Unitarian body. I suspect that the publication has surprised some who considered me an old-school *conservative*, who, in matters of reform, pursued a common sense and safe judgment." But, he adds, "If among the ministers we have met with replise and concure from some, others, with warm hearts and *wise* feeling, have sympathized with us and encouraged us." Perhaps they who are willing to be of "no reputation" for righteousness sake.

On October, 1847, he says:

"To not imagine I received information of Mr. Garrison's tour to the West. I saw too much of him, while here, not to feel a personal interest in him. My daughter, Miss P——, and myself traced his route on our maps, and thought and talked of him on the days when the progress of his proceedings in the *Liberator* enabled us to know where he was."

In *January*, 1848, he says. "As I am now writing, the tables are covered with pictures, &c., preparations making by ——and ——, for *next year's* Boston Bazaar! No day, not many hours in a day, pass here in which your name is not thought of, talked of and wondered at."

During the whole struggle in France, and other European countries, against their oppressive governments, Mr. Estlin's mind was deeply interested, and his letters abound in valuable suggestions. From the first, he doubted if France would be able to maintain a republic, or if her people were fitted for it, and expected a return to monarchy there.

In October, 1848, he writes, "We have attacked some Free Church of Scotland' deputies, who came to Bristol to ask for money, and to bring union with slaveholders, and advised them to 'send back the money.'"

The Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass having been, at about this time, translated into French by the Editors, of Bristol, its publication at Paris was secured by Mr. Estlin, who, with the aid of a few friends, advanced the sum required by the Editors.

The case of Messrs. Drayton and Sayres, imprisoned in Washington for the *crime* of endeavouring to give liberty to twenty victims of American Despotism, deeply interested Mr. Estlin's thoughts and feelings, and he sent a contribution to the fund raised for their relief and defence.

In the autumn of 1848, he attended a public religious meeting at Exeter, Devonshire, and, being invited to speak on the subject of Christian Philanthropy, did so, and, in the course of his remarks, he said, "I remember hearing that some of the most eminent of their ministers [in England] had not paid the subject the attention it deserved, and were behind their flocks, he particularly noticed Dr. J. Martineau. I know, the Abolitionists all agree in maintaining that if, instead of the sanction thus given to this iniquity, ministers of the Gospel were to speak out against the national sin as its enormity demands (instead of being *silent* upon it, or calling upon the Scriptures to furnish arguments in its defence), slavery would immediately terminate.

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"Now, had these facts been fully before us and considered, I can hardly suppose that some of the speakers at our meeting would have taken such low views of the slavery question as their observations indicated."

This letter attracted much attention among English Unitarians, and was the cause of his being, on coming from one so judicious and so highly esteemed among his religious associates as Mr. Estlin was.

At about the same time, he writes that "the stir among the Unitarians is likely to do good." One of its objects was to secure such an understanding between and feeling in the denomination, "that American Unitarian ministers visiting this country (England) may not expect to altogether escape inquiry into their previous course on the slavery question."

It was early in this year that a letter was sent by "The Friends of Unitarian Christianity in Boston to their Brethren in a Common Faith in England and Scotland," inviting the latter to join in the celebration of the two hundred anniversary of the landing in Boston, in the month of May. The letter was duly received by the Committee in London, but so strong was the feeling which had been awakened among the English Unitarians by the conduct of slave-holders among the American Unitarians with it, that, at the annual meeting of the Unitarians in London, the first of May, no action was had or proposed in relation to the invitation. Several months elapsing, and no official reply to it having been sent, an inquiry was made, and it was found that it was actively circulated through the kingdom, and very numerously signed by ministers and laymen, and forwarded to this country. To this movement, Mr. Estlin's letter of inquiry contributed largely contributed, and in carrying it to a successful termination, he was the chief agent. Some among us do not forget the tone of derision and even insolence in which certain leading Unitarians in and around Boston assailed this temperate and manly reply, and the tone of triumph in which it was then treated, in preference to making any attempt to answer, a few extracts are subjoined:

"To be permitted to share in your celebration would be felt as a high privilege. * * Boston to us would, on this occasion, be interesting ground; and the scenes which have been familiar to the living and the dead, and dwelling in names our reverence and love are affectionately intertwined, could not be visited by us with any common emotion."

"Nevertheless, in the exercise of the liberty wherewith the Gospel makes as free—and encouraged by the recollection of the brotherly relation in which you permit us to hope we mutually stand—we feel that we should be false to the expression of our thoughts, and that it becomes us to state that there are circumstances, as we have been lately informed, which justify our anxiety for some explanation—in order to disemharrass a proposal which, apart from such circumstances, could not be otherwise than acceptable and cordial."

"It has been reported, brethren, that among the officers of one of the most important of those Societies in whose operations you have invited us to take a part [the American Unitarian Association], there was at least one individual in the unhappy predicament of being a *holder of slaves.*"

Upon this fact the respondents briefly enlarge, entreating attention to it, and close with the hope that "their brethren will be in regard to slavery and slaveholders, may be 'above fear and reproachable,' and make such a temperate and friendly appeal the object of ridicule may be an easy thing for some minds; but even *they* must have sorely felt the strait they were in, before they could consent to such insinuations.

In allusion to the subjects just mentioned, Mr. Estlin wrote, in September, 1847—

"Many thanks for the *Christian Register* and *World*, and the other papers which gave me so lively an impression of the feeling that exists among Unitarians at Boston. The manner in which