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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Correspondence of the Worcester County Gazette.

PATRIARCHAL DIFFICULTIES.

The course of oppression, any more than that of true love, seldom runs smoothly. From the time Joseph was stolen and sold by his brethren, down to the present, those who have robbed and trafficked in the image of God, have uniformly verified that Scripture which saith, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Hope H. Slatter, the prince of slave-dealers, was yesterday waited upon by a man named Worthington, who said he wished to sell him a slave, whom he called Williams. He said that Williams had attempted to run away, that he had already lost eleven, and having caught this one, he would sell him. A bargain was at once struck between them, and Worthington pocketed $550, and was off. Soon after his departure, Williams avowed that he was a free man, and that he could prove it, by referring to a citizen of Baltimore. The referee was called, who testified that Williams was a native of Baltimore, and had never been a slave. Officers were then sent after Worthington, who was soon forthcoming, and both were conducted to a Police office, whence they were sent to jail, Worthington for swindling, and Williams for aiding and abetting. Slatter recovered the money, except six dollars. It is supposed that the plan, certainly a very foolish, not to say wicked one, was concocted between the two, with the understanding that Williams should run away if he could, and then, they would divide the spoils. As heartily as I despise, detest, loathe, and abhor the vile wretch, who fattens upon the miseries of his species—who revels in profusion, purchased by the blood and tears of human victims—the monster, in whose ears the stifled sobs—the heart-rending groans of mothers, separated forever from their offspring, and of children dragged forcibly from the embrace of parents, and all that is dear on earth, is music—the fiend incarnate, who, for paltry gain, will make merchandise of the bodies and souls of men, I would not *do* wrong, nor *counsel* wrong, to frustrate him in his hellish pursuits. I have no faith in the Popish dogma, "the end sanctifieth the means. You will not, however understand me as maintaining that all the enactments of man are necessarily right, and that to oppose or resist them, [illegible] necessarily wrong; or that [illegible] property which the laws declare such. I believe with St. Paul, that we are bounden to obey God rather than man, whenever the conscience, enlightened by divine truth, points out conflicting claims between human and divine enactments.

From the Florida Sentinel.

A female servant, belonging to one of our friends, the victim of an ill-assorted union, which was informally broken up some years ago, applied to her master for permission to marry again. She was told, that having been once married in due form by a regular clergyman, (though of her own color,) and her husband being alive, she was not exactly in condition to contract another match. Not discouraged by this reply, in a day or two after she renewed her application, and, by way of removing her master's scruples, presented him with a certificate of divorce from the colored clergyman who married her. As this certificate is a curiosity in its way, we will publish it verbatim et literatim. It runs as follows:

De vost ment from Tony Brown
Notis
June the 20th

in the year of our Lord and Savir Jesus Christ though By Matra mona I has put these Ton Cupple to Gether and Now They are not sattis fide and Contenelay Coming after me for to Part and I know not what To Do. You the man him self says he has eiven her oup for ever and says she may have who she Pless for he will not Remain with her No more while he live Soo Now I am compel To write This for To give Them Pese with one a Nuther Tony Brown

Thus is a divorce effected without the interference of either the courts or the Legislature. Tony means well enough, no doubt, though he evidently has a wrong notion about the extent of his prerogative. But, after all, he may have quite as good *Scriptural* authority to divorce, as anybody.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

SLAVE LIFE IN LOUISIANA.—A FEARFUL SCENE!

If the New-York Sun had waited a little longer, it might have had some foundation for a tale of the horrible, and not been under the necessity of fabricating such a hoax as that which represented Van Amburgh, the fool-hardy "lion-king," as torn to pieces, the other day, by one of his tigers. The Planter's Banner gives an account of an awfully singular occurrence which took place on the plantation of John Rice, Bayou Sale, (La.) on the night of the 4th inst.

At about nine o'clock, a colored man named Isaac, a valuable mechanic, belonging to Henry C. Dwight, of Franklin, (La.) was standing near a cabin in the "quarters," when a large panther came up to within a few feet of him. It was a moonlight night, and he could see the panther crouched ready to spring upon him. He immediately commenced retreating towards where a number of slaves were collected, with his eye on the animal. The latter, however, not at all daunted, pursued him. After backing a few paces, he turned to run, when the panther sprang upon him from a distance of about ten feet, seizing his left arm, near the shoulder, in his mouth, and striking his claws into his back! The man was thrown down, but immediately arose partially, still in the grasp of the panther, and called loudly for assistance. His cries gathered the slaves and dogs, but the panther held on some time, even after the dogs had seized him. Through the aid of the dogs, on whom the panther turned, the poor man freed himself from the uncomfortable embrace, but the ferocious animal renewed the attack, springing upon him, and seizing him by the left shoulder! By this time, several other slaves had collected with clubs and axes, and Isaac made his escape, with his arm and shoulder dreadfully lacerated, and his back severely scratched, while the panther made for the bayou, pursued by the dogs. In the meantime, a gun was procured, and the animal was shot, while engaged in a furious fight with the dogs. He measures eight feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and weighed from 150 to 175 lbs. The animal is the Cougar, or Puma, (*Felis con-color,*) commonly called, in this country, the Panther, and is the largest and most formidable of the cat kind in North America.

In view of this terrific narrative, and in the blaze of light which flashes from it, let no Maryland apologist for the interstatal slave-trade—no Northern renegade, whether of the tribe of Benjamin, or otherwise *descended*—dare to prate about the condition of the slave being made "no worse by a change!" Think of a "valuable mechanic" being forced to live in a "quarter" where he is continually in danger of being *quartered* by some ferocious wild beast, or, it may be, to behold the child of his bosom torn to pieces by the first grasp of its fearful claws! But our imagination may be out-running the facts: This victim of a false position may not be troubled with the care of *wife or child!* They, mayhap, are still in Maryland, and only exposed to the claws of some such tiger as those who growl so fiercely from their "Legislative menagerie," whenever any friend of humanity ventures to protest against the barbaric cruelties of our domestic slave-trade, or the merciless visitations of our heathenish Black Laws!

Selections.

We take the first of the following extracts from a tersely written article,—of which it may be said, *materiam superabat opus,* the manner far surpasses the subject,—for it is on Fletcher Webster's oration,—in the Boston Whig, a paper whose stern and searching investigation of the course and policy of the slave-power in this country, is doing all that mere politicians can do to arouse the true spirit of the Old Bay State. The point to which we would specially direct attention is the remarkably clear and convincing manner in which the true relation of the citizen to the Government is stated and maintained.

The second extract is from the leading article of the same paper, on the same subject. If its anonymous conductors would but fling a banner to the breeze, we are confident that thousands of weary hearts would rally round it. But few care to follow till they know who leads.—P.

Mr. Webster's theory of Government is one which would be well worthy of Vienna or St. Petersburg. It is the very antipodes of the doctrine of the Puritans, and of the men of the Revolution. He is a decided, unqualified absolutist. "Our country, right or wrong," is the summit of his moral and political theory. Nay, he even goes so far as to hold that whatever the "powers that be" may enjoin, the *good citizen* has only to execute and ask no questions, "to obey and support the laws." Yet in the next breath he refutes himself by admitting the citizen's "right to refuse to obey the laws when they conflict with the laws of God." The utter incongruity and confusion of mind, which these statements betray, would be ridiculous if it were not deplorable. Either the private man has a higher law than that of the State, or he has not. If he has not, then he *is* bound to obey the law of the State and any or every event, whatever his own sentiments may be, and though it compel him to draw the sword in an unjust cause against an unoffending people, though it compel him to steal land, or "extend the area" of Slavery. And such Mr. Webster, when he endorses Governor Briggs, holds to be the citizen's duty.

"Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the origin or necessity of a war, when the constitutional authorities of the country have declared that war with a foreign country actually exists, it is alike the dictate of *patriotism* and *humanity,* that every means, honorable *to ourselves* and just to our enemy, should be employed to bring such a war to a speedy and successful termination. A prompt and *energetic co-operation* of the whole people in the use of those means, is eminently calculated to produce that most desirable result."

In other words, we are not to inquire into the motives or purposes of the war, but only to fight it out as valiantly as we may, and spill our blood with all possible cheerfulness. This is the doctrine of despotism, but which the most brazen despotism dares [illegible] the doctrine of America. We hold it to be not only the right of the private man to question the acts of his rulers, but to rebel against those rulers, as well when they require him to do injustice to others—as when they do injustice to himself. But for this doctrine, for which the Puritans encountered expatriation, and all forms of deprivation and hardship, for which our revolutionary fathers spilt their blood, injustice would be perpetual and tyranny unassailable. Alas, for the day, when Mr. Webster and such as he shall succeed in persuading the right-minded and sound-hearted of New England that they have no duty but unquestioning submission—that the moment the country is engaged in a war, though for the propagation of Slavery, they have nothing to do but aid it to their utmost. Mr. Webster places duty to our country on the same level with duty to our parents. He will not pretend that there is any parallelism between citizens and infants. It may be true that up to a certain period the child should know no law but the will of the parents—but that period has its termination; and the adult man learns that the formation of new relations and the accession of new duties may not only debar him from consulting the parental will in a great many particulars, but may compel him to disregard, and even to thwart it. If we were then to admit so unfounded a proposition as that the Government stands to us "in loco parentis," the doctrine of unquestioning obedience would by no means follow. If, then, we may question the authority of Government in any case, and investigate its foundation and its limitations, we may do so in all cases. If we may refuse obedience in any case, most surely may we do so when it invokes us to carnage and pillage, when it commands us "to kill, slay, and destroy." But while he grants the right of inquiry and of disobedience in certain cases, not very well defined, Mr. Webster insists that the exercise of such rights is "ipso facto" a forfeiture of all the advantages of citizenship and of social protection and good offices. The man who will in any particular (for it is impossible to set limits) disobey the constituted authorities of his country, ought at once to expatriate himself. We believe this idea to be entirely original with Mr. Webster, and it shows the depth to which he has gone in his researches into the origin, principles, and purposes, of human society.

If the New Zealand cannibal becomes conscience-stricken, and refuses to go to war for victims to sacrifice at some grand festival, he may not stay at home and dehort his neighbors, but is bound forthwith to emigrate. The converted Mussulman is bound forthwith to fly his country the moment he cannot conform to its State religion. Our Revolutionary fathers, whom in other sentences he lauds, instead of rebelling and opposing the mother country, had honestly but the alternative to fly to other regions or to submit.

But Mr. Webster forgets in fact, while he recognizes in terms, that there *are* higher duties than obedience to rulers. The trouble is, he does not see exactly where the line of demarcation is to be drawn, if we once admit the citizen's right to disobey. Hence he is driven into irretrievable absurdities, and preaches doctrines wholly incongruous.

We humbly conceive that the circumstance of being born under a particular system of social relations and governmental organization, whatever *legal* consequences may flow from it, does not by any means reduce the unfortunate human individual, in a moral point of view, to the dreadful alternative suggested by Mr. Webster. The duties of a man, as well as his rights, are higher, and grander, and more imperative than those of a citizen. In virtue of his humanity he has personal relations to fulfil and duties to perform, which are much the same under any and every form of Government. So far as the law of the land restrains no man from doing right, and compels no man to do wrong, his own private conscience being the judge, it may be his duty, as it surely is his interest, to *conform.* But the moment Government transcends this line, be it republican or autocratic, it becomes an usurper, it invades the sacred rights of man as man, and disobedience, if not resistance, becomes his duty.

It is in vain that Mr. Webster argues that to extend to the individual citizen such a latitude of choice would put an end to Government. Let it be so. Yet to deny it, would be to put an end to man; of whom all social and governmental organizations are in theory the servants, not the masters. They were made for him, not he for them. He *is* primary, they are subsidiary;—he is the end, they are the means; he is the creature of God, and must answer for his deeds; they are human creations and cannot absolve nor screen the private man from his full measure of accountability.

We have much more which we should like to say touching the incongruous, immoral, and ill-considered doctrines with which this discourse abounds, but our limited space compels us to desist. We cannot close, however, without once more expressing our shame and our regret that such doctrines should have found multitudinous endorsers and applauders in the "most moral city" on the face of the earth. It shows how general and deep-rooted is the fatal fallacy that Government, or any other human device or convention, can absolve a man from the stern requisitions of the moral law, or stand between his naked personality and his Maker. Poor answer will it be for the injustice, rapine, and bloodshed, which we may personally commit, to say it was done in obedience to Government. No aggregation of men can abrogate or repeal, any more than they can create, the least iota of the moral code. There are inalienable duties as well as inalienable rights; and he who maintains that a man may do as a citizen what he may not rightfully do as a man, contributes his mite to destroy the little loyalty to absolute rectitude which Slavery, bankruptcy, and general public profligacy have hitherto spared.

* * * * * *

This subject naturally divides itself into two branches. One which respects the general obligation of a member of any social system to sustain an aggressive and unjust war—the other which applies more particularly to the duty of citizens under a limited form of government. With regard to the first point, it would not be possible for us within the space usually here allowed to us, to go into the examination of it in its full extent. Neither is it at all necessary, inasmuch as no question has ever been more fully discussed in the treatises which have been written, and which have become of established authority in the world. In those books, no principle is more clearly laid down than this, that the sovereign power of a State cannot command the performance of an act in itself morally wrong; and most particularly that in cases of war, no order of a superior can bind a subject to act in support of a war, where such war is absolutely unjust. It is this which makes the Governments of all nations so anxious to show themselves as having some color of right in the aggressive proceedings which they so often originate—and it is this which drove Mr. Polk and his friends in the present war to force into the preamble of his bill, an absolute falsehood. Nothing but this trick could have given his policy the slightest shadow of obligation upon the people of the Union.

In order that we may not be thought to go without book, we will quote from the leading authorities the paragraphs which sustain us:

"But if subjects be ordered, as commonly happens, to bear arms, and they be convinced that the war is unjust, they are indispensably bound not to go. 'We ought to obey God rather than men;' this is not only a maxim of the apostles, but also of the Rabbins and even of Socrates, that great Greek philosopher." Thus speaks Grotius.

"Any person who has the smallest feeling of piety, will never persuade himself, that he can suffer to be committed in his own name, under the order of a superior, the smallest action contrary to the dictates of an enlightened conscience."

So speaks Puffendorf, and though it be true that he afterwards qualifies in some measure the position of Grotius, by throwing upon the sovereign the responsibility for the commission of the wrong, his argument, however it may avail under an absolute Government, can be of no force in America, where the subject himself shares the sovereign's responsibility.

Resting ourselves upon the basis of the best authorities on the law of nature, we then maintain in its widest extent, the position that in a case of manifestly unjust and oppressive war upon the people of [illegible] poses of plunder and conquest, by the sovereign power of a nation, a citizen is *not* bound by any ties of the social system, to make himself a party to the crime. The breach of all the laws of justice, human or divine, committed by the act, dissolves the force of the social compact, in its particular case.

From the Tribune.

STRIKING THEIR OWN FRIENDS.

The disgraceful expulsion of the emancipated slaves of John Randolph from their lands in Mercer county, Ohio, has given occasion to various remarks in Southern newspapers, in which it is taken for granted that the actors in that piece of injustice were Abolitionists—such being the term applied indiscriminately to all persons at the North who are actively opposed to Slavery. The *New Orleans Tropic,* for instance, publishes an account of the proceedings referred to with this comment:

ABOLITION LOVE FOR BLACKS.—The Abolitionists of the North have not a hundredth part of the good feeling for blacks that exists here at the South. * * * And yet, these same hollow-hearted hypocrites denounce the South for not letting its entire black population loose at once. Where would the poor devils go to? Better be in slavery forever, than be treated as these forlorn wanderers in Ohio are.

We insist upon it that this abuse of one's own friends is *too* cruel. Of the whole lynch-posse who resisted the settlement of Randolph's slaves, there probably was not one who had ever been an Abolitionist in any sense of the word. The rumpus was made of course by men filled with the bitterest prejudices, and the most inveterate hostility to every scheme of emancipation, and they accomplished their purpose by raising against the poor blacks and their friends, the Southern mad-dog cry of "Abolition," turning the niggers loose, &c. &c. We hope the South treats her slaves at home with less cruelty than she inflicts on her self-degraded vassals at the North.

From the Chronotype.

REV. DR. HAWKS.

The editor of the Christian Reflector gives the following account of this remarkable divine.

"On the second Sabbath which I passed in New Orleans I accompanied my friend, Captain B——, of the ship Isabella, to hear the Rev. Dr. Hawks, rector of Christ's Church. Dr. Hawks, having formerly been settled at New-York, is well known in the Northern States, and is distinguished for his eloquence and earnestness as a pulpit orator. *He is held in high reputation here,* but can hardly be said to be popular, from the fact that the populace cannot get an opportunity to hear him.

"His congregation is wealthy, and (to use a term which many regard as complimentary rather than offensive) very aristocratic. They pay enormous pew rents, and rarely offer their unoccupied seats to a stranger.—Visiters fill a seat in front of the pews, surrounding the pulpit, but even to this they are not invited or attended. The sexton sent us into one corner of the singing gallery, among a crowd of other interlopers and whispering boys. We had a hard seat, and although the congregation was large below, looked down on many a vacant cushion which we should have at least preferred. However, we heard the great Dr. Hawks. His voice is clear, musical, and powerful; and is modified, elevated, and depressed, as the sense and style require.

"His eye is not at all confined to the printed or written page; he appears like one who can recite the whole as we can run through the alphabet—never miscalling, hesitating, or repeating—never so doing or uttering aught that any one can see how it might have been done or spoken better. Dr. H. is an artist. His gesture is as perfect as his elocution. His sermon was far less effective than many weaker and rougher ones which we have heard, but it contained thoughts the most sublime, and apostrophes the most beautiful and striking. *Its merits* were of too high a grade, and too purely literary, to consist with a deep religious impression on the common mind. Yet he made direct and solemn appeals. His theme was Christ's resurrection—the pledges and promises contained in that great fact, to the Church of Christ, and to immortal man. We found it difficult to hear him at such a distance, and among restless children, but were well repaid for the painful attention we gave.

"Dr. H. appears to be about fifty years of age. His eye is very black, and his complexion dark; the aspect of his countenance is serene, but, I thought, careworn and expressive of sad experiences. His society are about building a new church edifice, more spacious and imposing than the very respectable one they now occupy. Possibly they will have more room for strangers. The salary which Dr. Hawks receives is six thousand dollars and his house rent. He now preaches but one sermon on the Sabbath."

It is not very wonderful that the Rev. Doctor's "eye is very black and his complexion dark." He is in fact a colored man—having African blood in his veins. He was born at Newbern, North Carolina, and the fact of his colored blood is there very well known, though he has not probably boasted of it in New-York and New Orleans, and few of those who have listened to his eloquent preaching are probably aware of it. His white relatives, who are among the highest families of North Carolina, did for him, what it would have been honorable in them to have done in other cases, adopted him as white. They gave him all possible advantages of education, and we see the result. It was different with a cousin of Dr. Hawks. He also had white blood as noble as any. But he grew up a slave. He became one of the best house carpenters in Newbern. His owner fell into pecuniary embarrassment and he was sold, away from his wife and six children, for $1,500, and taken to New Orleans. He contrived to secrete himself in the hold of a northern vessel, but after getting off the Balize he was discovered, sent back, and *severely flogged.* Six months after he tried it again, stowed himself in the hold of a New-York packet, with a jug of water, and flitch of bacon. In that dark, noisome place he staid, thumping about till the vessel reached New-York, and then stole out one putrid sore from head to foot. There was a "middle passage" to freedom for you.

When he recovered from his bruises, we had the pleasure of directing him to his cousin, Dr. Hawks, who gave him a five dollar bill towards redeeming his wife and children from Slavery. He was a fine looking man, and when straightened up gave a high idea of the stock from which he sprung in the "Old North State." Probably he too, for he was a religious man, would have made a distinguished divine if he had been placed in the same circumstances as his cousin.

From the Baltimore Visiter.

THAT APOLOGY.

We mentioned in our last a disreputable fact, which is alluded to in the following paragraph which we extract from the letter of a correspondent in Virginia:

It appears that the editors of the Richmond Republican had to apologize for republishing the story of Pauline, from the *Visiter.* They will have to be careful how they exchange with such an *incendiary publication!* But really it appears to me to be a small business for an editor to humble himself in that way, before the slavocracy! I had hopes of Maxwell, but have lost them now, as to any efficiency in that cause. The paper has just changed hands,—Gallaher has bought an interest in it, and *left* the Whig. I have lost all hopes of the Whig, and discontinued my subscription.

We owe to the present editors of the Republican, Messrs. Baldwin and Gallaher, to state that the apology referred to was made during the time of their predecessors, Messrs. Maxwell and Crane. We hope better things of the new conductors of the Republican. As to the Whig—our correspondent will be able to account for its course very readily, when we inform him that its principal proprietor is the owner of about two hundred slaves.

From the True American.

THEOLOGICAL ADVOCATES OF SLAVERY IN SLAVE STATES.

We are about to make an announcement which must sound very strange to those whose field of observation is unlike our own: The greatest impediment to the success of the Anti-Slavery movement in the slave States, is the opposition to it of those men who profess to have been commissioned by high Heaven to go abroad and use their efforts for the mitigation of human misery and the extirpation of [illegible], will not surprise any one [illegible] been confirmed by extensive observation. We were born under the shadow of the dark wing of Slavery, and it is still our lot to dwell in its midst, and to number among our best friends and kindest neighbors the holders of slaves. We, therefore, do not speak without sufficient warrant, when we declare that they who profess to preach the Gospel of truth among men, are the worst enemies the cause of emancipation in the slave States has to fear. Far be it from us to calumniate that numerous band of genuine Christians who do not desecrate the altars of truth by any miserable efforts to extenuate the evils of Slavery. We are happy to know many ministers of the Gospel who do not give any countenance to a system which bears on its bold front the mark of Divine condemnation, as distinct as God's seal of wrath was on the brow of the guilty Cain. There are many preachers among us who do not preach unrighteousness. We honor these men, and our heart loves them for their devotion and consistency.

From the Rochester [N. Y.] Daily Democrat.

THE NORTHERN SLAVES OF SOUTHERN TASK-MASTERS.

We find no pleasure in holding up to public contempt the pusillanimity of any portion of our law-makers. Their infamy, to a greater extent than could be wished, attaches to our national character. A nation is deemed base and servile, when baseness and servility are the prevailing characteristics of the mass of its functionaries. If these rulers are men of a mean, grovelling, slavish spirit, and where these disgusting traits of character are the surest passports to place and power, the inference that the ruled must partake of the same spirit, is irresistible. If, therefore, justice and the public weal did not demand that these men should be branded, we should seek to hide, rather than to expose, their deformities. But justice and the public weal *do* demand a public exposition of the grovelling impulses which actuate too many of the men in power. Such an exposition is necessary, that those who follow may be deterred from imitating them.

What, but the most infamous motive, governed those Northern men at Baltimore who declared for the annexation of Texas, at any hazard? They knew the leading motive which impelled the leading agitators of that black scheme. It had been openly avowed. They were bold in their treason against humanity. They hesitated not to declare that they wished Texas annexed, *not* to extend the area of *freedom,* but of *Slavery*—to render that accursed institution a *perpetual* blot and stigma upon our national escutcheon. The honest heart of the free North revolted at the scheme. The bare idea was repulsive; and it was repudiated with a unanimity which gave hope of the future. The representatives of the North, when they went out from their constituents, were generally sound upon this important question. They had no desire to do wrong to perpetuate wrong. But the Southern representatives fastened upon them, with a full consciousness of their power, and with a full knowledge, acquired by experience, of the dough-like pliability of the men whom they wished to mould to their purposes. When mild persuasives failed, threats and intimidations succeeded. When it was found impossible to *coax* an abandonment of the candidate of the North, the *lash* was applied. "Acquiesce in our views, or suffer defeat," was the menacing language used by the men who have ruled so long, with a rod of iron; and the poor despicable creatures who went up from the hills and valleys of New England and New-York, "acquiesced!" The South triumphed. VAN BUREN was discarded. The wishes of two-thirds of the "Democratic" party were contemned; and POLK—the creature of those who substituted his name for that of the "favorite son"—was nominated! His nomination was cheered by these snivelling "dough-faces," who had been used as the cats-paws and tools of the slave-power? They swallowed the indignity heaped upon them, and, like the sunken and debased in morals, "gloried in their shame!"

Oregon—"the whole of Oregon"—was the pill thrown in to quiet the few political stomachs nauseated by this bitter Southern dose. "If," said the South, "you are disturbed by the prospective augmentation of slave territory, here is an offset. Take the whole of Oregon, up to 54 40—*no compromise* except at the cannon's mouth." The poor dotards swallowed the pill. "Oregon to 54 40," was placed upon the same canvass with "Texas to the Rio Grande;" and the "dough-faces"—the butt and ridicule of the South—were satisfied! Texas to the Rio Grande came in. Northern money, and Northern lives were pledged, to maintain, against the world, these slave-fastnesses; when lo! Oregon, which was to offset slave-accursed Texas, is dismembered, by the champions, *par excellence,* of the Annexation scheme; and instead of the *whole* of Oregon, up to 54 40, a *part* of Oregon, up to 49, is proffered to these dupes of the South—these slaves of their party! *And they accepted it.* Scarce a dog among them is found to wag his tongue! On the contrary, they lick the hand that smites them, and feel neither anger nor shame in the contemplation of their degrading position! Aptly did JOHN RANDOLPH style them "*dough-faces.*" The poor curs deserve to be spurned, kicked, and spit upon by the men who have, like the potter, moulded them to their purposes.

The same sickening spirit will be exemplified in the history of the Tariff law now before Congress. The South demands this sacrifice of Northern interests; and the puling demagogues who represent the North, will aid in its consummation. One or two—impelled by a temporary out-gushing of an independent spirit—assumed a manly position, and blusteringly avowed their determination to stand by the interests of their constituents. But the miserable cravens had not the stamina to maintain their position; and they bent their neck to the yoke with all the gentleness and grace of well-disciplined beasts of burden! The interests of the free States were sacrificed by their masters of the South—who find it an easier task to rule the political slaves of the North, than the poor, dejected, lashed chattels-personal upon their own plantations.

We have cited but a few of the more prominent illustrations of the spirit to which we referred in our opening paragraph. It pervades our national legislation. The North, by its representatives, is made the slave of slaves—the hewer of wood and drawer of water to that accursed Moloch whose breath is death! How long shall it continue? Let the people answer.

The following is the closing portion of an Oration delivered at Jefferson, New York, on the 4th of July last, by Wm. C. Bloss, of Rochester. If its excellence did not commend it to us, it would be worth while to copy it as that remarkable thing, a 4th of July oration that was not a lie:

Thus if we trace the history of our republic from Jefferson's time, we shall find either that we have had no republican party, or that the leaders of that party have alternately enacted and repealed a tariff, increased and diminished the standing army, voted and vetoed a National Bank, at one time promoted internal improvements, and encouraged manufactures, while at another they have shown themselves hostile to the same objects.

In one thing alone they have been uniformly consistent, namely: in the extension of the slave power at the expense of the free States, and inalienable rights of man.

Think you it was by accident merely, that the slave States have furnished us with Presidents for forty-five years, and the free States only twelve?

Was it by accident that no Northern President ever secured, and no Southern President ever failed of a re-election.

What game of chance is it that has given the office of Speaker in the House of Representatives to a slaveholder, during thirty-two years of the last thirty-four?

The population of the free States is nearly three times that of the slave States; how does it happen, then, that the South has *five* Judges on the bench of the Supreme Court, and the North but *four;* and that the Chief Justice has always been a slave-[illegible] to-day a representative to any foreign Court.

Of the seven members of the present cabinet, only two are Northern men, and yet the free States pay three-fourths of the national revenue.

The United States mail travels five millions of miles less annually, at the South than at the North, and yet it costs seventy thousand dollars more to carry it. Need we wonder, then, that in one year New-York paid three hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars, as her proportion for Southern postage? There must be a cause for these uniform effects, and can there be any doubt that Slavery is that cause?

But let us return to what we laid down in the commencement, as the acknowledged Democratic creed.

Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of person, "trial by jury, the principles which Jefferson declared, "formed the bright constellation purchased by us for the wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes," have they not all been deposed from their starry thrones by the baneful malignity of Slavery? Was not J. B. Mahan dragged from his home in Ohio, and incarcerated in Kentucky for the exercise of a religious right, and the discharge of a Christian duty? Was not the property of Cassius M. Clay destroyed and sent out of the State, because he trusted to his constitutional right, the freedom of the press? Is not freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus, often violated at the behest of Slavery? Had Amos Dresser the benefit of trial by jury, when he was publicly scourged in Tennessee, and that for the violation of no law? Where were the sacred rights of propagating the truth, when the mail was robbed by Government agents? and where was freedom of speech, when Giddings, for exercising it, as was his sworn duty, was expelled from Congress?

I trust in God that it was not the *death* but only the premature *burial* of all these rights when the gag law was enforced, and Slavery held its darkening pall over the National Legislature for three long years, and then only lifted it, not to let in the light and establish the rights of man, but to admit petitions for *extending the area of Slavery by the Annexation of Texas.*

Fellow-citizens—The *purse* and the *sword* are already in the hands of the slaveholders. We have nothing left but our inalienable rights, and shall we to accommodate politicians, bury our one talent, till in the day of final reckoning shall be taken away from us as slothful servants, even that which we seemed to have?

It is in vain to extenuate the matter, "gentlemen may cry Peace," and endeavor to seal our lips in silence, lest the agitation of this subject should prejudice the interests of some party.

We cannot be silent, we cannot fail to agitate this subject, met as we are to-day, without distinction of party, to emblazon the deeds of our fathers, to bind their memories to our hearts, with a closer tie, to review the political history of this mighty Republic, to linger for a moment amid our own sunny fields of morals and literature, while by the aid of the light and the hope which every where surrounds us, we telegraph brighter prospects in the distant future; pierce the dark veil which Slavery has hung before us, and behold posterity baptized in the unclouded light of intelligence and liberty, the assured harbingers of millenial glory.

On such a day it becomes us to look the natural enemy of Freedom full in the face. I say natural enemy, because Liberty and Slavery have ever been antagonistic principles, and like light and darkness have ever contended for the sovereignty of the world. Shall we by supine neglect let Slavery put out the lamp which our Fathers lighted in this dark world? Should its blessed beams once be quenched, we know not.

"Where is that Promethean fire
That can again its light relume."

If we suffer Slavery to pluck the rose of free discussion, "it needs must wither;" we cannot give it vital growth again.

But what have we to fear? Liberty is thrice armed because it hath its quarrel just, and Slavery is naked though locked up in steel, for her conscience with injustice is corrupted.

The age in which we live has evolved a power greater than that of physical force, the power of truth and of moral suasion. It has an ally in every conscience, it finds a response in every human breast, it awakens an echo in the heart even of the wrong-doer himself, it is the discovered fulcrum with which the lever of free discussion shall move the world.—There is no throne so stable, no aristocracy so ancient, no title so revered, no caste so strong, no prejudice so blinding, no chain so riveted by time and usage, as to resist the force of this lever wielded by public opinion. "All other powers may fail, this must triumph. It is leagued with God's omnipotence; it is God himself, acting in the hearts of his children."

Since the day when our fathers pledged themselves to the rights of man, and appealed to the world for the justness of their cause, it has culminated power and generated force, and the moral thought traveling on the lightning's wing has become the electric spark that kindles sympathetic natures to a blaze. Fifty years ago two college students in a little village of New England devoted themselves as foreign missionaries, and now scarce a spot on this wide earth is left unvisited by the heralds of the cross. A Clarkson alone in the deep silence of the woods, dedicated himself to the cause of humanity and of God, and aided by a Wilberforce, pleaded the wrongs of the downtrodden and the dumb before the British Parliament. What though the King and scoffing mob called them fanatics? They lived to see the day when eight hundred thousand slaves upon their bended knees received the boon of liberty, and ninety tons of Bibles were exchanged for bloody whips and galling chains.

The temperance pledge, at first a cloud of promise no bigger than a man's hand, how has it widened its brightening folds and baptized the world with copious blessings, while millions of ransomed beings rise up to do homage to a country, the genius of whose institutions is, voluntary associations.

Let then Slavery muster its hosts, and lead forth its darkening array from the haunts of ignorance, prejudice, and crime. Encouraged by all the remembrances of the past, animated by all the enjoyments of the present, and inspired by all the hopes of the future, what have the friends of freedom to fear? Can we look around us and say as did the prophet, when guarded by the celestial hosts from the invading bands of Syria:

"They be more that be with us than they that be with them. Verily God is in the truth reconciling the world unto himself."

"Onward, onward may we press,
In the path of duty.
Virtue is true happiness;
Honor is true beauty.
Onward, onward will we climb,
Up the mount of glory.
That our names may live through time
In our country's story."

Communications.

LETTER FROM CATARAUGUS COUNTY.

FARMERSVILLE, July 27th, 1846.

FRIEND GAY:—We can truly say, the work of the Lord is prospering in our hands, in this region. We are getting up some glorious revivals: not of carnality, the spirit of slaveholding, negro-hate, sectarianism, and all manner of abominations; which have characterized those of past time, called *revivals of religion;* the true character of which, the spirit of truth, now abroad in the land, is testing, and developing,—but revivals of humanity, of mercy, and tender *compassion* toward the "poor that are cast out,"—a revival of the spirit of Christ, which impels its possessor to preach "good news to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captive, and opening the prison-doors to them that are bound:"—a revival of come-outer-ism from [illegible] deny Him; being disobedient, abominable, and *reprobate to every good work:*"—the American Babylon, in the way to perdition!—a revival of the spirit of *disunion,* from a Government which is in "full covenant with Death, and agreement with Hell," at the expense of "every principle" of right, and impulse of humanity; a Government, the spirit and policy of which hath been, for seventy years past, characterized by acts of oppression, slavery, and cruelty,—one iota of which is fraught with more misery, and is more damnable than those of ages of any other nation or Government now existing on the face of the earth, other things considered.

The enemies of Slavery and oppression, the friends of Christian benevolence, rejoice to see us in this field. Our meetings, for the most part, have been large and animating: though this season is very unfavorable; (the time of harvesting—the evenings short, and the fatigues of hard labor); still, farmers, their wives, sons and daughters, flock in from a distance. And all classes of men gather to our meetings, and listen intently to our pleadings for those who cannot plead for themselves; to our faithful rebukes to the wicked, slaveholding ministry, churches, politicians, and Government; and the most stringent application of truth, and consequent duty to come out, and dissociate themselves from all slaveholding churches and Government; and then they arise at ten or eleven o'clock, saying, Amen. Those who receive the truth into good and honest hearts, hail us with joy, and, after subscribing for the Standard, if able, or able to borrow the money, they bid us a hearty God-speed. "No union with slaveholders," they now discover to be the only feasible, rational, and legitimate remedy for Slavery; that as long as we unite with the South, Slavery will grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength; that "the dissolution of the Union, (as Mr. Underwood, from Kentucky, declared,) would be the dissolution of Slavery;" that, were it not for the North, we should not be engaged in our infamous war with Mexico; which throws a burden of guilt and responsibility on the Northern individuals, which they cannot long sustain with impunity,—at least, they have got to abandon all professions of Christianity, and justice.

The last Albany Patriot announces the fact, that Liberty party is dead, so far as the one idea, to a point, (in the abolition of Slavery, freedom for all men,) is concerned, and exults over it. Yes, the leaders are now throwing off their "abolition clothing," and repudiating the grand, fundamental principle of the Anti-Slavery enterprise:—*to seek first the entire abolition of Slavery, and the freedom of the slave.*

Now we behold these traitors to the cause of liberty,—office-seekers and their chaplains,—endeavoring to marshal afresh the friends of freedom around their new standard, denominated the "*Liberty League,*" bearing the inscription, "*Free Trade and Women's Rights!*" Insult added to treason! Go to the District of Columbia, and behold the national flag, floating in mockery over the markets, and auction stands, where human flesh and broken hearts are sold, with its motto, "Liberty and Independence;" and then hold the "Liberty League" banner, unfurled, bearing the insulting insignia, "*Women's Rights,*" floating over the noble band of women, who have remained the steadfast and uncompromising friends of the enslaved, in despite of the ignoble efforts of these very "Liberty League," "Women's Rights" men, who abandoned the Anti-Slavery platform, because they could not succeed in their infamous efforts to *gag the women,* put a padlock upon their lips, bind them hand and foot, hurl them from the Anti-Slavery platform, and give their places to priests, and political demagogues.

The last Patriot contains a petition to the State Convention now in session, asking for the extension

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

of the right of suffrage, so that women *may be represented* in the State and National Councils, it being their right. The Patriot further announces, that J. C. Jackson, and the Rev. C. C. Foote, are going through the several counties in Western New-York, to enroll men and women as members of the Liberty League, to obtain their moneys for its support. But enough. It 's no go. It 's the last dying effort of new organization.

Friend Brown and myself have held four meetings here, in Farmersville. Yesterday, (Sunday,) the slaveholding ministers, church members, and Texanites, were thrown into violent spasms: their Sunday faces became quite livid and distorted, while I was exposing their sins and abominations. The minister fled; a General of the Texan troop, (though no member of the church,) bounded from his seat, and exploded. He walked into the aisle, swinging his fist, crying "blasphemy," "their temple was defiled," and, "if it was not Sunday, and for creating a fuss, he would drag me out." He fled with some ten or twelve brothers and sisters. I cannot tell but they organized a volunteer company, and are on their way for Texas. The minister would serve for chaplain, and the General and *Justice of the Peace*, (a very *pious soul*,) would command the company well, till the firing come; and then, doubtless, they would be found wounded in the back, if at all. The line of demarkation was drawn. One good minister, who has long fought nobly against the crying sin of Slavery, and who is regarded as a speckled bird by his ministerial brethren, because of the truth which he uncompromisingly preaches; and one good deacon, and many other true friends of the slave, whom the General and Justice doubtless thought to draw off, stood by, feeling greatly cheered, and bade me a hearty welcome to their homes, and a hearty God-speed. Our cause is onward. Thine truly, for the slave,

E. D. H.

Letter from Samuel Brooke.

SHORT CREEK, July 24.

DEAR FRIEND: You ask me to write for the Standard. If I had time to indite anything for that purpose, and it should find a place in your columns, it would but displace that which I apprehend would be of more value. But want of time would prevent me from complying with your request, did not other excellent reasons exist in the fact that you have so many valuable contributors.

The busy present is teeming with stirring events, sad and real. The misty future is approaching, and as the eye penetrates those mists—as it gazes down the vista of time, does it scan events to come as sad, or does a brighter future appear—does it see the blossoms of hope or the bitter fruits of disappointment?

I said that the present was teeming with stirring events—the pipings of war float upon the breeze—the murderous shouts of triumph fall upon the ear—the baser passions which this war has inflamed and made manifest—the support given to it by Whigs, Democrats, and Liberty party men. On the other hand, the moral sentiments arrayed in opposition to that war, and to the objects for which it is waged, are conspiring to give to the question of a dissolution of the Union an intensely exciting interest.

The friends of Dissolution endure the fierce and furious assaults of the conservators of that union with slaveholders, feeling that this is a time when all of their energies should be aroused and called into action; and from each rencounter with that great Moloch of the American people, (Slavery,) and his satellites, they gather new strength, and new courage for another attack. The Liberty party is very much divided in sentiment in the northern part of Ohio. Some of the leaders of the party having endorsed the Mexican war, they find those in its ranks, even in Northern Ohio, who defend them in that position, who find excuses for them in the circumstances

The Abolitionists who are so unfortunate and so inconsistent as to be in the ranks of that party, oppose the war, the arguments, and position of its advocates, and thus numbers of the party are arrayed in attitudes hostile to each other.

Another source of division of sentiment, is, the claim on the part of some of the party, that the Constitution is anti-slavery, while on the other hand, the organ of the party in Ohio, the Democratic Standard and Whig of '76, published by the Central Committee, admits that it is pro-slavery.

Again, their candidate for Governor is a member and minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The leaders of the party take the ground that all that is necessary in the way of qualification of a candidate for the party, is, his adherence to Liberty principles in matters of legislation.

As a general thing the Wesleyan Methodists within the bounds of the Alleghany conferences object to voting for him. They, as well as members of other religious bodies, regard him as accessory to the crimes of that church.

Thus the party in some parts of the State is about in the same condition as a barrel of beer during the process of fermentation. How or when it will settle, and what it will come to, remains yet to be seen.

Truly yours,

SAMUEL BROOKE.

Letter from G. B. Stebbins.

ALTON, WAYNE COUNTY, N. Y. July 25, 1846.

There are culminating points of wickedness in the career of nations, as well as individuals, at which the world stands aghast. Such was the division of Poland, in 1794, by three of the great powers of Europe. History failed not to record it as a deed of unparalleled darkness. The poet has immortalized the struggle of the Poles in his verse, and has told too, in a single line, how terrible a blow was struck at national liberty, and every principle of justice and right, by singing that

"Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

But, wicked as was that great deed of aggression, it seems pure by the side of the efforts this country is now making to wrest from Mexico a portion of her territory, and ultimately, perhaps, compel her to merge her nationality in this miscalled Republic, and become one or more of these United States, after her Kosciusko's shall have fallen, and "booted loafers" from this land of rapine and robbery, shall have "revelled in the Halls of the Montezumas." The partition of Poland was accomplished by despots, who made no profession of belief in the equal rights of all men to liberty, and Poland was a land filled with serfs, and with them it was merely an exchange of masters. The Government of this country is professedly free, deriving its power from the people, and sympathizing with all that tends toward a wider recognition of *Liberty for all*. It is engaged in this career of conquest (or rather robbery) in Mexico, with its eye already fixed on California and the shores of the Pacific, for the purpose of spreading Slavery over a land now free from that greatest curse of humanity. Ever since the Mexican Government, in 1829, by one of the noblest proclamations ever issued by any Government, gave freedom to every slave within her limits, she has been an object of hatred in the eyes of the American Government; until now, an army stands on the banks of the Rio Grande, in the heart almost of the Mexican territory, engaged in a fierce war of propagandism, for the spread of the *national institution* of the United States. In the glowing words of a Mexican poet,

"On they come, the mad invaders,
Like the storm before the wind,
Freedom's harvest field before them,
Slavery's blackened waste behind."

And the military and naval forces are fast gathering on the plains of Texas, and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific, for still bolder and more wicked encroachments upon the territory of a weak and almost defenceless nation. History will not fail to record this great scheme of iniquity; and when some future historian shall draw the parallel between the conduct of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in 1794, and that of the United States, in 1846, and investigate with an impartial eye, and with philosophical accuracy, the motives which led to the commission of these deeds at which humanity groans, this land of *Freedom* shall be recorded as having engaged in a deed far more atrocious than that perpetrated by the allied despots of the old world in 1794. Will the people of the North consent to be partakers in this iniquity, and be looked upon by the world as *equal* upholders and participants; or will they make known their detestation of it, so that *all* may see by their *acts* that they mean to give no support to Slavery's wars of robbery and propagandism? We shall see. Meanwhile let the course of the Abolitionists be *right onword*. The people are ready to hear the iniquity of this Mexican war exposed, and much may be done to awaken, it may be to save the nominally free States from a share in the disgrace it must bring upon its supporters.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Rose-street Meeting, and M. H. Barton.

We publish the following communication to oblige the writer, who seems to be an injured man, though its insertion is against our usual custom:

FRIEND GAY:—Wilt thou be so kind as to give the following a place in thy useful paper?

Yesterday, A. M. I attended Friends' meeting in Rose street, for divine worship. Being moved by the Divine Spirit to speak, I did so, and a female Friend immediately followed, with a good anti-war, anti-slavery, and anti-sectarian testimony.

Whilst, I believe, a large part of the congregation deeply sympathized with the truth uttered in the meeting, a few professed friends, at its close, cautioned me not to attend their meeting again. One repeating a number of times, to others, "*this is that impostor, Hull Barton, that has been advertised in the papers.*" He undoubtedly thought that nothing but truth had been published against me, and if so, I must indeed be a great impostor. But it so happens that almost all manner of evil has been spoken or written against me, falsely for Christ's sake—because of my serving him. If I had been engrossed in self-serving for twenty-five years past, I have no doubt but what I might have been honorable among men. I have, doubtless, for the want of knowledge, or under the excitement of the moment, frequently erred; but when I have been made sensible of an error, I have endeavored to make restitution to the person or persons wronged.

I was educated a member of the Society of Friends, and was never legally disowned. I claim, therefore, a right to sit in their meetings, and this right has been granted me at different times, and in different places, by both parties. The few Friends who reside in the town where I do, gave me a certificate of unity, last 4th mo. signed Jesse Davis, &c. But in consequence of believing that the Society of Friends, as a body, are governed by the will and wisdom of man, and not by the will and wisdom of God, (as it once was,) I cannot in conscience submit myself to be governed by it. I wish ever to be in union with all on earth, who may be in union with God. But as we cannot serve two masters, how can we serve God, and an organized body of men who do not serve him. The Friends preach the truth in relation to the worship of God; and for the last twenty-four years, I do not remember of passing a day, without enjoying some of the happyfying presence of my Heavenly Father. One side of the conscious favor of God, never was I perfectly happy, nor never do I expect to be. In the language of George Fox, I can say, "The eternal God, who hath in and by his eternal powerful arm, preserved me through all my troubles, trials, temptations, afflictions, persecutions, and reproaches; and carried me over them all, hath sanctified all these things to me, so that I can say all things work together for good, to them that love God, and are beloved of him." About two years since, I found myself preaching to the derided Millerites in [illegible] denounced me as a wolf in sheep's clothing, a black-hearted villain, &c. And about a year since, as I again went among the Millerites of Western New-York, the editor of the Voice of Truth, a Millerite paper of Rochester, accused me of imposing myself upon the Millerites with a misstress. But a few months since, like a Christian, he thus retracts:

"*Hull Barton.*—Some months past, in noticing a certain delusion at Springwater, New-York, we in substance stated that Hull Barton and his Miss, had imposed themselves on a certain family there. We have just learned from a credible source, that we were misinformed relative to the woman referred to being his Miss: she was his lawful wife, and said to be a chaste woman, and a worthy Christian. Hence, in this case, nothing improper was done, either by Hull Barton, or his wife. We are happy to make this correction, for we do not wish the innocent wrongfully to suffer, on account of any words or acts of ours."

The following certificates will show my character where I am best known, and as the *Liberator*, of Boston, and the *Albany Atlas* have not published a reply that I sent them, to the articles that appeared against me, that they gave publicity to, I presume they, and all other papers that published the same, will, as an act of justice, publish this reply.

Editors ought to have known that one item of the libelous article that they published, was false, viz: that I had frequently, in New York papers, been before published as an impostor. This item being false, they might have judged the others so.

Jesse Davis, J. Brown, J. Davis, Wm. H. Davis, and H. Davis, are Friends—and Elijah Spencer, of the second certificate, is a member of the State Convention, now in session at Albany.

MICHAEL HULL BARTON.

NEW-YORK, 7th mo. 27th, 1846.

This is to certify that we have lived neighbors to Michael H. Barton, some twelve or thirteen years past, and that we consider that his daily walk and deportment has been that of a Christian, and a kind and obliging neighbor.

Jesse Davis,	James Brown,
Jonathan Davis,	David W. Smith,
Wm. C. Davis,	H. Davis,
Zemri Griswold,	M. J. Hall,

JERUSALEM, Yates Co. (N. Y.) 4th mo. 2d, 1846.

This is to certify that the bearer, Michael H. Barton, has for several years past been a resident of this county, and that we know nothing against his moral character.

We recommend him to the friendship and patronage of the friends of impartial justice and universal freedom.

M. F. Shepherd,	Wm. Cornal,
Robert Buel,	M. Hudson,
Edward Allen,	Elijah Spencer.

YATES COUNTY, New-York, April 1st, 1846.

From the Tribune.

DISPATCHES BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The Southern mail, which arrived at Baltimore last evening, brought later intelligence from the seat of war.

The steamboat Fashion arrived at New Orleans on the 25th ultimo, from Brazos Santiago.

She reports that there was a general movement of the troops up the Rio Grande, General Taylor remaining at Matamoros, sending the troops forward as fast as the means for transportation would permit.

The troops possessed themselves of Camargo without the slightest resistance on the part of the inhabitants, Carrabajal being on the opposite side of the river St. Juan at the time.

General Taylor had received advices by scouts that there are only about 300 Mexican soldiers at Monterey, and the general impression was, that there would be no resistance offered to the United States troops this side of that place.

On account of the quietude of the enemy, the impression is gaining ground in the army, that negotiations for peace were about being tendered to the Government.

Paredes was afraid to leave the Capital, on account of a suspected revolution in his absence.

There was a report that Mr. Lumsden, (of the N. O. Picayune,) and his party, had been cut off by the Indians, but is was not generally credited.

With the exception of some cases of diarrhea among the volunteers, the army is in a healthy condition.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1846.

The Standard.

Our new subscribers perhaps do not understand that we have a number of contributors to the editorial columns of the Standard. Our list is not yet full, nor our plans entirely matured; so soon, however, as these arrangements are completed, we shall be enabled to acquaint our readers with precisely what they may expect for the future. In the meantime they will rest assured that some one or more of the contributors, who have been already named, are writing for every number of the paper.

The Tariff.

Our readers probably are all aware that the new Tariff bill has become the law of the land. The final action upon it was characterized by that haughty indifference and contempt of the wishes, and, we may say, the rights of the minority, which belong to all tyrants, and which have always so eminently distinguished our Southern overseers. But for this we have no tears to spare. Upon the naked question of Tariff or no Tariff, or even whether this one will conduce to the best interests of the country, we have no opinion to give here. But looking simply from our anti-slavery position at this struggle between the slave-power and the North, we cannot hesitate to express an unqualified gratification at the result. The North has been again defeated, as she deserved to be; and the South, by the assistance of her Northern allies, has again conquered, as she always will, and must, so long as the present relations exist between the parties. We repeat, we are not sorry for this. Not that we rejoice that the South has conquered—God forbid; but we are glad that the North has received another lesson which it gives some symptoms of having taken to heart.

"We believe in the golden eagle; we believe in the silver dollar; we believe in the copper cent." The North can consent without compunction to participate in any national wrong; she can submit with the most graceful ease to be made a fool of, and deprived of her fair share of political power; she is even willing to pay money, at the command of her master, for any purpose whatever, and almost in any sums, if she can only retain the privilege of making it in her own way. But when this hope of a handsome per centage on cotton goods, and iron wares, is taken away from her—when the daily repetition of her belief in the golden trinity, becomes but an empty mockery, and a hollow dream—when the South, in the recklessness of undisputed supremacy, ventures to say, "Thou shalt make no more money!"—then she turns upon her oppressor, and with threatening looks, and in no honeyed accents, bids him beware! Your Jonathan is a most patient creature. His blood is chilled by his hyperborean latitude, and his phlegmatic nature is as hard to move as the granite of his own hills. But even ice and granite can be moved by the chink of the copper cent.

Yet he is generous, too. He has always a surplus population, which he can spare to manure the everglades of Florida, or the plains of Mexico, and he cares little how many millions of these golden eagles and silver dollars, he may pay for this high privilege. He will give a ready welcome to the slave-catcher who comes upon his soil in pursuit of his panting prey, and throw open his jails, or enlist his judiciary and executive power, to maintain inviolate the rights that belong to the "peculiar" sovereigns of black slaves and white subjects. He has no objection to maintain a standing army in the heart of the slave-country to keep in check any ebullition of the love of freedom in men who were not born of the right [illegible] when new Republics are annexed, and wars of conquest are commenced, that the vigintial crop may become a staple, and that the seven years' consumption of men and women in the cotton-field and sugar-mill may not, from want of profit, be extended to ten years; but he is content to let it go so, if to the ten *per cent.* rise on human flesh, there is a corresponding enhancement of a half *per cent.* in the price of butt hinges, and cotton yarn.—You may prove his religion a lie, and his democracy a sham, and show him in all the print shops of Europe with a Bible sticking from one coat-pocket and a cow-hide from the other. But you cannot move him from his imperturbable patience, or bring so much as the first curl of a smile upon his sharp features at the broad farce he is enacting in the world's history, or provoke from him a single anathema at the heavy burdens which are laid upon his untiring shoulders. You may even turn his pockets in-side-out, and rob him of his hard earnings as fast as he makes them; but this will not move him, till you take the pocket also, and make it no longer capable of holding the cash. That heart of his, it has been said, may be peeled like an onion, and beneath the successive layers the curious dissector will come at last to a [illegible] dollar. The peeling process the patient will not mind, though it tear away from him all of the good and true that clings around the heart of other men. But touch not the dollar. It is his capital in trade—the moving spring of all his actions—the earliest fact of which his infancy took cognizance—the hope of his youth—the reality of his manhood—and the regret of his old age, when his sight grows dim, and his failing strength warns him that it must be left behind. It is the parent of his younger years, and the child of his latter days, and life without it is one unmeaning blank, purposeless, fruitless, and not worth the living. Give us this day our daily dollar, and forgive us our usuries as we forgive those who usure against us, is his prayer, when he has time for any. But too frequently, we are sorry to confess it, he is like a wealthy Chinese merchant whom we once had the fortune to meet. He was supposed to be rather loose in his observance of the requirements of Confucius, and was notorious in his neglect of burning gilt paper on the river, and joss-stick at his door-way, and of placing the customary offering of fruits and other food upon the altar, which the fat priest asserts that Joss always eats. "Hiyah!" said he, in answer to our anxious inquiries as to his reasons for neglecting these rites of his Church, "what for? Suppose me no say anything to Joss he forget me, and I go along my own way. But suppose me let him know me about, he'll find out me got a heap of money, and me shall have to give a good deal to him.—No, no; when me poor then time enough to chin-chin Joss. Now me rich me don't want him to know anything about me." Genius is the same everywhere.—None but Jonathan and John Chinaman would have thought they could get up early enough, as Zeke Bigelow says, "to take in God."

Money! money! money! says Jonathan; what is anything worth that is n't in the price current?—Liberty, humanity, public virtue, what will they bring in the market? Therefore do we rejoice in the passage of the Tariff bill, because liberty and virtue will be found in the long run to have a money value. Mr. Winthrop, in Faneuil Hall, pledges the North to submit without a word to national crime, when it is once consummated, and in his place in Congress, votes for appropriations to carry on a war for conquest and Slavery. Governor Briggs, in obedience to the proclamation of the President, makes a requisition upon the people of his State to serve in Mexico. The Whig Senate of Massachusetts refuses to pass a series of resolutions which pledge their State to a position, which, had there been anything of the old spirit in her, she would not now be called upon to take. The words of her few noble men fall almost powerless upon the hearts of her people. And why is all this? Because Mr. Winthrop, and Governor Briggs, and the people, obedient to the influence which goes out from Kilby street, were willing to bow in obedience to the slave-power, and hoped by concession still to retain the precious privilege of making money. They were willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of saving the Tariff. They lost their honor, but hoped to keep up the price of long cloths. They have got their reward, and the direst mishap that could befall the old Bay State, in the opinion of her leaders, has come upon her:—The income of Abbot Lawrence will be reduced some hundreds of thousands of dollars *per annum!*—Whether the income of those who receive their hundreds only will be lessened, is quite another question, and one which the cotton lords do not stop to ask.

But thank Heaven there is another class than this who have quite another faith than that in golden eagles. They will lay to heart this lesson, and remember that if the industry of the country is prostrated by the Tariff bill, it was by the majority of one, which the slave-power gained in the Senate by the Annexation of Texas, that its passage was secured in that body. It will be to them a new proof that whatever may really be, or may be only considered, the rights and interests of the free States, that the slave-power is necessarily opposed to them, and will trample them underfoot. They are slow to learn this lesson, but once learned, and they will not be slow to act upon their knowledge. That time is not far distant. Our masters at the South who believe in Slavery, and those at the North who believe in money, will ere long be taught that the men in the workshops, and on the farms of the North, are as weary of the base concessions of the one, to preserve their Tariff, as they are of the tyranny of the other. *No union with Slaveholders* shall startle them alike from their dreams of conquest and their dreams of wealth.

True Worship.

How few there are who appear really to believe, though they may profess much admiration of, the sentiment which Milton has so finely expressed,

"That God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell."

From Sunday to Sunday, churches are sought by multitudes, for form's, or fashion's, or policy's sake. They profess to worship God, and, possibly, they are under the strong delusion that they are performing a religious act, and one acceptable to God. A little more attention to the words of the Saviour, whom they profess to honor, would dispel the delusion from every honest mind. Mark his words:—"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

These words point out the *true worship*. What a change would be wrought in all the services of our worshipping assemblies, if this law of Christ were regarded; if every worshipper were careful to make this essential preparation for the worship of God, and be reconciled to his brother whom he has offended, injured, defrauded, oppressed, or despised;—if he would but remember that God will accept no offering from hearts which are cold, and hard, and unfeeling, and unforgiving towards their brethren; if, indeed, he would take care that reconcilement to his brother should be the first act of his worship of God, what a change would be witnessed and felt! No coldness would weigh down the hearts of such a meeting; no sense of uncertainty and loss, for what purpose they had come together, would confuse their minds; no consciousness of an essential hypocrisy, of an outward seeming, which has little affinity with actual life, would freeze up their affections. But one holy spirit of truth and love would be in every heart, and would overspread the whole; and from each and every one would ascend the heavenward aspiration, the fervent, effectual prayer. They would know the beautiful meaning of the Apostle, when he spake of the *unity* of the spirit.

And this is the only spirit in the heart which can open Heaven. Mercy *before* sacrifice. If our brother can justly say of us that we have mocked his woes, been indifferent to his wrongs, been unpitying and merciless, we may be [illegible] against them, that they are an empty mockery.

"First be reconciled to thy brother." We must not forget the Christian sense of these words, "thy brother." No narrow and sect-defined sense is that.

"Thy brother! 'tis the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole."

Have you, then, whosoever thou mayst be who readest, have you anywhere, a brother enslaved, imbruted, and ground to the dust in part by the weight of your arm? Cease from the wrong; take off thy hand, thy foot from his neck; and, if you can see no way in which to lift him up, at least refrain from bearing him down to the ground and holding him there. Pity him. Do not despise him, because many, in a proud heart, do. Be reconciled to him. Look, for a moment, intently, at that poor outcast, and you will see Jesus standing at his side, binding his wounds, and assuaging his griefs; and you shall hear him say to you, "Inasmuch as *you* do this unto one of these my brethren, though he be the least and humblest, you do it unto me."

No worship of God is true, or will be accepted, which has not in it largely this element of charity and good will to man. The popular worship, and the popular religion, are grievously at variance with this; but, if the Son of God speaks truly, that is the only true worship, the only pure and undefiled religion, which renders mercy and justice to man, which remembers those in bonds as bound with them, and which keeps itself unspotted by any participation in the wrongs which the world inflicts upon the poor and the helpless. They who slight not this, but joyfully do it, will find Heaven's gate open, propitiously, to their prayer. The benediction of the FATHER OF ALL will be on their offering; hallowed fire shall descend upon it; and in the inner sanctuary of their hearts, as in the holy of holies, God shall speak to them, as a man speaketh with his friend. When the blessing of him who is ready to perish is upon the worshipper, his least and humblest offering here on earth shall grow great and glorious in the sight of all the inhabitants of Heaven; and their praises, around the very throne of God, shall ascend in harmony with his.

A Farewell to New-York.

It is no secret, we believe, that Sarah M. Fuller has been employed during the last year and a half in writing book-notices for the New-York Tribune. Her contributions have been distinguished from those of her colaborers, by a very large asterisk, and, as far as we know, have been proper enough. We do not remember having heard much of anything about them in any shape. In the Tribune of Saturday last, appeared a strange rhapsody, headed, "Farewell," and marked with the large asterisk. We found on reading it, that it was a farewell to New-York city, written by Miss Fuller, on the eve of her departure for Europe, whither, it appears, she has gone on a voyage of discovery. "Farewell to New-York city," says Miss Fuller, "where twenty months have presented me with a richer and more varied exercise for thought and life than twenty years could in any other part of these United States."

Miss Fuller must be very much enamored of New-York, or her powers of observation must be strangely sharpened by the atmosphere of this dirty city. Humanity differs but little in New-York from the phase in which it has presented itself to our own eyes in other places, but it appears that twenty months spent here have really afforded greater opportunities for thought than the same number of years could have done elsewhere. We cannot help thinking that Miss F. was never very thoughtful before coming to New-York.

"It is the common remark about New-York that it has, at least, nothing petty or provincial in its methods and habits. The place is large enough; there is room enough and occupation enough for men to have no need or excuse for small cavils or scrutinies. A person who is independent, and knows what he wants, may lead his proper life here, unimpeded by others."

It may be a common remark about New-York, but we never happened to hear it. We know many persons in this city, who are "independent" enough for anybody, and who know perfectly well what they want, who have, nevertheless, been considerably impeded by others—the Abolitionists, who had their furniture destroyed, their privacy invaded, and their lives endangered, for their independence in avowing what they wanted.

"Vice and crime, if flagrant and frequent, are less thickly coated by hypocrisy than elsewhere. The air comes sometimes to the most infected subjects.

"New-York is the focus, the point where American and European interests converge. There is no topic of general interest to men that will not betimes be brought before the thinker by the quick turning of the wheel.

"Too quick that revolution, some object. Life rushes wide and free, but *too fast*; yet it is in the power of every one to avert from himself the evil that accompanies the good. He must build for his study, as did the German poet, a house beneath the bridge, and then, all that passes above and by him, will be heard and seen, but he will not be carried away with it."

The German poet to whom Miss F. alludes, must be the poet of Glen-Mary, who used to date his letters from under a bridge.

"Earlier views have been confirmed and many new ones opened. On two great leadings,—the superlative importance of promoting National Education by heightening and deepening the cultivation of individual minds, and the part which is assigned to women in the next stage of human progress in this country, where most important achievements are to be effected, I have received much encouragement, much instruction, and the fairest hopes of more.

"On various subjects of minor importance, no less than these, I hope for good results from observation with my own eyes, of Life in the Old World, and to bring home some packages of seed for Life in the New.

"These words I address to my friends, for I feel that I have some. The degree of sympathetic response to the thoughts and suggestions I have offered through the columns of this paper has indeed surprised me, conscious as I am of a natural and acquired aloofness from many, if not most, popular tendencies of my time and place. It has greatly encouraged me, for none can sympathize with thoughts like mine who are permanently ensnared in the meshes of sect or party; none who prefer the formation and advancement of mere opinions, to the free pursuit of Truth. I see, surely, that the topmost bubble or sparkle of the cup is no voucher for the nature of its contents throughout, and shall, in future, feel that in our age, nobler in that respect than most of the preceding, each sincere and fervent act or word is secure, not only of a final, but a speedy response."

What the aloofish thoughts of Miss F. may be, we cannot pretend to divine, but we are very sure that she has enunciated none that are not as common as blackberries in brambles, even among nearly all who are permanently ensnared in the meshes of abolitionism. We would merely remark in regard to that *consciousness* of natural aloofness, that, people who are really aloof, like the inhabitants of mountains, have no consciousness of their elevated position. Those who are elevated in a balloon by the aid of gas, are of course quite conscious of soaring above the heads of their neighbors.

"I go to behold the wonders of art, and the temples of old religion. But I shall see no forms of beauty and majesty beyond what my country is capable of producing in myriad variety, if she has but the soul to will it; no temple to compare with what she might erect in the ages, in the catch-word of the time, a sense of DIVINE ORDER should become no more a mere word or effigy, but a deeply rooted and pregnant idea in her life. Beneath the light of a hope that this may be, I ask of my friends once more, a kind Farewell."

Miss F.'s anticipations, we fear, of the wonders of art, and the temples of old religion, are sure of being disappointed. To any one capable of relishing a work of art, or of tracing the spirit of the age in external forms, our own land furnishes as much food for thought as any other.

We have no ill-natured feelings in the matter, and sincerely wish Miss F. a happy and a profitable journey.

Our Position Once More.

The "National Anti-Slavery Standard" does us great injustice in the following notice of our position:

"*Freedom of the Press in Maryland.*—We learn from the last Baltimore Saturday Visiter, that attempts have recently been made to induce the Grand Jury to find a bill against the paper, as an infringement of the law of '35, against seditious publications. The editor speaks in indignant terms at this proposed outrage upon the freedom of the Press, and shows that it arises from a determination to destroy him by persecution. We regret that he [illegible] than some of his neighbors. He should rather glory in the fact that he alone is thought worthy of being feared by the slaveholders."

The Standard entirely misunderstood our language. We certainly did not mean to convey the idea that any of our "neighbors infringed the law," for we do not believe they did. We only meant to say, (and did say it with sufficient clearness, we think,) that, according to the showing of the pro-slavery minorities of the Legislature, and the Grand Jury, our neighbors are guilty of a violation of the law relating to "incendiary publications"—not according to *our* view of the case. We do not think the law of '35 covers either our acts or theirs, in circulating Anti-Slavery facts and arguments, however strong they may be. It was evidently designed to punish direct appeals to the slaves, which were supposed to come from the free States, having no reference whatever to arguments addressed to their masters, or other freemen.

As to the "glory" of being "alone thought worthy of being *feared* by the slaveholders"—we aspire to no such glory. Our ambition is to be *loved*, not feared by them—loved because we tell them the truth! Their good, as well as that of their slaves, is our desire—it is for this we have labored amid obloquy and scorn, caused by being so often misunderstood, and so cruelly misrepresented!

The above is from the Baltimore Saturday Visiter, and we copy it that our friend Dr. Snodgrass may state his own position. We certainly had no intention of misrepresenting him, and most heartily beg pardon for what he deems our injustice.

As to the glory of being feared, we meant, simply, that it was an honorable distinction to be thought worthy of fear by men, who, so long as they remain slaveholders, will not love, but dread, those who are faithful in rebuking their wrong doing.

Captain Flowery.

This man is now in jail in Salem, Mass. and has been for about a year, having been convicted of fitting out a vessel to be concerned in the Slave-Trade—"the *foreign*, I mean, Sir"—and was sentenced to pay a fine of $500, and imprisonment for five years. Some of the pious descendants of the witch-burners of Salem, and their neighbors in Boston, have got up a petition to the President for the pardon of this persecuted man. We verily think he ought to be, as we have often said in such cases, if we are to be governed, not by rules of abstract justice, but by the general estimate in which the crime of slave-trading is held. To punish a poor devil in Massachusetts for only proposing to do that which is almost a necessary qualification to the Presidency of the United States, or a bishoprick in some of the churches, is very hard indeed. We don't wonder the Salem people are indignant about it. They can't see why their vessels, which go to the coast of Africa to trade in palm-oil and dye-stuffs, may not be allowed to turn an honest penny in a trade for niggers, as that the speculating gentry at Washington, and farther south, should annex Texas and invade Mexico, for the purpose of driving the slave-trade on a larger scale.

A writer in the *Boston Courier*, who signs himself S. W. has written a long article upon the subject, for that paper. We find in it the following paragraph:

"We have no personal feeling against Peter Flowery; but regarding him as a criminal of the blackest dye, and entitled to no more consideration than others of the same stamp, we cannot but be surprised to see so many merchants of Boston making it their business to release him. Boston was once engaged in the slave-trade. Can it be that any of the old leaven yet remains? We make no accusation or insinuation. We ask a plain question. Would this petition have ever been signed so extensively here, except it had called to its aid that old accursed sympathy for the trade of blood? We never heard of the Boston merchants banding together before for the pardon of a criminal, and may this be the last time, except in a better cause."

In answer to this article, the *Courier* publishes a letter which does credit to the cause of the unfortunate Captain. It should be forwarded, with the petition, to Mr. Polk, who will appreciate its character and meaning, for it is written in the style and spirit of our Southern brethren:

THE CASE OF CAPT. FLOWERY.—The following is as correct a transcript of a communication, received on Saturday, as can be made from the author's manuscript. If the literary accomplishments of the author are a specimen of those of the "first merchants" who have signed Flowery's petition, we congratulate the public on this additional evidence that Boston is entitled, exclusively, to the honored name of the LITERARY EMPORIUM:

BOSTON July 30th 1846

Joseph T Buckingham
Editor of the Boston Courier

I feel much obliged to you for the Admition into your columns the Communication of S W in regards Capt. Peter Flowy & the Spitfire thares is no one thing that could do his Patition So much good as his Scriblings but before he commences again to write wuld advise him to make him Self acquainted with the life & History of Capt. Peter Flowy and Studdy A Little more Law and after this he will See he is a fool. All I Can Say to him is As an Old Spar Maker Of Old time used to, Away don East in the State of Maine who thaught he was the Only Man who cold make a Suit of Spars in Main & when eny one rose up in oposition to him in trade He Always would say you pupy pupup you knowe nothing abuut the Business Capt. Peter Flowry who was brought from the Cost of Africa in Schooner Spitfire to Boston is man and among the Men who Ever knew him he has not got one Enmy & he is a man well *known* in Newyork & Boston by the first Merchants as eny other Man of his age and you and all you contribators Cannot Mark one Instance whare Ever Capt. Peter Flowy of the Schooner Spitfire ever was concerned in the Slave trade *Mark What I Say*
And trust you friend S W will give him a good peass evey Day
from One who Abhors Slavery in all its Shapes
But dont punish the Inosent for the
Guilty

☞ Where did the (Pittsburg) Spirit of Liberty get the article in its last paper, entitled, "Fate of the leading Alton rioters"?

Where did the Christian World get the report of R. W. Emerson's speech at the Dedham Pic-nic, which appeared in its last paper?

☞ Where is Mr. Giddings's Disunion Speech in Congress? Does the National Intelligencer fear to publish it? We have looked in vain for it, or any notice of it, in the letters of the Washington Letter-writers, but we have the best authority for knowing that such a speech has been made. Where is it?

The address of Charles Lenox Remond is Farmington, Ontario county, N. Y. Will J. M. M. please send him the "Freeman," to that place.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. John A. Rockwell, of Connecticut, for his speech on the Tariff in the House of Representatives, on the 26th of June.

From our Boston Correspondent.
NO. IV.

Tariff—Consternation in Boston—Thanks due to the two Texan votes, and to Messrs. Appleton and Lawrence—Disaffection among the Whigs—Political suicide of Mr. Lawrence—Boston, once Massachusetts, and Whig—Men of the last generation, and of this—Mr. Lawrence's influence in Boston, and its causes—Not undisputed, and by whom—The "Young Whigs"—The "Boston Whigs," Charles Francis Adams, Robert C. Winthrop, and the Daily Advertiser—Country Newspapers—Norfolk County American, and its Editor—Mr. Lawrence's chances for the Governorship—Estimate of Mr. Lawrence's talents—Dr. South's illustration of a mistaken career—Mr. Giddings in Boston—Contrast between his treatment at the hands of the Boston Whig papers and leaders, and that of his colleague, that nobody had ever heard of, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, July 29, 1846.

The news of the reduction of the Tariff is just received in town. Though anticipated, still the certainty has come like an unexpected shock upon many of the Whigs, who were hoping against hope. The sword was suspended over their heads by a single hair, it is true; but as long as the hair held, there were many who would not believe that the tyrant would snap it asunder, and bring the destruction they dreaded upon them. Men wise in the wisdom of State street, are not unfrequently very great fools. And, surely, no folly can surpass theirs [illegible] discretion in this country, and do not know that the pleasure of the Czar is not more certain of clothing itself with accomplishment than that of the slaveholders.

The Divine Justice was never more signally vindicated than in the circumstance that this overthrow of the favorite policy of the Whigs was accomplished by means of the two Texan votes. Had the valley of rascals not had its fitting representatives, the Tariff of 1842 would have remained the law of the land. That portion of the Whig party who pinned their faith upon the sleeve of Messrs. Nathan Appleton and Abbott Lawrence, and refused to work while it was yet day, to prevent the fatal Annexation, on the plea that it was "*too late*," have only themselves to blame for the darkness that has overtaken them. It is hardly too much to say that the Whigs of Massachusetts alone, had it in their power, had they been ready to stand by their recorded resolutions, to have prevented the Annexation. The South have Messrs. Appleton and Lawrence to thank for the ease, at least, with which they secured their conquest over the North. And the North has now them mainly to thank, for the use the South is making of its victory. And no one can very bitterly mourn over the losses, be they more or less, which those gentlemen, and they that stood by them in their course, sustain by this change in the public policy, when they ignominiously refused even to protest against the act to which they owe them, in the vain hope of purchasing the mercy of the slaveholders by their submission.

"For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard!"

It is but justice, however, to the Whigs of Massachusetts, to say that their feelings of disgust and dissatisfaction at the servile course of the Boston division of the party—of which Mr. Lawrence may be considered as the head and the incarnation—is so strong as to threaten, if it has not already produced, a breach in the party. Mr. Lawrence's letter to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, declining to sign the protest against the annexation of Texas, was a fatal mistake for himself. It was an act of political suicide. It was worse than a *crime*, it was a *blunder*. Mr. Appleton, having withdrawn from active participation in public life, might indulge himself in such a luxury, if he fancied it. But Mr. Lawrence, who was still in the field as the head of the party, rich as he is, could not afford it. It was an act of culpable extravagance. A most unlucky miscalculation of his means—quite inexcusable in a man of mercantile habits and education.

His mistake lay in overestimating the influence of Boston in the Commonwealth. The time has been when Boston was Massachusetts, as truly as that Paris is France. But those were days when another generation of men, and of another calibre, swayed the popular sentiment of the old town. Dwarfs cannot do the work of giants, though they may stand in their places. In the days when Harrison Gray Otis was the chief of the dominant party, when Thomas Handasyd Perkins was the head of the mercantile interest, when the Colombian Centinel was the organ through which George Cabot and Fisher Ames, and Stephen Higginson spoke, and when she had a representative in Congress, who, whatever faults his political enemies might lay to his charge, was never suspected of a servile disposition to truckle to the insolence or to the aggressions of the slave-power, in those days, Boston might well give her own complexion to the politics of the State. For it was not the power of wealth, but of mind, that controlled the Commonwealth.

It is not disrespectful to Mr. Lawrence, or to the other prominent Whig politicians and editors of the present day, to say that they are not worthy to unloose the latchet of the shoes of such men as I have mentioned, and others like unto them. It is not their fault, but their misfortune, that God did not see fit to make them in the same mould with their great predecessors. They have not received that mysterious gift of *influence* by which those endowed with it draw unto them, and shape into their own image, the minds within their reach. But they are not to blame for that.

In this city, doubtless, Mr. Lawrence is supreme, at present. His munificent benefactions to the Mechanics

Charitable, and the Mercantile Library Associations, to the public schools, and other public institutions and charities of universal interest, have given him a strong hold upon citizens of every age and class. The influence of his great wealth, and the liberal use he is disposed to make of it, is deeply felt in a community whose chief end is the accumulation of wealth. His manners, too, though wanting in the repose and unconsciousness of the most thorough breeding, have a cordiality and benevolent graciousness that make them generally popular. He is what almost everybody is trying to be, and the affability of his address, and the kindness of his disposition, disarm, in a great measure, the envy of those, who, which is to attend upon the steps of ever-grown prosperity. The control of the great Whig presses, and of the public that sustains them, may be considered as at his disposal, and that of the great interest of which he is the head. This, of course, would be disclaimed by the parties, and it is not likely that there are any articles of agreement signed and sealed between them; but that it is even so those who have had occasion to come in contact with either, know full well.

But the reign of Mr. Lawrence, though supreme, is not undisputed, even in Boston. There is a class of rich men, who, having inherited their fortunes, or rised out their parents of American peerage at an earlier date than he, are inclined to look upon him with no good will, as pouching upon their preserves. Mr. Lawrence is a novus homo, a nouveau riche, in other words, one who has made his own fortune, and that lately. I well remember, myself, though I am not very old, the sensation which was made among the *exclusives*, by his appearance at a subscription ball, some fifteen or sixteen years since. Heavens! it was "going into the market" as the Quakers say, with a vengeance. But, besides these absurd individuals, there is a class of men, the first in the Whig party, in point of talent and political honesty, who are disgusted with what has seemed to them a servile and truckling spirit before the South—a readiness to sacrifice all the rights of the North to conciliate the slave-holders—was the part of Mr. Lawrence, and his division of the party. These men seem resolved to maintain their integrity, and their fidelity to liberty, even at the risk of damaging their party. It will not be invidious to mention Charles Francis Adams, John Gorham Palfrey, and Charles Sumner, as among the most prominent of these of this stamp. Such men as these are not to be snuffed out in a hurry, without, at least, some danger of burning one's fingers in the operation.

This wing of the Boston Whigs have been kept in some degree in the back ground, from the want of an organ through which to be heard. The great Whig presses were *tobooed* to them. The front of the party was kept entire before the public, by the simple process of not letting the dissentients be seen or heard. But recently, the "Boston Whig" has passed into the hands of the movement party, and it may be regarded as the party Whig—as it is fast changing the face of affairs. The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the only son of John Quincy Adams, in its present editor, and his articles have done great honor to his ability and courage. His rebuke of the conduct of Mr. Winthrop, in voting for the war bill and its lying preamble, has been thought worthy of a leader of nearly two columns, from the Daily Advertiser, in reply, and as "pretty a quarrel" as Sir Lucius O'Trigger himself could desire, seems to be established. This paper, which was scarcely known when Mr. Adams undertook it, is fast extending its circulation, and its influence. If it be not already on your exchange list, I advise you to take measures to place it there at once. It exhibits one of the most interesting of the political phases of the present day.

Before the Whig was received, the dissatisfied in Boston were obliged to resort to the country newspapers for the medium through which their opinions could be utterred. Among these, the Norfolk County American, originally published at Dedham, and more recently at Roxbury, has been eminently distinguished for the ability, independence, and fearlessness with which it has treated of the conduct and shortcomings of the Whig leaders. The editor, Edward L. Keyes, Esq. is a young man of talent, and of *pluck*, who cannot fail to make himself felt in the State, if he go on as he has begun. It is a significant sign of the times, that though he denounces Slavery and slaveholders, in no measured terms, and though he has not searched the dictionary for soft words in which to express his opinion of the course of Mr. Lawrence, and the Whigs he represents, still his list of subscribers is increasing, even in Boston, and a growing curiosity exists to see what he has to say. The Lowell Courier, another country Whig paper, have also taken a very honorable stand against the dictation of the pro-slavery leaders of the party.

It is generally believed that Mr. Lawrence's ambition aims at being Governor of the State. This he might easily have been, had he known how to take one of the best hands of some ever dealt to may by Fortune. But there is no hope for him now. His nomination would insure the defeat of the Whig party; and they know it. The nomination of the Whig candidate is to be made next month, by a Convention. It will no doubt be the policy of the combined branches of the party in Boston, and wherever else it may have influence enough, to exclude from it the leaders of the Young Whigs, and thus secure the nomination of their own candidate. In this they may succeed. But, if they are wise, they will take care that their own candidate be one who has not already held a very portion of the party by his submission to Slavery; otherwise, they would, probably, find another Richmond in the field, of power sufficient to defeat, at least, the one they have set up. If they are content to nominate such a man as Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, or William B. Calhoun, of Springfield, the party may hold together a while longer. But if they are determined to maintain the absolute supremacy of the Boston Influence, it will be the fault of the Young Whigs, if the Whiggism of Massachusetts do not undergo a revolution such as has just overthrown the Democracy of New Hampshire.

The great worldly successes of Mr. Lawrence has led his into the not unusual error of over-estimating his own abilities. Talent for the counting-house does not, necessarily, imply talent for the Senate, and skill in the combinations of trade is not always identical with skill in the combinations of politics. It is to be wished, and will be, if he be wise, that his position is his party. Of this point, I presume, there are no two opinions. And no critical physiognomist cannot look in his handsome, good-humored face, without noticing that undeniable expression about the lines of the mouth, more indicative by far of character, as Gilbert Stuart used to say, than the tone of the eyes, or the shape of the head, which tell that their possessor is not a *strong* man. We cannot be surprised, though we may be *sorry*, that, elated by his great success in affairs, Mr. Lawrence should seek to exchange a sphere he was so eminently qualified to fill, for one in which he can only have done no service to his country, or even to his party, and gained small credit for himself.

"Many a man," says old South, "has rno his head against a pulpit, who would have done his country good service at the plough-tail." And Mr. Lawrence is not the first man who might have been useful and respectable in his trade, who has made himself mischievous and ridiculous in politics.

But truce to politics. How I came to administer so large a dose, I can hardly tell. But though not a Whig, nor the son of a Whig, I cannot but feel an interest in the success of those who are striving to free that party from its subservience to Slavery, as I did to the struggle of John P. Hale, and his compeers, to do the same noble work for the Democracy of New Hampshire. And if they are but resolute, and faithful, the same triumph will reward the one, that has already crowned the other.

Mr. Giddings passed through town last week, on his way to the eastward. I was not so fortunate as to see him; but hope for better luck on his return. Indeed, it was but by accident that they who depend on the leading Whig newspapers for intelligence, knew of his being in town. Not one of them, I believe, mentioned the fact that this eminent man honored the city with his presence; while the contemporaneous advent of an obscure collegian or nigger, of whose existence, not ten men in Massachusetts had ever heard, was proclaimed by a general flourish of trumpets, and he was received with every mark of distinction from the leading Whigs of the city! This fact is, certainly, a pregnant comment upon my foregoing remarks. Mr. Giddings, much of whom, my next letter, I will try and give you something to take the taste of this out of your mouth. So good night!

D. Y.

Notes on New Books.

Dolores: a Novel. By Harro Harring, New-York: Marriner, Lockwood & Co.

This strange book has attracted little apparent notice, unprecedently loud braying of trumpets, but it has excited little curiosity by its novel pretensions. Its claims to the title of a novel are very slender, although its novelty as a book, will not be questioned. The story, such as it is, consists of the very commonplace adventures of very common-place people in Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro. Dutch merchants, Swedish skippers, Italian adventurers, and English traders, constitute the chief personages. But the author himself is present in every scene, and on every page. The book, in fact, is a common-place book, in which he has recorded his personal pique, his discoveries in moral ethics, his bits of poetry, and his experiences in South America. Being a political reformer, an enthusiast, a proscribed patriot, a poet, and a seaman, his book must contain some valuable reading. His description of the country, its resources, and its inhabitants, characterization is limited; a novel, therefore, is the last form which he should have chosen for embodying his thoughts. If he had but given us a book on the Brazils, and the Bandu Oriental, he would have gained a larger circle of readers, and employed his pen in a more profitable manner.

The following extract, showing the legitimate results of a slave-breeding establishment, we copy, with a misgiving that the transactions, which the author states in a note are strictly true, are too horrible for our readers. It is strictly true, we have no doubt, that our people are toiling; and the sweat of the free States is supporting the heroes who are fighting in Mexico, that a similar business may be established in that now free country. And it is also said in this work, that Cassius M. Clay has ceased to be a "true knight," that he has sheathed a sword by his side, and epaulette on his shoulders, has gone to serve what he chooses to call his country. There are a good many *friendships* and a good many Madam Fashs in our own free and enlightened country:

They entered the verandah of the dwelling-house, and beheld Mr. Cassius, the owner, with a whole row of her knees, near a wax light, protected from the wind by means of a glass shade. She was a robust, corpulent woman, having the features of a very coarse female, and a still coarser expression. Her light hair hung in unbonded locks upon her shoulders and bosom. She counted and noted down, with a grim smile, the blows which a white man, her cousin, slowly laid on the author-victim of her ire, who was tied to a post while she held a watch, with second hands, in her left hand, and gave him a sign every time he was to strike.

"The laws of our country do not permit us to take a look at the particulars of this bloody scene—but we must not leave, somberwise, the three black women, who, at a distance from the verandah, over the balustrade of which was extended the unfortunate slave, quivering with convulsive agony. One was the wife of a young Mozambique female, of noble form, whose fleure was like one of the antique group of Niobe, which is so frequently prescribed in Rome. Near her lay the corpse of a youth of the same race, as resularly formed; and not far from them, the body of a robust negro, from one of those tribes which dwell near the equator, in Africa, who, little favored by nature, possess countenances as black as night, and whose brawny frames cannot serve as models of manly beauty.

"In that you, Mr. Cloating," said the white widow, at length, after sobbing, without interrupting her tale, already cast several glances at the two quests; "I hardly know you again—come nearer, I shall soon be through. Dac knowing your cousin, I thought, and she, in a low voice, to herself, and wrote some figures on the slate, "I should wonder if he cares for the last seven. Give it to him a little slower! not before I tell you!" she called out to the white tormentor, and then counted, with long intervals, the blows which fell on the victim. The negro groaned, evidently in the last agony, while the heavy chinee (which been in family remembrance to the Mr. Cloates's wounded itself, at each blow, round his body, and lacerated it in its tenderest parts.

"The black woman, Dac, without interrupting her tale, already cast several glances at the two guests; "I hardly knew you again—come nearer, I shall soon be through. Dac knowing your cousin, I thought, and she, in a low voice, to herself, and wrote some figures on the slate, "I should wonder if he cares for the last seven. Give it to him a little slower! not before I tell you!" she called out to the white tormentor, and then counted, with long intervals, the blows which fell on the victim. The negro groaned, evidently in the last agony, while the heavy chinee (which been in family remembrance to the Mr. Cloates's wounded itself, at each blow, round his body, and lacerated it in its tenderest parts.

"The black woman, Dac, without interrupting her tale, or had appointed this evening for the slave's second dose, (after he had received the same number in the morning,) was counted. A second negro woman, with a disordered spirits of wine and pepper, to rub on the open and bleeding wounds, which nearly covered the whole body.

"The black women, Dac, contended all human imaginations; and whoever has not witnessed a similar scene, nor heard a sound of similar horror, in the plantation of humanity, would rearesly be able to follow a description, which we avoid from consideration for the feelings of the reader.

The fearful howl died away in hollow groans, and the rattling of the scarcely breathing chest, which gradually became hoarser and more feeble, the moment, which half-expiring body had been fastened, was loosed. A young negrass pushed the rest with the pungent restorer, aside, as soon as the mistress went away. She covered the dying man with a wet sheet, brought a generous cordial, and poured it into his mouth, while another held vinegar and water to his lips, which did not move.

"There lie, now, my two cousins!" yes, if I say two negroes and four hundred dollars, I mean, "said Mr. Fesh to her guests, as she stepped into the room, of which the open door and window shutters, without glass, the only ornaments, communed with the verandah. "May Satan take them all! the damned black beasts! Is it not enough to crazy one, to have to do with this creature? Dac, I tell thee, throw herself into so unmeltable, gathered up her coarse hair, and endeavored to bind it with a handkerchief.

"What ails you, Madam? inquired Mr. Cloating, who was seated by a table, set with wine and other refreshments, which the Fleshers, according to the economy of the country, had already prepared.

"What has happened to me?" screamed the lady of the house, gritting her teeth. "I will tell you. It is the insolence of! Negroes are all the time becoming denser, the importation of them is becoming more and more difficult, and I have to bear with all their whims, because I wanted to hire a negro, and agreed with him that he should look up Antinous secretly at night. But when I wanted to Christ! Christ! I know not her were she my avail: he ran away at night, and by, as I was told, before the chamber below there, where I had locked in Antinous, I found that he had, and nothing could stand was to be heard. And what did he do? He hurst, like a madman, through the door, that Antinous, perhaps, had bolted, and had not bolted on the inside; he sprang in upon them, I tell you. And what did he do? He stabbed his friend, Antinous, I believe, he called him, Antinous, and he stabbed Pluto, and then himself, last night. Last night he stabbed them and himself, and there lie the corpses! Dac, I tell you, the negroes—my two cousins and a half! What do you say to that, Mr. Cloating?"

"Nothing else, than that I have told you before, and hope the same may end, my good Me. Fesh, for I have had much experience in these matters. The same cause which has happened to you, occurred, with nearly the same symptoms throughout, and the same crisis, in Rio de Janeiro, sometime since, and in my neighborhood, in Maranhaos. A young man, the son of a family of Pla-to; the black lover murdered him upon the bed of the one he called his beloved. The young man, in a third case of the kind, where a negress killed herself, when she was given to a "Pluto;" instead of yielding to him, she stabbed herself. Yes, Me. Fesh, there are such jealous, and such fond loves! if one may use the word for cattle! As the paternal love of mothers has become proverbial, we may far-ly pass over the fondness of the negroes, because, if they once feel love, it only expires with their lives."

"Stupid stuff!" muttered Me. Fesh, after a pause! "Stupid stuff! love! what is love? Is it not all the same in such a creature, whether this or that one satisfies herthen one of those cattle is a woman for all, and can obtain what she desires—it is all the same from whom!" Me. Fesh certaily did not reflect that she contradicted herself by acknowledging the womanly nature of the so-called cattle, which she appeared to deny.

"But I must take care, Mr. Cloating, to have young mulacks for my children; and there lie the corpses, and my Pluto is murdered. May the devil take the cursed rascally, who had his hand in the pie!"

"You mean the negro to whom you have just consigned his reckoning?" inquired Mr. Cloating.

"The same! the same! Pluto! Pluto! Only imagine, he did not let loose my two great bloodhounds, 'Blackman' and 'nigger,' in the night, when all this happened; my two great, ravenous bloodhounds! Dac, I tell you, I wish my nous as soon as he sprang over the garden wall. And nigger, a black love service, shall cost him, alas, his life. Three days and a half more, and he is dead, it is all the same to me if I lose six or seven hundred pillars more. He shall die! If he is alive, he shall receive his hundred and fifty early in the morning! the infamous, miserable dabbole! that Apollino."

To Correspondents.

J. B. of M. We could comply with his proposition without trouble to ourselves, but the law will not permit it. His hint shall be considered; but he will remember that we have to please our converts as readers, we have also many old Abolitionists.

J. B. of W. The article he refers to has been delayed so long for want of room that later intelligence we think will be more generally interesting. We presume he has received the paper before this time.

E. B. The mistake must be in the Post Office, as his paper is regularly mailed at this office. The subject of his letter has been, and is still under consideration.—There is much to be said on both sides, but whatever course may be finally adopted, the single consideration, the good of the cause, will govern those who must decide the question.

S. M. will observe that his letter is received. We do not keep a file of the paper he refers to, and have not one of the earlier date he mentions. Does he happen to have a single copy? His wish is regard to the other shall be gratified.

Z. B. of C. We do not think his friend can rely for assistance upon this city. Such an attempt we know has failed here within the year. However, we will make further inquiries, and if any encouragement can be got, will let him know.

H. W. G. His article shall appear next week. We hope to hear often at any rate, but should be succeed in his plans, we shall be very glad to receive his communications in the form first proposed. The paper to E. M. is regularly mailed at this office. We will look for a letter from him by Monday next at the latest.

A. W. of S. All that has ever been received from him has been acknowledged.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry*: Honor to Labor; Man was not made to Mourn; Sunset. *Miscellany*: Toussaint, (continued); Jasiper Hedgehog to Lord Nugent; Why do Nations go to War; A Sure Sign; British Philanthropy and the Slave-Trade.

First Page.—*Peculiar Institution*: Patriarchal Difficulties; Tony Brown's De Vool Meat; Slave Life in Louisiana—A Fearful dream. *Selections*: Extracts from an address to Fletcher Webster; Fourth of July Orations; Striking their own Friends; Rev. Dr. Hawks; That Apology; Theological Advocates of Slavery in Slave States; The Northern Slaves of Southern Taskmasters; Extract from Fourth of July Oration. *Communications*: Letter from Catarraugus County.

Second Page.—*Poetry*: Letter from C. B. Stebbins; Letter from Samuel Brooke; Rose Sorrel Meeting and Michael Hull Burton.

GENERAL INELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Four Days Later from Europe—Arrival at the Hibernia.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston on Monday morning, and the *Acadia* was announced in this city in about fifteen minutes after wards.

Dates are from London to the 18th, and Liverpool to the 19th ult. The state of trade in Great Britain is all that could be desired. The prices of provisions are low, and the crops of grain are expected to be unusually large. It is feared, however, that the potato crop will be cut off by the early rot.

The Hibernia brings the Oregon Treaty ratified by the British Government.

The new Government is in the full tide of successful experiment. Nearly all the members have been returned without opposition. There is no longer any likely to embarrass the new Ministry except the Sugar duties.

It is supposed that the £100,000 donation to Mr. Cobden, will be raised without difficulty.

An effort is to be made to raise a monument to Sir Robert Peel, by means of a penny subscription throughout the Kingdom.

Spain has concluded a treaty with Uruguay, by which she recognizes that Republic as independent.

Russia has made some some reductions in her tariff. It is said the Emperor intends to abolish Slavery throughout his dominions.

The new Pope has signalized his accession to the Chair of St. Peter, by some acts of leniency towards State prisoners. He has also condescended to pass through the streets of Rome, on foot!

The Sultan of Turkey is about to establish a Normal School, and to take other measures for public instruction.

There is no other news of importance from other parts of the Continent.

General Items.

More Violence.—More than a year ago, in Chicot county, Arkansas, a negro woman, whose population far exceeds that of the white, the overseer of Col. Walnutt, a rich planter, was found murdered in the field—having received, in the back, and tried at the ensuing Circuit Court, which came on in the fall. The jury did not agree. He was remanded to jail to await his trial at the spring term—at which time, and he was found guilty of murder in the first degree. His counsel, who had been employed by his master to make the best defence for him of which they were capable, moved for a new trial, and obtained it on the ground, that as the overseer was killed in a fight it could not be murder in the first degree, but only manslaughter. He was again sent back to prison. It was said, he would evade the punishment of death, if he did not escape from the jail, to put the matter beyond doubt, a mob resolved to take the executioner into their own hands, and the negro was taken out of jail by force, and hung.

The excuse is, that the public safety required the fearful course. Whether this will be heard at the Bar of Public Opinion, we will leave it to form a fearful retribution hereafter.—*Cin. Gaz. July 27th.*

Freeman Convicted.—The jury in the case of Freeman, the murderer of the Van Nest family, returned a verdict of guilty, on Thursday, after an absence of two hours.

The Randolph Negroes.—The last Pique *Register* says: "These unfortunate creatures have again been driven from lands entered for their benefit. As we noticed last week, an effort, which it was thought would be successful, was made to settle them in Shelby county, but, like the previous attempt at Hebron, it has failed. They were driven away by threats of violence. About one-third of them, we understand, remained in Sidney, intending to make a crop on the lands they have entered there. The rest of them came down here to-day, (Thursday,) and are now at the house of Mr. Bell, where they will remain, for a time, at least, long wherever places can be obtained for them. We presume, therefore, they will all remain in the State, as it is probable it may be difficult to procure lands for the whole of them between this and Cincinnati."

Men of Property and Standing.—We learn that the persons who have purchased the remaining property of the estate of Randolph's emancipated slaves in Mercer county, lest it would injure their real estate, own property in the total amounting to about $20000!—*Cin. Herald.*

One of the Kidnappers of Phinney Arrested.—Jacob Armitage, the companion and assistant of Forbes, in the abduction of Jerry Phinney, was brought to this city this morning, by Constable Brown. We have been informed that Armitage was on his way to this city, to give himself up to the civil authorities, when he was arrested, and that his friends or connections had avowed the fact, a week or two since. He has given bail in the sum of $750 for his appearance at Court, and he is, therefore, at large. Those who have bailed him agreed to do so before his return, as they state, and that was the condition of his return. He has felt himself a branded man, and determined to know the worst rather than remain in suspense.

The trial of Henderson and the others arrested and imprisoned immediately after the abduction, has been set for a special session of the Court of Common Pleas, to commence on the 20th inst. Springfield, Ohio. We suppose Armitage will be tried at the same time. He states, we learn, that Phinney is still at Frankfort. Some doubt has been entertained by the friends of Phinney, of the removal to the South have been in circulation for some time.—*Cincinnati (O.) Morning Herald.*

Conviction for Murder.—At a meeting of the Board of Magistrates and a jury of freeholders, held in the City Hall, yesterday, George, a slave belonging to Mr. E. M. Charles, of Lumbertown, was found guilty of the murder of Wiswardi, belonging to Mr. T. B. Minott, of the same place, and sentenced to be hung on the first Monday in July next.

We understand that the cause of the negro charged with the murder of Mr. Minott, of Lumbertown, will be brought before the court to-day.—*Charleston Mercury.*

The Law of Slavery.—A slave has been condemned to be hung at Charleston, S. C. for "grievously wounding with a bludgeon," a German by the name of Rimrod, who was attempting to arrest him as a runaway!

A Child Bastinaded to Death.—A little colored girl, about ten or eleven years of age, at Columbus, S. C. was in the habit of overlying fire in a room in the house of Mr. J. Jones, Sawyer, of that place, and sentenced to be hung on the first Friday of August next.

Acknowledgements.

For the Standard—from July 15, to August 1, 1846.

Wm. Pinn, Farmington, N. Y.	$1	00
Edward Shelton, "	1	00
Jl. A. Holdrich, "	1	00
Julius Conklin, "	1	00
Wm. Gotchell, Manchester, N. Y.	1	00
N. G. Herreman, "	1	00
George Lapham, Marengo, N Y	1	00
Selick Weed, "	1	00
Joseph C. Wasson, "	1	00
Stephen Shear, Waterloo, N Y	1	00
Samuel Crandall, "	1	00
Ann Palmer, "	1	00
William P. Dell, "	1	00
Abraham Vail, "	1	00
James Kincher, "	1	00
R. P. Hunt, "	1	00
Thomas McClintock, "	1	00
Robert Birrell, "	1	00
Benjamin Tripp, Marengo, N Y	3	00
David Wilson, Farmington, "	1	00
Elias J. Doty, "	4	00
Ezek Wilber, "	5	00
John Baker, "	1	00
James Johnson, Boston, "	1	00
J. B. Quimby, "	1	00
Lewis Bischell, "	1	00
Charles Stearns, "	1	00
John O. Andrew, "	1	00
Joseph H. Putnam, Salem, Mass.	1	00
John H. Seavers, Milton, "	1	00
Joseph Weld, G. P. Boston, "	1	00
John A. Simpson, Boston, "	1	50
John P. Powers, "	1	00
Jacob Cutler, Jeffrey, N H	1	00
James Townsend, Marlboro, N H	1	00
Jos. S. Swazey, "	1	00
Thomas J. Baker, "	1	00
Silas Collinter, "	1	00
Rev. H. Wellington, "	1	00
Mrs. Frederick Hinckley, Boston,	1	00
Abram T. Simpson, "	1	00
Edmund Quincy, Lanesburg, Mass.	1	00
James L. Hayward, "	1	00
Robert Kimbell, "	1	00
Jesse Kimbell, "	1	00
Josh Page, Leominster, Mass.	1	00
Charles A. Bullard, Boston,	1	00
Cyril Spalding, Canterbary Ct.	1	00
Martha Smith, Plainfield, Ct.	1	00
Ezra Ashley, Chaplin, "	1	00
E. Sharp, N. Windham, "	1	00
John Clark, Hampton, "	2	50
N. Read, Windham County, Ct.	6	00
Sidney Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1	00
Wm. Hopkins, Fishersville, Ct.	1	00
Origen Storrs, "	2	00
Bowen H. Matthewson, "	1	00
Hiram Sessions, "	1	00
William S. Knox, "	1	00
Waitt & Hall, "	1	50
Ira. Corey, "	1	00
Charles Brown, Portland, Me.	1	00
Rufus Read, "	1	00
Moses Gould, "	1	00
J. McKenney, "	1	00
Joseph Brackett, "	1	00
Isaac Jones, South Durham, Me.	1	00
L. Weirman, New York,	1	00
Wm. Cornell, "	1	00
Richard Willets, Babylon, N. Y.	1	00
Samuel Willets, Babylon, "	1	00
Walter Hunt, West Day, "	1	00
Josiah Rice, Salsbury "	1	00
Alanson Tuttle "	1	00
Chas. Morrell, Ludlowville, "	1	00
D. W. Bishop, Fox's Corners, "	1	00
Isaac Hustis, N. Y. Wilfield, "	1	00
Benj. Joy, Ludlowville, "	1	00
Peter Wager, "	1	00
Nathan B. Lyon, Five Corners, N. Y.	1	00
Asa Parsons, Adams, N. Y.	1	00
Saml. D. Tillinghast, Falls, N. Y.	1	00
Slocum Howland, Sherwood Corners, N. Y.	1	00
Daniel Pound, Clarkson, N. Y.	1	00
E. S. Mullen, Lexington, Mass.	1	00
Charles Winterburn, New-York,	1	00
Rev. A. Cassedy, Barnstable, Mass.	1	00
Richard Kenyon, Westfield, N. Y.	1	00
Nehemiah Sperry, Sherman, "	1	00
Wm. Eudes, "	1	00
John, Bogkeebaugh, Westfield, N. Y.	1	00
George Porter DeWittville, "	1	00
Thos. Co. Ly, "	1	00
Norman Backus, Busti, "	1	00
Ezra C. Blodgett, "	1	00
Ira Dean, "	1	00
Stephen Frank, "	1	00
Hiram Brush, "	1	00
Andrew Bidwell, "	1	00
Xavier Abbott, "	1	00
Exeter Woodward, "	1	00
Francis Scott, "	1	00
S. A. Brown, Jamestown, "	1	00
Aaron Vanderbilt, "	1	00
Albert Jones, "	1	00
Jason Hazzard, "	1	00
F. A. Allen, "	1	00
Gideon Gifford, "	1	00
C. M. Butler, "	1	00
Catherine E. Harris "	1	00
Jane O. Frazier, Marion, "	1	00
Lydia Ann Bingham, Lynn, Mass.	1	00
Saml. Sprague, Hingham, "	1	00
Oliver Cushing, South Hingham, Mass.	1	00
Thos. Cushing, "	1	00
Amy Ann Aldrich, Macedon Centre, N. Y.	1	00
Caroline C. Arnold, Sand Lake, "	1	00
James Cornell, North Hoosick, "	1	00
Caleb M. Smith, Meacham, "	1	00
Thomas Roland, Farmington, "	1	00
J. M. E. Robinson, Rochester, N. Y.	1	00
Calvin Whaples, "	1	00
Henry Grimes, "	1	00
Thomas Weddle, "	1	00
Wm. R. Hallowell, "	1	00
John Kessie, "	1	00
Lewis Burlin "	1	00
Joseph Carlisle "	1	00
Wm. P. Lord, Egypt, N Y	1	00
Pliny Sexton, Palmyra, N Y	1	00
Jonas Post, Rochester "	3	25
Wm C. Bloss, "	1	00
Isaac Gibbs, "	1	13
Henry Bush, "	1	00
Harriet Sandford, "	6	50
Wm. L. Keyes, Hillsboro', Ohio	1	00
Total amount,	$158	27

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

To be continued.

Marriages.

In Philadelphia, on the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Edward D. Smith, of New-York, Rev. *John Nesbitt to Lucy A. Gallagher* of Edward Smith, Esq.

In this city, at the Graham House, on the 29th ultimo, by Rev. O. A. Wellington, *John Fitch Cleaveland to Esther C. Gropley*, all of New-York.

In Canton, Ohio, March last, Rev. Dr. *D. Ball*, American Missionary, to Miss *Isabel Robertson*, Missionary, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

On Sunday, 26th ultimo, by Rev. Dr. Posad, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Mr. *Wm. De Shaps*, of New-York, to Miss *Mary Ann Gropley*, daughter of *J. Dreper*, of Bloomingdale, from Manchester, England.

At Racine, (W. T.) July 10th, Mr. *John Thomas* to Miss *Ann James*, of New-York.

On Thursday evening, July 30th, by Rev. Benjamin Ewens, Mr. *R. St. Clair Porter*, (son of the late Capt. *Jas. Porter*, U. S. A.) to Miss *Mary*, eldest daughter of John Dickinson, Esq. formerly of Philadelphia, Pa.

On the 24th ultimo, at the Choctaw Agency, Arkansas, at the residence of J. H. Heald, Capt. *Jos. H. Heard*, of Fort Smith, to Miss *Catharine Wright*, of Hubbardston, Mass.

At Manchester, Ontario county, New-York, July 1st, by William Goodell, of Honeoye, *Rev. William Dewey*, of Gaines, Orleans county, to *Miss Mary A. Barnes*, of Manchester.

In Boston, at King's Chapel, by Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke, *Abraham Fuller Clarke*, of Milwaukie, (W. T.) to Susan S. daughter of John Fisher, Esq. of this city.

Died.

In Hingham, Mass. Mrs. *Temperance Wilde*, wife of Mr. Elijah D. Wilde, aged 77.

At Brooklyn, on Monday, 3d instant, *Anna Rollins*, eldest daughter of Rev. P. A. Farley, aged 9 1-2 years.

In Bangor, 18th ultimo, *George W. Tasker*, aged 33.

In Roxbury, Mass. on Saturday, *Samuel Perkins*, aged 33 years.

In Boston, July 29, *Mr. Richard Bishop*.

At Gray Corner, Me. July 25, *Mrs. Lucy R. wife* of Rev. Elijah Kellogg, pastor of the Congregational Church in that place, and daughter of Deacon Richardson, of Windham, in her 37th year.

In Philadelphia, on the 27th ult. *Nicholas Le Huray*, in the 49th year of his age, (son of the late Nicholas Le Huray, Sen.) of the Island of Guernsey, and for a number of years a resident of that city.

NOTICES.

ONTARIO COUNTY.

Charles Lenox, Esq. of Canandaigua, and C. H Hathaway will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows:

Canandaigua, Sunday, August 9.
Marengo, Monday, " 10, at 4 P. M.
Geneva, Tues. & Wed. " 11 & 12, at 10 A. M.
Cartlington, Thursday, " 13, at 3 P. M.
Hopewell Centre, Friday, " 14, at 10 A. M.
Manchester, Saturday, " 15, at 4 P. M.
Canandaigua, Sunday, " 16, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

Dear Friends:—We able advocates of the cause of liberty—E. D. Hudson, and Wm. W. Brown, are now laboring in your county, and will hold meetings at the following places. Their success, the success, and the interests of the cause, will depend very much upon your active co-operation, in procuring places for meetings, extending the notice, and in aiding them in procuring subscribers for the Standard. Are there not some among you who will

VOLUNTEER

To spend one, two, or three weeks, or more, in Freedom's cause, and go with brother Hudson from house to house, and from town to town? Let it not be said of Western New-York, that from among her sons, Slavery can get none to plead her cause, while her victims, in Mexico, thus Freedom can number in her army. Come then, ye rescues, then, one and all, and let the question be decided.

"For he who settles Freedom's principles,
Writes the Sentence of Death upon Slavery:
Who speaks the truth, shake falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than ever Brutus and Tarquin could."

CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

Sherman, Thursday and Friday, August 6th and 7th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Ashville, Saturday and Sunday, August 8th and 9th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Dewittville, Monday, August 10th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Ellington, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 11th and 12th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Cherry Creek, Thursday and Friday, August 13th and 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Arkwright, Friday, August 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Forrestville, Saturday, " 15th, " " "
Versailles, Sunday, and Monday, August 16th and 17th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

These meetings will be attended by one, or both of the friends of the cause, and friends of the human race—no able-hearted brother is already in the field, in that county, and will spend as much time as his other avocations will permit. Yours for the cause,

E. D. HUDSON

A single-hearted, devoted, and faithful man,—uncompromising in his hostility to Slavery, in whatever garb she may assume to clothe herself. No freeman will complain of him.

WILLIAM W. BROWN.

Has groaned many a weary day in the prison-house of Slavery, and can feel for the sad and damning debts that man committed there. He has felt the heavy heel of tyranny upon his own head, and can speak from experience. Even now by the Constitution of the United States, he is a *chattel*, and not a man. Out upon such tyranny! Let it be spoken in the ear of every man.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the State of New-York.

Farmington, 7th month 18, 1846.

FAIR TEETH.

We would give information to those of our friends who may need the aid of a Dentist, that Edward Townsend, No. 232 Arch Street, near Fifth, and Edward Townsend, Southeast corner of Ninth and Cherry Streets, both well known and highly esteemed in their profession, have each recommended to us *the twelve hours of professional work for the benefit of our Fair.*

Persons wishing to have teeth extracted, plugged, or artificial ones inserted, can call on either from either operations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, with the usual arrangements for working circles, &c. and cultivate as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their neighborhoods, respectively. Our Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention to make the Fair, in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, each *send all*, be more diligent, more active in investigation, and more determined. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call! Let each of us commence this work with a determination to do what we can, and then we will make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, and let all be fully applied to the any department of the labor. Much depends on the *activity* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may have full scope, and be profitably employed. And in the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, for which we hope they will wish to fill our table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. With the friends in the country particular care for the occasion! Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and if they succeed, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the difficulty of organizing from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced immediately, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to be acquainted with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting Fairs, and will be happy to receive friendly suggestions from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh, Emma Parker,
Therza Hallowell, Gertrude R. Burleigh,
Sarah L. Child, Hannah L. Shipley,
Anna M. Hooper, Mary T. Stickney,
Margaret Grascom, Sarah J. Williams,

Poetry.

HONOR TO LABOR.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY MARY HOWITT.

Whoe'er the ponderous hammer wields—
Whoe'er compels the earth to flourish—
Or reaps the golden harvest-fields,
A wife and little ones to nourish;
Whoever guides the laden bark—
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,
Toils at the loom till after dark,
Food for his white-haired children earning—

To him be honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills or lonesome village!
All honor to the plodding swain
Who holds the plow!—Be 't too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded.

Whether, in chambers close and small,
'Mid musty tomes he fancy smothers—
Or, of the trade the bondaged thrall,
He dramas writes, or songs for others;
Or, whether he, for wretched pay,
Translate the trash which he despises—
Or, learning's serf, puts day by day,
Dunce corps through classic exercises;

He also is a prey to care,
To him 'tis said, "Starve thou or borrow!"
Gray grows betimes his raven hair,
And to the grave pursues him sorrow!
With hard compulsion and with need,
He, like the rest, must strive untiring;
And his young children's cry for bread
Maims his free spirit's glad aspiring.

Ah! such a one to me was known:
With heavenward aim his course ascended;
Yet, deep in dust and darkness prone,
Care, sordid care, his life attended.
An exile, and with bleeding breast,
He groaned in his severest trial;
Want goaded him to long unrest,
And scourged to bitterest self-denial.

Thus, heart-sick, wrote he line on line,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness;
While hyacinth and leafy vine
Were fluttering in the morning's gladness.
The throstle sung, and nightingale,
The soaring lark hymned joy unending—
While thought's day laborer, worn and pale,
Over his weary book was bending.

Yet, though his heart sent forth a cry,
Still strove he for the great ideal;
"For this," said he, "is poesy,
And human life this fierce ordeal!"
And when his courage left him quite,
One thought kept hope his heart alive in,
"I have preserved my honor bright,
And for my dear ones I am striving!"

At length his spirit was subdued!
The power to combat and endeavor
Was gone; and his heroic mood
Came only fitfully, like fever.
The Muses' kiss, sometimes at night
Would set his pulses wildly beating;
And his high soul soared toward the light
When night from morning was retreating.

He long has lain the turf beneath:
The wild winds through the grass are sighing:
No stone is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying.
Their faces swoll'n with weeping, forth
His wife and children went—God save them!
Young paupers—heirs to naught on earth,
Save the pure name their father gave them!

All honor to the plodding swain
That holds the plow! Be 't too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded!
To toil all honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills and lonely village!

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

BY WM. FERGUSSON.

There is a voice which haunts me still,
Where'er on earth I be;
In lonely vale, or lofty hill,
And on the distant sea—
I hear it in the silent night,
And at the break of morn;
And aye it cryeth—dark or light—
Man was not made to mourn!

In ev'ry stream that seaward flows,
That voice salutes mine ear;
In ev'ry wind that round me blows,
Its thrilling notes I hear:
In ev'ry sound of Nature's heart,
The cheerful or forlorn,
This ever bears the better part—
Man was not made to mourn!

The sun that glads the summer noon,
The light that blesseth all,
The myriad stars, the quiet moon,
The showers from heaven that fall,
The flowers which in our meadows grow,
Our mountain paths adorn—
All, all, in their own fashion, show
Man was not made to mourn!

All Nature cries aloud—but man
Regards not Nature's voice;
Perverteth her benignant plan,
Her workmanship destroys—
From her fair book the brightest page
With impious hand has torn,
Yet still she cries, from age to age,
Man was not made to mourn!

O, gentlest mother! may thy child
Ere long thy lesson read;
Embrace thy precepts, loving, mild,
Thy fraternizing creed:
Then shall the blessed end be known
For which he has been born;
And all shall feel, from zone to zone,
Man was not made to mourn!

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The hope of Truth grows stronger, day by day;
I hear the soul of Man around me waking,
Like a great sea its frozen fetters breaking,
And flinging up to heaven its sun-lit spray,
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
And crushing them with din of grinding thunder,
That makes old emptinesses stare in wonder.
The memory of a glory passed away,
Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell,
Ripples the bygone freedom of the sea,
And, every hour, new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free;
For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell
Of inward strife for Truth and Liberty.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT;
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

As one looks from the plain of the Cape towards the West, he sees blue, steep mountains rising, whose gloomy forests form long, winding chains. It is the Mornes of the Cape, which gradually descend toward the sea. Between the outstretched ridges of these mountains lie the most fruitful vales, thousands of verdant spots, thousands of plantations, through which wander innumerable forest streams, and covered with bloom, with the sugar-cane and cocoa and coffee plants, a perfect Paradise, full of eternal, inexhaustible abundance. Beyond these mountains and vales, rise yet other and higher mountains, with other blooming spots, but the rocks are yet more rugged. Huge trunks are visible in the moonlight, rocking their proud crowns of strange flowers, the resorts of unknown brilliant insects, and under them waves and stretches, far and wide, the gorgeous botany of the tropics, luxuriant and gigantic, in leaf and stem, beautiful and rare, even to ecstacy.

These wild mountains and fruitful valleys fill all the Island. Ever higher and more inhospitable the mountains rise towards the centre, where the top of the Cibaos is lost in the clouds. As one leaves Larose, the road leads through steep mountain passes, and dark, narrow ravines, into the Spanish quarter. But no land-mark indicates the dividing line in the wilderness. The lonely traveller drives his tired beast timidly up and down, and crosses himself, as strange sounds, the howling of the storm through the ravines, the crashing branches and trunks of the primeval forests, the voices, as the traditions say, of murdered caciques and priests, strike upon his startled ear.

In the stillness of night, sounds as of muffled thunder are heard, and the valleys quake, and flames dart out of the caverns. The Indians, who once inhabited this spot in peace, fled with their treasures, to unknown recesses and chasms, where they perished with hunger, to escape the baptized Spaniards, and the salvation of Christendom. And now, eternally doomed, they toil and moil, and now howl over their heaps of gold and pearl, and shake the firm earth, which keeps them spell-bound till the day of judgment. Barren and wild rises pinnacle above pinnacle. There rests a curse upon these bloody heights, which, descending from generation to generation, puts every one to flight. In the midst of these wild mountains, a stream dashes from cliff to cliff. At one time it gathers its waters in a large basin, upon which huge leaves and flower-cups float, in silent loneliness, and in which Flamingos and red water-fowl bathe; fragrant shrubs bend their bunches of blossoms over the still mirror, and the wail of the greedy Kaima echoes far around. At another place the stream thunders through narrow passes, and lashed into foam, is lost in chasms, from which, by and by new streams issue. It is the Grande Rivière, which rushes thus wildly towards the sea, out of the bosom of the Spanish mountains. The rent and jagged rocks which form its shores, are the supposed residence of innumerable evil spirits, and stand out black and pointed, with only here and there a iron-wood tree waving in the moonlight, or a proud sycamore stretches out its white knotted boughs, looking like a ghost. Between these high walls thunders the stream, now broader and more quiet, and now forced between huge blocks of stone, or dashed down in cascades. At one place, a steep rock hangs over it, and shrouds it in a perpetual night; above lies a broad slab, the jutting edges of which are illuminated by the moon. This is the *Devil's Pulpit*, and wild bushes luxuriate below. Vines in a thousand windings weave their net over the tulip tree, and the Acaja. Only yellow-hooded owls and monstrous bats, flit nightly in this wilderness. Just underneath is a space hollowed out, protected by the overhanging rock. In the depth below, the stream tumbles down a fall of twenty feet, and with its deep thunder, the cliffs around tremble. If one explores this hollow, and passes around an obtruding rock, he finds another and lesser space, enclosed by rocks high and black, matted with moss, green and yellow, which hangs here and there from the stalactites, and water is continually falling, drop by drop, from the rent rocks that overarch the place.

And here, upon the same evening of which we speak, in this dim spot burned a fire, flashing fitfully out in clear tongues of flame, as it occasionally caught the dry twigs of the gum-tree, struggling against the heavy damp air which beat it down, until it almost disappeared in clouds of smoke. As the fire flashed up, it shone upon a company of naked black figures, who were sitting and lying about upon the rocks, like the demon dwellers of the place, or were standing still and immovable like statues ranged along the rugged walls.

Among these half-naked slaves, appeared a few individuals whose European garb and white faces presented a singular contrast. The fire glanced upon the gold-laced uniform of an officer, and upon the dark dress of a priest, while the third, who stood before the fire, was a man of a broad sturdy figure. A seaman's jacket, with anchors woven into the sleeves, showed his profession, and his weather-beaten features were strongly expressive of courage, determination, and cunning.

Opposite to these three persons, stood a negro, in front of his comrades. Tall, and remarkably well-shaped, he stood the model of a black Apollo. His countenance was remarkably expressive, and his lips, by no means of the thickness characteristic of his race, disclosed, when they parted, teeth of dazzling whiteness. His large eyes were full of animation. A deep earnestness of mind, united with a melancholy almost tender, vanishing now and then, as he became wildly excited, was their predominant expression. At his side, and yet a little behind him, stood Toussaint, readily recognized by his coachman's coat; and on the right and left appeared several gigantic figures, among whom a diminutive negro, of shocking ugliness, was barely visible.

"We are all united, then, my friends," said the officer. "In the name of his Catholic Majesty, Don Alonzo, Governor-General of Spanish St. Domingo, assures you of the protection and assistance of his serene master, if you take arms for the good cause of the King of France, put down these rebels, and purchase your freedom with the blood of your oppressors. The Spanish quarter stands open to you, if you are compelled to retreat, you will there be received as friends, as free citizens; you shall have lands, and all the security you can desire."

"And if we conquer our enemies?" asked the ugly little negro; "if the white faces flee into the sea, or are annihilated by our wrath?"

"The grace of my Catholic master is great," cried the officer. "Not only will you obtain your freedom as a reward, you will gain a country, and have possession of the houses and estates of your cruel masters. You will live in cool rooms, and sleep under gauze curtains, to the music of birds and the fall of fountains. All the treasures and enjoyments of your masters, which you so much envy, shall be yours. All the towns and parishes will belong to you, my friends. The whole rich land shall be yours. Palaces open to you, you shall sit at silver tables, and drink out of cups of gold, and you shall enjoy a life of wealth and pleasure. But besides all these treasures, you shall have offices and dignities. You shall be Generals and Governors, Councillors of State, Magistrates, and Commandants. Gold will flow in upon you in streams. Ribbands and stars shall deck your breasts, and the highest titles in the world shall adorn you."

The eyes of the poor blacks shone again at these promises. "Hear, my brother," cried the tall young negro, "what the Spanish master promises us. He speaks of future joys, but he has said nothing of what we have endured. And who among you cannot tell of the cruelty which has converted us into beasts? O! masters, masters, you have branded us with hot irons, and at our birth, you have scored us with your knives, that the slave might forever bear the mark of the slave." And here, pointing with a violent gesture to three scars on each cheek, he continued with still fiercer animation: "Sons of kings are stolen from their homes, bound to crosses, thrown into chains, brought in accursed wooden cages over the great sea to the market, where they are handled like base goods, and sold. And the white man laughs, when the son of a king weeps. His bones are shattered by clubs, if he but lifts a finger in revenge; his limbs are torn by vultures and ravens, his heart is torn out and thrown into his face if he but kill one of these base white fiends. But the sun has risen upon the black man. Choose, my brothers, will you any longer be the dust which the tiger tramples, or the teeth which shall tear him limb from limb, and offer his blood as a sacrifice to the great God!"

A fearful cry interrupted the speaker. The squatting figures leaped up from the rocks, the statues around the walls woke to life. One only thought seemed to take possession of these creatures, raving, even to madness, wrath trembled in every limb. A savage joy, and a supernatural thirst for vengeance, were depicted on every feature. The white officer started back appalled, and laid his hand upon his sword; the priest crossed himself, and muttered a prayer; the stout seaman, even mechanically thrust his hand into his jacket, and drew half out the butt of a pistol. "White face! white devil!" shouted the terrible voice of one of the black giants. "Biasson says that fire shall consume them, the children of Congo shall trample on them, and drink their blood."

A savage form rushed forward, and stretched out both arms over the fire. "Jeannot has brothers," cried he, with a hoarse voice, "strong brothers, who will laugh when the massas fly." Other voices interrupted him. A tumult of oaths and extravagant menaces echoed through the dim vault. The negroes embraced one another. They laughed, and leaped, and the savageness of the African nature drove them into extravagances as frightful as they were childish. Toussaint alone, stood earnest and silent, at the side of the gloomy-eyed young negro; and the ugly little black whispered softly with another, whose painted body and white dress, indicated that he was a priest. The Spanish officer and his companion, spoke in the meanwhile to the sailor, who stood looking with contempt upon the mad group. "You see, Captain," said the Spaniard, in bad English, "how the case stands. All is ready; will you land your cargo at Fort Dauphin, and deliver it to them?"

"By G—, Sir, not a flint," replied the other, coldly, "unless Don Alonzo gives me the money for it."

"His Excellency has given you his word as surety," replied the officer, "and will himself hesitate not to sign the necessary bonds."

"Spanish bonds," rejoined the sailor, drily, "are a bad currency with us. I will not, Don Diego."

"But we have your promise," cried the Spaniard, urgently.

"It was before I saw this rabble," answered the sea-captain. "In St. Domingo you assured me, that decent mulattos, well to do in the world, were interested, and that the cause was supported by several rich old planters, who wanted the king back.—And I find here only a naked mob, bent only on blood and plunder, and ready at the first cannon shot, to run off to the mountains. D—n it! I have made a pretty voyage here from New-York, to bring some four thousand muskets to these mad scamps, run a thousand dangers of being detected and torn to pieces by the furious Creoles."

"You American merchants," said the Spaniard, with a sneer, "will do anything for money. These wretched muskets, which cost you at the highest not more than five shillings a-piece, you ask here a couple of pounds for, and yet for such an immense profit you are unwilling to run any risk."

"Cash, Mr. Marquis," rejoined the American, with great composure, "and you shall have them for a pound."

"And what if we have no need of your goods?" said the officer, looking contemptuously at him.

"There are other places to trade at," replied the seaman. "It is brisk enough to the South'ard, and my wares are wanted by the mulattos of Jacmel, and they usually pay cash."

"Hear me, your Excellency Don Diego," said the young negro, greatly excited, and stepping close up to the Spaniard. "You see us all ready to obtain our freedom. We will fight like men, and the cause of the King of France is our own. I, Jean François, swear it, and my brothers swear with me, that we will die or force our tormentors to give up this soil to us."

"Which you shall receive as the rightful possession of our gracious monarch," said the officer.

"Yes, my children," interrupted the priest, "fight for the anointed of God, but fight also for the insulted holy Church. These white tormentors, that dare to disobey the commands of the King, their master, and ours, who would make you free and happy, have turned away from God also. They are heretics, and apostates, whom Heaven bids us root out with fire and sword. So go and exterminate them as you would worms, or snakes, and alligators. Pursue them, destroy them, and the blessing of the Lord will be with you."

"Bless us, holy father," cried Toussaint, throwing himself down before the priest. All kneeled, even the Spanish officer, but the American turned contemptuously away, and stretched out his hands over the fire.

"I bless you in your pious work, my dear children," said the priest, with emotion. "The blessing of Heaven and the holy Church be upon you!—You will be victorious over the enemies of God and man, all the joys of earth will attend you, and those who fall in this conflict—the eternal happiness of Heaven will be their portion."

"Now hear me, Massas," exclaimed Jean François, springing up. "Our companions are ready in all the plantations; on Lemonade, Dordon, in the plain of the Cape, and at Grande Rivière, they wait the signal. We go hence, and in two hours, when the first flame ascends, forty thousand of my brethren rise in arms."

"Forty thousand bloodthirsty devils," murmured the seaman, "that's something, if it is true."

"But who, my friends," asked Don Diego, "who among you is qualified to undertake the command of your host? A body without a head, however strong the body may be, is good for nothing."

A deep silence followed these words. Jean François turned proudly to his comrades. His sparkling eyes seemed to intimate that he ought to be chosen to fill this high office, but he met no submissive looks.

"The son of a king," said he slowly, and significantly, "will be the eagle to mount to the sun."

"Biassu is a king's son, too," said the huge negro. "His father had many huts and wives, and a broad land. His mother wore a girdle of many colored feathers."

Suddenly the painted priest of the wilderness stepped into the circle, and seized the hand of Toussaint. "Gau-Ginu," said he, in his hoarse, croaking voice, and using the Congo language, "was a great king. The warriors of Arradas kissed the dust of his feet, and at the sound of his conch, a hundred nations trembled. Gaiu-Ginu, his son, the Sword of Battle, was taken, and Arradas wept for her darling. The white men bought him of his enemies, and brought him to this land, where the son of a great king became a slave. But soon he found in his misfortunes, warriors of his people, who recognized him, and bowed the knee before the son of Gau-Ginu, and could not bear that he should labor. The white master heard of the king's son, and of his sorrows, and permitted five men of Arradas, to labor for Gain-Ginu as long as he lived. Five sons and three daughters survive him, you know them all. Toussaint Breda, is his first born son, the grandson of the great king of Arradas, destined by the Gods to be great and mighty, mightier than Gain-Ginu. He is bolder than the lion of the desert, more cunning than the yellow snake. Him shall ye obey, or be ye cursed with a thousand plagues. So speaks the great Fetisch!"

With this the speaker threw the white mantle over the shoulders of his favorite, and with his bony fingers drew strange lines over the head of the same. A deep silence followed, but the eyes of the negroes flamed with wrath, and Jean François cried in a tone of violence, "Let him be the grandson of Gau-Ginu, here stands the son of the King of Congo, and there are the children of another prince. Silence, thou lying priest, what is thy Fetisch against the God of the Christians? I pray to the holy cross, and that holy man there, has blessed me. My name in Africa I have forgotten, I will not obey thee. Ten thousand of my brethren follow me; let him assemble the men of Arradas; let him see which is the mightiest."

Toussaint's calm features remained unmoved.—With a commanding look he bade the priest be silent—and then seized Jean François' hand. "Thou art right, my brother," said he, gently, "I know thy strength and my weakness. Though my grandfather was a king, I am a poor slave, and not born to command. What I know is but little, and I will willingly obey thee."

"Thy wisdom is great, my brother," cried Jean François, with delight, "thou art a wise man, and wilt serve thy brethren. Thou art old, but thy counsel is good. Thou healest the sick far and wide, and will be a great physician. Wilt thou fight at my side, my friend and brother?"

"I will do what thou sayest," said Toussaint, humbly. "But let us not dispute, my brother. The advice of our white Spanish friend is good, yet we are not able to carry it out. Collect thy brethren, Biassu, thou art their General, and thou thine Jeannot, for thou art their General. Let us begin the conflict, and we shall see who among us is the mightiest. I will bring my friends to thee, Jean François; I will be the physician of thy host. And now, honored Sirs," he continued, in Spanish, turning to the Spaniards, "You see us ready to fight for our freedom; we trust in your help; only one thing is necessary—arms! We have many thousand men, but they are scarcely supplied with axes, to meet the regiments and cannon of the Cape. Noble Marquis d'Almonas, in the name of God, and the holy Church, for whose glory we strive, in the name of his majesty, our gracious King, whose authority we assert, shall we be a feeble herd, that they may slay, or shall we flee like leaves before the storm?"

"Powder and ammunition," said Don Diego, "lie heaped up in the caverns of the Cibaos, and four thousand muskets are on board the schooner, whose captain stands here, but he will not let us have them without money, and that is the only thing that we have not."

"Do you not trust to the result of our undertaking?" said Toussaint.

"I will not bet a *flint* upon it," replied the Captain, thrusting his hands into his pockets.

"When could you land the arms?" continued Toussaint.

"Land!" cried the seaman, laughing, "when I have the money."

"When you will," said the negro.

The Captain looked at him with an expression of surprise and incredulity. "Bring £8,000 within three days, to the cove near Fort Dauphin, and you shall have four thousand good muskets."

"What sayest thou to this pittance, my brother Jean François," cried Toussaint, contemptuously. "How much money is there at the plantation, Noe? In Breda, alone, there are £20,000 Portuguese.—What do you suppose, Mr. Captain, is the worth of the rich plains of the Cape, which to-morrow will belong to us? Land your muskets, the gold shall be on the spot, and hasten back to your country, and bring us cannon and ammunition, as many as you can. A golden time for you is at hand, and whatever you ask, you shall be paid."

"D—n it!" cried the Captain, and extended his hand to Toussaint, "by all the d—ls, you understand it—to catch the snake by the head. I will trust you, and you shall have what you want.—Whether the money is there or not, your security satisfies me, Mr. Marquis d'Almonas."

The discussions of the conspirators now proceeded with new animation. The Spanish officer gave much military advice about the nearest points of attack, and places of refuge on that side of the Spanish mountains, where provisions and various supplies for the retreating negroes would be in readiness, only they must be careful and secret until the last moment. While all were crowded together in the front part of the cavern, the little ugly negro, who kept always close to the Fetisch priest, drew the latter into a dark corner.

"Hiagin," whispered the negro, and a wild fire shone in his eyes, "Obi of the great Fetisch, hast thou spoken truly?"

The priest nodded slowly, and his painted face assumed an animated expression. "Three times," said he, "I burned the sacred rods, and three times the same visions appeared. Gau-Ginu's grandson will reign in this land, and you will all be subject to his nod, but a curse follows his steps, his heart will be turned from his fathers."

"And I," continued the negro, and his voice sunk to a hollow whisper, "I—speak on, Obi."

"Jacob Dessalines," said the priest, in a low voice, "be wise as the serpent: let the apostate sons of their mother laugh, be silent when they speak, obey when they command, until the hour comes when thy sun rises, and thy beams consume the traitors. The sacred visions showed thy face near Toussaint, but thy hand was uplifted, and Gau-Ginu's grandson vanished."

"My hand hurled him into the dust!" murmured the negro. "His eye flames like the sun. Obi, his looks are poisoned arrows. He is a great conjurer, Hiagin."

"Thou hearest their voices," said the priest. "They swear the white man's destruction, and they will break their oath. Swear, Jacob Dessalines, swear, and keep thine oath, and thou wilt destroy those who break it, and be the first among thy brethren."

A wild yell of the conspirators drowned his voice. "Away, my brave friends," cried Don Diego, "upon the heights of Grande Rivière I await your signal."

"Heaven is with you," cried the shrill voice of the Christian priest. "Down with the accursed! No quarter to the blasphemers! Into hell with them, they are poisoned from their mother's wombs."

Again the yell of vengeance echoed far and wide, and the black figures vanished over the rocks, in the darkness of the woods.

With astonishing agility, Toussaint clambered over the rocks, to the cliff above, and stood there on the Devil's Pulpit, like a midnight ghost, shone upon by the light of the moon; and looking with burning eyes over the broad land. There lay the blooming valleys before him, the rich plains, the vast plantations, full of sleepers, who lay dreaming, unconscious of their fate, and the sword of doom was drawn. The thunder of the wild stream ascended from below; far in the woods the torches flashed, which were borne by the Spaniards, and here and there, among the windings of the rocks, the last of his brethren were disappearing. Driven by revenge, they were rushing on to murder. Long and immovably stood the negro there, as if he hesitated to stir a foot. A thought which he could scarcely master, seemed to lie with a crushing weight upon his heart. "They have much to avenge," said he. "Cruel priest, thou needest not to have goaded them on. O, bloodthirsty man, has not thy holy religion already destroyed human lives enough on this beautiful Island? Blood has manured this soil, and this is the reason it is so rich. Ye white masters, ye have sown the seeds, now reap the fruits: the children of Africa know no pity. You know it not, and could not teach them. It must be so," he cried, and lifted his arm towards Heaven, "Thou Great Being, whom we name Creator, thou hast willed it, for thou hast brought it to pass. Rage, then, bloody tornado, consume the great, rich dwellings; come, thou red flame, and burn up the waste. Hereafter the day shall come, when we shall again build and plant. Let mercy speak when its time comes. Now, Toussaint, hearken to the voice of retribution. Thy brothers call thee! Grandson of Gau-Ginu, prove that the blood of the great king flows in thy veins!"

He hastened down the rocks, and through the dim woods, to a defile near the stream, where a horse neighed as he approached. It was the noble white animal with black mane and tail, whose shy wildness the powerful negro had so easily overcome. With a leap, Toussaint was on his back. He rode with great care through the cliffs, down into the plain below, and then giving the animal the reins, the beautiful creature darted noiselessly and proudly in the moonlight, over the blooming turf. His white, glancing limbs, the black rider with his flowing garments, passing motionless through the air—it was Death, as he makes his still nightly round over the earth, and destruction follows in his track.

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG TO LORD NUGENT.

We copy from the June number of Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, another of the admirable Hedgehog Letters:

MY LORD,—I hope you'll excuse this freedom in me who am only a cabman. But the truth is, as I've somewhere said before, I can't help looking on any of my fare but as in the light of an acquaintance. And in this way I reckon, I know a lot of peers, and lords, and judges, and bishops. In fact, who is there so great that sometime in his life he does n't ride in a cab—that is, when he rides by himself?—for I *have* known parties who've been so ashamed of the thing, that they've made me set 'em down half a street off. Very poor, twopenny-halfpenny pride this! But if in this jolly England we were to build hospitals for all the bold Britons that were sick with it,—would n't there be rare work for the bricklayers!

As I had the pleasure of taking up your lordship at Exeter Hall from the great meeting for doing away with public killing by the hangman, I can't help writing you these few lines on what has been said and hinted upon that matter. There's no doubt that a good many folks stickle for hanging as they'd stickle for good, strong, thick, stupifying port,—something fine and fruity; to show the hardness of their heads and the strength of their stomachs. And so they call a dislike to Jack Ketch nothing less than "sickly sentimentality." Once it was "morbid sympathy;" but that's gone out. Now, not to like the halter is to be sickly and sentimental; whilst to enjoy the Old Bailey use of hemp is to show our manhood. The British Lion, these folks think, would be no more than a milk-lapping puppy-dog, if now and then, there was'nt given to him a live murderer. Then he wags his tail; then he roars, and shows what is called the majesty of the law (tho' sometimes, I must say it, its majesty is of a very Bartlemy-fair sort, indeed); then he proves that law must be carnivorous, I think they call it, to live at all. And we've only to think a while of the old times to remember the judges and grave folks who declared that if the majesty of the law (that is, the British Lion from the Royal Arms) didn't feed upon men for doing fifty other things besides blood-shedding,—he'd mope, fall sick, take the mange, and die. Nevertheless, one by one the British Lion lost his meals of human flesh—and though certain folks swore he must sink under it, he's as strong as ever on a less bloody diet.

The fact is, everybody had his own hobby about hanging; everybody thought his own particular bit of property the bit of all bits to be protected by Jack Ketch; otherwise what sheep would be stole—what horses run away with! Could women—the dear little doves!—think themselves safe, if bigamy did n't lead to Tyburn? Would n't every other man buy two wedding rings, just as men went sporting with double-barrelled guns to hit two birds one after the other? Well, they didn't hang any longer for sheep and horses, and still their owners sleep in their beds, while the beasts are out in the fields. They did n't hang for bigamy—and though for some time no woman would accept a man afore all the parish registers had been searched to know if he was really single or not, now we find that they *are* cajoled to go to church, quite content to take the man's word upon the matter. Yet there was a time when no woman thought herself safe if she was n't protected by a halter.

It's the same thing, mind, with a good many people who'd hang for murder. They think—I know it—that there's a crowd of folks who're only waiting for the putting down of the hangman, to run out like mad Malays, and cut and thrust at their neighbors. "I tell you what," said my friend Jack Blackgang to me the other day—"I tell you what; if they was n't to hang a man for murder, I should n't sleep peaceably in my bed." Now, at the very time Jack said this, I'm sure he quite forgot that burglary was no longer capital; and that therefore he'd been quietly sleeping, safe in the thought that his door-post was guarded by the hangman.

'T would be looked upon as a shocking matter now—in fact, Newgate stones would be torn up against it—to hang a little boy of fifteen for passing a forged twenty-shilling bank rag,—and yet such child murder has been done: otherwise would the gentlemen of the Bank parlor have thought their gold safe even in their very cellars? The Lion Majesty of the law was to be satisfied; and therefore he made his Newgate breakfasts off men and children. And then wasn't the Lion full fed, and was n't his coat sleek and glossy with his good living? Poor beast! he has since been deprived of his breakfasts of babies,—and yet, my Lord, when I saw him last he looked as fresh as a four-year old, and roared as loud as any average clap of thunder. But I repeat it: almost every man who would hang for murder, thinks without that hanging there'd be somebody ready to murder *him:* and therefore he respects and praises Jack Ketch as the scarecrow that keeps the assassin from his own particular throat. His sheep are safe enough, although Jack Ketch is no longer their shepherd; but he himself, deprived of such a friend to take a proper vengeance, would be the mark for every other knife—the target for every bullet. "No," says Bill Dixon, that drives 942—"No," says he, "don't hang for nothing but taking life; for life," says he, "is a holy thing!" "'Xactly so," says I; "and being so holy, are we taught to think it so, when we see one man in cold blood—paid for the work, too—strangle another? Life, that Jack Ketch takes for so much money—for mind, man-killing is a matter of trade to him; everything he eats is seasoned with the halter—can't be preached up as a very holy thing—(no, not though there's a parson of the 'Stablished Church on the gallows to preach it.) What one man does for a salary, it may be thought by some can't be so very horrible to do when the blood's up to have revenge!" And after this fashion, my Lord, do they preach the holiness of life; and folks are found to cry "Amen," to the preaching.

"But I'll tell you what," said Bill Wigram to me; Bill drives chariot 72—"I'll tell you what. If you did n't hang for murder, you'd have people take the law themselves. I hope I'm a peaceable man," said Bill—and he is, I must own that—"but if anybody was to kill anybody as belonged to me, and the law would n't kill him, I would!" "But William," says I, "the law would n't let you have that pleasure. The law, if it was worth anything, would itself lay fast hold of the murderer, and keep him from doing further mischief. And when you talk about following a man through the world"—for he did—"that would n't be called for at all, since he'd be found on Norfolk Island, or some such pleasant resting-place. But the fact is, you're one of the folks that think murder not much unlike French brandy; take away the halter from one, and all the duty from the other, and all the world would suddenly be wanting their bellyful of both."

And when we think of the murders Jack Ketch has committed,—hanging innocent folks! And I should like to know if a man may n't still be hung innocent of murder, as men have been killed innocent of house-breaking and sheep-stealing. I read a pretty case in the papers a day or two ago. Perhaps, my Lord, you saw it. It was about one Joseph Mason, "late of Clifton, Yorkshire, who was at the York Lent Assizes, 1843, unjustly sentenced to twenty years' transportation." Well, the man was found out to be innocent; and Mr. H. R. Yorke, M. P. doing his best for him—he was brought back from chains and slavery to his poor wife and children. "He arrived in London on the 29th of April," and would you think it? The man went to the Home Office, where they gave him money—at least some forty shillings—to take him home. And the innocent man went down to York, and his friends made a little feast for him—though I haven't heard that the Mayor was at the party, or that the jury that tried him, or the judge that sentenced him, sent to wish him joy of his happy return. He was robbed of only three years' time and labor—he was chained and made a slave of for three years, and the head (and heart) of the Home Office making capital reparation, paid Joseph Mason's fare (first class, of course) down to York! Well, all this is bad enough—but suppose Joseph Mason had been hanged: and a twenty years' sentence of our day would certainly have been hanging a few years back; the kind "unwearied exertions" of all the House of Commons could not have brought back to the world Joseph Mason, murdered by Jack Ketch! The Home Office might have offered even more than fifty or sixty shillings,—and poor Joseph must have still slept in his grave—his wife robbed of her husband—his children of their father. And yet, my Lord, is it not horrible to think and to know that many a Joseph Mason has been killed—innocently killed—in cold blood by the hangman, for "the protection of property" and the cannibal "majesty of the law?"

I know, my Lord, I am but a cabman, and not at all fit to dot the *i's* or stroke the *t's* of the writers in *The Times;* still I must have a little say upon this hanging matter. *The Times*, for the most part, had a mild, good-tempered piece of writing enough on the meeting at Exeter Hall; nevertheless, here's a little bit that I dont think quite fair:

"The other alternative is imprisonment. The sentence, we presume, must be for life. The confinement, *we also presume*, will be, *in part at least*, solitary. The substitute, then, for death is to be solitary confinement. For a quick and painless execution we are to have a tedious life-long torture. The effects of this kind of punishment are now well known—idiocy, madness, incurable weakness of mind and body. *To save a man's life you convert him into a beast.* To give his soul time for repentance, you debase it *until it ceases to be a human soul*, and becomes a mere animating spirit of so much worthless clay. And this is your notable scheme of criminal reformation, your notable substitute for capital punishments, ye speech-making philanthropists, ye transcendental moralists! You say that the image of man is sacred, that it shall not be defaced on a scaffold, and hung up on a gibbet. *But is not his mind more sacred still, and shall that be destroyed for the benefit of humanity?* You call an execution judicial murder, but we call solitary confinement a life-long torture. You stigmatize the law of the land as sanguinary and opposed to the genius of Christianity; we say that *your law is worse than sanguinary, and opposed to that spirit of mercy for which you so ostentatiously contend.*"

Now, my Lord, if I've properly attended to your speeches and writings, and the speeches and writings of others on this matter of man-killing, I have never understood that it was proposed to convert the murderer "into a beast,"—to debase his soul "until it ceases to be a human soul,"—to destroy his "sacred" mind "for the benefit of humanity." I may be wrong; but I have always thought that the murderer, whilst he was prevented from doing further mischief—whilst, indeed, he was kept apart like a human rattle-snake—should not be debased into a beast; it was never thought of, if his life was saved from the hangman, that his spirit should be murdered by his goaler. Certainly, he was to be made a slave for life; but the ... dark, so lonely, that the wretch was not to catch glimpses of heaven *through* it. What say you, my Lord?

But the great point is this; the great bungling is to teach gentleness and mercy and kindness towards man and man by public killing! To make the hangman the schoolmaster! What should we say of a father who, to teach his children the sin of picking pockets, did nothing but what is called, I think,—for as I once heard one great author say of another, my "knowledge of *flash* is very superficial,—what is called "draw the salt-box?"—that is, pull a handkerchief out, without letting the lid be heard. I think this would be about as wise a plan to teach a respect for other people's pockets, as it is wise in the employers of Jack Ketch to teach a respect for other people's throats. I think so. But then, as I often say, I'm only an ignorant cabman.

But to go back a little to their "sickly sentimentality." Depend upon it, some folks, if they'd have had the words, would have used 'em to any chicken heart who'd turned pale when the rack cracked the bones of the criminal—or the thumb-screw made the blood spirt from under the nails. He'd have been "sickly sentimental," then, as the enemies of hanging are now. The *Morning Post* leaves its flounces and its frills, and opens its bookmuslin mouth against "sickly sentimentality;" and even the *gardener* turns from his carnations and his roses, to squirt at the white-faced weakness. He says:

"We have not yet heard of any philanthropic persons having taken these marauders, [*wasps*] under their protection. That is a stage of civilization at which we have not at present arrived; though, considering how far *sickly sentimentality* is going just now, there is no knowing what may happen. In the meanwhile, until wasp-catching becomes penal, either legally or socially, we would advise those who are likely to have anything eatable next autumn, to look sharp now."—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Mr. Gardener, without ever dreaming it, has ranged himself along with the rope party of all times. For they have always punished criminals as if they were mere wasps; as if they were altogether different things from the working bees of the hive; as if they were sent here, with their stings ready made, to seize upon the honey; to kill the honey-makers,—and for such reason were to be got rid of by steel or rope.

At this very moment, my Lord, writing here at the Goat and Compasses—for I'm obliged, like other writers I've heard of, to scribble in all sorts of pot-houses wherever my stand may be—at this moment, Jem Davis has read an account of the Old Bailey. Here it is:—

"The grand jury, among many similar instances, have had before them the case of Thomas Miller, (No 34, Middlesex,) a child of eight years of age, for stealing lead to the value of ——, with a former conviction, and the case of two boys, of the age of sixteen, (No. 119, Middlesex,) for stealing to the value of one shilling, with a former conviction against one of them for stealing to the value of sixpence. The irrationality of moving the complicated and costly machinery of law for the legal punishment (and for such acts) of children, *neglected and untaught*, forcibly impressed itself on the minds of the grand jury."

Now, Thomas Miller, a few years ago, would have been looked upon as a born wasp; and, after a few years' stealing about the town, would have been killed, not by Mr. Gardener's "pair of entomological forceps," but by Mr. Ketch's rope. And what "wasps" have not been killed! Wasps of courts and alleys; wasps hatched to pilfer and sting; wasps especially brought into the world to rob and murder the honest, hard-working creatures of the hive! Human insects, as different from decent people as wasp from honey-bee! But now, my Lord, we are beginning to find out our mistake; to discover the "irrationality" of punishing the growth of our own neglect. And therefore, I say, "sickly sentimentality" must protect these wasps; seeing it is not their fault if they are not turned into working bees.

Mr. Carlyle, however, is of a different mind. I've been reading bits of his *Oliver Cromwell* in the *Times*, and oh! how he does lay about the men of your party, my Lord, the Abolitionists!

"But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of abolishing capital punishments; of Jean Jacques philanthropy, and universal rosewater, in this world, still so full of sin."

Mr. Carlyle is a great writer, for certain; nevertheless—but then, I'm only a cabman—some of his passages remind me of a basket of eels; you can see there's wriggling and life in what's before you; but for all that, you are sometimes plaguily puzzled to make out the proper heads and the proper tails.

So, according to Mr. Carlyle, these judgments of God ought to continue to be acted by Jack Ketch. With Carlyle, to hang is—divine.

"Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change, or *final perdition*, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of good and evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary of Rousseau sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink, and one cheer more, to take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, *happier than we*, had not yet heard the slightest intimation, [the author *knows* this,] even in dreams."

When I read this, Sam Biggs called it "very startling;" and so the sound of it—just the sound—is very startling; in the same way that any man would be very startling, if he walked about the world with a speaking trumpet to his mouth, making a row with, "How d'ye do?" "It's a fine day," "What's o'clock?"—things common-place enough when uttered like a Christian, but to some folks very startling, when turned inside out, and bellowed as though every syllable had been fished up from the well of truth, and was as great a discovery as North and South America.

And so, my Lord, I remain,
Your obedient humble Servant,
JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

Why do Nations go to War?—Doctor Franklin answered this question in a single sentence. "The foolish part of mankind," says the Doctor, "will make wars from time to time with each other, not having sense otherwise to settle their differences."

A Sure Sign.—A man with a red face and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country on Sunday, and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house told him she would not give him any. He urged, telling her that she had better, for some persons had entertained angels unawares.—"Yes," said she, "I know that, but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sunday."

British Philanthropy and the Slave-Trade.—We clip the following from the *Trinidad Spectator:*

"Yesterday there was witnessed in the yard at Government House a scene disgraceful to a free country—a scene bearing a striking resemblance to what is witnessed in a professed slave market. The Indian immigrants, by the Lord William Bentinck, from Madras, and the Cadet, from Calcutta, amounting to four hundred and fifty-three, were distributed gratis to the favorite applicants by the Immigrant Agent General, in pure Baltimore or Cuban style. In apportioning to the planters the respective numbers applied for, no regard whatever was paid to the ties of family or friendship. Wives were separated from their husbands, and children from their parents. While being thus meted out as mules, if a husband rushed towards his wife, or vice versa, or a mother to the lot containing her sons, the poor affectionate creatures were rudely pushed back in the most brutal and unfeeling manner by that amalgamation of inhumanity and self-conceit, the Immigration Agent General. Shall such things be tolerated in Trinidad in 1846?"

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