SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT....WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

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Selections.

ADDRESS OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT ON COLONISATION.

MR. SECRETARY EVERETT delivered the Address at the Annual Meeting of the American Colonisation Society, at Washington, on the 18th inst., a report of which has been published in the daily papers of this city. The Colonisationists certainly have no reason to congratulate themselves on their choice of an orator. For he really put forth nothing which can recommend their scheme to public approval. Nobody has ever objected to the blacks of this country undertaking the civilization of Africa if they are disposed to do so, but the Colonisationists. But Mr. Everett shows that, under favourable circumstances here, the blacks are not inferior to other races, and therefore, in advocating Colonisation, he accuses this nation of the injustice for which he apologizes. His statement that the Colonies in Africa have crippled the Slave Trade is, as everybody knows, contrary to the fact. Even if it be granted that they have influenced it at all, it has only been to remove it from one place to another. The Address we copy below, and many of the Abolitionists may accept as a good Anti-Slavery argument.

MR. PRESIDENT: When you invited me, some time ago, to take part in the discussions of this evening, it was my purpose, if able to attend the meeting at all, to examine the questions connected with the Colonisation Society in their bearings; for I have long been of opinion that, whether we consider the state of things in America or Africa, no more momentous subject can engage our attention. But, sir, my time and thoughts, during almost the whole interval, have been pre-occupied, in a manner which has prevented my making any but the hastiest and most inadequate preparation to address this audience, on wheel kind indulgence, therefore, without further apology, I beg to throw myself. The Colonisation Society has been the subject, as it seems to me, of much unmerited odium — of indifference equally unmerited, on the part of the majority of the community—of the deep interest which it deserves, on the part of a very few. Its operations are yet in their infancy. They are confined to the proceedings of an association of private individuals, carrying its noiseless tenour of their way, without ostentation or eclat at home, and to the humble fortunes of the small State, the germ of a Republic, which, under the auspices of this association, has been planted on the coast of Africa. But before we deride these humble beginnings—before we think it extravagant to believe that all important futurities may be wrapped up in them, as the oak may be wrapped up in the acorn—we should do well to refresh our recollection of the first twenty-five years of the settlement at Jamestown, or call to mind that first dismal winter at Plymouth, when more than half the Mayflower's company sunk under the rigours of the climate, and the infinite sufferings of their forlorn adventure. Sir, neither Plymouth nor Virginia, at the end of twenty-five years, presented anything like such a position as is already occupied by Liberia, in the family of nations—recognised, as she has been, by the most powerful governments of Europe, and sustaining all the relations of an independent State.

First, the settlement of Liberia, on the coast of Africa, under the auspices of the Colonisation Society, was founded on a political and moral necessity. As the measures adopted for the suppression of the African slave trade led to the capture of slave ships, it was necessary that provision should be made for restoring the captured Africans to their native country. To return each to the village where he was born, was impossible—collected, as they are, from every portion of the interior, and often brought down to the coast from vast distances, all thought of restoring them, at least immediately, to their several homes, was out of the question. To leave them down at any of the usual resorts on the coast of Africa, would be to throw them back at once into the power of the native chiefs, who are the chief agents in the slave trade. To place them in a settlement on some point of the coast, protected by the influence of the name of a powerful civilized State, seemed, therefore, an indispensable condition of all measures for carrying into effect the treaties, the necessity of furnishing an asylum to the victims that might be rescued from its grasp, where they might be received, and sheltered, and civilized, and gradually, perhaps, fitted for return to the interior, to their native tribes. Allied to this object of the colony, was one still more important, because applicable to a much larger number of persons, and that was to afford a home in Africa, for those of the coloured people of this country as were desirous of emigrating to the native land of their fathers. This object, at first, approved itself almost unanimously at the South and at the North to the white and the coloured race. Jealousies by degrees crept in—prejudices, so I must think them, arose—till at length the colony has become intensely unpopular with a considerable part of those whose interest was one of the leading objects of the formation of the society. Now, sir, I do not intend to discuss the ground of these jealousies, nor to inquire into the policy of the laws of some States, and the conditions of society, which—often more powerful than law—in others, which make the condition of the free coloured man, in all parts of the country, one of inferiority and hardship. In order to meet the objections to the colony, as recognised by or connected with these oppressive laws, and a still more oppressive public opinion, I will admit such to be the character of the legislation and the public sentiment of the country, in reference to the free coloured people of the country. But does this furnish any valid practical argument against colonisation? Does the fact that the free coloured man is unjustly treated in this country—that he is positively excluded from all the eligible careers of life in the United States—furnish any argument why he should not resort to the region where his fathers were born—to a climate more congenial with the African constitution, and a country generally fertile, and one which it is every day becoming more probable is rich in deposites of gold? For myself, I must own that this state of legislation and public opinion seems to me strong reason for the favour of emigration. I cannot reconcile with real kindness towards our free coloured population the attempts which have been made, and with considerable success, to prevent their emigrating from this country, where their position is one of hardship and disability, to a country which promises them every imaginable advantage. What sort of a kindness would it have been towards the persecuted Puritans, who, in 1608, composed the little flock which afterwards became the Pilgrim church at Leyden, to endeavour to persuade them, at all hazards, not to leave England? To what purpose all the intelligence and kindness could have prompted a similar attempt in reference to Governor Winthrop's much larger and more efficient company in 1630? Would it have been the part of real friendship to go among them, and tell them they were the victims of cruel laws, and still more cruel prejudices—to bid them remember that they were born in England, that they had as good a right to live there as their oppressors—to exhort them to stand upon their rights, and, if need be, to bleed for them—to depict the Western continent and their probable fortunes in the darkest colours? But this is the precise counterpart of the language continually addressed to the free coloured population of the United States, by those who claim to be their peculiar friends. Or to take a case, if possible, more nearly parallel—that of the suffering Scotch, Irish, Swiss, Germans, and Norwegians, and others, who, to the number of hundreds of thousands, annually are emigrating to the United States—would it be deemed an act of friendship, or rather of refined cruelty, or at least of most mistaken kindness, to go among the suffering population of these several countries, whose thoughts are turned towards America as a land of refuge and plenty, and endeavour to dissuade them, kindling in their minds a morbid patriotism—a bitter nationality—urging them to stay and starve, rather than find employment, position, and prosperity, for themselves and children, on this side of the Atlantic?

Second—But I must pass to another very important object of the Colonisation Society in establishing the colony of Liberia, and that is the effectual suppression of the slave trade throughout its extent, and within its sphere of its influence. It is gratifying to reflect that, contemporaneously with the discovery of our own continent, and from motives of kindness to its natives, the whole western coast of Africa was thrown open to the arts of Christian civilization, from time immemorial, had been carried on from the ports of the Mediterranean, by the Nile, and along the eastern coasts of the continent. It is still more gratifying to reflect that the very time in which the modern culture of the West of Europe was making the most rapid progress, is that at which Africa began to suffer the most from its connection with Europe. At the very time of Columbus, and Cabot, and Hooker, and Lord Bacon, of those other brightest suns in the firmament of England's glory, that her navigators first engaged in this detestable traffic, and yields became, in the discussion, the venerable names of Jesus and Solomon, were sent from Great Britain to the coast of Africa. At a time when some of the brightest acts of the feudal system were broken down in England and France, when private war had wholly ceased, when men began to venture from the covert of the walled towns, and traverse the roads and live in the open country, these very States, the most civilized in Europe, began to struggle for the monopoly of that cruel trade, which was carried on by exciting the barbarous races of Africa to war fury against each other, and by introducing a state of universal war, not merely between nation and nation, but between tribe and tribe, village and village, and almost between house and house. In fact, it is not without example that these unhappy beings have delivered their sons and children to the slave dealers. Thus, the Western coast of Africa became, like the Northeastern and Eastern coasts, one great slave market, and so remained for nearly three centuries. It is now about seventy years since the powers of christendom, excited to activity by philanthropic operations and benevolent individuals, began the warfare upon this cruel traffic. The American colonies, before their independence, passed laws for its abolition, which were uniformly negatived by the crown. The revolutionary Congress, in the first year of its existence, prohibited the traffic, and the Constitution of the United States appointed a date for its prospective abolition. This example has been successfully followed by other States. The trade is now forbidden by the laws of every Christian and most of the Mahamedan powers of Europe and Asia. It still exists, however, to a frightful extent, and the more active the means used to suppress it by blockade, and cruisers, the greater the cruelty incident to its practice by crowding the slave ships with a greater number of victims. Such being the case, many of those in England who have taken the greatest interest in the suppression of the traffic have seriously proposed to abandon the system of blockades and cruisers, and resort to other expedients; and of these, unquestionably, none can be compared for efficiency with the establishment of the colony. Wherever a colony is founded by England, France, or America, the traffic is broken up, not merely for that extent of coast, but the whole interior region which forms its hinterland through it. In this way the traffic has been wholly suppressed for an extent of at least one thousand miles, from the northern extremity of the jurisdiction of Sierre Leone to the southern extremity of Liberia. It is necessary only to look at the map to see that an important extent of country has been rescued in this way from the direst scourge which ever afflicted humanity. The last of the ancient slave marts, Gallinas, has been lately purchased and brought within the limits of Liberia. Along a line of coast not less extensive than that from Maine to Georgia, from every bay and within the shelter of every headland of which this traffic was carried on within the memory of man, the slave trade has been wholly rooted out. What could not be effected by Congresses of Sovereigns at Vienna or Aix la Chapelle, by unitude treaties, or by navies, seems to have been accomplished, and has been brought about by these feeble colonial settlements, of which that of Liberia has been obliged to struggle its way into permanence, of late, without the opportunity, without the toleration, of the government—drawing its supplies almost exclusively from the perennial fountains of Christian benevolence. I repeat, Sir, wherever these settlements have been founded, the slave trade has disappeared, and, as we may trust, for ever. It seems to me that if no other benefits were anticipated from their extension, this alone would constitute an all-powerful motive. What do we in this country, or in any country, can we, can an individual of African descent propose to himself at all to be compared with that of forming, in his own person, a part of that noble line of civilized States which shall make his native land are to be forever barred against the desolating traffic? But, great as is the importance of this object, it yields in interest to another connected with it, but far more comprehensive in its consequences—and that is the civilization of Africa. The condition of the African continent is a reproach to the civilization of the world. With an extent nearly three times that of Europe, a considerable portion of the known regions of great fertility, teeming with vegetable and animal life—traversed by lofty ranges of mountains, which send down from their sides the tributaries of noble rivers—connected by the Mediterranean and Red Sea, both with the ancient and modern culture of Europe—the western shores reposing on the Atlantic ocean, the great highway of civilization, the southeastern coast, a considerable portion of the known regions of great extent—the eastern coasts spread out to the commerce of India, and the whole Oriental world—while the Red Sea and the Nile throw open the approaches of civilization and commerce to the very heart of its natural endowments and geographical position, it was destined to be the emporium and garden of the earth. Man only, throughout these vast regions, has remained in arrears in the progress of humanity, and instead of keeping pace with his fellow man in other parts of the world, has been so much depressed by various causes of degeneracy, as finally to have come under the dominion of a race of beings of which I must own I have no belief. I have no doubt that among the numerous races of Africa, as of the other continents, there are great diversities of intelligence, from the warlike polished tribes of Ashantee, to the wandering tribes of the broken down, enfeebled hordes on the banks of the Congo, and the squalid, scarcely human Hottentot. But it may be doubted whether this difference is greater than between the Laplander, the Tartar, and the Celtic, on the one hand, and the best and brightest specimens of humanity to be found in Europe and America, on the other. What, then, is the cause of the continued uncivilized state of Africa? And without pretending to pry curiously into the mysteries of Providence, it seems to me that a sufficient cause may be found in some peculiar circumstances in the history and geography of this continent. It seems a law of human progress, which, however difficult to explain, is too well sustained by facts to be doubted, that the first advances out of barbarism must be made under the influence of civilization from abroad. Thus, the germs of improvement were brought from Egypt and Syria to Greece—from Greece to Rome—from Rome to the West and North of Europe—from Europe to America; and this by men who had their way from our continent to the remotest islands of the Pacific. To what extent the aboriginal element shall be borne down and overpowered by the foreign influences, or enter into kindly combination with them, depends upon the moral and intellectual development of both parties. The native race may be so apt for improvement as to harmonize promptly and kindly with the civilized strangers—this was the case with the early Greeks—or the disparity may be so great that no unkindly union between is practicable, and the native tribes slowly and silently retreat before the new comers. This has been the case with the native races of our own continent, who have found it all but impossible to embrace our civilization. Now, in reference to this law of our social nature, the difficulty in Africa has been two-fold. First, that the inhabitants of the other quarters of the globe, who had obtained the start in the race of improvement, and might have proved the instructors and guides of the native races, were all deeply concerned in a traffic with the continent of Africa, which, instead of tending, like other branches of commerce, to mutual improvement, and especially to the elevation of the interior party, is, of all barbarizing agents, the most powerful. Secondly, that this way, foreign trade, which has usually been the medium through which the more cultivated foreign race has gradually introduced itself to a mutually beneficial intercourse with the less advanced tribes, has, in the instance from the dawn of history to the present day, the all-powerful agent of internal civil war, anarchy, and social disorganization. This has been one cause of her making so little progress in civilization. Another, is her climate—her deadly, malarious miasma, a more extensive tract of land between the tropics than in all the rest of the globe—her fervid vertical sun, burning down upon the rank vegetation of her vast alluvial plains, and rendering the shore and river courses pestiferous to a foreign constitution. This peculiar geographical character seems again to shut her out from the ordinary approaches of civilization. Common inducements of personal gain are too weak to tempt the merchant to these favorous districts. Nothing but a taste for adventure, approaching to mania, attracts the traveller, and when Christian benevolence turns the devoted missionary to this field of labour, it lures him too often to his doom. Here, then, we see a union of influences which seem to seal the fate of unhappy Africa as an abomination of desolation. But, now, mark and reverence the providence of God, educing out of these natural disadvantages of climate—disadvantages to man's apprehension—and this colossal moral wrong, the African slave trade, out of the seemingly hopeless evils of physical and moral evil—out of long cycles of suffering and crime, of violence and retribution, such as history can nowhere parallel—educing, I say, from this complicated mass, by the blessed alchymy of Christian benevolence, the means of the ultimate regeneration of Africa. The aroused conscience of Christendom denounces the slave trade, but not till it has existed for three centuries, and filled a portion of the Western hemisphere with five or six millions of the descendants of Africa, of whom about a million and a half, in the islands and on the continent, are free, from time to time, become free, though born and reared under circumstances unfavourable to mental culture, yet still partaking, in the main, of man of the blessings of civilization and Christianity, amongst which, I am fully satisfied, is to convey those blessings to the native land of their fathers. Thus, at the moment when the work itself is ready to be commenced, the chosen instruments are prepared. I have the opinion that the same Providence which has arranged or permitted this mysterious sequence of events, is calling and inviting them to the auspicious work. All other means have been tried in vain. Private adventure has miserably—strength, and energy, and enterprise, almost superhuman, having languished and broken down—well-appointed expeditions, fitted out under the auspices of powerful associations and powerful governments, have ended in miserable failure; it is proved at last that the Caucasian race cannot achieve this long-deferred work. When that last noble expedition which was sent out from England, I think in the year 1841, under the highest auspices, to found an agricultural settlement in the interior of Africa, ascended the Niger, every white man out of one hundred and fifty sickened, and all but two or three, if my memory does not fail me, died. Their dark-skinned associates, also one hundred and fifty in number, with all the added labour and anxiety that devolved upon them, a few only were sick, and they were individuals who had passed years in a temperate climate, and not one died. I say again, sir, you Caucasian, you proud Anglo-Saxon, you self-sufficient, all attempting white man, you cannot civilize Africa—you have subdued and appropriated Europe; the native races are melting before you in America, as the untimely snows of April before a vernal sun; you have possessed yourself of India; you menace China and Japan; the islands of the Pacific are not distant enough to escape your grasp, nor insignificant enough to elude your notice; but Central Africa confronts you, and dids you defiance. Your squadrons may range and blockade her coast, but neither on the errands of peace or the errands of war can you penetrate to the interior. The God of nature, no doubt for wise purposes, however inscrutable, has drawn across the chief inlets a cordon you cannot break through. You may hover on the coast, but you dare not set foot on shore. Death and prostration are the inevitable gateways of her mud built villages—yellow and intermittent fevers, blue plagues, and poisons that you can see as well as feel, await your approach. As you ascend the rivers, pestilence shoots from the mangroves that fringe their noble banks, and the glorious sun, which bids all inferior nature into teeming, bursting life, darts disease into your languid system. No, you are not elected for this momentous work. The great Disposer in another branch of his family has given out a race—descendants of this torrid region, children of this vertical sun—and fitted them, by ages of stern discipline, for the gracious achievement.

"From foreign realms, and lands remote, supported by his care,
They pass unharmed through burning climes, and breathe the tainted air."

Sir, I believe that the auspicious work is begun; that Africa will be civilized—that she will be returning offspring and descendants; I believe it, because I will not think that this mighty and fertile region is to remain forever in its present state—because I see no other agency adequate to the accomplishment of the work, and I do behold in this agency a most mysterious fitness. I am aware that doubts are entertained of the practicability of the work, founded, in part, on the supposed inferiority of the civilized men of colour in this country to carry on an undertaking of this kind, and partly on the supposed hopeless barbarism of the native races, which is thought by some persons to be so great as to defy improvement. I believe both opinions to be erroneous; I would, I think, be unjust to urge, as a proof of the intellectual inferiority of the civilized men of colour in this country, that they have not made much intellectual progress. It appears to me they have done quite as much as could be expected under the depressing circumstances in which they have been placed. What branch of the European family, if held in the same condition for the same number of years, would be subject to the same reproach? Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, urges the intellectual infirmity of the African race, as existing in the United States. He might have found a stronger ground for his conclusions by reflecting that in the very same work he thinks it necessary to vindicate the race to which we ourselves belong, from a charge of degeneracy, made by an ingenious Frenchman. I ask, sir, it is but a short time since we Anglo-Americans were habitually spoken of by our brethren in England as a degenerate and inferior race. Within thirty years it has been contended, and insisted in the liberal journals of Europe, in reference to the natives of the country of Franklin and Washington, and Adams and Marshall, and Jefferson and Madison, of Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Tickenor, Bryant and Longfellow, "Who reads an American book?" In the face of facts like these, it becomes us to be somewhat cautious in setting down the coloured race in America as one of hopeless inferiority.

Again, sir, it is doubted whether there is in the native races of Africa a basis of improvability, if I may use that word, in which a hope of their future civilization can be grounded. It is said that they alone, of all the tribes of the earth, have shown themselves incapable of improving their condition. Well, sir, who knows that? Of the early history of our race we know but little, in any part of the globe. A dark cloud hangs over it. The whole north and west of Europe, till the Roman civilization shone in upon it, was as benighted as Africa is now. It is quite certain that, at a very early period of the history of the world, some of the native races of Africa had attained a high degree of culture. Such was the case of the ancient Egyptians, a dark coloured race, though not of what we call the negro type. They are considered the parents of much of the civilization of the Greeks, and, indeed, of the whole ancient world. As late as the fifth century, before the Christian era, Plato passed thirteen years in studying their sacred records. The massive monuments of their cheerless culture have withstood the storms of time, better than the more graceful creations of Grecian art. Races that emerged from barbarism later than those of Africa have with fearful vicissitudes on the part of individual States acquired and maintained a superiority over Africa; but I am prepared to say that it rests on natural causes of a final and abiding character. We are led into error by contemplating things too much in the gross. There are tribes in Africa which have made no contemptible progress in various branches of human improvement. On the other hand, if we look closely at the condition of the mass of the population in Europe, from Lisbon to Archangel, from the Hebrides to the Black sea—if we turn from the few who possess wealth or competence, education, culture, and that lordship over nature and all her forces which belong to instructed mind—if we turn from these to the benighted, destitute, oppressed, degraded portion, whose miserable lives are passed in the hopeless toils of the field, the factory, the mine—whose inheritance is beggary, whose education is stolid ignorance—at whose daily food hunger and thirst are the awakening stimulants, rare festivity is brutal intemperance—if we could count their number, gather into one aggregate their destitution of the joys of life, and thus estimate the full extent of the practical inferiority of the morally civilized world, we should be inclined, perhaps, to doubt the essential superiority of the present improved European race. If it be essentially superior, why did it remain so long uninproved? The Africans, you say, preserved in their original barbarism for five thousand years. Well, the Anglo Saxon race did the same thing for nearly four thousand years; and in the great chronology of Providence, a thousand years are but as one day. A little more than ten centuries ago, and our Saxon ancestors were not more civilized than some of the African tribes of the present day. They were a savage, warlike people—pirates by sea, bandits on their original barbarism for five thousand years. Well, the Anglo Saxon race did the same thing for nearly four thousand years; and in the great chronology of Providence, a thousand years are but as one day. A little more than ten centuries ago, and our Saxon ancestors were not more civilized than some of the African tribes of the present day. They were a savage, warlike people—pirates by sea, bandits on their original barbarism, worshipping divinities as dark and cruel as themselves, and the Slave Trade was carried on in Great Britain eight hundred years ago as authoritatively as upon the coast of Africa at the present day. But it pleased Divine Providence to pour the light of Christianity upon this midnight darkness. By degrees, civilization, law, liberty, letters and arts came in, and at the end of eight centuries we talk of the essential inborn superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, and look down with disdain on those portions of the human family who have lagged a little behind us in the march of civilization. Sir, at the present day, Africa is not the abode of utter barbarism. Here, again, we do not discriminate—we judge in the gross. Some of her tribes are, indeed, hopelessly broken down by internal wars and the foreign Slave Trade, and the condition of the whole continent is exceedingly adverse to any progress in culture. But they are not savages—the mass of the population live by agriculture; there is some traffic between the coast and the interior; there is a rude architecture; gold dust is collected, iron is smelted, weapons and utensils of husbandry and household use are wrought, cloth is manufactured and dyed, palm oil is expressed, and schools are taught. Among the Mahomedan tribes the Koran is read. I have seen a native African in this city who had passed forty years of his life as a slave in the field, who, at the age of twenty, wrote with a fair character with the assurance of a scribe. And Mungo Park tells us that lawsuits are argued with as much ability, fluency, and as much length, in the interior of Africa, as at Westminster. I certainly am aware that the condition of the most advanced tribes of Central Africa is wretched, mainly in consequence of the Slave Trade, which exists among them in the most deplorable form. But, I repeat, it would be a great mistake casting into their vitals from age to age, any degree of civilization can exist. But I think it may be said, without exaggeration, that, degraded as are the ninety millions of Africans, ninety millions exist in Europe, to which such country contributes her quota, not much less degraded. The difference is, and certainly an all-important difference, that in Europe, intermingled with those ninety millions, are fifteen or twenty million possessors of all degrees of culture, up to the very highest; while in Africa there is not an individual who, according to our own standard, has attained a high degree of intellectual cultivation. Is not the absence of this fact, sir, sufficient to explain the impossibility of its existence? But all doubts of the incapacity of the African race for self-government, and of their capability under favourable circumstances, seem to me to be removed by what we witness at the present day, both in our own country and on the coast of that continent. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of their condition in this country, specimens of intellectual ability, the talent of writing and speaking, capacity for business, for the ingenious and mechanical arts, for economy, for the civil offices of life, and academical learning, have been exhibited by our coloured brethren which would do no discredit to Anglo-Saxons. Paul Cuffee, well recollected in New England, was a person of great energy. His father was an African slave—his mother an Indian of the Elizabeth islands, Mass. I have already alluded to the extraordinary attainments of Abdarrahaman—a man of the highest polished manners and character, since I never saw. The learned blacksmith of Alabama, now in Liberia, has attained a celebrity scarcely inferior to that of his white brother known by the same designation. I frequently attended the commencements at a school in Cambridge, at which Beverly Williams was a pupil. Two youths from Georgia, and a son of my own, were his fellow pupils. Beverly was a born slave in Mississippi, and the grandson of a pure African blood. He was one of the best scholars—perhaps the best Latin scholar—in his class. These are indications of intellectual ability, afforded under discouraging circumstances at home. On the coast of Africa, the settlement of Liberia (the creation of this society) ought to put to rest all doubts on this question. The affairs of this interesting settlement, under great difficulties and discouragements, have been managed with a discretion, an energy, and a firmness as a school in Cambridge, at which Beverly Williams was a pupil. Two youths from Georgia, and a son of my own, were his fellow pupils. Beverly was a born slave in Mississippi, and the grandson of a pure African blood. He was one of the best scholars—perhaps the best Latin scholar—in his class. These are indications of intellectual ability, afforded under discouraging circumstances at home. On the coast of Africa, the settlement of Liberia (the creation of this society) ought to put to rest all doubts on this question. The affairs of this interesting settlement, under great difficulties and discouragements, have been managed with a discretion, an energy, and a firmness as, all things considered, with a success, which authorizes the most favourable inferences as to the capacity of the coloured races for self-government. It is about thirty years since the settlement began, and I think it must be allowed that its progress will compare very favourably with that of Virginia or Plymouth, after an equal length of time. The colony has established a well organized system of republican government. It is administered with ability; the courts of justice are modelled after our own. They have schools and churches. The soil is fertile, the climate healthy, the natives are civilized, the Slave Trade is banished, a friendly intercourse is maintained with foreign powers, and England and France have acknowled their independent sovereignty. It is a hundred days' journey of healthy and comfortable travel in reviving in the island of Cuba. The cause of this revival is not, however, apparent to the stringency of our cruising system, either on its coasts or on those of Africa. Our squadrons there were more stronger, more active, or persevering. At Ambriz our government has refused to allow Portugal to establish a factory, lest a Portuguese settlement in that river for lawful purposes should give any encouragement to the visits of slavers; by the recent affair at Lagos, the power of the slave trade has received a blow, at least, suppressed; south of the equator the most stringent measures are being taken at Santa Tanga, Cabenda, and in the Rio Congo; over the Portuguese possessions, of which Lunda is the capital, a very strict watch is kept; and everywhere on the western coast of Africa, especially in the Bight of Benin, so long the emporium of illicit trade, a better industry and a lawful commerce are springing up in the most surprising manner.

This, then, is not a time when any revival of the slave trade by Cuba can be tolerated; and yet, in spite of all our cruising efforts, in spite of all treaties, squadrons, and courts of mixed commission, the question of its revival depends more on the Spanish Court and on the Cuban authorities than on any other agency. "The slave trade," it is truly remarked by Commodore Bruce in his report to the admiralty, of the 17th January last, "has been no organized system for its support; it might cease for a century and be renewed in a week." It depends on the encouragement given to demand. But recent experience, not only in Brazil, but in Cuba also, shows the power of a determined government to check the demand. Scarcely had the Brazilian Chamber passed the laws we have so frequently described—and the Brazilian government begin to act on them — than the slave traders in Brazil took fright, and of their alarm some curious evidence has lately been published. In the house of King Kosoko, at Lagos, when captured by our squadron, were found a series of letters from his slave trading friends at Bahia. In the earlier portions of this correspondence they give that chief accounts of the proceeds of sales of his human consignments, and of the preferences he shows to their rivals in the trade, and exhibit all the usual jealousies of mercantile competitors. No sooner, however, were the Brazilian anti-slave trade laws enacted, than the tone of their correspondence totally changes. Instead of desiring, they refuse to receive further consignments; instead of slaves, they ask for palm oil, ground nuts, and other articles of lawful commerce.

"As the government is decided," says Senhor Bello, writing to the King, "upon putting a stop to the trade, I am determined that you should not continue to make consignments to me; but for the lawful trade in oil, clothes, and ivory, I shall always be ready to serve you."

Again, a month later, the same once flourishing slave importer, at Bahia, writes to the king:

"If you are my friend, you will not consign any more slaves to me, for I would not have them on any account, if they should be found for five or six reis each."

So, also, Senhor Godinho, another Bahia slave merchant, addressing King Kosoko, thus winds up his transactions:

"Our accounts are thus balanced; and my advices to you, to the effect that I could receive no more consignments to sell *bales* (fardos is the cant Portuguese term for slaves) are now confirmed. I wish you good health, and am, &c."

The government of Brazil ordered the suppressal of slave-dealing, and slave-dealers write thus.

We quote these passages from this remarkable correspondence to show the power of a government to suppress the slave trade. And if this power has proved so efficacious along 4,000 miles of Brazilian coast, how much lighter would be the task of the Spanish government in Cuba? But it is not at the Havana that it will be the duty of Lord John Russell to direct his attention. Spain attacks the monstrous revival of the African slave trade. It is at Madrid only that a telling assault can be made upon the abomination. The British government has, of course, no right to dictate to the Spanish Court who shall be appointed Captain-General of Cuba; but it has a perfect right to remonstrate against the continuance in power there of a Captain-General, whose principal duty seems to be to give encouragement to a breach of the obligations which Spain has contracted with this country. And this course of conduct, it is to be hoped, Lord John Russell will, in the interests of the cause of humanity and of Spain itself, lose no time in pursuing.

It is not merely the example of Brazil which proves that the Spanish Court can, if it pleases, terminate the Cuban slave trade. There is ample evidence in Cuba, also, that a resolute Captain-General can be equally successful. During the government of General Concha, the slave trade in Cuba was nearly suppressed. But its suppression diminished the gains of the greedy Camarilla at Madrid; and Concha was re-called. Under the rule of Canedo, the slave-trade is reviving—that the coffers of corruption may be replenished with the ample revenue of the slave trade. It was from the profits of this infernal trade that the Queen Mother was furnished with means to overthrow the authority of Espartero; it is by the profits of the trade that she hopes to have the power of restoration, and that in a country where the throne of her hapless daughter was founded on constitutionalism.

The question of the revival of the Cuban slave trade is therefore [illegible] for it is the mistake of Cuba that reacts on the misgovernment of Spain. Deprive the court of Madrid of the wealth it derives from Cuba, and its claws are cut. Throw it back on the revenues of Spain, and it is shorn of a great part of its power of domestic mischief. Cuba yields more than one million sterling annually tribute. But to that tribute must be added the profits which the Queen Mother and the Camarilla derive from the tax paid there by the slave traders, from their jobs in Havana, from the profits they derive from their monopolies, their plantations, and their plantations. Thence it is that they derive means for their plots and conspiracies against liberty at home; thence it is that the mistake of Cuba is sustained.

It cannot be for the welfare of humanity that Spain shall continue to hold Cuba on such terms as these; and on these terms, and in this state, Spain cannot long continue to hold it. Revolution, annexation, even extinction, will be preferred to the continued and prolonged devastation of Africa, for absolutism, royal plunder, and popular debasement to flourish at Madrid. "The end will be much worse," Lord Palmerston told Lord Howden in one of his latest despatches—

Is, that the government of Madrid has systematically and intentionally encouraged the Slave Trade for two sole purposes: First, in order to afford income to a number of ill-paid public officers, or to unpaidted favourites, by means of bribes given by slave traders; and, secondly, for the purpose of retaining a hold upon the island, because it is thought at Madrid that as long as there is in Cuba a large number of negroes, the white population will cling to the mother country for protection against the black race. Both both these motives are founded in error. For it can never be the interest of a government to demoralize its own officers and to accustom them to violate the law; and a mother country will have but a feeble hold of a colony if the strongest tie which connects them is the fear on the part of the planter of an insurrection of his negroes. It is the interest of Spain, against such danger might be found by other means and in other quarters—by the suppression of the slave trade, which many Cuban proprietors desire; or by an annexation to some other State, for which scheme there are not wanting partisans in Cuba.

"The slave trade," Lord Palmerston also remarked, and in full conformity with all the views expressed in this journal—

Is still just, now carried on in Brazil to a much greater extent than it has been in Cuba; and many persons thought that it would be a task of immense difficulty, and requiring much time for its accomplishment, to put down the Brazilian slave trade. But when the government of Brazil set to work in earnest, and with real intention to put down the abuse, the purpose has been, in a great degree, accomplished in a few months, by the ordinary course of law, and without any extraordinary powers.

For the sake, then, of Africa and humanity, of Spain and its liberties, of Cuba and its happiness, of Brazil and its perseverance in its new and better career, of England and its consistency, Lord John Russell will have to address without delay, remonstrances to the court of Madrid, which it can neither avoid nor evade. That court has hitherto had communications from Lord Palmerston on the subject, two of which we elsewhere insert.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

Viscount Palmerston to Lord Howden.

FOREIGN OFFICE, Oct. 17, 1851.

MY LORD—With reference to the satisfaction expressed by the Spanish government at the orders given to her Majesty's cruisers, to prevent any band of adventurers, of any nation, from landing in Cuba, to excite or to join insurrection, I have to instruct your lordship to say to the Spanish government, that the best way in which it could make its acknowledgments for this measure on the part of her Majesty's government would be by punctually fulfilling the treaty engagements of the Spanish crown against the slave trade, and by rigidly enforcing the laws of Spain on that subject.

During the last fourteen or fifteen years those treaty engagements have been flagrantly violated, and those laws have been systematically and notoriously broken through in Cuba and Puerto Rico. It must be manifest and plain, however, to the commonest understanding, that these violations of treaty, and these breaches of law, would not have happened if the government of Madrid had been determined to prevent them.

That which has happened in regard to the slave trade in Brazil is a parallel case.

For a long course of years the slave trade was carried on in Brazil to an enormous extent. The Brazilian government always met the representations of the British government by assurances and declarations; but the slave trade continued without check.

At last, in the summer of 1850, circumstances induced the Brazilian government to set to work in earnest to fulfil the treaty engagements of the Brazilian crown, and to enforce the laws of the Brazilian empire; and as soon as the will to do so existed, the way to do so was found, and in the short space of a few months meeting with the greatest ease accomplished, which for a long course of years had been represented as utterly impossible.

A similar result would take place in Cuba and Puerto Rico, if a similar course were pursued by the Spanish government; and her Majesty's government cannot but entertain a hope that the cabinet of Madrid will at last awaken to a due sense of its duties and obligations, and will put an end to a system of crime and piracy which is a disgrace to the Spanish character, and on the honour of the Spanish crown. I have to desire that your lordship will give a copy of this despatch to the Spanish minister. I am, &c.,

(Signed) T. ASHBURTON.

Viscount Palmerston to Lord Howden.

MY LORD—I have received your lordship's despatch of the 1st instant, transmitting a copy of a note which you had received from M. de Miraflores in reply to your note of the 29th ult., recommending, on behalf of her Majesty's government, that the government of Spain should follow the example set them by New Granada, in declaring the total abolition of Slavery in that republic.

With reference to that passage in M. Miraflores' note, in which he states that the Spanish government cannot understand how her Majesty's government can seriously recommend a measure which would prove very injurious to the interests of Cuba, inasmuch as they also recommend that the Spanish government should conciliate the affection of those Cubans, I have to instruct your lordship to observe to M. de Miraflores that the slaves form a very large portion, and by no means an unimportant one, of the population of Cuba, and that any steps taken to provide for their emancipation would, therefore, as far as the black population is concerned, be in unison with the recommendations made by her Majesty's government, that measures should be adopted for contenting the people of Cuba, with a view to secure the connection between that island and the Spanish crown; and it must be evident that, if the negro population of Cuba were rendered free, that fact would create a most powerful element of resistance to any scheme for annexing Cuba to the United States, where Slavery still exists.

With regard to the bearing which negro emancipation would have on the interests of the white proprietors, it may safely be affirmed, that free labour costs less than slave labour, and it is indisputable that a free and contented peasantry are safer neighbours for the wealthy classes above them than ill treated and resentful slaves; and that slaves must from the nature of things be more or less ill treated is a truth which belongs to the inherent principles of human nature, and is quite as inevitable as the sentiment, however suppressed it may be, which is the consequence of ill treatment. It does not seem, therefore, that the communications which you were instructed to make of the measure which had been adopted by the government and parliament of New Granada, can justly be deemed as at all unpleasant with the friendly sentiments felt and expressed by her Majesty's government towards Spain with relation to the affairs of Cuba. I am, &c.,

(Signed) PALMERSTON.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN BELFAST.

[From The Belfast, Ireland, Northern Whig.]

ON Tuesday evening, a large and highly respectable meeting of the friends of the Anti-Slavery movement in Belfast was held in the methodist Chapel, Donegall-place, for the purpose of considering the propriety of presenting an address and a testimonial to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There was a large attendance of Clergymen of various denominations in the body of the house, besides those who took a part in the proceedings of the evening. The Chair was occupied by Dr. M'Gee, Mayor-elect, and among those on the platform were the Rev. W. M. Hetherington, Rev. Dr. Edgar, Rev. G. Shaw, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Murphy, Rev. Wm. Johnston, Rev. Mr. M'Carroll, J. Stanfield, Esq., &c.

The proceedings having been commenced with prayer,

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the business of the evening, briefly addressed the meeting, thanking them for placing him in the position which he then occupied. He thought it was a great honour to be memory of his experience in the West Indies to the great truths laid down in the work which they had that evening assembled to celebrate; although he should say that the system followed out there was of a much milder form than that which prevailed in the slave States of America. The system, however, under any form, was opposed to the principles of Divine Law, and was a reproduction of every High-minded individual (hear, hear). It had been said that Slavery was countenanced in the Bible; but he (Dr. M'Gee) could not better meet that assertion of the slaveholder than by saying that the Scripture is the historian and not the apologist of Slavery (applause). Who could believe that the Apostle Paul would sanction men in traffic in the flesh and blood of his fellow-man? Was it because they were allowed to go on in that dreadful trade that they conceived it received the sanction of Divine law? Why, it might as well be said that because God permitted sin, He therefore approved of it (hear, hear). The people of these countries had been told by the slaveholder to look at home and first eradicate evils among themselves before they interfered with their neighbours; but should the existence of any evils in this country be an apology for their not crying out against the commission of those crimes which are engendered by the slave laws (applause)? He felt that their business there that evening was less to denounce Slavery than to address the thanks of the friends of the slave in Belfast to that high-minded lady who had had the courage and ability to deal a great blow to that horrid system (loud cheers). He (Dr. M'Gee) trusted that the people of the United States would take a lesson in time, and wipe away the stain of Slavery from the high character of their country, for, if they did not, a terrible retribution might visit them. They should follow the example of St. Domingo, and give hope and freedom to the millions remaining in bondage among them (applause).

The Rev. Dr. MURPHY was then appointed Secretary to the meeting, and

The Rev. Dr. WILSON rose to move the first resolution as follows: "That this meeting avows its deep and solemn conviction that the Slavery existing in the United States of America is throughout opposed to the laws of eternal Justice, Mercy, and to the principles and spirit of Christianity—that it is inimical to the social and moral interests of the nation at large, as well as grossly inconsistent with the great principles which lie at the basis of the American Constitution, and, as such, it imperatively demands the condemnation of all the friends of freedom, humanity and religion throughout the world." That resolution (hooted, hooted) was based upon them to record their deep and solemn conviction regarding the character of American Slavery. Their object was a Christian one, and one in which every Irishman must feel a deep and paramount interest (hear). With the great people of America they were intimately connected by language, by blood, and by religion; and, in the most favoured parts of America, the inhabitants of Great Britain as the parent country. How many were there to whom the rolling waves of the Atlantic could not break the kindred feelings and sympathies that bind them to their native land? He had heard of the fully recognised the greatness of the young spirit of America, and awarded her a great share of influence and enlightenment among the most favoured nations of the earth (hear, hear). But, in considering the enlightenment and intelligence of the United States of America, they did not bring in the question of her Slavery, which disgraced that great country. On the contrary, while, as a matter of Christian duty and conviction, we were called upon to denounce her inhuman system of Slavery—a blot on her very constitution, and a blood-spot on her national character—we look forward to a better state of things in time to come (hear and cheers). In regard to this system, he felt they were in some measure bound to interfere. In this island they had, in the first instance, taken the beam from their own eyes, and they were then trying to take it from the eyes of their brother (hear, hear). There were men at that time upon the platform with him (Dr. Wilson) who had done great service in putting down Slavery in the West India Islands (hear and cheers), and these men could not stand idly by while that dreadful system was carried on to a still greater blight at the other side of those islands (hear, hear). They loved the British power and the British name to the ends of the earth, and therefore they hated British Slavery (applause). They rejoiced in the young strength of America, and they wished her truly to be the land of the free and the home of the brave (hear).

What, then, he asked, was that Slavery? It was a system by which three and a quarter millions of human beings were held in a state of bondage (disgraceful to a Christian community, and in many respects in a position like that of the beasts that perish. And were there any signs of a decrease of the evil? In 1790, the slave population of the United States was under 700,000; it is now 3,000,000 or 4,000,000; and this reason had been used as an argument in favour of Slavery. A writer in *The North British Review* had said that in St. Domingo the slave population were decreasing, while in America they were increasing, and this was advanced as an argument of the happiness of the slave population of America. If the writer of that article had looked to other matters he (Dr. Wilson) believed he could have seen the fallacy of this fact by other means. America was a great country, where much land yet remained open to the hand of the labourer, and where, if any wanted the labour market was always great. But there was another reason for that increase, and that was the darkest feature of a wicked and atrocious system (hear). Had this writer looked at the most systematic custom followed out in breeding and rearing slaves in America—had he looked into the relations which had been established between the slave and masters—so far from the increase in the population arising from the improved physical condition of the unfortunate people, it would be found to result from what he should hesitate to refer to, and at which he should shrink from putting down (sensation). But much of this had been laid before them in that great work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The Rev. Dr. proceeded to say that the resolution declared the system of Slavery to be opposed to "eternal rights and justice." Three or four millions of human beings held in a state of bondage—driven to the market and sold again and again—wives separated from their husbands, mothers and fathers from their children, and brothers from sisters—the questioner describing their powers as he would cattle in the field—can the God of eternal justice approve of such a crimeand moral degradation as that (applause)? It is said that the slave population of South Carolina is very happy. A slave very happy! Why, such an assertion was opposed to the love of freedom which throbbed in every human heart. A slave very happy? Why then did he run away (applause)? The slave population very happy, and the South re-appears presented in the Senate of the Union by a black with a parcel on his shoulder, and giving the most minute description of his person in order to effect his capture! Why make all these exertions—why offer all these rewards, merely to restore a happy slave (applause)? These, assuredly, were strange evidence of the perfect happiness of the black population. If the slave population were happy, why did they enter into deep conspiracy to hurst their bonds for freedom (applause)? If the slaves were happy, why the Fugitive Slave Law? Why the Fugitive Slave Law? Why drag the whole Congress, with all the free States, into the mire of supporting a system which God and man have denounced as an abomination? If the slave was happy, he had extinguished in his breast that freedom which was the dearest wish and inalienable birth-right of every human being. Look, continued the Rev. Doctor, at the Slavery in ancient Rome, and examine what that Slavery produced. She had her slave too, and those slaves assisted to bring her down from the pinnacle of power on the same principle in later times. The same consequences, he believed, would ensue, if some steps were not taken by those nations which allowed the great evil to continue increasing among them. Pagan Rome possessed the most absolute powers of life and death over her slaves, like nations of the present day; but she, at last, was compelled to bow for that Slavery arose in its might, and made the mistress of the world tremble on her throne (applause). In searching the history of ancient Rome, he (Dr. Wilson) could find absolutely no allusion to the power which she possessed over the life and death, fetters and dungeons, in connection with the slave; but he had failed to find any law bearing on the subject operative of the mind of the slave (hear and cheers). There was no command that he should be kept in a mental state equal to that of the brute; but when Rome dared that attempt—what the Pagan never ventured to place among his laws, Christian America had not only attempted, but accomplished (applause). Dr. (Dr. Wilson) looked to the Alabama Digest, and he found it there stated that any person who shall teach a coloured man or a slave to spell or to read shall be fined, on conviction for the present day; but what, at last, was the result? Rome for that Slavery arose in its might, and made the mistress of the world tremble on her throne (applause). In searching the history of ancient Rome, he (Dr. Wilson) could find absolutely no allusion to the power which she possessed over the life and death, fetters and dungeons, in connection with the slave; but he had failed to find any law bearing on the

mention. But while lingering a moment at the Book Table, we must not forget the exquisite and remarkable imitations of Fruit sent from France by Mrs. Putnam, nor omit to thank Madame Power for her port folio of very spirited sketches amid the Pyrenees.

We are much obliged to Mr. J. P. Jewett, for several copies of the elegantly illustrated edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

We are much indebted to the Duchess of Sutherland for the kind interest expressed in the Bazaar by the gift to it, through Mrs. Chapman, of the beautiful engravings of herself and daughters with autographs attached.

We would also express our gratitude to Professor De Morgan and Mr John James Grant Wilkinson for copies of their valuable works, rendered yet more valuable by the faithful and affectionate testimony against the sin of slaveholding inscribed on the first blank page.

To M. Souvestre, likewise, our acknowledgements are due for six volumes of his interesting Tales, accompanied by an autograph inscription.

We have not yet referred to the most beautiful and striking object of attention that the Bazaar afforded. Placed near the centre of the room, on a small white marble table, the first object that caught the eye upon entering was a statuette in bronze, by Cumberworth, "The African Woman at the Fountain." From every visiter it received deserved admiration. For a more particular account of the artist and his works, we refer our readers to an article in the Liberty Bell, entitled "The Sculptor of the Torrid Zone." The statuette was presented to the Bazaar by a number of friends of the slave in Paris. Among the list of contributors, we notice the honoured name of M. Arago. The disposition that has been made of the same will, we know, give pleasure to the donors. It was purchased for the sum of $125, by a number of prominent friends of the slave, and others sympathizing with them in their admiration of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and by them presented to Mrs. Stowe. All will agree that it could not have had a more fitting destination.

The Liberty Bell, for 1853, was published as usual on the first morning of the Bazaar, and contains much well suited to do the Cause service. It is enriched with many excellent contributions from French friends of the Cause, and a few from English ones; we regret that the number of the latter is so scanty for this year's volume.

As we glance over the list of our foreign contributors, we see names of many places in Great Britain that we would not willingly omit. In the unavoidable haste and confusion of such an occasion, the names of some may have been overlooked or mislaid. We know that we may trust the kindness of the donors for our excuse. They cannot lose the happiness that a true 1a hour of love affords in itself, and they will remember, that if forgotten here, there is a record elsewhere.

In the large Boxes, to which we have alluded, were contributions from Kinross, Milnathorb, Comrie, Crieff, Blairgourie, and Errol in Scotland; and from Bath, Frencnay, Isle of Wight, Norwich, Cromer, Bolton and Bedlordshire. Some little children in a day school, in Waterford, Ireland, subscribed twenty shillings to the De La Rue articles. We have indeed many memorials of the interest felt in our great Cause, by children of all classes and ranks. Where there has been no systematic attempt to deprave the instincts of childhood, they are usually on the side of justice. To various Charity Schools in Bristol, to a little school in Waterford, and to the Model Central National School in Dublin, we are greatly obliged. Two greatest attraction of the Toy Table was a model ship fitted up in the most complete and satisfactory manner. The mistress was behind the counter, the shelves loaded with miniature goods, the royal arms over the door, the chandelier hanging from the top. The Lilliputian merchandise here offered for sale, was produced by the busy and tasteful fingers of the little pupils in the Central Model National School, and, after having been wondered at and admired by numbers of youthful visitors, the whole establishment was sold for a very good price, and has fallen into the hands of an owner that values it highly.

The Toy Table was unusually profitable. The toys sent by Mrs. Follen were exactly what was needed, and were sold almost immediately. No donation can be better suited to our purpose than children's toys, and well chosen children's books

Our home supplies were about the same as those of last year. A few new towns contributed, but in general our help came from old friends. The principal places represented are Rochester, Cazenovia, Albany and Staten Island, in the State of New York. Portsmouth, Amherst, Concord, Hancock, in New Hampshire, Portland, Maine. Brooklyn, Connecticut. Boston, Worcester, Plymouth, Duxbury, Upton, Manchester, Weymouth, Sneoham, Salem, Lynn, Dedham, Chelsea, Hingham, Concord, in Massachusetts. Our domestic articles are in general of a useful rather than an ornamental description, and for these the demand is very great. It is a department almost entirely unsupplied by our foreign contributors, and we would therefore urge on the friends at home increased exertion. The demand for children's well fitting bibs and aprons, nice knit boiery of all descriptions, ladies plain collars, cape and handkerchiefs, is very great. We owe it to our Rochester friends, to express great gratitude for their very beautiful and well chosen collection. The Opera Caps, Dressing Gowns, Marie Stuarts, and indeed all the contents of the Box, commanded a ready sale. The same may be said of the Portland articles, and the very handsome Dressing Gowns, sent by our Albany friends. The articles from Cazenovia (our first contribution from thence) were very acceptable. From Plaston and Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, we have to acknowledge very beautiful specimens of Indian Work and an assortment of children's toys.

We are indebted to Mr. Edmund Jackson for twenty-five Boxes of excellent Soap; and to Messrs. Morey and Ober of Boston, Messrs. Cains and Johnston of the Phoenix Glass Co., Mr. N. S. Cate, agent of the Bay State Glass Co., and Mr. Benjamin Haynes of Charlestown, for their valuable and ample supply of articles in Glass, Britannia Ware, and Block Tin. To those friends who so lavishly supplied the refreshments, and to Mr. F. A. Sumner, who kindly furnished the requisite china, we are also greatly indebted. The Managers feel it incumbent upon them to return their thanks to Mr. Curtis, the superintendant of Horticultural Hall, for such an amount of attention and kindness as materially lessened the severity of their arduous labours. The last two evenings of the Bazaar were occupied by very interesting addresses on the part of Messrs. Remond and Phillips.

Having thus reported, though we are aware in a very brief and imperfect manner, some account of the conduct and arrangements of the Bazaar, and expressing as we now do, with very great sincerity, our fervent gratitude for every act of kindness rendered, or every expression of sympathy uttered for our works' sake, we would gladly bring this paper to a close. We feel a sort of incongruity between these trifling and petty details and the great and magnificent end to which they are subsidiary. But we are aware that much is due to the wishes of those devoted friends of the slave in Great Britain to whom so much of our success is owing, and who, for the promotion of their farther efforts in our behalf, are desirous to be made fully aware of the position that we occupy and the sentiments with which we regard certain prominent objects of interest. To many we shall say much that cannot be new, but there may be others just aroused to the importance of the question of American Slavery to whom our statement may not be wholly devoid of interest and profit.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, for whose benefit the Bazaar exists, is based on one principle alone—a principle so simple and self-evident, so entirely in consonance with humanity and justice, so plainly in accordance with the dictates of reason and common sense, so removed from fanaticism, that it is difficult to suppose any man mind unbiassed by custom or selfishness could think the converse aught but the climax of absurdity and wickedness. The doctrine is simply this—that this human frame of ours, so curiously and wonderfully made, informed and tenanted by a spirit created in God's own image, a soul whose great value is set forth to the eyes of Christendom by the estimable price, as its belief alleges, paid for its redemption, so furnished with powers and affections and hopes and sympathies that attest alike its origin and destiny, is not and cannot be merchandise, property, a thing to be bought and sold. No human laws, no compacts, no conventions, no national arrangements or understandings are competent to perform this transmutation, to change human nature into goods and chattels to make one man the property of another. This doctrine is the one point of attraction that unites the American Anti-Slavery Society, its adoption the one condition of membership. Now, at first sight, this proposition appears so reasonable that one would suppose it required great hardihood to deny it. In fact, when any direct arguments is held on this point by people not greatly deficient either in sense or conscience, it very shortly becomes apparent that they do not really understand the subject they are treating. A system that regards man as a serf, a dependant, a vassal, a pupil, an apprentice, may be an imperfect and in some cases a sinful one; but the system with which we are at warfare is one that considers him a marketable commodity, a something whose value is registered in the price current. To denounce it as an insult to God and an outrage against man is, we apprehend, no exaggeration or harshness, but the simplest and gentlest form of expression that truth will allow us to use. Having received this doctrine, the action of the Abolitionists is only its simple and necessary consequence. It is to be carried out, if need be, over the ruins of any State, or any Church, or any governmental arrangement, or any commercial advantages; and we say not this in a rash or irresponsible spirit, but simply as an answer to that weak and sophistical reasoning that argues there can be anything worse than continuance in confessed crime. There is actually at the present time no insurmountable and not to be understood obstacle in the way of the Abolition of American Slavery. A spirit of national repentance is the only thing needed. That twenty millions of people, with immense wealth, immense energy, general education, republican forms of government, and a profession of the Christian religion in its purest and most democratic forms, can find no way in which they can safely emancipate three millions of slaves, is in our eyes an absurd proposition. Here is the difficulty. It cannot be done without a sacrifice of money and political power for which this degraded and guilty nation is wholly unprepared. To the entreaties of the Abolitionists it is thought a sufficient answer that trade will be injured, or the balance of political power impaired. We are not at all prepared to deny that this great work of mercy could be accomplished without much national and personal distress. Nor are we unaware that this must extend to England and every other country whose commercial prosperity rests at all on the blood-stained cotton of this country. We hold it as idle and impolitic waste of strength to turn aside from the main issue to engage in discussion on the Free Labour question *per se*. We respect very highly all conscientious scruples on this point; but to make it the principal subject of interest and argument, is to fritter away our energies and produce a very limited result. Still, it is all-important that our English friends hold themselves prepared to encounter their opponents on this very point —that is, the fact that any great change or convulsion touching American Slavery must react, and for a time injuriously, on the material prosperity of Great Britain. It is not well that the friends of the slave in that country should devote the main portion of their time and energy to expedients for the supply of free goods, and plans for the culture here and there of free cotton, and petitions for duties on this and that branch of slave labour, petitions where questions of commercial expediency and those of humanity are more or less necessarily mixed up (for we observe that the attack on slave sugar is much more warm and unremitting than that on slave cotton), but let them turn their exertions towards the creation and perpetuation of a national feeling that shall place the success of a great question of mercy and justice far above a mere temporary national prosperity, a feeling that shall joyfully welcome loss and privation if so be that the poor right of personal ownership be restored to that class of their fellow creatures who have been so long robbed of their birthright.

It is a curious and striking illustration of the blinding and bewildering influence of wrong doing that the people of the United States and their pro-slavery abettors in Great Britain, with exceptional occasions in the latter, to which we will allude by and bye, seem to assume the ground that if the Anti-Slavery people will but be quiet, American Slavery can proceed for any length of time and over any extent of territory, conquering and to conquer, with none but the most delightful and happy results.

Mr. Garrison, while travelling the past summer, met, at Niagara Falls, a slaveholder from Florida, an intelligent and gentlemanlike man, who had had large opportunity, from official sources, to obtain perfect acquaintance with the game of American politics as played by its Southern winners, and who was anxious to exchange ideas with him on the great national question of Slavery, a subject, for differing reasons, very interesting to both. The slaveholder explained to his own complete satisfaction the entire hopelessness of the work to which the Northern Abolitionists had addressed themselves. He conclusively showed how successful thus far the Southern Slavery-extension doctrine had been, how it was yet to be acted out in the cases of Mexico and Cuba, how the carrying trade and new markets for Her manufactures were quite sufficient to bribe whatever spirit of opposition might yet remain in the North, what were the considerations that should secure the connivance of England, and he closed by triumphantly exclaiming, "You are all bought up in advance." "True!" said Mr. Garrison, "but there is one circumstance you have not taken into account; you forget there is a God." The gentleman paused for a moment and then said, good humouredly, for he had not been defending the morality of Slavery or any of its sequences, "that that was certainly very true, but that he few people now-a-days seemed to take cognizance of those, in no sense, he had omitted it."

This little anecdote embodies and suggest ideas that it becomes all parties well to consider. There can be no doubts, humanly speaking, of the ultimate success against which the Abolitionists are fighting. The cold, harsh, indomitable Anglo-Saxon nature, excited and stimulated by every temptation that ambition and love of gain may present, strong enough to bribe or bully all foreign opposition, does indeed present a most formidable obstacle in the way of moral truth, were it not that this very nature, once made alive to her claims, shall produce the highest examples of heroism of which our race is susceptible. That there is a God over-ruling and ordering all after the counsel of His own will, "making even the wrath of man to praise Him," is evident, not only from the fact that, in every age of the world, He sends forth martyre and confessors to witness against its most dominant sins, and prophets to prophecy what the end shall be, but that such sins draw after them their inevitable results, and such prophecy, be it ever so sad or bitter, is ultimately fulfilled to the letter. No danger incurred by the abolition of American Slavery can for a moment compare with that which pertains to its continuance. And here we wish to refer, for one moment, to the manner in which certain pro-slavery journalists and writers in Great Britain treat this subject. Really pro-slavery at heart, their general tone of remark is entirely in unison with that of the popular American press. They owe it to the comparatively purified public sentiment in which they live to occasionally utter some verbal and lifeless expression of regret for the existence of the system, but it is so coupled with some much more heartfelt apology and a very thorough condemnation of Abolitionists and Abolitionism, by which their animating spirit is made clearly visible. But is anything really praiseworthy in our institutions brought forward, such as the general equality of the white races, the universal diffusion of education, the entire freedom of conscience in matters of religion, the very crime which, when occasion served, could be explained away to be no crime at all, is eagerly brought forward as a proof of the hollowness of institutions and usages actually good. We are willing Christ should be preached even out of strife and contention; but were it not so painful in some of its aspects, the view would in others be amusing of the eagerness with which a Pro-Slavery Democracy strikes hands for support with Absolutists and foes of free principles the wide world over. Saving, however, what may be due to their own abuses, or to the prospect of a war between the two countries, these writers are true to their own real instincts, and, as we have said above, join the immense mass of this nation in professing to believe, perhaps in really doing so, for, as we have said, there is no delusion like that which sin creates, that were it not for the wild, impracticable, fanatical, absurd Abolitionists, then would the peace of a nation holding three millions of slaves be as a river. *It cannot be.* Were the Abolitionists silenced to-morrow, the fact of God's existence, and those thousand providential arrangements flowing therefrom, which proclaim, trumpet-tongued, "there is no peace to the wicked," would forbid to so monstrous and overshadowing a wickedness that peace which is the essential safeguard.

In considerations like these, and not in any signs of the times witnessed on our own soil, we find our chief hope of success. As one particular and specific ground of encouragement abroad, we would thankfully refer to the general and increased interest manifested by all classes in Great Britain. In the reception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we witness occasion for joy and gratitude. Though its success in this country, in a literary point of view, has been almost unprecedented, we dare not hope for a large and efficient body of fresh labourers as its necessary result. To become, in this country, an earnest, devoted, life-long Abolitionist, implies much, as, in most cases, it must be attended, in some shape or the other, with positive worldly and tangible loss. The charge so often brought by pro-slavery newspapers, that the Abolitionists are calling on men to lift burdens that they will not touch with one of their fingers, is as untrue as it is absurd. To become a sincere and uncompromising friend of the slave, is to make the sacrifice, as may be, of money, ambition, political preferment, family ties, early friendships, religious reputation—in a word, SUCCESS, as the world counts it. The truth of this may he made apparent by a statement that no one will controvert. Could any professional person visiting this country receive any measure of popular success if known as the opponent of our slave system? Could Mile. Jenny Lind, with all her musical ability, have made money enough to have rendered it worth her while to come here had it been supposed that a dollar of the vast sum she expended in charity could have found its way into any Anti-Slavery channel? Steamships and Telegraphs have so brought America and Great Britain into close proximity that their mutual influence, for good or evil, must be immense. English notions of freedom must prevail here, or the mother country must finally make herself part and parcel of our oppressors. Her literature, her tone of morality, her standard of piety, mightily, as yet, sways public opinion here. In the great and decisive battle between Slavery and Freedom that is drawing slowly on, and that no combination of circumstances can long delay, it is all-important that *her* public opinion be firm, unequivocal and resolute.

The movement recently made on the part of the Ladies of Great Britain, proposing an affectionate and Christian remonstrance on this subject with their American sisters, we hail with strong and grateful emotion. In the midst of the misrepresentation, sophistry and personal abuse with which this demonstration has been received in the press of our country, we would desire to express our earnest thankfulness for such a step, and our fervent hope that the remonstrance may receive the signature of every lady throughout the kingdom. No true effort on behalf of humanity can ever be thrown away, but now is emphatically the hour when its influence may be made more important than ever before. The question of Slavery is fairly before the world. We ask for none but a moral and religious interference on behalf of other nations of the earth, but that we unhesitatingly claim and assert in time of a common humanity, it is one that they should not deny.

In some private letters received from our English friends, it is suggested that the old outcry of Infidelity is still urged against the American Anti-Slavery Society, and prevents our receiving a certain amount of aid or sympathy that might otherwise be rendered. But we have nothing to add to the statement contained in our last year Bazaar report. The platform on which the Society meets is exceeding broad. Men of all creeds and no creed can stand thereon, Christian, Jew or Pagan, Catholic or Protestant. A heartfelt opposition to the institution of Slavery gives him a claim there, and of course his language and mode of action when he speaks must be somewhat in accordance with his habits of life and belief. Perhaps his fellow-labourers are not responsible. True courtesy and good sense would teach men alike to be cautious how they unnecessarily wound the religious sensibilities of others, and to be tolerant of any infliction that others are conscientiously led to make. If evangelical sects, so called, either here or in Great Britain, shall feel themselves aggrieved that people who, in their eyes, are infidel have taken so prominent a ground in this matter, it only remains for us to urge upon all such the duty of crowding into the Anti-Slavery ranks, and, by self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion, securing that influence and authority that these qualities never fail to obtain. We can only say here that the receipts of this yearly Bazaar are devoted to the support of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the maintenance of the central operations, Anti-Slavery Office, Agency, &c., in the City of New York.

The *Standard* is edited by Mr. Sydney H. Gay and Mr. Edmund Quincy, and is distinguished alike for its Anti-Slavery fidelity and great literary ability. We do not believe that any organ of a similar Society could, for so many years, have pursued a more unexceptionable course in regard to the obtrusion of any ecctarian peculiarity. We commend this paper to all the friends of the slave, both at home and abroad, believing it eminently suited to hasten onward the hour of the slave's redemption. For any other periodicals not sustained by the Society's funds, we have the slightest degree subject to its control, we assume no responsibility. If men eminent in the slave's service choose to devote any portion of their time or influence to the considerations of theological opinions or what they may esteem reformatory views on other questions, it is a matter with which, as Abolitionists, we do not concern ourselves. To every principled inculcating genuine Anti-Slavery truth, we wish a cordial God speed, the more fervent in proportion to the depth of its interest in this great behalf. How far we shall consider ourselves in its other departments, is for individual consideration and science to decide, and is a matter entirely irrelevant to the Anti-Slavery Cause. We would, however, assure all friends who are axious on the account, that a patient continuance in labour and testimony on their own part is the best method with which to meet this species of warfare, be it the result of hypocritical pretence, or narrow sectarian, or even of conscientious care for the truth. Thus have we found it among ourselves. As the real conflict in behalf of Human Rights waxes hotter and hotter, men fighting on the same side will no more stop to compare theological differences than would men actually encamped on a battle field and awaiting the attack of the enemy.

Before finishing this paper, we have a few further words of explanation due to those ladies engaged in actually working and collecting for the Bazaar. We are particularly anxious that no shadow of misapprehension should exist in the minds of any relative to the disposal of the Bazaar funds. They are neither designed for the purchase of slaves or the relief of fugitives. They are to be made effective, through the means of the public press and the living voice, in so far as their influence may be extended, in arousing this great and sinful nation, through all its borders, to a sense of its guilt and danger; in denouncing and, if possible, converting an apostate church; and, in fine, by every means that conscience approves, creating that national agitation which is the slave's best hope. On the Fugitive Slave Law every Abolitionist looks with scorn and horror. Obedience to its requisitions they would consider a crime of the deepest dye. To facilitate the escape of the trembling and hunted fugitive is alike their duty and pleasure. No complaint will be brought by such against the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society who, in their private capacity or as members of Vigilance Committees, have done and dared to the extent of their ability. But the object of the Society is far higher and wider in its aims and purposes.

Again, in respect to the purchase of slaves. It is painful to us to hear a testimony against any action founded on so benevolent and merciful a motive, but, in view of the discussion aroused in Great Britain on this question, we feel compelled to express a regret that Abolitionists and especially any Anti-Slavery Society should devote labour and funds to so profitless and hopeless a task. Every fugitive that escapes, diminishes the value of what is impiously and impudently styled slave property, but every slave bought increases it. Already our hearts are grieved and our indignation excited by the arrival in our midst of some poor victim of oppression who, having by long hours of toil purchased his own freedom, is striving to obtain from the outraged sympathies of the North a sum immense, even in the slave market, for the purchase of his wife and children left behind. The more touching the story, the more safely may the trader speculate in the emotions of the humane and merciful. The *argumentum ad hominem* is not, in this case, a fair one. People ask, what would you do were the victim your own wife, sister or child? Would you not eagerly collect their ransom? Would you not feel anxious for people to contribute? The answer is undoubtedly in the affirmative. The query might as well be, would you not conduct your wife, sister, child, from a bondage which Edward Everett once stigmatized as a fate "bitter as death, aye, bitter as hell," if, in the language of Scott's Meg Merrilies, "every step was on a dead man?" But because human affections, subjected to their most agonizing ordeal, are ready to grasp at any and every means of deliverance, it does not follow that what may secure the freeing of one family, is best suited to secure the general good. Abolition of Slavery has, in some cases, been brought about by a general purchase of slaves, in others by an insurrection among its victims; to neither of these methods would the Anti-Slavery Society lend its sanction.

The greater portion of this report has been written in reference to our transatlantic friends. Much of it might appear superfluous to our friends at home who have fuller sources of information than any we can bestow. But to those widely separated from us, and necessarily but imperfectly informed on many points, what we have said may not be wholly uninteresting.

In this connection we cannot avoid expressing the satisfaction with which the slaves' friends here have witnessed the establishment of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, a paper that presents the most important details of this enterprise in a condensed and, at the same time, lucid manner. To that we can refer our fellow-labourers abroad for any further information on questions of Anti-Slavery policy which they may be desirous to obtain.

In closing, we would urge on all united with us in labour and aspiration, to possess their souls in patience, looking at the work before them rather in the light of their own personal duty than in that of ultimate success. We may never witness the freedom of the American slave; we may look back on what shall seem to the worldly and cold-hearted a wasted and misemployed life. But if the words Freedom, Truth, Heroism mean anything, if they are realities and not mere shams and pretences, then have we judged wisely even for our own benefit and happiness in devoting it to the noblest and holiest enterprise of the age in which we live.

If we shall succeed—well! and if not,

"They that stand
When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,
Linked into one by the sole power of duty,
Where Freedom dies with them—call *these* a martyr band!"

A. W. WESTON.

BOSTON, Jan. 21, 1853.

Money received by Anne Warren Weston for the Bazaar of 1853.

Mr. John C. Haynes, Boston,	$5 00
Mrs. Richard Clap, Dorchester,	5 00
Mr. Elisha Clap, Gill,	2 00
Mrs. Lucy Ann Fiske, Upton,	50
Mrs. Sarah Chapman,	1 00
Miss S. J. Davee, Plymouth,	5 00
Anti-Slavery Friends in Lynn,	40 00
Lawrence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society,	5 81
Mrs. Babcock, Boston,	8 00
Mrs. Bowditch, Boston,	2 00
Friends in Leeds, England.	£1 5 0

Money received by Mrs. Chapman, Paris, for the same object.

	Francs.
Miss H. Bonham Carter,	15 00
Mrs. Bellamy Hunt,	80 00
Mr. Charles F. Hovey,	250 00
Mlle. Lecomte,	15 00
Mr. Jeremiah Winslow,	100 00
Madame Mohl,	200 00
Contribution to Statuette,	135 00

Donations to Anne Warren Weston for publication of The Liberty Bell.

Daniel Ricketson,	$5 00
Mrs. David Joy,	10 00
Mrs. G. R. Russell	10 00
Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring,	10 00
B. B. Mussey,	5 00
Nathaniel Barney,	10 00
Miss Henrietta Sargent,	10 00
Mrs. Wendell Phillips	15 00
Mrs. Clarissa G. Olds,	2 00
Miss Mary G. Chapman,	5 00
Samuel May, Jr.,	5 00
Miss S. A. Colton,	3 00
Charles F. Hovey	25 00
Misses Andrews,	6 00

Merchandise received for the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar

2 Boxes from Glasgow, by Andrew Paton.
1 Box from Perth, by Mrs. Sarah Morton.
2 Boxes from Edinburgh, by Mrs. Wigham.
2 Boxes from London, by Mrs. Massie and Mrs. Follen.
1 Box from Bristol, by Mrs. H. Thomas.
1 Box from Leeds, by Joseph Lupton.
1 Box from Manchester, by Miss Whitelegge.
3 Boxes from Dublin, by R. D. Webb.
1 Box from Cork, by Miss Jennings.

Parcels or letters received in the Bazaar Boxes and forwarded.

From Edinburgh, for H. C. Wright, Frederick Douglass, W. L. Garrison, J. B. Syme, Rochester and Philadelphia.
From Glasgow, for W. L. Garrison and H. C. Wright.
From Leeds, for Frederick Douglass, W. L. Garrison, H. B. Stowe and Lucretia Mott.
From Dublin, for Ashby Kimber and Mrs. McKim.
From London, by Mrs. Massie's Box, for Rev. Mr. Kirk, together with a large number of books from W. W. Brown and Rev. Dr. Massie, which have been forwarded as addressed.

Subscribers to purchase Cumberworth's Negro Woman at the Fountain, for the National A. S. Bazaar, Boston.

	Francs.
Madame Brenier,	10 00
Mrs. Byrne,	5 00
Mrs. Power,	5 00
Madame Mohl,	5 00
Mrs. Hunt,	5 00
Mlle. Lecomte,	5 00
Madame Tourguenoff,	20 00
Madame Meyneiu,	5 00
M. Martin Paschoud,	10 00
Mlle. Cooper,	5 00
Madame Langier,	5 00
M. François Arago,	5 00
M. De Lomenie,	5 00
Eugene Rendu,	4 00
M. Meyrein,	5 00
M. Tourguenoff,	20 00
M. Des Forges,	20 00
Mlle. Herant,	5 00
Madame Belloc,	5 00
Mlle. De Montgolfier,	5 00
Mrs. Corcoran,	5 00

The following is the letter referred to in the Bazaar Report:

EDINBURGH, Oct., 30th, 1852.

DEAR CHILD: I am requested to tell you something about the little girl who made the baby clothes for, and gave the doll your kind friends have purchased for you. There is not much to tell. Last Christmas she was a blooming, robust child, rejoicing and giving thanks for the birth of the *Babe of Bethlehem*, who came to earth to teach us to love each other, and who now in Heaven awaits all who fulfil His blessed will. And she rejoiced very much then, too, in the new possession of *your doll*, and in the permission given to dress and dedicate it to the "Friends of the Slave," whom she knew to be the friends of that Saviour, born at Bethlehem, because He said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." Before the early spring flowers came, her busy little hands were mouldering in the grave. "For winter warns us, "the night cometh, when no man can work." Short, very short, was the time allotted to little Mary to work. Her sun went down before she was eight years old. It would appear foolish indeed for me to tell you how much such a young child had voluntarily done for the misery she saw around her. All must one day be known, my dear child, for the "Spirit" tells us our "*works*" will "*follow*" us, and then, whether good or evil, be bound upon our hearts forever and ever. Yet little Mary was no wonder of goodness. God had given her no gifts beyond her fellows. Dislike many little children you may have read about, she could neither understand sermons nor discourses addressed to mature minds, and therefore had no delight in them. Nor could she point out errors in belief, nor distinguish between differences of opinion. She could read, and clearly understand the Saviour's plain precepts, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." She was, in fact, only a meek, little child, strong in the spirit of Love, and by its might alone she went through this world beloved by all around her, from the aged and the infirm, down to the tempting schoolboy and lisping baby, and at last entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death without fear. It is written, "Out of the mouths of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the Enemy and the Avenger." Thus, when your humane countryman, Dr. Pennington, was in our land, and the Fugitive Slave Bill passed in yours, dear child, it was explained to Mary that he must be paid for before he could return to his home in safety. This, at first, she could scarcely believe, and had much difficulty to comprehend. At length she understood his position, and directly enquired, "Have those people never heard of good Jesus?" On being told they had "by the hearing of the ear," she said sadly, "Then Satan must be in their hearts." On reading of Dr. P.'s escape from Slavery—how, when driving with cold, hunger and weariness, one said to him, "come in, eat thy breakfast, and get warm," her face flushed with joy, and she cried aloud, "Oh, how the good Jesus will love those people." I often wonder how she would have felt had she lived to read the beautiful tale of your own land—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I must now come to the closing scene. She was now laid upon her bed, and the round little face and rosy cheeks were melting fast, fast away. One of her kind medical friends told her she must leave Papa and Mama—she must die. Little Mary felt no fear. "Perfect love casteth out fear." The weak child looked upon death in the same light with the strong mind and noble heart of your own country, whose grand strain calls that

"Transition
Whose portals we call death."

Meek little Mary seemed hardly to feel sorrow; she only once whispered "Poor mamma! I'll pray for you," and continued calm, gentle, and patient, with an anxious love and care for all around, the same as when in health and strength. Her sufferings were severe, but the closed shutters of the sick room made the house be forgotten. She was always afraid that omissions of care for others would occur on her account. Sleepless and suffering much, she would yet watch for the morning, and say to the whom she loved much, and who had slept in the household years before her birth, "Dear *Nursey*, take care that the poor cinders, which are keeping the crusts for has not to wait for them this cold dark morning," or "Go down and see, dear Nursey, that they are giving poor Mrs. A. (the washerwoman) her breakfast comfortably; she has such a hard work. I shall be sure not to need anything till you come back again." Even when she was blind and lame with age, that hung in the nursery, was not forgotten. "Poor lonely thing," she said, "how dull he will feel now. You'll take care of him, mamma, and in the bright Summer days, when you go to the country again, take him with you, that he may see the green fields." A short period before her departure, she was relieved from suffering, and seemed on the eve of that sleep so anxiously prayed for. Sweet, gentle Mary was full of love and gratitude to our kind Father in Heaven and the good Jesus for his mercy, but, while holding her mother's hand in a sort of half slumber, she roused herself and asked "What o'clock is it?" Her mother told, and then she quickly inquired, "What o'clock is it now in the slave States?" Her mother was unable to answer at once. She said, "do try, mamma, if it is in their night time. I think it is." It was, and on hearing it, she murmured words of gladness and thankfulness, "No weariness, no cares there, just now," and then nestled round on her pillow for sleep again. In a few moments more, starting suddenly, she cried "But, mamma! the poor Kaffir villages may not be in peace and safety—the mammas with little children there may have sore frightened hearts." Her mother told her she was forgetting herself the comfort she used to give to others—that God's angels were watching everywhere, ready to help and comfort. She replied, with a sad, weary smile, "Oh, aye, I was almost forgetting that," and then turning round, composed herself for sleep once more. Her hold of her mother's hand relaxed for a few moments; then grasping it firmly, she said, "Good bye, but lovingly as ever," There's Jesus, and Peter, and James, and John, and all the holy angels—they are singing in Heaven, only we don't hear them." She listened eagerly (music was what she possessed and enjoyed much); "No! we don't hear them." Turning to her mother with a perplexity of look, she asked with some confusion, "Are we far from this house now, mamma?" Her mother answered, "no, darling, we are altogether yet." She then cried hastily, "Get Papa." He came forward, being in the room watching for hours. She kissed him and said with great energy, "Good Papa!" Nursey, before mentioned, was also in the room, and came forward too. She held out her arms to her, and asked for her little sister. On being told she was sleeping in her little bed, and it was not advisable to bring her, she said meekly, "Very well—dear wee K., dear wee K." Seeing her looking faint, a cordial was raised to her lips—it was vain. We held her back gently—that was needless. Meek, loving Mary stood before the Throne, and all that remained with us was a "clod of the Valley."

And "Summer days," with leaves and flowers, came. And the little bird (hitherto always left behind) was taken to the country in the coach, as promised, and made glad all the season with the songs of the happy free birds around him. And every object of her solicitude is cared for with a ten-fold care by all the household she left, and no object that she would have pleaded for once overlooked or neglected. And her mother has taken the little baby doll out of her drawer, and the baby clothes she made out of her work box where she left them all in careful order, some part of the work still unfinished, and given them as she desired. Thus, you see the taper of love that a little child lighted, has carried a very short time amongst us, now burns over her grave with a strong, bright flame, showing even across the wide ocean upon you, dear child. We are strangers to each other and will be so until we reach our "Father's house;" but we have prayed that your dear little one may be your parents, and enjoy more happiness than earthly good alone can afford. And we will indulge the hope that you will, when old and gray-haired, tell the story of your Christmas doll to little children; and then, like the "beloved disciple," St. John, when stricken in years, begin and end with the divine precept, "Little children, love one another." Farewell.

TEMPERANCE.—The advocates of Temperance came together in Convention, last week, at Albany, and held meetings for several days. Some of the most distinguished speakers in the cause, in this and other States, addressed large audiences, and measures were taken for an active agitation in behalf of the enactment of the Main Law. At a Mass Meeting on Friday, the President of the State Society announced that a bill, very stringent in its provisions, and so framed as to avoid the objections raised by Judge Curtis in his decision in Rhode Island, was already drawn up, and would be presented in a day or two.

A Woman's Mass Meeting was also held during one of the days of the Convention, and a Committee from them waited upon the Assembly with a petition to that body. They were respectfully received and listened to, without objection from anybody excepting one member from this city, who signalized his opposition in a manner quite worthy of the cause of rum-drinking. The proceedings in the Assembly are thus reported:

Mr. Burroughs said that certain ladies in attendance, asked permission to present in person the memorial of 28,000 ladies, for the Maine Law, and give reasons for a compliance with their petition.

Mr. Hastings hoped not.

Mr. Burroughs moved to suspend the rules. Carried.

Mr. Burroughs then moved that leave be granted to the ladies to present the petitions in person.

Mr. O'Keefe said, the permission appears to me to be a forgone conclusion; and I would suggest that we submit to the imposition as gracefully and as elegantly as possible. Sir, as this is a most extraordinary application, so let it meet with a most extraordinary reception. When ladies are solicitous of leaving the holy sphere in which Nature and Nature's God has benefitcently placed them, and when they are desirous of emulating the sterner sex in the race for fame and glory, by mingling in the world as lawyers, statesmen and generals, they should be gently taken by the hand and encouraged in their manly and it may be unfeminine aspirations. Let these high-minded, high-strung and spirited women—discard as worthless the antique dress of the Elizabethian age, and glory in the more modern habiliments of jackets and pants—let them walk down the middle aisle of the chamber, and with a masculine stride, which so admirably becomes such feminine delicacy, as theirs, present their petitions; and while, sir, I am their advocate on this preliminary matter, lest, my friend from Kings, I desire it to be distinctly understood that I shall reserve my opinion upon the main subject, till the proper time arrives.

Mr Burroughs had nothing to say in reply to the gentleman from New York.

The motion was then carried.

The ladies were then received at the bar of the House, and Mr. McKnight, their Chairman, read the following address:

Mr. Speaker, and Legislators of the State of New York:

We come to you in behalf of 28,000 women—wives mothers and sisters—of this great commonwealth, to petition your honourable body for protection. We ask protection that our heartbitones may not be desolated; that the little ones around our firesides may not be wrestled from our fatherless; we ask protection that our sons may be saved from the drunkards shame and the drunkards doom; we ask protection that our husbands may be saved from the blighting power of the spirit that dwells in the intoxicating cup; we ask protection; lest all that is sacred to the home of the Empire State may not be considered of less moment than the $25,625,000 invested in the liquor traffic in this State; we ask you to pass a law entirely prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and we most respectfully, but earnestly, solicit the early attention of your honourable body to our petition.

At the close of the address, the petitions were sent up to the Clerk's table.

☞ THE Bazaar Report fills so large a space in the *Standard* of this week, that we are compelled to omit the usual variety of editorial matter; we make this explanation simply as such, however, and not as an apology, for we are confident that our readers will agree with us that our columns could not be better occupied than with this Report.

☞ WE are indebted to HON. J. R. GIDDINGS and to HON. C. DURKEE, M. C, for public documents.

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Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their *literary* character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. *Blackwood*, still under the fatherly care of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at the time

Miscellaneous Department.

FASHION.

A PORTRAIT of my grandmother hangs upon my parlour wall. It was taken at least sixty-five years since, and represents the venerable lady, whom I remember in my childhood, in spectacles and comely cap, as a young and blooming lady. She is sitting upon an old-fashioned sofa, by the side of a prim aunt of hers, and with her back to the window. Her costume is quaint but handsome. A dimpled neck crescent dress sweeps high in the throat, ruffled round the neck, and over the bosom and the shoulders. The waist is just under her shoulders, and the sleeves are tight, fitting to the arm, and coat sleeves, and also ruffled at the wrist. Around the plump and rosy neck which I remember as shrivelled and sallow, and hidden under a decent lace handkerchief, hangs, in the picture, a necklace of heavy ebony beads. There are two curls upon the forehead, and the rest of the hair flows away in ringlets down her neck. The hands hold an open book: the eyes look up from it with half-conscious sweetness, and through the open window behind you see a quiet landscape—a hill, a tree, the glimpse of a river, and a few peaceful summer clouds. Often in my younger days, when my grandmother sat by the fire after dinner lost in thought—perhaps remembering the time when the picture was a portrait—I have curiously compared her wasted face with the blooming beauty of the picture, and tried to detect a likeness. It was strange how the resemblance would sometimes appear: how, as I gazed and gazed upon her old face, age disappeared before my eager glance, as snow melts in the sunshine, revealing the flowers of a forgotten spring.

It was saddest of all to see my grandmother herself contemplating the portrait. The story is told of old Wyberly, the wit and dramatist, that when his brief day of popular homage was over, he called, in his decay for the full-winged portrait taken when he was the fashion, and wrote under it "*quantum mutatus ab illo!*" Alas! how changed from that! The feeling in the superannuated man about town seems hardly genuine, and like everything those men did, has a slight theatrical air. But it was touching to see my grandmother steadily gazing at her portrait, on still summer mornings when every one had left the house, and I, the only child, played, disregarded, and look at it wistfully and long. She held her hand over her eyes to shade them from the light that streamed in at the window, and I have seen her stand at least a quarter of an hour gazing steadfastly at the picture. She said nothing, she made no motion, she stood no near, but when she turned away there was always a pensive sweetness in her face that made it not less lovely than the face of her youth. I have learned since what her thoughts must have been—how that long, wistful glance annihilated time and space, how forms and faces unknown to any other, rose in sudden resurrection around her—how years of weary old friend look unlike any young person that I had ever seen. Had it been the likeness of Helen or of Aspasia, I said to myself, when I began to study Greek, it would not be surprising that it did not resemble my grandmother Maude, but why Maude's grandmother less than seventy years ago should look like no girl I ever saw, was a great mystery to me. It was none the less so when Smith took me to his father's house to see his "family portraits." Among these there were some of the same strange young women, and I racked my fancy again, to discover why they were so different from our young women. Smith suddenly explained the whole mystery.

"What an odd, old-fashioned style of dress," said Smith.

It was a very obvious remark and so was the fact of gravitation very obvious before the apple hit Newton on the nose. I looked at my grandmother's picture with new eyes, and saw why a human being, of the female species, sixty years ago, was so much unlike different from the same creature now. Fashion was the Magician. Fashion was the great commander, who said "wear ruffles," and they were worn; "elevate the waist," and it was elevated; "powder the hair," and it was powdered. For a few days after Smith's remark it really seemed as if fashion were the secret of history. Little Boy Blue's trumpet made red victory in the uniform of the "Light-Guard," or that of "Duryee's Regiment," I tremble to think how much prestige he would necessarily lose. The horse-hair wig and the polished armour began to seem too large a part of Marshal Turenne; and as I pondered on the portraits of the beautiful ladies of the court, they seemed to me only paint, patch, and smock. Then those Elizabethan towers upon the head! How gladly my fancy fled from them and rested contentedly in the close, comely, Grisette-ish little cap of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Who makes the fashion then, since so much depends upon it? That is a question which I cannot get answered. My philosophical friends have their theories about it. Flamingo, in his lofty way, says that every fashion has a profound significance, and that if you could really see the reason of the fashion you would down Broadway, you would enjoy in a sedate and instructive manner the glittering varieties of costume—in fact, he says, you would be cured of the honey of wisdom from every flower of folly that blooms in that gay parterre.

"Exactly!" say to Flamingo, "but you miss the point. Here comes my cousin Maude to see her suit of furs. She follows the fashion which, this winter, prescribes small muffs. You see she can scarcely squeeze those darling hands into that bit of a muff, which is by no means a good-sized muff. Now what, pray is the 'profound significance' of that absurdity of my cousin Maude's?"

"Well" says Flamingo, "I suppose the significance of carrying a muff in winter is to keep the hands warm. The size is a matter of convenience."

"Not at all; it is a matter of whim, or of fashion which only concerns the form, and has nothing to do with the essence. Last winter Maude carried a muff as large as a bearskin, and next winter she will wear thread-gloves, if it is the fashion."

And it is the truth. Flamingo can never get any nearer to his profound reverence for fashion than that people imitate the dress of one whom they acknowledge as a leader, just as boys imitate the handwriting, and collegians the rhetorical style of certain persons whom they admire. Fashion is a kind of hero-worship, he says. "Poetical young men turn down their collars and drink gin and water because Childe Harold did it." Fashion is imitation, founded in genuine reverence. "Your lover makes puffs and squeezes, says philosophical Flamingo. Why does he do it? To make your figure somewhat resemble what is called the ideal figure of the Apollo, or some other type of the manly form. The individual tailor knows nothing of this principle, but, nevertheless, that is the reason of the pigeon-breasted waistcoats and the stuffed coats which he makes. Fine tailoring co-operates with fine arts, says Flamingo. It tries to make a man as handsome as a statue.

But this, I confess, seems to me seeing much more in a picture than the painter meant. I will not deny that it is often truly so, and that there is beauty in a work, according as it is seen, and even more and a different beauty than was intended by the artist. I cur to the inquiry, who makes the fashion? because I cannot believe that there is any very profound reason for my trousers being out straight this winter, when they lapped a little lower last year. Nor do I believe there is any especial mystery in the fact that the skirts of my street-coat must now hang to the calves of my legs, when last year they scarcely fell below my waist. What would induce my cousin Maude to receive visitors this morning in the costume of my grandmother's portrait? Yet it is much more simple and picturesque than anything Maude will wear. The only reason she does it is that it is "out of fashion." Who put it out? And who, from time to time, continue to put "out of fashion" what is graceful and picturesque, and to put "in fashion" very graceless and clumsy countenances? The other day my aunt Jane entertained the little folk who came to take tea with Clara by coming down in her bridal hat.

There was one burst of laughter from young and old. "You may laugh," said aunt Jane, smiling, "but when I went to church, after my marriage, in that hat, I assure it was the envy and despair of the whole town; and, by such Sunday, the church was full of all kinds of imitations of it." When the little people came to take leave of aunt Jane, she said to them, "keep the bonnets you are wearing to-night for twenty years, and then you will laugh as heartily at them as you do at my bridal hat to-night." Should we not? Here is Claude Fay in the very plenitude of this winter's fashion. Let him walk down Broadway twenty, or ten years hence in this suit, which to-day all we young men envy and admire so much, if he dare! ||

Not many years ago our mothers all wore leg-of-mutton-sleeves—stiff, starched, clumsy wings, opposed to every feeling of propriety and sense of beauty. Then come the sleeves puffed about the shoulder and upper part of the arm. Aunt Jane, I remember, used to wear under-sleeves, or circular cushions, stuffed with down, or feathers, or something else, to make the puff of the outer-sleeve sufficiently prominent; they used to sit in these deformed dresses, and hoop by the hour over Queen Anne's hoops and heels, and the Chinese coiffeure of Louis XIV's ladies. And to-day at dinner as cousin Maude held her plate for a cut of roast turkey, and dipped cream-colored dress sleeve under sleeve into a dish of gravy, and then draggled it over the table-cloth, she was shouting with laughter at the idea of my mother in those other sleeves. Maude hates the Bloomer, because it is not fashion, but more probably because high heels and short skirts of early days. This she did vehemently one day last week, as I escorted her up the Fifth Avenue, and, at the same moment, her heavy ebony heels made the pave ring and her skirt to the great saving of the scavenger's salary, but unhappily, to the great disgust of every decent person. "My dear coz," Maude says to me, "what can be the fashion?" "But who makes it?" I inquired I, desperately. "Don't be a fool, John," she replies, and from this pious devotee, I can get no other account of the goddess.

After such little passages with her, I stroll slowly homeward to my batchelor segar, and wonder why Maude will be so subservient to Fashion. But often enough I turn upon myself, and demand if I am not equally, if we are not all more or less, subject to the faith in any other. I say to myself, Would you now wear Farmer Bullock's bell-crowned beaver down Broadway? Would you go to Mrs. Bonnee's ball night, in the coat your father was married in? You remember it, with the long swallow tail, and the tappets upon the waist; or would you even wear the waistcoat you wore to her first ball, seven years ago? Being a young man I naturally say, no. Or if Claude Fay, who is a lover of my cousin Maude's, wished to secure her favour, would he be likely to array himself in a "green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk," or a "Queen's blue dress suit," or "a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin," or even a "pair of silk stocking-breeches, and another pair of a bloom-colour?" Yet Oliver Goldsmith dressed all this gear to win the smiles of the Jessamy Bride. And, cousin Maude! the Jessamy Bride found it "impossible not to love and respect his goodness of heart." She thought less of the ratteen coat, than the true human of heart it covered, and when he, who, in his credulous and childlike way, had loved and honoured her, lay dead in his solitary room, the Jessamy Bride carried from his coffin a locket of the poet's hair.

Now, why would not Claude Fay wear what Oliver Goldsmith wore? Simply and only, because it is not the fashion. And why shouldn't it be the fashion to wear blooms-colored breeches now? Is it, after all, more than a whim? Has fashion any deeper foundation than the love of change? I find myself in October giving away all the cravats I bought in June. They are quite as handsome as then, and would be equally available for the next season. But I have done with them, I am tired of them. My younger brother, Hal, may wear them, but I would rather go through next summer in a black silk ribbon, than use the ties I liked so much this season. I doubt if you can make more of it than a love of change. Uncle Solomon and his set were great judges of wine. At least, they said so, and I think that they were great drinkers. I dined often at uncle's table, and saw much of the set. They swore by Madeira. Sherry was a thin, woman's wine; and they quaffed foaming glasses of the golden ruby liquor. This was ten years ago. How they laughed at Clarence's death in a but of Malmsey. "Why," said Uncle Solomon, "a man who loved such a wine deserved no better." There couldn't be but one worse fate than being drowned in Malmsey," said jolly old bottle-nosed Crabtoe, Uncle Sol's partner. "And what is that?" asked I, timorously. "Why, drowning Malmsey in yourself," cried Crabtoe. Falstaff and his friends fared no better. "Sack and sugar," said another of this dogmatic crew, "oh! Lord!" So they drank their Madeira, and cracked their nuts. Wine-drinking, I infer, was a matter of taste and not of fashion; or, perhaps, of country. But I devoutly clung to Madeira and the Crabtoe doctrines, and when I heard Uncle Sol's friend, that his father, who had lived several years in England, always drank Sherry to his dinner, I grieved for his father, as for a man who had become unfortunate. The next time I dined with Uncle Solomon, I spoke of French wines, and German and Italian wines. They were damned directly. They were "stuff" and "execrable," and women's wine, and many other expressions of disgust. "Madeira was the wine for a man." "Amen," thundered Crabtoe, but broke off suddenly, smarting with a twinge of the gout.

"Claret is your gouty wine," cried Uncle Sol. "Your Rhenish is vinegar," said another guest. "And your Italian wines, muddy sweetened water," added a very rich gentleman at the foot of the table, who had never travelled farther than Saratoga.

Uncle Sol and his friends were fixed in their opinion, and might drink what wine they preferred.

But why this monstrous contempt and commiseration for other tastes than theirs? Are not sweet Tokay and the Rhenish wines, the wines of history and romance? Had any old Roman, Uncle Solomon's exploits in emptying beakers have made wine-drinking an historic fact, ever condescend to the fire that burned in Uncle Sol's ruby Madeira? Would Homer have ever disgraced his lyre to Sherry? Madeira was the wine for a man." "Amen," thundered Crabtoe, but broke off suddenly, smarting with a twinge of the gout.

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This seems very ridiculous. Are we mere puppets which this magician Fashion moves at will? Are we in Fashion's power, drawn by the strings of her will? "I will not submit," cried I, "its unmanly. Peach-bloom breeches are as good as my gray trousers. I will be bold, I will be free, I will be ——"

"Out of fashion, if you dare," said Claude Fay, who heard me.

And was he not right again? Is it not easier to stretch the truth a little, than to wear a high black satin stock? Yet that was the top of fashion when the first gentleman in Europe wore it. Show me a man bold enough to be out of fashion, not for a freak, or a bet, or for an occasion, but, if you choose to say so, upon principle, and I will show you a hero. We try to wear clothes in the fashion of the time and boots and waistcoats in the fashion. We are averse to having our wives and daughters—how much more our mistresses—say—"oh! how old-fashioned." Nothing more completely destroys a lady or woman than that term. To say "an old-fashioned gentleman," is to evoke a grave and courtly figure in the mind, with an amplitude of ruffle and generous coat, and a face of like it. We like to have our hats