National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

THE London *Morning Advertiser*, a paper of a circulation less only than the *Times*, has a long and severe article upon the apposite subject of the Rev. Samuel I. Prime, of the New York *Observer*, as the representative of the American Bible Society to the corresponding institution in Great Britain. We cannot say that we altogether sympathize with the arrogant tone of the *Advertiser*, yet it will not be without its uses. Mr. Prime will be able, as in a mirror, to see how men appear who recklessly employ their editorial power as a scourge of unpopular men; he will see the true nature of that moral courage which is very bold and virtuous against all unpopular sins, and the nature of the attainments which give to men the grace of throwing stones at those who have no chance to defend themselves. Mr. Prime has for so long a time had an experience of this matter in the active voice, that it may be well to conjugate him a little in the passive.

We give some extracts from the *Advertiser*, not to approve its temper, but to indicate the state of public feeling in Great Britain; for we have from many other sources the means of knowing that the feeling expressed by the *Advertiser* is very general in England, and that it portends but little complimentary attention to our contemporary:

"How much our warning voice was needed, is now proved by the fact that we may hourly expect to hear of the arrival on our shores of the Rev. Samuel Prime, editor of the New York *Observer*—a paper which professes to be conducted in accordance with the principles of the most exalted piety. The man has been, for years, the most systematic and virulent of all the calumniators whom the Abolitionists of America have had to encounter. Had the venom of this pro-slavery divine taken effect, *Uncle Tom* would have fallen stillborn from the press, and Mrs. Stowe herself would have sunk under the load of calumny which her Slave traducer heaped upon her head. None of the organs of Slavery in the Southern States were half so furious in their criticisms on Mrs. Stowe's work, nor a tenth so reckless in their disregard of truth and decency in their mode of attack, as the journal of which Mr. Prime is the editor. She was lampooned and libelled in the columns of this evangelical *New York Observer*, to an extent which has no parallel in the records of the American press."

Mr. Prime will observe in this explicit paragraph, that the *Advertiser* has taken lessons in the same school in which the New York *Observer* learned its manners in regard to American Abolitionists. The *Advertiser* proceeds:

"With a knowledge of the facts which our columns have been, and are this day again, the means of communicating to the British public respecting this pro-slavery Transatlantic divine, will the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society persist in assigning Rev. Mr. Prime a part in the proceedings of Wednesday? We hope not. We cannot believe they will. It will be a dangerous experiment to outrage Christian and public patience, if they do. We address to them a timely warning. Let them not injure their own character nor jeopardize the best interests of that great and good institution, by persisting in their original intention to give this pro-slavery divine, this systematic and reckless slander of the Abolitionists, a resolution to move, second, or support, in the cause of Christ. We will be enough that they do not ask him to take a part in the proceedings of the day. They must not even give him a place on the platform. If they do, and the fact become known to the assembly, we anticipate a scene of confusion, which cannot be agreeable either to those on the platform or in the body of the hall, and leave of all to the Rev. Samuel Prime, whose presence is a scene of confusion, which cannot be agreeable either to those on the platform or in the body of the hall, and leave of all to the Rev. Samuel Prime, whose presence will be called forth such an expression of public feeling."

If the names were changed, one would think this a paragraph from the New York *Observer*. Such an opportunity for self-examination ought not to be lost by Mr. Prime for all the world. We know how a Christian feels in expressing pious contempt for men who have no chance to defend themselves, and now it cannot but be profitable, and verily a means of grace, to find out how it feels to be thus contemned, and rolled as an editorial guilty, without any chance of cleansing oneself. It is not every man that Providence kindly allows to complete the circle of experience, and who is permitted to drink of the same cup which he mingled for others. But the *Advertiser* proceeds:

"But it will not suffice that this Rev. Mr. Prime, the vehement advocate of Slavery, and the systematic slanderer of Slaves shown, and of all who think that body seek to pen down the gigantic evil, be excluded from the platforms of our religious meetings. He must be equally excluded from the pulpits of our religious meetings. He must be equally excluded from the evangelical pulpits of England. Any minister—no matter to what denomination he belongs, and however high may be his reputation for piety and devotedness in his Master's service—who opens his pulpit to a man who, in his capacity of a preacher of the Gospel, has for years been doing his best to uphold all the enormities of American Slavery—will thereby render himself a partaker of the sins of this Transatlantic divine, so far as the question of Slavery is concerned."

The natural emotions first excited by such a paragraph as this, will find relief, doubtless, in Mr. Prime's case, by a recurrence to the *Observer's* articles about George Thompson, and to its various articles on Mr. Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and to its course in regard to the Anti-Slavery meeting in Exeter Hall, and Albany Congregational Convention. The intrusion upon our shores of an eloquent Englishman, whose sentiments were very unpopular with the great majority of our people, and the mobbing of whom was, if not wicked at by good men, yet regarded as a thing so very natural under the circumstances, as to be treated rather like a phenomenon of nature—a fall of volcanic stones—an earthquake—a tempest, or what not. The observation by Mr. Prime of such public excitements at home, will give him the key to interpret any tumult by which he may be hustled off the stage in Exeter Hall, or hooted through the streets of London, or contemptuously denied the attentions and civilities which English Christian gentlemen know how to bestow on foreign guests, with perhaps a cordiality not equalled in the world.

But we don't think that Mr. Prime will properly improve his opportunities, if, upon his return, he does not address an editorial letter to the *Advertiser*; which will, of course, be unnoticed, upon principles which cannot be new to the editor of the New York *Observer*. Mr. Prime will naturally participate in what, in his country, is called, in his case, he has so often excited in various hosems at home. He will reflect upon the unamiableness of such a disingenuous course as to attack a man, and then refuse to give his defence to the public. He will be tempted to say that it is profoundly mean—that it is wickedly mean; that, setting aside questions of grace, no man can be a gentleman, or make the slightest claim to honour, who will thus stain a helpless reputation, and then leave it bleeding, without balm or bandage; and some fitting reminiscences from the office of the New York *Observer* will not allay the smart of such poignant meditations.

The cruel *Advertiser* proceeds:

"And the Churches of England, and private Christians in the various walks of life, are now called on to act with decision, by refusing to have any Christian intercourse with men from the western hemisphere, whose garments are stained with the blood of the poor African. For, inasmuch as they have not only not denounced this colossal iniquity—the most gigantic of the present day—but have become its apologists and advocates, they are, in the eye of the Supreme Being, involved in the guilt of American Slavery. We do not see how any enlightened and conscientious Christian, concerned for the honour of his Master, and feeling for the woes and wretchedness of his brethren in bonds, could enjoy church communion with the systematic and deliberate abettors of Slavery. Nor, indeed, can we conceive it possible that any Christian, acting up to the high and holy principles which he professes, can have any satisfaction in the society of such persons, even in the ordinary intercourse of life."

An elaborate statement of facts should be sent in to the *Advertiser*. The real difficulties of the Slavery question should be stated; the nice distinctions should be drawn between upholding Slavery and virulently attacking those who seek to destroy it. It should be shown that, being silent upon the evils of Slavery, and voluble upon the faults of the friends of emancipation; that, never inserting a thing that would wound a slaveholding Christian, and never neglecting an opportunity to stab an Anti-Slavery Christian; that, passing by all recorded cruelties, of wretchedness, of neglect of religious instruction on the part of the slave system, and all the atrocities of our unparalleled slave code, and all disappointed hopes of the friends of the cause of such a parent, the Fugitive Slave Law, and then piling into them in a frame of editorial remark, which will prove eminently savory to the besnubbed victim—hold him up to ridicule, and then the *Advertiser* will piously wipe its brow, and look around to read in the eyes of an applauding community its reward for kicking a man who could be kicked without risk, and with entire impunity. Finally, the *Advertiser* says:

"All such as he, must, without exception, and without ceremony, be excluded from our platforms and our pulpits. The presence of pro-slavery ministers of religion on the one, or in the other, would pull down the Christianity of England to the level of the Christianity of Italy—would induce British Christians of their own insular poor—the indifference of British Christians to the outrages of the African war, and an enforced opium traffic in China. To stand in a Christian assembly, representing very disagreeable truths to a very large, very complacent, and very humble or patient majority, will enlighten Mr. Prime as to the position and experience of many of his fellow countrymen at home.

We cannot but regard the amiable remembrances which led the American Bible Society to appoint a former agent of their society, seeking a restoration of health by a foreign tour, to represent them in London. We only wish that so sedate and conservative a body had sent a comet with a less flowing tail; and we are sure that they will not take it amiss when we, that have had great occasions for prudence, have a little ill-concealed gratulation at seeing that prudent men sometimes get the foot in as well as others.—*H. Ward Beecher, in the Independent.*

MRS. STOWE AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

THE authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, on Saturday, welcomed to Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland, where, in the midst of an assemblage of ladies of rank and influence, at a small muster of public men, she received the long-talked of address. The scene was one of much interest; and as Mrs. Beecher Stowe—slim, uncomplicated, native, intelligent, simple-minded, and perfectly self-possessed—was seen petted and lionised by a whole bevy of Duchesses and Countesses, who had been charmed by her marvellous book, there was a humanizing lesson from all this, which, we hope, moreover, of the admiration which the genius of the New World may win from even the most select coterie of the Old.

When the Anti-Slavery meeting at Stafford House took place, we said as little as possible about it; because it was a fair occasion for criticism, and we could not blame those who did not criticise it; while the Anti-Slavery cause appears to be sufficiently strong and sufficiently venerable to cover some sins of judgment in its supporters. We thought that, on the whole, the meeting was to be regretted, because those who managed it had been very insufficiently informed of the facts of the case—about the relation, we mean, of the women of America to the institution of Slavery. Of all the Anti-American Slavery men we have met, expressions of hostility to the institution as the women of the Southern States, for reasons which are obvious enough, when the morals that accrue with Slavery are considered. And we certainly do regret, emphatically from the declaration in the Address, that we—we of the existing generation of Englishmen and English women, ought to humble ourselves in shame and grief, on account of Slavery, and share in the guilt of American Slavery. To this coaxing statement we absolutely object. But the sacredness of the cause silenced us when it would have been easy to ridicule and blame; and it was never a part of our objection that the movement was one conducted by women. Slavery is a subject on which women may and should speak and act as freely as men, and if men do not act and speak as freely as they ought, women are quite right to choose their own method of expressing their own protest, individual or collective. All ridicule, aimed at the meeting, as a woman's meeting, was below notice, and always will be on a similar occasion. The time has now come for ridicule to cease, in regard to Anti-Slavery business going on at Stafford House, and all the more so that the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has taken part in the proceedings.

Mrs. Stowe is no fine lady, come to play off fine sentiments amidst the flutter of fans and the homage of adoring listeners. She is no *Corinne*, crowned for intellectual triumphs. She is no wonderful new novelist, whose pictures of the sufferings of the heart provoke and tempt an inquisition into the personal experience of the idol of the season. She has plenty of ability, a sound head, a keen sagacity, a genuine humour, if not an awards or judgment, and charming and inexhaustible humour, such as is usually found in connection with that united sensibility and power of expression which constitutes genius in the highest sense. She has plenty of ability; but that is comparatively a small matter. The singularity of the case is that she has been made, unintentionally and even unconsciously, the apostle of the grievance of her own existing in the world, a few years ago, she was in her home in Ohio, the daughter and the wife of Clergymen, living in the humble way which as authoress is justly thought the most honourable for that profession, busy in her household and carrying about an anxious heart, always and increasingly hardended by a growing knowledge of the sins and sufferings attendant upon the institution of Slavery. When she could hear it no longer, she spoke; and the manner in which she spoke indicates the quality of the woman, and explains the power of her speech. She did not bewail her own pain, or in any way make known her own presence in the scene. She told, in the most straightforward way, what happens every day in the Slave States of America, and yet she gives glo high artistical qualities to her work. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has grave artistical faults which would have been talked about abundantly on all hands, if one order of readers had not been overwhelmed with their sympathies and another by their rage. The power of the book was in its truth, set forth in its full strength by the objective character of the work—by the absence of all self-reference on the part of one of whom the world could have afforded to hear a great deal. In natural and complete accordance with this original tone of mind, she is now the very first of those who assert her marvelous fame to the ripeness of the world for the subject on which she spoke, as she says, "because she could not help it:" and her steady persistence in this view in the midst of such an intoxicating whirl of success of every kind as would have turned almost any other head, marks her as a greater woman than all the genius of all the women who ever lived could have made her, without her honest simplicity. We beg to call the attention of observers and critics to this. Some are trying to make out that she is saucy, and selfish, and affected, because, in their practised judgment, she must be so, after her year of unequalled feminine fame. Some say that if she is not *exigeante* now, she soon will be—for the same excellent reason. Some look upon her passage through this country as one of the amusements of the season, and get up an enthusiasm and criticism, as they would upon any great artist of the day. This is all wrong—all a mistake. We speak for ourselves, but have no real understanding of the cause, or of this its individual preacher. She has sought no suffrages, and nobody can point to any personal aim that she has ever proposed. She has no interest all she meets in the cause, to hasten the day of the abolition of Slavery; but all sympathy that she meets here must be embittered by the shame that she, with her patriot sisters, are nobody else, how light minded people talk. Nor is it for Mrs. Stowe's sake or that of her friends that we have spoken of her at all. It is because her fame and her presence are a portent of a serious kind. Her fame is a protest on the part of the world against Slavery in a Democratic Republic; and her welcome here is a broad hint, if her countrymen would but take it, that that Institution is doomed, and that they would be wise to see how they could best release themselves from it. We know, as well as we do, that any institution which is condemned by the most advanced nations of Christendom, is condemned being on moral and economical, as well as political grounds, cannot be long sustained in a free, generous, growing, and wealthy nation. Whether it is a book, or a woman, or a Great Exhibition, or a Hungarian revolt, or anything else that elicits the truth, and conveys the warning, matters little; it becomes a solemnity through its use. And thus it is that Mrs. Stowe's reception in the British Islands is, in the eyes of thoughtful persons, no mere matter of the moment, with transferable sympathy, or stared for as amusement. She is the embodied rebuke of the lovers of freedom and the advocates of popular government, addressed to her brethren from whom they have hoped, and still hope, so much; and so dressed, surely, in the mildest form that remonstrance can be assumed—that of grateful hospitality to the most successful of living American authors.—(*London*) *Daily Times.*

SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the Cork Examiner.

35, Eccles Street, Dublin, 27th April, 1853.

SIR: A friend in Cork having furnished me with a copy of a letter on "Slavery," by the Rev. Alexander J. Peyton, P. P., Blarney, which has appeared in your widely read journal, I beg you will kindly allow me the privilege of a short reply to it in your columns.

The Rev. gentleman, in deference to the honest public opinion of Ireland, has found himself under the necessity of saying, that otherwise would never be discovered in the long letter he has written to portray the happy condition of his brethren who are held as slaves in merchandise in America, "I am no advocate for Slavery" and "I am no Slave." This favourable report there are circumstances connected with Slavery which shew forth the evil tendencies of the system and are calculated to excite the compassion of the virtuous and intelligent.

Now, I ask every virtuous and intelligent reader of Mr. Peyton's letter if they ever read of, or imagined in their minds, a more perfect state of earthly happiness for rational creatures, than that which he of his fellow creatures who are held in bondage by their *kind caretakers!* in the United States of America.

"I was about to say *forcibly* held in bondage, but that, from the statement of the Rev gentleman, we are led to believe that their bondage is a willing bondage—a condition of such earthly happiness as is not to be found in any other land under Heaven—and that they love it so well as to have no desire, nay, that they actually refuse to accept the onerous gift of being their own caretakers, and the caretakers of their wives and children.

Mr. Peyton intentionally conveys the idea, that the marriage relation is held sacred by the holders of slaves, and that want of chastity on the part of female slaves is held to be peculiarly disgraceful. I hope the rev. gentleman is really ignorant of the true state of the case in relation to these matters, but which are so notoriously the reverse of the truth, that I, who have never, I hope, needed a great stretch of charity to believe he has not drawn on his imagination for the pleasing picture of virtue he has delineated. Why, sir, it is a notorious truth that the slave has no legal protection in those respects. The marriage tie is continually and ruthlessly torn asunder, and fresh connections are forced on the parties with as little compunction as if they were brutes, and not immortal beings.

Has the Rev. gentleman never heard of the breeding States of the Union? If he has not, he is a very incompetent witness for the wicked system he has undertaken to defend.

I cannot go over every paragraph of his letter, and expose the false conclusions he would lead his readers into. To do so would not be a task of difficulty, but it would require a trespass on your space which I hesitate asking you to grant. There is, however, one great suppression, or unintentional omission, touching a matter of fact, which I must refer to, as it is fatal to the entire structure of philanthropy and benevolence which he has built up for these most just and kind-hearted gentry, the slaveholders of America.

Mr. Peyton would lead his readers to believe that the slave is protected by law from the exercise of excessive cruelty on the part of his master. It is true that there are enactments in some, perhaps in all, of the slave States, guaranteeing certain rights to the slave, in relation to punishment, food, clothing, &c., but does not Mr. P. well know that these well intentioned, or more likely hypocritically intended acts of the legislature, have been rendered no effect by one infernally devised clause, which is, that no coloured man can give evidence against a white man? Could anything more diabolical than this rule have been devised, to shew the extent and illustration of his views of the manstealer's justice and magnanimity is a proof of his selfishness and his cruelty. For the atrocious murder of four slaves in Georgia, there has been no one punished, and years ago, she was in her home in Ohio, the daughter and the wife of Clergymen, living in the humble way which as authoress is justly thought the most honourable for that profession, busy in her household and carrying about an anxious heart, always and increasingly hardended by a growing knowledge of the sins and sufferings attendant upon the institution of Slavery. When she could hear it no longer, she spoke; and the manner in which she spoke indicates the quality of the woman, and explains the power of her speech. She did not bewail her own pain, or in any way make known her own presence in the scene. She told, in the most straightforward way, what happens every day in the Slave States of America, and yet she gives glo high artistical qualities to her work. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has grave artistical faults which would have been talked about abundantly on all hands, if one order of readers had not been overwhelmed with their sympathies and another by their rage. The power of the book was in its truth, set forth in its full strength by the objective character of the work—by the absence of all self-reference on the part of one of whom the world could have afforded to hear a great deal. In natural and complete accordance with this original tone of mind, she is now the very first of those who assert her marvelous fame to the ripeness of the world for the subject on which she spoke, as she says, "because she could not help it:" and her steady persistence in this view in the midst of such an intoxicating whirl of success of every kind as would have turned almost any other head, marks her as a greater woman than all the genius of all the women who ever lived could have made her, without her honest simplicity. We beg to call the attention of observers and critics to this. Some are trying to make out that she is saucy, and selfish, and affected, because, in their practised judgment, she must be so, after her year of unequalled feminine fame. Some say that if she is not *exigeante* now, she soon will be—for the same excellent reason. I, the professed, but the honest and true friends of liberty—liberty for all of every colour and of every clime. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

☞ THE following is the letter of C. M. Clay to Mrs. Stowe, read at the reception meeting at Stafford House, by the Rev. Charles Beecher, to which he alluded last week:

My dear Mrs. H. B. Stowe —While I am fully sensible of the small results of my efforts in the cause of emancipation, I will not deny that your approbation gives me great pleasure, and, I trust, not ignoble pride. Amid the cold and hard and cheering words, which I have received from many sources, how could I have stood so long up against such odds? However much Providence had gifted me with iron purpose, the loss of caste in the social circle in which we have been used to move is hard; the obscurity from which the most fervent ambition cannot rouse me is hard; the peril of good name, of life, and limb, is hard; but harder than all is the reflection that we are forever unappreciated by those for whom we sacrifice our all. For if we fail our memory perishes, and the most melancholy idea of Siberian exile is the extinction of the hope that the burial stone even marks the ashes of the past. The history of mankind therefore presents few instances of martyrdom for the inferior castes. The Gracchi fell in defence of the rights of the poor, and the winners in the contest branded their names with infamy from which the late justice of history can hardly rescue them. It remained only to the Divine Messenger of our faith than to suffer and to compiler.

Our plans of procedure in this cause are simple. We follow in the lead of our hearts rather than our intellectual schemes, for I am not insensible of the almost indestructible power of the slaveholder. I do not hesitate to say that never before was an aristocrat based upon such firm basis. Slavery embraces almost all wealth, intelligence, and the bodily energy of the people. If the slaveholders had only had the two first, and the mass of the people the two last, we could be to them leaders and they to us power; but alas! whenever, in the course of events, men of action spring up, the first want of accomplished wealth is menial service, which here can only be slave labour. Thus the ownership of slaves places them at once on the side of the men in power.

Can we persuade men to lay down power? Can the luxurious be induced to cease from luxury? Can the lame walk or the blind see?

On the other hand, can we infuse spirit and manliness into hereditary dependents? Can we make men firm when their bread wastes away? Alas! are not the dependent whites the slaves of the slaves?

Still we 'never give up the ship,' because to give it up is to give up our idea of God; we can't give it up because it would be to despair of all eventual elevation of the human race; we can't give it up because our souls live upon the fruit of justice, or mercy. We perish with hunger, we must eat, and eat of them only. *

We trust in Providence, but we trust with our shoulder to the wheel. By agitation we prepare the minds of the ruling powers for change. That at least, think they, cannot be so insufferable which so many of our fellow-crimes so earnestly crave. Thus you of the North and Europe, who have the ear of the Russian aids us—thus the outcry of all mankind aids us. This, then, is, perhaps, in my time, the crisis of the Free Soil party in the elave States—though we have long contemplated the freedom of our people, and the power and be the instrument for rendering the lands of the American Republic the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, we have long prepared for the right in the hearts of all true men and women. This is the Alpha. All humble and unknown as I am, I am yet too proud to flatter any one; but honour to you that you have not buried your talent, nor repined against him as a hard master. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is the fruit of the enlarged inspiration which God has planted in every breast. He of good cheer—your work will live in vain through long centuries. Yes, I feel, when Slavery shall be no more, you have erected a shrine around which the humble, the fainting, the famishing will gather, and be comforted and strengthened, and be at peace with men and trustful of God.

Mrs. Clay gladly accepts the office of Committee-man in the reception of the address of the ladies of England, provided it be so to do. It has been the solace of long years of painful effort that she appreciates my principles and my purpose. Though all the world is lost, home is secure.

The voice cast for me advocating unconditional emancipation on the soil was near four thousand. The Colonization party did not sustain me. When they shall give up that 'Compromise' with slaveholders, if ever—our strength will be greatly increased. 'Uncle Tom' is much read in Kentucky and all the South; here it is making daily converts to our cause. We are organized, have a feeble paper advocating our views, which we hope to enlarge next summer to strengthen with an abler editor. We are few, but determined, and may God defend the right.

* For one hundred dollars.

Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

LETTER FROM HON. WILLIAM JAY.

NEW YORK, 8th March, 1853.

DEAR SIR: I have read with great pain the exposure, in a late number of the *Liberator*, of the conduct of the American Board in relation to the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians. This powerful society has established missions in these two tribes, whose duty it is, we should do them the wrong to suppose of the Board, who had visited the missions, "it does not seem to have been the aim of the brethren (missionaries) to exert any direct influence, either by public or private teachings, upon the system of Slavery."

In the last report, we find the Board extolling their converts as saints, and eulogizing the government established by these slaveholding Indians, although tolerating and perpetrating atrocities unknown to the despotisms of Europe.

We are told (p. 29), "The Choctaws have a good government. They have a written constitution, with a declaration of rights, which embodies the liberty of the press, trial by jury, the rights of conscience, proper safeguards of person and property, and the equality of Christian denominations, and almost every great principle of civil and religious freedom."

Certainly the Board is by no means ultra in their ideas of civil and religious freedom, and the rights of conscience. What is the religious freedom of their own missionaries? "If any citizen of the United States," says a law of this good government, "seeking as a missionary or catechist, or whatever his occupation may be, is found to take an active part in favouring the principles and notions of the most fatal and destructive doctrines of the Abolitionists, he shall be compelled to leave the nation and forever stay out of it." Of course, men of God, like Wesley, Hopkins, and Edwards, are disqualified from preaching the Gospel among the Choctaws; for such men would not, like the missionaries of the Board, consent to be gagged, on the obligation to do justice and love mercy. Not only must these missionaries be dumb on the iniquities of Slavery, but they can remain at their posts only on condition of not violating the law of caste, since the statute declares that allowing slaves "to sit at table with them shall be ground to *convict* persons of favouring the principles and notions of Abolitionism." So, if a missionary presumes to eat with a slave, perhaps his spiritual son in the Gospel, he is to be expelled the nation, and ever stay out of it! and so he is, if he dares to teach a slave to read the Bible without the consent of his owner! This good government provides "*proper safeguards of persons and property,*" by enacting that a slave shall possess no *property*, and that his *person* shall be a vendible article. "Civil *freedom*" is secured by a law which declares that if any *free* negroes shall return into the nation, "*they shall be seized and sold to the highest bidder for life.*" By another law, any free negro presuming to enter and remain in the nation is to *receive one hundred lashes on the first day*, and to forfeit all the property he may possess!

We are officially assured (p. 32) that "The Cherokees have an excellent government: the principle of toleration for person, property, the rights of conscience, &c., are provided for." Excellent government deprives of all the rights of citizenship every child of a *red* man by a black or yellow wife, and every child of every marriage of the kind and subjects the parties to scourging. Excellent government! Not to any *free negro*, not of Cherokee blood, to read or write, is to be fined from $100 to $500. This exception in favour of free negroes of their own blood is a natural prejudice which our more civilized slaveholders have most effectually conquered. In our Christian slave codes we find no favour whatever shown to negroes of Anglo-Saxon blood. Free negroes are to be expelled from the nation.

And now I ask, what is the inference to be drawn from this strange, false, blundering, but official eulogy of these Indian slaveholding governments? Why, that the slave codes of our Southern States, with all their execrable wickedness, crushing in the dust THREE MILLIONS of immortal beings, are perfectly compatible with *good and excellent* government! Even the government of South Carolina, under which *more than one-half* of the whole population, men, women, and children, are articles of merchandise, bought and robbed of every civil and religious right, is a proper subject of Christian eulogy! What amount of tyranny, cruelty, and wickedness constitutes a *bad* government, we are not informed. Certainly the Board has relieved itself from all suspicion of Anti-Slavery fanaticism, and has proved itself deserving the pecuniary patronage of our "Southern brethren." A few years since, in consequence of pressure from without, it announced to the public that "it can sustain no relation to Slavery which implies approbation of the system, and, as a Board, can have no connection or sympathy with it." But, like many others, the Board has since "conquered its prejudices."

It may be asked, would you abandon these Indians to heathenism because they are slaveholders? I answer, I would not present the Gospel to these or any other people in such a form as to lead them to believe that Christianity authorizes *them* to abandon to heathenism the poor and oppressed among them, by subjecting them to enforced ignorance and degradation; and this is what the Board is virtually doing. But why prefer preaching the Gospel under a gag to preaching it with perfect freedom to other Indians who hold no slaves? Had the missionaries, with Christian firmness and fidelity, pointed out to these Indians the wickedness of their laws, and the inconsistency of their slaveholding with the precepts of Christianity, they would no doubt have done great good; and had they been expelled for their fidelity, they would have honoured Christ by suffering in his cause, instead of bringing a reproach on his religion by their time-serving policy. In such a case the Board would have lost some, perhaps all, their Southern subscribers; but what amount of subscription will compensate for the virtual, although silent, endorsement among these Indian converts, of the second of the two great commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets, so far as it affects their obligations to men not coloured like themselves?

I cannot persuade myself that we are justified in the sight of God in concealing any divine command or prohibition, for the purpose of rendering the Bible more acceptable to the slaveholder. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

WILLIAM JAY.

—*American Missionary.*

SLAVERY IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

IN the New School General Assembly, at Buffalo, on the 22d ultimo (according to the report of the New York *Evangelist*), Dr. Hatfield stated he had received a communication from the Presbytery of Lexington, so peculiar that he was constrained to lay it before the Assembly. The communication was read, and was accompanied by a manuscript of the resolutions to send Commissioners to the Assembly till it be disconnected from Slavery. Dr. Aiken moved to lay it on the table. Dr. Cox would refer it to a special committee, and include the case of the Rochester Presbytery.

Mr. Ingersoll hoped that no such importance would be given to it. He would prefer it to be returned to the source it came from; it was a serious charge upon the Assembly, and ought to be resented.

The Moderator stated that the motion to lay upon the table was not in order, as the Assembly had no table, but a docket.

Mr. Eddy moved it be returned to the Stated Clerk.

Mr. Holmes could not agree to this. Though he was sorry to hear the slaggisted brethren of a Western minister who was going to preach from the text, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" but being a poor reader, he read the text "fearfully and wonderfully made." It was possible these brethren belonged to the poor minister's category. But we ought to treat them kindly and forbearingly. The evil will soonest be mended by gentle measures.

Mr. Beckwith thought the menacing character of the communication ought not to be overlooked. The Presbytery refuse to do a great constitutional duty, and threaten to do a great wrong in case the Assembly, that if it will not do as the Presbytery dictates, they will withdraw.

Mr. Rollo thought the paper required no notice. He had read it, and was disgusted with it—as a communication which really required no action.

Dr. Cox said it was a grave matter. This Assembly has a duty in the premises—the Presbytery is constitutionally bound by oath to this body; and if they do not, they are guilty of violating their solemn trusts, we are bound to do what we can to prevent it. The minority of the Presbytery also deserve the recognition and countenance of the Assembly. It is a serious matter, if such a law be invented, if possible, for it is disorganizing and destructive in its character. It cuts the very vertebral column of our organic structure.

Dr. Ross could not agree with the Presbytery, but would take no notice of the paper.

Mr. Niles was for referring the paper to the Judicial Committee, to bring the Presbytery properly before the Assembly, as a Court of Jesus Christ; for trying their oaths. It is highly important that the relation of the Presbyteries to the Assembly should be better defined. Presbyteries ought to understand that the vows of the Constitution are not idle words.

Mr. Brooks thought the case of the Oswego Presbytery is, in principle, exactly like the Rochester Presbytery; it is a serious case, and ought to be treated with wisely govern the Assembly in the present.

Mr. Spees, if he consulted his natural feelings, should vote to put the paper on the table—but the subject is one of great delicacy. There are many Presbyteries desired to become powerful bodies, but soon we hold by an exceedingly tenuous tie. One or two wrong votes on this subject would throw them off; and to take a violent course in this case, would be precisely what the enemies of the Church desire. Hitherto the action of the Assembly has been wise, and we are making progress. We want to take the course which shall hold all together. It would be much wiser to trait the paper on the table—but the Assembly must cease, for, with all her defects, the church has still a moral power that can put down that "sum of all villanies," American Slavery.

May that day soon come, is the prayer of your brother,

SAMUEL LEWIS.

—*Christian Press.*

What they think the connection of the Assembly with Slavery. Now, secession is the Protestant right; but is the connection of the Assembly with Slavery a just ground for such secession? To meet this important issue—an issue which the religious journals do not seem to discuss—would be a timely and judicious office, and do good beyond the sphere of this case.

Rev. Mr. Handy, of Wilmington, did not think the paper disrespectful. It was an expression of their views, properly made. Whether the opinions are wise or unwise, is another question; but the action of the Presbytery is not disrespectful. He was glad they had spoken out, if they entertain these views. If they cannot be reasoned out of them, they should leave the Church.

Dr. Aiken wished to take a conciliatory course; but he did not think the spirit in which such actions have their origin, is the fruit of ignorance. It is not true that no reasoning or persuasion has been used with them. It is not ignorance: they are determined on division, and they will have it. No pastoral letter, however paternal, will reach the case. It has been argued in every possible form, and the best way would be quietly to pass over the matter, and let these Oswego brethren have time to digest their course at their leisure.

THE METHODIST SLAVE TRADE.

THE following is quoted from *The Advertiser and Journal*, of May 5, 1853. It is an editorial:

"DR. BOND: Circumstances, not necessary to mention here, induce me to ask of you through the *Advocate and Journal*, an answer to the following question: "Can a member be expelled from our Church, according to our present rules, for selling, or causing to be sold, a slave, or slaves, that came into his possession by an inheritance? INQUIRER.

"Ohio."

Under our General Rules, a person can be expelled for doing harm of any kind, and of course for doing a wrong or injury of any kind to his neighbour, and especially for acts of inhumanity. Under these rules, therefore, if a charge be brought, the finding of the committee will, if it be composed of Christian men, be according to the testimony. If the charge relates to a freeman or a slave, as the subject of injustice, inhumanity or wrong.—EDITOR.

The Richmond *Christian Advocate* comments as follows:

"A party of Abolitionists once sought to ascertain the views of a political candidate on the subject of Slavery. To a direct question he gave them something like the following answer: 'A singular consecration of fortuitous circumstances, combined with an unknown medium of certain essential agents, such as air, sunlight, climate, and other obscurring compounds, produced by the aggregation of all the agents, and based on the general principle of humanity, resulted in legitimate development of bone, muscle and wool, and hence a nigger.' The reply of Dr. Bond to the question of an earnest 'Inquirer,' as found below, and copied from the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of last week, is just about as direct and satisfactory!"

The answer of the Doctor is too oracular and ambiguous to be understood, without a translation. The philippic of Dr. Lee, of Richmond, is illustrative of all. But a document was concocted at Baltimore, the city of conventions, and of pill pills, that makes the whole thing luminous. It furthermore defines the doctrines and practise of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, on the American slave trade, according to the actual action of the body having jurisdiction of the matter.

Brother Bond is defended by refusing to let the New Hampshire Conference censure it. It constitutes, therefore, the slave-trading law of the Methodist Episcopal Church North. Read it, and note how marvellously like the answer of the Doctor, this Baltimore action is. Did he write them both? This is the Methodism of the North! This is the Anti-Slavery position of that church! Who would not fellowship "old Methodism?"

"That in all cases of administration under the General Rule in reference to buying and selling men, women and children, &c., it be and hereby be recommended to all committees, as the sense and opinion of this Conference, that the rule of trial be so taken, construed and understood so as not to make the GUILT OR INSOLVENCE of the accused to depend upon the SIMPLE FACT of a purchase or sale of a human being, but upon the attendant circumstances of cruelty, injustice or inhumanity, on the one hand, or those of kind purpose and good intentions on the other, under which the transactions shall have been perpetrated, and the charge be brought for immorality, and the circumstances be adduced as palliations under that charge."

—*True Wesleyan.*

BROTHER BOYNTON: I learn that some of your brother editors refuse credit to the brief account I gave you of a sale of a woman and child to a trader by a member of the Methodist E. Church. It is unpleasant for me to write articles for papers; it is not my line; I prefer to spend my time in ferreting out of wicked practices in a church where I have been a member for forty-five out of fifty-four years of my life. I would far more willingly, if the cause of truth and justice would allow, take to my heels and walk backwards, throw it over the sin, and hide it at once from my own eyes and the eyes of the world.

But the healthy portion of the Christian church should know the facts, that they may be prepared within her pale, and with her sanction; and it has therefore become my duty to write the following statement, which you may use as your judgment may direct.

No disrespect is intended toward any of the individuals named. All except Brady are my acquaintances, and they have treated me with the usual courtesies of society. Mr. D. Hays up to the highest church standard around him; and his error is that he allows the church to form his Christian standard, instead of forming the church from the Bible.

Mr. D., a prominent lawyer, and member of the M. E. Church, resides in Kingwood, Preston county, Virginia. He purchased a slave woman and infant child for $600, was on a visit to Baltimore, and an excellent wife. The difficulty of hiring good help was the reason assigned for the purchase. Not long after the purchase, say one or two years, his wife died, and the circumstances are as follows: He sold the slave woman and child to a slave-trader named Brady, a man well known in Virginia, of great industry, and an extensive dealer in slaves. The price was about $1,000, and Brady took the slaves away to market, *the leaving other children in the neighbourhood.*

The class leader of Mr. D., a most excellent man and devoted Christian, informed me that this act of Mr. D. had been submitted to a committee, according to the rules of our church, and the committee had found nothing in the transaction that violated our discipline.

There the matter rests, and, with all other cases of the kind more or less aggravated, *must rest* so long as our discipline remains as it is now.

I regard myself as the person to have any connected with the affair, including Mr. D., the preacher, leader, and committee, are men of the first standing, and would be the last persons to do what they suppose essentially wrong. But the law allows the slave trade, and our members in slave States find nothing in our discipline against occasional trading in such property by church members.

It is proper for me to say that the great majority of our church, especially in the free States, believe such dealing to be sin; and many would so construe the rules of our body. But in slave States, church members can find, almost always, sufficient apology for such trading, with impunity, without in any way affecting their social or religious standing.

I should also be unpleasant to the enemies of humanity, clergy, laity, and conferences among us are being undeceived about the humbug of holding slaves for their good, and are demanding our rule to be so altered as to exclude slaveholders altogether. When the church shall adopt such a rule, Slavery must cease, for, with all her defects, the church has still a moral power that can put down that "sum of all villanies," American Slavery.

May that day soon come, is the prayer of your brother,

SAMUEL LEWIS.

—*Christian Press.*

DEATH OF ONE OF THE EDMUNDSON GIRLS.

MESSRS EDITORS: On Thursday evening of this week, I attended the funeral of Miss Mary Edmundson, at the church in this place. President Finney preached the funeral sermon. The associations connected with the occasion rendered it deeply solemn. She was a coloured girl, and the same whose touching and painful history, together with that of her father's family, is recorded in the sixth chapter of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Your readers will, perhaps, generally recollect it. She and her sister were among the unfortunate company that attempted to make their escape from Washington City, on the Pearl; but were retaken and sold to the Slave Trader, carried to New Orleans and back again to Alexandria, where, thanks to the noble efforts of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in raising funds to purchase them at the solicitation of their poor old sorrow-stricken father, they were redeemed.

Mrs. Stowe sent the two sisters to this place last summer for the purpose of having them educated. They have been here ever since, living in Prof. Cowles' family. After Mary was taken sick, word was sent to her parents, and the father—whose life had been one of continual sorrow—came out in time to see his child die. Before, he had seen her in the hands of the trader, her heart crushed and bleeding as she was unfeelingly forced from his sight. Now "he came," in the expressive language of President Finney, "to see her off to Heaven."

I have seldom had my feelings more deeply moved, or my indignation more strongly aroused against the evil sin of Slavery, than as I sat in the church on last Thursday evening and contemplated the sorrowful spectacle, and painful history of the aged father and sorrowing sister, then about to follow the little afflicted and sorely tried one to the grave.

What gave additional point to the occasion, was the fact that a letter had been received the evening before this day's death, bringing the sad intelligence that a brother had just been sold into the hopeless bondage of the far South. That letter was read in the presence of the dying girl immediately on its being opened, and before her death-bed, was known to the reader. It was a thorn that deeply pierced her heart. Her anguish is said to have been intense. Slavery had blighted and cursed her while living, and now it came in its hideousness to mock and sneer at her dying.

Poor girl! Her life has been one of terrible gloom. But notwithstanding all the infernal abuse Slavery has heaped upon her; notwithstanding its ceaseless efforts to crush her body and damn her soul, *she died a Christian*. Though a professedly free government allowed her body to be trampled in the dust, Jesus was the friend of her spirit.

As I witnessed the deep and almost overpowering agony of poor old Paul, the father, and Emeline, her sister, as their minds seemed compelled to gather up all their life-long sorrow and unite it with their present bereavement, I felt like crying out from the bottom of my soul, Oh God! how long shall the almighty weight and curse of Slavery crush and tear into bleeding *strands*, the hearts of the poor? How long will civilized men, aye, more, men who *profess to be Christians*, aid in upholding, by their votes, the great and damnable iniquity of American Slavery. Yours, &c.

—Cleveland True Democrat.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN ALABAMA.—The writer of the following letter could as his name and address:

"————, ALABAMA, May 8th, 1853.

"*To the Editors of the Evening Post:*

"I have just finished a perusal of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I read every word of it, and write. I will not attempt to describe to you her feelings. She is an Alabamian; I a Virginian, by birth. We are slaveholders. The moment the steamer with George Harris and Eliza, has wafted us where we touched the Canada shore, three shouts for liberty, to the tops of our voices, rent the air.

"Every man, woman and child, white and black, in the southern States, can bear testimony to the truth of the portrait which Mrs. Stowe, God bless her! has drawn of Slavery. One of not the least excellencies of the book is, that a Christian, of the highest style, standing side by side with Wilberforce and Mrs. Hannah More, leads the reader by the hand through the habitations of cruelty that lie before our eyes. He or she can then draw a contrast between the Christian and a mistress and mother, who was some years since a near neighbour of mine, who owned a little woman who play with them, the [illegible] the world confess that Slavery is one of the weeds of the devil, which Christ was manifested in the flesh to destroy.

"In my opinion, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is destined to have a greater influence for good than any one single book that has been published since the close of the canon of Scripture. Mrs. Stowe, if I may so speak, is an impersonation of our Saviour, going about doing good. The reader at once penetrates the deep meaning of the parable of the servant that took his fellow-servant by the throat, who owed him a few pence; of the good Samaritan, and of Dives and Lazarus. Mrs Stowe has ended her book just as she should have done. She has suggested no plan of emancipation further than the example of young George Shelby goes. She has left the duty and responsibility just where St. Paul, in his letter to Philemon, left it, to the slave-owner.

"Our warmest thanks and best wishes to Mrs. Stowe, whom generations unborn will rise up and call 'blessed.' Very respectfully, &c.?—*Evening Post, May 24.*

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN A LIE.—We commend the following, from the Herman (Mo.) *Weekblatt*, a German paper, to the consideration of those moral Northerners who are disposed to join in the cry that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is a grossly exaggerated story:

"In the neighbouring town of Union a case has just been tried of which the material facts are these: A man, who had hired a female slave, lost a $10 bill, and could only account for the loss on the supposition that the woman had stolen it. He complained to her owner, who charged her with the theft, and she most explicitly denied it, and continued to protest her entire innocence. The barbarian of an owner then had her tied to a tree, and cut her feet into the bushes, dashed cold water down upon her. She however, persevered in asserting her innocence, and was finally released without having made a confession. She was then taken back to her home, had hired her, who flogged her with a green hickory stick until the stick was split to pieces—still no confession. After the flogging she seized the first opportunity to escape, and crawled on her hands and feet into the bushes, where she was soon after found dead. Her entire back from the neck downward was one single wound, and an examination showed that both lungs and liver were fatally injured by the blows she had received. Her murderer was arrested, tried by a jury of free and enlightened citizens, and—acquitted. It was only a 'nigger' case."

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—The following noticeable paragraph appears in the *Norfolk* (Va.) *Beacon*:

"The officers made a descent yesterday upon a negro school kept in the neighborhood of the navy bridge, by a Mrs. Douglass and her daughter, and the teachers, together with their sable pupils, were taken before the Mayor.

They acknowledged *their guilt*, but pleaded ignorance of the law, and were discharged upon a promise to do so no more. The law of the State imposing a fine of $100 and imprisonment for six months for such *offences*, is positive and allows of no discretion in the committing magistrate."

The Philadelphia *Register* says:

"We are intimately acquainted with the ladies alluded to, and our statements are based on actual knowledge of the facts. Mrs. Douglass is a Southerner, by birth, education, and feeling, and has always resided in the South. She has been, if she is not now, a slaveholder, and possesses all the Southern prejudice against the North, and Northern Abolitionism in particular. So far as these matters are concerned, there is not a man or woman in the delectable city of Norfolk who can excel her. At the same time, she is a woman whose heart is as open as the day to every benevolent work, and whose charitable nature is worthy of the profoundest reverence.

Her "negro school," as it is called, arose from her practice of giving verbal instructions to certain coloured children who gathered about her door. This practice became regular, and has continued for about a year, it seems. In doing so, she has involved herself in what the Virginians call "guilt," for which she and her daughter were liable to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of one hundred dollars, each. The peculiar institution is a great institution. That's a fact.—*Commonwealth.*

PRETTY CONCLUSIVE.—The New York *National Democrat* speaking of the position of the Hunkers and Barnburners of that State, says, "We must become *Abolitionists* or *they* must give up *Abolitionism*, or *we must separate forever*." That is about what the boy said when he fell into the river—he must either swim out, drown, or stay in and float.—*Lowell American.*

THE ILLINOIS BLACK LAW.—For this infamous enactment that now lies festering to death, of its own inherent corruption, on the pages of the statute book of this State, even the plausible apology plead for it, "down in Egypt," and on the line, is proven to be without a shadow of existence. For the sweeping clauses that consign free men to free soil, to be hoisted upon an auction-block and sold into bondage, it was held that a law thus stringent was of the first necessity, to prevent the southern part of the State from being overrun with negroes. This also appears by returns from the southern counties, including Sangamon, that from 1845 to 1850, there was an actual decrease of 127 persons of colour, while the increase of whites in the same period, and in the same counties, was 48,755.—*N. W. Christian Advocate—Chicago.*

MOB LAW IN VIRGINIA.—The back bone of the mob spirit in Virginia has been broken at last, and by a Quaker. It will be recollected by some that, several years ago, John Cornett, a slaveholder, hailed an abolitionist named Bacon, accused of some crime—of tampering with the slaves, we believe. For this Cornett, though a slaveholder, was taken by a mob, tied up to a tree and severely whipped. The mob also endeavoured to make him promise to sell his slaves and leave the State. Cornett brought a suit against the mob, but the Court which was to try was broken up by another, headed by the Sheriff. Rev. Jesse McBride now writes to the *Wesleyan* that a friend informs him that Cornett "has brought a suit against more than fifty of the (last) mob; some of them have run off, others of them are trying to sell and leave the country before the suit comes on. The mob has lost the power, and his part-Quaker friend Cornett has taken all his slaves to Ohio, and freed them."

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—The West Tennessee *Democrat* is horrified by the impiety of Mrs. Stowe, whom it sets down as a dangerous infidel. In a late article the paper styles her book a "fling at the Christian religion in general, and Southern Methodism in particular."

The pious and zealous editor waxes wroth at the inhumanity of such a publication; but he has no comment upon the following, which appears in the same number of his paper:

"*Blood-Hounds.*—I have two of the finest dogs for catching negroes in the South-West. They can take the trail twelve hours after the negro has passed, and catch him with ease. I live just four miles south-west of Bolivar, on the road leading from Bolivar to Whitesville. I am ready at all times to catch runaway negroes. DAVID TURNER.

"March. 2, 1853."

It may be that David makes no more pretence to Christianity than the other two animals; but according to the pious editor's standard, he might be a good deacon or elder—on Sundays.

THE EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE SLAVE MARKET.—We recommend the following paragraph to the serious consideration of those our churches who fellowship with the slaveholders:

"The *Fort Gibson* (Mississippi) *Herald* thinks that the disadvantages of religious instruction of slaves are, on the whole, rather more than counterbalanced by its favourable effect on the prices at market. It has been known to make a difference of eight or ten per cent."

Northern professors, believing Slavery justified by the Bible, can now insert a new clause in their daily (?) prayers, to wit, the conversion of slaves intended for the market. It will not only be for the glory of God, but will add from eight to ten per cent to the pockets of their owners!—*Lowell American.*

DECIDEDLY RICH.—There is one paper in the Union which defends the action of Gov. Lane, of New Mexico, in taking possession of the Mesilla Valley. That paper is the *Fairfield* (S. C.) *Herald*, and the following paragraph from it is worthy of attention of readers in Massachusetts, as it refers directly to them:

"We go in for the whole of Mexico, the annexation of Cuba, and the conquest of every foot of soil which can be converted to the use of slaveholders. Uncle Sam is rich, and can afford to buy it; but if any fighting is to be done, we think that New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Indiana, should furnish the soldiers, so as to retrieve, if possible, some of the honor they have lost in the late contest."

Our northern military men can now breath freer, as there is a prospect (if the South can manage to get up another fight with Mexico, for their own benefit) that they can do the fighting once more, and have it said afterwards, as it has been said, that they forfeited their character, and honour, too.—*Lowell American.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

***All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *Office, 138 Nassau-st.*

†† Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

We give below the portion which has reached us of the report of the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, which was held in Boston, last week. More should have come to hand on Wednesday morning, but, for some unexplained reason, our expectations were disappointed. Our Boston correspondent has sent us *part* of a letter; but as the rest cannot arrive until the very hour when our form must go to press, our readers must wait as patiently as they can for his racy commentary upon the Convention and its doings. They cannot regret this delay more sincerely than we do.

We learn, through private letters and the statements of friends who were present, that the Convention was in all respects one of the best that has been held for many years.

NEW ENGLAND

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE twentieth annual *New England Anti-Slavery Convention* assembled in the Melodeon, Boston, on Wednesday, May 25, and was called to order, at 10 o'clock, by FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

On motion, the following persons were chosen a Committee to nominate officers of this Convention: Samuel May, Jr., John T. Hilton, and John M. Spear.

PRAYER was offered by John M. Spear, of Boston.

While the Committee on the organization of the Convention were out, Henry C. Wright asked leave to offer the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That to vote under the Constitution of the United States is to vote *for* that Constitution, and to vote in principle and measure therein contained.

Whereas, the Constitution has provided, (1) that human beings may be represented as property in the government—(2.) that they may be seized and reduced to Slavery on each and every foot of territory over which the government holds jurisdiction—and (3) that the whole power of the government may be used to prevent slaves from gaining their liberty by flight or by arms; therefore,

2. Resolved, That all who vote under the Constitution of the United States vote for these provisions in favour of Slavery, and against Liberty.

Whereas, slaveholders are component parts of the confederacy, and have a right to an equal share in its offices, its honours and emoluments; and whereas, the government is based on the principle that the majority shall rule; therefore,

3. Resolved, That all who vote under the Constitution, vote for the slaveholders' right to obtain that majority, and thus to get the control of the government, and to wield it for the support and perpetuity of Slavery to the full extent of what they deem their constitutional power.

4. Resolved, That all such voters, by entering into a political union with slaveholders, virtually pledge themselves to them, that if they do get the control of the government, in a constitutional way, they will not resist the execution of any law they, as the majority, shall see fit to pass in favour of Slavery; but that they will obey it, or peacefully submit to any penalty until the majority can be constitutionally changed in favour of liberty.

5. That to assert that the Constitution is an Anti-Slavery document, and that it was not designed and intended, in any of its provisions, to secure slaveholders in their right of property in their slaves, is to give the lie to the Convention that formed that instrument; to the uniform decisions of its authorized expounders, the Judges of the Supreme Court; to the uniform testimony of the legislative and executive houses of the government, and to the facts of history, so far as they bear on this question.

6. That those who so construe the Constitution, while they remain in the Union, as parts of its governing power, are guilty of treachery to their slaveholding confederates, inasmuch as these were given to understand that instrument as favouring and securing their rights as *slaveholders*, and inasmuch as they would not have entered into the confederacy, had they, moreover, thought the Constitution was to receive an Anti-Slavery construction.

Whereas, in his recent discussion with Wendell Phillips, Horace Mann declares that an oath to support the Constitution is to be received as God, being a party to the oath, sees it to be understood by the, person making it; therefore,

7. Resolved, That we enter our earnest protest against such a construction of oaths, as a sanction of the principle of mental reservation.

8. Resolved, That an oath to support the Constitution actually means just what the party making it intends that the party for whose benefit it is made shall receive it.

9. Resolved, That to give our oath to slaveholders, that we will help them execute the Constitution in favour of Slavery, provided *they, having the majority, shall so interpret it*, and then to violate our oath when they actually do get the majority, and do thus construe it, is to swear to do what we have no intention of doing, and thus to commit perjury with intent to deceive.

MR. WRIGHT spoke at some length in support of these resolutions.

JAMES N. BUFFUM inquired if Abolitionists and Free Soilers did not stand on precisely the same footing, with regard to agreeing to execute and obey the laws, or suffering the penalty of disobedience.

MR. WRIGHT replied, that the Free Soiler, by his vote, agrees that the laws and the Constitution shall be executed as the slaveholders wish, if they (the slaveholders) get the majority. The Abolitionist agrees to no such thing, and refuses to become a partner to any such arrangement.

MR. DAVIS, of Manchester, N. H., wished to append another resolution to Mr. Wright's series, to the effect that we have no right to *live* in this country, as we cannot do so without paying taxes, &c., and so helping support the Constitution and the Government.

MR. WRIGHT objected to this, as it would be an entirely different point, and, however intended, its effect is to divert attention from the point of the resolutions already offered. Let Mr D. present his resolution, if he wishes, in an independent and separate form.

MR. DAVIS reiterated his former position, and said if Free Soilers were involved, by voting, in the guilt of Slavery, Mr. Garrison and *his children* were equally so, by the use of the post-office, paying taxes, &c.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, in an able, logical speech, answered the remarks of Mr. Davis. Mr. Burleigh urged the pro-slavery character of the United States Constitution and Government.

REV. DAVID A. WASSON, of Groveland, maintained that, whatever pro-slavery be in the United States Constitution, still, by voting under the Constitution, he did not support those evil things to which, by the very conditions of his vote, he was known to be opposed. A Free Soil vote, said he, is known everywhere as a vote against Slavery, and the person giving it cannot be misunderstood by any intelligent man as an accomplice with slaveholders. As an illustration of his meaning, Mr. Wasson said that persons travelling on payment of the ride in it, he must not only give the usual sum of money, but must also kiss the driver's toe. He certainly should refuse to do any such thing, at the end of the ride, and should hold himself under no obligation to do it.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER, of Worcester, at the close of Mr. Wasson's speech, said he would like to ask two questions of the last speaker—to which Mr. Wasson readily assented. Mr. Foster said, Let me ask the gentleman if, previous to entering the omnibus, he were required to take an oath to kiss the toe of the driver, would he take this oath, provided he did not mean to do the thing? Again—How is it to be known, by the other voters all over the country, what parts of the Constitution the gentleman means to support?

To the last question, Mr. Wasson said that it must be known, all over the country, that every Free Soil vote is a vote against Slavery, and against every pro-slavery provision in the Constitution. To the first question, Mr. Wasson, it is believed, did not reply; if so, it was not understood.

C. BRAMHALL, of Boston, in reply to a remark of Mr. Wasson that the slaveholders feared Horace Mann much more than they did Mr. Garrison, asked what Free Soiler had ever had *five thousand dollars* offered for his head, as was done in the case of Mr. Garrison by the Legislature of the State of Georgia.

MR. GARNISON said he saw new proof of the goodness of God's Providence, in that this very Constitution, contrived for the support and continuance of Slavery, was, by the discussion it provoked, opening the eyes and hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of men to a more careful consideration of their duties to their fellow men. Mr. G. argued against the assumption that the ballot is a gift from God, which a man cannot refuse to use. Mr. G. declared that every ballot had, in fact, a *bullet* in it, inasmuch as the government, to sustain which it is given, relies upon physical force, in the last resort, to execute its purposes. Mr. G. wondered to hear Mr. Wasson exalt so disproportionately the value and power of the ballot, and speaking so slightingly of *talking*, of that weapon, the tongue, upon which apostles and reformers had relied to save the world. Did these men accomplish nothing in their day? Did Jesus, who had no ballot, effect nothing? And the apostles? And Luther and his associated associates? Did not all these men glory in the power which lay in the *foolishness of preaching?*

Voted, To refer the resolutions, presented by H. C Wright, to the Business Committee.

The Committee on the organization of the Convention, through John M. Spear, reported the following as the officers of the Convention:

President—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Vice-Presidents—Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Charles Lenox Remond, Salem; Francis Jackson, Boston; John T. Sargent, Boston; J. M. Flint, Randolph, Vt.; Peter Libby, Buxton, Me; Daniel Mitchell, Pawtucket, R. I; Eliza J. Kenny, Salem; John T. Hilton, Brighton.

Assistant Secretaries—Samuel J. May, Jr., Boston; Alonzo J. Grover, Abington.

Business Committee—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Sallie Holley, Charles C. Burleigh, Andrew T. Foss, Henry C. Wright, Lucy Stone, Thomas Haskell.

Finance Committee—James N. Buffum, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Joshua T. Everett, Elbridge Sprague, Joseph Merrill.

The foregoing were unanimously chosen as the officers of the Convention.

On motion of SAMUEL MAY, JR.,

Voted, That the hours of meeting be 10 o'clock, A. M., 2 & 4 P. M., and 7 1-2 in the evening.

Adjourned to the afternoon.

AFTERNOON.—FRANCIS JACKSON, a Vice-President, in the chair.

HENRY C. WRIGHT, after reading the resolutions, said he would occupy a few moments, while the audience were assembling, in explaining the positions taken in the resolutions. It would be seen that the first resolution affirmed the doctrine that to vote under the Constitution was to vote for the Constitution, on the principle that the Constitution is the bill of instructions from the voters to their representatives. The voters were the governing power of the nation, and every man who votes at the polls is bound to uphold the governing power. The Constitution is his bill of instructions to his representatives—the President, the Supreme Court, and Congress. The Constitution tells them within what limits they are to keep, in their official capacity. He did not mean that the Constitution was to be a law of life to the persons, in their private capacity, which was to fill official stations but was meant to follow in their official capacity. If this construction was set at naught, the very idea of a constitutional government is absurd.

It was stated there in the forenoon, that each man was to interpret that Constitution according to his own conscience, and then vote only for so much of the Constitution as his own conscience approved. Well, his friend gave one set of instructions to his agent—his conscience allows one thing; Mr. Mann allows another; Mr. Sumner allows another. Each voter gives his own construction of the document to his agent, and demands that he shall execute *his* instructions, and no more; if he executes more than his instructions, the voter is not to be held responsible for what his agent does over and above his instructions! This, they would see, annihilates the very idea of constitutional government. Government was just this: the voters are the governing power. Not being able to meet to carry out their ideas of government in a body, they choose agents to do it for them, and write down how far they are to go. Now comes up the agent, and says to his constituents, 'Who is to interpret this Constitution for me?' and that was the question he (Mr. Wright) would have his friend Spooner or the friend who spoke in the morning (Rev. Mr. Wasson) answer. Who was to interpret the Constitution? Was each individual to interpret it? Was the agent to interpret it for himself or his constituents? Or would they provide the interpreter to decide what the Constitution means, and then hold their agent to abide by it? The latter was the plan this nation had adopted. The Constitution, in one of its most elaborate and judicially worded articles, defines the power of the Supreme Court, and expressly lays it down as a principle, that, in all cases, the decision of that Court shall be final. The business of their agent, the Executive, was to execute the decision of their authorized expounder, the Supreme Court; and unless they adopted that rule of action, they annihilated the government. He repeated, the business of the Executive was to execute the decision of the Supreme Court, and none other; because if they authorized him to give his own decision, they must confer upon him discretionary power, and the government would be turned into a despotism.

REV. DAVID A. WASSON, of Groveland, said that there had been some difference of opinion manifested in the morning, in reference to the position of Mr Giddings. He had clear looked over his speeches, and found a declaration which he thought different from the interpretation put upon his (Mr. G.'s) views, by some of the other speakers. He then quoted Mr. Giddings, to the effect, that, in the last resort, he would appeal to the God of battles rather than give up a fugitive; that he was a man of peace, but no non-resistant, and would sooner have the ashes of his hearth deluged with blood than that a fugitive slave should be torn from its protection and sent back to bondage.

HENRY C. WRIGHT remarked that perhaps he could state Mr. Giddings' position. That gentleman had recently published, in Ohio, several articles, in which he gives his definition of the powers of the Constitution touching the Fugitive Slave Law. He says, that when the Marshal, or any other authorized agent, comes to Jefferson (the town in which he resides) in pursuit of a runaway slave, and asks his assistance, he is under no obligations to obey him; when he comes and forbids him to entertain a fugitive slave, he is under no obligation to obey. But when the agent comes, and says, 'Hands off! this fugitive is my property, and I have the Constitution, to protect him.

Mr. WASSON said that seemed quite conclusive in regard to the opinion of Mr. Giddings, and he was willing to pass it by. In the morning, he had taken the position that certain evils being allowed in the Constitution, as perfectly foreign to its spirit, he might rightfully use the powers which that instrument recognised as invested in him, provided he did it under protest in reference to the evil. It had been replied, that this was recognising the old principle of 'doing evil that good may come.' Mr. Garrison had said that he (Mr. W.) advocated sinning for the purpose of bringing about a good result. But the very point was, whether that *is* sinning. He did not say that he would do such evil that he might bring about such a good; but he asked if this use of a right recognised in the Constitution was sin; and it was not by bringing up that old principle that he could be silenced.

The Constitution had made no evil. If the Constitution had given it no recognition whatever, the wrong would have remained. We needed a government for purposes which had no connection with Slavery. In the process of the formation of that Government, the element of Slavery came in to disturb them. Very weakly and wrongfully, as he thought, the framers of the Constitution had consented to exercise towards that evil a certain tolerance. He did not think that it could be shown that there was any *active* tolerance at all. On the contrary, there was a strong determination not to give it any active recognition.

Now, when he came to exercise his rights as a citizen under the Constitution, he found an embarrassment; he found that it might be understood as giving some sanction to Slavery, while his very object in exercising his rights was to put that evil down. The question was (said Mr. W.), is it a sin, is it a wrong for me to use what power I can under the Constitution, while I do so under protest against whatsoever evils it tolerates? He did not think it was.

Some remarks had been made in reference to 'mental reservations.' He agreed with the resolutions under discussion, that it was the duty of every man to make his position thoroughly understood. If there was room for this man or the other to suppose that in voting under the Constitution, he gave in his adhesion to the system of Slavery, then he was bound clearly to define his position. But, having made himself thoroughly understood, he did not see that there was any 'mental reservation' in the matter that could be stigmatized as Jesuitical.

He regarded it as a great loss, as a great wrong to give up a power which rightfully belonged to us, and which we exercised against an evil which we abhorred What right had any one to surrender such a power? Let it not be supposed that the Constitution created that right; it only recognised it, and provided a form under which that right should be exercised. The point that he urged was that we were under obligation to use that right, so long as we could do so, without being practically misunderstood, and that if we refused to exercise it, we committed a great wrong to ourselves and to our neighbour. To this it was made answer, that the publication of truth is the greatest agency in the world; that Jesus and the apostles had the tongue alone, that Luther had no ballot. All this was very true; but it remained true, also, that in all practical reforms there was a progressive movement from the era of speaking to the era of doing. It was very well to resort to the tongue at first; but when we have got public opinion on our side, we wanted some means by which that opinion shall pass into law, and so we go to the ballot-box.

But the friends on the opposite side said, 'No! you must put that agency away.' They throw us back upon the tongue alone. The tongue alone would never emancipate the slaves at the South. The tongue might wag for ever, and all to no purpose; but the time must come—and it *had* come—when the opinion of men must find its way into deeds. And now he asked to be shown why it was that he was to be denied the use of a power for that purpose which he found in his hands, and which was rightfully there?

Again, it was said that we had come out from the Whig party, the Democratic party, and the Free Soil party, and now it is time to come out from the State. It seemed to him that there was a wide difference here. The parties were purely voluntarily and temporary in their character—made for convenience alone; they imply no power whatsoever—give none, take none. The Church, it seemed to him, was of that character; an organization that we need apply not for any powers which we exercise under it, but simply for the moral influence it can exert. If he found that that moral organization was false to its trust, it was his duty to separate himself from it. If he found that the Whig party or the Democratic party did not carry out its principles, he should separate from it, and seek some other organization, with which he could act. But the State was a very different thing. The State was an organization which provided a form for the exercise of powers which we had a right to exercise, and in separating ourselves from the State, we cripple ourselves; we cut off our own hands; we leave ourselves no faculty but that of speech. The question with him was, Had he a right to lay down his power at the feet of men whom he knew would abuse it? And when he saw that power which he might have held and exercised for the redemption of the slave going to sustain Slavery, what plea should he make to himself—how satisfy his own conscience that he had done his duty?

Finally, it was said that the Constitution was a bill of instructions, and that there must be some harmony and concord in the interpretation that we shall give to it. He was not a lawyer, and could not say what was right in respect to the interpretation of the Constitution; but he supposed that the interpretation of the Supreme Court was binding on the Executive department of the Government acting under it; he supposed it was not the law to the private citizen. Whether that was a valid distinction or not, he was willing to leave an question. But here was an instrument of which there were different interpretations. One class of men believed that it decidedly sustains a great evil; another class believe that it only tolerates this evil, and that the shortest and best method of freeing ourselves from that evil is to use the powers we have under that instrument. We find a man who holds this latter opinion, we understand each other perfectly, and we choose him to represent us. We do not choose a man whose interpretation of the Constitution we are in doubt; but we choose a man because we know he holds to a certain interpretation of that instrument, and we never should elect him to office except upon that ground; and he fully understand us. Where, then, was the great guilt that had been talked about in this Convention? Do we doubt at all, when Charles Sumner goes into the Senate of the United States, whether he goes as a pro-slavery or an anti-slavery man? Did the friends there have any doubt upon the subject? And they not found his course just what they expected?

There was a certain limit in government which must be recognised; and he maintained that by his action under any government, he did not pledge himself to violate his conscience. However heretical this distinction might seem to some, he was fully persuaded that it was one which must be recognised. He would say to the slaveholder, 'I will tolerate your property in Georgia till I can cast you. Let there be no misunderstanding between us. I do not recognise your right to represent slaves there, but I will, tolerate you in that position until I can cast you out!' Whenever there came a law that represents not the spirit of the Constitution, but what is worst in the letter of the Constitution, he would fall back upon his inherent right, and say, 'I will never execute it.' That was his position, and he was ready to exercise the powers he had under this government until such an exigency should arise as forced him back upon his reserved right as a man, when he should act in the way he had indicated.

If, then, there was such a distinction as he had set forth—if, by tolerating, under protest, a man in a certain position, he cleared himself from all guilt connected therewith, so that—'It be tolerated still, under protest, for the express purpose of putting an end to the wrong, he obeyed his own conscience where was the wrong? That was his question, now and always.

He would say, in conclusion, that in regard to the question of the interpretation of the Constitution, he was ignorant enough not be sensible, and he meant to have the full advantage of his ignorance. As he understood the matter, it was his duty to use his right of suffrage for the purpose of putting away the evil of Slavery. The Constitution did not create the evil, but found it existing, and, for a certain time, to tolerate it, put within our hands the very means for putting it away. He meant to comply with the spirit of that Constitution. He was willing, under a protest which no man could misunderstand, to pass by the evils which belong to the Constitution, casting them off from himself; and he did it for the express reason that he saw his shortest way of putting an end to them by pursuing this course. Where was the wrong? Yet his friends, in reference to what he deemed a peaceful Constitution, refused to exercise the power in their hands. If they had should ever come when the vote of Northern freemen might set the slaves free, and his friends should still hold the position they now do, and say, 'No! no! I shall be understood to imply consent to Slavery'—might not every slave at the South rise up and say, 'Our blood be on your garments' (Cheers)?

C. C. BURLEIGH said that with the force of logic and the force of moral sentiment which his friend had manifested, he only needed to discover one flaw in his premises, in order to stand side by side with them on the ground of 'no Union with Slaveholders.' It seemed to him that the erroneous conclusion to which his friend same was attributable to his want of appreciation of the difference between government, an artificial thing, made by man, and society, a natural outgrowth of human nature. It seemed to him that he (Mr. W.) confounded the distinction between the right to vote in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, and the right to express his opinions and exert his influence, in a natural way, on every subject which concerns human welfare. In his mind, there was a broader and clearer distinction between these two things than between some things which his friend had held up as distinct. He (Mr. B.) denied at the outset that man had a natural right to *vote*, using that word in its technical sense; using it in the broader sense, he admitted that every man had a right to vote; and in that sense, no more effective vote is ever cast, in its bearing upon the politics and religion of this nation, than that which was cast upon that platform, from lips denouncing the Constitution which gives tolerance to Slavery, denouncing the government which makes itself the engine of oppression to three millions of our fellow countrymen. There had been few votes cast in the ballot-box which deserved to be compared, in its influence, with that the vote which was cast every week in the columns of the *Liberator*. If his friend used the word 'vote' in this broad signification, he did not touch the controversy between them; but if he used it in its narrower signification, if he meant to affirm that every man had a natural right to vote, and was bound to vote, even if the vote carried with it a virtual assent to the Constitution; then he dissented altogether from the proposition. Indeed, he did not see the perfect consistency of the preceding speaker, for at one time he told him that his right to act at the ballot-box was not derived from the Constitution, that it belonged to him as a man, as a member of the social organization—belongs to him as one capable of influencing and of being influenced; and then he told him that he (Mr. B.) was guilty of a desertion of duty because he did not go to the polls and vote under a Constitution which, while it tolerated some evil, gives him a power which he might use for the removal of that evil. He believed that he (Mr. W.) stated the exact truth in regard to the source of the power which he conceived he had to use the ballot-box, or which he can have, while the Constitution is recognised as the bond of our political organization.

If this was a matter of opinion, he (Mr. B.) had upon his side the opinion of the vast majority of the people of this country, and the authority of all previous history. The argument was based upon a far different ground from that upon which the former speaker would place it. No man can be a party to any government unless he consents to the conditions which the government prescribes. If he lives under an absolute monarchy, he cannot get any official station, or any political power at all, unless he will conform to the conditions prescribed by the will of the absolute monarch. If he lives in our many-headed despotism, which we call Democracy (leaving out the sin), he is bound to conform to the conditions which the majority of the people prescribe, in the form which they have chosen; and he gets no political power, rightfully, legally and constitutionally, in any other way.

Now, the argument of his friend was based on his own opinion of the right theory of government, unsustained by any proof of its correctness. Thus he had set up his ideal government in the place of the actual government. They had to deal with the thing just as it was. The Constitution says you shall not exercise any powers which belong to this government unless you conform to its conditions. But the friend had said—not in these words, but, resolved into its elements, this was what he said—'I have a right to govern you whether you are willing or not. I have a right to do all I can to be your President, although you utterly repudiate my sentiments.' He could not admit any such principle. No one could rightfully do this without his consent. There was no such thing as freedom among a people where the majority had the right to say who should be his ruler, without any regard to the consent or the dissent of the minority. When we came together, therefore, in this governmental organization—which is the artificial thing which society is not—we come upon certain plainly expressed conditions; and one of these was, that every party to that government shall swear to support, directly or indirectly, a Constitution which requires the giving up of runaway slaves to their masters—a Constitution which requires the recognition of the right of the slave States to a representation based on slave property—and so on through the whole range of the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution.

He understood his friend's logic to prove this: if it were true that the Constitution is an artificial thing, that the government organized under it is an artificial thing; if it be true that the powers which we have to act politically are derived from the Constitution, and the government do not belong to us by divine and original right, then it is true that we are bound by the conditions prescribed in the Constitution; and he maintained that if we could not belong to that government, we must repudiate its Constitution and fall back upon our original rights, and exert our influence for righteousness and truth. It seemed to him, after all, that there was some little doubt as to whether they could, by remaining in the government, effect more good than by withdrawing from it and uttering their testimony against it. Until, therefore, his friend had established his theory of government, not merely as a beautiful ideal, which ought to be put in practice, but one that is recognised in this country, it seemed to him that his conclusion stood solely upon this basis—in order to do a great right, do a little wrong; or, at least, *promise* to do it, without meaning to keep the promise.

His friend had said, in the course of his argument, that there was no danger of their being misunderstood on this matter. Their position was clear and well-defined enough. He (Mr. B.) would venture to say that if he (Mr. W.) were to go through the ranks of the Free Soil party, and ask its members, man by man, to define the position of John P. Hale, or Salmon P. Chase, or Charles Sumner, on the character of the Constitution, he would be satisfied that the case was not quite so clear as he had supposed. He would venture to say that he (Mr. W.) would not get less than half as many distinct answers than he would address individuals.

We wanted something specific on this point, but his friend had dealt only in generalities. John P. Hale is decidedly Anti-Slavery in his feelings; Charles Sumner altogether on the side of Freedom and against Slavery. He presumed nobody doubted it; but that gentleman, in his speeches, had never uttered a sentiment that, some years ago, the Liberty Party nominated as a candidate for office a man who had made more sacrifice to the cause of freedom than Mr. Hale and Mr. Sumner together; and yet, that man told him, in conversation, that he would not only promise to give back a runaway slave to his master, if he could thereby get political power, but that he would *keep* the promise, for the sake of securing a place where he could exercise political power. Now, he did not know what John P. Hale's sentiments were on this subject; but it might be possible that he agreed with Thomas Earle, that it is perfectly consistent for a pledged Anti-Slavery man to go into the business of slave-catching, in a certain case, for the sake of securing and using political power against Slavery. As he had not come to the conviction that he could tolerate and protect the slaveholder so far, even for the sake of office, he could not consent to be represented in the Presidency, or the Senate Chamber, or the House of Representatives, by men who occupied that position. He did not say that Mr. Hale *does* regard the matter in that light; but could any man say he *did not?* Could any man say he was confident that Mr. Hale, or Giddings, or Sumner, or Chase, or any Free Soiler in Congress, was not, upon clear satisfaction given to a jury of twelve men, here in old Massachusetts, that a person claimed as a fugitive actually did run away from the slaveholder, who held him according to the statute book of a Southern State—did any man know that either of these distinguished gentlemen would refuse to give up that man, by State action, or by some sort of action, to the pursuing claimant? He thought there was no one there who could say it. These men, it was well known, were strenuous for securing the right of trial by jury, for alleged runaway slaves. But why should they ask for a jury trial to settle the question of ownership, if their decision was not to be executed? It was the sheerest mockery to call the jury together in such a case. The controversy of these gentlemen was not so much with the act of returning the fugitive as with the mode of doing it.

Did not Mr. Sumner, in that great and eloquent speech of his, know that his readers would understand him, when he did not deny the obligation of the State to give up the runaway slave, as admitting that such a right does exist? All these men had admitted, that if the proof be made clear to the minds of a jury of twelve men, that if a fugitive was legally held as a slave, under the provisions of the Constitution, and escaped without his master's consent, then the slave must be given up. Let their friend keep this distinction clearly in his mind, between a general opposition to Slavery, and a specific determination to do no single act whatever which is seen to have a bearing towards Slav

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verthrow of Slavery, and said, suppose we get the public sentiment on our side, there is still the law against us. But what was the law against the public opinion of the land? When the public sentiment had come to be decively and earnestly on the side of freedom—when they had men everywhere who stood up to the line, 'No compromise with Slavery — No Union with slaveholders'—then they would see that the Constitution, if they attempted to wrench it round the slave, was weaker than a rope of sand, and the Fugitive Slave Law more powerless than the vast which crumbled to fine powder last year (loud cheers).

[To be continued.]

THE ANNIVERSARY.

We cannot with the crowd go up to-day,
With feeling human half, yet half divine,
To lay our offering on a temple-shrine,
And own our brethren of a kindred clay,
Whate'er their colour in the sun, — rather, may
Not the lone cloud, through the heart pine,
And its clay tenement lay all supine,
With as warm energy, and wise trust, pray?
We see the tokens in our valley dark,
As out we peer from the o'erhanging thorn
Wreathing our brows, upon that dawn more
Whose dawning radiance we, grateful, mark,
Though still obscured by many a murky cloud,
That Freedom wakeneth from the Ages' shroud.

May 11th, 1853. A. P. C.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY CHURCH.

* WITH the organization, creede, forms and observances of Churches, Anti-Slavery Societies have no right to intermeddle, any further than the Churches themselves choose to set those creeds, forms and observances in array against the cause of freedom and as a protection for slaveholders or their apologists; and even then we have no right to involve our Societies in the general discussion of such matters, but only to assert the immutability of our principles, and that, involving as they do the inalienable rights of man and the laws of fundamental morality, they can neither be postponed nor set aside to subserve the ends of any party or sect. We may affirm the obvious truth, that whatever, in any sect or party, is found to be hostile to the cause of humanity, and opposed to the freedom and happiness of the enslaved, is thereby proved to be not of God, and, consequently, unworthy of conservation. The assertion of these fundamental truths will be quite sufficient to baffle those who would stop the Anti-Slavery cry in order to protect their sectarian or party arrangements.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has ever been true to itself and to its professions in this regard. It has indeed arraigned the Churches at its bar, but its indictment of them has had respect solely to their action or inaction upon the question of Slavery. Disclaiming the right to interrogate them in relation to their creeds and forms, we have simply entreated them to be so far true to their own Christian professions as to cast the weight of their influence on the side of the oppressed, and not on the side of the oppressor. When our entreaties have been disregarded, and we have found the Churches, in epite of all that we could do or say to bring them to repentance, voluntarily continuing to be the bulwarks of Slavery, we have called upon the friends of humanity to come out and be separate from them. When our admonitions were heeded, and multitudes abandoned the Churches because they could no longer remain members without violating their consciences, pro-slavery ministers and laymen, and the pro-slavery religious press, set up the cry that Abolitionists were infidels and the enemies of all religious associations; and in proof of this false charge, they pelted with an air of triumph to the fact, that those who seceded from the popular Churches under our influence did not at once establish new Churches in harmony with their Anti-Slavery testimony. See, said they, these men are the enemies of *all* religione order, else why do they not organize religious institutions? To this we have replied that it was not the business of Abolitionists, as such, *to form Churches*; that they were compelled to deal with so-called religious institutions only as existing facts, without entering at all into the nature of their organization and forms, and that our Society must leave individuals free to act upon such matters according to their convictions. We could demand of them only that, whether in a Church or out of a Church, they should be true to the slave. We have pointed, however, to the whole history of the Anti-Slavery Movement as a proof that it originated in the deepest and strongest religious feelings and convictions, and that it is pervaded and animated by a reverential spirit toward God and his laws. While we have gloried in the fact that there was nothing in our organization to exclude even an infidel who might feel impelled to unite with us in opposing Slavery, we have still declared in the face of the world, in the language of the Declaration of 1833, that "OUR TRUST FOR VICTORY IS SOLELY IN GOD."

But while in our organic relations, as Abolitionists, we have nothing to do with the religious creeds and opinions of one another, we must yet watch with deep interest whatever movements in the religious world seem likely to contribute any degree of influence, however small, toward the consummation of the great work in which we are engaged; and we must feel a special interest in any religious movements that may be made by those who have been detached from pro-slavery churches by Anti-Slavery means. For this reason we should deem ourselves derelict in a duty we owe to our readers if we failed to appraise them of the proceedings of a Religious Conference, held at Kennett, Chester Co., Pa., on the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th ultimo. It called together a very numerous and highly intelligent assembly, composed in large part of those who had been members of the Society of Friends, but embracing some originally from other sects, and more who were members of no religious society. The object of the Conference, as set forth in the call, was the formation of a Religious Association or Church, more in harmony with the reformatory and progressive spirit of the age than any of the sects existing in that part of the country. That object was attained in manner and form as anticipated by those who initiated the movement. A body was instituted, under the name of the "Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends," upon a platform so broad as to invite to membership and co-operation all who acknowledge the brotherhood of the human race and their own duty to define and illustrate their faith in God, not by assent to a creed, but by the lives of personal purity and works of charity and beneficence to mankind. Allowing the widest latitude to individuals in matters of speculative faith, the association thus formed seeks for union and harmony in works of practical goodness and charity—not in saying 'Lord, Lord,' according to a prescribed form, but in DOING THE THINGS which JESUS COMMANDED. Whether this is a proper and adequate basis for a Church, it is not for us to say; but it affords us pleasure to state that the body had no sooner finished its organization than it began to deal, as every religious organization ought to do, with the great moral evils of the time, Slavery among the rest. Composed as it is for the most part of intelligent men and women, who have long been engaged in efforts to make mankind wiser, better and happier, we are sure that on the question of Slavery its influence will be extensively felt, and therefore we heartily rejoice in its formation, regarding it as an auspicious sign of the times, a cheering augury of the day which must sooner or later arrive, when the whole religious influence of our country shall be on the side of humanity and freedom, instead of being exerted, as it now is, for the most part, on the side of despotism and Slavery.

The proceedings of this new Anti Slavery Church, embracing an Exposition of Sentiments, Testimonies against War, Slavery, Intemperance, Capital Punishment and Tobacco, and letters from Wm. Lloyd Garrison, S. J. May, J. G. Forman, T. W. Higginson, Gerrit Smith and Cassius M. Clay, will soon be issued in a pamphlet, to which we commend our readers for further information.

DISCUSSION.—A public debate will take place in a grove in Penn township, Chester Co., Pa., on the 7th and 9th days of the present month, between the Rev. Mr. Orvis, of New London, and C. C. Burleigh, upon the following question: "Are the American Church and Ministry a Brotherhood of Thieves?" Of course we need not say on which side the disputants are respectfully ranged. We know nothing of Mr. Orvis, but Mr. Burleigh's fame as a speaker will no doubt attract a large audience.

TROUBLES OF REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

OUR readers have been apprised of the appointment of Rev. S. I. Prime, editor of the New York *Observer*, as one of the delegates of the American Bible Society to the May Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The prominence of Mr. Prime as a leader of the religious wing of the pro-slavery party in the United States, and his virulent abuse of Abolitionists in general, and Mrs. Stowe in particular being well known in England, have subjected him to trials which, however perplexing to himself, were not unexpected by those who knew the state of feeling and opinion in that country in respect to Slavery, its apologists and defenders. On the first page we have copied from the *Independent* an article embodying some pungent extracts from an editorial in the London *Morning Advertiser*, whereof Mr. Prime and his relations to the Anti-Slavery cause and to the British Bible Society were the subject. Our readers will naturally wish to learn what was the effect upon Mr Prime of this and other similar expressions of British opinion, as to the manner in which he should be received by the English people. The following extract from a most lugubrious editorial in the last New York *Observer*, throws at least a partial light upon that point:

In advance of his arrival, his abolition friends in this country had sent out the important intelligence that he was coming out as a pro-slavery man, and an opponent of Mrs. Stowe and her Uncle Tom's Cabin. In the present excited state of the public mind in Great Britain on the subject of American Slavery in general, and of Uncle Tom in particular, this was enough to ensure him a warm reception. Public meetings were called, addresses were prepared, and resolutions adopted, remonstrating against his appearance in Exeter Hall. Auxiliary Societies sent up their protests, and a committee appointed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, stating that "a body of men was organized" to take measures to drive him from the platform, it should appear that all this seemed to him not for his friends exceedingly ridiculous, and particularly malignant, considering the state of his health, which utterly forbade his participating in the excitement of such an occasion. One of the London daily papers, the *Morning Advertiser*, was particularly fierce in its denunciations of Mr. Prime as a pro-slavery man; and the people of Great Britain were earnestly called upon to prevent him from being heard. It was therefore greatly to be regretted that his feeble health made it necessary for him to decline the public meetings to which these attacks invited him, and which he was most anxious to meet. His American friends rallied round him in great numbers, and proposed a public meeting to express their sense of the treatment received, and of the insults offered to their country, but the wisest course seemed to be to let the storm blow over, in the hope that an opportunity would occur to enlighten the public mind on a subject on which it was so profoundly ignorant and so intensely prejudiced. At last the opportunity would occur to enlighten the public mind on a subject on which it was so profoundly ignorant and so intensely prejudiced. At last the opportunity would come, and he was treated with great courtesy; but the friends of the Bible Society were sorely troubled lest his public appearance on their platform should prove the signal for a riot. He sent his credentials to the Bible Society, accompanied by a note saying, that owing to the state of his health, he would not be able to participate in the public exercises of the meeting, to which he received no reply.

The Rev. Mr. Cook of the American Tract Society, Rev. Dr. Wayland of New-York, and Rev. Mr. Blake of Mass., were all assailed by name, on account of their alleged indifference or hostility to the Anti-Slavery movements in America; but none of these gentlemen had the honour of being posted as opponents of Uncle Tom. This distinction was reserved for another, and it served to make him the mark of the most violent but harmless attacks.

The *Observer* has of course made out as good a story for Mr. Prime as it could. That he kept away from Exeter Hall solely or chiefly on account of his ill health, we do not believe. He would no doubt have gone there eagerly enough if the British and Foreign Bible Society had honoured his credentials and invited him to a seat on the platform. It is a fact worth mentioning, that while the *Observer* parades his illness as the reason of his decline to attend the meeting, Mr. Prime himself, in another part of the paper, writing from Portsmouth, says: "I am again on land, *in far better health than when I left my friends on the other side.*" As he was well enough up to the time of starting from home to keep up his abuse of Abolitionists, and as he got better on the way, we must be excused for suspecting that he had reasons for keeping out of Exeter Hall which the *Observer* would gladly conceal.

The *Observer* proceeds affectingly solemn in recounting the trials of its absent editor, and is even apprehensive that poor John Bull is likely to plunge himself into a war with the United States, if his subjects don't stop reading and praising Uncle Tom's Cabin and calling American persons to account for their pro-slavery offences. Only read:

There exists at the present time among the masses of the people of Great Britain a bitter hatred of Americans. The appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin has created or brought out a deadly hostility to this country. Such feelings of enmity are considered by Abolitionists as indicative of a good work, and it is encouraged; nay, they are doing all they can to make it more widely and deeply rankling. They hope the spirit of high rank in England have also deemed it for their interest to increase the excitement and fan the flame of hostility. Mrs. Stowe's book has been, in their estimation, a perfect god-send to the friends of despotism in Europe. Noble lords and ladies have most freely lent their services to the work of covering in the minds of the people, and greatly by means of this book, a feeling of intense hatred to a land in which the hereditary and exclusive claims to nobility are not acknowledged. With the history of the past, and with all the present before us, it would be a stretch of charity to suppose that they are actuated by a pious horror of oppression and a love of true liberty for all mankind. The thought is rather ludicrous than otherwise.

But the course which the British nation is taking at the present time it is doubtful whether it will harm excepting to bring out the latent enmity of John Bull for his transatlantic cousins, is fraught with danger to themselves. Nations do not sow the whirlwind and the tornado, but reap the whirlwind as the fruit of their toil. There is danger that an explosion of the pent-up enmity between the two countries may take, and no human wisdom can save us from national collision unless the present agitations abroad are arrested. The danger is not to us, but to England. Foreign Powers are now watching for the first favorable war upon her hereditary foe, and the obocean hour of all will be that in which America is alienated from England, and perchance joins with some other power with her at a moment's duly. May God arrest such a crisis, but those who are in the best position to know the state of feeling between the two countries have fears for the worst.

JANE TRAINER.—The case of this unfortunate child has been decided by Judge Duer, so far as he felt that he had the power to decide it. He listened to the pleas of counsel on both sides, and then ruled that as the child was only before him on writ of *habeas corpus*, he had only to ascertain if she were illegally restrained of her liberty, and that not appearing to be the fact, he dismissed the case altogether. To whom the custody of the child rightfully belonged was a question not within his jurisdiction, but must be decided by the Supreme Court, and therefore he gave the custody of it to neither party. This was, in effect, a decision against the father, as Jane was then in the keeping of the woman, Porter, and Brady, her counsel, threatened, in open court, that any attempt to take possession of her would be unsafe—a fact which was evident enough, as the woman was surrounded by a gang of that class of scamps, her friends, who frequent brothels, and find fit companionship in their keepers. That a little girl ought to be taken from such company is clear enough, not only at the demand of her father, but of anybody who cares for the good order of society, and had she been white we have not the least doubt the Judge would have found the law authorising him to do so, or if not, would have assumed that he had the power which, in similar cases constantly arising, is assumed by police justices. It is only just however to him to state that he proposed to both parties that the child should be put into his hands and he would provide a proper person for her care and education, but even this proposition the woman was not disposed to accept, unwilling to give up a victim which she could turn to profitable account either in the slave market or in the chambles of shame. Whether any steps have been taken to carry the case before a tribunal of recognised authority to settle it, we have not learned, but, unless Trainer and his friends are very active, the injurious Mr. Brady will take care that his client will be where no writ will reach her.

COLOURPHOBIA IN BOSTON.—Some time ago, Mrs. Remond, wife of our friend, Charles Lenox Remond, and one of her sisters (and perhaps some one else), after purchasing tickets for an operatic performance at the Howard Athenaeum, were excluded from the house and engaged and from the house by force. The parties brought suit against Mr. Palmer, Madam Sontag's agent, and Mr. Philbrick by whose aid they were removed, for assault, &c., in the Police Court, Judge Russell presiding. The defendant pleaded custom as a justification, but it was shown that coloured persons had been frequently admitted, without objection, to other places of amusement, and that, consequently, this exclusion was not a 'custom' in Boston, in the legal sense of the word. The Judge ruling whether or not the opera company had a right, upon adequate notice, to exclude any class of persons from any part of the house, on account of colour, occupation or dress, the Court held that the exclusion in this case was illegal, because the tickets were sold unconditionally, and that the company must stand by their contract, and give to every ticket-holder, of whatever nation, colour or condition, the place which he had bought. The defendant having acted under a mistake of law, and the prosecutors not asking for more than nominal damages, Mrs. Palmer was fined $1 and costs, and Mr. Philbrick $1 without costs. The fines were paid.

Subsequently, Mrs. Remond, as we learn from the *Commonwealth*, brought a civil suit against them to recover damages A friend of Palmer's then applied to her counsel to have the case settled. She agreed to accept a small sum, on the express condition that she and the friends who accompanied her should have tickets for the opera on the night given as they had originally purchased on the night they were ejected. These terms were complied with, and she, with her friends, attended the opera on a subsequent evening. The small sum paid, which did not defray the actual expenses incurred by Mrs. Remond and her sister, was not to make money by the suit, but to vindicate a right. That object being completely gained by their admission to the opera, they very cheerfully discharged their claims against Palmer.

☞ In London Police Reports a case appears wherein an attempt was made to turn Mrs. Stowe's popularity to a profitable use by one of the "begging-letter" swindlers. One Sarah Hunter was handed over to the Police for writing the following note:

MRS. H. B. Stowe presents her most respectful compliments to Sir Peter McGregor, and under an unexpected emergency, takes the liberty of confidentially begging the immediate aid of £20 through the Post Office, which, favour will be most gratefully felt and acknowledged. Mrs. H. B. S. entreats that this communication may be secret, and under all future circumstances such, as it would be painful to Mrs. Stowe, will ever be remembered as a service of no ordinary character. A trustworthy person will call for Sir Duncan's reply.

Sir Duncan McGregor, however, was doubtful that Mrs. Stowe could be in such want, or be compelled to resort to such means to relieve it; so Sarah did not get the money, but did get into the Police Court.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The first number of this new monthly, (8p. quarto) the prospectus of which lately appeared in our columns, has been issued. It is published by Dr. Bailey at the office of the *National Era*, and will be composed chiefly of extracts from that paper, selected with special reference to the object recited by its title. The terms are as follows: Six copies to one address for a year, $1; 20 copies, $3; 100 copies, $12. Its circulation will help the cause along.'

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED BY MRS. STOWE.—We find the following paragraph in the last number of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*.

We are authorized to state that the contributions, now being made in various parts of the British realm, as a testimonial to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, will be accounted for hereafter through the columns of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*—Mrs. Stowe having signified to the contributors that they should look to our columns to know what disposition is made of their donations.

THE NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS, in their General Assembly at Buffalo, regardless of the Compromises, have got up a furious agitation upon the Slavery question. We have no room for particulars this week. A proposition to appoint a Committee to inquire into the facts concerning Slavery in the Southern portion of the Church was at first indefinitely postponed by the operation of the previous question; but this raised such a storm among the members from the West that the leaders got frightened, reconsidered the subject, and finally passed the measure with some modifications. The Southerners now threaten secession. We shall see ere long what they will do.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA — The Fourth Annual Announcement of this institution is on our table. We are pleased to learn that the prospects of the College were never so bright as at the present time. Many of the difficulties incident to the first organization of such an institution have at length been surmounted, and in the character and energy of the corporators, and the well-known qualifications of the professors, the public have a guarantee that it will soon take a high rank among the medical schools of the country. Two of the chairs are filled by women—that of Physiology by Ann Preston, M.D., and that of Obstetrics by Martha H. Mowry, M.D., of Providence. Miss Almira L. Fowler, M.D., of this city, has been appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy. The other members of the Faculty, Drs. Johnson, Harvey, Darlington, Fussell and Kerr, bear a high reputation. Persons desiring more particular information should address David J. Johnson, M.D., 229 Arch street, Philadelphia.

DR. BAILEY, Editor of the *National Era*, sailed for Europe, in the Baltic, on Saturday last, with the intention of being absent three months. Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia, will aid meanwhile in the conduct of the paper.

GERMAN ANTI-SLAVERY PAPER.—The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society proposes to establish at Washington a weekly newspaper in the German language, to be conducted by Frederick Schmidt, a native German, and to be devoted to the support of the Free Democratic party.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S REFORM CONVENTION is to be held at Canesauville, Pa., on the 10th and 11th of June. The Convention will no doubt take strong action against Slavery. Many of the best 'twigs' in Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania are getting 'bent' in the right direction.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

NEAL DOW is giving lectures in the central portions of this State.

—The New York State Temperance Society will hold its anniversary in Rochester, on the 10th inst.

—The New England Conference of the M. E. Church, at its late session in Boston, after passing resolutions in favor of the Maine Law, resolved to send five delegates to represent the Conference at the World's Temperance Convention.

—The Madison County Temperance Society, on motion of Gerrit Smith, has passed a resolution inviting the friends of Temperance to meet in Albany on the 8th inst., for the purpose of promoting the passage of the bill reported to the Legislature by Mr. Rose. Mr. Smith was appointed one of the delegates to attend on behalf of the Society.

—Two drunken women were seen in the street in Watertown, Jefferson Co., a few days since One of them was kept from falling into the ditch by the exertions of her daughter, 12 or 13 years of age!

—John B. Gough is giving lectures in New Jersey. He is going to Europe in a few weeks.

—In Michigan, the friends of the new Prohibitory Law are working with might and main to secure its ratification by the people. Their chance for victory is thought to be good.

—Rev. J. P. Lovejoy, the anti-Maine Law parson, has been dismissed from his pastoral charge in Cambridgeport, Mass.

—The Temperance papers of the country, so far as we have observed, with the exception of the New York *Organ*, do not approve the action of the Brick Church meeting whereby women were excluded from all active participation in the movement preliminary to the World's Temperance Convention. The *whole* World's Convention is as fixed as any fact in the future can be.

—The Women of Franklin County, Ohio, have formed a Temperance Society, auxiliary to the Women's State Temperance Society.

OBITUARY.

JULINA LYON, daughter of Henry H. Lawson, of Berne, N. Y., and wife of John W. Lyon, died at her residence in Cleveland, N. Y., May 24, 1853, aged 47 years.

Mrs. Lyon, at an early age, was led into the "old paths" of Truth, and guided by the Holy Spirit. Her conversion to God was strong, her devotion to primitive Christianity unwavering, and her solicitude for the elevation of the race knew no death. Humanity had her prayers, her tears, and her labours. National boundaries, ecclesiastical lines of demarkation, were risen above, and untramelled by, sectarianism or bigotry, wherever "a broken heart was to be bound" up. Wherever sympathy was to be felt, and wherever amelioration was demanded, there was her mission, and with the spirit of a martyr, she responded heartily to her impressive obligations. The slave found in her the spirit of a Wilberforce or a Clarkson. The hand of bondage could not be given to any church that would not earnestly struggle "to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free;" and no civil enactment that was at war with the claims of God could have her endorsement or obedience.

Publicly and privately her testimony against "the sum of all villainies" was clear and decided. The panting fugitive found her home a welcome Bethel.

Every friend of the crushed and down-trodden could rely confidently upon her devotion to principle, and her ceaseless anxiety to hasten the day of universal freedom.

The intemperate also had her active sympathy; their wives and widows had her hearty commiseration, and her earnest prayers, her counsel and influence in the cause. The erring she strove to win to total abstinence, and the unfallen were affectingly pointed to their only defence. All that a woman could do to give triumph to the "Maine Law," to suppress the use of inebriating drinks as a beverage, was unhesitatingly performed.

Of the rights of her own sex she was fully apprised, and laboured unwearingly to secure their universal acknowledgement. By the fireside, at the social gathering, and in the halls of public concourse, her tongue was eloquent in their support. She asked them as a privilege; she demanded them as a God-given right.

Indeed, as all reforms have their home in a pure heart, it will suffice to say that she sought to love God supremely, and "her neighbour as herself."

As a friend of humanity, she had but few equals, and still fewer superiors. Her seven children may ever feel it a virtuous ambition to tread in the footsteps of their deeply lamented mother. They will feel it a priceless privilege to gather up her lessons of piety and of wisdom, and deposit them in the heart's undying affection.

The grief-stricken husband, who has actively associated with her in all contemplated improvements of private or of public life, as he mourns crushed hopes, and surveys the enlarged area of his obligations, will trust more firmly in God and be able to say:

"I will trust in Thee
To do the work
Shall be my blessed instructor, and I'll go,
Sadder, yet wiser, to my work again,
Until the sickle shall be put in my hand
Like her."

As a form laments a standard-bearer, and as Christianity weeps the removal of an unchanging votary, the inquiry arises, upon whom has her mantle fallen? And echo answers—whom.

"Fear not, little flock!" "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end."

"Life is real, life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Cleveland, May 25, 1853. J. A. FOSTER.

HON. N. L. TOWNSEND.—The Cleveland *True Democrat* says Dr. Townshend, the late Free Democratic member of Congress, from the Lorain District, Ohio, has abandoned the practice of medicine, and has become a farmer in Avon, Lorain county, where he will devote his time and talents to making a model-farm.

LARGE EXPORTATION OF BREADSTUFFS.—The Exports of flour from New York, from January 1st to May 1st, were 529,225 barrels, against 239,961 barrels same time last year; wheat, 440,311 bushels, against 449,123 bushels same time last year.

MISS ANTOINETTE L. BROWN preached to a crowded audience in the Baptist Church on Sunday evening last. I not hear her, but her discourse is highly spoken of. We understand that some people are disturbed that so many infidels flock out to hear her. They deem it suspicious.—*Modern Chloe (Ohio) Bugle.*

HORACE GREELEY.—A correspondent of the Manchester *Mercury* states that, within the last year, Horace Greeley has paid a debt of his father's contracting in his native town of Amherst, New Hampshire, with compound interest. The father was poor and died when Horace was quite young; the original debt was less than $100, but the payment amounted to between $700 and $800.

RHODE ISLAND SENATOR.—The Legislature of Rhode Island have elected Gov. Phillip Allen, who was an active Free Soiler in 1848, and has never abandoned the Free-Soil cause, United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

It is said that Madame Sontag has distributed over six thousand dollars in private charities since her arrival in the United States. She has realized about $60,000 from her professional services during the same period. Madame Sontag retires into private life after her American tour.

AT the presentation of the complimentary silver service to Mayor French, at New Bedford, on Saturday evening, Mr. Rev. Samuel Rodman, Jr., presented Mr. Sanderson made the presentation speech, which was very excellent. Mr. French felicitously responded. The silver service was raised to carry the pitcher to Mr. French's house. The inscription is as follows: "Presented to Hon. Rodney French, by the citizens of New Bedford, as a testimonial of their gratitude for his noble position in their behalf—May, 1853."

THE "Advocate of Peace" for May, published by the American Peace Society at Boston, contains a full account of the great Peace Convention held at Manchester last January, at which it was nobly resolved that "war is a crime," pounds, $50,000, for the vigorous prosecution of the work.

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD. — The Charleston *Standard* thinks that Mrs. Sarah Ann Ford living in the Williamsburg district, in that State, is the oldest woman in the world. She is now in the *one hundred and twelfth* year of her age. Her mental faculties are still unimpaired.

AN INTERESTING LAW QUESTION.—The Boston *Journal* says that a case of great importance is pending in Boston, which involves a question, and the result of which will affect the Fugitive Slave Law, United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

Mrs. Mann of Lawrenceville, Penn., applied for an allowance and the appointment of Post-Mistress. There were several other applicants, but Mrs. Mann, without consulting her friends at home, wrote to Washington that she was a widow with nine children dependent upon her for support, and that she had no other claim but upon the fact that she was a widow with nine children dependent upon her for support, and that she had no other claim but upon the fact that she was a widow with nine children dependent upon her for support. We really hope that Mr. Phillips will reconsider his purpose, and give Mr. Mann a few more shots under the 5th rib. Mann deserves it; and will give Phillips no more than he deserves in return. We are decidedly of the opinion that the public good will be promoted by a full discussion between the parties.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The wit of the *Journal of Commerce* is excruciating. Our paper, forsooth, is the "*Lie-brake!*" Very good and very true, and therefore very creditable. To be "brake" is to be anathematize and scout it: hence our frequent scourging of the *Journal of Commerce* for its unscrupulous mendacity.—*Ed. Lib.*

CHARLES HILL, a coloured man, arrived at Liverpool, from Boston, in the "Parliament" lies about three weeks ago, and represents himself to have escaped from Dr. Allen, of Baltimore; saying also, that his wife is owned by Dr. J. Johnson, a Presbyterian clergyman of Baltimore, who will sell her for eight hundred dollars. Subscriptions have been set on foot for Hill, who, in the mean time, has exhibits several diabolical instruments, "made at Liverpool under his directions," to show how the slaves are punished.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN has been dramatized at Turin, under the title of "La Campana del Tio Tom." It is imitated from the Ambigu drama of Paris, Mr. Stowe's romance being left to take care of itself. The success of "Povero Tom" is said to have been immense.

RELIGION AND BLOOD HOUNDS.—There is to be found by those who have the enterprise to make the necessary exploration, somewhere in that far off and not-very-highly civilized commonwealth known as West Tennessee, a slightly dilapidated city, which rejoices in the name of Bolivar. And in this city, there is published a periodical, weekly in more respects than one, distinguished among its cotemporaries as the West Tennessee *Democrat*, a copy of which, of the date of March 9, having reached these benighted regions, has been kindly furnished to us by a friend. In this journal, we find a most slaughterous review of a work now largely before the public known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The editor, who seems to have invested his whole capital, both of literature and indignation in the essay, seems bound not only to write down the work, but to destroy at once the character and fortunes of its author. He is charged with having the most mischievous tendencies as being designed "to sink the social relations of the slave population of the South to a level with the concubinage of the same, year after year." The pious editor at the same time, with all the faithfulness of a true son of the church, tells us that it was "a fling at the Christian Religion in general, and Southern Methodism in particular."

We understand, with no injustice to that regard which the editor and those whose sentiments he expresses, feel for the Christian Religion, if we did not wrow in paradise, and with these highly spiritual views, and as an excellent practical commentary upon their fervency, the following advertisement, which we copy from another column of the same journal, leaving appropriate reflections to be added by our readers, according to the several degrees of growth in grace:

BLOOD-HOUNDS.

I have two of the finest dogs for catching negroes in the South-West. They can take the track of a negro, even after it has gone has passed, and catch him with ease. I live just four miles south-west of Bolivar, on the road leading from Bolivar to Hickory Hill. I can be found at all times to catch and return negroes. DAVID TURNER.

March 2, 1853.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

Call for a Coloured National Convention.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In the exercise of a liberty which, we hope, you will not deem unwarrantable, and which is given us, in virtue of our connection and identity with you, we undertake, at this time, to address you affectionately, invite you, by your appropriate and chosen representatives, to assemble in Rochester, N. Y., on the 6th of August, to consider the form and title of a National Convention of the free people of colour of the United States.

After due thought and reflection upon the subject, in which has entered a profound desire to serve a common cause, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the time has now fully come when the free people from all parts of the United States, should meet together, to confer and deliberate upon their condition and prospects, and to devise such measures important to their welfare, progress and general improvement.

The objects of our cause, whether viewed as being hostile or friendly, are alike full of argument in favour of such a convention. We have reason and feeling enough to use a place in the conflict now going on in our land, between liberty and equality on the one hand, and Slavery and caste on the other—a conflict which we cannot but deem worthy of branding ourselves as unworthy of our natural post, and regardless of our duties to God, if we do not. We are, we have reason, there is not to be found a people which can show better cause for assembling in such Convention than we.

Our Education, our Religion, our Hopes, our Fears, we are united in a common destiny, demand it; and a wide collection of our own homes, and that of our children, impel us to this course of action. We have gross and flagrant wrongs against which, if we are men of spirit, we are bound to protest. We have political rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of manly virtue bid us to preserve and protect. We have the full extent of our duties and obligations to improve—difficulties peculiar to our condition to meet—mistakes and errors of our own to correct—prejudices to meet and to overcome—obstacles to surmount, and character, and the combined wisdom of our people to make us (under God) sufficient for these things. The Fugitive Slave Bill, the cruel, unconstitutional, and scandalous outrage of modern times—the proscriptive legislation of several States, which, with a view to prevent their entry into their borders—the exclusion of our children from schools supported by our money—the prohibition of the education of our children in the schools of the jury box—the social barriers erected against our learning trades—the wily and unscrupulous efforts of the American Colonization Society to employ the arm of government to expel us from our native land—and withal the propitious awakening to the fact of our numerical strength, and the fact that our labour alone can be employed; we battle against false and hurtful customs, and against the great errors and opinions which support and sustain them, and which stand in the way of our rise in the enlightened and energetically expressed judgment of mankind.

We have principles and principles which are true, and which were proclaimed at the beginning of the Republic.

Among the matters which will engage the attention of the Convention, will be a proposition to establish a NATIONAL COUNCIL of our people with a view to permanent existence. This subject is of vast importance, and should be well disposed of in the light of wise deliberation. There will come before the Convention matters of minor importance, such as our name as our friends abroad; through Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, may appropriate to the cause of our progress and improvement. In a word, the whole subject of our rights will be opened to enquiry, investigation and determination.

That this may be done successfully, it is desirable that each delegate to the Convention should bring with him an account of the number of colored inhabitants in his county, or town or neighbourhood—the amount of property owned by them—their business or occupation—the state of education—the number of religious institutions, and number of children in attendance, and any other information which may serve the great purposes of the Convention.

In order that no community shall be represented beyond its due proportion, it is intended that the Convention shall be composed of regularly chosen delegates appointed by public meetings, and bearing credentials signed by the President of said meetings.

It is recommended that all coloured churches, literary and other societies, banded together for laudable purposes, proceed to the appointment of at least one, and not more than three, delegates to attend the National Convention. In towns and counties where there are no such societies or no regular delegate may have been chosen, shall be received and enrolled as honorary members of the Convention.

James W. Pennington,	New York City.	
Henry M. Wilson,	"	
Charles B. Ray,	"	
James McCrane Smith,	"	
William J. Wilson,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Junius C. Morell,	"	
John N. Still,	"	
Amos N. Freeman,	"	
Jacob P. Morris,	Rochester, N. Y.	
Frederick Douglass,	"	
William H. Topp,	Albany, N. Y.	
Stephen Myers,	"	
George T. Downing,	Providence, R. I.	
William Jocson,	"	
John N. Smith,	"	
John Brown Langston,	Ohio.	
William H. Day,	"	
David Jenkins,	"	
John J. Gaines,	"	
Martin R. Delany,	Pennsylvania.	
Charles Remond,	"	
J. J. G. Bias,	"	
J. B. Vashon,	"	
Daniel Ruggles,	New Bedford, Mass.	
L. Kelly,	"	
Robert Morris,	"	
H. O. Wagoner,	Illinois.	
S. P. Hickman,	Newark, N. J.	
George De Baptist.	Detroit, Mich.	
Benjamin Lynch,	Troy, N. Y.	
S. S Ballinge,	"	
Isaac Cross,	Connecticut.	
George Garrison,	"	

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The above work is a delineation of the scenes and incidents connected with the imprisonment, in 1852, of Manuel Pereira, steward of the British brig Jamon, in the jail of Charleston, S. C.

The following notice of this work is copied from the National Era of February 17:

"The above is the title of a work now in press, founded upon that infamous statute of South Carolina, by which her citizens claim a right to imprison coloured people in her cities, and even those cast upon their shores in distress. We have perused a MS. book in advance of publication, and find it to be a most vivid and lifelike picture of Pereira, the vessel in which he sailed, the storms she encountered, and her wrecked condition, the character of the Charleston police, and the mendacity of certain officials, who make the law a means of speculation. The work is replete with incidents of Southern life and character, pointing Southerners to the things that call for correction at their own hands, with a force that cannot be mistaken. The work is written by one who has taken a prominent part in the affairs of the South, and cannot fail to interest all who the general reader, commercial man and philanthropist."

Any newspaper inserting the above advertisement, and forwarding a copy containing it to Duell & Blanchard, Washington, D. C., will have a copy of the work sent it, postage paid. Address DUELL & BLANCHARD, Washington, D. C.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FORTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next course of lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks), closing on the 24th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

Ellwood Harvey, M.D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.

Isaac Darlington, M.D., Professor of Surgery.

Ann Preston, M.D., Professor of Physiology.

Edwin Fussell, M.D., Professor of Anatomy.

Mark G. Kerr, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.

Almira L. Fowler, M.D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply personally, or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty, DAVID J. JOHNSON, M.D.,

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NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

Department.

IN NEED, AT CRANFORD.

was an example to me, and I fancy it might be to many others, to see how immediately Miss Matey set about the retrenchment which she knew to be right under her altered circumstances. While she went down to Cranford to speak the truth and be diligence to her, I stole out with my letter to the Aga Jenkyns, and went to the Signor's lodgings to obtain the exact address. I found the Signora to secresy; and indeed, her manners had a degree of shortness and reserve in them, which made her always say as little as possible, except when under the pressure of strong excitement. Moreover (which made my secret doubly safe), the Signor was now so far recovered as to be able to stay out for a strolling and conjuring again, in the space of a few days, when he, his wife, and little Phœbe, would leave Cranford. Indeed, I found him looking over a great black and red placard, which was the Signor Bronsonio's accomplishments were set forth, and to which only the name of the town where he would next display them was wanting. He and his wife were so much absorbed in deciphering the new red letters would come in with most effect (it might have been the Rubric for that matter), that it was some time before I could get my question asked privately, and not before I had given several decisions, the wisdom of which I questioned afterwards with equal sincerity as soon as the Signor threw in his doubts and reasons on the important subject. At last I got the address, spoke by sound; and very quiet it looked! I dropped it in the post on my way home, and then for a minute I stood looking at the wooden pane with a gaping slit, which divided me from the letter but a moment ago in my hand. It was gone from me like life—never to be recalled. It would be a great blood on the sea, and stained with sea-waves perhaps; and be carried among palm-trees, and scented with all tropical fragrance, the little piece of paper, but in hour ago so familiar and so commonplace, had set out on its race to the strange wild countries beyond the Ganges! But I could not afford to lose much time on this speculation. I hastened home, that Miss Matey might not miss me. Martha opened the door to me, her face swollen with crying. And soon as she saw me, she burst out afresh, and taking hold of my arm she pulled me in, and banged the door to, in order to ask me if indeed it was all true that Miss Matey had been saying.

"I'll never leave her! No! I wont. I tell her so, and said I could not think how she could find in her heart to give me warning. I could not have had the face to do it, if I had been her. I might ha' been just as good-for-nothing as Mrs. Fitz-Adam's Jopley, who struck for wages after living seven years and a half in one place. I said I was not one to go and serve Mammon at that rate. And I knew when I'd got a good Missus, if she didn't know when she'd got a good servant—

"But Martha!" said I, cutting in while she wiped her eyes

"Don't 'but Martha' me," she replied to my deprecatory tone.

"Listen to reason—"

"I do not listen to reason," she said, now in full possession of her voice, which she had been so long choked with sobbing. "Reason always means what some one else has got to say. Now I think what I've got, to say is good enough reason. But, reason or not, I'll say it, and I'll stick to it. We've money in the Savings' Bank, and I've a good stock of clothes, and I'm not going to leave Miss Matey. No! not if she gives me warning every hour in the day!"

She put her arms akimbo, as if ready to say she defied me; and, indeed, I could hardly tell how to begin to remonstrate with her, so much did I feel that Miss Matey in her increasing infirmity needed the attendance of this kind and faithful woman.

"Well!" said I at last.

"I'm thankful you begin with 'well!' If you'd ha' begun with 'But,' as you did afore, I'd not ha' listened to you. Now you may go on."

"I know you would be a great loss to Miss Matey, Martha—"

"I telled her so. A loss she'd never cease to be sorry for," broke in Martha, triumphantly.

"Still she will be much better off by little—to live upon, that I don't see just now how she could find you food—she will even be pressed for her own. I tell you this, Martha, because I feel you are like a friend to dear Miss Matey—I know you know she might not like to have it spoken about."

Apparently this was even a blacker view of the subject than Miss Matey had presented to her; for Martha just sat down in the first chair that came to hand, and cried out loud (we had been standing in the kitchen).

At last she put her apron down, and looking me earnestly in the face, asked, "Was that the reason Miss Matey wouldn't order a pudding to-day? She said she had no great fancy for sweet things, and you and she would just have a mutchun chop. But I'll be up to her. Never you tell, but I'll make her a pudding, and a pudding she'll like so, and I'll put it for it myself, so mind you see she eats it. Many a one has been comforted in their sorrow by seeing a good dish come upon the table."

I was rather glad that Miss Matey's energy had taken the immediate and practical direction of pudding-making, for it eraved off the quarrelsome discussion as to whether she should or should not leave Miss Matey's service. She began to talk of her own nature as would be necessary to fit up this, and sell the rest; and there to quietly exist upon what would remain after paying the rent. For my part, I was more ambitious and less contented. I thought over all the things by which a woman, past middle age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living, without materially losing caste; but as I could not put even this last clause on one side, and wondered what in the world Miss Matey could do.

Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matey could teach children anything, it would there her accomplishments, the little elves in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments. Once upon a time I had heard her say she could play, "*Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman*," on the piano; but that was a long, long ago; that faint shadow of musical acquirement had died out years before. She had also once been able to trace out patterns very nicely for muslin embroidery, by dint of placing a piece of silver-paper over the design to be copied, and holding both against the window-pane, while she marked the scollops and eyelet holes. But that was her nearest approach to the accomplishment of drawing, and I did think it would go very far. Then again as to the teaching her the rudiments of English education—fancy-work and the use of the globes—such as the mistress of the Ladies' Seminary, to whom all the tradespeople in Cranford sent their daughters, professed to teach. Miss Matey's eyes were failing her, and I doubted if she could discover the number of threads in a worsted-work pattern, or rightly appreciate the different shades required for Queen Adelaide's face, in the loyal wool-work now fashionable in Cranford. As for the use of the globes, I had never been able to find it out myself, so perhaps I was not a good judge of Miss Matey's capability of instructing in this branch of education; but it struck me that equators and tropics, and such mystical circles were very imaginary lines indeed to her, and that she looked upon the signs of the zodiac as so many remnants of the Black Art. What she piqued herself upon, as arts in which she excelled, was making candle-lighters, or "spills" (as she preferred calling them), of coloured paper, cut so as to resemble feathers, and knitting garters in a variety of dainty stitches. I had once said, on receiving a present of an elaborate pair, that I should feel quite tempted to drop one of them in the street, in order to have it admired; but I had turned the little joke (and it was a very little one) was such a distress to her sense of propriety, and was taken with such anxious earnest alarm lest the temptation might some day prove too strong for me, that I quite regretted having ventured upon it. A present of these delicately wrought garters, a bunch of gay "spills," or a set of cards on which sewing-silk was wound in a mystical manner, were the only return she ever made to Matey's favour. But would any one pay to have their children taught these arts? or indeed would Miss Matey sell, for filthy lucre, the knack and the skill with which she made trifles of value to those who loved her? I had to come down to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and in reading the chapter every morning she always coughed before coming to long words. I doubted her power of getting through a genealogical chapter, with any number of coughs. Writing she did well and delicately; but spelling! she seemed to think that the more out-of-the-way this was, and the more trouble it cost her, the greater the compliment she paid to her correspondent; and words that she would spell quite correctly in her letters to me became most odd enigmas when she wrote to my father. No! there was nothing she could teach to the rising generation of Cranford, unless they had been quick learners and ready imitators of her patience, her humility, her sweetness, her quiet contentedness. Yet all this she could not do. I pondered and pondered until dinner was announced by Martha, with a face all blubbered and swollen with crying.

Miss Matey had a few little peculiarities, which Martha was apt to regard as whims below her attention, and appeared to consider as childish fancies, of which an old lady of fifty-eight should try to be ashamed. But to-day everything was attended to with the most careful regard. The dinner was cut to the imaginary pattern of excellence that existed in Miss Matey's mind, as being the way she would have had preferred; the curtain was drawn so as to exclude the dead brick wall of a neighbour's stables, and yet left ea as to show every tender leaf of the poplar which was bursting into spring beauty. Martha's tone to Miss Matey was quite altered, as that good-tempered woman usually kept sacred for little children, and which I had never heard her use to any grown-up person. I had forgotten to tell Miss Matey about the pudding, and I was afraid she might not do justice to it; for she had evidently very little appetite to-day; so I seized the opportunity of letting her into the secret while Martha took away the meat. Miss Matey's eyes lighted with tears, and she could not speak, either to express surprise or gratitude. Martha returned, bearing it aloft, made in the most wonderful representation of a lion *couchant* that ever was moulded. Martha's face gleamed with triumph, as she set it down before Miss Matey with an emphatic "There!" Miss Matey wanted to speak her thanks, but could not; so she took Martha's hand and shook it warmly, which set Martha off crying, and I myself could hardly keep my composure. Martha burst out of the room; and Miss Matey had to clear her voice once or twice before she could speak. At last she said, "I should like to keep this pudding under a glass dome, my dear!" and the notion of the lion *couchant*, with Martha's face, being hoisted up to the place of honour on a mantelpiece, tickled my hysterical fancy, and I began to laugh, which rather surprised Miss Matey.

"I am sure, dear, I have seen uglier things under a glass shade before now," said she.

So had I, many a time and oft; and I accordingly composed my countenance (and now I could hardly keep from crying), and we both fell to upon the pudding, which was indeed excellent, only every morsel seemed to choke us, our hearts were so full.

We had too much to think about to talk much that afternoon. We passed the very tranquillity. But when the tea-urn was brought in, a new thought came into my head. Why should not Miss Matey sell tea—be an agent to the East India Tea Company, by whom I was paid? I could see no objections to this plan, while the advantages were many—always supposing that Miss Matey could get over the degradation of condescending to anything like trade. It was neither greasy nor sticky—grease and stickiness being two of the qualities which Miss Matey could not endure. No shop-window would be required. A small genteel notification of her being prepared to sell tea would, it is true, be necessary; but I hoped that it could be placed where no one could see it. Neither was tea a heavy article, so as to tax Miss Matey's fragile strength. The only thing against my plan was the buying and selling involved. While I was giving but almost answers to the question Miss Matey put, her cheekbones as absently—we heard a clumping sound on the stairs, and a whispering outside the door; which indeed Martha listened and she at by some invisible agency. After a little while Martha came in, looking more her a great tall young man, all crimson with shyness, and finding his only relief in perpetually cleeking his hair.

"Please, ma'am he's only Jem Hearn," said Martha, by way of an introduction; and so out of breath was she, that I imagine she had had some bodily exercise before she could overcome his reluctance to be presented on the quietly scene of Miss Matilda Jenkyns' drawing-room.

"And please, ma'am, he wants to marry me offhand. And please, ma'am, we want to take a lodger—just one quiet lodger, to make our two ends meet—and we'd take any house conformable, if you, dear Miss Matey, if may be so bold, would you have objections to lodging with us?" Jem wants it as much as I do." [To Jem] "Jem, you are great enough! why can't you back me? but he does want it all the same, for I had, don't you, Jem? only, you see, he's dazed at being called on to speak before quality."

"I'm not dazed," broke in Jem. "It's that you've taken me all on a sudden, and I didn't think for to get married so soon—and such quick work does flabbergast a man. It's not that I'm against it (looking at Martha), Miss Matey), "only Martha has such quick ways with her, no man she takes a thing into her head; and marriage, ma'am—marriage nails a man, as one may say. I dare say I shan't regret it after it's once over."

"Please, ma'am," said Martha, who had plucked at his sleeve, and nudged him with her elbow, and otherwise tried to interrupt him all the time he had been speaking, "don't mind him, he'll come to; 'twas only like a bear at a stake, he's baited and baxing me, and all the more because I said I could not think of it for years to come, and now he's only taken aback with the suddenness of the joy; but you know, Jem, you are just as fully set on me about wanting a lodger." (Another great nudge.)

"Ay! if Miss Matey would lodge with us—otherwise I've no mind to be cumbered with strange folk in the house," said Jem, with a want of tact which I could see enraged Martha, who was trying to present a lodger as the great object they wished to obtain, and that in fact Miss Matey would be conferring a favour, if she would only come and live with them.

Miss Matey herself was bewildered by the pair; their, or rather Martha's sudden resolution in favour of a lodger, so staggered her, and stood between her and the contemplation of a plan which Martha had at least. Miss Matey began—

"Marriage is a very solemn thing, Martha."

"I've tried, Ma'am," quoth Jem. "Not that I've no objections to trying before Mrs. Hearn."

"You've never let me a-be for asking me for to fix when I would be married," said Martha, her face all afire, and ready to cry with vexation, "and now you're shaming me before my betters and all."

"Nay, now! Martha, don't ee! I don't—only a man likes to have breathing time," said Jem, trying to possess himself of her hand, but in vain. Then he continued, as if more seriously hurt than he had imagined, he seemed to try to rally his scattered faculties, and with more straightforward dignity than, ten minutes before, I should have thought it possible for him to assume, he turned to Miss Matey, and said, "I hope, ma'am, you know I have all the respect every one who has been kind to Martha. I always looked on her as to be my wife—some time—and I've said often and often spoken of you as the kindest lady that ever I set eyes on. The plain truth is I would not like to be troubled with lodgers of the common run; yet if, ma'am, you'd honour us by living with us, I am sure Martha would do her best to make you comfortable, and I'd keep out of your way as much as I could, which I reckon would be the best kindness such an awkward chap as me could do."

Miss Matey had been very busy with taking off her spectacles, wiping them, and replacing them; but all she could say was, "Don't let any thought of me hurry you into marriage; pray don't! Marriage is such a very solemn thing!"

"But Miss Matilda will think of your plan, Martha," said I, struck with the advantages that it offered, and unwilling to lose the opportunity of considering about it. "And I'm sure neither she nor I can ever forget you kindness to our yours either, Jem."

"Why, yes, ma'am! I'm sure I mean kindly, though I'm a bit fluttered by being pushed straight a-head into matrimony, as it were, and mayn't exactly express myself conformable. But I'm sure I'm willing enough, and prays the time to get accustomed; so, Martha, wench, what's the use of crying so, and slapping me if I come near?"

The last was *sotto voce*, and had the effect of making Martha laugh out of the room, to be followed and soothed by her lover. Whereupon Miss Matey sat down and cried very heartily, and accounted for it by saying that the thought of Martha being married to Jem gave her quite a shock, and that she should never forgive herself if she thought she was hurrying the poor creature. I think my Jem for Jem, of the two; but both Miss Matey and I appreciated to the full the kindness of the honest couple, although we had little thought of the time, and a good deal about the chances and dangers of matrimony.

The next morning, very early, I received a note from Miss Pole, so mysteriously wrapped up and with so many seals on it to secure secrecy, that I had to tear the paper before I could unfold it. And when I came to the writing I could hardly understand the meaning, it was so involved and circuitous. I made out, however, that I was to go to Miss Pole's at eleven o'clock; the number eleven being written in full length as well as in numerals, and *A. M.* twice dashed under, as if I were very likely to come at eleven in the night, when all Cranford was usually a-bed, and asleep by ten; there was no signature except Miss Pole's initials, reversed, P. E., but as Martha had given me the note, "with Miss Pole's kind regards," it needed no wizard to find out who sent it, and if ye writers name was to be kept secret, it was very well that I was alone when Martha delivered it.

I went, as requested, to Miss Pole's. The door was opened by her little maid Lizzy, in Sunday tri n, as if some grand event was impending over this work-day. And the drawing-room up-stairs was arranged in accordance with this idea. The table was covered with the best green card cloth and writing-materials upon it. On the little side-table was a tray with a newly-decanted bottle of cowslip wine, and some ladies'-finger biscuits. Miss Pole herself was in solemn array, as if to receive company in her drawing-room at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Forrester was there, crying quietly and sadly, and my arrival seemed only to call forth fresh tears. Before we had finished our greetings, performed with lugubrious sympathy of demeanour, there was another rat-tat-tat, and Mrs. Fitz-Adam appeared, crimson with hurry and excitement. It seemed as if this was all the company expected; for now Miss Pole made several demonstrations of being about to open the business of the meeting, by stirring the fire, drawing and shutting the door, and coughing and blowing her nose. Then she arranged us all round the table, taking care to place me opposite to her; and last of all, she inquired if we had seen the sad report was true, as she feared it was, that Miss Matey had lost all her fortune?

Of course, I had but one answer to make; and I never heard more dejected sorrow depicted on any countenance than I did there on the three before me.

"I wish Mrs. Jamieson was here!" said Mrs. Forrester in a low tone; but to judge from Mrs. Fitz-Adam's face, she could see no good in that wish.

"But without Mrs. Jamieson," said Miss Pole, with just a sound of offended merit in her voice, "we, the ladies of Cranford, in my drawing-room assembled, are to do something. I imagine we are none of us what may be called rich, but we all possess a genteel competency, sufficient for tastes that are elegant and refined, and would not, if they could, be vulgarly ostentatious." (Here I observed Miss Pole refer to a small memorandum in her hand, on which I imagine she had put down a few notes.)

"Miss Smith," she continued, addressing me (familiarly known as "Mary" to all the company assembled, but this was a state occasion), "I have conversed in private—I made it my business to do so yesterday afternoon—with these ladies on the subject matter which we have met to our friend—and one and all of us have agreed that, while we have a superfluity, it is not only a duty but a pleasure—a true pleasure, Mary!" her voice was rather choked just here, and she had to wipe her spectacles before she could go on—"to give what we can to assist her—Miss Matilda Jenkyns. Only, in consideration of the feelings of delicate independence existing in the mind of every refined female," I was given to understand that it would be wrong in us to contribute our mites in a secret and concealed manner, so as not to hurt the feelings I have referred to. And our object in requesting you to meet us this morning, Mary, is, that you are the daughter—I mean no disrespect, my dear, but I speak as a friend in all pecuniary matters, we imagined that, by consulting with him, you might devise some mode in which our contribution should be made to appear the legal due which Miss Matilda Jenkyns ought to receive from—Probably your father, knowing her investments can fill up the blank."

Miss Pole concluded her address, and looked round for approval and assurance.

"I have expressed your meaning, ladies, have I not? And while Miss Smith considers what reply to make, allow me to offer you some little refreshment."

I had no great reply to make; I had more thankfulness at my heart for their kind thoughts than I cared to put into words; and so I only mumbled out something to the effect "that I would name what Miss Pole had said to my father, and that if anything could be arranged for dear Miss Matey," and here I broke down utterly, and had to be refreshed with a glass of cowslip wine before I could check the crying which had been repressed for the last two or three days. The worst was, all the ladies cried in concert. Even Miss Pole cried, who had said a hundred times that it was to betray emotion before any one was a sign of weakness that was not of self-control. She recovered herself into a slight degree of impatient anger, directed against me, as having set them all off, and, moreover, I think she was vexed that I could not speak much more to the purpose myself, and if I had known beforehand what was to be said, and had had a card on which to express the probable feelings that would rise in my heart, I would have spoken much better. As it was, Mrs. Forrester was the person to speak when we had recovered our composure. "I don't mind, among friends, stating that I—no! I'm not poor exactly, but I don't think I'm rich enough to say what I wish I were, for dear Miss Matey's sake—but, if you please, I'll write down, in a sealed paper, what I can give. I only wish it was more: my dear Mary, I do indeed."

Now Mrs. Forrester had her paper, pen, and ink, were provided. Every lady wrote down the sum she could give annually, signed the paper, and sealed it mysteriously. If their proposal was acceded to, my father was to be allowed to open the papers, under pledge of secrecy. If not, they were to be returned to their writers. When this ceremony had been gone through, I rose to depart; but each lady seemed to wish to have a private conference with me. Miss Pole took me into the drawing-room to explain why, in Mrs. Jamieson's absence, she had taken upon herself this "movement," as she was pleased to call it, and also to inform me that she had heard from good authority that Mrs. Jamieson was coming home directly in a state of high displeasure against her sister-in-law, who was forthwith to leave her house; and was, she believed, to return to Edinburgh that very evening. Of course this piece of intelligence could not be communicated before Mrs. Forrester, lest more especially as Miss Pole was inclined to think that Lady Glenmire's engagement to Mr. Hoggins was not possibly hold against the blaze of Mrs. Jamieson's displeasure. A few hours inquiries after Miss Matey's health concluded my interview with Miss Pole. On coming down stairs I found Mrs. Forrester waiting for me at the entrance to the dingy passage, to say that she had forgotten to mention one some subject, which was so unapproachable apparently, that I began to despair of our ever getting to the end of it. At last out it came; the poor old lady trembling all the time as if it were a great crime which she was exposing to daylight, in telling me how very, very little she had to live upon; to confess to which she was brought to make from a dread lest we should think that she had left a pension named in her paper bore any proportion to her love and regard for Miss Matey. And yet that sum which she so eagerly relinquished was in truth more than a twentieth part of her income. She had to live upon, and keep house, and a little serving-maiden, all at became one born a Tyroll. And when the whole income does not nearly amount to a hundred pounds, to give up a twentieth of it will necessitate many careful economies, and many pieces of self-denial—small and insignificant in the world's account, but bearing a different value in another account-book that I have heard of. She did so wish she was rich, she said; and this wish she kept repeating with no thought of herself in it, only with a longing, yearning desire to be able to heap up Miss Matey's measure of comforts. It was some time before I could console her enough to leave her; and then, on quitting the house, I was waylaid by Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who had also her confidence to make of pretty nearly the opposite description. She had not liked to put down all that she could afford, for she was ready to give. She told me she thought she never could look Miss Matey in the face again if she presumed to be giving her so much as she should like to do. "Miss Matey!" exclaimed the poor lady, with much a fine young lady, when I was nothing but a country girl—used to market with eggs and butter and such like things; for my father, though well to do, would always make me do what he thought had done before; and I had to come in to Cranford every Saturday night and see after sales and prices, and what not. And one day I remember I met Miss Matey in the lane that was then a green lane; she was walking on the footpath which you know, my dear, is raised a good deal above the road, and a gentleman rode beside her, and was talking to her, and she was looking down at some primroses she had gathered, and pulling them all to pieces, and she was more pretty than ever. But after she had passed me she turned round and ran back to me to ask—oh so kindly—after my poor mother, who lay on her death-bed, and when I cried she took hold of my hand to comfort me; and the gentleman waiting for her all the time; and her poor heart very full of something I am sure, and I thought it such an honour to be spoken to in that pretty way by the rector's daughter, who visited at Arley Hall. I have loved her ever since, though perhaps I'd no right to do it; but if you can think of any way in which I might be allowed to give a little more without any one knowing it, I should be so much obliged to you, my dear. And my house would be delighted to doctor her for nothing—medicines, leeches and all. I know that he and her ladyship (my dear! I little thought in the days I was telling you of that sweet young lady, that she would be my sister-in-law to a ladyship!) would do anything for her. We all would."

I told her I was quite sure of it, and promised all sorts of things in my anxiety to get home to Miss Matey, who might well be wondering what had become of me, absent from her so long, without being able to account for it. She had taken very little note of time, however, as she had been occupied in numerless little arrangements preparatory to the great event of going to a new house. It was evidently a relief to her to be doing something in the way of retrenchment; for, as she said, whenever she paused to think, the recollection of the poor fellow with his head so close upon him would come in, and she felt quite dishonest and ungrateful, and uncomfortable, what must it not be doing to the directors of the Bank, who must know so much more of the pecuniary consequent upon its failure. She almost made me promise that I would never speak between these directors (whom she imagined overwhelmed by self-reproach for their mismanagement of other people's affairs), and those who were suffering like her. Indeed, my poor friend seemed to think poverty a lighter burden than self reproach; but I privately doubted if the directors would agree with her.

The boards were taken out and examined as to their money value, which luckily was small, for she I don't know how Miss Matey would have prevailed upon herself to part with such things as her mother's wedding, the strange uncouth brooch with which her father had frightened her in childhood, &c. However, we arranged things a little in order as to their pecuniary estimation, and were all ready for my father when he came next morning. I am sure I felt quite a woman of business, and all the business we went through; and one reason for not telling about them is that I did not understand what we were doing at the time, and cannot recollect it now. Miss Matey was very unassisting to accounts, and schemes, and reports, and documents, which I dare I do not believe we either of us understood a word; for my father was clear-headed and decisive, and a great man of business, and if we made the slightest inquiry, or expressed the slightest want of comprehension, he had a sharp way of saying, "Eh? eh? eh? is clear as daylight. What's your objection? eh?" And as we had not comprehended anything of what he had proposed, we found it rather difficult to shape our objections; in fact, we never were sure if we had any. So presently Miss Matey got into a nervously acquiescent state, and said "Yes" and "Certainly" at every pause, whether required or not: but when I once joined in as chorus, she decidedly "pronounced by Miss Matey in a tremblingly dubious tone, my father fired round at me and asked me "What there was to decide?" And I am sure, if I had known what I was saying, but in justice to him, I must say, he had come over from Drumble to help Miss Matey when he could ill spare the time, and when his own affairs were in a very anxious state.

While Miss Matey was out of the room giving orders for luncheon—and sadly perplexed between her desire of honouring my father by a delicate dinner, and her conviction that she had not right now that all her money was gone, to indulge the desire—I told him of the meeting of Cranford ladies at Miss Pole's the day before. He kept brushing his hands before the eye we spoke—and when I went back to Martha's offer the evening before, of receiving Miss Matey as a lodger, he fairly walked away from me to the window, and began drumming with his fingers upon it. Then he turned abruptly round, and said, "Yes, Mary, it is a good innocent life makes friends all around. Contound it! I could make a good lesson out of it if I were a parson, but as it is, I can't get a tail to my sentences—only I'm sure you feel what I feel to say, when I say I will have a walk after lunch, and talk a bit more about these plans."

The lunch—a hot savoury mutton-chop, and a little slice of a cold lion—boiled and fried—was now brought in; every morsel of this last was finished, to Martha's great gratification. Then my father bluntly told Miss Matey he wanted to talk to her about her own affairs, and he would see some of the old places, and then I could tell her what plan we thought desirable. Just before we went out, she called me back and said, "Remember dear, I'm the only one left to care for Matey, so one to be hurt by what I do. I'm willing to do anything that's right and honest; and I don't think, if Deborah knows where she is, she'll care so very much if I do what is needful. You see, she's well know all, dear. Only let me sell what I can, and pay the poor people as far as I'm able."

I gave her a hearty kiss, and ran after my father. The result of our conversation was this. If all parties were agreeable, Miss Matey and I were to be married with as little delay as possible, and they were to live on in Miss Matey's present abode; the sum which the Cranford ladies had agreed to contribute was to be paid by, before, direct to me; the greater part of the rent, and leaving Martha free to procure a mate Miss Matey should pay for her lodgings to any little extra comforts required. About the sale, my father was doubtful at first; he said the old rectory furniture, however carefully used, and very recently treated, would fetch very little; and that little would be but as a drop in the sea of the debts of the Town and County Bank. But when I represented how Miss Matey's health would be benefited by her feeling that she had done what she could, he gave way; especially after I had told him the five-pound-note adventure, and he had scolded me well for allowing it. He said it was very foolish, that he might add to her small income by selling tea; and, to my surprise (for I had nearly given up the plan), my father grasped at it with all the energy of a business man. I think the chickens before they were hatched, for he immediately began to talk of profits of the sales that she could effect at Cranford to more than twenty pounds a-year; the small dining room was to be converted into a shop, without any of its degrading characteristics; a table was to stand in the counter; one window was to be retained unaltered, and the other changed into a glass door. I thought rose in his estimation, for having made this bright suggestion. I only hoped we should not both fall in Miss Matey's.

But she was patient and content with all our arrangements. She knew, she said, that we should make her happy, if we could, for she had long hoped, only stipulated that she should pay every farthing, that she could be said to owe, for her father's sake, who had been so respected in Cranford. My father was in a great hurry to get back, so it was possible about the sale and the money, and the time for my marriage, to be helpful. Some of the plans were evidently a little perplexing to her; but she had seen me sufficiently long to know that in the morning for want of comprehension to venture on too many inquiries, she had all passed over well, with a hope on her part that no one would be hurried into marriage on her account. When we came to the proposal that she should sell tea, I could see it was rather a shock to her; not on account of any personal loss of gentility involved, but only because she distrusted her own powers of action in a new line of life, and would timidly have preferred a little more time for any exertion for which she feared she was unfitted. However, when she saw my father was bent upon it, she sighed, and said she would try; and if she did not do well, of course she might give it up. One good thing about it was, she did not think much over bought tea; and it was of men particulary she was afraid. They had such sharp loud ways with them; and did up accounts, and counted their change so quickly! Now, if she might only sell combs to children, she was sure she could please them!—

Household Words.

A TURKISH 'OLD FOGY.'—Mr. Layard in his new volume gives the following letter written him by a Turk in reply to one asking for certain information. The English for Ali Zadi, it is conjectured, is 'Old Fogy'.

My Illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver: The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have never counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to the one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. I have lived as far as the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were impossible for me to inquire into it. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which have passed and are. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace. Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content at home.

We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid! Listen, O my soul! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto Him, in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinning round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say "Wherefore and solid, O man! for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen many things." If thou thinketh that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I know only what I require not. Thou art learned in the things I cared not to know, and so for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek paradise with three eyes? Oh, my friend, if thou wilt be happy, say not, I have seen, I have heard. Do no evil; and thus will thou fear neither man nor death, for surely thine hour will come. The meek in spirit (El Fakia).—*Imaum Ali Zadi.*

THE TIDINGS.

A bright beam came to my window frame,
This sweet May morn;
And it said to the old, hard glass—
Oh! let me pass,
For I have good news to tell—
The queen of the dewy dell,
The beautiful May, is born!

Warm with the race, through the open space,
This sweet May morn,
Came a soft breeze out of the skies;
And it said to my heart—Arise!
Go forth from your winter's dire,
For the child of thy love is come,
The beautiful May, is born!

The bright beam glanced and the soft wind danced,
This sweet May morn,
Over my cheek and over my eyes;
And I said, with a glad surprise—
Oh, welcome forth, ye blessed twain,
Over the hill and over the plain
Where the beautiful May is born.

Through the open door leaped the beam before,
This sweet May morn,
And the soft breeze hosted along.
Like a poet's song,
Warm from his heart and fresh from his brain;
And they led me out to the green and plain,
To the beautiful May now born.

My guide so bright and my guide so light,
This sweet May morn,
Led me along to the grassy ground,
And I knew by each joyous sight and sound,
The fields so green and the skies so gay,
That beautiful May was born.

Out of the sea with their eyes of glee,
This sweet May morn,
Came the lambs to me hastily on.
And they murmuring cried—Thou happy one!
Show us, O earth! thy darling child,
For we know, by the joy thou wearest wild,
That the beautiful May was born.

The winged fame to the rose-bud came,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the flower—Prepare!
Lay thy nectarine bosom bare!
Full soon, full soon, thou must rock to rest,
For the child of love is coming breast,
The beautiful May now born!

The gladsome breeze through the trembling trees,
This sweet May morn,
Went joyously on from bough to bough:
And it said to the rich-robed plum—O thou!
Cover with mimic pearls and gems,
And with silver bells, thy stems,
For the beautiful May now born.

Under the eaves and through the leaves,
This sweet May morn,
The soft wind whispering flew:
And it said to the listening birds—O you,
Sweet choristers of the skies,
Awaken your sleepy loves above;
While its sister cooed in the midst of the grove,
And within my heart the spirit of love,
That the beautiful May was born!

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY JUGGLING FEAT.

In the early part of the last century, a physician named Agricola, living at Ratisbon, in Germany, obtained great celebrity by certain discoveries which he declared he had made in the multiplication of plants and trees. He could produce, he said, from a small branch, or even from a leaf, large forest trees in the course of an hour, through the sole instrumentality of fire. He wrote upon the subject, one of which was published at Amsterdam, in 1720. Its title was, "*Agriculture parfaite, ou Nouvelle Découverte*," &c. It has been supposed that he had learned the art from Indoo jugglers, whose feats in the same line are of the most marvellous nary character. They actually sow the seed of any tree the spectators call for, in the earth, and, after a few ceremonies pronounced over it, a mulberry, a plum, or a walnut plant is produced, which springing upward until it becomes a large tree, with its natural fruit depending from its branches. Nor is this all. The fruit is plucked and given to the spectator to eat; and, which is more surprising, the enchanted dates or walnuts, the branches of the miraculous trees are crowded with birds of every plumage, who fill the air with their melody. A signal is given, and in the twinkling of an eye, the leafbared inhabitants, disappears in an instant, leaving behind it no trace of its existence!

The author of the "Oriental Annual," an English gentleman of unquestionable veracity, gives an almost incredible description of a juggling performance at which he was present. The operator introduces into the middle of the circle a naked little girl about five years old, in a wicker basket. The girl is shown to all the spectators. The operator then enters into a conversation with her, which soon assumes angry tone; he threatens to kill her with a drawn sword; she supplicates for mercy, and while the piteous cries proceed from the damsel, the weapon into her bosom two or three times successively. The earth is dyed with blood, while her agonizing groans announce dissolution. The spectators are ready to fall at the wretch who appears to be guilty of so barbarous a murder, when the little girl rises in the circle from without, dressed in her usual attire, and as gay as if nothing had happened to her!

This is extraordinary enough; but than that was performed in the presence of the Mogul emperor Jehanegrie, who gives an account of it in his autobiography. The performer produced a living man, and then cut off his head in the first instance. They then divided the limbs from the trunk, and the mutilated remains lay on the ground for some time. A curtain was then extended over the spot, and one of the spectators putting himself under the curtain, emerged from it again in a few minutes perfect, and the individual who was supposed to have been so completely dissected!

His Mogul Majesty gives the following minute and circumstantial accounts by the same juggler, which are very wonderful:

"They took a small bag, and having first shown that it was entirely empty, one of them put his hand in the bag, on withdrawing it, brought out some two game-cocks of the largest size and great beauty, which immediately assailed each other, and fought with such force and fury that their wings emitted sparks of fire at every stroke. This continued for the full space of an hour, when they put an end to the combat by throwing a sheet over the animals. Again they withdrew the sheet, and there appeared a brace of partridges, with the most brilliant and beautiful plumage, which immediately began to tune their throats as if there was nothing human present, picking at worms with the same sort of chuckle as they are heard to use on the hill-side. The sheet was thrown over them, and on withdrawing over the partridges, and when again withdrawn, instead of those beautiful birds, there appeared two frightful black snakes, with flat heads and crimson bellies, which, with a hissing noise, raised erect, and coiled together, attacked each other with the greatest fury, and so continued to do, until, as it appeared, they became quite exhausted, when they fell asunder.

"They made an excavation in the earth, in the shape of a tank or reservoir, of considerable dimensions, which they requested us to fill with water. When this was done they spread a covering over the place, and after a short interval, having removed the cover, the water appeared to be one sheet of ice, and they desired that some of the elephant-keepers should be directed to lead the elephants across. Accordingly some of the men led the elephants across the ice, and the animal walked over with as much ease and safety as if it were a platform of solid rock, remaining for some time on the surface of the frozen pond without occasioning the slightest fracture in the ice. As usual, the sheet was drawn across the place, and being removed, not the vestage of ice, and even moisture of any sort, had completely disappeared.

"They procured a blank volume of the purest white paper, which was placed in my hands to show that it contained no figures or any colouring whatever, of which I satisfied myself and all around. One of the men took the volume in hand, and the first opening exhibited a page of bright red, sprinkled with gold, forming a blank leaf, splendidly elaborate. The next turn presented a beautiful azure, sprinkled in the same manner, and exhibiting on the margin numbers of men and women in various dresses.

"The juggler then turned to another leaf, which appeared of a Chinese colour and fabric, and sprinkled in the same manner with gold, but on it delineated herds of cattle and lions, the latter setting upon the kine in a manner that I never observed in any other paintings. The next leaf exhibited was a beautiful green, similarly powdered with gold, on which was represented, in lively colours, a garden with its roses and other flowers, and the flowering shrubs in full bloom; and in the midst of the garden an excellent pavilion. The next change exhibited a leaf of orange, in the same manner powdered with gold, on which the painter had delineated the representation of a great battle, in which two adverse kings were seen engaged in the struggle of a mortal conflict. In short, at every turn of the leaf a different and new scene and notion was exhibited, such as was, indeed, most pleasing to behold. In all these performances, this latter of the volume of paper was that which afforded me the greatest delight; so many pictures and extraordinary changes having been brought under view, that I should scarcely utter inability to do justice in the description."

In observing upon the extraordinary nature of these performances, the Emperor puts aside the supposition that they were to be ascribed to a mere visual deception;

"They very evidently partake," he says, "of something beyond the exertion of human energy. I have heard it mentioned that there is a book called the Almaynian (celestial), and I am informed that it also known and practised to a considerable extent among the nations of Europe. It may be said, indeed, that there exists in some men a peculiar and essential faculty which enables them to accomplish things far beyond the scope of human exertion, such as frequently to baffle the utmost subtlety of the understanding to penetrate."

LAST HOURS OF MADAME ROLAND.

While in the prison of the Abbaye, the compassionate heart of Madame Roland was open to every tale of woe. In entering the prison, the wife of the ex-minister of the interior had brought with her money. Her habits were those of a person if not accustomed to luxury, at least accustomed to an easy, if not a liberal expenditure. Day by day she diminished her personal expenses, and reduced her breakfasting on bread and water, with a dinner of a few vegetables. The sum thus retren