NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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E. M. RENDY, PRINTER.

"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Genius of Liberty.

Mr. Editor—It is with some reluctance that I address a few lines to you, but I am for liberty, a name which should be held sacred by every American citizen; and although facts are stubborn things, yet truth must be told, and my prayer is that this generation may live to celebrate the day when our soil shall not be polluted by the footsteps of a slave.

Since I have seen a few copies of your valuable paper, and in one I saw an account of a slave most cruelly treated by James K. Polk, and being for liberty instead of party, I will relate to you a circumstance that came under my own observation. I live in Unity, near what is termed the Quaker settlement, and I was from my youth a abolitionist. The light of freedom, however, I trust, is soon to shine on this place. But to return to the subject—about the first of March, a stranger came to my house and begged a night's lodging. I was forcibly struck with his dejected appearance and immediately bid him welcome. After supper, I of course, had a curiosity to know from whence he came, and where bound, and I cannot do the subject justice better than to tell his history in his own words.—Sir, said he, I am from the plantation of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and bound for Canada. I was born and lived a slave on his plantation for twenty-five years, and strange as it may appear to you, although at times treated severe, I can say that the first sixteen years of my life were comparatively happy. At that time I was partially educated by a free black, and then, for the first time, I saw what a disgusting thing Slavery was. Being a house servant, and my master thinking that I was incapable of reading, or scarcely comprehending anything except orders of my daily task, I had many opportunities of reading and hearing conversations from my master and his numerous visitors. But in reading I had to be very cautious, and many a sleepless night I have spent in reading Northern papers. I soon found that the slave had much friends in the North, and that Abolitionists were ready to lend a hand. I ventured one day to ask my master what an Abolitionist was. He said it was the slave's worst enemy; that their practice was to flatter sway slaves under pretence of freedom, and sell them into North, where they had to pass the remainder of their days in a cotton field. I was in no little difficulty that I suppressed a laugh, but my own interest required me to feign ignorance. One night, I found my way into his library and read several hours, and then fell asleep. My master rang for me, but finding no summons was disobeyed, searched for me, and found me asleep, with a book in my hand. He awoke me with a smart blow on my face, with "Tom, what in the devil are you here for?" I told him I had been reading. "Reading?" says he, "you baboon, what do you know about reading? Read what?" pointing to a newspaper in my hand. "To his servant I read it, and he then demanded of me how I learned to read. I frankly told him. He then ordered me to my duty, swearing that he would kill me, if ever I was seen with a book or paper in my hand again. Soon after this he put me in the hands of the overseer, telling me to lodge in the negro houses, and never enter his house again. My change was for the worse. I had to labour hard in the fields, with short allowances, I had always lived in the house with my mother, and now was deprived of seeing her for one moment. She, however, found an opportunity to see me one night, and told me that my master was my father. But by some means it reached his ears, and I was severely whipped, and she so inhumanely treated that she died in a few days afterwards. Then I determined to gain my freedom, or die in the attempt. But it was a long time before an opportunity presented itself. At length the joyful hour came. On Friday evening we were told that we might have Saturday and Sunday for pastimes, but not to leave the plantation. I went into my hut to prepare to leave. I took a small bag of rice, and a blanket for lodging. I had determined never to be seen alive on the plantation again. The North Star was my guide. I travelled all night, and at dawn of day secreted myself in the woods. This I did for many nights, not knowing where I was or what advancement I was making. I travelled twenty-seven nights, without meeting with any person. Then I ventured to be seen in the day time, but avoided cities and large towns. At last I found myself in a free state. I travelled nights, and when my rice was consumed, I was glad to find anything to sustain life. But the thought of freedom strengthened me, and here am I in a free State.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have given his statement, as near as I can recollect. He showed me the marks of the whip on his back, and the letters H. C. branded on his shoulder. He was a well-looking man, and would well pass for a white man, and appears honest. He informed me that he was received him to Elder Jared Perkins, who carried him to Cincinnati, and gave him suitable direction to Canada. May success attend him.

Yours, &c.

FREDERICK GLIDDEN.

Pro-Slavery.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

Boston, June 13.

Colonization.—The prospects of this scheme of philanthropy, towards the African race, were, perhaps, never more auspicious than at present. The venerable Dr. Humphrey, with his wise head, and large heart, and unfaltering tongue, has delivered several lectures on the subject, which I understand he has been invited to repeat in New-York. On Sabbath evening, he gave his closing address in the Old South Church. It is quite indicative of growing respect for the cause, that this able advocate has been promptly encouraged to present the subject in the leading churches of Boston, of different denominations; and that, as stated at the recent Anniversary here, some two hundred pulpits of the Commonwealth, have of late been occupied for its presentation. In his last lecture, the Doctor, after depicting the depressed and dispiriting condition of the coloured man in this country, strikingly illustrated his capacity for rising, under favorable circumstances, in the case of Cor. Ransworm, of Cape Palmas; who, despairing to overcome the prejudice against colour, and to find honourable employment here, yet determined to be a man, sailed from Salem to Africa a few years since. This case was only parallel to that of Gov. Roberts, of Liberia, once a Virginian slave! and showed, to what hundreds of others might aspire, if encouraged by Christian patriots and philanthropists. *Here*, degradation, he was sorry to say, seemed inevitable; but *there*, independent colonies, with numerous churches and schools, and a great country to be redeemed, were offering them to come over, and take their proper place among freemen, and live for the highest honour of God, and their race.

After showing that, notwithstanding the combined efforts of Christian powers, the African Slave-Trade had greatly increased of late, there was such a thing truly sublime as well as beautiful, in the Doctor's picture of hundreds of independent colonies, like so many bands of guardian angels lining the coast, and obstructing every where the horrible Slave-Trade,—as Liberia, and Cape Palmas had done, effectually, for 400 miles,—sending at the same time, a redeeming influence to the interior.

He showed, from the statistics of Mr. Buxton, the modern Wilberforce, that between four and five hundred thousand were now annually *captured* for slavery—that the profits were so great that the traffic would be continued, though *two-thirds* should be arrested or die on their passage; and that colonies of defence and civilization were immeasurably better than ships of war.

From the Correspondence of the Boston Courier.

THE ELEVATION OF THE COLOURED RACE.

This subject was again ably discussed by Rev. Dr. Humphrey, in the Old South Church, on Sabbath evening. He lessoned from the golden rule, the cardinal principle of morals, that justice requires that effort be made to place the three or four hundred thousand free coloured people in the United States where they can enjoy the blessings of a free and independent people—where the highest motives to moral and intellectual culture will stimulate the coloured man to exertion, as they do the white man in Massachusetts. This, he said, we could never expect to see the coloured people rise, if they would not be permitted, he was sorry to say, The Governor of Virginia, in his last message, proposes to drive out every free coloured person from that State, fifty thousand. Where will they go? All the North the prejudice is not so great, but who does not know that we considered a degraded class.

A Boston merchant, a friend of mine, told him of a young coloured man who, twenty years since, having graduated at Bowdoin College, came to this city to establish himself in business—but he found the prejudices of society such against his colour, that with the best character, with talents and education, he could not obtain the means of subsistence. At length, driven by the stern hand of poverty, he consented to go to Liberia. The merchant above named, aided by one other, furnished him with a printing press and types. He sailed from Salem for Liberia, where for several years he edited the Liberia Herald. This man was Daniel Ransworm, the present able Governor of the colony of Cape Palmas. What could he have enjoyed, or what good could he have done, with all his talents, his learning, and his virtues, if he had remained here?

The coloured people of the free States must remain in their degraded condition, if they stay here, unless they can raise in their minds such strong oppression that degrades them. Can they ever do this? As well might the poor peasants in the mountain vales of Switzerland resist the descending avalanche.

Sir Thomas Buxton had demonstrated that in the last twenty-five years the Slave-Trade had increased from eighty thousand annually, to two hundred thousand; and that now, to obtain these, the aggregate loss was so great, from danger of apprehension, &c. that half a million were annually taken from Africa to secure this supply. The Doctor said he advocated the cause of Colonization, because it afforded the only hope of abolishing the Slave-Trade and its horrid horror and blood. The colony of Liberia had already broken up the trade from nearly four hundred miles of the coast. And when we see the whole western coast, and we *will* see it, *all* the way from Senegal, adorned people, with the harvests of this Satanic traffic cease. May we not hope, said the speaker, in few years, to see the whole coast, from Senegal, covered with flourishing towns and cities, like guardian angels, to protect and enlighten the continent, and whose commandment in commerce would be of tenfold more pecuniary profit to us than all the slaves in the nation.

That a man of Dr. Humphrey's high standing and wisdom should so fully have enlisted his energies for its promotion, and that the leading pulpits of the several denominations should be so cordially opened for its encouragement, augurs well for this cause of philanthropy.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The Richmond Enquirer contains the following correspondence, the sentiments of which it approves as follows:

At the last session of the Virginia Legislature, it will be recollected that resolutions were adopted condemning in decided terms the "Wilmot Proviso." In pursuance of those resolutions were directed to be enclosed to the Governors of the several States, to be laid before their respective Legislatures. In the performance of this duty, the following correspondence has taken place between Governor Smith, of Virginia, and Governor A. G. Brown, of Mississippi. Governor Brown's letter breathes the true Southern spirit, and will meet with a hearty response. ON THIS SUBJECT THE WHOLE SOUTH WILL BE UNITED.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, March 10, 1847.

Sir,—I respectfully communicate the accompanying preamble and resolutions, which were the last of a long and tedious session of the Virginia General Assembly of Virginia on the 8th instant, and request that you will lay the same before the Legislature of your State.

I have the honour to be
Your obedient servant,
WM. SMITH.

His Excellency, Governor of Miss.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Jackson, (Miss.) 15th April, 1847.

His Excellency, Wm. Smith, Governor of Va.:

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter covering the preamble and resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi—a request which I shall with great cheerfulness comply with. The Legislature assembles—this will not be until January, 1848.

It affords me pleasure to say in advance, that the resolutions will meet a hearty response from both political parties in this State. Firm in their tone, elevated in sentiment, dignified in their expression, and reflecting fairly and distinctly the feelings of every Southern man on the delicate and deeply-interesting subject of which they treat, they will, I sincerely trust, checkmate Northern fanatics, and make them stand back from their mad career. Their object is to compel the South to submit to the Wilmot Proviso, or to dissolve the Union. Let the South, then, in the spirit of a high-minded, but firm and determined people, say to the North, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther;" and if, in the attempt to carry out the Wilmot Proviso, the Union can get, a single electoral vote from the Southern States, *I know he cannot get a vote from Mississippi.* We may be driven to defend our rights at the point of the bayonet, and thence to the Pacific, but we will not submit to be told that slave territory is not to be acquired on this or on the other side of that line. On this subject there is no division of sentiment in Mississippi. It is common ground on which Whigs and Democrats cordially unite. The period is approaching when we shall be called upon to make a selection of a Presidential candidate. I fear it is impossible to see what four years may bring forth. Mighty revolutions in England, France, and other countries have taken place in much less time, and we are now as that point from which it may be discovered in the last degree improbable, that a revolution, without first having prepared the ground. I am opposed, therefore—and in this I think I but echo the common sentiment in Mississippi—to the practice of making, with our Northern brethren without a prior distinct understanding that the candidate selected must not only be sound on this subject, but expect to see his principles carried out.

If an Abolitionist, even in the modified form of a "Wilmot Proviso" man, is elevated to the Presidency, before the time for the contest shall come, the South owes it to her domestic quiet, to the conduct which such an event may force her to adopt, to have no part nor lot in the election of such a President. I am quite sure that our Northern brethren will yet do us the justice to yield to our reasonable demands. We have not asked aught unreasonable, nor do we now ask for *partial legislation, to protect our labour;* we have only asked *to be let alone.* A request so reasonable in itself, and so nearly granted, will surely not be denied—if it is, we owe it to ourselves to take care that the denial shall not come through a President of our own choosing. Be future events what they may, Mississippi will stand by Virginia in maintaining her recently adopted resolutions, as she has always stood by her in support of her resolutions of '98.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. G. BROWN.

Sections.

From the New York Evangelist.

THE TROUBLESOME SUBJECT.

In the course of some sensible remarks upon the spirit and impression of the late anniversaries in this city, the Commercial Advertiser thus speaks of the Slavery question, the truth of which will hardly be questioned:

"In the first place these anniversaries have shown that the question of Slavery—that plague and opprobrium of our country—has forced itself with all most every department of Christian and benevolent effort. As an eloquent speaker observed: 'it comes up wherever we go, like the ivy on Jeffrey's tower over the whole field of benevolent operation, threatening to overthrow the edifice of our benevolent institutions to other action." Presently it comes, in its turn, and we will see it, to destroy the 'green pasture' of the Church of Christ, and choke up the 'waters of Siloa's' which irrigate the garden of the Lord. It is evidently becoming the question, which is to eat up, like Pharaoh's lean kine, every other, and create a dearth and famine of benevolent effort.

"It confronted and had well nigh struck down the angelic form of the Colonization, which is dear to the Evangelical Alliance, and only refrained from its purpose when it was allowed to dwell in the shadow of the Colonization Society, and to share the credit of having been generous enough to forego the death-blow for the sake of peace. For an entire day it was enthroned in the Tabernacle, multitudes listening to its plaints of woe, sympathizing in its appeals, and bewing means with more or less wisdom, though with equal enthusiasm, for its immediate or ultimate and final adjustment.

"In one form or other it exerted an influence over every meeting, either sitting boldly with the officers, or peeping from behind some cousin nearly wearied resolution, or suddenly evoked from concealment and revealed to the audience by a burst of eloquence or flights of genius and poetry, and delivered a distinguished speaker. Welcome or unwelcome, treated with respect or with scorn, lauded or denounced, we have there was scarcely a meeting, certainly not one of any importance, where, either on sufferance or by invitation, as friend or foe, as host or guest, the question of Slavery had not its influence on the deliberations. We mention this fact only, as a thing worthy of observation and of grave consideration in view of the future. What the effect has been, what it will be, deserves and demands from every Christian philanthropist the most careful scrutiny."

All very true: and what man of humanity or truth can complain of it? It is one of the most hopeful indications of the times that this subject cannot be put aside any longer. It must be met. Slaveholdery men obliged to face the enormity and guilt and danger of this prodigious curse. If it is upsetting every thing, and threatens to throw an end into chaos, we may be consoled by the thought that the extirpation of an institution of so long standing, and so deeply imbedded in all the usages, political economy, social prejudices, and religious feelings of the country, as Slavery is and has been, cannot be expected without great and violent convulsions. And as it is bound to take place—*Providence*, truth, civilization, and the universal human conscience having decreed it—to assert and fight, and hold back, as too many are pleased to do, will only make matters worse, and render the agitation more bitter and the contrary, when the national conscience can get no rest till this great sin be repented of and abandoned.

In the same paper (the Evangelist) is the following:

"While at all the meetings there was uttered much that was just and impressive, we cannot but say that it will be a misfortune if the Anti-Slavery Societies there was probably more truth freely outspoken, which was applicable to the times, and which ought to be heard and pondered in the conscience of the Church, than is often heard in the same space of time. There only, and as a Unitarian minister said, it was the language of our present war characterized as it should be; and once at the Apollo Rooms, as we listened to the impressive and pungent remarks of Wendell Phillips concerning the sin and guilt of Slavery in the Church, we could but wish that every Christian, and every minister in the land could have heard them. If they could have been heard and felt, we do not explore, as we did, in his warfare against the Church, and the Union, and other extravagances of the kind, yet we believe that there is in the voice of liberty in the heart of a true freeman that would not beat in unison with the speaker's, when, with a truly Roman eloquence, he gave expression to his own love of liberty and honest hate of Slavery, especially in that form of it which Wesley called the vilest under the sun.

"The influence of these great voluntary associations upon the benevolence, the energy, and progress of the Church, as well as upon the civilization of the country, is every year becoming more obvious and more decided. Their adaptation to do the work of the Gospel in such a land as this, and to reach the wants of a people in such circumstances, and of such character as our own, is proving itself by the best of all arguments—success. Their yearly meetings are the mile-stones by which we ascertain our progress; and however common they have become, the whole community would feel their loss, were the gatherings of the anniversary week to be discontinued. We rejoice in their prosperity, and second their efforts to place the gospel before the public. We so desired, for the queer crotchets of some of the leaders of these sections or factions would require very much more, to illustrate, or make it more intelligible. The Disunionists form a pretty considerable faction,—the political fashion who disavow this, perhaps not large a portion. A call has been addressed to Gerrit Smith to be a candidate for the Presidency, but he declines, yet furnishes an abstract of what he would do (or try to do) if President. The reader may observe from the following abstract what sort of a President we should have in him: If he were President:

Would first stop the Mexican War, and ask pardon of God and Mexico for our wholesale murders of the Mexicans, which, otherwise, the government would take by force. 2d. Utterly abolish the Army and Navy. 3d. Abolish all Customs or Commercial restrictions whatever. 4th. Establish a new Department, to consist alone. 5th. Urge liberal expenditures for light houses, harbours, improving rivers, &c. 6th. But none at all for fortifications, ships of war, &c. 7th. Interpret and apply the Constitution as at deadly war with Slavery. 8th. Stop selling the public lands, which belong of right to the poor, to take a portion of them without pay, and render the homestead inalienable. 9th. Discontinue Jailnection between the Government and Church. 10th. Appoint no man to office who hates the right of suffrage, on property or colour. 11th. Give no office to a slaveholder, or any man who is not a friend. 12th. Nor to any man in favour of the traffic of intoxicating drinks.—13th. Nor to any adhering member of a secret society.

"As they say, he" goes the whole figure." This paper has been lately divided by the Disunionists, into going off, whose notions are rather too ultra for the whole party to adopt. The one idea of the abolition of Slavery does not suit them; they wish some political distinctions on other great questions the chief of which, perhaps, is the Tariff. They go for the *abolition of all duties whatever*, and for other measures, noticed in the above abstract. When the Abolitionists will elect their President is not stated; and the conclusion of a large portion of them—the dissolution of the Union—seems as far from fulfilment as ever.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

WHAT WE ARE CONFIDENT OF.

The Southern writers and orators, in defending the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican war, do it on the ground that the interests of Slavery will not permit that any foreign country should be border on the slave States. Consequently, we have engaged in a system of warfare, for the benefit of the slave system, which is to have no end, so long as there is any free territory, bounding on our own. When Mexico is conquered, Guatemala must next be subdued, then New Grenada, Venzuela, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, &c. &c. Brazil having adopted the "patriarchal institution," may escape, and even become our ally in the *holy* work of slave propagandism. What a delightful prospect was the study freemen of the North. Who would not rush into war for such a cause as this?

When our country shall have thus extended her limits, and the slave power is firmly fixed upon the nation, whatever of privileges, or of rights even, we may have left, will be entirely at the mercy of our masters. Our rights, as a free people, will be at an end. We shall be the slaves of our slaveholding lords, and who have always been accustomed to exercise absolute authority over human beings, scarcely deem us of a superior class.

When this *glorious* period shall have arrived—and it is near at hand—the free States may be duly thankful that they have helped to do the work, and prepare the bolt of the mill, of such a magnificent kite. Then may certain papers among us indulge themselves in singing *Io paeans* to the slave power, and in lauding the wisdom of those, by whom, they have sustained in urging on *the vigorous prosecution* of such a war.

From the Watchman of the Valley.

ANTI-SLAVERY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pursuant to previous notice, a Convention assembled in the Sixth-street, Congregational Church, on Thursday morning, of the 27th ultimo, the day after the Assembly dissolved, to form an Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Church. The Rev. John Rankin was called to the chair, who, after the introductory exercises of singing and prayer, delivered a discourse from Revelations, 18: 4, 5:

"And I heard another voice from Heaven, saying—Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues; for her sins have reached unto Heaven, and God has remembered her iniquities."

The duty of Christians to separate from a Church that tolerates Slavery in its bosom, was, of course, the subject of his discourse.

At the close of the sermon, Mr. Rankin was chosen President of the Convention, and the Rev. Mr. Hills, of Manchester, Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Gilmer offered the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the Confession of Faith, and Catechism of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, be adopted as the bond and union of this body.

"Resolved, That where the name of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America, occurs, the words '*in the United States*,' be stricken out, so that it shall read, "the Presbyterian Church of America."

"Resolved, That the Form of Government and Book of Discipline, as amended and ratified by the General Assembly of 1825, and further amended in 1840, continued in strict accordance with the Overture sent down to the Presbyteries of the Assembly of 1839, and agreed to by them, be adopted.

"Whereas, in this country, the sin of slaveholding prevails to an alarming extent, per-iciously influencing all the action of the Church, or her immediately subordinate institutions, to the wounding of Christ, for deemed necessary, in adopting a form of government, to make a distinct declaration, on that subject. Therefore,

"Resolved, That the following declaration of human rights be prefixed to the Form of Government of this body:

DECLARATION.

I. God has made of one blood all nations of men, consequently, all human beings, endowed with rationality, have an equal right to freedom.

II. The holding of human beings as property, is destructive of the rights of all the parties concerned and endowed with rational powers, and consequently one of the greatest evils that can be inflicted on human beings, and highly injurious to, and entirely inconsistent with Christian character and profession.

III. No person holding slaves, or advocating the rightfulness of slaveholding, can be a member of this body.

IV. That no Church, Presbytery, or Synod, tolerating slaveholding, can be considered as slaveholding, in its communion, can be a constituent part of this body.

Adopted.

Rev. Mr. Gilmer also offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the following article be added to the Form of Government, to be adopted so long as shall be necessary to complete a general organization:

Any Synod, Presbytery, or Church, by adopting the Confession of Faith, and this form of Government, shall be a constituent part of the Presbyterian Church of America.

Any three regularly ordained ministers in good and regular standing, may constitute themselves into a Presbytery, by adopting this Constitution, and so become a part of this Church.

Any three Presbyteries, or more, may constitute themselves into a Synod.

The Presbyteries, when they shall have increased to the number of fourteen, may constitute a General Assembly.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Gilmer, a committee was appointed to prepare a preamble to the preamble.

Rev. D. Gilmer, Rev. W. G. Kephart, and Rev. J. Rankin, were appointed the committee.

The Convention then dissolved.

WHO MR. WILMOT IS.

The Whig Flag, a paper published at Carrollton, (Miss.) gives the following *accurate* account of the author of the Proviso:

He is a certain, unrelenting *locofoco* member of Congress, *from the State of New-York*, opposed to the war, a rank Abolitionist, and believes strongly in a latitudinarian construction of the quintessences of Democracy. His famous Anti-Slavery resolutions introduced in Congress last winter is notorious as the fact that Mr. Polk furnished Mexico with a General to lead her armies against our brave and fearless troops; and had he not furnished our enemies with this formidable rival, it is also known that not one twentieth of the number would have been lost on our side, and that peace would long since have been established. These resolutions had the object in view, to prohibit Slavery in all territory that might be added to the Union by treaty, conquest, or otherwise. They originated with the democracy, and as they attempt to hold the Whigs responsible for the sins of Daniel Webster, (who by the way has a son battling in Mexico for his country,) it is but just they should shoulder the fanatic authority Wilmot, with all his impiety, and from them Collingsworth, who wears the insignia of an established creed, and glorily and shout over their new-born patron.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal, June 16th.

THE RIOT IN CARLISLE—PROFESSOR MCCLINTOCK.

It gives us great pleasure to insert the following communication, and from them Collingsworth, which we put to rest a wicked and slanderous report in reference to Professor McClintock, which has been circulated with great industry through the public press. For ourselves we have never had the slightest confidence in the story, for the reason, that we knew the Professor, and were sure that he is too good a man to participate in such outrages. The other temptations might have been presented. He is a minister of the Gospel, too, and highly esteemed in that relation.—We are sure he is in earnest as a preacher of peace, and love, and could not be made to believe he had countenanced a riot, or any breach of the law. In short, we could not give the least credence to the story, because we knew the Professor. The following contradiction of the slanderous report comes to us with such precision of its genuineness that we pledge *ourselves* for its authenticity and correctness:

The undersigned, being Southern students of Dickinson College, observe in the Philadelphia "Ledger" of the 8th inst. an account of the late riot in Carlisle, taken from the "Hagerstown News," which demanded a notice. It is there said, 1st. "numbers of the students of Dickinson College who were from the South, took an active part" "in aid of the owners of the slaves." 2d. "The name of the students was slightly wounded:" 3d. "That Prof. McClintock, of Dickinson College, was particularly conspicuous in urging the negroes to the attack." 4th. "That a meeting of the Southern students of the College had been called in reference to Prof. McClintock's behaviour upon this occasion, and it was proposed that they will demand his removal from the institution or withdraw themselves." These assertions, we are satisfied, are all false; and whatever may be designed by the author, we feel, as Southern students, and who have always been accustomed to exercise absolute authority over human beings, sacredness of truth and honour, to speak.

When this *glorious* period shall have arrived—and it is near at hand—the free States may be duly thankful that they have helped to do the work, and prepare the bolt of the mill, of such a magnificent kite. Then may certain papers among us indulge themselves in singing *Io paeans* to the slave power, and in lauding the wisdom of those, by whom, they have sustained in urging on *the vigorous prosecution* of such a war.

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"Resolved, That the following declaration of human rights be prefixed to the Form of Government of this body:

DECLARATION.

I. God has made of one blood all nations of men, consequently, all human beings, endowed with rationality, have an equal right to freedom.

II. The holding of human beings as property, is destructive of the rights of all the parties concerned and endowed with rational powers, and consequently one of the greatest evils that can be inflicted on human beings, highly injurious to, and entirely inconsistent with Christian character and profession.

III. No person holding slaves, or advocating the rightfulness of slaveholding, can be a member of this body.

IV. That no Church, Presbytery, or Synod, tolerating slaveholding, can be considered as slaveholding, in its communion, can be a constituent part of this body.

Adopted.

Rev. Mr. Gilmer also offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the following article be added to the Form of Government, to be adopted so long as shall be necessary to complete a general organization:

Any Synod, Presbytery, or Church, by adopting the Confession of Faith, and this form of Government, shall be a constituent part of the Presbyterian Church of America.

Any three regularly ordained ministers in good and regular standing, may constitute themselves into a Presbytery, by adopting this Constitution, and so become a part of this Church.

Any three Presbyteries, or more, may constitute themselves into a Synod.

The Presbyteries, when they shall have increased

We find in the London Inquirer of May 8th, a report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Society. The debate touching upon the pro-slavery position of certain Unitarian clergymen in this country will interest many of our readers:

J. B. Estlin, Esq. of Bristol, had been requested to move a resolution in the place of the committee (the Annual Report) be adopted; not having known beforehand what was the nature of the Report, and perhaps no little very clearly heard what had taken place, he should be much obliged, before he gave it his cordial assent, to be informed by his friend, Mr. Taggart, whether the communication from America (the Report had alluded to the invitation sent to ministers in this country from certain American ministers) was from a member

of this extreme sensibility and susceptibility, lest by any act of theirs they should—he would not say sneeze, but—handle, touch, or approach this unholy thing which so much dishonoured so many of our brethren—(hear). He felt that the few words which had been uttered would not be without their effect on the other side of the water—(cheers). And he did not agree with his friend, Mr. Madge, that the intention of the letter had been other than useful; he believed it, would teach our brethren on the other side, that if they wished to be with their invitations, they must first detach their bodies from that stigma which dishonoured and disgraced them; for whatever might be our pity towards those who occupied the position of slaveholders, the mere countenance slaveholding as disentitling men to the great rights of Christianity—(cheers).

Mr. Hope observed, that if there had not been in that letter any mention of Slavery; and he did not know, from anything that he had ever heard, that any gentlemen signing were advocates of Slavery—(cheers).

Mr. Armstrong could enlighten the meeting on that point in a few seconds. With respect to the gentlemen's names attached to the document, eight of them were not to be found among the subscribers to the celebrated protest of American ministers against Slavery. Concerning one of these gentlemen (Dr. Parkman), a letter he had just received stated that he was one of the most popular ministers in all the North, and held abolitionism in scorn—(cheers, and cries of no, no).

The Rev. Mr. Boucher here endeavoured to address the meeting; but

Mr. Madge having obtained possession of the chair, proceeded to inquire by what means he had been led to be (Mr. Madge) could be called a pro-slavery man, because he had not signed the first letter that was sent to America. It had been objected to the Association again and again, that it had introduced into its meetings topics quite irrelevant to the objects of the Association, and he thought that they ought to be careful not to incur such a charge, but let them meet on some other occasion for the discussion of this questionable topic.

Mr. Armstrong thought that the best way to bring this discussion to a conclusion would be to expunge the whole passage—(hear),—simply stating that, as this invitation had not come to us in an official manner from any association in America, that we, as an Association, were not at liberty to entertain their invitation. Had the Association did take notice of it, he must venture to protest, with both his hands, against the complacent tone of that portion of the Report, because it appeared that the invitation with other circumstances which it was not possible to evade. The amount of this invitation was that we were then to go upon the same platform with the holders of one hundred and twenty slaves—(hear). If they committed themselves in the slightest degree, or even or evaded this question, they would commit a great blunder—(cheers).

Mr. H. C. Robinson seconded Mr. Madge's amendment, that that part shall be related to the communication from America, should be expunged from the Report.

The Rev. J. Morch was extremely sorry that the discussion had been brought on to-day—(hear). It seemed to him totally at variance with the most important objects of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Association—(loud cries of No, no). It seemed to him that they had gone out of their way to raise a discussion on a point on which a great variety of opinions prevailed—(No, no). If there was any farther interruption, he should immediately sit down. He declared the principle of Slavery carefully heard by this assembly—(hear). He did not mean that various opinions were entertained in regard to the question of Slavery itself. He supposed there was scarcely a person in this assembly who did not agree with regard to the question of Slavery itself; but he thought that they should act as a body on this question, with some regard to consistency, and, as they had been year after year expressing their desire to fraternize with the American Unitarian Association, as they had received delegates from that association at their meetings, and passed resolutions expressive of sympathy with them in the great objects they had in view, it appeared to him inconsistent that they should all at once take objection to such passages of the Report as they had heard this morning,—a passage which did not pledge a single member of the Association to countenance Slavery. It seemed to him that after all they had done it would be very inconsistent to take the course they were about to take.

Mr. Hone thought that they were not pursuing a course that would aid Unitarian Christians.

Rev. Mr. Boucher rose, for the purpose of vindicating the character of his friend, Dr. Parkman—(cheers). It had been said, that he was one of the most pro-slavery men of the North. He (Mr. B.) must protest against that. He had known Dr. Parkman, and met him often in Glasgow, and conversed with him on this subject. True, he was not an Abolitionist, because he objected to the intemperate language used by the Abolitionists; but he was one man who believed that the Slave was right than he did—(cheers).

Mr. Thompson (from the United States) said that he was intimately acquainted with the gentlemen who had signed that letter. He had no fears of fifteen gentlemen who had signed that letter. He was for every one of these gentlemen abhorred Slavery—(hear)—as much as the most enthusiastic man or woman in this country. More, he was convinced of it. He (Mr. T.) called upon the gentleman who had charged Dr. Parkman, of Boston—than whom a more excellent and Christian man did not exist—with being pro-slavery, to give the lie authoritatively making this charge. He denied it—(cheers). He would assert to the contrary—and he was no advocate for Slavery himself, he was an Abolitionist—(hear)—and, if not one of those fifteen gentlemen whose names were attached to the invitation had ever said a word in favour of Slavery in his life—(cheers). He made this broad assertion, and he would make another assertion, that Dr. Parkman differed from the Abolitionists in a word in favour of Slavery in his life—(cheers). He made this broad assertion, and he would make another assertion, that Dr. Parkman differed from the Abolitionists, not because he believed that they were pursuing a plan which only tended to rivet more strongly the fetters of Slavery—(hear). He would do everything in his power to unloose those letters; but he opposed the Abolitionists, because he believed that they were pursuing a plan which would tighten, rather than loosen, the bonds of the slave.

Mr. Armstrong said that, with respect to the pro-slavery and non-slavery men in America, it seemed to him that there was a great difference between those who put their hands to the work, in whatever way they could, and those who did not put their hands to the work at all—(hear). There were some who, when they saw the traveller fall into the hands of thieves, would go and help him, and some who would pass by on the other side. He believed that there was a class in America who maintained their respectability by keeping clear of the Anti-Slavery agitation; and he believed that Dr. Parkman was one of those who did not join any organization against Slavery. After mentioning the case of Dr. Channing, as a proof of the utility of a decided expression of opinion on this point, as Dr. G. had now joined the Anti-Slavery agitation, Mr. Armstrong concluded by moving the following resolution, substituted for the resolution:—"That as this invitation does not emanate from any organized body in America, although it was sent through the office of one of this institution, we do not feel competent, under these circumstances, to entertain the subject of the invitation."

Mr. Madge once said and called for Dr. Beard. He said, that of all the intolerant bigots he ever met with, some of those called Abolitionists were the most so—(great laughter and confusion).

Mr. Hart rose to order. Mr. Madge had made a motion, that motion had been seconded, and a gentleman was waiting to speak to that motion—(hear), and until Dr. Beard was heard, no man had a right to reply.

Mr. Madge made some further remarks, which the reporter was unable to catch, as two or three gentlemen were endeavouring to be heard.

The Rev. Dr. Beard rose amidst loud cheering. He was afraid that he should not throw oil upon the troubled waters, but he thought there was a previous question, and on that question he must take leave to say a few words. Strongly as he abhorred Slavery, he had been kept from joining the efforts of the Abolitionists of this country; because in searching the Gospel and his own heart, he could not see that he should be serving any good cause at all by sundering himself from—he would not say mistaken men, but—abolitionist men. He did not mean to intimate that those slaveholders in America were all abolitionist men; they were interested men. The question was one of extreme difficulty there; he could make every allowance for them, and still express his hearty discontentment of Slavery—(hear). He said there was a previous question, whether or not he was to sunder from all alliance with him; from all kind offices, from all recognition, even of a common religion and brotherhood, a man, because he held slaves,—a great wrong, no doubt—but because it was a great wrong, he must show to that man every kind and friendly feeling. Why, if he would go, and if he admired those who did go, into the very dens of iniquity, and recognise a common humanity with, and try to rescue, the abandoned, the vicious, and the fallen, then he ought not to sunder their mistaken brethren in America; but endeavour to do them good by firm protests against their conduct—(hear). They had heard that the brethren who had tendered this invitation were not friends to the abolition of Slavery, but that one gentleman upon the last had nothing against Slavery. (Mr. Armstrong expressed dissent.) Then he (Dr. Beard) had not understood Mr. Armstrong's speech, and he should state it thus, that one gentleman on that list did nothing actively against Slavery. (hear, hear).

Mr. Tagart rose to speak to the question. The question before the meeting was this, should the passage which had been prepared, after considerable thought, by the committee, be expunged from the Report—(hear) I had conversed with gentlemen who had prepared this Report, that there was nothing in the invitation from America, which could have excited the feelings which have been expressed, or raised the discussions which had been brought on—(hear). The letter was one of the greatest kindness, to whomsoever it was addressed; there was not a word in it which he could not approve of, with which he did not feel sympathy, which did not touch some of his best feelings—(cheers). Much, that was perfectly irrevelant, had been said about the personal and private relations of the gentlemen who had signed that letter, and of those who had not signed it—(hear,) and with those relations we had nothing to do—(hear, hear). If they expanged this passage from the Report, they would take in the minds of the Committee and Secretary such despair of ever satisfying the wishes of a body like this, that he, for one, should go back to his duties in connection with this Society, with a feeling of utter despair—(No, no, and hear.) He should be sorry indeed to perceive what might be the wishes of this society, but he must say that this whole of his feeling—(cheers). He begged that this question might be considered, as it was, a very serious one; and, let those only vote who were entitled to vote by being members of the Association, (hear, hear,) He admitted, to a certain degree, that the mention of the letter was irregular; because the letter itself was irregular; but there was no other way of dealing with the question but that which the Committee had adopted; he should be sorry, therefore, if the meeting resolved to expunge the passage.

At the suggestion of Mr. Wansey, Mr. Tagart again read the passage that was proposed to be expunged.

Mr. Armstrong said that, for one, if he stood alone in this Society, he would protest against that passage, emanating from this Society, unless some farther notice was made in allusion to another matter that came to their knowledge since the invitation had been received—(hear),—namely, that there was among the fifteen Vice-Presidents of the American Society a holder of slaves; the effect of which would be to place the members of this Society in juxtaposition with that person—(hear). Let them think of this crime of Slavery as they would, think of certain other crimes; supposing that man was a perjurer, or any other violator of the laws of society; they would not hesitate to place in religious association—then why should they with a slaveholder—(hear)?

Mr. Tagart could not allow that there was the slightest connection between the name of a person not mentioned in that paper, and the present question—(cries of hear, hear).

Mr. Laurence thought, that if this letter were expunged from the Report, on the ground stated by Mr. Armstrong, this Association would be disgraced—(cheers, and cries of No, no). He hoped the Report would be allowed to stand as it was, as the letter did not touch upon the question of Slavery, and there was no reason for dissenting it—(hear).

The Rev. E. Higginson hoped the question of the passage in the Report.

Mr. Hornby reminded the meeting that several of the fifteen gentlemen were expunged to this Address of address and visited England, and had been received by us with open arms and hearts; and we were still individually, and as an association, on friendly terms with them. He did not be somewhat inconsistent to throw back upon these gentlemen this kindly and well-meant invitation in return? Was it not a fair inference that they had given a guarantee to us; and should we not be careful to avoid the charge of suddenly becoming righteous over-much?

Rev. Wm. Brock, who had attempted to address the meeting, but not being a member of the Association the chairman had refused to hear him, and proceeded to put the amendment—"That the passage in the Report relating to the invitation from the Unitarian ministers of Boston, in America, be omitted."

Mr. Madge suggested the addition of "on account of its irrevelancy."

Mr. H. C. Robinson said, that it seemed to be supposed that the motion now submitted to the meeting proceeded from gentlemen entertaining one particular view; now, it seemed to him that if they had the gentleman who made this motion (Mr. Madge) was all but the reviler of the Abolitionists, while his seconder was almost the reviler of the defenders of Slavery, it would be impossible agreed in this motion, he apprehended, because by omitting that passage, the whole controversy would be evaded, they would not notice the subject at all, and it was impossible to say anything about it without being involved in a controversy—(hear).

The amendment was then put, when fifteen hands were held up in its favour, the motion that the Report stand as it is, was then carried by a large majority.

Communications.

The following letter comes to us from the South. Whether the writer speaks in earnest, or in irony, we leave the reader to judge.

Letter from the South.

SIR:—I address this to you, to express the feelings which I entertain of your siders, abettors, and corroborators of the North,—every one of you, from Mason & Dixon to Hunter, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Do you have done, and are doing, much to sap the foundations of law, of union, of society itself, I entertain no doubt. So far as your labours affect your Northern people, I am [illegible] contempt, from Daniel Webster, your godlike, whose nose we are now gently leading by our hook farther South, and your demagogue, Dallas, who jumped about in his dimity, at hearing of his nomination, down to the vilest Garrison, and your Dodges, have tuned to light our battles, and mark time to our drum-beat, down to the vilest Garrison himself, and his brother-in-law, Douglass. You are all a dough-faced, spiritless and sopsy set, from the stupid Brotian of Pennsylvania wooden-heads, to the most sycophantic and mercenary politicians of the Albany regency. Those of you who cannot be coaxed, we are never at a loss for other means of bending beneath our wills. And how is it? do you suppose. I will tell you, Sir. Why, we *kick* you into submission. Your whole people are much of the same kidney, and though we tolerate those of you who truckle beneath us, yet we cannot, in our own circles and in the tenements of our Southern homes, see those convivial conversations, avoid despising your general cowardice, and ridiculing your pretensions to true manliness, or to individual and personal honour. You have not one man of true national spirit, and high-born native dignity or fearless independence, throughout your limits. Even in Boston, Webster, Phenix, Parsons, Hallet, Lord and honour, and the elevated, noble breeding of a noble man, is unknown among your productions. That you are all a cringing and mercenary set of men, our floors of Congress have proved for sixty odd years. Not one of you ever dared to stand with a Southern face to face, and in the tenements of Southern homes, we have taught you how to dodge, and compromise. 'Tis no act at which you have been adepts since the days of Knickerbocker. A Northern man has never yet been found who was fit to be trusted as the commander-in-chief of an army. Nor dare you propose a man for the Presidency, who dares know himself "a Northern man with Southern feelings." I propose a Northern man from your States, because speaking in, and apologizing with sycophancy, by *pretending* to be a "Northern man with Southern feelings." Such was your boasted Van Buren, than whom a more venal, intriguing, and mercenary sycophant, was never foisted to the Presidential chair. You never yet brought out a man, who dare stand against Southern feelings, or dared so to know himself, nor ever can, with any prospect of success. His face will grow pale at the fires we will heat his chair with. Your whole material of voters are fit only for the ranks of the army, which they fill—and often not even for the ranks, but for the rear, where with our cowhides we keep the rear of the same grade in worth, in spirit, and in desert. They *dare* not aspire above their caste. As such, you serve us in our wars at the South, and Southwest. As such, you *have* served us, commanded, and drilled, and officered, and *mastered*, by your betters, the sons of Southern chivalry—(cheers). Not such, you never have, and despite of your twistings, and throes. We fear the rise of no influence or voice, in the southern non-slaveholding population, against Slavery. They are ours, and with us, by common sympathy and necessity. The whole mass of your Northern States and people, have never yet *dared* to face our institution. We have mastered you, and we do master you, and we intend to keep you mastered. We know how to manage you, Sir. And no principle is more firmly established among us, than our own common, unwritten, silent laws, which underlie the fabric of the Government, and demand of us, that 1st. No Northern man shall ever be President; 2d. No Northern man shall ever be President, unless he first bows his head to our shibboleth of "Southern principles;" 3d. No Northern man with Northern principles, shall ever be President, without an immediate dissolution of Government; 4th. All offices of importance shall be filled by slaveholders, especially in the army and navy, and foreign embassies; 5th. All new appointments to army or navy, shall, as far as possible, without too gross monopoly, be dispensed to sons of the slaveholding interest, and where we are obliged to depart from these principles, to avoid too gross monopoly, they shall only be awarded to men Northerners as know themselves subservient to us. I am candid with you, Sir, and care not how soon you dissolve the Union. You know which side your bread is buttered, from the wharves and shipping of New-York, to the factory holes of Lowell. Yes, Sir, these are the pokers which we mean to poke, and Polk, and poke into you, twist, and tort as much as you please. Slavery is your master, Sir, and you shall have your Northern bellies full of it. While we make you fight for us, *in the ranks*, under Slavery's officers, and in a foreign land, we have also the avenues of official station against any of you, who refuses to bow his neck in submission beneath the shibboleth we mean to put to him. We scorn your craven-heartedness in the light of day, and on your every public rostrum we defy your vain contortions to throw us off from you. Those who have taken your oaths on our behalf, are bound in equal contempt. We know their motives, and the stuff of which they are made. We despise their subservency to our own, instead of their own proper local interests, and we care not how soon they resign. They would desert our cause at any moment, for any coat a-way crust, or for a mess-row-bone. They only procrastinate that dissolution of Union which we desire, but which you *dare* not, for your own stomach's sake, attempt. They know whence their daily provender comes into their maws, and they dare not otherwise than truckle to us. It is your fixed idea, that we are your negroes, and masters, and we feel no gratitude, act as one, for all their truckling. We neither fear their hostility, nor care for their friendship. We despise ye all alike, and ye are all so much purchasable stuff. We have, and we can master you all together. We have got you down, Sir, and we mean to keep you down, Sir, and we will do it, if necessary, lash you. The plaints of your woman kind shall not save you from our mastery. If they attempt to infuse new spirit into you, we can, and will do as we have done, make you eves in *their* presence, lick the rod that lashes you. You are not the first that we have taught to feel the stripes, Sir, whether it be of leather, or of literary trash, or of political history. Who ever yet, in our national councils, has shown himself from the Northern States, who has dared to carry out his private Northern, and *true* feelings, or to face, without an innate sense of hypocrisy, the open and proud bearing of our southern South? Not one. No, Sir, not one. When you travel among us, you are playing the hypocrite in your conversations with us, and we wink at you, and laugh at your cowardly concealments. Your very education unfits you all for the feeling that throbs the blood with an innate sense of self-nobility. We here at the South, Sir, understand, and we know how to do you-selves. When such as your Van Buren, or Webster, affect to be our friends, we in our hearts loathe the mean motives that are coiled up in the substrata of their Northern mercenary, dough-faced hearts concealed. When you travel among us, we may treat the more subservient of you with our southern politeness, and remember with esteem, or even hospitality. This, our habits and our principles dictate to us, but, Sir, not our instincts.

Sir, the very sense that one is from the North, sends an imperceptible, perfusive atmosphere all around, which, though unperceived by such Northerner, the nose of every Southerner instantly detects. The interior contempt, which every Southerner immediately feels for a Northerner among us, at his very presence, and the pervasion of the freemasonry of his indescribable feelings, are as sensible to him even fellow Southerners, as are the odors that steam forth from a negro camp-meeting. You Northerners are as deficient in the former sensation, as in the latter sense. Your obtuseness is our amusement. Your ablest and most learned men,—the Gospel ministers whom you have occasionally sent to live among us,—are obliged to confess, by their daily ways, that the negro race is not of Adam, but between man and the curang-outang. We know ye well, Sir, and too well for our own satisfaction. We know your hypocrisy, and cowardice, in your words, than your deeds, and that your innate and hoy-taught economy is, in every grown one of you, essentially the [illegible] gulp greedily at any official sop we'll throw at him or you. Our national history proves this truth, from John Q. Adams, whose jaws snatched at more public offices than all of you together, to Daniel Webster, who ever belonged, body and soul, to those who own him, and the thrall was ever ready to whistle, and have tuned to light our battles, and mark time to our drum-beat, down to the vilest Garrison himself, and his brother-in-law, Douglass. You are all a dough-faced, spiritless and sopsy set, from the stupid Brotian of Pennsylvania wooden-heads, to the most sycophantic and mercenary politicians of the Albany regency. Those of you who cannot be coaxed, we are never at a loss for other means of bending beneath our wills. And how is it? do you suppose. I will tell you, Sir. Why, we *kick* you into submission. Your whole people are much of the same kidney, and though we tolerate those of you who truckle beneath us, yet we cannot, in our own circles and in the tenements of our Southern homes, see those convivial conversations, avoid despising your general cowardice, and ridiculing your pretensions to true manliness, or to individual and personal honour. You have not one man of true national spirit, and high-born native dignity or fearless independence, throughout your limits. Even in Boston, Webster, Phenix, Parsons, Hallet, Lord and honour, and the elevated, noble breeding of a noble man, is unknown among your productions. That you are all a cringing and mercenary set of men, our floors of Congress have proved for sixty odd years. Not one of you ever dared to stand with a Southern face to face, and in the tenements of our Southern homes, we have taught you how to dodge, and compromise. 'Tis an

man's before you, and your work ent out, go in and do it!" Such a man, I apprehend my second choice, as well as my first, to be.

As to my first choice, I do not know that I have anything left my desire in this respect, if I may believe what was once said to me by that most excellent man, and spiritual philosopher, mine honoured friend, Amos Bronson Alcott. I was one day talking over public matters with Mr. Alcott, who, it is well known, has a way of his own of looking through things, and discovering extreme to express his ideas, and among other things, Mr. Van Buren, then President, was mentioned. "Martin Van Buren!" exclaimed Mr. Alcott, in his deliberately emphatic manner, "people suppose that Martin Van Buren is the President of the United States! But they are mistaken. *Garrison* is the President of the United States!" This "Orphic Saying" I leave for the consideration of those who are worthy to understand it.

The quarrel in the Prison Discipline Society, of which I told you somewhat in my last letter, though "a very pretty quarrel," as it has much, has been growing prettier ever since. It puts one amazingly in mind of our old New Organization battles. There is the same avoiding of the true issues, the same making of false ones, the same attempts to divert attention from the actual question raised to the unpopular characteristics of the persons who have raised it. The only question raised by Mr. Charles Sumner and Dr. S. G. Howe, the chiefest sinners in this matter, was simply this: shall the Prison Discipline Society be a partisan and sectarian body, devoting itself to magnifying of the Auburn system, and the miserepresenting or the neglect of all others; and shall it use its influences, as far as they extend, to the spreading of Calvinism, or shall it be the medium of diffusing light as to all systems, without giving the preponderance to the method or the doctrines of any particular sect,—the Society being composed of persons of all religious opinions, and in a great proportion of Unitarians.

This appears all plain enough. The position is one absolutely right, and nobody has attempted to invalidate it. The arguments of Mr. Sumner and Dr. Howe are perfectly conclusive and unanswerable, and nobody has attempted to answer them in any substantial particular. And yet, to read the squibs in the newspapers, and to hear what is said in private, and by "honourable men," too, one would suppose that they were attempting to maintain some atrocious theory at war with the best interests of the human race, by arguments, the folly of which could only be equalled by their depravity! Wise men shake their heads in alarm, and pronounce these worthy gentlemen to be the most dangerous men in the community! The platform is crowded, night after night, with eager disputants, full of fire and fury, against them, but signifying nothing to the matter formally in hand.

Now there is something underlying all this, of which this demonstration is the manifestation. It is not the Congregate and the Separate system; for the great mass of those that talk about this matter, in and out of the Society, do not care a button whether convicts are confined alone or in herds, so they are kept out of their way. It is not a conflict between Calvinism and Unitarianism; for Unitarians are as virulent as Calvinists in their attacks upon the imaginary foes they have conjured up. It is the conflict between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy in the broadest sense of the words,—between the old and the new,—between those who believe only in things as they are, and those who wish to make them better. When men venture to differ, however moderately, from this American world of ours, as to such vital matters as War, Slavery, and Hanging, and especially when they find fault with regular Whig candidates, and run opposition tickets, they will find Pilate and Herod ready enough to be at one to correctly them. They must make up their minds to be marked men, to be crucified on the first opportunity.

"*Hic niger est; hunc tu caveto, Romane!*"

This coalition between technical orthodoxy and Unitarianism for the purpose of putting down obnoxious individuals, is nothing strange to those who have been brought up, in the Unitarian camp. Multitudes of birthright Unitarians (to use a Quakerism), and many who came in by conviscemation (to use another), years ago, were terribly frightened at the fulliment of orthodox prophecies as to whither Unitarianism would lead, in doctrine, and at the practical agitations which have been historically subsequent to the Unitarian movement, if not logically consequent upon it. I have no doubt that if these alarmists should find themselves by an accident in the place of Pharaoh's Palace of Truth, they would confess that they are sorry the scheism ever took place, and that they only wish that they could put everything back where it was fifty years ago.

And as to the particular matter of this Society being under Calvinistic influences, it is a thing very few Unitarians would care anything about. I have a notion that most Unitarians rather like the idea of Unitarianism being "caviar to the general;" and are well inclined to consider Calvinism, in any of its forms, as a very good sort of religion for the common people, for the poor, the laboring classes, and the convicts. And so they have no objection to helping them to it as a turtle-fed Alderman may smack his lips over a bowl of chicity soup, and pronounce it to be "excellent food for the poor!" Not that I mean to compare the generosity of Unitarian preaching to turtle soup. Heaven forbid! Though esteemed something of a Grahamite for some years past, I have too tender a remembrance of *callipash* and *calliper* for that!

It is this view of the real nature of the Calvinism in the Prison Discipline Society that makes it of any general and permanent importance. It is the consciousness of this truth whether embodied distinctly to the mind, or not, that has excited the interest that has been felt in it, by those engaged in the conflict, and by the lookers-on. It will undoubtedly work out good in the important field of Prison Reform. But I hope that the gentlemen who have shown so much zeal and knowledge in behalf of the offenders against man's laws, will make themselves yet more odious, and come to be regarded as yet more "dangerous men" by giving themselves with equal devotion to the destruction of the system which makes the one nation in this land hopeless prisoners for no crime, and the other their cruel, mean, and cowardly keepers.

D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Death of O'Connell.—Reception of the news in Ireland.—His Influence for the last twenty-seven years.—Probable place of his Sepulture.—Young Ireland—their character—their charges against the British Government.—The writer visits the County of Mayo.—Shocking condition of the people.—His account of it.—Counties of Mayo and Galway.—Duty of Irish people.—New Poor Law.—Probable change in the tenure of land.—A Prophecy.—Exaggerated fears of death from starvation.—Catholic Priests.—An instance of their conduct.—"Come-outers" from the Catholic Church.—Districts of Errin, Connaught, and Galway.—Relief inadequate to the distresses.—Slaveholder's bounty, and purchase of Doughlass.—Prospect of Crops.

DUBLIN, May 30, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—O'Connell is dead. He died at Genoa on the 15th of this month. This event, which some years ago would have been fraught with such important consequences, has excited a surprisingly insignificant manifestation of interest here. The Repeal newspapers, to be sure, make spiritless comfort of it, and are clad in all the pomp of heavy mourning borders, but there are no gatherings of groups in the streets, no lengthened, sorrowful countenances, no manifestation of popular concern, nothing to show that the most celebrated man of his nation—the most world-famous man of the age,—the worker of a nation's will—has departed. My own impression is, that owing to his coalition with the present Government, his virtual abandonment of the repeal cause, his quarrel with the Young Irelanders, and the terrible shock which the country has received from the Potato Blight, his influence was never at so low an ebb, as within the past twelve months. The people feel that their diseases are such as his remedies could never reach. They do not regret him, as they would have done if he had vanished from the scene when they believed all he told them, and hoped for all he promised. The popular voice has been the condemnation of O'Connell's power—the breath of see how little he appears to be regretted by that democracy, through whose confidence he exerted such unparalleled influence. His heart is to be sent to Rome, to "the tomb of the Apostles,"—the body is to be brought to Ireland—some say to be placed among "his people," near Derrynane, in the county of Kerry, while others declare that by his own express desire, he will be buried in the Roman Catholic church at Westland-row, in this city, which he was instrumental in erecting, and where he was a frequent and devout attender when at home and in health. I read a copy of the Nation newspaper, the able mouthpiece of the Young Ireland party, a young man, you are aware, are sworn foes of British connexion, bigoted to "Celts," scorners of the "Saxon" race, worshippers of nationality, spouters about ancient Greece and Rome. They glory in the laurels won by the Americans in the Mexican war, despise the coloured race, laugh at the Abolitionists, talk big about religion and their horror of infidelity, and exert all their talent and energy (which are considerable) in inculcating bitter and malignant hatred of England and everything English, (including labor and economy,) as the highest duty of every Irishman. For the last year or two of O'Connell's life, this faction have been at open war with him. He cursed them ceremoniously, and with little regard to truth or fair play, expelled them from the Repeal Association, and they, nothing daunted, set up on their own account, and owing to the abundant stock of folly yet remaining amongst us, they are well able to stand alone. I was curious to see what they would have to say of O'Connell, after all the abuse they received from him, and which they returned with interest. I find that by the help of that peculiar composite style, made up of Carlyleism, school-boy eloquence, and running Celtic nationality, in which they are adepts, they have managed the matter very well.—You will observe that amongst other high crimes, they accuse the present English Government of a determination to exterminate, or at least to consent to the extermination of two millions of the Irish people, by famine and disease. The bare idea of such a charge is absolutely diabolical. It is my belief that the whole corps of the Young Ireland writers, poets, and orators, have not done so much or thought so much for the relief of the poor sufferers in Ireland, as many individual members of the English Government. I have not heard of a man of them, who has distinguished himself by the humblest effort to alleviate the present distress.

Some few weeks ago, being desirous to see with my own eyes, some of those parts of the country in which the people were said to be most distressed, I mentioned to the Friends' Central Relief Committee my intention of visiting the western coast of the province of Connaught, and I offered my services, if they could make use of me in any way, for the promotion of their views. The result of this offer was, that shortly after it was made, I was requested to proceed to the north-western part of the county of Mayo, to investigate the appropriation of some of their grants, and to distribute, in my direction, some provisions that they had stored there for the relief of the poor. I was nearly three weeks from home, and during my absence, I witnessed more extreme wretchedness than I had seen in the whole course of my life before. Every night since my return, my rest has been more or less disturbed by dreaming the appalling misery I saw there. Within the last few days, I read in a recent Anti-Slavery Standard, Judge Burritt's powerful and feeling description of his visit to Skibbereen. Whether it be that excessive misery is always more horribly revolting in towns than in country districts, or that his words are stronger than my experiences, I cannot say, but I think his account of Skibbereen the idea of his having seen worse things and more of them, than I saw—and yet I thought I had witnessed as shocking sights as could be seen. He visited many fever cases, while I avoided them, not thinking it well to run a needless risk, for the sake of merely gratifying my curiosity, and being able to say, that I had witnessed anything but food, I could no nothing for the poor creatures. I have had hundreds of men, women, and children around me, whose fathers or mothers, sisters or brothers, husbands or children, were lying in fever, and who were themselves famishing for food. On my return, I drew up a report of my excursion, and sent it to the Friends' Committee, and partly with a view of saving myself the necessity of repeating the same story over again to my American friends. I thought it would answer the double purpose very well, and that the readers of the Liberator, (most of whom, I presume, have given as a helping hand in this great'extremity) would like to see a picture of another exceeding miserable section of this poor country. The District of Errin, to which my attention was especially directed, contains a population of twenty-five thousand souls, but the two counties of Mayo and Galway, through which I travelled, contain collectively, upwards of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, being one third more than our respect by New-York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, whilst their area is not within one-third that of the State of Connecticut. A very large portion of these two counties are so wild, boggy, and mountainous, that they are able to support but a very scanty population, and it is wonderful how the people are crowded together, wherever the soil has afforded facilities for some tolerable cultivation. The business of the true friends of Ireland in this emergency is not to rake up the embers of old dissentions, national antipathies, or religious feuds, but first to keep the people from starving, and then to co-operate to the best of their ability for the carrying out of such measures as afford some hope of better times.

A new Poor Law has just been carried through Parliament, which gives every individual unable to work or to procure work, a right to some subsistence, and though the measure of relief thus afforded is very scanty, it will establish a very heavy impost upon the land, which will be obliged to defray the expense. It is believed that many of the present embarrassed and impoverished landholders will be unable to bear the burden, and that they will be unable to escape it, except by selling their estates which will then be likely to pass into the hands of men of capital, of energetic business habits, who will keep their position by establishing manufactories, cultivating the soil, and employing the people. I am aware that the system of holding land liable to rent is abhorrent to American ideas, and that many amongst you, if called upon to establish things on a fair basis in Ireland, would take the whole island, parcel it out into plots, and give every man a share, throwing the landowners, (most of them poor enough, and compelling everybody, from the peer to the peasant, to maintain himself by his own hands. To say nothing of the robbery and outrage which should be perpetrated before the plan could be set going, I am very doubtful whether, supposing it to be in full operation to-day, it would not be found that three or four years, provided the new proprietors (who let themselves) that a great many of the holdings had changed hands; and, owing to the indolence and improvidence of some, and the acquisitiveness, activity, or ambition of others, there would be a prospect of a rapid return to the old state of things. I am but a poor politician, and no prophet—yet I do think that those who will be able to weathe—yet I do think that those who will be able to weathe-ter through the next five or ten years, will see Ireland ter through the next five or ten years, will see Ireland a rapidly improving country. I have no doubt that if the land were properly cultivated, and the people industrious and fully employed, this country would support, in comfort and plenty, many more than its present population. As to "the Nation" outcry about the two millions who are to perish of disease and famine, it is not worth the worst of women's attention, by whomsoever originated. Nothing of the kind will take place. Provisions are dear, and the poor are badly off, all over Ireland. But as to deaths by starvation, they have been very few indeed in the greater part of Ireland. As far as I can learn, they have chiefly occurred along the western coast, where the people are generally indolent and improvident—where rents are low, the land poor, and the number of residents of any other class, very small. In the part of the country to which my attention was more particularly directed, there was scarcely a sufficiency of individuals beyond the reach of absolute want, to dispense the relief that was sent for the sufferers. The land is glebeland one resident landlord, two Episcopal clergymen, a few middlemen, (or holders of land liable to rent, who lend upon terms to sub-tenants,) and the tenants and coast guard officers of the district, with the men under their command. Of the Romish clergy, with very few exceptions, I heard a middling account. They were generally accused of distributing the funds or provisions entrusted to them, among those who had paid themselves best, or who, if matters should take a turn for the better, would be likely to be the most profitable sheep in their flocks. Of the licentiousness, rapacity, dishonesty, and selfishness of some of them, I heard shocking accounts. Sometimes from their own people, who complained bitterly of their neglect and cruelty. Sometimes from those I should see my narrative, you will find mention of a father whom I saw dying, while his naked child sat in the ashes, and the dead body of a woman lay under a covering at the opposite side of the fire-place. I omitted to mention that the woman was in childbed at the time, and that her lap, three week's old. The mother of the baby had died shortly after the infant's birth. She was the wife of the man I saw expiring. The old woman had merely stepped in to look after the poor infant. Well, it was on a Sunday I saw this sight, and I was accompanied to the place by some good people from the chapel, where I had been talking to them about the state of the country. They assured me that their priest had refused to anoint the dying man, to church his wife after her confinement, or to baptize the new-born infant, unless he were first paid two shillings! I believe that it would have been cheaper to get two shillings for all that was in the cabin when I visited it. I heard other reports extremely discreditable to this priest's character, for common honesty, but this refusal of some of the most important of the rights of his Church to these poor creatures, I thought a plain proof of shocking heartlessness, or of absolute infidelity in the efficacy of his own ministrations. The concurrent testimony of that country is to the effect that the hold of the Roman Catholic clergy upon the confidence and affection of the people, is much on the decline since the famine, and numbers who have been kindly looked after by Episcopalian ministers have been willingness to renounce the Church of Rome, and attend the worship of the Established Church. Such offers were generally declined for the present, with the condition that they will be very welcome to make the change whenever they are more of free agents.

The district of Errin, (mentioned so often in my narrative,) as well as the greater part of Connaught, west of Galway, is covered with mountains, bogs, and lakes. The mountains, though of no great elevation, not exceeding 2,700 feet, are of Alpine outline. The country is generally clad with brown heath; its aspect is sombre, and melancholy, and it contains only a small portion of arable land. It was quite a relief, when I came down to the green plains of Galway, and Leinster, stretching far away before the view, with scarcely a hill in prospect. Everything looked richer and better, the people more comfortable, their cabins larger, their fields better cultivated, their cattle fatter and more abundant. It felt like an escape, when I left behind me that miserable country, where starvation, suffering, and death meet you on every hand. I had a letter this very day from Francis Moran, of Croy Lodge—the house where Maxwell lived, when he wrote his "Wild Sports of the West." Mr. Moran is a gentleman of Irish birth, a distinguished scholar, and a man of Genius, who has lived long among the fastnesses of the mountains. My friend tells me that in his neighbourhood, the people are so wretchedly off for food, that in some instances where they have enabled to sow a potato patch of their land, they have been subsequently found wandering in the summer eve in order to pick out the seed for immediate sustenance. It is probable that by seed, he means seed potatoes. He says that deaths are more and more frequent, and that he does not see what can be done for the unhappy people. He says, that unless we can ask, there not be some hundreds of thousands of dollars, and cargoes upon cargoes of provisions? Can you not send them into those parts of the country that require relief most of all? How is it possible, that with assistance pouring in from all quarters of the globe—from the United States, from the Mediterranean, from the Sultan, from India, from India, from the Sultan, from the Pope, from Australia, how can your people starve? Can you not keep them alive? Well, I can only say that I belong to no committee, and am not the best person to answer all these questions, but I imagine that all the relief that has arrived, has been the amount of trivial, insignificant comparison with the numbers of hungry stomachs. All Ireland is suffering, but the West is worse off than any other part of it. In one district of the county of Cork, two cargoes of provisions were absorbed in a very few weeks. How many cargoes would it take to feed the whole country?

I am glad that Garrison has so candidly declared his opinion about the reception of the slaveholders' bounty. I like to see this openness and independence among Abolitionists—that each man can be *himself*—that they can agree to differ, one from another, and yet on the great point, be one in heart and. It is well that he holds to his own opinion as the purchase of Douglass, and the use of slave-grown produce; and that other honest men and women differ from him, and assert their own views on these and other points. I would not respect him as I do, if I did not believe that he prefers the truth to all else, and that he would honour the Abolitionists as I do, if I did not believe that Patrick Henry's sublime aspiration is theirs as much as ever it was ih

I was not one of those who liked the purchase of Douglass as a matter of principle, and I would have been heartily glad if the Friends' Committee here, had waited for Mr. Ashurst's return, before they sent Box South Carolina. Nevertheless, if I had been liable to be kidnapped, or were suffering the pangs of starvation, it is probable my scruples might melt away before the terrible realities of my position. Frederick Douglass is glad to be legally as well as morally free, and I am sure my abolitionist countrymen are far too hungry to quarrel with the bread that feeds them. Notwithstanding O'Connell's life-long and constant hostility to the atrocious system, our people were so accustomed to associate the idea of equality, and impartial liberty with American institutions, that they have never taken in a tinge of the slavery, bigotry, or depth, of this huge iniquity. One bad effect of the American bounty will be that it will confound all distinction in the minds of the recipients, and the bloodiest slaveholder, who sends the price of blood, will be looked on by them as an angel of mercy, as well as the most determined Abolitionist. I am afraid of the needy, who denies himself to aid and comfort them.

I understand that the markets are on the decline, not only in Ireland, but in England, and throughout the continent, and the promise of the harvest is most encouraging. I would not be surprised if the scarcity of land tilled in the North, and on the east coast of Ireland, were as great, if not greater, than was ever known before—and if this be the case, it will be a great year for the farmers. When the farmers are badly off, it is a poor story for the rest of the community.

But it is time for me, a baffled singer say, "to conclude, and come to an end." So farewell.

RICH. D. WEBB.

Notes on New Books.

The Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets. By William Howitt, 2 vols. Harper & Brothers: 1847.

These are two of the handsomest volumes that have been recently issued from the American press. The style of the "getting up" is peculiarly neat and elegant, and the character of the illustrations much better than those of similar English publications. They are not little fanciful pictures, but faithful and simple representations of real objects, with two exceptions. Gossiping about poets is always welcome. We never tire of reading the same stories told for the thousandth time of those immortal minds whose incarnation has blessed the earth by their presence. Mr. Howitt is essentially a gossip, he loves to pick up anecdotes and retail them again, and wove up those with his own pleasant reflections; and he vents the malice engendered by his disappointments in the ugliest words that ever have defiled itself in—. While in England he visited the former residences of Mrs. Tighe, the author of *Psyche*, and for some reason or other was treated strangely, thereupon he takes occasion to set the family of Tighes, as though they were his mortal enemies, and rates the nephews of the dead poetess for marrying the daughters of noblemen, with as much sacrilious abuse as though they had been guilty of the deadliest crimes. Mr. Howitt is peculiarly unhappy in his allusions as well, having taken his leave of Mrs. Tighe's house upon the Tighes, he brings the whole force of his malignant wit against them, and says that "Mr. Dan Tighe is certainly not Dauid." Mr. Howitt never exchanged a word with the Tighes; he knew nothing about them, but that they did not encourage his intrusion into their houses at an inconvenient hour. He did not put himself to the trouble of procuring letters of introduction, but presuming that his name, "having been twenty-three years before the public," was a sufficient introduction to anybody, proceeded to call on his celebrated friends. In one place he was out at home, and the lady was lying-in, and in the other, the house being a "showhouse," was never open to strangers when the family was at home. It certainly appears to us churlish in the latter case not to have admitted Mr. Howett, but in the former instance, he had the "impertinence" being the nephew of a deceased poetess, did not make him a pulse servant. If he did not choose to admit a stranger into his rooms who professed to have called out of mere curiosity, it did not render him and his whole family proper subjects of malignant abuse. But Mr. Howitt seems to think that he has a right to pry into the private affairs of any family or individual when he is in pursuit of materials to fill up a book. The widow of Southey refused to communicate to him any particulars respecting the domestic habits of her husband, and he revenges himself by heaping up opprobrious terms upon the dead poet. If Southey had been a writer, and capable of writing an article for a review, the judgment pronounced upon him by Mr. Howitt would have been very different from that which he has put into his Haunts and Homes. He abuses the dead lion without stint for loading George the Fourth, and very properly, we think; but in his notice of Kit North, he says he "was a hundred times more guilty and venial in his respect than the laureate, he utters not a word of reproach, nor even intimates that the editor of Blackwood's Magazine was the most base and brutal of all the scurvy pack who whined and licked the dust before that worthless monarch. The spite and malice of Mr. Howitt towards all who thwart his views, are as painfully evident as his knavish cringing to those from whom he expects a favour. The difference between Southey and Kit North is, that one is a dead and the other a live reviewer. The article on Swift is full of narrow prejudice and bigotry. Mr. Howitt has taken great pains to disfigure the unhappy circumstances of the poet's life to his disadvantage, and even falsifies history in attributing his mental afflictions to youthful excesses. This part of Mr. Howitt's book is so bitterly unjust to the subject, that we are tempted to believe it was written by Mary and not William Howitt. There is a womanly spirit in it that appears unnatural in a man. But the truth is, a person of Mr. Howitt's turn of mind, should never have presumed to meddle with a character like Swift's. The gossiping, book-peddling, writer of literary catch-penny books could no more comprehend the qualities of such a gifted spirit, than a blind bat could comprehend the flight of an eagle. One of the crimes which Mr. Howitt accuses Swift of, strangely enough, too, for such a peace-loving, quakerish writer, in his having by the sole power of his pen, compelled the English to make peace with Louis the Seventeenth, after having cleared Europe with blood, and saddled the nation with a debt of sixty millions to no purpose.

There are parts of the book which are written with force and in a truthful and gentle spirit, and the whole of it is in that light, gossiping, and story-telling style which is well-adapted to the taste of those who form the chief cause of his popularity. Some of the sketches are written with force and feeling, and many of them contain good criticisms, but they contain nothing that is new, excepting the author's opinions. The best of the sketches is that of Chatterton, which is imbued with a true feeling of indignation that carries the reader along with the author. But Mr. Howitt is very apt to be carried away by his prejudices; he denounces right and left, without stopping to examine the justice of his fulminations; his censures of Horace Walpole are not warranted by the known facts of his treatment of Chatterton. Mr. Howitt calls Walpole a "silly sycophant" and similar names, which are peculiarly inappropriate to that misunderstood man. Walpole was the most democratic man of his age in principle, and one of the most liberal and unselfish; he was half a century in advance of his time, in liberality of feeling, and was among the foremost of the progressive spirits of his generation. He was among the first to denounce the African Slave-Trade; he was the first to applaud the revolt of the American colonies; he was opposed to capital punishment, and he was ever the most merciless of the satirists of aristocratic and monarchical vices. Although he inherited an Earldom he never made use of his title; he disinherited voluntarily a considerable part of the income to which he was entitled from sinecure offices bestowed upon him by his father, and he expended his fortune with great liberality, partly in paying printers and engravers, whom he maintained in his house, for the purpose of publishing the works of his friends. Mr. Howitt writes with the spite of an aristocrat, because, when a boy had endeavoured to cheat him by selling him some forged manuscripts, he did not reward the lad's ingenuity. There is no evidence that Walpole knew of Chatterton's necessities, and he might be pardoned for not contributing to the great poetic genius which no one also had bestowed a thought upon. It sounds very oddly to us to hear Mr. Howitt accuse Swift and Walpole of selfishness after reading the modest account just published by Mr. Saunders, the editor of the People's Journal, detailing the selfish and mercenary conduct of the Howitts towards him, of their base and deliberate attempts to ruin the prospects of a young literary adventurer, and deprive him at the same time of his character and his property. A strain of indignant feeling for the wrongs suffered by literary men from the powerful in purse and station runs through the whole of the chapters of "Homes and Haunts," but Mr. Howitt has not related a circumstance in the whole list of literary grievances that equals the baseness which he and his wife were guilty of in their attempts to injure a worthy man whose sole offence was his success in establishing a literary journal which they wanted to control and own. If Mr. Saunders did not, like Chatterton, commit suicide, it was not for the lack of suicidal annoyances from Mr. and Mrs. Howitt.—z.

The Writings of Washington, Volume IV.—The 4th volume of this elegant but cheap edition of the writings of Washington, edited by Jared Sparks, has been issued by the Messrs. Harpers.—z.

To Correspondents.

S. R. His subscription expired with the last number.

J. B. C. He will observe by the bill enclosed, that the money handed us pays only to the end of the volume.—If there is difference in our accounts we will thank him to commonicate with us. Are all the N. B. papers to go by packages? We have received no orders.

J. N. B. We received his letter, and thank him for complying with our request. It is hardly worth while to publish the list at so late a day.

Married.

At Sunny-Side Cottage, the residence of Washington Irving, June 8th, Mr. WILLIAM GRINNELL, to Miss CHARLOTTE HEINO.

In Philadelphia, on 4th day evening, the 3d of 6th month, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, THEODORE FIER, to ELIZABETH, daughter of George M. Justice, of Philadelphia.

In Newburyport, Mass. on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Crocker, Mr. WILLIAM H. HUSE, senior proprietor of the *Advertiser*, to Miss REBECCA O. WOOD, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Wood.

In Cincinnati, on Monday evening, May 24th, by the Rev. Thos. L. Perkins, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, son of Christian Donaldson, to Miss APOLLINE GUILFORD, daughter of Nathan Guilford, Esq.

Died,

In Schenectady, N. Y. 8th inst. Mrs. MARY JANE, wife of Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D. Bishop of the Episcopal Church, Albany.

At Bonichsdorf, in Austrian Silesia, April 12th, THOMAS JOPLIN, Esq. author of many statistical and monetary publications, of great weight with the public, and the friend of Count Joseph Stadion, Prime Minister.

In London, April 10th, WILLIAM LEMON REDE, Esq author of many light dramatic works of merit, aged 45.

In Charleston, S. C. ELIZABETH WILLIS, wife of FRANCIS FORBES, Esq. of Boston, and daughter of GEORGE W. LYMAN, Esq. of the same city.

In Boston, ROBERT, only son of the Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON, aged two years.

In Roxbury, Mass., 8th instant, Dea. EBENEZER DOLE, aged 71.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Thursday last. She brings intelligence of the death of O'Connell, some particulars of which will be found in the letter of our Dublin correspondent. Dr. Chalmers died suddenly at Edinburgh.

The price of cotton has advanced. There has been a decline in the prices of all sorts of breadstuffs, and the prospect for good crops is favourable.

Lord Clarendon is appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The ship Mary Ellen, bound from Canton to New-York, with a full cargo of teas, was wrecked in the China seas on the 8th of April. Three of the crew were drowned, and the cargo was a total loss.

General Items.

The Post in its report of the doings of the Anti-Slavery Convention, called James N. Buffum of Lynn, "a colored man." James is not a "nigger," so-called, but is "dark complected"—say about as black as Daniel Webster. Perhaps he is "*kept dark*" on some of his favourite subjects, which would have a more profound reverence for him then it now has.

Accident to the Hutchinsons.—We learn by a gentleman from New Hampshire, that an accident happened to one members of this family of singers, on Sunday last, as they were riding in the vicinity of their residence, in Milford, N. H. The one mentioned, was Mrs. Hutchinson and the wife of one of the brothers were injured. The injury to the latter is said to be serious.—*Traveller.*

The Distress in Maryland.—We are sorry to learn from the Port Tobacco Times, published in Charles County, that it is not so great as was reported. The Times says it is not certain that any persons who needed the active benevolence of those around them.

A Pleasant Road.—A writer from our Army at Vera Cruz, whose descriptions are certainly graphic, and who what seems to speak in good faith in the relation of the sickening scenes he witnesses, speaking of the march of the division of the army to which he belonged, holds the following terse and descriptive language:

"*Yet what a road have we taking to reach this point!* PAVED WITH GOATS, HEDGED WITH THORNS, AND STREWED WITH THE DEAD BODIES OF OUR OWN PEOPLE!"

It certainly "do n't sound well to have Temperance and Anti-Slavery societies disturbed by violence in the Northern belle." It is wrong in principle and ruinous in practice, for men who are engaged in a great moral object of which is to reform and restrain mobs and disturbance, sneered at and ridiculed. To rebuke the Zachary Taylors, it is only shameful, and worse than idle, talking, talking, and nothing else."—*Express.*

Wilmot Proviso at the South.—The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, in letters to Gen. Taylor, remarks: "If his views on questions involving State rights and constitutional constructions are democratic irrespective of all party distinctions, and he will guarantee that no veto is to be used, *the entire South will rally upon him.* The Wilmot proviso has given the South a very thorough awakening, and there is no more fatal mistake can be made *of the necessity of having a Southern candidate.* The Northern Whigs are fully and boldly committed against us on this subject. We have no sort of confidence in them. The Northern Democrats are less inimical to the South, but are constitutional rights upon this slave question. Many of them are sound and true to us. But we are not disposed to recommend a blind confidence even in them, after the alarming defection some of them have exhibited. The most prudent policy in us perhaps would be to *leat the sincerity of their respect for Southern rights, by placing before them a Southern candidate.* This is very certain. It is, *that no Northern candidate can get a Southern electoral vote who does not distinctly repudiate the atrocious doctrine that Southern rights which is embodied in the Wilmot proviso.*"

Munificent Donation.—Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, has just made a donation of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS to Harvard University, for the purpose of establishing, in connection with that institution, a school of practical science, for the benefit of young men and men who have completed their early education either at college or elsewhere, and who intend to enter upon active life, as farmers, engineers, or persons who apply the sciences, applying their attainments to practical purposes."

NOTICES.

WINDHAM COUNTY CONVENTION.

The friends of the slave will hold a convention at Canterbury on the third day of July, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and continuing through the day.

C. C. Burleigh, of Pennsylvania, and others will address the meeting.

Both the friends and the enemies of human freedom are invited to attend.

If there can be a cause for the awakening of the friends of the oppressed, this is the occasion. The attraction but the only sure guarantees of our national existence, that cause exists in our present Mexican relations and the present aspect of Slaveholding power upon every sacred ordinance of Liberty in the land.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, *Pres't.*

L. BURLEIGH Sec.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY. FOURTH OF JULY.

The annual meeting of the Old Colony A. S. Society will be held in the Christian Baptist meeting-house, at old Plymouth, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, 1847, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through each day and evening.

Let the citizens and friends of the slave, throughout the Old Colony, be present in overwhelming numbers. A very interesting meeting is anticipated, as Frederick Douglass, C. L. Remond, J. C. Hathaway, P. Fillmore, and Loring Moody will be present. The attraction but one is a powerful one. Let Old Plymouth be aroused on the anniversary of "Homes and Haunts," but Mr. Howitt has not related a circumstance in the whole list of literary grievances that equals the baseness which he and his wife were guilty of in their attempts to injure a worthy man whose sole offence was his success in establishing a literary journal which they wanted to control and own. If Mr. Saunders did not, like Chatterton, commit suicide, it was not for the lack of suicidal annoyances from Mr. and Mrs. Howitt.—z.

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J. B. C. He will observe by the bill enclosed, that the money handed us pays only to the end of the volume.—If there is difference in our accounts we will thank him to commonicate with us. Are all the N. B. papers to go by packages? We have received no orders.

J. N. B. We received his letter, and thank him for complying with our request. It is hardly worth while to publish the list at so late a day.

great and a good day for the sacred cause of Liberty and Human Rights. Let all the lovers of true freedom from the city and the neighboring towns, and from whatever distance they are able, come to the gathering. The day should be redeemed from the self-glorifying uses to which it has been perverted heretofore, and made a day for the promotion of justice and freedom to all.

It is wished that the refreshments needed on the occasion be provided by the friends of the cause in attendance. Let each little party bring its own supply, and all will be supplied. Arrangements will be made for an ample supply of cold water.

We confidently expect a large number of faithful and eloquent speakers in behalf of the cause to be present.

And as *funds* are continually needed to sustain and carry forward our glorious enterprise, it is earnestly hoped that all present will come prepared to contribute in this respect, thus showing it is not their own pleasure alone they seek, but that they would be helpers of others in whose behoof hearts, and scarred and bleeding limbs, on day of freedom's advent, yet brought relief or joy. Should each one bring no more than the value of the provisions they have been accustomed to contribute on such occasions, a substantial help would be rendered in the Society.

Further particulars as to the speakers, &c. will be expected next week.

In behalf of the Board of Managers

SAMUEL MAY, Jr.[1]

Gen. Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society will meet in Grafton, on Saturday, the 3d day, July 3d and 4th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday. Stephen S. Foster and William W. Brown have both promised to be present. Of S. S. Foster's hearty and bold advocacy of the slave's cause, we here say nothing: nor to say who has heard him, of Mr. Brown's eloquent plea for the millions of his countrymen in Slavery. He has served a regular apprenticeship under the patriarchal Garrison, twelve-fourteen years. Benefiting the day!—not to celebrate hypocritically a liberty only in name, but to make real that liberty to all the inhabitants of the land! The day, the day of rest to the people—how blessed to imitate Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound!

We have to meet a strong army of the true friends of God and Humanity.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, *President.*

THEODORE P. LOCKE, *Secretary.*

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK

DEAR FRIENDS:—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have decided to postpone their labours still more vigorously in this State the present year.

The invaluable services of E. D. Hudson, Charles Lenox Remond and Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave, have already been engaged, for the ensuing month, in a campaign on the First of August. Our old and well-tried friend, William W. Brown will return to our aid on the first of December. In addition to these our distinguished friends William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and James N. Buffum have engaged to spend from the 14th, to the 28th of September, in this State, and to add a particular notice of the time and place of their meetings will be given through the columns of the Standard in due time.

Other able and efficient agents can easily be secured if we can find the means to sustain them and keep their families in bread. Austin Steward, whose untiring exertions have done much in extending the circulation of the Standard, will return to Rochester, during the past year a large number of subscribers have been secured to this paper in our State. To those who read it, it is only necessary to say that the same arrangements which have made it the best paper in the State the last year will be continued. Its editor and contributors need no eulogy from us. Their pen speaks for itself, and their highest praise and a sure earnest of the future. With your hearty co-operation, we can and do intend to more than double the subscription list this year. It can be done. Will you give us your aid? Will every man work over against his own house?" Let us try the experiment, friends. Every effort to do good at least blesses him who makes it, and gives him greater strength for every successive effort.

A large portion of the funds expended last year were received from out the State. This year our own friends of the cause will be, and are, urged to contribute much more freely, and the Executive Committee expects that they will do it willingly and cheerfully. Is it a time to be idle? Is it a time to sit still, groan, and wait and die? Murderous marauders are still plundering unhappy Mexico, and brutally and ruthlessly killing her defenceless women and children, in the name of a wicked and slaveholding Government, for the purpose of extending and strengthening the unhallowed system of Slavery.

Many of the popular political presses which have in the strongest possible terms denounced the sanguinary war of Texas and its consequences, national, diabolical, and infamous, are now diligently seeking to push the country into a similar war, by shouting Hurrah! Hurrah the name of Zachary Taylor, a man who, by his actions, and position is at the present moment the most perfect incarnation of slaveholding tyranny, and the unfeeling wars of any man living—before the American people as a suitable candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

He is indeed *the man* of all others for that office while the country remains as it is—but the people are beginning to see and feel that the time has at last arrived for the "Wilmot Proviso"—their conscience is on our side and there is no doubt but it will be lost. I am here the Truth. Give them the Truth. The evil is of too radical and deep-seated a character to yield to any ordinary applances—nothing short of Revolution and Dissolution will ever eradicate it. Let us work then with

"Those mild arms of Truth and Love"

Made mighty by the Lord of Hosts!

to bring about these results, and rid our land of the foul crime. Your friend,

J. C. HATHAWAY, *Gen. Ag'l.*

American A. S. Society for State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, Ontario

Poetry.

From the People's Journal.

MOVE ON.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

All the stars in heaven are moving,
Ever round the bright spheres roving;
Twinkling, beaming, raying, shining,
Blanket-tight with darkness lining;
Aye! revolving through the years,
Playing music of the spheres,
Like the eastern star of old
Moving toward the shepherds' fold,
Where the wise men—grace to them!—
Found the Babe of Bethlehem.
God is in each moving star;
God drives on the pleiad car;
Let His will on earth be done
As in heaven the stars move on.—

Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

All the waves of sea are flowing,
All the winds of heaven are blowing;
With a gentle heam-like quiver
Flows the streamlet to the river;
With a stronger waved commotion
Flows the river to the ocean;
While seas' billows evermore
Flow and gain upon the shore—
Wave on wave in bright spray lisping—
Like endeavours never sleeping;
While the pool which moveth never,
Grows a stagnant hog for ever—
White-gilled die its tenant tench,
Green its water, foul its stench,
Wildering marsh-fires o'er it run,
While straight flows the river on—

Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

Thus within the skies and ocean
Life is married unto motion;
Stars revolve, and rivers flow,
And earth? what said Galileo?
When in dungeon damply low,
Faint and tortured, hardly dying,
Yet for truth, with honest pride,
Yet, "it moves! it moves!" he cried.
And the world? It life is motion,
As with stars and as with ocean,
It is moving, it is growing,
All its tides are onward flowing;
The hand is moving towards the loaf,
The eye is moving to the roof,
The mind is moving to the book,
The soul lives in a moving look,
The hand is moving from the sword,
The heart is moving towards the Lord!

Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

SONNET.

BY R. C. FRENCH

We live not in our moments or our years;
The Present we fling from us, like the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste; or bind *that* in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears,
Vain tears for that which never may arrive;
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected or subdued, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the Present brings;
Kind greetings, sunshine, songs of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things,
And of the grief's inborn or new, we know,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

Miscellaneous.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Hagen.

CHAPTER XI.

The course of our narrative leads to the bay of Goave, to Rigaud's plantation, where, upon the sentence at the sea-shore, Antoinna's lover had been restored to the circle of her friends, was seated by the still, thoughtful Petion. A fresh breeze came over the billows, which broke on the shore at their feet, and both sate interrupting the long pauses only by brief and indifferent questions.

"You have not visited us for a long while, my friend," said Antoinna, at last, "and now that you are come, a pleasure I have so long desired, you grudge me even a cheerful face."

"I would look at you very," returned Petion with a forced smile, "and to-day rather than on other days. I try and say to myself, shall I always retain in mind every little lineament? Will not memory, after some years, prove false to me? And if I should never see her again, will she not forsake thee too? Then I look at you, and then fix my eyes upon the abyss of waters, and practise myself in forgetfulness."

"How you dream again, my strange, sensitive friend," rejoined Rigaud's wife, jestingly. "You have one of your black hours. It is the way with noble minds; a weakness seizes them in certain moments, which borders on despair. Then hope and faith vanish, and the energy of a human heart awakes, and one feels again that he belongs to the world and to humanity, and he hastens to new conflicts, and wrestles for a new reverence for human life."

"O! how truly do you know how to speak," said Petion, moved. "Now again I feel it, the gates of life are open again, and I hope, and believe."

At this moment Augustin and Ramiro approached. The former took the hands of his wife and of Petion, and placed them together. "Love each other," said he, with unusual gentleness of manner, what a miserable man must I be to wish to destroy this sacred friendship, and to forget what a right Petion has to my uttermost confidence and friendship."

"O, hush, hush!" said the youthful Petion, pressing the hand of Augustin."

"Thou art a thousand times nobler and better than I, my brother," said the fiery Augustin, and tears shoot in his eyes. Once I hated thee, and treated thee like an arrogant boy, and how hast thou revenged thyself! O, assuredly, Antoinna is the best part of my life, but—" he turned to her seriously at his wife and the silent Petion, and then raised his hand to his brow, and murmured to himself, "I would I might fall in fighting for my country, then should she be thine. But while I live I cannot resign my treasure. Yes, I am a miser, who gloats upon his money to the last moment, and even in death clutches at it, and would press it to his breast."

"What words are these!" said Petion, gently. "Live in the fond arms which are extended to thee with full affection, it is my fervent wish. Thou your natural violence, and make her wholly happy as she deserves to be. Leave me as I am. I love my dear pupil, but thou hast nothing to fear. Ours is a pure and noble friendship, which is exalted by renunciation. Of this be assured, and now give me thy hand, and let us talk of no more."

"The deuce, no!" said the old Ramiro, "that is a contract of friendship, from which may spring many hidden dangers. This philosophical young head fancies it can love a pretty woman quite platonically and keep the heart in subjection to his cool reason, and this fiery young creature here finds it all very agreeable to adore a man as the ideal of all virtue, and to rave about him with all the enthusiasm of what she calls a pure, spiritual friendship. But it is all a fraud, and silence only makes the mischief worse. The spirit is more dangerous than the body, and especially dangerous if it inhabits a body that practices knightly deeds. It is not merely that everybody is applauding his spirit, his knowledge, his discretion, his noble actions, but the wild fellow runs off with track hounds, and brave companions into the wild recesses and caverns and 'frees his fair friend out of holes where monsters were keeping guard over her."

"The horrible Hingin!" exclaimed Antoinna with a shudder. "In my dreams I often see the bloody, painted figure still."

"Lucky for thee if thou hast nothing else," said Ramiro drily, and then half laughing, half threatening, he added: "And shall it all end in this? Shall Paladin to whom one owes life, freedom and honour? Ha! you self-confident young thing, have you thought what all this friendship, this love, means? Platonic love, nonsense! Plato died in a madhouse, and his life long was a dreamer who sate o'nights in the moonshine, and could not sleep for his feelings, and created fantasies out of the clouds and stars without looking at the earth."

Here Augustin suddenly sprang up, and while he looked out over the sea he said: "A very fine day for this prattle, I am satisfied, for I have learned from Petion what a great and noble character is, and Heaven itself confirms the hope that I have cherished. Antoinna does not love me with her whole heart. But Heaven have mercy on the false hound, de Jumecourt, if he ever falls into my power!"

"Where is he?" said Antoinna.

"In Grand-Anse," replied Ramiro. "He, his uncle, and several of those who escaped the great blood bath at the Cape, have gone thither. The Commissaries winks at it, and having gained the victory, care little to ask whither they have fled, although some curiosity would be reasonable."

"What can the Commissaries do?" said Petion. "Grande-Anse has a warlike population, who would by no means allow the Commissaries and their friends to be torn from them. And where is the army to do it by force? We all know very well that the war in the North has become more violently than ever. The Spaniards and negroes have put Santonax and de la Veaux to flight, and driven them entirely from the mountains. The large districts of Port Dauphin, the parishes of Limbé and Dondon are lost, and what has it availed that the Commissaries have promised entire freedom to the negroes?"

"Hold!" said Ramiro, "it is only the mad Santonax who has done that, but Polverel, who still mounts his ass, and whose face looks darling has lost much of his enthusiasm for freedom, has endeavoured to keep hold of the system of gradual emancipation, and is every where laying out plantations."

"Where the lazy brutes run away, when they ought to work," cried Augustin. "I have always said so. A negro who is not driven to work by the whip, is good for nothing. Let them give them freedom, and you will see what they will do with it. A negro and freedom!"

"Let the negro have his way to civilization," said the old Ramiro, "and he will not require many thousand years to reach our standpoint. O, shake not your yellow head, my son, I will utter a prophecy. The black cloud, which rests up there on the mountains of Limbé, will soon spread out over the whole land, and storm does not how the knee and worship the black God, will be destroyed forever."

Petion, who cared not to continue this conversation, pointed towards Port-au-Prince' and said, "so the contest off there is quite decided, and Borel has escaped."

"Off," said Ramiro, "and I hope in safety, on his way to America, if Rigaud and the Commissaries have no weasen mischeif in."

"Rigaud!" said Petion, smiling.

"And don't you believe, wise citizen Petion," cried Ramiro, "that it had been easy for him to stop the hole by which the foxes escaped? I had several thousand men with him who know every foot of land between this and Jacmel. The Commissaries too brought with them a pretty number of their white soldiers, and not a mouse could have slipped away, when the big ships of the line and the frigates, lay at the same time before the forts and the city, and were ready with their fourand-twenty pounders to blow into atoms the last remains the old Creole brains."

"Civil war," murmured Petion. "It is a terrible word."

"And a devilish deed," said Ramiro, "but dear Heaven! how wise this Rigaud, who has never had Borel has rendered the Commissaries good services, especially when the object was to drive away the unfortunate Dandonville, who has never had a head, they say, under the axe at Nantes. Therefore they favoured the move, when the citizens of Portau-Prince called the little Mulatto to the city as Commandant of the National Guard, and thought certainly that so active a citizen, one who had done such good service, would drive Borel out, and all his old domineering Creole propensities. But the, wolf, says an old saying, will part with his hair, but not with his flesh, and scarcely had Borel got warm in his place, scarcely did he feel himself possessed of power to show his teeth, scarcely did he see that the old spirit was sprouting out in his Creole nature, when he swore upon the life of the old Creole, who all his life long had hated ebony and yellow wood to the death."

Augustin looked fixedly at his wife, and words, and to cut short the sarcastic vein of his father-in-law, he cried aloud: "That is the old story. Borel drove Rigaud out of the Commune de Lascahobe, began the war against us anew, while he strove to establish again the old Creole order of things. Then the Commissaries came down upon him, my brother Petion entered the city was brought, forced to surrender, and if they had caught the cruel little devil, he would have been hung."

"Hung, if they had been caught," said Ramiro. "It was not for the interest of the gentlemen of the Convention, or for the interest of your brother to capture Borel. The little Mulatto, and down in the humbled city sits now lady de Borel, and keeps her festivals as a great patriot just as before. M. Santonax knows what suits her, he considers the mourning too long. M. de Rigaud, M. Beauvais, and other noble citizens came, too, and are delighted to hear the proud lady speak with horror of the plans of her unfortunate husband, and she is happy in her joy, she is happy to be rid of the jealous little brute, and is once more as beautiful and lovely as ever."

"Ramiro, Ramiro," said Petion, in a stern tone, "what direction he had been looking attentively for some time. "Look there," said he, "what sails are those off Port-au-Prince—large ships coming against the wind: I count six."

"Merchantmen," said Ramiro. "In Port-au-Prince, lies a whole fleet, and riches that could make half Europe with sugar, coffee, and cocoa."

"But those vessels are sailing towards Port-au-Prince," said Augustin, and their manœuvres are strange enough. It seems as if they had met here, and while some are going northward, others neither approach nor depart."

"They are sailing, like, like prudent people," replied the old man, "waiting the favourable moment."

"By Heaven!" cried Augustin, in alarm, "they must be ships of war. What are they after? What does it mean? What do the Commissaries propose?"

"Is that they needs be French?" said Ramiro. "Do you see the tri-colour, my child? Do you hear their vive la République? It seems to my old eyes as if there were a red flag at the top."

"Augustin ran to the brow of the hill, Ramiro followed him, but Petion turned to his lovely friend, and said in a low, firm voice. "I bid you adieu, Antoinna."

She looked mournfully at him, and then extending her hand towards the sea, "Far and long, I know it."

"And perhaps forever," replied Petion.

"Forever!" how brief and how terrible is this word, and how it contains meanings many cannot comprehend. One should not utter it without trembling. No, my friend, not forever! We shall meet again."

"Believe you in a hereafter!" said he, smiling gloomily.

"I believe in God," said Antoinna, solemnly, "and you too, Petion, may not part with the sacred faith in a Father who watches in blessing and love over all his creatures."

The maiden smiled still more gloomily, and then his fine burning eye rolled upwards and appeared to fix upon the eternal blue above in doubt and despair.

"There is a God," he continued. "O! I have seen Him in the sacred name uttered, how beautiful is it to believe in Him, in innocence and devout submission. There is a God who decorates the palms, and builds the mountains, and lets the sea be lashed by his storms. There is a God who permits the trembling lamb to turn by the tiger, who tears the child from its mother's arms, who makes man to enjoy or suffer unspeakably. Yes, there is a God, a being, a primal power, so say the wise and the simple. They are right. Nothing is without design, all is ordered, it is wonderous, all admirably constructed, from the worse to the sacred starry vault, but why is the spirit so bad and weak, when the body is so fair? Why this mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous, of the noble and the horrible."

"Do you ask such questions?" said Antoinna, gently, "and yet it is you, who has so often said to me that man is fling into the world for conflict, that he might come forth victor over evil."

"Said I so?" said Petion, moved. "O! surely, then, I must be in hour when I myself was engaged in this conflict. But the eye grows cooler, the vision extends farther, one hope is buried after another, what seemed noble and divine, transforms itself into a miserable phantom before which faith, hopelessness, and hope disappear."

"My unhappy friend," said Antoinna. "Your high spirit is in the depth of despair. Your way is dark, it is leading you from the right paths."

"And these right paths," replied he, "where are they?" Ah! Antoinna, I am myself in seeking them. Life has prostrated, torturing me, the scourge stands written by fate on my forehead. 'Go and depart, your days are ended.' Where?"

"Not find! my dear, dear friend," said she, in broken accents.

"No, and more fearful still," cried he, "I find, but never possess. I have struggled like a man, and am conquered. Once I was proud and hold; once a voice rolled to me 'Endure, bear and receive the palm of victory!' Once, I too recognized the necessity by which everything must be as it is,—the woe, the cruelties, the whole course of a period of six thousand years, full of blood, and tears and sorrows without number. O! my friend, the life of the individual is mirrored in the life of the race. We are driven forth, we are given over to the powers, to its passions, to our poor motherwit. This the pious call the wears of God! The wise seek in trace out the laws of the world and to possess. Would it could be otherwise, and the poor creatures who wrestle and struggle, writhe in long agonies ere they can die."

"O! well then is it with those who can believe and pray," said he, with a hollow voice. "Well is it with those who, they who can lay their broken hearts before the throne of the invisible God, when the angels enter the wasted temple, and faith waits for the day when full compensation shall be made."

Tears dimmed Antoinna's eyes, as she added, "Hush, hush, it will come, the day, and we, too, shall have part in its accomplishment. O, my friend, weeping silently, "and the angels of God go with you. Those, to whom the world belongs, a future of history, shall be relieved, above the fortunes and the suffering of ordinary men."

"I will go, then," said Petion, deeply touched, and mastering his emotion, and as a solitary pilgrim endeavour to believe that heaven has so ordered it. No giddy whirl. I will not suffer my lofty bride, my country, true freedom, to be torn from me. Farewell, my Antoinna, farewell!"

"It was a parting full of sweet, bitter pain.—That they knew; the funeral solemnity of a buried love.

Petion walked slowly away, and when, after a little while, he looked back, Antoinna had vanished, and in her place stood Adèle Rigaud, with her brother, Ramiro, and a stranger, all of whom came up the hill from the sea-shore. Petion now observed for the first time, that an armed schooner was lying to at about a mile's distance, and that a heavily manned boat lay below in the little bay, to which the stranger evidently belonged. The short blue seaman's jacket with seaman's wrought in the buttons, the belt in which appeared a couple of small pistols, and the bright-coloured cloth cap, which was stuck on the head rather jaunty, betoken a young man. His delicate fresh but sun-burnt features, and two rows of white teeth, which he showed when he laughed, heightened the effect with which he spoke. "You see, M. Rigaud, I am still the son of my father," said he, "for I came to see you thoughtlessly enough, as a young sailor and subject of King George, whom God long preserve, although War is declared between him and your Republic. But when I bade my father good bye, he called after me, 'John! John! I will be no longer with you, see my old friend, General Rigaud, shake hands with him, which I do in my father's name, my dear General!'"

"Mr. John Abercrombie," said Rigaud, "nothing can be more agreeable than to see your father's son in my house. Your unexpected visit gives me time for us to break the neck of a bottle of the old Cape wine, your favourite drink, if I remember right."

"The mustiness is not all the, 'right' wine," said the sky, and the distant bay, where some of the large ships were visible, and then said: "In the name of Beelzebub, the only name I know, I drink to your health, at your service, General. It shall never be said of John Abercrombie that he refused a good glass."

They proceeded towards the house, where, in a large wood saloon, a table was covered with old well-sealed flasks, and other refreshments. Ramiro, who knew the young Englishman well, played off his jests upon him, and he was interrupted by Augustin, who suddenly asked, "what is the destination of the ships in the bay, Mr. Abercrombie? It looks as if England going to make a descent upon the French government. Out with it, Sir, you will not surprise your friendly foes with any unexpected conclusion."

The young officer instantly became very grave, and drawing out his pocket-book, handed a letter to Rigaud, which the latter glanced over, and then in a loud, quick voice, remarked to the young officer, in curiosity, my friends. I am desired to quit this land, the soil of my fathers, thy country I have ever lived and bled for, and I am to go off, and down in the humbled city sits now lady de Borel, and keeps her festivals as a great patriot just as before. M. Santonax knows what suits her, he considers the mourning too long. M. de Rigaud, M. Beauvais, and other noble citizens came, too, and are delighted to hear the proud lady speak with horror of the plans of her unfortunate husband, and she is happy in her joy, she is happy to be rid of the jealous little brute, and is once more as beautiful and lovely as ever."

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"The remainder," said Rigaud, crumpling up the letter, "is of no importance. Your father refers me to you, and now out with it, Sir. How much do they offer to the leader of the mulattoes if he were to see that the cause of his brethren is lost?"

"You wish to know all, replied the Englishman. "Well, then, hear. They offer you, if you will retire, three millions of francs——"

"A pretty offer for a trading-people!" cried Rigaud, with an expression of utter contempt, and then folding his arms, he fastened his earnest eod eye steadily on the young negotiator, that the letter, somewhat disquieted, exclaimed, "you seem to be thinking of much, General."

"Only of the offer made to the chief of the mulattoes, "only of a trifle, whether I shall treat this insult with contempt, or direct the thoughtless man, who makes this proposal, to be shot dead upon the spot."

John Abercrombie laid his hand on one of his pistols, and although he grew pale, he said with great composure, "M. R. Rigaud, will you turn the house, whither you have invited me as a guest, with blood, and murder the son of your old friend? Take care of your guests! Chew."

"Be quiet," cried the General, smiling. "I have only showed you to what it may lead, if you do not soon accept my proposal. Drink, then, pour your glass, Mr. Abercrombie, return on board and tell the Commodore that Andre Rigaud, the goldsmith of Port-au-Prince, sends him a hearty greeting to him, if he would not bring innocent blood upon his head, for as truly as I live, and were I my own son, I would have no more to do with it."

"My brother, my dear brother!" cried Augustin, who had been listening all the while in painful suspense, "what do I, what do I, poor myself in such a brother." He clasped him to his heart, and then turned with animation to the young officer. "Go," said he, "young man, and tell those Englishmen what a hell-hound the Rigaud's are, and what a desire Death will sell for all the treasures of the world."

"And hear my good counsel, dear John," said Andre, extending his hand to him. "You are your father's only son; therefore land not upon this unhealthy island. Believe me, your countrymen neither know nor care for the negroes. Death will sweep them off in its frightfullest forms, and when your avaricious gentlemen in London have caused many thousands of men to perish, wife, and pupil hundreds of millions to be wasted, and have [illegible] well increased the debt of England, they will after all be compelled to quit the soil with shame and disgrace."

"General," said the officer, "do you suppose it would have given me pleasure, to have returned to my country and its glory, may it never retreat before the enemy, but I know that you would quit? I love honour and brave men. But God protect my country and its glory, may it never retreat before the enemy, but I know that you would quit? I love honour and brave men. But God protect my country and its glory, may it never retreat before the enemy, but I know that you would quit? I love honour and brave men. But God protect my country and its glory, may it never retreat before the enemy, but I know that you would quit? I love honour and brave men. But God protect

"France and the Republic!" said Rigaud, and raised his glass, "I drink to thee, there to England, here to our own land. Never will I cease to struggle for my people. And friends all, Petion, Ramiro, Augustin, and thou, Adèle, the Commandore, in the plain of Port-au-Prince shall he find us, when his fleet sends their blood-thirsty legions on shore."

(To be continued.)

From the Yankee Blade.

THE DEATH-PENALTY.

The newspapers of the day teem with arguments, pro and con, on the propriety of Capital Punishment, as the phrase is (*capital* punishment being simply a phrase, as we intend to reflect), to which the penalty of death will only make the next highest capital, and not put end to the evil (capital punishment, priority.) But among them all we have seen no one of the questions more striking than the following passage taken from "The Lesson of Life," a strange, wild, grotesque, yet thrilling tale, from "Cakes and Ale," by Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated humorist. A dialogue takes place in the jail of Paris between the common hangman and a monk who had visited the prison on a mission of mercy:—

"Jacques Tenebre, the hangman of Paris, quaffed his wine and water, and drew his chair near the chair of Father George, the most rigid and confirmed bigot—such, at least, was his reputation—and, in a tone of familiar confidence—for the friar was Antonettes confessor—said, "Father, you have seen, I dare say, many people in this poor hal—poor innocent!" cried Jacques, observing that the monk glanced at the vacant Narcissus; "Yes, I want your counsel in an affair of conscience," cried the hangman.

"Thou shalt have it," was the benevolent promise of the monk.

"Thou hast called death a punishment, most holy father, let us debate that simple point;" and Jacques sidled still closer to his reverend guest.

The hangman's voice sunk into the lowest tone, and, falling upon the heads of the executioner and the monk, bent, as they were, towards each other, seemed to be a strange and fearful contrast of character as developed in their features. The monk's face was long and sallow, marked with deep lines about the mouth, which, when speaking, gave a concealed passion; his eye was black, full and heavy; a joyless, unreposing eye. The countenance of Jacques Tenebre was round and somewhat jovial; a love of mirth appeared to twinkle in his look, and his lips seemed made for laughter; his black hair and beard were sprinkled with white, and his complexion was a clear, deep brown, flushed in the cheek with wholesome red. The son, shining upon those heads, brought out their separate opposite characters, and contrasted the monk with the hangman. A stranger looking at them from a distance, would have thought the hangman some humble, yet cheerful, confidential citizen in close conversing with his household adviser, on a daughter's fortune, a son's patrimony, or some other domestic arrangement. Very different was the subject which about to be pursued the discourse of Jacques Tenebre, the hangman of Paris, and Father George, the austere Capuchin.

"Is that death a punishment?" repeated the executioner. "I live by it, and should therefore, with the wisdom of this world——"

"Thy wisdom of this world is arrant folly," interrupted the Capuchin.

"I am of thy ghostly opinion," observed Jacques Tenebre, "for I do not think it is. Well, death being made a punishment, makes my profession speak to thee in private, and as a friend—my profession is little less than arrant folly; a mistake, a preposterous blunder!"

"The saints protect me! what meanest thou by such wild discourse?" inquired Father George.

"Thou art, then, no friend to the hangman?" cried Jacques Tenebre. "There is another world, eh? good Father George."

The Capuchin turned suddenly from the side of the querist, and surveyed him with a look of horror.

"Nay, nay, answer me," said Jacques; "but for the form of argument. 'Twas for that I put the question."

"Is it scarcely lawful even so to put it?" said the Monk. "However, let it be granted—there is another world."

"And will men meet do?" asked Jacques Tenebre. "Eh?—is it not so?"

"We are come into the world doomed" to the penalty," replied the Capuchin. "Death is the common lot of all."

"Of the good, and the wise, and the unwise? eh, father?" cried Jacques.

"Of every one," answered the Monk.

"If such, then, be the case," said Tenebre, "if no virtue, no goodness, no wisdom, no strength, can escape the common lot, I ask, as you say, the penalty of the good, why should it be inflicted on the punishment of the wicked? Why should it be thought the only doom for the blackest guilt, which, it may be, is the only one which, in the next world, they are condemned to suffer? Answer me that!" cried the hangman.

"Let a point above thy apprehension, Jacques Tenebre," replied Father George, apparently deep in the proceedings of the discourse. "Let it rest, Jacques Tenebre, let it rest."

"You would not kill a culprit's soul, Father George? asked Jacques, heedless of the wishes of the Capuchin.

"What horror dost thou talk!" exclaimed the Monk.

"But for thy argument," said the unmoved Jacques. "Nay, I'm sure thou wouldst not. I, thy heard thee talk such consolation to a culprit, that, at the time, I have thought it a blessed thing to die. Well, he died—and a fine death, as the saying phrase runs, were avenged. The repentant thief, the penitent blood-shedder, was dismissed from further rule of a man; perhaps, the very day he was pardoned, a hundred pious, worthy souls were called from the world; he was discharged from the earth, and—now thou knowest what thou hast twenty times preached such misdoers, when I had done my office on them."

"Thou art ignorant, Jacques Tenebre—basely ignorant; thou art so familiarized with death it has lost its terror to thee," said the Capuchin, who again strove to shift the discourse.

"Of that anon, Father George; as for death on the scaffold, 'tis nothing—but I have seen the death of a man, and, in his Christian bed," said Jacques, "and that was awful."

"Thou dost own as much?" observed Father George, "thou dost confess it."

"Awful, yet cheering; and 'twas while I beheld that the thought came to me of my own worthlessness—"

"An sinner," interrupted the Capuchin.

"And hangman," cried Jacques. "I thought it took from the hangman the beauty, if I may say it, of good man's face—the common fate, as you call it, rightly call it, father—to give death to the villain, to make it the last punishment, by casting him at once into the same world with the pious creature who died yesterday. Now the law would confound the innocent and the guilty, and but thou could not if it would. All the world, and the world to come, would be a fitting, a reasonable custom, if this world were all, if there were nought beyond. Then see you, Father George, there would be no fear for the innocent—no fear—no—now does death speed him into felicity? Eh? Am I not right, is it not so, holy Father?"

"And is such the thought—thy true thought?" inquired the Capuchin.

"I think my stars it is, else I had not held my trade so long. Fainting, I have left all myself the world and brotherhain, taking them from a wicked world, and putting them quietly to rest. When he who signs the warrant for their exit—and, thinking of it, I am all are, 'tis hold writing, i' faith—must some day die, too, when the ermine tippet must, at some time, lie down with the hempen string; it is a thought, a humorous way of punishment, this same hanging."

"I tell thee, Jacques Tenebre," cried the priest, "thy course destroy, made thy business, it gives their blood a filip—sires them for an hour or two: many to a sense of necessity, and yet, in the tumult, we must one day undergo, many, as to the puppets and ballad singers at Point Neuf, but, for example, why, father, as I am a sinner, I have seen the time, when I have done my office upon twenty, all of whom were constant visiters of years standing at my morning levees."

"Is it possible?" said the Monk.

"Believe the hangman," answered Jacques Tenebre.

"And thou wouldst punish no evil doer with death?" inquired Father George.

"As I am an honest minister of the law, and live by rope, not I, for this sufficient reason; nature having made thickset or pimpled with them, it is too good a portion for rogues; the more especially when softened by the discourses of thy brotherhood."

"And thou wouldst, hang no man?" again asked the Friar, with rising wrath.

"Though I speak it to my loss," cried Jacques "not I!"

From the Pittsburg Journal and Age.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

It was a few days after the news of Buena Vista—the very day that the mail brought the official list of the killed and wounded—that I was seated in my office, reading over those with a sad curiosity, seeking out the names with which we were of old familiar, and thinking of those who had fallen during Artillery officer—he was in the Third when we knew him. But he married, left the service, engaged in business, and was staying in the hotel, came to my office, and said, "Have you seen a Private Volunteer Regiment?" Brave fellow! none braver fell on that bloody field.

We were sorrowfully enough engaged by these thoughts when a young woman entered the office. When we say young, we mean under thirty. She had a small form, a pale face, a quiet, sad expression, about three years old. Both mother and child for such no one could doubt to be their relationship, rinsuffered for astronomical researches, and particularly for the construction of a selenographical globe in relief of the surface of the moon. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of a cloudy climate, I spent several hours every day in astronomical labours, and not unfrequently spends the whole night in her observatory.—*Globe.*

THE USES OF NETTLES.—A German journal mentions that it has been proved, from a series of experiments, that the seed of nettles, mixed with the food of oxen, makes their hides sleek and shiny, and improves the flavour of their flesh; and this discovery, the same paper asserts, is considered of so much importance that several farmers propose the figure to set aside two or three fields to the exclusive cultivation of nettles!

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It is reported that Lord Brougham is about to publish a translation of Dante, which he intends to bring his youth.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

HUMORS OF AN EXECUTION.—The recent execution of two men at Morpeth was undertaken in such a manner as to make it a mere farce—the people crowding in thousands to witness it, and behaving in such a way, with all the mirth and levity of a fair. Its conclusion was a tragedy so horrible, that it must needs put to the blush the boasted zealousness of the humane advocates, who have strived so hard for the utility and advantage of legalized murder. When the culprits were "turned off," the ropes were found to be too long, and the feet of the sufferers were actually resting on the ground. The attempt to raise them by the legs and pull them on their toes, and in this position to compel them to cry out with sufficient distinctness, "Lord have mercy upon me!" and similar expressions. In this position they remained some seconds, until the executioner re-adjusted the ropes. He then pulled them up with a violent jerk, when the intense suffering of the men became still more evident. Matthews's body literally quivered with agony, and was drawn into distorted distortions, while Welch whirled round with great rapidity, and was only stopped by the executioner, who seized him by his legs and pulled until his neck was broken.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

PROGRESSIST SOCIETY.—EDINBURGH.—A correspondent writes to us—"A new society formed under the above designation, with the objects of disseminating true political principles, and corresponding in fair and friendly way, with those in every country who hold the same opinions. The aims of the society is as follows:—1. That all men are born equal, and with an inalienable right to freedom.—2. That it is by his own misdeeds, under the best of justice, to assert and maintain his private, and social, and political independence.—3. That the sole end of government is the protection of life and property.—4. That nothing can be politically right which is not rightly moral.—5. That personal fitness for any office in the State ought to be the only necessary qualification, irrespective of artificial distinction of birth, station, or wealth.—6. That the glorious Christian principle of "do unto others as you would wish to be done to," and "love your neighbour as yourself," ought to form the foundation of all legislation.—7. That the rights of nations should be, to give the greatest possible happiness to the greatest possible number.—*Nonconformist.*

GERMANY.—JENNY LIND AND THE STUDENTS.—At a certain German town, last autumn, there was a tremendous flurry about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates a pack of rampant students, who had secretly collected from the town, demanded to be shown Jenny's bed-room, and swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore the bed-clothes, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Israelitism, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the table-d'hôte, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great ire nor whenever a student came near him. At last he said, in a loud voice, to some one who came near him at table, "You are English, gentlemen, I observe! Most extraordinary people these German students; is a lady, my good gentlemen, to—" "Oh no," said somebody, "only excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible." "By heavens, Sir!" returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, "then there's something pitiful in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning, after shaving, and while I was gone!"—he fell into a terrible perspiration at the bare idea—"they burst into my room, tore up my sheets, and are now strolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes." In the confusion the students had gone into the wrong room.—*Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.*

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL, sister, and for a long time assistant, of the illustrious astronomer, celebrated the ninety-seventh anniversary of her birthday on the 16th of March, at Hanover. The King sent her congratulations, and the Prince Royal of Prussia paid her a visit; the latter presented her with a magnificent arm-chair, the back of which had been decorated by the Queen of Prussia; and the Minister of Prussia, in the name of his Sovereign, remitted to her the gold medal awarded for the extension of the knowledge of astronomy, which she originshed for astronomical researches, and particularly for the construction of a selenographical globe in relief of the surface of the moon. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of a cloudy climate, I spent several hours every day in astronomical labours, and not unfrequently spends the whole night in her observatory.—*Globe.*

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LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

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