The Liberator:

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. EDMUND QUINCY, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

VOL. XI.—NO. 28. NEW-YORK THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1850. WHOLE NO. 548.

Published Weekly, BY THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Terms: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. GAY, New York.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. GAY, New York.

NORRIS, BROTHERS, PRINTERS.

Without Concealment, Without Compromise.

Selections.

From The Liberator.

RECEPTION OF GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P., AT WORCESTER.

Boston Rebuke! — Free Discussion Triumphant—Glorious and Enthusiastic Meeting!

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY ROBERT BOND.

LAST Saturday morning, a meeting was held in the City Hall, Worcester, for the purpose of congratulating Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON on his arrival in this country, after an absence of fifteen years. The meeting was announced to commence at 10 1-2, A. M.; but long before that hour, notwithstanding the peculiarly inclement weather, persons of all the gradations hall was filled with a very respectable and intelligent audience. A special train brought upwards of two hundred persons from Boston, who had been disappointed of hearing Mr. Thompson in that city, but were determined not thus to be deprived of the pleasure of doing him honor. At the hour announced, the meeting being an adjournment of that held in Faneuil Hall on the 15th inst., and riotously broken up, the officers there appointed took their respective positions—and

EDMUND QUINCY, the President, called the meeting to order. He commenced by referring to the meeting held in Boston, giving an explanation of the cause of its interruption, and continuing as follows: It was evident that the city authorities were determined not to interfere to stop the disorderly conduct of the disturbers. Order could not be restored so far as to enable Mr. Thompson to be heard. He was withdrawn, and the meeting was adjourned to this time and place. It must not be taken that the result, however, is a true index of the public sentiment of Boston. (Cheers.) It has been falsely represented that this was an expression of public opinion there—that the majority of those composing the meeting were determined not to let Mr. Thompson speak. This is false. The great majority of those in Faneuil Hall that night were friendly to Mr. Thompson, or, at least, anxious to hear him speak. (Cheers.) Boston having thus spoken from Faneuil Hall, it was for the heart of this State to administer the rebuke, and therefore we accepted the invitation, and we are here to-day. (Applause.) We have come to-day, knowing that here at least, we shall be safe from disorderly interruption; and even should there be any evil disposed or riotous persons, you have a Mayor and a Police who are able and willing to take them in hand, and dispose of them. (Cheers.) In the name of that meeting, I thank the citizens of Worcester for this welcome which they have given us. I thank them for having opened this spacious hall for our reception, and that they are here in such numbers to greet us. (Applause.) Faneuil Hall meeting being now opened, we shall proceed to the business before us, precisely as if we had not been broken up in Boston. Mr. Thompson's lecture will present a series of resolutions which he has prepared as an expression of the sentiments of that meeting, and as we believe the sense of this, I shall, therefore, call William Lloyd Garrison then advanced, and the observing with which he was received having partially subsided, proceeded to read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the 'heart of the Commonwealth' beats high with delight at the presence of the untiring reformer and universal philanthropist, GEORGE THOMPSON, who comes among us on a friendly visit to these shores—and welcomes him as a guest worthy of the confidence, esteem and hospitality of all those who sympathize with the oppressed, and yearn for the deliverance of a groaning world.

Resolved, That for his successful labors in behalf of eight hundred thousand bondmen, just emerging in freedom in the British West India Islands—his active interest in the cause of three millions of chattel slaves in America—his disinterested advocacy of the rights of the plundered natives of India—his strenuous endeavors to elevate and enfranchise the laboring classes of England—and his noble efforts for the promotion of international and universal peace—he has shown himself to be dead to the feelings of national exclusiveness, alive to the sufferings and the claims of a common humanity, and worthy of a high rank among the world's benefactors.

Resolved, That we remember with lively gratitude his former visits to this land—that he was a pilgrim to our country, but this remembrance is accompanied with feelings of shame and sorrow, at the fiery persecution he was then called to endure, simply as did an insane state of the public mind, similar to that which prevailed eighteen hundred years ago, when the rabble shouted, 'Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!'

Resolved, That the riotous suppression of a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, on the evening of the 15th inst., in honor of arrival among us of a man who being allowed a hearing, in consequence of the continuous interruption and indecent behavior of an organized band of lawless and ruffianly disturbers, deepens the shame and infamy indisputably attached to the character of Boston, in consequence of the never-to-be-forgotten mob of 1835, and calls for a stern rebuke on the part of all that is free, generous and noble in the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That the city authorities of Boston have covered themselves with disgrace, and deserve to be held up to universal condemnation, for having permitted, even in their very presence, and without the slightest effort to prevent it, this modern edition of an assembly legally held, and convened for the highest purpose of humanity.

Resolved, That when, in Faneuil Hall, the uncompromising friend of liberty, the advocate of justice to the wronged, the champion of the rights of the humblest, is not allowed to speak in consequence of the supremacy of mob law in the city, it is time to inscribe on its walls, 'Ichabod—the glory is departed!' and to remove therefrom the portraits of Washington, Hancock, Adams, and every memorial of our revolutionary history. (Cheers.)

Resolved, That the manner in which the Boston *Times, Bee, Herald, Mail, Post, Courier* and other lawless and depraved journals (cheers), instigated and sanctioned this riotous assault, demonstrates that the editors, proprietors and reporters of those journals are profligate, shameless, and cowardly ruffians (cheers), as destitute of principle as highwaymen and burglars (cheers), the assassins of the reputation (cheers), and fit associates for the occupants of the common jail and state prison (cheers); and that while such disorderly journals are extensively patronized, the peace of the community is constantly liable to be invaded, neither life nor property is safe, and the foundations of public morality are fearfully weakened. (Immense and prolonged cheering.)

Resolved, That it is the natural and legal right of any man on our soil, whether foreigner or native, to examine with the most searching spirit the institutions and practices of the country—to approve or condemn, support or oppose, all such, as his conscience or judgment shall determine—to exercise unmolested the liberty of speech on all subjects; and that tyranny and persecution are never denied, except by those who are determined to deny them to 'some thing rotten in the State of Denmark.'

Resolved, That if the mother country deserves to be execrated for having 'entailed' upon her colonies the anti-republican and accursed system of Slavery, surely he who comes to us from her shores, to sympathize with us in view of this great calamity, and to aid us in seeking its peaceful overthrow, ought to be received with special cordiality, and publicly honored as the true friend and benefactor of the country.

Resolved, That if George Thompson had come to this country to denounce the abolitionists, instead of his ministry to denounce the slaveholders, we would have met him; but that the *Washington Union* to Benedict *Herald*, from the *National Intelligencer* to the *Boston Courier*, he would have been eulogized and honored in the most extravagant manner.

Resolved, That Slavery, in this country, is a system to be assailed by the friends of God wherever it exists, or in his providence they are called to dwell without regard to the nations, laws or institutions of any country—the field of duty, in the service of Christ, the Redeemer and Savior, being the world.

Resolved, That we cordially tender our services, and his co-laborers in England, our warmest sympathies and best wishes in in their efforts in behalf of universal suffrage and the rights of the long-trodden laboring classes. (Prolonged cheering.)

WENDELL PHILLIPS, of Boston, followed in a highly effective and eloquent speech, which we shall publish in the next *Liberator*.

SPEECH OF MR. THOMPSON.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., M. P., rose amidst the applause and enthusiasm of the assembly, which was again and again renewed. He spoke as follows:

Citizens of Worcester, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am much acknowledge, in very brief terms, this your very cordial welcome to the heart of the State of Massachusetts. My speech must be wholly unprepared, and, delivered under circumstances like these, it is but the more imperfect and unconnected. For, however qualified I may be to stand opposition, and contend with prejudice, and hatred, and bigotry, I do not pretend to be able, at any time, to acknowledge kindness like this, or to make a suitable return to those who are pleased, in their partiality and friendship, to pronounce an encomium upon me. (Cheers.) For to be in a place more congenial to have to fight with beasts at Ephesus, than to contend with the smiles and approbation of those who sympathize with me. (Loud cheers.) Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, if you expect from me this morning an eloquent acknowledgment of the compliment which have been paid me by my friend who has just set down, you are doomed to disappointment. And if you expect from me a speech suited to the meeting that was broken up in Faneuil Hall which is situated immediately below the chandelier, you expect a speech most inappropriate in the City Hall of the heart of the old Bay State.—(Laughter and cheers.)

My friends, my advent in this country, announced by telegraphic communication to the citizens of this great country with the expectation of public popularity, seems to have created a great sensation: and what is it all about? (Loud cheers. I cannot understand it. I come to this country upon a special mission. Those to whom I communicated my intentions a fortnight before I left England, will bear me testimony that I have uniformly declared I did not come to this country to undertake. As I undertook 1834, an Anti-Slavery mission, but to those with whom I conferred I stated that I felt in the days that were past, and to have an opportunity of ascertaining for myself what you had been doing in this country during the time I had had elapsed since my former visit. (Cheers.)

It appears, however, (continued Mr. Thompson,) that whether I will, I am to be identified with the Anti-Slavery movement in this country. Be it so; I have no wish to repudiate that identity. (Cheers.) I am willing to be identified with the humble individual before you, is to be tested the right of a man not born upon this soil, to speak out his honest sentiments on the subject of Slavery, in behalf of three millions of the people of this country. Be it so. (Cheers.) I am willing that that question should be submitted to the great majority of those in Faneuil Hall that night were friendly to Mr. Thompson, or, at least, anxious to hear him speak. (Cheers.) Boston having thus spoken from Faneuil Hall, it was for the heart of this State to administer the rebuke, and therefore we accepted the invitation, and we are here to-day. (Applause.) We have come to-day, knowing that here at least, we shall be safe from disorderly interruption; and even should there be any evil disposed or riotous persons, you have a Mayor and a Police who are able and willing to take them in hand, and dispose of them. (Cheers.) In the name of that meeting, I thank the citizens of Worcester for this welcome which they have given us. I thank them for having opened this spacious hall for our reception, and that they are here in such numbers to greet us. (Applause.) Faneuil Hall meeting being now opened, we shall proceed to the business before us, precisely as if we had not been broken up in Boston. Mr. Garrison's lecture will present a series of resolutions which he has prepared as an expression of the sentiments of that meeting, and as we believe the sense of this, I shall, therefore, call

William Lloyd Garrison then advanced, and the observing with which he was received having partially subsided, proceeded to read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the 'heart of the Commonwealth' beats high with delight at the presence of the untiring reformer and universal philanthropist, GEORGE THOMPSON, who comes among us on a friendly visit to these shores—and welcomes him as a guest worthy of the confidence, esteem and hospitality of all those who sympathize with the oppressed, and yearn for the deliverance of a groaning world.

Resolved, That for his successful labors in behalf of eight hundred thousand bondmen, just emerging in freedom in the British West India Islands—his active interest in the cause of three millions of chattel slaves in America—his disinterested advocacy of the rights of the plundered natives of India—his strenuous endeavors to elevate and enfranchise the laboring classes of England—and his noble efforts for the promotion of international and universal peace—he has shown himself to be dead to the feelings of national exclusiveness, alive to the sufferings and the claims of a common humanity, and worthy of a high rank among the world's benefactors.

Resolved, That we remember with lively gratitude his former visits to this land—that he was a pilgrim to our country, but this remembrance is accompanied with feelings of shame and sorrow, at the fiery persecution he was then called to endure, simply as did an insane state of the public mind, similar to that which prevailed eighteen hundred years ago, when the rabble shouted, 'Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!'

Resolved, That the riotous suppression of a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, on the evening of the 15th inst., in honor of arrival among us of a man who being allowed a hearing, in consequence of the continuous interruption and indecent behavior of an organized band of lawless and ruffianly disturbers, deepens the shame and infamy indisputably attached to the character of Boston, in consequence of the never-to-be-forgotten mob of 1835, and calls for a stern rebuke on the part of all that is free, generous and noble in the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That the city authorities of Boston have covered themselves with disgrace, and deserve to be held up to universal condemnation, for having permitted, even in their very presence, and without the slightest effort to prevent it, this modern edition of an assembly legally held, and convened for the highest purpose of humanity.

Resolved, That when, in Faneuil Hall, the uncompromising friend of liberty, the advocate of justice to the wronged, the champion of the rights of the humblest, is not allowed to speak in consequence of the supremacy of mob law in the city, it is time to inscribe on its walls, 'Ichabod—the glory is departed!' and to remove therefrom the portraits of Washington, Hancock, Adams, and every memorial of our revolutionary history. (Cheers.)

Resolved, That the manner in which the Boston *Times, Bee, Herald, Mail, Post, Courier* lawless and depraved journals (cheers), instigated and sanctioned this riotous assault, demonstrates that the editors, proprietors and reporters of those journals are profligate, shameless, and cowardly ruffians (cheers), as destitute of principle as highwaymen and burglars (cheers), the assassins of the reputation (cheers), and fit associates for the occupants of the common jail and state prison (cheers); and that while such disorderly journals are extensively patronized, the peace of the community is constantly liable to be invaded, neither life nor property is safe, and the foundations of public morality are fearfully weakened. (Immense and prolonged cheering.)

Resolved, That it is the natural and legal right of any man on our soil, whether foreigner or native, to examine with the most searching spirit the institutions and practices of the country—to approve or condemn, support or oppose, all such, as his conscience or judgment shall determine—to exercise unmolested the liberty of speech on all subjects; and that tyranny and persecution are never denied, except by those who are determined to deny them to 'some thing rotten in the State of Denmark.'

Resolved, That if the mother country deserves to be execrated for having 'entailed' upon her colonies the anti-republican and accursed system of Slavery, surely he who comes to us from her shores, to sympathize with us in view of this great calamity, and to aid us in seeking its peaceful overthrow, ought to be received with special cordiality, and publicly honored as the true friend and benefactor of the country.

Resolved, That if George Thompson had come to this country to denounce the abolitionists, instead of his ministry to denounce the slaveholders, we would have met him; but that the *Washington Union* to Benedict *Herald*, from the *National Intelligencer* to the *Boston Courier*, he would have been eulogized and honored in the most extravagant manner.

Resolved, That Slavery, in this country, is a system to be assailed by the friends of God wherever it exists, or in his providence they are called to dwell without regard to the nations, laws or institutions of any country—the field of duty, in the service of Christ, the Redeemer and Savior, being the world.

Resolved, That we cordially tender our services, and his co-laborers in England, our warmest sympathies and best wishes in in their efforts in behalf of universal suffrage and the rights of the long-trodden laboring classes. (Prolonged cheering.)

WENDELL PHILLIPS, of Boston, followed in a highly effective and eloquent speech, which we shall publish in the next *Liberator*.

SPEECH OF MR. THOMPSON.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., M. P., rose amidst the applause and enthusiasm of the assembly, which was again and again renewed. He spoke as follows:

Citizens of Worcester, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am much acknowledge, in very brief terms, this your very cordial welcome to the heart of the State of Massachusetts. My speech must be wholly unprepared, and, delivered under circumstances like these, it is but the more imperfect and unconnected. For, however qualified I may be to stand opposition, and contend with prejudice, and hatred, and bigotry, I do not pretend to be able, at any time, to acknowledge kindness like this, or to make a suitable return to those who are pleased, in their partiality and friendship, to pronounce an encomium upon me. (Cheers.) For to be in a place more congenial to have to fight with beasts at Ephesus, than to contend with the smiles and approbation of those who sympathize with me. (Loud cheers.) Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, if you expect from me this morning an eloquent acknowledgment of the compliment which have been paid me by my friend who has just set down, you are doomed to disappointment. And if you expect from me a speech suited to the meeting that was broken up in Faneuil Hall which is situated immediately below the chandelier, you expect a speech most inappropriate in the City Hall of the heart of the old Bay State.—(Laughter and cheers.)

My friends, my advent in this country, announced by telegraphic communication to the citizens of this great country with the expectation of public popularity, seems to have created a great sensation: and what is it all about? (Loud cheers. I cannot understand it. I come to this country upon a special mission. Those to whom I communicated my intentions a fortnight before I left England, will bear me testimony that I have uniformly declared I did not come to this country to undertake. As I undertook 1834, an Anti-Slavery mission, but to those with whom I conferred I stated that I felt in the days that were past, and to have an opportunity of ascertaining for myself what you had been doing in this country during the time I had had elapsed since my former visit. (Cheers.)

It appears, however, (continued Mr. Thompson,) that whether I will, I am to be identified with the Anti-Slavery movement in this country. Be it so; I have no wish to repudiate that identity

of a principle which has been curred in the law, and not blessed in the gospel! (Great applause.) When truth in the North shall be prized more than the patronage of the South! When the ministers of the principles of Slavery shall no longer be infused into trusting, unsophisticated souls! When you have better teachings in your theological institutions! When the pulpit becomes faithful to its trust!—(Loud cheers.) O, it will be a majestic spectacle! Forgetting all prejudices, we shall unite all that is elevated in intellect, all that is sound in heart, all that is generous in soul, to call for the abolition.—(Cheers.) I cannot but look forward to the day when, through the efforts of these friends of freedom, the flame shall spread from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the farthest limits of California, and the slaves of your country be delivered from the bondage of sin and sorrow!—(Loud cheering.)

I thank you most kindly for your patience to me on this occasion. I can only say that I shall bear with me from Worcester an ineffaceable recollection of your kind reception; and if, here and there, I shall meet with a solitary individual disposed to quarrel with me for the plainness with which I have declared my sentiments, I will remember the language, and feelings I spoke frankly. I was heard kindly; and though I took upon myself to denounce an institution so strongly entrenched as Slavery is on the American soil, I was not considered an enemy to the true glory of the country.—(Tremendous cheering.)

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment.—Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1850

THE SLAVE-CATCHING MEETINGS.

Blessed are we who live in an age of Tests! Those well-abused alchemists, the Abolitionists, have been for twenty years busy in concocting a touchstone—more precious than the philosopher's stone itself—which should separate the precious from the vile, the fine gold from the dross. And the adepts of the middle ages were cheered in the gloom of their laboratories by the golden hope and faith of extorting from the spirits of the mine the boundless wealth, or the eternal life and everlasting youth which was to reward their labors, but which alone distinguished them from the whole world success would issue from their alembics; so we have been working upon the crude ores about us in the full faith that we should at last create a public sentiment which would help to do our pleasure in part at first, and then in full; but we could not anticipate the specific form which the new agent would assume. But the projection at last begins to work and to take shape unto itself. The effervescence which we have caused in men's minds, North and South, has thrown to the surface the sediment—the abominable dregs of the Repulsive Slave Law, and this poisonous froth it is that is to help heal the disease under which the nation sickens As the ruffian of the Spanish Pleiaesque novel distinguishes between his genuine comrades and the officials of the Holy Brotherhood that mixed with them in disguise, we have effect which the touch of the wand with the wine of their earousal had upon them; so the Southern banditti have been compelled to commend a challee to the lips of the Northern people which will serve to distinguish their willing accomplices from their righteous enemies. It comes as a Test, and we gladly accept it as such.

But it is a strange spectacle which its application creates for us to look upon. To catch Slaves or not to catch Slaves is the great question which now distracts the Northern mind. A new definition of patriotism has been obtained by learned lawyers, and blessed by reverend divines, which makes it identical with catching slaves! Law and Gospel are made to bend to this new Exposition of Civil Duty, and treason and infidelity are the least of the hard words which the peasants and heretics who refuse to accept it have to expect. Solemn Meetings have been held in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and some other lesser places, to promulgate this new Dispensation. Its apostles have displayed the most martyrly spirit, and are clearly ready to be offered up, by-and-by, if need shall be stood. The resignation which they display to the sufferings of the poor fugitives who are to experience the scourge, the chains, the stake, of this new persecution, is truly admirable. For the sake of being comfortable and safe themselves, in consideration of their own business and quiet, they are content to do "with alacrity" what the Grand Turk thought it scorn to think of. Statesmen and jurists are content to teach that the great practical result which crowned the American Revolution, so far as we succeeded in it, was the privilege of catching our fellow-slaves for our masters at the South, and of being governed, insulted and kicked by them as our share in the benefits of the Glorious Union in return. And Doctors of various shades of Divinity (some of them very pale shades) agree, if in nothing else, in declaring that this is indeed the Throne of God and the gate of Heaven! that the straight and narrow way which is to conduct American Christians to the Celestial City is that in which they can best pursue a miserable flying wretch to thrust him down to an earthly hell!

These Slave-catching Meetings are, indeed, a most characteristic feature of our country and time. They have many meanings, and are susceptible of much edifying improvement. They show how extensively the contamination of Slavery has debauched and depraved the moral constitution of the North; how it has eaten out the heart of the people, paralyzed the social spirit of liberty, and heathenized the religious spirit which was once the glory of New England, and widely characterized the North. The idea that there can be any law of higher obligation than that which made the Bloodhounds of Slavery the Chief Priests and the Chief Ruler. Though the absurdity of *re-enacting* the Laws of God for the purpose of excluding Slavery from a portion of our Southern territory is loudly and exultingly maintained; yet, the very same men see nothing incongruous in *repealing* the laws of God, natural and revealed, and preaching that it is only to their interest (that our national prosperity and existence can endure!) They tench that him that escapeth from his master unto us *shall* be returned unto his master, and shall not dwell among us wherever he will, and we shall not do unto others as we would they should do unto us; that all men are *not* created free and equal, and are *not* entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and that the reception and reduction to practice of these doctrines are essential to our safety and stability as a people! And Doctors in Divinity, in New York and Boston, and elsewhere, say Amen. These new Titans propose to pull down the everlasting God from the throne of the Universe, and, setting up in his stead a puissant sixty years old, with a codicil of six months, call upon all the people to bow down and worship it! There is no God but the Constitution, and Daniel is its Prophet! The excellent *jeu d'esprit* in the *Tribune* last week, with a slight modification, would be no bantering of these meetings at all. It was not the preservation of the law of physical Gravitation which those meetings have had in view, but the successful enforcement of a Repeal of the law of moral Gravitation made sixty years since, and the accommodation of all our arrangements to that new state of things. They have enacted that heavy bodies have gravitation towards the earth shall fly towards the Sun, and that it is the duty of all good citizens and Christians to help heave them up. But can they succeed? Verily, "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision!"

There is nothing but the open, gross and palpable wickedness of these Meetings, and the doctrines set forth at them by solemn-faced lawyers, and sanctified by their reverend accomplices, which saves them from the domain of utter contempt and inextinguishable laughter. The laws of man over-riding the laws of God! The voice of nature, reason and revelation silenced by the impudent exactions of Slaveholding bullies! The salvation of a great Nation dependent on the conversion of honest men into Bloodhounds! And then the cool assurance of the divines who accept the Gospel according to Daniel Webster in reviving doctrines which have slept for a century and a half—of the Republican Vicars of Bray who preach unconditional submission to tyrants and wicked laws! To whom

"Passive obedience is a jest,
And pshaw! is non-resistance!"

More abject sycophants of the ruling powers, more obsequious panders to the worst and meanest passions of the wickedness that is in high places, never wore lawn or rustled under the first or the second Georges, or surpounded by jurists (or at least practising lawyers), and by theologians (or at least man tolerated in pulpits), the civil and religious duties of American citizens may be summed up in the all-comprehending virtue of catching slaves! This, not only in the last analysis, but in the more short cursory glance on the surface, is the object sought to be gained by these assemblies for the public worship of the Deity of the American Republic. We are quite confident that many humane men who have signed the Resolutions of these Meetings, and perhaps actually attended them, were indoced to do so by false representations or mistaken impressions as to their character and purposes; but tried by the resolutions passed and the speeches made at them, their "being and end and all in all," shall be found, if not evil, was to crown slave-catching as a sovereign duty, and to canonize it as a cardinal virtue.

Now what is to be the effect of these vaporing demonstrations? Is there such divine force in their sarcasms or their appeals to the distinguishing natural sense of justice and humanity which lives in every soul that is not crushed by cotton or stifled by sugar? Do they even represent the public sentiment of the very cities where they are held? They may stand for the consciences of the Merchants of Wall Street and of State Street (though we do not believe it); but that there is a strong counter-current of principle and feeling setting in the opposite direction is proved by the very fact that these Meetings are thought necessary. The fact that they are held shows that there was no unanimous or even general sentiment in the communities to which they apply that their regular execution is impossible, and this is of them. Men under the pressure of logical consistency, or of immediate personal or political advantage, may contrive an occasional instance of conformity with it; but it will be in vain to express the sense of the people to whom it applies can be otherwise than generally ungratory. There are laws in almost all countries against dueling, by which the survivor of a duel is obnoxious to the doom of a murderer. But how many duels ever have an instance of these laws being executed, in the case of a fair fight? When stealing a larger amount than forty shillings was a capital offence in England, it was seldom that a jury found the value of any quantity of plate and jewelry to exceed that sum. And in the Southern States, themselves, as a homage to which these Meetings are intended, how is it there? There is a certain constitutional provision securing to the citizens of every State the rights of citizenship in every other; but the state of public sentiment there will not permit the execution of this provision as to Northern citizens of a certain complexion of skin or of a certain complexion of opinions: Not to mention the notorious case of our cooks and stewards, how was it with Messrs. Hoar and Hubbard and more recently, if the papers do not lie with Mr. Thos. Truman Davis? Yet there is a punishable offence to bring an action for a certain purpose in the National Courts, and a man suspected of believing in the Declaration and the Gospel is warned out of Charleston as dangerous to the peace of the South.

The Meetings of Merchants goes on its ordinary functions, notwithstanding the refusal of juries and inferior authorities to execute the rigor of the laws against dueling and larceny. And we are sure what is called the Union has survived all these outrages on Northern liberty by Southern slavery. Not a breath was ever turned at any of these Meetings, suggesting that there was any observance due to any clause of the constitution but the slave catching one. The doctrine that the king can do no wrong was most loyally recognized in them, that being the case, why may not the Union taint a little longer (supposing it to be worth anything) when it is a state of opinion should exist here which should make it uncomfortable for slaveholders to extend their perquisitions into Massachusetts, or Central New York? Slaveholders

to her ten millions of dollars—still something has been saved if not gained. We chose to use the reported language of Mr Charles Sumner here, instead of our own, uttered at the late Free Soil Meeting in Faneuil Hall.

The speaker rejoiced that the late Congress had done some good things—that a golden free State had lately arisen, Oregon, in the Pacific Ocean. He was thankful that Congress had stamped her *free*, and never will California fail in loyalty to freedom. Our National Legislature had passed a law for the Fugitive Slave, a law of scorn upon the internal slave trade....These are but stepping stones to higher and better reforms. If Congress does so much for freedom it will live to do more.

The immediate and entire abolition of Slavery was agitated in our last Congress, and we hope it will be encouraged. It is the beginning of the end. The slave man who lifted his voice so faithfully on this behalf should receive the commendation of this Society.

The hoof of Slavery is upon him—God grant that he may not be crushed.

These are national matters, but they should interest us, as they bear on our common cause.

During the past year another philanthropist has been arrested and is now in prison upon the charge of assisting in, or procuring the escape of a fellow-creature by flying to the District of Columbia and the State of Maryland. He needs our sympathy and aid. While he is in prison, we are in prison. He is our brother—a laborer in the same cause. Even if guilty of the charge alleged against him, he is not alone what we ought to have done, but what we ought to do, in his circumstances. Let us send him a word of cheer and encouragement to break the gloom of his prison house.

This, then, is a crisis in our affairs demanding vigilant, energetic, and well-directed exertion. Our cause is very, very, in the ascendant. The public heart feels as it never did before. The question, "What has the North to do with Slavery?" is answered, and men see it. The cry now is, "*What shall we do?*" For this Common wealth, this Society, we answer, let us inform the nation with a liberal hand. Lectures must be provided—newspapers of the right stamp—tracts embodying striking and important facts should be sent abroad as leaves upon the wind. Fugitives must be provided for, encouraged, and aided. Will not the friends of freedom have the funds—money. Will it not be given liberally? Every dollar given now, tells, as it never could tell before, and if withheld, as may never be able to tell in the future. Each freeman must give something, do something, though it be but a sixpence worth. We shall be vastly guilty if we do not. But what we do must be done quickly.

AMARANCY PAINE, Secretary.

HELP FOR THE FUGITIVE.

S. H. GAY, EDITORIAL FRIEND:—I would ask the privilege of appealing through the *Standard* to a humane and benevolent public, on behalf of a large number of our fellow-beings, who have sought refuge from *oppressive laws*, in a neighboring province. Many of them, having fled hastily, are unprovided with suitable clothing to protect them from the severity of the Northern climate.

Donations in money, materials for clothing and particularly cast off apparel are earnestly solicited, for these perishing poor; and may be left at the office of this paper, No. 138, Nassau street, up stairs, or at the store of the subscriber, No. 54 Beaver street, New York.

ROWLAND JOHNSON.

Editors who sympathize with the oppressed are desired to give the above notice a place in their papers.

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

—THANKSGIVING was observed (Nov. 28th), in the following States: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Michigan, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, District of Columbia.—Vermont observes Dec. 5; New York, Pennsylvania and Alabama, Dec. 12; Maine, Dec 19. North Carolina observed Nov. 14, as did also the city of Savannah. South, Carolina, Oct. 24.

—The Cincinnati (Ohio) *Commercial Journal* says that the noted individual is still in jail at that place, the $10,000 bail not having yet been accepted by the sureties upon the bond. An individual who arrested him when admitting negroes.

—In the Mississippi Legislative State, says the *Post*, the following notice is posted in a bar-room: "The members of the Lasem will meet on Welsoday evening to discuss the question whether a nigger is a man, be gided by publick opinion or not?"

—SEVERE KILLER BY HIS MASTER.—We learn that a negro boy belonging to Mr. Hughes, of this county, killed by his master on Friday night, 22th inst. The negro had been in the habit of stealing his master's liquor, being under the influence of liquor when he returned home, attacked his master, who drew a knife and cut his throat. We understand that nothing was done with Mr. J., as it was entirely in self-defence.—*Rutherford (Tenn.) Telegraph.*

—SUPREME COURT OF DEATH COMMUTED.—In the case of Wm. Bulman, convicted of a rape on a female in the county of Berkshire, in 1844, for which he was to be executed, the Governor and Council have commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life in the State Prison.

—MR. CRITTENDEN AND THE BOSTON SLAVE-HUNT.—The following is the letter of Mr. Crittenden, Attorney-General of the U. S., on the conduct of Mr. Devens, the Marshal of Massachusetts, in regard to the recent attempt to capture William and Ellen Crafts—It will be seen that, in the judgment of Mr. Crittenden, there is no satisfactory evidence of neglect or omission of duty on the part of Mr Devens or his Deputy.

OFFICE OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL, }
MONDAY, NOV. 25, 1850. }

TO THE PRESIDENT: As requested by you, I have carefully examined all the papers placed in my hands relating to complaints made against Charles Devens, Esq., the Marshal of Massachusetts, for alleged neglect and dereliction of duty in failing to execute a warrant which was placed in his hands for the arrest of William Crafts, a fugitive slave.

These papers consisting chiefly of the affidavits of Mr. Devens, the following is the result: Mr. Hilary Jackson, Dickson, George T. Curtis, Esq., and Willis H. Hughes, agent for the owner of the slave, with letters from Mr. Fay and Mr. Curtis, are known to me as having been personal them with care, and certainly without any bias or prepossession in favor of the Marshal or his Deputy; I must say that, though I can see no ground for any particular activity and energy on their part, it seems to me they do not seem sufficiently supine may cause for censure of their conduct or the removal of the Marshal from office. A more commendable activity might probably have been exerted by them, if they were to have acted, to a considerable extent, upon consultation and in concert with Mr. Hughes, the agent for the owner of the fugitive. But I do not think they can properly be blameable in them, may have been the result of that consultation. Upon the whole, from the unerring state of the case, the declaration made by Mr. Hughes, at the conclusion of the transaction, "that he had no complaints to make against the Marshal or his deputy," is entirely and, and longer one influence on my judgment.

If I could have discovered any satisfactory evidence of the neglect or evasion of duty by these officers, in this case, it would have been no less consonant with my feelings than with my duty to have promptly recommended their instant dismission from the public service.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours,

J. J. CRITTENDEN.

—A CHAMPION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The *Journal of Offering* furnishes an interesting account of Mlle. Jenny, a young Belgian lady, who stands preeminent among the advocates of woman's rights. Her practice is in accordance with her theory, and she wears male attire and does male work. She is handsome, only 24 years old, dresses in the Parisian fashion of black dress coat and pants, with buff vest. Her defence of the practice is, "I wear the garment which my sex first wore in the bifurcated form by the women of antediluvian times. The exclusive claim which man so perpetually maintains to the use of pantaloons is arbitrary, without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of strength. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which she assigned to man is the natural token of his sex. (Miss Weber may not only take our hat, but pants also.) She claims in addition every civil, political, and ecclesiastical right for woman, and it is said that her energy, work, look and action is characterized with the most refined womanly delicacy.

—THE NEW YORK PARTY VOTE.—Chaplin's vote for Governor in Madison, 1848, was 1,000; Dorrance, 829; Cortland, 223; Jefferson, 136; Herkimer, 137; Oneida, 108; Washington, 100, and in the remaining counties (with the exception of Albany, Franklin, Greene, Kings, Monroe, Montgomery, New York, Ontario, Richmond, Rockland, Schenectady, St. Lawrence, Warren, Wayne, Wyoming and Yates, whose county canvasses have not yet been received), his vote does not reach 100 in each county. The Liberty Party Liest. Governor, Canal Commissioners, State Prison Inspector, and Clerk of Appeals, fall considerably below Chaplin.

CONGRESSIONAL.

ORGANIZATION OF THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2d.

At 12 o'clock Senator Cass arrived in the Chair. Present: Bradbury, Hamlin, Hale, Norris, John Davis, Greenleaf, Morgan, Phelps, Clark, Upham, Smith, Baldwin, Dickinson, Seward, Cooper, Sturgeon, Wales, Spruance, Pratt, Pierce, Mason, Hunter, Badger, Maugum, Berrien, King, Clemens, Morton, Benson, Bell, Turney, Eving, Chase, Shields, Houston, Jones, Dodge, Wis., Walker, Jones, Dodge of Iowa, Felch, Cass.

Mr. Spruance offered resolution that Secretary inform the House that a quorum was present and ready to proceed to business.

Adopted.

On motion by Dodge, Iowa, ordered that Senators be allowed newspapers equal to the cost of postage.

On motion, ordered the hour of meeting shall be 12 o'clock.

A message received from House that quorum was present.

Mr. Dickinson submitted a resolution that a committee of two be appointed by the President to act with like committee of the House, and inform the President of the United States that a quorum was present in each, and ready to receive any communication from him. Adopted. Messrs. Berrien and Dickinson were appointed committee.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 12h. 40 m.

The galleries are well filled, members are on the floor, the Speaker's desk is a mass of bouquets—great confusion of tongues, which at 12 o'clock, by the Speaker rapping on the desk, subsides. The House, as usual, is a quorum was present in each, and ready to receive any communication from him. Adopted. Messrs. Berrien and Dickinson were appointed committee.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 12h. 40 m.

The galleries are well filled, members are on the floor, the Speaker's desk is a mass of bouquets—great confusion of tongues, which at 12 o'clock, by the Speaker rapping on the desk, subsides. The House, as usual, is a quorum was present in each, and ready to receive any communication from the President of the United States, a quorum was present in each, and ready to receive any communication from him. Adopted. Messrs. Berrien and Dickinson were appointed committee.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 12h. 40 m.

The galleries are well filled, members are on the floor, the Speaker's desk is a mass of bouquets—great confusion of tongues, which at 12 o'clock, by the Speaker rapping on the desk, subsides. The House, as usual, is a quorum was present in each, and ready to receive any communication from the President of the United States, a quorum was present in each, and ready to receive any communication from him. Adopted. Messrs. Berrien and Dickinson were appointed committee.

The President's Message.

Fellow citizens of the Senate,
and of the House of Representatives:

Being again assembled, in the midst of the last session of Congress, I feel it my duty to offer my thanks to Providence, for the responsible station which I now hold, I cannot but feel with such communications to the Legislature as the exigency of the country seems to require. The country was stranded in a most perilous state, the ship of State was in imminent danger of being wrecked upon the rocks of Sectionalism, and the fearful storm of Disunion, which had been gathering for years, was ready to burst upon us, and we, in the midst of the fearful conflict, were called upon to stay the storm, and to save the ship. The storm has passed, and the ship is safe, and we, the people, are again in a prosperous and growing commerce, and in the full enjoyment of unexampled prosperity. The overwhelming growth of the country, the present condition of the Union, and the ample means of self-protection, secure to it the respect of all the nations of the earth, whether its character for justice, and a regard to the rights of other States, will cause that respect to be readily given to us.

A convention was negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, in April last, for facilitating and protecting the construction of a ship canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and for other purposes. This instrument has been ratified by the contracting parties, the exchange of ratifications has been effected, and proclamation thereof has been made.

In addition to the stipulations contained in the convention, which have yet to be accomplished between the contracting powers, I think the direct interest of the establishment of a free port at each end of the canal.

Second, an agreement fixing the distance from the shore at which marine marine operations shall not be carried on. On these points there is, I believe, no doubt, the two governments will come to an understanding.

The congress of Paris, of which the United States who have acquired from the State of Nicaragua the privilege of constructing a canal between the two oceans, through the territory of that State, have made progress in their delicate negotiations, which, I hope, will place the United States and Great Britain, on the 4th of April last, above referred to, being now in operation, it is to be hoped that the guarantee which is offer, and the guarantee which is the completion of the work with all practicable expedition. If it is certain that this result would be indefinitely postponed, if left to the mere peaceful measures, for the purpose of harmonizing conflicting interests of nations, it, therefore, should be adopted. It will consequently be my endeavor, in the discharge of my duties, to impress upon the part of this government, which, I hope, will be the result of the work, and instead as to bring them to a speedy and successful close.

Some unavoidable delay has occurred, arising from distance and the difficulty of intercourse, between the Atlantic coast and that of Nicaragua, but, as intelligence has just been received that the commissioner, Minister Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of that Government, left Paris for Nicaragua, whose arrival may soon be expected, it is hoped that no further impediments will be experienced in the completion of the business between the two Governments.

The treaty with Mexico have undertaken the consent of the two congress by mesa is a matter of great importance, to the right of the under-grant of the Mexican Government to a portion of the Mexican territory, and the through survey of the course of the communication is to proceed, and then, in every respect, the treaty will be improved with the execution energy, and the Mexican Government, I have no doubt, is sensed to such stipulations with the Government of the United States, and, I may be, to impart a feeling of security to those who are engaged in the work, and to the right of the Mexican Government, and the United States, to the protection and security. Forbear consideration, it is to be hoped, of the Mexican Government, may yet reconcile the differences existing between the two Governments in this respect.

Fresh instructions have recently been given to the Minister of the United States to Texas, on, who is prosecuting the subject with promptitude and zeal.

Although the negotiations with Portugal, for the payment of the indemnity due, and the United States against that Government, have not yet resulted in a formal treaty, yet a proposition has been made by the Minister of Portugal for the final adjustment and payment of these claims, a proposition which I have no doubt will be accepted by the U. States. It gives me pleasure to say that the Minister of Portugal, on the part of the U. States had been instructed, and, I have no doubt, will be received with ability and discretion, acting always within the instructions of his Government.

It is expected that a regular convention will be immediately negotiated for carrying the stipulations of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, into effect.

The commissioner appointed under the act of Congress for carrying into effect the convention with Spain of the 27th of October, 1795, has, with much zeal, and upon the performance of the duties imposed upon him by that act. It is hoped that the duties of our citizens, and, further consideration, Beyond the due performance of these constitutional obligations, both my respect for the legislative power, and my duty to my party, will restrain me from any attempt to control or influence the legislation of Congress, you is the power, the honor, and the responsibility of the legislation of the Union.

The Government of the United States is a limited Government. Is is confined to the exercise of powers delegated to it, and, whatever is not necessary for carrying those powers into effect, is, and is, it is, all those powers, equal duty to guard against any infringement on the just rights of the States, and, in the exercise of the duties of Congress intended to Congress its legislative authority is repugnant to the Constitution, and, in the exercise of every citizen who truly loves the Constitution, and desires the perpetuity of our Government, that the duties will resolutely and firmly resist any interference with the rights of the States, which constitutes the delicate and scrupulously left to the exclusive authority of the States, and, in the exercise of the duties of Congress, I, and, I, and, I, and

Poetry.

From The Literary World.

MELODY.

BY RALPH HOYT.

'Tis said, sweet Mercy from above,
Came down to teach us how to love,
And long she strove with mystic skill
Her holy mission to fulfil.
Her angelic lessons never no rest
For waiting her to every breast;
No cottage-home, nor palace fair,
Nor crowded mart, but she was there.
Yet street, and lane, and park, and green,
She haunted still, though all unseen;
Still whispering low to every ear,
Help, help, to wipe away a tear;
Some mourner's blessing to secure,
Oh, much the sad, amply the poor!
Nor vain her prayer; for tear and sigh
She drew from many a passer-by:
Made each reluctant purse to feel
The magic of her sweet appeal,
Till every child of sorrow then
Could tell her wing was in the air.
Yet could not still her gentle sway
Compel the sordid to obey;
The streams of love to amply pour,
Till duty could demand no more.
How strove she with her heavenly art
To touch the spring of every heart,
And open every portal wide
For sympathy's outflowing tide.
But ah! the generous hearts were few
That helped her hallowed task to do.
Her pleasure tale the more she told,
Remoter seemed the hoards of gold;
Nor prayer, nor tear, nor Christian name,
Constrained to cancel Mercy's claim.
In grief, as with the further tide,
That love on earth could not prevail,
Her radiant wings she heavenward spread.
Breathed a despairing sigh, and sped.

Long, the celestial hills among,
In pensive melodies had sung
The sister angels, many a lay
Of her, the fairest, far away;
Yet mingling off a joyous strain
For earth, by her made glad again:
Man only coveting to know
Where he a blessing may bestow;
Each rivalling other but to prove
Heroic most in deeds of love.
None now to grasp with selfish might
The widow's and the orphan's right;
None to withhold the hireling's meed,
And stint him in his hour of need;
None, for the toil of woman fair,
By day's long sun, and taper's glare,
With breaking heart and weary eye,
To grant her only—leave to die;
Imploring penury no more
Unkindly spurned from every door;
But all fraternal as above,
Since mercy taught the law of love.
So mused the angel hands, when lo,
Came soaring mournfully and slow,
Bright in the awful depths afar,
As 'twere, a lonely, Wandering Star!

Wassilent each seraphic lyre;
Seemed not a bosom to respire;
Intent to mark that wonder's flight,
Up-speeding to the world of light.
But rapture thrilled all harps anew,
As nearer still the vision drew.
And each discerning, eager eye,
Could Mercy's matchless form descry;—
A mighty shout shook heaven's dome,
Hail, weary sister!—welcome home!

Alas that mortal wrong should rise
To sadden even the glad skies!
A tear in heaven! oh, precious gem,
World, for thy fallen diadem,
Couldst thou the regal emblem wear,
And let the jewel glitter there;
The pearl from Mercy's eye that fell,
And told the grief she could not tell.
Electric love! One stroke of woe,
And forthest heaven felt the blow!
All heedless, or of rank, or birth,
Archangel, and the babe of earth,
Forth from their haunts by hill and dell,
Swift to a countless throng they swell,
Each some humanitarian hale
To hid one bosom—sigh no more.

Augmnt in conclave. The high quest,
Shall Mercy more be Mortal's guest;
Or, doth it seem to heavenly ken
How she may move the hearts of men?
Then beautiful, from her repose,
The missionary angel rose.
Soft accents, too divinely sweet,
For bard of earth to e'er repeat,
Raising around in fragrant showers,
As budding trees their ripened flowers.

Ah, leave not you apostate race,
To mourn the forfeit of your grace;
But me with one new power inspire;
Then passing, touched her golden lyre,
And far the listening ranks adoring,
Poured a full tide of rapturous song,
Till heaven's remotest valley rang
With the sweet song that Mercy sang;
That power which thus hat angels know,
Grant me on mortals to bestow,
And down again to cleave my way
To win them by the mighty sway,
Of love and melody combined,
Of the heaven of brotherhood to find.
She ceased. And swift approval ran.
Let Mercy strive again with man,
And lend the strains she warbles here,
To melt the heart, and start the tear,
Till rivers of relief shall flow,
For every child of want and woe.
Then joyful springs the glorious maid,
Aloft, in robes of light arrayed;
Her banner,—Peace on Earth, unfurled,
And speed again to bless the world.

As key winter yields to spring,
When southern winds are on the wing:
Or, as in summer's fond embrace
Warm blushes tint fair nature's face;
So nations felt the winds of love,
And pure emotions from above.
As from the happy realms on high
Descending Mercy hovered nigh,
Inclining potently the soul
To fervent charity's control;
And shed her holy influence o'er
The myriad hearts so hard before.
She trod again the terrene sphere,
Dispensing solace for anxious care;
Imparting off the gifts of song,
In meet degrees, her course along;
Till softly on an humble child,
She laid her gentle hand, and smiled,
And said,—Receive, fair sister mine,
The might of Melody divine!
Be thine, with peerless seraph-voice;
To make the sorrowing earth rejoice;
Thy chiefest mission still to be,
A glorious Almoner for me!
Then hand in hand they twain advanced,
And earth, and air, and sea enranced!
And still, resistless, side by side,
With holy purpose, on they glide,
A mortal, and immortal, pair;
All viewless one, and one all fair,
By love and melody, made brave,
A world to bless, delight, and save.

Miscellany.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE MYSTERIES OF A TEA-KETTLE.

At one of Mr. Baggee's small scientific tea-parties, Mr. Harry Wilkinson delivered to the worthy gentleman a lecture, based principally on reminiscences of the Royal Institution, and of a series of lectures delivered there, by Professor Faraday. The entertainment was addressed to children and young people. For it is not the least of the merits of that famous chemist and great man, Professor Faraday, that he delights to make the mightiest subject clear to the simplest capacity; and that he shows his mastery of Nature in nothing, more than in being thoroughly imbued with the spirit of her goodness and simplicity.

This particular Lecture was on Natural Philosophy in its bearing on a Tea-Kettle. The entertainment of a "Night with Mr. Baggee" was usually extemporaneous. It was so on this occasion. The footman brought in the tea-kettle. "Does it boil?" demanded Mr. Baggee.

"It have biled, Sir," answered the domestic.

"Have biled, Sir!" repeated Mr. Baggee. "*Have* biled! and what is it has biled, pray, if not, as I desire you will say in future? What is that to the purpose. Water may be frozen, you simpleton, notwithstanding it has boiled. Water will freeze, eh, sir? when you took it off the fire? That is the question, sir.

"Yes, Sir, that was what I mean to say, Sir," replied Thomas.

"Mean to say, Sir! Then why didn't you say it, Sir? Eh? Eh? There—no, don't go, Jim; no; hold it still. Harry, reach me the thermometer," said Mr. Baggee, putting on his spectacles. "Let me see. The boiling point of water is two hundred and what?"

"Two hundred and twelve, Fahrenheit," answered Master Wilkinson, "if commonly pure, and boiled in a metallic vessel, and under a pressure of the atmosphere amounting to fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface, or when the barometer stands at thirty inches."

"Gracious, what a memory that boy has!" exclaimed his uncle. "Well; now this water in the kettle—eh?—why, this is not above one hundred and fifty degrees. There, Sir, now set it on the fire, and don't bring me up cold water to make tea with again; or else," added he, frightening a weaker attempt at a joke, "or else—eh?—you will get yourself into hot water."

Mr. Thomas was seized with a convulsion in the chest, which he checked by suddenly applying his open hand to his mouth, the effort distending his cheeks and causing his eyes to protrude in a very ridiculous manner, and Mr. Baggee dispatched his enjoyment of the effects of his wit in a cough.

"Now let me see," said the old gentleman, musingly contemplating the vessel containing the fire; "how is it, eh, Harry, you said the other day that a kettle boils?"

"Lal!" interrupted Mrs. Wilkinson, who was of the party, "why, of course, by the heat of the coals, and by blowing the fire, if it is not hot enough."

"Aha!" cried Mr. Baggee, "that's not the way we account for things, Harry, my boy, eh? Now, convince your mother; explain the boiling of a kettle to her: come."

"A kettle boils," said Harry, "by means of the action of currents."

"What are you talking about? Boiling a plum-pudding in a tea-kettle!" exclaimed the mystified mamma.

"Currents of heated particles—of particles of hot water," Harry replied, "are produced by the action of fire on your kettle—on the lid of it—instead of your kettle on your fire—what then?"

"You would be a—goose," said his mother.

"Exactly so—or a gosling"—rejoined her son; "the kettle would not boil. Water is a bad conductor of heat. Heat is transmitted from particles of water with very great difficulty. Therefore, it would have a hard matter to get from the top of a kettle of water to the bottom. Then how does it so easily get from the bottom to the top?"

The waiter of examination of fluids and gases by heat. Then, suppose the contents that I spoke of just now, mamma; and I should have spelt the word, I'm plain to you that I didn't mean plums. You know what a draught is?"

"I am sorry to say I do," Mr. Baggee declared with much seriousness, instinctively carrying his hand to the region of the human body from the Latin for which he derived his first impression.

"Well," pursued Harry, "a draught is a current of air. Such currents are now passing up the chimney, and simply owing to that trifling circumstance, we are able to sit here now without being stifled and poisoned."

"Goodness!" ejaculated Mrs Wilkinson.

"To be sure. The fire, in burning, turns into gases, which are rank poison—carbonic acid, for one: sulphurous acid, for another. Hold your nose over a shovelful of hot cinders if you don't like it. The gases produced by the fire expand; they increase in bulk without getting heavier, so much so that they become lighter in proportion than the air, and then they rise, and this rising of hot air is what is meant by heat going upwards. The currents of hot air that go up the chimney in this way are currents of cold air rushing after them to supply their place. When you heat water, currents are formed just as when you heat gas or air. The heated portion of water rises, and some colder water comes down in its place; and these movements of the water keep going on till the whole bulk of it is equally hot throughout."

"Well, now," interrupted Mr. Baggee, "I dare say this is all very true, but how do you prove it?"

"From what I have told you of the rising and falling of the currents? Get a long, slender glass jar. Put a little water, colored with indigo, or anything you like, into the bottom of it. Pour clear water upon the colored, gently, so as not to mix the two, and yet nearly to fill the jar. Float a little spirit of wine on the top of the water, and set fire to it. Let it blaze away as long as you like; the colored water will remain steady at the bottom of the jar. But hold the flame of a spirit-lamp under the jar, and the colored water will rise and mix with the clear, in very little time longer than it would take you to say Harry Wilkinson."

"Ah! So the water gets colored throughout for the same reason that it gets heated throughout," Mr. Baggee observed, "and when it gets thoroughly hot—what then?"

"Then it boils. And what is boiling?"

"Bubbling," suggested the young philosopher's mamma.

"Yes; but ginger-beer bubbles," said Harry, "but you wouldn't exactly call that boiling. Boiling is the escaping of steam. That causes the bubbling; so the bubbling of water proves the fact of the sign that the water boils. But what occasions the escape of the steam?"

"The heat, of course—the—what is the right word?—the calorific," answered Mr. Baggee.

"True; but what heat? Why, the excess of heat over two hundred and twelve degrees, which I take as the average boiling point of water. You can heat water up to that point, and it remains water; but every degree of heat above that goes into it above that, turns a quantity of the water into steam, and flies off in the steam, unless the steam is hindered from escaping by some contrivance. Blow the fire under that kettle as much as you will, and you will make the water boil faster, but you won't make it a bit hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees."

"Well, to be sure!" Mrs. Wilkinson exclaimed. "If water, boiling hot, *burns*, it could keep on getting hotter and hotter above the boiling point, why we might have our potatoes charred in the pot, or our mutton broiled to a cinder. When water is confined in a strong vessel and steam is made to prevent a tremendous blow-up—confined, I say, so that no steam can escape, it may be heated almost red-hot; and there is the boiling of water under pressure, called Papin's Digestor, which will digest almost anything."

"What an enviable apparatus!" exclaimed Mr. Baggee.

"Well," resumed Harry; "so the boiling point of water depends on the degree of force which the air or what not is pressing on its surface with. The higher the spot on which you boil your water, the lower the point it boils at. Therefore, water boiling at the top of a mountain not so hot as water boiling at the mountain's base. The boiling point of water on the summit of Mont Blanc, is as low as one hundred and eighty-four degrees. So, if water boiles at two hundred and twelve degrees, to make good tea, don't choose too high a hill to build a temperance hall on. The heavier the air, the greater the quantity of moisture in it, the hotter water becomes before it boils. If the atmosphere were carbonic acid gas, water would get much hotter without boiling than it can under air.

"Present arrangements," interposed Mr. Baggee. "Consisting of a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen," continued Harry, "water requires only a very few heat to make it boil in an exhausted receiver, out of which the air has been pumped, so as to leave none to press upon its surface. Owing to boiling depending upon pressure, you can actually make water boil by means of cold."

"What nots!" sighed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"You can, indeed. Put a little boiling water in a salad-oil flask; so that the flask may be a quarter full, say, from the flask upwards. The boiling stops and the upper three-fourths of the flask are full of vapor. Squirt a jet of ice-cold water upon the flask. Down goes the steam in a, and the water below will instantly begin to boil. The reason why is this: The vapor in the flask presses on the surface of the hot water. The cold condenses the vapor—turns it back into water, and so lessens the pressure for the time; and then the hot water directly flies into vapor, and boils, and so on, till it cools down too low to boil any longer. What would happen if a quantity of water on a hill or a mountain is, that the pressure of the atmosphere decreases as you ascend. A rise of five hundred yards, or thereabouts, taught above the level of the sea, makes a difference of one degree; so, give me a kettle of water and a thermometer, and I'll tell you pretty nearabouts where we are."

"I should think one could make good hot mixed punch up in a balloon, now," observed Mr. Baggee, reflectively.

"Eh?" Harry proceeded, "it requires more heat to make water boil in a glass vessel than it does in a metal one. A metal vessel's inner surface is made up of very small projections, which keep the water inside of the glass so as to give it a roughness something like what the metal has, makes the boiling point rather lower. Water in a glass vessel will boil water boiling in glass at two hundred and fourteen degrees, will bring it down to two hundred and twelve. The things called Papin's digestors, which are so many more points for the heat to pass into the water from, and form steam, and the water does not cling to them so hard as it clings to a smooth surface. Water will not boil in a tin pot with holes, and it makes a quantity of steam rise directly; and if have heard a doctor say that some poor people are in the habit of giving themselves cheap steam-baths by this means.

"A very good thing for rheumatic pains, I should think; certainly a much more rational remedy than patent medicines or Government poison," Mr. Baggee remarked.

"There are some salts," continued Harry, "which, if dissolved in water, make it even from boiling till it is heated to two hundred and sixty-four degrees, so if they hold the water back from flying into steam. So, then, the boiling of water may be hindered, more or less, by pressure from without, and attraction from within. The boiling point of water depends on another important fact. When a kettle always mentions before it boils, although we don't all of us understand the kettle's language. The singing of the kettle tells us—"

"That the water is going to boil," interrupted mamma.

"Yes, and that water contains air. The singing of the kettle is the noise made by the escape of the air, which is driven off by the heat. The air rises and hangs in the water, till the heat expands it and makes it rise. Put a glass of water under the receiver of an air-pump, and under the receiver. As you pump, the water hangs in bubble, as if it were boiling; but the bubbles are the air contained in the water, being pumped out. The air-bubbles set little wedges between the little invisible drops that make up the whole water. If it were not for them, the water would be proved by pumping water quite deprived of air. And not only that, but when it did boil, it would boil all at once, and blow up with a tremendous explosion; which would be a still greater inconvenience than it is a great blessing to us, you might think. Of course, I mean by the boiling of water as the Thames, except when used for the purpose of fertilizing the earth. Water of such very impure stuff, that it is very unmanageable stuff. No fishes in it, and it is full of fever. I have already given you one good reason why it would be unreasonable for our kettle; and another is, that it would not be good to drink. Tea water, as we find it in the world, has a very useful and amusing disposition to find its own level. Pump all the air out of water, and it loses this obliging character in a great measure. Suppose I put a hot glass tube, and fill one arm of it with mirless water. Then I set the tube mouth upwards, and if the water were common water, it would immediately run from one arm into the other, and stand at the same level in both. But if the water has been exhausted of its air, it remains, most of it, in the one arm, and won't run till I give the table a smart rap, and bring it to. So, but for the air contained in water, we could not make the water rise up and down hill as we do. If water were deprived of air, London would be almost deprived of water."

"Dreadful!" observed Mr. Baggee, "would he robbed of a very valuable property."

"Good again," uncle.

"Now, if we could see through the kettle, we should be able to observe the water boiling in it, and the air coming up which looked into. To examine water boiling, we must boil the water in a glass vessel—a long tube is the best—because we can see through it. Then first you see the water in motion, and the air bubbles hurrying off by the heat. As the water gets hotter, other bubbles appear, rising from the bottom of the tube. They go up for a little way, and then they shrink, and by the time they get to the top of the water, they are hardly distinguish them. These are bubbles of steam, and they get smaller as they rise, because at first the water is colder above than below in proportion to the distance from the flame, and the cold gradually condenses the steam. But when the water gets thoroughly hot, the bubbles grow larger and grow quicker, and go of the same size right up to the top of the water, and there escape—if you choose to let them. And steam was allowed to escape so for many many ages, wasnt it uncle, before it was thought of by the wise men of the world, and take up a pot-lid, and hold it over the steam, and it will run on the ground as the crow flies, and almost at a crow's speed."

"For all which," remarked Mr. Baggee, "we have principally to thank what's his name.

"What was his name, I believe, uncle. Well: heat turns water into steam, and it flies off in it, and not tell you that a quantity of water becoming steam, an immense deal more space than it did as mere water. Cold turns steam back into water, and the water fill the same space as it did before it was steam.

"Water, in swelling into steam and shrinking back into water, makes a noise, of course, twice, and mighty notions these are, and mighty uses are made of them. I should rather think."

"I believe you, my lad," said Mr. Baggee.

"And now," asked Harry, "have you any idea of what a deal of heat there is in steam?"

"Yes; I think so enough, too, to cook potatoes. But there is much more heat in it than that comes to. Take a kettle of cold water, and put it on the fire, the thermometer stands in the water. Put the kettle lid on, and watch how long it takes to boil. It will boil at two hundred and twelve degrees; and therefore, during the time it has taken to boil, there has been no heat put into it the difference of heat between two hundred and twelve degrees and the degree it stood at when first put on the fire. Keep up the same picture for a fire, so that the heat may continue to go into the water at the same rate. Let the water boil quite away, and note how long it is in doing so. You can then calculate how much heat has gone into the will find that quantity of heat gone into the water made the water red-hot, if all the water, and all the heat, had remained in the kettle. But the water in your kettle will have continued at two hundred and twelve degree to the last drop, and all the heat that has passed into it will not have been hotter—according to the thermometer—than two hundred and twelve degrees; whereas a red heat is one thousand. The difference between two hundred and twelve degrees and one thousand degrees is seven hundred and eighty-eight degrees; and what becomes of all this heat? Why, it is entirely contained in the steam, though it does not make the steam hotter. It lies hid in the steam, and makes it so different from water. When the steam is condensed, all that latent heat comes out of it, and can be felt, and the quantity of it can be measured by a thermometer. If you want to warm a house, steam pipes used to warm a house, is the latent heat of the steam that escapes as the steam turns back to water."

"Latent heat! latent heat!" repeated Mr. Baggee, scratching his head. "Eh! Now, that latent heat always puzzles me. Latent, lying hid. How can heat hide? Hide heat, like lying in the pantomime hides the red-hot poker in his pocket, he cauterises his person. How—eh!—how can heat lie hid?"

"Why the word heat has two meanings, uncle. In the first place, it means hotness. Hotness cannot be latent, as the clown finds when he pockets the poker. In the second place, heat means something the nature of which we don't know, which is the cause of hotness, and also the cause of another effect. What it is causing that effect, we don't know, but cause hotness. That other effect which heat causes in the instance of steam, is keeping water in the state of steam, when it is heated to two hundred and above two hundred and twelve degrees, is employed in this way. It is wholly occupied in preserving the water in an expanded form, when it raises the mercury in the thermometer to expand and rise as well. For the same reason, it could give you no feeling of hotness above what boiling water would—if you had the nerves to feel it. Whilst it is making steam continue to be steam, it is latent. When the steam becomes water again, it has no longer to do the work of keeping it in vapor. Then what is commonly understood by heat. This is the heat which cooks our victuals. The heat we feel, the heat we see, the heat we kindle our fires with, the heat that doesn't warm, singe, or cook, because it is otherwise engaged. If you press gas suddenly into a jar, the jar will get hot; if you press air, it will seem to squeeze it out. Indeed, the same thing happens, if you violently force any substance into a smaller space than it was formerly contained in, more or less latent heat is in, between its little particles, keeping them at certain distances from each other. Compress the air in a bladder with a strong compass, and a part of the latent heat escapes, as if it were no longer wanted. When a substance in a compressed state expands on a sudden, it draws in heat. If you wet your hand with spirits of wine, or forehead with eau-de-Cologne to cure a headache, the heat of the head enters the eau-de-Cologne, and evaporates, and the head feels cooler. If you make steam under high pressure, you can best it much above two hundred and twelve degrees. Suppose you have a strong steam-boiler, and by a tube, or a wide hole, from the holler, and put your hand into it as it rushes out—"

"What?"

"Why you'd scald your hand off!" cried Mr. Baggee.

"No you wouldn't the steam rushes out tremendously hot, but it expands instantly so very much, that the heat in it directly becomes latent in a great measure; which cools it so much, that it is safe to you to hold your hand in it without its hurting you, put then you would have to mind where you held your hand, for if you put it where the steam began to condensa again, it would be boiling hot."

"I had rather take your word for the experiment than try it, young gentlemen," Mr. Baggee observed.

"Another very important discovery has been made in regard to boiling, has been discovered lately. A kettle might be too hot to boil water in. Take a little bar of silver, heated very highly; dip it into water, it will not boil, and the water will be made to have any at all till the silver has cooled some degrees. Put a drop of water into a platinum dish, heated in the same way, and it will not boil at that will boiling till the heat diminishes; and then it bursts into steam. M. Boutigny, the French chemist, made this discovery. He found that when he dropped water and the red-hot metal, and, being a bad conductor of heat, keeps the heat of the metal for some time from passing into the water. Because of this, water, and mercury even, may be frozen in a red hot vessel if the experiment is manged cleverly.

"Little more than a couple of centuries ago, this would have been thought witchcraft."

"And the philosopher" added Mr. Baggee, "would be burnt for it."

"The spheroidal state," answered Harry." However that is a state water does not get into in a kettle, except when they are not allowed to become red hot, except when they are allowed to touch the fire with no water in them, or suffered to remain there after they have boiled quite away."

"Which is rumation to kettles," Mr. Wilkinson observed.

"Of course it is, mamma, because at a red heat iron begins to burn with oxygen, or to rust. Another thing that injures kettles is the fat that adheres to them. All water in common use contains more or less of lime and other salts. In boiling, these things separate from the water, and gradually form a fur or crust inside the kettle or boiler."

"And a nice job it is to get rid of it," said his mamma.

"Well: chemistry has lessened that difficulty," replied Harry. "The fur is mostly carbonate of lime. In that case, all we have to do is to boil some sal ammoniac—otherwise muriate, or chloride hydrochloride of ammonia—in the furred vessel." The hydrochloric acid combines with the lime, and the carbonic acid goes to the ammonia. Half a dozen pounds formed in this way dissolve and wash away."

"Why don't people use the boiest boiler or kettle,—"

"Because, Jim, the boiest boiler or kettle, is one of fur in a kettle is to oppose the passage of heat, and therefore, on occasion the more fuel to be required to boil water in it. The fur keeps the heat and sap expense when you have a large steam-boiler to boil water in. Dr. Faraday mentions the case of a Government steamer, which was at first so fouled with the voyage had so much fur formed in her boiler, that it took a quarter of an hour to be consumed, and then the engineers were obliged to stop the engines, rigging bulkheads, and even chopped cables, and to use up every shaving of spare timber in the ship. Soot underneath the kettle, as well as furbuilds it, is a hindrance to boiling, as it is a bad conductor, and that is the reason why one can hear to hold a kettle of hot water, which would be very sooty on its under surface, on the fact of the hand. So it is that the soot gives out its heat readily to what touches it, and so that it is good to keep water hot; but it gets rid of heat in another way; as I dare say you know, uncle."

"Eh?" said Mr. Baggee, "why, what—no—I've such a memory!—and—eh!—no—I've quite forgotten it."

"By radiation, you know. All warm bodies are constantly giving off heat, as shining ones are giving off rays of light, although the heat-rays are invisible."

"How do we know that?" asked Mr. Baggee.

"Get a couple of concave mirrors, and of copper basins, polished inside. Stand them face to face, about a yard apart. Put a hot iron ball—not red hot—in the focus of one mirror. Take a bit of phosphorus in the focus of the other. The phosphorus will take fire, though without the mirrors you might place it much nearer, and the iron and yet it would burn. So we know that there are rays of heat which we can reflect them as we can rays of light. Some things radiate heat better than others. Those that have bright metal surfaces radiate the least, and such are what are used for reflectors. If their surface be dull, or roughened, they radiate better than a black one, and so far, is better to keep water hot in a black kettle, on the other hand, it yields more heat to the air, or to the hand, than a bright one. Put it stands upon—if colder than itself. The bright kettle is a good one in the way and the black in another I don't know at what degree they cross exactly."

"Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other," Mr. Baggee suggested.

"Now for the wonderful relations of the kettle, uncle!"

"Relations!—Eh!—what the pot and the saucepan?" said Mr. Baggee.

"Oh, oh, uncle! No; its relations to the pressure of the atmosphere and every cause that affects it—to the conveyance, and conduction and radiation of heat—to latent heat or caloric, to the properties of water, to chemical decomposition—and to steam and its astonishing marvels, present and to come!"

"Well," said Mr. Baggee, "it is wonderful; and the kettle certainly is very respectably commonplace."

"And I hope to profit by the subject of our conversation; and so, I say, pour me out a cup of tea."

From the Pittsburg Saturday Visiter

WOMEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION AND THE PEOPLE OF COLOR.

Dear Mas. Swisshelm:—In the last *Visiter*, you say of a resolution relating to people of color, offered by Mr. Wendell Phillips in the late Convention of women at Worcester, Massachusetts:—

"We are sorry to see such impatience with the dogged perseverance with which so many of our Reformers persist in their attempt to do everything at once."

And again:—

"In a Women's Right Convention, the question of color had no right to a hearing."

It seemed as though the usual kindly spirit and good judgment of the *Visiter*, were a little wearied by the long endurance. I should not have noticed it at all in most of the public journals—indeed, I neither know nor care what but few of them say—but I feel as a white woman, that if having them in my house, political or religious, than I would of innoculating the family with the foulest leprosy that ever infected the bones of the sons of Abraham. But your *Visiter* finds ready entrance and cheerful greeting, so that we are a little solicitous about its hearing towards the few other newspaper guests we may invite.

"*Dogged and Perseverance*," are two ugly words sounding together, and Mr. Phillips had better have been at home and have kept any other topic from creeping to whatever platform he occupied, devoted to any particular reform. And those two words have no place, nor, indeed, any standing in connection with his name and the Resolution to which you have taken exception.

But by way of explanation, (or if you please, apology) permit me to say that colored persons are held in such estimation in this country, that you must speak for them, whenever, or wherever you mean to conclude them.

Lyceums, circuses, menageries, hall-rooms, billiard-rooms, conventions, everything, "*if the Public are really invited to attend*?" But who ever dreamed that "*the public*" meant anything colored? From church and theatre; from steam-boat and ship, and railroad and stage coach; from the infant school, law school and Theological Seminary; from Museum, Athenæum and public Garden, the colored people are either excluded altogether, or admitted only by sufferance or some *very special* arrangement, and under disadvantages to which no white person would, or should submit, for a moment.

Free Masons must be white, both face and apron. Odd Fellows, too, must be constitutionally light of skin, and even the Sons of Temperance and Daughters likewise must be bleached to the popular complexional standard, or they are beyond the reach of sympathy.

The Methodist discipline provides for "separate colored Conferences." The Episcopal church shuts out colors, by the rule that ministers from other ecclesiastical recognition, on account of their color. Nearly all denominations of religionists, have either a written or unwritten rule to the same effect. In Boston even, there are evangelical churches, whose pews are positively forbidden by corporate mandate from being sold to any but "*respectable white persons*." Even Abolitionists have proved that they are not always deaded in the same manner. Even our numblest village grave yards generally have either a separate, or a little contemptible corner set apart for them, and did our power extend to heaven and hell, we should have complexional salvation and colored damnation, so that the mistake of the Deity should be run, unfashionable race altogether and forever out of existence.

We have striven to separate the Ethiopian from all claim to human recognition and human sympathy. No body but Abolitionists ever mean *colored people*, no matter how often they speak of "*the free*," or of their "fellow citizens," or "fellow sinners."

We have proscribed our colored brethren every where, and even in Pittsburg, in the Free Soil Slave Law, every colored man is to be presumed a slave, unless there is proof positive to the contrary—and if any one is only claimed and sworn to as a slave, such presumption is conclusive against him. Before this law was enacted, his life was a lingering torture—before, we were killing him by exclusion from the schools, and by the contempt, he heated out fear. We have barbed the iron arrows that pierced him. We have poisoned the fangs which were allowing him pieces—we have heated red hot the chains that bound him as in adamant before. We have engraved him on our seal, and wrote everywhere, the horse and hound are as human as he.

And his race know it, and *feel it*, as we cannot. Even the Women's Convention demonstrated this, for scarcely a colored person, man or woman appeared in it.

On the large committees appointed to carry out the Right of Women, embracing very many persons in all, not a single colored person was placed. It is to be presumed that no body thought of her, or we are not expected to think of colored people at all.

Under such circumstances, is it strange, is it unreasonable sin, is it "dogged perseverance" to declare in a Convention called to demand and extend the rights of women, that we want women, white as well as sallow complexion? of the enrved and the curved, and the dimpled in ivory? If we did thus mean, it was absolutely necessary for us to say it, to have it known—it would not have been understood, if we did not thus mean, the Convention should not have had the right to hear, nor it would deserve only the scorn and contempt of the people of God and his children.

Color was not discussed, and need not have been. But it was needed that the declaration be made, in regard to it. That *any* women have rights, will surprise many. But that *colored* women have rights, would never have been thought of, without a specific declaration.

Most truly, yours,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Concord, N. H., Nov. 11th, 1850.

From the Pittsburg Saturday Visiter.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND THE COLOR QUESTION.

We give Mr. Pillsbury's article on this subject, and we feel called to prove the bad policy of linking these two questions. Mr. Pillsbury will surely succeed. Everything he says about the exclusion of people from places and positions they have a right to occupy, is a rebuke against uniting their cause to that of woman. The women in this glorious Republic are sufficiently oppressed without linking their cause to that of the slave. The slave state which has ever held woman in a state of slavery, is not a state of such kind of reason why the American prejudice against color should be invoked to sink woman into a lower state of degradation than that which she enjoys—no kind of reason why the cause of emancipation, which, we should have been glorified by tying its wheels the most impure and foulest that ever was broached, by having all the degraded people of color, should be tied to it as a drag.

Nothing can ever persuade us that the union of the two questions has not injured both in applying the words "dogged perseverance" to any one in particular, we did not mean to imply that the objectionable resolution had been offered in the Convention, and nearly all the reformers with whom we are acquainted, but, it a personal application he thought necessary, we think Mr. Pillsbury himself. You, sir, show dogged perseverance in your starving seam-bursting efforts to make the slave woman feel that she is a protest in favor of the boot-blacks—she can liberate every man and her shackles until she shall take no step forward until she overcomes the prejudice which has grown up against color. You, Mr. Pillsbury, are the rest of your male conjutors, enjoying all the rights for which American prejudice has been made to conquer the pect that woman, crippled, helpless, hopeless, do why you have failed to perform with the free use of all your faculties and energies.

We are told that those who would be free themselves must strike the blow; but the action of the Convention adds an improvement, and now those who would be free must strike for themselves and everybody else in bonds. This is as if every man, one of a number of drowning people, "You shall swim and save your own life, unless you carry with you all the others."

The question of woman's right to equal privileges with the other sex, is like a little boat launched into a safe harbor, but it is not strong enough to bear the additional weight of all the colored men in creation. True, they may get on board, if they covet the honor of the company already there; but the chance is the whole concern sinks. As an individual we have been called to aid him on our school mate. We would still lend him an oar or show him how to make one; but we do not want him in our boat. Let him row his own craft! He is as large and strong as a wooden craft; and if he jolts big rightly, he would prefer the exercise, and separate quarters, to getting into such very bad company. If he would not, he is either too large or so selfish that he would peril the life of others for a chance of saving his own. He is not worth saving and we would be undeceiving this others off such a loafer, throw him back into the water and see his go down.

As for colored woman, all the interest they have in this reform is our success, and it is time for them to raise them to the level of men of their own class. Then as that class rises let them rise with it. We only claim for a white woman-lawyer's wife the right as a white wood-saw's—a black smith's mother is as good as a blacksmith—a lawyer's sister is as good as a lawyer; at least this is the ground we are contending for. We claim that Convention sent fit to specify any particular class of women—women with black faces, red noses or blue eyes—that it had a right to do so; but it has no more right to discuss the question of the position of colored people as a class, than of farmers, or mechanics, or Dutch or Irish. The call was explicit not to discuss the political *Sex*. We signed the call—a call for a Woman's Rights Convention—an had no thought it was to be converted into an abolition meeting. We, as standing in connection with this name and the Resolution to which you have taken exception.

But by way of explanation, (or if you please, apology) permit me to say that colored persons are held in such estimation in this country, that you must speak for them, whenever, or wherever you mean to conclude them.

Lyceums, circuses, menageries, hall-rooms, billiard-rooms, conventions, everything, "*if the Public are really invited to attend*?" But who ever dreamed that "*the public*" meant anything colored? From church and theatre; from steam-boat and ship, and railroad and stage coach; from the infant school, law school and Theological Seminary; from Museum, Athenæum and public Garden, the colored people are either excluded altogether, or admitted only by sufferance or some *very special* arrangement, and under disadvantages to which no white person would, or should submit, for a moment.

Free Masons must be white, both face and apron. Odd Fellows, too, must be constitutionally light of skin, and even the Sons of Temperance and Daughters likewise must be bleached to the popular complexional standard, or they are beyond the reach of sympathy.

The Methodist discipline provides for "separate colored Conferences." The Episcopal church shuts out colors, by the rule that ministers from other ecclesiastical recognition, on account of their color. Nearly all denominations of religionists, have either a written or unwritten rule to the same effect. In Boston even, there are evangelical churches, whose pews are positively forbidden by corporate mandate from being sold to any but "*respectable white persons*." Even Abolitionists have proved that they are not always deaded in the same manner. Even our numblest village grave yards generally have either a separate, or a little contemptible corner set apart for them, and did our power extend to heaven and hell, we should have complexional salvation and colored damnation, so that the mistake of the Deity should be run, unfashionable race altogether and forever out of existence.

We have striven to separate the Ethiopian from all claim to human recognition and human sympathy. No body but Abolitionists ever mean *colored people*, no matter how often they speak of "*the free*," or of their "fellow citizens," or "fellow sinners."

We have proscribed our colored brethren every where, and even in Pittsburg, in the Free Soil Slave Law, every colored man is to be presumed a slave, unless there is proof positive to the contrary—and if any one is only claimed and sworn to as a slave, such presumption is conclusive against him. Before this law was enacted, his life was a lingering torture—before, we were killing him by exclusion from the schools, and by the contempt, he heated out fear. We have barbed the iron arrows that pierced him. We have poisoned the fangs which were allowing him pieces—we have heated red hot the chains that bound him as in adamant before. We have engraved him on our seal, and wrote everywhere, the horse and hound are as human as he.

And his race know it, and *feel it*, as we cannot. Even the Women's Convention demonstrated this, for scarcely a colored person, man or woman appeared in it.

On the large committees appointed to carry out the Right of Women, embracing very many persons in all, not a single colored person was placed. It is to be presumed that no body thought of her, or we are not expected to think of colored people at all.

Under such circumstances, is it strange, is it unreasonable sin, is it "dogged perseverance" to declare in a Convention called to demand and extend the rights of women, that we want women, white as well as sallow complexion? of the enrved and the curved, and the dimpled in ivory? If we did thus mean, it was absolutely necessary for us to say it, to have it known—it would not have been understood, if we did not thus mean, the Convention should not have had the right to hear, nor it would deserve only the scorn and contempt of the people of God and his children.

Color was not discussed, and need not have been. But it was needed that the declaration be made, in regard to it. That *any* women have rights, will surprise many. But that *colored* women have rights, would never have been thought of, without a specific declaration.

Most truly, yours,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Concord, N. H., Nov. 11th, 1850.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

—Kinkel, the Professor of Bonn, who was sentenced to death for the share he took to the Baden insurrection, and afterwards had his sentence in confinement, has escaped from the House of Correction.

—The Emperor of Russia has resolved to have copies made of the Frescoes of Raphael, and the great paintings of the old masters of all schools; and he is present causing to be copied in Venice two great work of Titian, "The Assumption of the Virgin," and "The Martyrdom St. Stephen." His Majesty pays liberally, as much as £800 or even £1,000 per copy. For sixteen portraits or sketches of Titian he paid at Venice this year £6,000.

The Great Slave Depot.—" Whylah, as the English name the place, from the pronunciation of the Portuguese designation, 'Ayudah,' is the great outlet for the slave trade of Dahomey, and the place from which the city bearing that name has often been described by African travellers, and whose renowned character for cruelty and crime has rendered every species of cruelty and crime the traveller relates that his city's inhabitants are guilty of, credible. Whylah is one of the towns of any consequence are, upon the top of which are placed, at very short intervals, human skulls, being the trophies taken in battle. Their heads are all not sell as slaves; this is the usual course observed towards prisoners so taken, for if they are likely to be ransomed, they are kept in close confinement, lest they should run the risk, it may hardly be said the expense, of keeping them. It is very seldom, if ever, that the chief sell their own people, though they do sell the very cold into the slave market country, accordingly as they may fall into their hands, from country.