VOL. XIX. NO. 21. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858. WHOLE NO. 957.

National Anti-Slavery Standard,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
FOR THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York."
Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York."
TERMS OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

MORAL EFFECTS OF THE SLAVERY DISCUSSION.

From The Journal of Commerce.

In is a very common occurrence, in travelling through New England, to meet men who are perfect monomaniacs on the subject of slavery. This is the one all-absorbing theme, possessing their whole mind and soul; one which acknowledges no principle of morality or political economy that conflicts with their pre-conceived notions. They kindle with passion the moment they discover an opponent, and fulminate unmeasured abuse upon all dissentients, without distinction. The South is considered regard for a large class of population commonly possessing black skins—but for another class, their brethren and equals, no language can sufficiently express their detestation. In these latter, no virtue can be found—no redeeming characteristic can be found to plead no charity can be exercised. In fact, the whole slaveholding community is consigned *en masse* to the tender mercies of such as are expert with the rifle or hang-man's rope. When reasoned with, to ascertain by what process and reflection can they reconcile their professions of philanthropy with a relish for blood or attempt a justification of their foul spirit of revenge, it must be accepted as a sufficient answer that "there is a voice from within which teaches us that man is very far above entitled to liberty. And this God-given right cannot be taken away with impunity." He will discourse eloquently on the abstract question of human freedom, and obtain a ready assent to an hypothetical proposition, but to descend from the heights of theory to facts as they exist—to consider the question of American slavery in all its political and social complications, and point out the means by which it can be removed or its evils mitigated—this is quite a different matter. Even from other pulpits, your controversialist will most likely refer to the torch and knife of the black man as promising to afford a practical solution, and in exceedingly humane suggestion he will possibly betray a sort of frenzied satisfaction. Should you appeal to the book of inspiration as inculcating principles not exactly according with his code of liberty, he will, perchance, throw utter disbelief in its teachings, or repudiate such portions thereof as have been superseded by the superior light of the nineteenth century, and especially by the great modern reformers. There is a "higher law," he will tell you, which is infallible and param ount to all religious and divinities.

Such is the character of the Eastern Abolitionist, and it is no rare exception. Hideous as it appears in its moral obliquities, it prevails in several Eastern States to an extent which will be slowly credited, eating into the vitals of the social system, corrupting the Church, undermining the basis of social order, and insinuating itself everywhere as a panacea for the spiritual woes of man. The passport to favor is not so much, "Is he honest? Is he capable? Does he fear God? Does he deal justly? Is he sound on the question of slavery?" This is the test of worth. Other delinquencies may be pardoned; but if faulty in this particular, all is lost. A consid rable portion of minor importance is exalted to a place of the first magnitude, till the moral perceptions become insensible to every other. Thus is error substituted for truth and truth for error, and the conscience robbed of its power of discernment.

But the fiercest influence of Abolition fanaticism, as affecting those among whom it prevails, is felt in a form more aggravated, if possible, by the slave himself. While this fell spirit stalks abroad, he must remain in bondage; he is beyond the reach of aid. His best friends, as has been proved by long experience and many liberal acts, have ever been those among whom he lives and labors; but in the assault upon their property and rights, so recognized by the Constitution of the United States, slaveholders, influenced by a common sympathy and the instinct of self-preservation, are united to resist every encroachment from abolition emissaries, or other hostile agencies. Their chief care must be to keep slave property out of the clutches of those who do not with exemplary rigor every infraction of discipline. Devising measures for the release of these laborers is a business which has been monopolized by other parties. So likewise of those at the South who have no direct interest in the continuance of slavery, and who are far better qualified than any others, by position and education, to promote the welfare of the slave; they, too, are precluded from any action in their behalf. This portion of the community constitute a large and influential body at the South, but they must observe a "masterly inactivity," so long as the pressure from without continues. For years past, the spectacle has been presented of a body of States, forming the southern portion of the Confederacy, acting together in one man on this subject—each individual being constrained by social and political obligations to refrain from any systematic endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the servile population. And as it must ever be, while Northern people continue their encroachments. It would be absurd to assert that no Southern men have the welfare of the slave deeply at heart; and their inaction cannot be construed otherwise than as evidence that, at present, no highway for the exodus of the slave is known to exist.

Comparative peace now prevails throughout the country on the subject of slavery, and a favorable time is afforded for calm reflection upon some of the truths above presented. But, as other objects than the welfare of the slaves are to be accomplished by "agitators," repose cannot be reasonably expected.

"TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY-SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY!"

From The Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian.

Our notice is given that this anniversary is to be held at the close of the year (time and place to be named hereafter), the object of which is to "sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society." We call the reader to notice the greater effect, it is set forth under the signature of fifteen ladies and fifteen gentlemen—all prominent advocates of the cause. Heretofore, they tell us, "an annual Bazaar has been held 'for the sale of contributions of articles for this valuable purpose, and that last year the proceeds of the sale amounted to $3,000." But this year they will abandon the Bazaar, and rely upon direct cash subscriptions, hoping to realize from it even a larger amount.

There is something significant in the confession that the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is still so poverty-stricken that its friends are obliged to beg $3,000 a year for its support. It clearly shows that anti-slaveryism of the type of the N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society is not in very good odor even in the North. For the last twenty-five years they have not ceased to represent their cause as "identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightened and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed." But at the common sense of the world judges of a tree by its fruit, these fair promises have all proved to be like "the apples of Sodom and the grapes of Gomorrah." So that even the more conservative anti-slavery men of the North regard this would-be "National Society" as aiming at the destruction of all law, all order, all government, and all the institutions of religion; and hence every where abolitionism and infidelity are held as synonyms.

BITTER RESOLUTION.—Our Garrisonian friends seem to be especially stirred up recently against the Republicans and "all the rest of mankind." Some of their resolutions, put forth at recent conventions, breathe nothing but dire disaster to all the organisms that cumber our civilization. If these fulminations should ever actually stage thunder, we should fear that the spheres were coming together about our ears. Note the following, passed at a meeting in Massachusetts:

"Resolved, That to this Union of States obedience and loyalty would be a crime, and therefore we will not render them, but will treat it as the bond of banditti and pirates; we will hold no office, will elect no one to hold office, under it; we will seek its overthrow by all the means in our power, not prohibited by the laws of God; and we will welcome its destruction, whether by servile insurrection in the South, or by civil or foreign war, or any other cause which may effect this result, as the operation of Providence in our behalf."

Now, to say nothing of the crazy fanaticism of denouncing obedience to the Union as a crime, and calling our universal fellow-citizens "banditti" and "pirates," we must protest against the moral treason contained in the imprecation of "destruction" and "foreign war." Surely, in one comforting declaration contained in the extract that is the moral political sense is quite refreshing, to wit: That they will "hold no office," &c. Wouldn't this be a glorious resolve to stick at the Montgomery County Democratic convention, if we could get it! We wonder how it will be with them when they get the majority in minorities, however, are always humble!—*Norristown (Pa.) Republican.*

DR. CHEEVER AND THE AMERICAN BOARD.

From The Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian.

"For has been announced," says good Dr. Cheever, of abolition notoriety, "that a new slave State is to be presented for admission into the Union, embracing the territory of the Choctaws and the Cherokees, under the teachings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." What does the good Doctor mean by this opening sentence? Is he indeed a slavery philopiist? It would be exceedingly difficult to answer the question were it not known that the American Board have missions among the Choctaws and the Cherokees; and that the Indians of these tribes which he has written that they should make against "slavery," let the fact console him that the Board has already done all it could—and done so much that it has greatly crippled its influence among those tribes by its settled anti-slavery policy—settled a few years ago at their annual meeting in Hartford, Conn., and which its Secretaries have ever since faithfully labored to carry into effect. Some of the missionaries on the ground, if not all of them, protested against this interference at the time, and they have been embarrassed by it ever since. But Dr. Cheever is one of those very good men that would shut out the Gospel of Christ from every tribe and people in the Union—if such a thing could be done—where the holding of a bond no Christian And should the American Board follow his counsel and cast off these tribes as too great sinners, in this respect, to be under its watch and care, no great harm would be to ourselves. For it is to happen that the missionaries and the Churches too in these territories are in connection with the General Assembly, and that they would fare none the worse were the relation changed from the American to the Assembly's Board. In the Presbytery of Indian alone, there are 12 ministers, all missionaries of the American Board, and 16 Churches, with 1,636 communicants, 4 licentiates and 4 candidates, and in the Presbytery of the Creek Nation, there are 3 ministers, 1 licentiate, and 4 Churches, with 400 communicants. And it is well known what course they will all take, if the attempt is made to enforce the anti-slavery rule. Under these circumstances, will not some of the good Doctor's friends advise him to compose himself?

Since writing the above, which was intended for last week, we have seen the Report of the Committee appointed at the late meeting of the American Board, on Indian Missions, from which we copy the following extract, showing that the Board, under its anti-slavery rule, is uncomfortable in its present anomalous position in relation to these missions. They do not like to cut them off—nor do they like to retain them. If they should cut them off, they would be what Dr. Cheever seems to be calling for. And if they should retain them, they will most certainly be charged with winking at slavery, which, in the talk of some, is the greatest abomination in the world.

"It seems to your Committee desirable that the Board should be relieved as early as possible from the increasing embarrassments of its present relations to the Indian Tribes in the Indian Territory. Surely the time is not far distant when the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians, and half-breeds, will stand in precisely the same relations to the missionary work with the white people of the adjacent States, and when the Churches there will be the subject of home missionary care properly than of foreign missionary patronage."

Selections.

TESTIMONY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD AGAINST SLAVERY.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

AM I my brother's keeper? When will this voice of Cain cease to be sounded from the Hill of Zion? Is it possible that the Church of God can answer, Yes, we are our brother's keeper, especially if he be outcast, down-trodden, despised, afflicted, forsaken? We are our brother's keeper, even with a skin not like one own; we are our brother's keeper, especially if he be outcast, down-trodden, despised, afflicted, forsaken? We are our brother's keeper, even with a skin not like one own; brother's keeper, even with a skin not like one own; brother's keeper, especially if he be outcast, down-trodden, despised, afflicted, forsaken? We are our

for in having to strive with so many capable and determined rivals, you could have borne away the palm only by the force and perseverance of your application. Not-well, I beg of you, I have said by your talent. * * * I prize highly native intelligence—that precious gift; I appreciate the just happiness of those who enjoy it. * * * But I cannot and would not accord praise to a man simply on the ground of natural talent, because it is a gift which we bring with us into the world, and to take advantage belonging to our nature independent of any effort of our own, and of which consequently we cannot prize ourselves. But application!—labor!—ah, let us prize ourselves more on labor. *There* only is true merit. Is there alone does man reveal himself as being, become a living force, and make felt the power of his will—the will in which is found the true title of manhood.

* * *

"Work on then, my young countrymen—work, work, without trusting to your natural genius—without stopping to consider the measure of your abilities. Be very sure that ardent and well-directed *labor* can never cease to be fruitful, and will always end in triumph. * * * Labor, and labor without cessation, without discouragement, toward progress—cease not to feed your soul—the absence of aliment kills the brain, makes it die of inanition. Dig away with fervor, for there is a fire and ardor in poverty in literary toil—application without warmth may enlighten, but heat is as necessary to mature the harvests of the soul no those of nature. Be careful that your present success prove not to be your ruin. Be not that your present success prove not to be your ruin. Be not that your present success prove not to be your ruin. Be not that your present success prove not to be your ruin. Be careful that your present success prove not to be your ruin. Be careful that your present success prove not to be your ruin. Be careful

than he was on this and other [similar] occasions," and declares his conviction that it is owing to his own "prudence and compassion that Bennett is this day permitted to walk Broadway, with his long ears on his Scotch shoulders." "Here's richness for you," of a quality which could scarcely be surpassed. H. W. G.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

WORCESTER, MASS., OCT. 1, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Twelfth Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association has just closed its sessions in this city. As this Association is the attempt of professed anti-slavery adherents upon orthodoxy to clear their skirts of the crime of complicity with slaveholders, its general proceedings are of necessary interest to Abolitionists.

The meetings have been well attended, and the tone of the speaking of quite an interesting character. Rev. John G. Fee of Kentucky and Rev. Daniel Worth of North Carolina were the most attractive speakers of the meeting, inasmuch as they seemed the most in earnest, the most clear-sighted in their criticisms of the pro-slavery character of the American Church, and the most radical in their applications of truth. It was really refreshing to hear them pour out the burden of their souls against the sum of all villainies. Many other speakers were present from various parts of the North, prominent among them Prof. Cowles of Oberlin, O., Rev. Mr. Bascom of Illinois, Rev. Mr. Thurston of Maine, Rev. S. S. Jocelyn and Lewis Tappan of your city. Whenever any of these speakers came to the delinquency of the American Board, they made a clear statement and uncompromising application; but so far as any withdrawment from Christian connection, followed by any testimony with those who sustain the Board and Tract Society was concerned, they were all, save Brothers Fee and Worth, utterly silent, and oftentimes their talk abounded in and amounted to *twaddle*.

Among the fourteen resolutions adopted by the meeting, the seventh and eighth, as follows, are perhaps the only ones of interest to us as Abolitionists:

7. Resolved, That as American slavery is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the conversion of the world, it behooves the Church of Christ to bear an unequivocal testimony against it, and that the silence of the pulpit, ecclesiastic, and religious, on this subject, is a fearful sign of apostacy, with reference to this stupendous wrong, is a reproach to the country, dishonorary to Christianity, and evidence of delinquency in the Church to those who thus cruelly ignore the rights and sufferings of their fellow-men in bondage.

8. Resolved, That we mourn over the obstacles that are thrown in the way of human progress not alone by the open enemies of Christ, but by many of his professed followers, and would especially mention, as subjects of humiliation and grief, the action of the American Tract Society and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, namely the refusal of the Tract Society to publish tracts on the sinfulness of slavery, and the acquiescence of the Board, for so many years, with their missionaries among the Choctaws and the Cherokees have been avowing pro-slavery sentiments, and preaching a pro-slavery Christ; and that it is sorrowful to see a proposal to shun the mission on account of the "difficulties" that have occurred under such missionary labor; a policy on the part of the Tract Society and the American Board that must, wherever it is understood, astonish the friends of freedom and righteousness throughout the world.

This Association, having been organized in opposition to the A. B. C. F. M. because of its aid and comfort to slaveholders, and on the platform of a "discontenance of slavery by refusing to receive the known fruits of unrighteous labor" this last resolution is rather pro-slavery. If we took equal pains to tell us that humanity without piety was poorer still. Now, we would like to know which is Christianity? and Mr. Thurston tells us that it takes both piety and humanity to make complete and perfect Christianity, and yet he seemed to admit that piety alone might be the real thing, but of a "defective" sort, while humanity alone could not be anything but infidelity. By "piety" they undoubtedly mean a profession of "evangelical sentiment," and these, the associations tell us officially, consist of a belief in the lost condition of man, the divinity of Christ, the atonement, the eternal punishment of the wicked, &c. And these they make the first test of membership in the Association, and the fact of being a non-slaveholder the second. But while a man must believe theoretically in these dogmas to be a member with them, they require no theoretic belief in humanity as a qualification for membership, and, for aught that appears in the proceedings, a man may be in good standing in ship with them who believes theoretically in the rightfulness of slaveholding and in its scriptural origin and endorsement too, provided he does not put his theory into actual practice. And this view of their position is justified by the invitation they extended to their communionable, which was spread on the afternoon of the last day of the meeting, for in this invitation they took special pains to specify that they desired none but "evangelical Christians," and wholly omitted to indicate that they intended to exclude slaveholders even, much less their apologists or defenders.

Thus it would seem clear that they esteem a belief in a slaveholding religion as real Christianity, but of a "defective" kind, yet not of so defective a character as to require their exclusion, while a belief in liberal theology is a defect that cannot be tolerated or fellowshipped at all.

Here is the great defect of the American Church; it elevates theoretic belief above a practical Christian life, and so evangelical slaveholders are endorsed by them as Christians, while unevangelical men, whose lives are as nearly like Christ's as human life can be, are not to be considered Christians at all. And the American Missionary Association seem not to have arisen beyond this fatal error and heresy; for, although they cannot cooperate with these defective Christians in missionary labors, they have made no direct attempt to withdraw Christian fellowship from them.

Mr. Fee of Kentucky, in one of his addresses, took the bold and consistent ground of "no union with slave holders" ecclesiastically, charged upon the Northern Church a responsibility for slavery while they remained in ecclesiastical fellowship with slaveholders or their abettors, and advocated the duty of secession, himself professing to be a come-outer, first from Lane Seminary, then from the Presbyterian and last from the Methodist Church. But, alas! Mr. Fee did not let the substance of the sermon, because, on this occasion, where unevangelical believers were specially excluded, while practical doers of unrighteousness were not excluded, except by implication. Justice to Mr. Fee requires it to be said, however, that in private conversation, afterwards, he admitted the inconsistency of this action with his avowed position, and said that he was willing to recognize any man as a Christian who lived the Christian life, whatever might be his belief, even though he were a Unitarian or Universalist, while he should exclude from the Christian name and fellowship all who were duchristian in life, like the slaveholders and their abettors. This seems better; and if the American Church could be brought to this Christian position, how soon would the land be cleansed of slavery and all its abominations. But so long as they recognize as Christians the Priest and Levite who pass by on the other side, because they are evangelical, and also the robbers themselves for the same reason, and refuse to recognize as Christian the Samaritan who is such because he is not evangelical, so long will the American Church continue to be the bulwark of American slavery.

But perhaps a decided and consistent action, in connection with a clear and unequivocal testimony, is too much to expect of those who have so long twaddled about evangelicism in the sloughs of the American religion. Even Dr. Cheever fails here, for, while he bears a glorious testimony against the slaveholding sin of the American Board, he is still labors for its support, even urging the converts of the late revival to pay off the old debt of the Board, as "a free-will offering of gratitude and love from these subjects of the grace of God." Now, if slaveholding is of the devil, and the Board has been guilty of promulgating it as Dr. Cheever has so clearly shown it to have been, why, in Heaven's name, should he be urging the subjects of the grace of God" to pay for doing the devil's work, that the Board have been doing on credit? "Let the dead bury their dead," Dr. Cheever, "and follow thou me," is the voice of Jesus.

But how we all thank God that Dr. Cheever has taken hold of the Board at all, and *The Independent* too! The editors may "pitch into him" as they choose, but they can't serve their "Special Contributor" as they did our friend Parker Pillsbury, a few years ago. They could villify him, as they did, because of his expositions of the wickedness of the Board, and blows, and then close their columns against any reply or proof of the truth of his criticisms. But Dr. Cheever cannot be thus shut out. His rejoinder in this week's *Independent* is able and worthy of his pen, and it is quite refreshing to see him give the editors the lie so directly and handsomely. They will have to prove their assertions now or retract them; they cannot skulk this time as they did before, for Dr. Cheever's relations to them give him the power to hold them to the proof. God speed the work. J. A. H.

See first page.—EDITOR.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, for direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both here and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, strongly doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their cooperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent publication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish his friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every impulse that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sanctified, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place announced hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks for the service we shall on that occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to the CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY, ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING, ABBY FRANCIS,
SUZAN LOUISA CALLEN, SARAH EUSEBIA MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD, ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SAROENT, SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON, EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROGGINS, ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON, ELIZA H. ANTHONY,
MARY WILLEY, MARTIN GROVER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW, MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT, ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

POLITICS.

J. S. Pike, of Calais, Me., formerly the Washington correspondent (J. S. P.) of *The Tribune*, and one of the ablest champions of the Republican party, made a political speech, just before the recent election in Maine, which *The Tribune* warmly commended as sound in premise and conclusion. Mr. Pike, after laying down the Republican creed, said:

"Now, gentlemen, none of the positions of this discourse have anything whatever to do with technical abolition. Every doctrine I hold and advance can be *logically* and *consistently* held by South Carolina or Virginia statesman, bolted over the Democratic platform of 1856. I am Abolitionist to hope from such a party!"

The Democratic papers tell some bitter truths as well as many lies about the Republicans. The following paragraph from the *Ohio Patriot* must, we think, be put in the first category:

"There was a time when we heard much of the panting and hunted slave—of the iniquitous and unholy law that authorized the hunting and capture of a human chattel. A stain on the statute book of our Republic, black and damned as the spot in the mind of Macbeth's royal murderess—when in fact we heard little else from the political place-hunting and party-hunting and denunciations of the Fugitive Slave law. They promised to repeal it. They could not have done less than make the effort. Their members in Congress made no attempt to that end. The people endorsed the same members of Congress and their silence on the Fugitive law by returning them. As a party they have abandoned every idea of its repeal. Keep it before the people that the Republican party promised to have the Fugitive Slave law repealed, and afterwards, having a majority in Congress, they did not even attempt to do it, and then they wonder that now they recognize that bitterto odious statute as one of the settled laws of the country."

THE CAPTURED SLAVES AT CHARLESTON.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE proper remedy for this case would have been, in the judgment of the writer, for government to have appropriated some part of the Public Lands, for the time being, for the use and benefit of these sufferers, where they could have been relieved and instructed for the present, with a view to their future well-being; and where the sympathies of their true friends, north and south, east and west, would have been available without expense to government. This would have been *Justice* to the government, and *Mercy* to the slaves; and would have more directly effected the end of *Christian Philanthropy*.

Respectfully, A FRIEND TO HUMANITY.

OLD CLOTHES.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,
New York, Oct. 6th, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

HAVE any of your readers ever thought how many a shivering little body their old clothes might cover this next winter?

We could make use of a house-full of old coats, dresses and under-clothes for the army of poor children who come to our office now and ledge; and if any can make new clothes, it will be pleasant, in giving, to think that they start with those gifts some poor boy or girl in a better life.

If in the City, the address can be sent to our office, and we will have the clothes called for.

THE PRINTER.—A very well written and beautifully executed quarto monthly sixteen page periodical comes to our office by this name. It is a decided hit and success, and is worthy of the intelligent profession of which it is an organ. Every printer, and especially every young printer, ought to read it, and will find it to be pleasant to go among all the acts and humun labors and see men at honest and useful work; but the printer is the torch-bearer of the human procession of humanity, and throws the splendid light far into "Chaos and Old Night."—*Christian Inquirer.*

We join most heartily in this commendation of *The Printer*, which unites a refined literary taste with great beauty of typography.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 749, is the commencement of a new volume. The contents are varied and excellent, as usual. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

DR. CHEEVER'S article on the complicity of the American Board with slavery, which we copy from *The Independent* of last week, is a bold and manly vindication of the truth, for which he will receive the thanks of every uncompromising friend of humanity. It is refreshing to find such a testimony in a journal whose *editorial* columns are under the control of ecclesiastical tricksters, who, with their mouths full of anti-slavery professions, have long taken an active part in covering up the iniquity of the Board. Dr. Cheever throws the broad light of truth upon the shifting policy so long pursued in the management of the Board, and brings the question at issue to the test of Christian principles. The charge made against him by the editors of *The Independent*, viz., that he had failed to furnish the tracts, at a moderate cost, for general distribution,

Summary.

MESSRS. Lincoln and Douglas have, in their discussions, given a number of their speeches at each other. It appears that while Douglas has been a gross sinner, Lincoln has been a *grener*.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE Postmaster-General has ordered that "supplements" or "extra" folds within the regular issues of daily or weekly journals—not actual and *bona fide* editions of such publications, containing intelligence of passing events and general intelligence—subject the whole package to letter postage.

GOING TO LIBERIA.—It is stated that thirty or more colored families, residing in this city and vicinity, have organized themselves under the title of the "Cambridge Liberian Emigrants," and will shortly sail for the Republic of Liberia. Some forty or more of these persons hope to embark in the Colonization Ship Mary Caroline Stevens, the first of November prox.—*Boston Post.*

DEBAT OF HUMBUG.—The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, in session at Washington, has received reports of the state of the Order from all the States and Territories. The only States which report a positive prosperity are New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Louisiana, and Canada West. In Canada East the Order is dying out; in New York it makes no progress; while in Virginia and Kentucky there is a positive falling off.

A VIOLANCE COMMITTEE.—A committee with this title has been established in Shelby County, Ky. They order all persons, white or black, who are concerned in evil deeds, to leave the county without delay. Any property belonging to a white man is to be appraised by three disinterested persons, and the price paid to the person whose property has been directed to leave the county. Slaves who are thus must be removed also from Shelby County by their masters.

THE DEVIL'S DOMINION.—DEVILS.

There are many devils in the world, this day,
Devils great and devils small,
Devils with hands and devils without;
Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
Devils who mystify, devils who teach,
But the LOLLIPOP is the devil's reach.
As the small, who, now safe on some distant beach
Is digesting the core of my favorite peach—
Is the shabbiest devil of all.

COL. FREMONT'S ESTATE—CALIFORNIA JUSTICE.—The Sheriff of Mariposa County, California, is quite an original in his way. He was directed by the Supreme Court of the State to eject certain occupants of the Pine Tree Vein, and to restore the property to Col. Fremont in its original state. He declines ousting the trespassers, and dodges the order of the Court by a document, stating that as the shaft has been sunk a few feet lower, and has been made something wider, he cannot restore it in its original state, and will, therefore, do nothing about it.

One Jance Thorp, a colored individual, and also a resident in Newark, has fallen upon pleasant lines. A gentleman appeared in that part of Jersey, last week, on a mission to discover a James Thorp, who was entitled to an estate of $12,000, left by a relative in the West Indies. The gentleman turns out to be the man. He was born on the estate, but was sent North to be educated, had his schooling at Norristown, Pa., is married, and has a family, and was worth, in all, $300.—*N. Y. Times.*

A SNEAK DISCOVERED IN THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The workmen employed in cutting up the cable in the machine-shop at the Brooklyn Navy Yard found a break, a short time since, in the communication, occasioned by the cutting of an inch long, through which the saw passed in the solid gutta-percha, showing that the disconnection must have occurred while the cable was in transitu. Great credit is owing to the very great probability that other similar lesions may have occurred in other parts of the cable. We have the electricians to say in regard to this fact, which is reliably authenticated.—*N. Y. Times, 29th ult.*

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION.—The Canadian papers are urging the propriety of a celebration to be held on the 12th of September, 1859, the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Quebec, which was the power of France in the nortiern part of this continent was extinguished. "On the island *State of Maine*, in seconding this proposition, indulges in pleasant speculations on the propriety of Canada presenting tacle to see the Queen of England and the Emperor of France meet on the plains of Abraham and exchange friendly salutations on the spot where Wolfe fell mortally wounded, and Montcalm fell in battle. The great steamship might be dashed safe at St. Lawrence, and the Prince of Wales and the eighties of the Victoria Bridge made coincident in point of time."

STATISTICS OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—A careful comparison of the number of passengers in the five countries which possess the most extensive systems of railways—England, France, United States, Prussia, and Belgium—with the number of those who suffered death from railway accidents, shows the number of serious wounded, gives the following result: There was one person killed in the United States out of 188,459 passengers; in England out of 311,345; in France out of 377,358; in Belgium out of 1,122,274; in Prussia out of 3,294,975. This calculation is contained in a report drawn up by a commission appointed for the purpose by the French Government.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.—Rev. J. L. Lame, of the Philadelphia Conference, who was driven from his circuit in Mississippi, because he would not publish, in his paper, the *Herald*, is about to publish, in pamphlet form, an account of his expulsion. This will be a new and interesting chapter in the history of Southern Methodism.

Rev. J. McCarter, of the same Conference, and author of "Slavery as it exists in the United States," is preparing a volume on the relations of Methodism to slavery in that region.—*Northern Independent.*

KIDNAPPING.—Considerable excitement was created at St. Augustine, Fla., Sept. 20, by the arrest, on the charge of oapping of a boy from Charleston, and his being offered for sale at St. Augustine as a slave. He is about fifteen years old, claims to be white and free, and says he is a son of Polly Ordeel, a tailor, in Charleston. He says that two summers ago, at Charleston, he was enticed on board a steamship by the engineer, locked up in a room, landed at Savannah, sold to a negro-trader, and has since been sold several times, until he finally reached Fort Pike, in Florida, where he was sold and granted by Judge Putnam of the Circuit Court, Eastern District, on the application of two citizens of St. Augustine.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SERIOUS ODDITY.—A Presiding Elder in Walker Co., Ala., was examining an applicant for a preaching license—one who felt himself called upon to preach the Gospel—addressed "Brother," said our friend, the Presiding Elder, "are you a Universalist or a Unitarian?"

"The Quarterly Conference difficulty, I think is a *safe case*; though the brother is an old Baptist, and a Calvinist, and a *Union* man; so, I reckon I'm a Unitarian."

The Quarterly Conference difficulty, I think is a *safe case*; though the brother is an old Baptist, and a Calvinist, and a *Union* man; so, I reckon I'm a Unitarian."

A NEW DICTIONARY.—The Philological Society of England have undertaken a two-fold enterprise, both historical, to prepare a new dictionary of the English language, The Literary Committee consists of the Dean of Westminster, Archbishop Trench, Dean Milman, and Mr. H. Coleridge; and the Historical and Etymological Committee is composed of Mr. Wedgwood, Prof. Malden, and another not yet named. The former of these Committees will edit the dictionary, and the general working of the scheme; and arrangements have been made for an early publication of the work.

The Dictionary is to contain all the words used in the English language. The philological department is intended to be thorough. Volunteer cooperation is invited, and the result will probably be a book worthy of the name.

FEMALE PREACHERS.—At the Universalist General Convention at Gallipolis, R. I., last Thursday, the Hon. John Galbraith, of Pennsylvania, submitted the following:

"Resolved, That we feel the deepest sense of gratitude the fact that within the past year letters of fellowship have been received by a lady (Rev. Lydia Ann Jenkins), and that the Committee on Ministry, in addition to examining her moral and intellectual attainments promptly to aid in the work of preaching the doctrines of Christian Universalism, in recommending her for ordination to the work of the Ministry; and that it be recommended that our public schools and colleges be opened for the instruction of both the sexes."

The resolution was put on the passage, and lost. Yeas, 13; Nays, 21. It is the first time, we believe, that the propriety of preaching by women has been considered in an ecclesiastical body in this country.—*Tribune.*

"BRESS DER LOR'!"—The Boston correspondent of the Nashua *Register* was recently accosted by a colored man, long in this city, in the evenings since. The minister, a mouse-colored gentleman from abroad, said he should like to say a few words to him, if he would not be offended at being called "mister." He then proceeded to say that some three years ago he was in this city trying to raise fifteen hundred dollars to buy his wife and children out of slavery. "I raised the money, bress de Lor'!" He then went to St. Louis—"found de man, bress de Lor'!" He then went to Chicago—"found de man, bress de Lor'!" He then went to St. Louis—"found de man, bress de Lor'!" He then went to St. Louis—"found de man, bress de Lor'!" He then went to Chicago, fell in with Prince and the owner refused to give them up unless thirty-eight dollars, the physician's bill, was forthcoming. The money-covered great blue notes, bress de Lor'!" He then went to Prince and to St. Louis with the whole amount. "But, bress der Lor'!" he leaned the hat top of his stentorian voice, "when I got dar de ole woman an' de children had gone, and gone to Canada, bress der Lor'! and I'se got de fifteen hun'ud an' thirty-eight dollars in de bank, bress der Lor'!"

He made a very familiar use of the phrase, "Bress der Lor'!" He then the congregation, as is customary, marched up to the altar to contribute to the collection, the minister said, "Will de brudders give way and let de sisters pass up; give 'em room,—you know dey wants a deal wid der big boops—bress der Lor'!"

TOO APPROPRIATE A TEXT.—A good story was told us, lately, of a popular preacher in the town of H——, in Pennsylvania, who has the misfortune to be married. It appears the minister had been wedded to a most worthy lady, whose first gift was a dowry of ten thousand dollars, with the promise of as much more upon the decease of her father parent. Shortly after marriage, while occupying the pulpit, he chanced to give out a hymn, the fifth verse of which commenced:

"Forever let my grateful heart"

His words paused—he colored up deeply—then adding, "The choir will omit the fifth verse," sat down with something like a blush on his face. With each succeeding excited of this conduct of their minister, the congregation smiled *some* as they read:

"Forever let my grateful heart
Rejoice and magnify the Lord
Which gives *ten thousand* blessings now,
And bids me *hope for more*."

—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION VINDICATED.—The speech of Rev. Mr. Bleby on West India Emancipation is worth ten times the price asked for it. It is the sunlight shed down upon the history of the great event of which this conduct, and cannot fail to darken gratitude to God that he is again instituting the right. Mr. Bleby is a Wesleyan missionary, at present in Jamaica, and no man is better able to speak upon the workings of emancipation than he is, having been upon those islands for more than twenty-seven years.

This masterly speech, so well fitted to preserved as matter of history, and as a work of reference, has been issued in pamphlet form, and is now on sale at Sampson Low's, 81 Ludgate Street, and may be had by sending to this office. Price, 40 cents a dozen, postpaid to any part of the country. A few copies only have been issued, friends will need be active in supplying themselves. Send on your orders at once.—*Syracuse Free Press.*

STEWART AND CO.—The multitude of A. T. Stewart & Co. has lately been enlarged, and it is now probably the most spacious and the handsomest store of the kind in the world. With its dimensions it is equal to Niblo's, it is 175 feet deep and 165 feet wide. 350 men are employed in it; 100 sewing-machines are kept constantly busy, and 150 women earn their daily bread by taking work from the establishment. Carpets from Persia, England and France, shawls from Cashmere and from China, silks from all the principal manufactories of Europe, curtain draperies and ormolu furniture from Paris, and exquisite lace from Brussels and Mechlin, are here brought together as if by a fairy wand. But it is not so much the interest of the least to the reflecting visitor, is the multitudinous assemblage of humanity—men, women and children—thronging from morning five and six thousand, who daily throng this immense bazaar, seeking the attentive salesmen with their various errands of business or of fashionable entertainment or resource. What a story for the moralist opens here!—*Evening Post.*

A BABOON AT LIBERTY.—GREAT EXCITEMENT!—Yesterday forenoon, a very large, and very powerful ape, turned out to be a defaulter, having made away, as is alleged, with some funds belonging to the bank. An investigation is progressing by the directors, to ascertain the extent of the defalcation and loss by the bondsmen of Mr. Woodworth and by his private friends, who have been made over to the bank to be protected from loss. It is said he has been indulging in fancy stocks for some time, and which, as is generally the case, has brought him to grief. Mr. March is a leading Baptist in Brighton, and relations are heard with concern by the Church. It was supposed that he was in Canada, on the occasion of the occurrence, and this opinion was all the stronger from the fact that the accounts and books have balanced with the nicest exactness, and the examination of his affairs by the Bank Commissioner, only last, revealed no suspicious circumstances. A few days since the President of the Fancuil Hall Bank, whether in should furnish Mr. Woodworth with $20,000 on New York on account, of the Bank at Tiffin, Michigan. He at once replied, if they did it, it was at their own risk. Mr. Bennett was then informed of the fact, and already let him have the same amount. This led to an investigation, and to the confession of Mr. March, who been trusted to a house in Boston, by his friends, for four years, to be kept for them, and has been appropriating the funds of the other, to his own use, and speculating with the proceeds. He had purchased a house in Brighton for $15,000, which was furnished in palatial style, speculated at second hand, given $1,000 to a young woman to furnish a splendid edifice in that town, bought and sold fancy stocks, &c., &c. He has, of course, been in danger of being discovered, he sold his horse-for $10,000, at the same time discharging a mortgage upon it of $5,000. At the same time he got rid of his stocks at a little profit, and, in the hurry and excitement of the emotion phase that the bank will be fully indemnified. His bondsmen will be good for it, we suppose, as a sacrifice. The directors are disposed to be lenient with the defaulter, but the Bank Commissioner states that he has within a short time lost $7,000 by a brokerage house in Boston, and, if he is to be trusted, it is which the directors had not the least suspicion that he was connected, as the business was carried on in the name of another person. The affair is a great shock to the friends of the directors. His friends deeply sympathize in his misfortunes, and are doing all in their power to relieve him. He has a wife and two children."

A NEGRO BOYTAKES FROM HIS MASTER IN CANADA.—We have received from Rev. Doctor G. N. Goodwin the following particulars of an affair that occured at Chatham yesterday afternoon: A party of Southerners were on the express train due here at 3 o'clock, P. M., and stopped at Chatham yesterday afternoon—a boy of ten years—along with him. At London a colored man had entered into conversation with the boy while standing upon the platform. The conversation was carried on, however, but when the train reached Chatham, where it stops for a few minutes, the colored man approached the boy, and, standing upon the platform, he was surrounded by a numerous gathering of three or four hundred colored people, evidently laboring under great excitement. A white man, representing himself to be the sheriff of the county, came down from where the gentleman and his servant sat, followed by a crowd of colored men. He asked the latter individual, whether he got to come out. He replied that he would not, claiming to be his master. In the meantime those outside were shouting, "Bring him out!" &c., and everywhere the cry was heard, "Let him come outside as well as he. The boy was taken out, crying, and endeavoring to escape, but was hustled back into the crowd. The train then started, and the gentleman, whose name is W. R. Merwin, and residence Cincinnati, left the boy in the hands of the crowd at the Revel House.—*Detroit Adv., Sept. 27.*

Of this case *The Tribune says:*

The journals blaze with accounts of "A Fugitive Slave Mob in Canada," which is stigmatized as "a most atrocious and illegal outrage," whereas it is stated that a Mr. W. R. Merwin of St. Louis was forcibly dispossessed of a negro boy, aged ten years and taken from him on board the great Western Railway, from Niagara Falls to Detroit. This "outrage" is said to have been perpetrated by "a negro mob," armed with clubs, and led by a "Mr. Ward, a fugitive slave, who is a white man, who pretended to be one of her Majesty's officers and who attempted to arrest Mr. Merwin."

We are reluctantly informed of certain facts, which place this matter in rather a different light. These facts are as follows:

1. Mr. Merwin is not a native of Southern or Western, but a Northern travelling agent for a house in this city.

2. He is not the legal owner of any slave.

3. If he pretended to own the fugitive boy, he must have been cheating somehow, for he has assured his employers here that he did not own a slave.

4. The boy was almost certainly free-born; but, at all events, he was made free by being taken through the free States and Canada, and by his own claim to be free.

On the whole, we strongly suspect, that Mr. W. R. Merwin will pocket the "outrage," and will not hereafter claim the boy.

A CLERGYMAN HUNG.—Rev. Preston S. Turley, of Virginia, on the 17th ult, the Rev. Preston S. Turley was hung for the crime of murdering his wife. He was a preacher of considerable ability, and in times past was held in high estimation of his neighbors. At 10:35 o'clock he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and read aloud the following hymn, composed by the Sheriff and clergy already named. Just before upon ascending the scaffold, the Rev. Mr. Brown gave out the hymn, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," which he said was the hymn that all present would join in singing. The hymn was sung by the prisoner's voice was distinctly audible above all others. This part is the hymn sung, which he read, was taken from the 15th chapter of St. Luke, the parable of the prodigal son. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Brown, and the prisoner meanwhile prayed audibly. He then engaged silently in prayer. At a quarter past eleven o'clock, he stepped to the front of the platform, and addressed the vast multitude present. Many in assembly. He attributed the condition to which he was reduced to the use of ardent spirits, and said that the immediate causes at work to produce it. Whiskey, said he, was the cause of his committing the murder; whiskey was the cause of his being in jail, and whiskey was the cause of his being hung. He said, he had been reared up pious, from the 15th chapter of St. Luke, the parable of the prodigal son. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Brown, and the prisoner meanwhile prayed audibly. He then engaged silently in prayer. At a quarter past eleven o'clock, he stepped to the front of the platform, and addressed the vast multitude present. Many in assembly. He attributed the condition to which he was reduced to the use of ardent spirits, and said that the immediate causes at work to produce it. Whiskey, said he, was the cause of his committing the murder; whiskey was the cause of his being in jail, and whiskey was the cause of his being hung. He said, he had been reared up pious, from the world; it had incarcerated him in jail for eight months and nine days; and, in a few minutes, he would, through whiskey, be transported to Heaven. He then said, he, I have been a hardened sinner, but I trust, by faithful prayer, I have obtained the pardon of my sins. Many of you are now present have heard me preach often, and I trust they will take heed to life my last sermon. I freely forgive all who have injured me in this world, and I hope my enemies will be extended to me by those against whom I have offended. I have lived a sinner, and I hope I have revealed to you the sins that I could recollect; some of course I could not recollect, which were committed while under the influence of liquor; but I trust, through the mercy of God, I will be forgiven for them. He continued very much in this strain for about three-quarters of an hour, when the conclusion he requested "O Jerusalem my happy home, I might be sang, remarking that many present had sang it with him under happy circumstances in the past. He then sang the hymn, and joined in singing he called his father on the platform and threw himself upon his bosom, suspending the singing only long enough to say, "Good bye, my dear father, good bye." He was followed by lady with his mother, and then took his little daughter in his arms and kissed her affectionately and bade her good bye without interruption. They then left the scene. He then shook hands with many of his friends, including two of his wife's kindred, and said to them, "I do not shed one single tears to the eyes of every one present."

At 12 o'clock he was delivered the Sheriff and said, "I am ready to die." The rope was then adjusted around his neck, and now for the first time did he seem to falter. He then stepped off the platform, and died in a most quiet manner. He told the Sheriff, "Cut the rope quick, that I may go to Jesus." The rope was cut in about the twenty second. Long cause, receive my spirit," and the Sheriff cut the rope. The Sheriff touched the spring, and consummated that act of retribution. He died without a struggle. The body was allowed to swing for forty minutes, when it was taken down and deposited into a neat coffin. The deceased was 36 years of age, and a gentleman of fine talent.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1858.

1006 Stephen Barker, Leominster, Massachusetts,	$2 00
1006 Jos. Marsh, Northampton, "	2 00
1006 Ira Ames, Springfield, "	2 00
1006 Mrs. Anna Sibley, Chelsea, "	2 00
1006 Mrs. Ann Greene, Providence, R. I.	2 00
936 P. W. Morrell, Grantville, "	2 00
978 Elias F. Meade, Rutland, "	1 00
1006 Mrs. Mary Ann Wilkinson, Providence, "	2 00
978 W. H. Swan, Mendon, "	2 00
978 H. C. Snow, Boston, "	2 00
1005 Mrs. Ann Hinckley, "	2 00
1005 Simpson H. Lewis, "	2 00
1006 Mrs. Anthony Freeman, "	2 00
1006 Emery B. Fay, "	2 00
952 R. W. Thesher, Westfield, Vermont,	2 00
1006 Jonathan Wilcox, Waitsfield, "	2 00
1006 Aphronia Bean, Irasburg, "	2 00
1006 Corlyn Mosley, West Albany, New York,	2 00
1006 Hiram Scott, Albany, "	2 00
980 Mullen Seaver, "	2 00
1006 Mrs. Sarah Charleston, "	2 00
978 Moses Reader, Woodstock, "	2 00
978 Mrs. W. B. Ely, West Charleston, "	2 00
1004 Mrs. Mary B. Hatch, "	2 00
1004 Mrs. Mary Hinckley, "	3 00
1006 D. Janes, Providence, R. I.	2 00
987 Rev. C. H. Malcom, Newport, R. I.	2 00
1007 Julius Allen, New York City, "	2 00
1007 Rev. J. R. W. Sloan, N. Y. City, "	2 00
987 S. Howland, Sherwood, New York, "	2 00
1007 Elias F. Doty, Macedon, "	2 00
1007 J. A. Bunn, Ludlowville, "	2 00
1007 Alex. Walsh, "	1 00
1007 Mrs. P. M. Clapp, Baltimore, Md.,	2 00
1005 Fanny Dean, Lindenville, O.,	2 00
1006 Mrs. Ann Thompson, Monroe, N. J.,	2 00
977 Jonah Carter, Sugar Grove, Pa.,	2 00

Donations.

James T. Shoves, Portsmouth, N. H.,	5 00
Rev. C. H. Malcom, Providence, R. I.,	1 00
Francis Jackson, Boston, Mass. (pledge),	200 00
Friends in Portsmouth, N. H., by Mrs. L. Nowell,	15 00

By Samuel May, Jr., for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Justin Smith, East Randolph,	10 00
Cash, Collection, Convention,	2 00
Collection by Finance Committee of West Randolph Convention,	25 00
At Tyngsborough,	1 50
W. H. H. Chaffin, Northfield,	1 50
Collection at West Brookfield meeting-house,	13 09
Spencer Wolcott, "	2 65
Collection at Sturbridge,	6 00
" at Johnsville,	6 17
" at McIndoes Falls,	3 45
" at Bradford,	3 36

Collections for the Truest Fund in Vermont, by Miss Caroline F. Putnam.

From 9 persons in Woodstock,	$1 45
" 14 " Randolph,	1 69
" 21 " Brookfield,	1 00

For The Standard.

I THIRST.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

I THIRST, but earth cannot allay
The fever coursing through my veins;
The healing stream is far away,
It flows through Salem's glorious plains.

The murmurs of its crystal flow
Break ever o'er this world of strife;
My heart is weary, let me go
To bathe it in the stream of life.

For many a worn and weary heart
Hath bathed itself in this pure stream,
And felt its griefs and cares depart,
E'en like some sad, forgotten dream.

For The Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER V.

As Aggy walked slowly homeward, she tried to collect her scattered thoughts and form something like a definite plan of action for the future. She resolved to go at once to Mr. Delnoe, and demand the immediate fulfilment of his promise. She intended to claim it upon the ground of justice, as her positive right, and believed that he would readily grant it, for on every occasion he had shown her the most marked proofs of indulgence. Indeed his treatment of her was always respectful, and at times almost tender. He never ordered her, but asked as a favor any attention or service. She had been universally cold and distant toward him, instinctively shrinking from the father who would not openly acknowledge her as his child; yet she had no clear idea upon the subject, such was the force of habit and custom; only nature, in her silent way, does always attest to truth and despise injustice. "I shall go North," thought Agatha; "I will get a situation of some kind—I'll work hard—I'll try to kill my heart—I'll get over this—I will. But, first, I shall demand, outright, from *my father*, a child's portion of his property, or at least enough of my just inheritance to assist me in my self-support. But"—and her cheek burnt redly—"if I had only done right through all the past, I might be happy in the future." Again her face blanched, and her fingers twitched nervously about her heart.

But, as she walked along, quietly, maturing her plan, she grew calm and self-possessed. The evening was coming on, and a premonition of its calmness was already abroad in the dove-like gentleness of the atmosphere, the prayerful bush of leaf, shrub and tree, and the silent movement of the new moon, which bent its crescent in the east as an ensign of harmony.

As she drew near the house, Aggy was surprised to discover unusual signs of haste and agitation. Servants were running to and fro, and there was every symptom of confusion and disorder. She quickened her step, passing through the outer grounds, and on the left of the conservatory, and entered the front yard, where she saw the physician's carriage; and fearing that Marian was ill, rushed through the front entry, up two flights of stairs, and through the halls until she reached Marian's chamber, which, to her surprise, was vacant.

"*She*, at least, is not ill, thank God!" broke from the quadroon's lips. Pausing for a moment to regain breath, she looked round the room, and what met her eye? On a table, among books and papers, she discovered a miniature of Raymond, which had been carelessly thrown there! The temptation was great; she took it up and looked at it earnestly; 'twas so like him—exact—the lips seemed ready to burst forth in speech; the eyes—*they were his!* The artist had surely worked in a happy moment, for he had even succeeded in catching Raymond's trick of manner, which was peculiar. With what patient, attentive eyes she scanned the work! Her cheek was wet with tears, and her fine lip trembled with the heart's pent emotion!

"Oh," she thought, "if this were only *mine*, I'd prize it so—'twould be a source of consolation when I am a great way off. Marian has thrown it down here, among her papers. She does not value it, else would it be lying on her heart. Let me take it with me, as a love-charm, a solace in my far-off wanderings."

She acted upon the thought, and, concealing it in her bosom, turned to leave the room; but no—conscience put a rebuke in her very feet—they refused to bear her hence—and, after a second's reflection, she took the treasure from her bosom, and, dashing it on the table, said aloud, "She has *him*, let her have the picture too."

Just then a shadow darkened the door, and, looking up, Aggy stood face to face with Josephine Finney; but there was nothing in those serene, up-looking eyes to betray that the words had been heard. She asked, in a quiet tone,

"Where have you been, Aggy?"

"Out on the plantation for some time, as I had no particular work to attend to; but, Miss Finney, can you tell me where Miss Marian is?"

"With her father, of course, and she wanted you; have you not seen her?"

"No, ma'm; and please tell me, what is the matter?"

"Why, don't you know that Mr. Delnoe is very ill—stricken, I think, by paralysis? I am waiting now until the doctor comes out of the chamber to get his real opinion of the case. Of course he will be cautious about giving this within Marian's hearing. Poor child! this is her first recollected sorrow."

"Must he die soon?" The quadroon seemed to ask this question of Heaven, of Fate, rather than her companion; for she did not appear to care for the answer, and abruptly left the room.

In an elegant chamber, richly hung with lace and damask drapery, surrounded by pictures in ornate frames, by statues of rare workmanship, and upon a luxurious couch, William Delnoe, the worn-out worldling, lay dying. His daughter sat beside him, watching anxiously every breath as it came heavily. She held his hand between her own soft palms, and her eyes never wandered from his face. On the opposite side of the bed sat the family physician, holding the patient's pulse and attentively counting the life-beats. The mulatto nurse, in huge turban, moved about the room, fidgetty as all nurses are; altering the position of a vial here, or a bottle there, moving a chair, consulting the watch, or adjusting the cover of the bed; no doubt by way of showing her needful importance and displeasure her general busy-bodyism. Mr. Delnoe laid very quietly upon his pillow, appearing to rest calmly, but with a face pale and ghostly. The doctor rose to leave; Marian looked up anxiously.

"Must you leave, doctor? Can't you remain with us through the evening and night? My father may awaken much worse. Do you think him very ill? Can't you stay with us?"

There was a pleading earnestness in her tone, and a petition in the sweet eyes which were upturned to his.

The doctor hesitated a moment, consulted his watch, and, in a wavering, professional tone, replied,

"Well, you know, Miss Delnoe, I have yet many patients to see, but I shall only visit the most important cases, and leave the others until to-morrow, and so return to pass the evening here. I want to watch your father's case through."

So saying, he bowed himself out of the chamber, and Marian's eyes returned to their vigilant love-watch.

Just then, Aggy entered, bearing a shaded lamp; placing it upon the table, she glided up to the bed. One look at that dead-white face told her the worst. She trembled like an aspen leaf, for, if Mr. Delnoe should never recover his senses, how was her boon to be obtained? Moreover, a natural feeling, a sort of dim dawning of filial solicitude, stirred within her.

She took her station at the opposite side of the couch, near the nurse, and with her eyes fall bent upon Marian.

How different! two sisters so widely sundered by position, by fortune, so separated in sentiment, met at the death-bed of their father! Was not this a moment to unite them, if none other could? A large chevai-glass, hanging opposite, reflected Aggy's features perfectly, and as her eye caught the image for one moment, then wandered to Marian's, the quadroon started! For the first time she detected the resemblance. A common sorrow seemed to bring out the deep under-points of a family likeness which certainly existed, but was probably unobserved when they were not, as now, in sympathy one with the other.

"Move the light, Aggy," said Marian, as she looked up, and suddenly started. Why was this? Did *she* see the resemblance? Did her spirit rend *the fact* in that poor, pale quadroon face?

Aggy arranged the lamp in such a manner as to leave the room in partial shadow, and, creeping up to Marian, seated herself beside her. Marian was weary from anxiety and watching; so, leaning her head heavily on the quadroon's shoulder, she fell into a gentle, baby-like sleep. Aggy's arm and Aggy's breast supported her; and thus the playmates of childhood—in sorrow, not in play—were brought lovingly together.

Mr. Delnoe moved, opened his eyes and asked for water. The nurse held a quieting potion to his lips; he made an attempt to swallow—strangled—and made a second effort with no more success.

"Lift me up, nurse," he asked.

Upon being propped up in bed, he called for light—complained that it was not bright enough, and insisted upon having more.

"I can't see, nurse; give me a blaze of lamps. I want to look all around me."

Four astral lamps were brought and placed on the table in front of his bed; still he complained of the dimness.

The nurse began chafing his temples and brow with stimulating fluid, and he seemed to gain strength. As he turned his eye round and beheld Marian, with her head on Aggy's shoulder, he smiled faintly, then suddenly his brow gathered into a black frown, and a half-uttered oath escaped his lips.

"Who told Marian? Who grieved her? tell me, I'll kill him—they shan't blacken me in her heart. She shan't be grieved—my pet, my pride, Marian." As he said this through clenched teeth, and started up from the bed, his strength failed him; he fell back upon the couch and expired in a horrid convulsion.

"The worst is over," exclaimed the nurse, as she closed the lids over those widely staring eyes; "he's wid his God now."

Aggy rose, and, assisted by the nurse, bore Marian to an adjoining room, and, placing her upon a couch, left her in the care of Josephine Finney.

The doctor returned to find his rich patient past need of medical treatment.

"What time did he die?" he asked of the nurse.

"Just thout nine o'clock, doctor."

"Miss Delnoe—how and where is she?"

"She's 'sleep now; poor young miss, she'll take on orful when she comes to hemr it. I'd like, doctor, to keep it from her a good bit."

"She will have to know it; perhaps Ir Miss Finney had better break the intelligence to her."

"I will tell her, doctor," said Aggy, in a hollow voice.

"You?" the doctor inquired with an instinctive respect in his tone, as he glanced at the quadroon's fair form and lady-like manner.

"Yes, doctor, I'm most with her; understand her better than any one else, and would prefer hearing the painful news to her. *It is my duty.*"

There was that in the quadroon's determined tone which he did not gainsay.

CHAPTER VI.

After the body was neatly dressed and laid out upon the bed, fresh flowers placed upon the table, and long waxen candles lighted beside the bier, Aggy stole out from the room and sought Marian, who still slept, all oblivious of her recent loss.

The quadroon gazed upon those sleeping features, and watched the regular motion of the healthy breath with a tender eye.

Josephine Finney sat very still and quiet upon the opposite side of the bed, also attentively regarding the sleeper.

"Did he die calmly, Aggy?"

"With a very severe struggle, ma'm." Tears were in the quadroon's eyes.

"He was a good master."

Aggy's eye flashed! the word *master* had come to grate disagreeably upon her ear. Miss Finney observed the flash, but perhaps ascribed it to pride, to temper; certainly not to the right cause.

When Marian awoke, without being told, she read the fearful news in the faces of those who stood around.

"I am an orphan!" burst from her lips in a cry of pain; "take me to him—take me to my father."

Beside that form and upon that still, dead face she wept her first tears of conscious sorrow.

We pass over the funeral and burial of Mr. Delnoe. It is a scene sacred to others, and from which we dare not lift the veil. Time, that brings rest to us all, brought relief to Marian, whose sorrow at first seemed wild and turbulent. Raymond was her almost constant companion, soothing with words of love and upholding her weakness by the strength of his own nature. Josephine Finney, too, stood ready to console and cherish her, and the poor quadroon, who had most need of comfort, was not the least one in sheltering her mistress; and as she composed her lips to speak words of cheer, her own heart was torn by a hundred fangs. The bitterest martyrdom is often silent. Many a human heart is its own inquisition and chamber of terrors. At first, Marian's daily visits to her father's grave were regular and uniform; gradually Raymond lured her off in other and less solitary directions, and so beguiled her mind from a too keen contemplation of its bereavement. Thus, in the course of a few weeks, she was won back to a happy and almost careless state of mind; meanwhile her lover urged her to a speedy consummation of his wishes.

The preparation for the wedding was carried on in the pleasantest manner. Josephine, Marian and sundry dressmakers were in constant consultation upon the relative merits of satin, moire antique, &c., and thus the house was in a happy little tumult all the while.

Marian never looked prettier or brighter. The dress of deep mourning seemed to bring out finely the most salient points of her face. The house, instead of being one of grief, had been turned into a mansion of rejoicing; even the slaves were interested to know something of the new master, whose dynasty was to begin so soon; and though the wedding ("*owing to the recent affliction!*") was to be entirely private, it promised pleasure, a holiday, cakes, pies, &c., to them; so of course it was looked forward to with pleasure.

Marian Delnoe sat alone in her room, one morning, tying white satin ribbon into curious love-knots, and quilling lace to the tope of white kid glove.

"There, that *will* do," or "that won't do," she frequently cried, as she tossed glove, lace and ribbon down to be half lost in a pile of finery lying at her feet. She seemed tired of her foolish work.

Scattering the ribbons and laces with her tiny foot, she rose, walked to a table, opened a book, and read aloud.

"'Tis idlesse all."

"Miss Marian!"

Turning round, she said—

"Ah, it is you, Aggy; I am glad you have come; I want to talk with you; have been thinking about it for a long time, but since poor papa's death" (the tears were in her eyes), "everything has seemed to crowd in upon me so that I forgot you—and then" (she smiled) "I am so happy about this marriage that I don't think of much else."

Aggy was very still.

"Come up to me, girl." Marian seated herself in a rocking chair, and motioned to Aggy to take the stool at her feet.

"You see, Aggy, I know you are fretting about something, and have been for a great while. What is the matter? Can I do anything for you? Has anybody used you ill? Haven't you as many books as you wish? I told you to take any volume out of the library that you wanted, only to be particular in returning it; and, as for finery, you don't seem to care for it. I'll give you anything you want. What can make you so sad?"

Aggy did not speak—did not dare look toward her mistress.

"I hope," continued Marian, "that you haven't a sweetheart, Aggy, for I shouldn't like to have you marry."

Aggy shivered; Marian observed it.

"Why, Aggy, you don't want to marry; surely that would be too foolish."

The quadroon could not refrain from saying,

"You are going to marry."

"Yes, but it is different with me. I am a lady and you only a slave."

"I am—so I am." The quadroon's tone was very bitter, and her whole face was wet with the dash of tears.

Marian looked pained.

"What is it, Aggy?"

"Oh, Miss Marian," cried the girl, upon a sudden impulse, falling on her knees at her mistress's feet, "give me my freedom—let me go away—let me be free, and I'll bless you."

The words come brokenly through the tears and agitation of voice. Marian was amazed; she had not thought of this.

"Aggy," she asked, "can any one have been tampering with you? Has Josephine Finney—"

"No, ma'm, no, no. Miss Finney has said nothing to me. No one has spoken of it; 'tis my own heart that asks for *liberty*. I shall die if I stay here longer."

Marian was so surprised that she did not seem to apprehend fully what the slave wanted. If she had taken the idea, no doubt she would have condemned Aggy for *ingratitude*.

"Your father," pursued Aggy more composedly, "promised my mother that I should be free. I was about demanding his compliance with this promise, when he was suddenly taken from us. During the hours of your affliction, I could not trouble you; but now, Miss Marian, when you are so happy, can't you spare me? Can't you let me go and seek my happiness?"

"Your happiness, Aggy, is surest with me. What would you do with freedom, or freedom with you?"

"It would make me a woman."

"Nonsense, girl, I can't think of such a thing. Somebody, over hasty at that, has been talking to you. I do believe it is Josey, for she is mischievous, or else you are in love. Stay! let me see—can it be with the butler—with James? I'll make him marry you the moment you should run off!"

"*Miss Marian!*"

There was a sternness and haughty reproof in Aggy's tone, which at another time would have provoked Marian. Now, however, she was too much preoccupied to notice it.

"I don't believe, Aggy, that papa ever promised your mother that you should be free; or, if he did, it was only a playful promise that he had no thought of keeping."

"If I could only have spoken with him!" Aggy twisted her fingers together in that manner so indicative of pain; she shivered drendifully, but there were no tears now to contend with.

"Get up, foolish girl, and go away; this is a feeling which you will get over. Stay—take that blue silk dress of mine; 'tis n't half worn, but, as I am in mourning, I do not need it; you shall have it. Take it from the wardrobe."

"Please, Miss Marian—I—had—rather not." The girl's hand was on the knob of the door—she was leaving.

"Aggy," exclaimed Marian, "*is it so unkind*, ungrateful in you to wish to leave me now. I am an orphan, and just going to be married; you have had chief care of me, and now to want to go away from me is mean. What would papa say?" and she burst into tears.

This touched Aggy, for she loved Marian, and in her generosity forgot herself.

"No, no, Miss Marian, I'm not ungrateful—I don't want to leave you—'tis not that; but I am—oh! so miserable! But I'll stay until—until you are married; then will you let me go?"

"Yes, see how selfish you are, to want to leave me at all. You know I can't do without you; there is no one to take your place."

"Rachel is a good girl, more capable than I am, and fonder of the sort of work you'll have for her to do."

"I thought, Aggy, that you were fond of me; that your chief pleasure was to dress me, wait upon me; but now you want to leave me. It is shameful ingratitude. If papa were alive, you wouldn't think of it."

"I be were only alive"—and the quadroon left the apartment.

"Oh, Josey, Josey," said Marian, as the two young ladies mat on the balcony; "don't you think, Aggy came and asked me to set her free immediately! What do you think of such impudence and ingratitude?"

"Why, this is strange, but I always wondered how such a person *could* remain in slavery."

"Are you quite sure, Josephine, that you have not been talking with her?"

Marian's eyes were fixed intently upon Miss Finney, watching every variety or change of countenance.

"What do you mean, Marian? You can't intend to insult me, and yet your words imply it."

"No, Josey, forgive me. I am growing suspicious, and doubt even my best friends; but it seems so strange that the girl who has always been so faithful should now act so ungratefully. But there is Raymond coming up the avenue; where is my hat? I'll meet him."

And there they are, strolling leisurely up the walk, in the shade of those old oak trees.

"William, I've been so annoyed to-day; don't you think, my maid, Aggy, has *dared* to ask me to set her free. This is too ungrateful, after all my kindness to her. Servants are so ungrateful, but I did think she was true and grateful."

There was an abrupt pause; Marian felt the arm upon which she leaned tremble, but he made no reply to her complaint.

"Don't you think her ungrateful? You have often observed her, I dare say—that handsome quadroon girl."

"Oh, yes." His very voice was husky, and he trembled violently.

"What is the matter with you, William? are you sick? You shake like one with the ague."

"No, I feel chilly; the evening air"—

"Is pleasant, dear, but perhaps you have been too long immersed in your office; that always makes you nervous."

"Yes, yes."

"But when we are married, I don't intend to let you neglect yourself thus. I'll keep you at home until you get quite well and strong."

It was a ghastly smile that he gave in response to her sickly pleasantry.

"Don't you think, William, that it was ungrateful in my girl to want her freedom?"

"It is a natural want, my darling."

"What is?"

"Personal liberty."

"But when she has been so indulged! I've treated her more like a friend than a slave, and to want to leave me!"

"Seems strange, indeed, to want to leave you"; and he pressed the little hand that rested upon his arm. Just then Aggy crossed the avenue, a few steps in front of them. Marian called to her. Half hesitatingly, and with a face full of pain, the slave obeyed the summons.

"Aggy," said her mistress, "Mr. Raymond is your new master. I have been telling him of your little pet this morning, and he concludes with me that this are very foolish and will soon regret it. Now, I see, from the way you hang your head, that you are ashamed; look up, this is your new master."

"Yes, ma'm."

The quadroon did look up, and her eye encountered the bloodless face and staring eyes of Raymond. She comprehended the whole, and, arming her heart with courage, made a pleasant speech, smiled a death-like smile, and left her mistress and "*new master*," rocking chair, and motioned to Aggy to take the stool at her feet.

"You see, Aggy, I know you are fretting about something, and have been for a great while. What is the matter? Can I do anything for you? Has anybody used you ill? Haven't you as many books as you wish? I told you to take any volume out of the library that you wanted, only to be particular in returning it; and, as for finery, you don't seem to care for it. I'll give you anything you want. What can make you so sad?"

Aggy did not speak—did not dare look toward her mistress.

"I hope," continued Marian, "that you haven't a sweetheart, Aggy, for I shouldn't like to have you marry."

"Y-es! Why, you answer at random. I never saw anything like you; you neither praise my maid nor my dog. It is well I have something to entertain myself with besides you, Sir Dulness. Come, Pedro—come away with me from this dull company." And off she sped, the dog rushing after her, while our hero was left to his own meditations, which *could* not be very agreeable.

Marian, who was of a very elastic temperament, never allowing anything to give her more than a moment's anxiety, quickly forgot Raymond and his disquiet in the quickness of the chase and frolic with Don Pedro. Away they scampered, through the garden, up and down avenue, across lawns, over fields and through groves, in the buoyancy of a swift foot-race.

Raymond entered the parlor, the doors of which opened upon a wide veranda. Drawing a chair near the door, he sat down and was soon lost to all surrounding consciousness. Around him was splendor and wealth, which was soon to be his; but his eye was dead to them now. Conscience had a voice, and she spoke to him with her thousand tongues. He could not banish that worn face which had glared upon him in the avenue. He reproached himself for the wrong he had done the quadroon, but then, as if to soothe himself, he thought, "She *ought* to have secured her freedom from Mr. Delnoe; she might have done so. Surely she can't be one fitted to free life, or she would have manifested more forethought. No, I suppose it is better for her as it is. Whatever is is right." And with this optimistic view of things generally, he appeared to satisfy himself, without stopping to hold a stricter inquiry.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The angels of the lord are
To free of mighty girth;
Each mighty star in its orbit burns,
And every planet in its silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the frozen rivers and land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chains are loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

FARMERS AND FARMING.

ADDRESS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE Annual Agricultural Fair in Middlesex County, Mass., took place on Wednesday, 29th ult, at Concord. The noticeable event of the day was the delivery of the following address by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the dinner:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I suppose there is no anniversary that meets from all parties a more entire good will than this rural festival. Town and country, trades and manufactures, church and laymen, sailor and soldier, men and women, all have an equal good will because an open stable is the prosperity of the farmer. It is well with all when it is well with him. He has no enemy. All are loud in his praise. Every wise state has favored him, and the best men have held him highest. Cato said, when he would praise a man for such a man was a good husbandman, it was looked upon as the very highest compliment. Of all the rewards given by the Romans to great public benefactors, the most valued and the rarest bestowed was the crown of Grass, given only by the acclamation of the army for the preservation of the whole army, by the faith of one man. Since the dependence, not of the whole army, but of the whole State rests on the tiller of the ground who grows the grass, the crown should be more rightfully awarded to the farmer. Let us look a little into the condition of the farmer, or the man with the hoe, at his strength and weakness, at his aids and servants, at his greater and lesser means, and his share in the great future which opere before the people of this country.

The glory of the farmer is that it is his to construct and to create. Let others borrow and imitate, travel and exchange, and make fortunes by speed and dexterity in selling something which they never made; but the whole rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; robbing no man, he is not defrauded; he takes what was not he has caused to be. And this necessity and duty gives the farm its dignity. All men feel this to be their natural employment. The first farmer was the first man, and all men feel a right to share the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work very well; but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which may direct his life to other duties. He feels that not some small skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product which the farmer will give him corn for, he must himself return to his due place among the planters of corn. The profession has its ancient crown of standing close to God, He who gives. Then I think the piety, the tranquillity, the innocence of the countryman, his independence, and all the pleasing arts belonging to him, the care of beast, of poultry, of sheep, of insits, of trees, and its reward in the ripening harvest, give it strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men are sensible of. All of us keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where to hide our poverty and our solitude, if we do not succeed in society. Who knows how many resources and succors from the world, from the competitions of the shop and counting-room, from the mortifying cunning of the Courts and the Senates. After the man has been degraded so that he has no longer the vigor to attempt and pay labor on the soil, yet when he has been poisoned by town life and drugged by cooks, and every meal is a force pump to exhaust by stimulus the poor remainder of his strength, he resolves: "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery and shall now be their hospital."

The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose color. You must take him just as he stands. He is a person of a strong and marked condition, and therefore one respects rather the elements of his office than himself. He bends to the order of the seasons and the weather and the soils, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and atom by atom, little by little, accomplishes her work. The lesson she teaches in fishing, ranching, hunting, or in planting, is the knowledge of nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, excess of water and drouth, patience with the slowness of the plant and with the littleness of the grain, with the largeness of sun and rain. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times himself to nature and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his food to grow. He has to plant his field and feed him and find him, and in each he must be a graceful splendor. He is spending must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's.

But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has advantages on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as a tree clinches its roots in the earth; he farms remain in the same families now for seven or eight generations, and the settlers of 1635 have their names still in town; and the same general fact holds good in all the surrounding towns in the country. This hard work will always be done by one kind of men; not by gentlemen, nor by professors, nor by professors, nor by readers of Tennyson, but by men of strength and endurance.

The farmer has a great life, and a great appetite and health, and means for his end. He has brand land in which to place his home. He has wood to burn great fires in, and plenty of plain food. His mind is not at least not watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the root of every family, and weight to each the land lively and desirable, and makes a fortune which he cannot carry with him, but which is useful to his country and mankind long afterward. The man that works at home moves society throughout the world. It is true that not by the fate of political parties, but upon external laws of political economy, slaves are driven out of Missouri, out of Texas, out of the Middle States, out of Kentucky, then the true Free Abolitionist is the farmer of Massachusetts, who, heedless of laws and constitutions, stands all day in the field investing his labor in the land and making a product with which no forced labor can in the long run contend. The rich man, we say, can speak the truth. It is the boast that was ever claimed speak the truth. It is well to have something to entertain myself with besides you, Sir Dulness. Come, Pedro—come away with me from this dull company." And off she sped, the dog rushing after her, while our hero was left to his own meditations, which *could* not be very agreeable.

Marian, who was of a very elastic temperament, never allowing anything to give her more than a moment's anxiety, quickly forgot Raymond and his disquiet in the quickness of the chase and frolic with Don Pedro. Away they scampered, through the garden, up and down avenue, across lawns, over fields and through groves, in the buoyancy of a swift foot-race.

Raymond entered the parlor, the doors of which opened upon a wide veranda. Drawing a chair near the door, he sat down and was soon lost to all surrounding consciousness. Around him was splendor and wealth, which was soon to be his; but his eye was dead to them now. Conscience had a voice, and she spoke to him with her thousand tongues. He could not banish that worn face which had glared upon him in the avenue. He reproached himself for the wrong he had done the quadroon, but then, as if to soothe himself, he thought, "She *ought* to have secured her freedom from Mr. Delnoe; she might have done so. Surely she can't be one fitted to free life, or she would have manifested more forethought. No, I suppose it is better for her as it is. Whatever is is right." And with this optimistic view of things generally, he appeared to satisfy himself, without stopping to hold a stricter inquiry.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The angels of the lord are
To free of mighty girth;
Each mighty star in its orbit burns,
And every planet in its silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the frozen rivers and land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chains are loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

FARMERS AND FARMING.

ADDRESS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE Annual Agricultural Fair in Middlesex County, Mass., took place on Wednesday, 29th ult, at Concord. The noticeable event of the day was the delivery of the following address by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the dinner:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I suppose there is no anniversary that meets from all parties a more entire good will than this rural festival. Town and country, trades and manufactures, church and laymen, sailor and soldier, men and women, all have an equal good will because an open stable is the prosperity of the farmer. It is well with all when it is well with him. He has no enemy. All are loud in his praise. Every wise state has favored him, and the best men have held him highest. Cato said, when he would praise a man for such a man was a good husbandman, it was looked upon as the very highest compliment. Of all the rewards given by the Romans to great public benefactors, the most valued and the rarest bestowed was the crown of Grass, given only by the acclamation of the army for the preservation of the whole army, by the faith of one man. Since the dependence, not of the whole army, but of the whole State rests on the tiller of the ground who grows the grass, the crown should be more rightfully awarded to the farmer. Let us look a little into the condition of the farmer, or the man with the hoe, at his strength and weakness, at his aids and servants, at his greater and lesser means, and his share in the great future which opere before the people of this country.

The glory of the farmer is that it is his to construct and to create. Let others borrow and imitate, travel and exchange, and make fortunes by speed and dexterity in selling something which they never made; but the whole rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; robbing no man he is not defrauded; he takes what was not he has caused to be. And this necessity and duty gives the farm its dignity. All men feel this to be their natural employment. The first farmer was the first man, and all men feel a right to share the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work very well; but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which may direct his life to other duties. He feels that not some small skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product which the farmer will give him corn for, he must himself return to his due place among the planters of corn. The profession has its ancient crown of standing close to God, He who gives. Then I think the piety, the tranquillity, the innocence of the countryman, his independence, and all the pleasing arts belonging to him, the care of beast, of poultry, of sheep, of insits, of trees, and its reward in the ripening harvest, give it strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men are sensible of. All of us keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where to hide our poverty and our solitude, if we do not succeed in society. Who knows how many resources and succors from the world, from the competitions of the shop and counting-room, from the mortifying cunning of the Courts and the Senates. After the man has been degraded so that he has no longer the vigor to attempt and pay labor on the soil, yet when he has been poisoned by town life and drugged by cooks, and every meal is a force pump to exhaust by stimulus the poor remainder of his strength, he resolves: "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery and shall now be their hospital."

The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose color. You must take him just as he stands. He is a person of a strong and marked condition, and therefore one respects rather the elements of his office than himself. He bends to the order of the seasons and the weather and the soils, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and atom by atom, little by little, accomplishes her work. The lesson she teaches in fishing, ranching, hunting, or in planting, is the knowledge of nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, excess of water and drouth, patience with the slowness of the plant and with the littleness of the grain, with the largeness of sun and rain. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times himself to nature and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his food to grow. He has to plant his field and feed him and find him, and in each he must be a graceful splendor. He is spending must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's.

But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has advantages on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as a tree clinches its roots in the earth; he farms remain in the same families now for seven or eight generations, and the settlers of 1635 have their names still in town; and the same general fact holds good in all the surrounding towns in the country. This hard work will always be done by one kind of men; not by gentlemen, nor by professors, nor by readers of Tennyson, but by men of strength and endurance.

The farmer has a great life, and a great appetite and health, and means for his end. He has brand land in which to place his home. He has wood to burn great fires in, and plenty of plain food. His mind is not at least not watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the root of every family, and weight to each the land lively and desirable, and makes a fortune which he cannot carry with him, but which is useful to his country and mankind long afterward. The man that works at home moves society throughout the world. It is true that not by the fate of political parties, but upon external laws of political economy, slaves are driven out of Missouri, out of Texas, out of the Middle States, out of Kentucky, then the true Free Abolitionist is the farmer of Massachusetts, who, heedless of laws and constitutions, stands all day in the field investing his labor in the

OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD.—A correspondent of the New York *Express*, who is now travelling in England, has seen the head of the Great Protector, of which he gives the following description:

"Before leaving England, I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity such as Englishmen have now, and you will be surprised, such perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the head of Oliver Cromwell—not the mere skull, but the head entire, and in a state of remarkable preservation. It is perfectly authentic, and there is a verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil. Cromwell died in Hampton Court, in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest religious convictions, and of his sincerity by dying penitent. After an imposing funeral, the dead body having been embalmed, he was buried at Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts, it was taken up and hung at Tyburn. After it had been there cut off, a pike driven up through the neck, and the head exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a while, until, by some violence, the pike was broken, and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a sentinel and concealed, and afterward conveyed to some friends who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families which can easily be traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of Henry Cromwell, a member of Parliament from Buckingham and Bedford. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head; and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and refined culture, carried it all parts; and it awakened in me, as I stood in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Verrell, the pastor of the Bromley Dissenting Church, and myself, the feeling of the past very strongly.

"This head of Cromwell is almost entire. The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, the hair is still remaining, and even the large wart on the side of the eye—such being a distinctive mark on his face—is yet perfectly visible."

OLD TUNES.—Louis Gaylord Clarke, in the September number of *The Knickerbocker*, thus speaks: "Old tunes, rather than the mere words, are the spirit of the past to us, for, where we listened to and sang them in our youth, they are sacred airs, which brought 'the light of other days' around us. There was a deep-toned parlor organ, and most effective base-viol, both well performed upon, and trained voices carried it all parts; and it awakened in us the old emotions, to hear such tunes as *Windham*, *London Wells*, *Brattle Street*, *Old Hundred*, and, last but by means least, *Norwich*. While we listened to it, we sang so often on Sunday evenings by maternal lips, that since that time the grave, tears, unbidden and irrepressible, swelled to our eyes:

"'Gently glides the stream of Life,
Still along the flowery vale;
Or impetuous down the cliff
Rushing roars, when storms assail.

"'Thus an ever varied flood,
Always rolling to the sea;
Slow or swift, or wild or tide,
Tending to Eternity!'

"Find old *Norwich*, if you have Lowell Mason's ancient collection, and, if there are singers enough to sing it, *sing it*, with all the 'parts'; if it is not sung to-day evening, all so much the better. It is wonderfully pathetic to us, and melodious also, to our poor taste."

Advertisements.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.—The following Publications are for sale at this Office, at the price of each, as well as that for which it will be forwarded to any place in the United States, when the price is given below:

	Price, by Mail.
Autobiography of a Female Slave,	$1 00
Abolitionists Portraited and Delineated,	75
Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	16
Address of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, August 1, 1854,	10
Address of Theodore Parker, Slate House,	5
A Collection of Valuable Documents,	10
American Chattel Slavery, By Rev. J. Jonas. Walker,	10
Anti-Slavery Alphabet,	5
Appeal to the Women of the Nominally Free States. By Angelina G. Weld,	5
Argument of Wendell Phillips for Removing Judge Loring,	10
Argument of Edward Livingston Against Capital Punishment,	10
A Review of the Causes and Consequences of the Mexican War. By Theo. Parker,	20
A History of the Mexican War. By Loring Moody,	20
Beautiful Anecdotes of American Slavery. By L. Maria Child,	10
Brotherhood of Thieves. By S. S. Foster,	5
Branded Hand. By Jonas. Walker,	5
Channing's Letter to Abolitionists,	10
Considerations Addressed to the Laity of the P. E. Church. By a Layman,	10
Cloud Land, Anna Dickinson's Lecture,	5
Derby Lecture. By Wm. H. Furness,	5
Despotism in America. By R. Hildreth (unbound),	50
Dialogue on Thos. Clarkson. By Prof. C. Beasse,	10
Facts in the Life of Gen. Taylor,	5
Fight of the Struggle for Slavery Extension. By Horace Greeley,	5
Fourteen: Hopper. By L. Maria Child,	20
Legion of Liberty,	10
Liberty Bell for 1856,	10
Mason Hedges (for Children),	5
Manifest Destiny of the American Union,	10
Proceedings of the Eight Anniversary Meeting, 1850,	10
Pinda—a True Tale. By Marta Weston Chapman,	10
Proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Second Decade Celebration,	50
Parker's Defence in the Burns Slave Case,	10
Speeches of Wendell Phillips, Esq., at one sitting,	10
Review of Webster. By Theodore Parker,	5
Review of Webster. By Wendell Phillips,	5
Report of the Anti-Slav