National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors

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Selections.

TRIAL OF THE WESLEYAN PREACHERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Dear Bro. Lee: As there will doubtless be an anxiety on the part of your patrons to hear from the above-written trial, I send you a synopsis thereof. You have been advised of our arrest under charge of Misdemeanor, for giving the TEN COMMANDMENTS to a little girl in Liberty, a village on the suburbs of Salem, capital of Forsyth County.

To answer the above charge, accompanied by Bro. Bacon, Bro. McBride and the writer made our way to Salem on the 7th inst. This is a Moravian town, of a population of perhaps fifteen hundred—rather a beautiful place for this country. The inhabitants are generally of Dutch descent. Though the Moravians, and even this church in Salem, were once opposed to the peculiar institution of the South, many members of Salem Church are slaveholders. We had not been in the place but a short time ere the news took the wings of electricity, and flew through the entire town, "The preachers have come!! The abolitionists are here!!!" Great was the excitement among the people. Some said, "They ought to be lynched!" others, "They ought to be hung!" and other some, "No attorney ought to appear for them," &c. &c.

Perhaps it would be interesting to the reader to have an introduction to his Honor, the judge who presided, and the lawyers who plead at the trial.

The judge (Manly) is of medium size, elegant form, slightly round-shouldered, perhaps about forty-five years of age, bright keen eyes, large intellectual faculties, has great self-possession, and presides with dignity. From his decisions and charges to the jury, &c., the reader is left to infer his sense of justice.

Messrs. Gilmer and Waddell were employed on the part of the State; the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Poindexter, did nothing but assist in managing.

Mr. Gilmer is about five feet seven inches in height, rather corpulent, straight, plump figure, dark complexion, mechanical, perceptive and reflective faculties large; a strong man—like Bonaparte, unyielding in his undertakings, and is a popular lawyer.

Mr. Waddell is of tall, slender form, temperaments highly nervous and sanguine, talents rather brilliant, and sensibilities very acute.

Mr Poindexter is a large, noble looking, and strong man.

The defendants employed two attornies—Messrs. Morehead and Mendenhall—the largest slaveholders in Guilford country. Mr. Morehead is brother to Ex-Governor Morehead, of N. C., is rising six feet in height, a very giant-like man; a full brain, gigantic mind, great courage, and is said to be the best judge of law in the State.

Mr. Mendenhall is a little over six feet, well proportioned, very straight, has a round, high head, light auburn hair, mechanical and intellectual powers large; is a good reasoner, and quite gentlemanly in his manners.

Bro. McBride was well described by Bro. Matlack, in the Wesleyan, about a year since.

Just here, I will say that I have been informed that Poindexter refused to prosecute this suit unless some person or persons of wealth became responsible for the cost; whereupon Messrs. Belo, Freeze, and Lash, prominent men in Salem, assumed the responsibility.

The case was called on Thursday, the 10th; but as the original bill of indictment was remodeled, in order, no doubt, to make all safe, and as our counsel wanted time to investigate it in its new form, we had it postponed until the following day. At II o'clock, A. M., the State declaring itself in readiness, and the defendants urging no cause for continuance, the trial commenced.

THE INDICTMENT

Contains two specifications. The first charges "Jesse McBride and Adam Crook" of, with force and arms, knowingly, wickedly, and unlawfully, with intention to excite insurrection, conspiracy, and resistance in the slaves or free negroes and persons of color within the State, bringing into the State with intent to circulate, a printed pamphlet named and styled the "Ten Commandments," the evident tendency of which pamphlet would be and is to excite insurrection, conspiracy, and resistance in the slaves or free negroes and persons of color within the State, containing, with others, the following incendiary clauses: (Here are inserted some extracts from the pamphlet.) . . Contrary to Act of Assembly, &c.* . . . and against the peace and dignity of the State.

The second specification charges the said "Jesse McBride and Adam Crook" of, with force and arms, wickedly, seditiously, knowingly, and intentionally circulating said pamphlet within the State, with an intent to excite insurrection, conspiracy, and resistance in the slaves or free negroes and persons of color within the State; which pamphlet, with other seditious teachings and doctrines, contains the following: (Then follow various extracts from the pamphlet) which taken separately, or with the balance and other parts, have an evident tendency to excite, &c. . . . . against the Act of Assembly, &c., and against the peace and dignity of the State.

WITNESSES

On the part of the State (the defendants had no witnesses) sworn, and testify the following:

Washington Kenedy. That defendants stayed over night at my house in Liberty. I left early in the morning; returned in the evening and found the pamphlet at my house. They behaved like ministers.

Lora Kenedy. McBride gave me the pamphlet in the absence of Crook. He said nothing to me when he gave it. I think this is the one he gave me; I put no mark on it by which to distinguish it from any other pamphlet of the same name. I go to Sabbath School; there are no colored persons at school or at home.

Just here, by permission from the Judge, Waddell read the pamphlet in open court. This was done to identify it.

Mr. Shore. I saw this book at my house. I do not know who brought it. I did not read it or mark it. James Kenedy came to my house one morning and got it. I think this is the same.

James W. Kenedy. I saw McBride give a little book to my sister Lora. I was in the yard. Crooks was not in the house. My father sent me to Mr. Shores after it. I brought it to Belo's store.

Edward Belo. I got this book of James W. Kenedy. It is the same; I put my name on it.

Henry Marshal. I heard McBride preach at ——. He said he was not in favor of amalgamation or insurrection; was opposed to war of all kinds; would not have the slaves take swords and guns and murder their masters; he was the friend both of the slave and his master. And he invited us to come to his trial at Salem; he was indicted for giving a little white girl the Ten Commandments.

David Idle. Never had got a book, pamphlet, or tract from either McBride or Crooks.

Smith's testimony about the same as Marshall's.

George Fulk knew nothing definite.

Newel Sap. Heard McBride say he would preach the truth independently, and Crooks that he would suffer his right arm to be cut off rather than withhold the truth.

Witnesses through; go to dinner; return; pleading commences.

MR. MOREHEAD,

In behalf of the defendants, commenced his luminous plea by raising the following point of law. Though the indictment charges us of Misdemeanor, the statute makes it a Felony. Now in misdemeanors all are principles, but this is one of those felonies which admits of accessories. On this ground I demand an acquital of Crooks. In order to convict him as an accessary, you must not only prove that he was in company at the time the pamphlet was given, but also that he was employed in advising or assisting to give it; but the very contrary is proven. This is necessary to make him an accessory, but he is charged of being a principal. But, gentlemen of the jury, the State has made a complete failure in point of sufficient evidence to convict McBride. It has not been proven that the pamphlet was brought into the State by McBride, so that it is impossible to convict him on the first charge.

I now institute a question. It is this: What constitutes a violation of the Act? I maintain the pamphlet must have been given with a wicked *intent*. If this is not so, then the lawyers, etc., who have been handing this pamphlet to and fro to each other are every one subject to indictment. The jury can not convict McBride, unless it is in testimony that he gave it with an *intent* to bring about the evils which the law is intended to prevent. To prove this I refer you to the very familiar case of the law in England as to bloodletting. The law required that every man who let blood in the streets of London, should be hung. Now, though the design of that law is plain, that it was to prevent murder which so much prevailed in that populous city, yet there were actually three physicians hung for letting blood in the street in order to save the lives of persons who were thrown from their carriages. This led to a change of the law, so that it required a compound offence, or the overt act with a criminal intent, to violate that law. I hold that this case is precisely parallel. Now, what is the evidence that McBride gave the pamphlet with a wicked intent? It was not given to a child whose parents held slaves, or where there were slaves. Lora Kenedy did not go to school where there were slaves; no slaves or colored persons about. McBride did not advise Lora to make an improper use of it.

But again: if the pamphlet is an exposition of the ten commandments, then, sirs, the defendants are innocent. All churches have an absolute right to publish their sentiments to the world. The pamphlet is not addressed to slaves, but their masters and freemen. (Here the speaker's manner grew quite animated.) The Constitution of the United States, and of this State, secures to every man the right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of his own conscience. All the Churches but one of which I have any knowledge are, or profess to be, opposed to slave-dealing—some more, some less, between the two extremes. Why tolerate all others and proscribe this? He showed, in a strong and happy light peculiar to himself, the glorious advantages of free discussion; said it had saved our necks from the galling yoke of the Church of Rome. Without free discussion we have no *Protestant Church*; we have no *America*.

The Ten Commandments is innocent in a political point of view. The liberty of speech and of the press are and ought to be tolerated. Upon this proposition the speaker mesmerized the tremendous concourse who were listening with mouth and ears. (Br. McBride at my side, whispered, "What a pity he is not a preacher.")

Mr. M. said witnesses were brought as a kind of key to show the intent of the circulation of the pamphlet, and they all show Mr. McBride to be an innocent and prudent man. Every man is an abolitionist* who dare say one word about Slavery. I have been called an abolitionist because I dared present a Quaker petition to the Legislature of this State, though every man is sworn to present every petition sent him. Slavery is a question we have a perfect right to discuss. Strange, indeed, if we dare not speak our sentiments. Not one of these men had at any time conversed with slaves in a low sneaking way. Mr. M.'s speech occupied about an hour.

MR. GILMER

Said he did not arise out of antipathy to the defendants, but from a sense of duty, &c. Said we had a right to speak of Slavery privately, but never in the presence of slaves; that "knowingly" made the design of the law obvious; that Post Masters might hand out an Anti-Slavery document ignorantly, but the design of the law is to prohibit any and all circulation of Anti-Slavery publications, either among white or colored persons; that the law was established just after the Southampton insurrection, and was made with great care and caution; that these men certainly brought the Ten Commandments into the State. McBride was recently from the State of Ohio, and the fact that he had it in his possession was legal evidence that he brought it into the State. A man found in possession of stolen goods was in law considered the thief, until he showed how he came by them. So, unless they show how they got this book, they must be considered the guilty persons.

But it has been argued that the pamphlet was not given with an evil *intent*. The law supposes a man to intend all that may legitimately flow from his conduct. Look at the manner in which the pamphlet was given the child. That he did not say *one word* to her, shows clearly his intention in giving her the book. He did not ask her to read it when he gave it to her, nor did he on his return, at the time of giving the pamphlet to the other children, say, "Lora have you read your little book? how do you like it?" or any thing of the kind. No! but in a sneaking and sly way, when all were out but the little girl, slips to his trunk, and hands her this little book—Crooks, in order that he might appear innocent, stepped out of the house. No doubt but he was knowing and consentive to it all, and hence accessory. The fact of their having two buggies and separate trunks does not clear him. They travel together: what one does, the other agrees to. (With great emphasis.) McBride says he will go ahead independently, law or no law. Crooks says he will suffer his right arm to be cut off before he will give up circulating such pamphlets.

The speaker, rising in feeling, spoke of the dreadful consequences of circulating such incendiary publications; of McBride's preaching. Said it would bring on insurrection. Knives, guns, swords, burning houses, cruelties and barbarities, were largely and fearfully described. Spoke about forty-five minutes.

MR. H. WADDELL

Said, I have often stood in defence of criminals, but never felt so awfully as I do at this time. I am not defending one life, but thousands of lives. I am pleading for my country, for the security and safety of our wives and children, &c. The northern people are the best men to teach us morals on the Slavery question, since many of them have got rich by selling their slaves. The abolition of Slavery has been put off by northern fanatics. I have heard a Rev. Mr. McDonnell give a full description of the Southampton insurrection, a day or two since. Mr. McDonnell witnessed this horrible scene; at least he saw mothers and innocent babes lying in their blood, exposed to the flies, too numerous to bury. I think, said Mr. W., Nat. Turner must have been a Wesleyan, and felt he was commissioned from on high to deliver his brethren. Read from Webster's Dictionary the definitions of the terms insurrection, conspiracy, and resistance; commented largely.—Said though slaves were not advised to resist in the pamphlet, yet to let a slave know that he had no right to have his sweat and blood extracted, was calculated to make him resist.

Why do we want men from Ohio to come and teach us morals? We have preachers enough of our own. Ohio is nearly or quite as bad a place on account of abolition as New England. Paul sent Onesimus home, but McBride would not. McBride called people cowards. What language for a preacher!! He (McB.) is a bold man.

Here some pretty strong epithets were used: e. g. in speaking of Anti-Slavery doctrines, the speaker called them hellish principles, &c. The sympathies and fears of the jurors were loudly appealed to. Mr. W. said—If these men may go unpunished, then have no law against the midnight assassin, &c. The speaker called attention to, as supremely exceptionable, the words of Rev. John Wesley, in the pamphlet, where he speaks as follows: "What ever it costs, put a stop to its cry before it be too late—INSTANTLY." The word *instantly*, Mr. W., thought, was very significant. It seemed to be the Speaker's misfortune, during his entire speech of about one hour, to be so much excited as not to be able to master his feelings, and of course neither the jury, the audience, nor his subject.

G. C. MENDENHALL

Arose with a countenance bespeaking mingled feelings of a profound sense of responsibility, and a deep determination to discharge his duty with firmness and integrity. Spoke of the *great* excitement and even prejudice against the defendants—even counsel is denounced within this bar, for appearing for them. Said Mr M., with thrilling emphasis—God forbid that the time should ever come that a man, an *American*, arraigned before a court in North Carolina, shall appear without counsel because no man at the bar will open his mouth for him. The man who has license in his pocket, or at home, and when called upon refuses to step forward in behalf of a criminal, and demand the court to show cause why he should be convicted, ought to be denounced everywhere, and scouted from the North Carolina bar.

In the discharge of my duty as an Attorney, I appear to see that these men have a full, fair trial. Nor do I arise to try to please those around me, or to make half a plea. Said Mr. M: Even this jury has been threatened, provided they did not convict these men. Mr. Waddell informed you that "if you clear them, you may see the day you will bitterly regret it." It has been charged upon them that they have come into our midst unasked for. Why, does not that gentleman know they are here as regular ministers of the Gospel? that they were sent for by your own citizens; that one has been here three years, and the other not quite so long? They preach against intemperance, and the Moravians ought not to oppose them on this ground; and against war, just as the Moravians once did. The Quakers from whom I sprung protest, and have for a hundred years, against *Slavery*.

For doing nothing more, these men must be dragged up before this court as felons, and compared with Nat. Turner. I am sorry that a man (alluding to Waddell) who ventured to bring so large a book as Webster's Dictionary before this court, to teach us the meaning of words—and we acknowledge ourselves duly informed—knows no more about modern history than not to know the defendants are ministers of a church organized in 1843. Here was given a short history of the Wesleyan Church.

Is it in testimony that these men have at any time interfered with slaves? Where is the man who gave such evidence? Let us look at the intention of giving the pamphlet. By raking and scraping their Camp-Meetings, and McBride's meeting at Bethlehem, &c., not one word has been brought to show that they have any sympathy with insurrection, but right to the contrary. Is it in testimony that the pamphlet was circulated with an intent to have it get among, or into the hands of negroes? No such advice was given the little girl, who was herself a white girl; her father held no slaves, and there was none about the house. These men have a right to use means to gain proselytes; and believing, as they do, that Slavery is sinful, they have a right to convince masters and freemen that it is wrong. Mr. Waddell says, "such a hellish firebrand as the Ten Commandments was never circulated in this country." I'll show him that other ministers have brought and circulated things as bad as this little pamphlet, and that every intelligent Methodist minister keeps and circulates books equally as strong vs. Slavery. Presbyterians and Quakers do the same. And I'll show, too, that none of them are incendiary.

Here, by permission of the court, Mr. M. read and commented on extracts from the writings and sayings of the following distinguished statesmen and divines, viz., Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, "the brightest stars which Virginia has produced;" The Narrative of the doings of the N. C. Yearly meeting of Friends on the subject of Slavery within its limits; Husbands separated from their wives, parents from their children, &c.,—printed in Greensboro' in 1848; Wm. Pinkney; Clarke's Commentary on 1st Cor., 7: 23; Petition of the Presbyterians to their General Assembly—printed in Washington, and circulated everywhere, and equally as strong as the Ten Commandments; John Randolph; Wm. West; Dr Paley; Dr. Burgess; Bishop Horsley; John Jay; Broadnax, of Va.; Clark's Theology; Governor Swain, of N. C., scorching; Digest of the Presbyterian General Assembly, as strong as the English language can make it; Address of Hon. Wm. Gaston, before the students at Chappel Hill, N. C.—clear, masterly, and pithy—circulated everywhere, admired by everybody. Fourth edition, printed at Raleigh, capital of N. C.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, I have not read these things to convince you that Slavery is wrong, but to show you that if the Ten Commandments is incendiary, then these are equally so, and to show you that the defendants have done nothing more than other ministers do.

But it cannot be that these men design to raise an insurrection, for they are here to suffer with us. And for what have they come? to set the slaves at butchering their masters? No. But having brought all their earthly crowns and laid them at their Master's feet, have come here as humble ministers of the Gospel of the meek Redeemer. Why, said Mr. M., it is plain this pamphlet was not intended to go among slaves, for it is not addressed to them but their masters. Again, the slaves cannot read, and there is no evidence that McBride advised the little girl to read it to them, but directly the contrary. I venture the assertion, that if this pamphlet had been given out by a Methodist Episcopal preacher, there would not have been one word said about it. And why is it, gentlemen of the Jury, they have indicted Crooks? There is not one particle of evidence against him. Not any. I fear the object was to influence the jury to compromise, acquit one and convict the other. I have seen too many such compromises. Where is the witness to testify that either of these men brought the pamphlet into North Carolina? The State would have you believe that we must prove ourselves innocent; that the fact of possession is evidence. Have they nothing?—did they never have anything but what they brought into the State? There is something remarkable about the prosecution—here are three of the wealthiest men in Salem, prosecutors. Was not one enough? But that would not give sufficient character to all this excitement. I fear, and I awfully fear, there is too much ground of fear, that there is a design in all this, to force a conviction on these men. Mr. Waddell with the appearance of sincerity, told you not to suffer yourselves to be influenced by any appeals which had been made or which may be made on either side, &c. No, no, that gentleman would not have you become excited. I bring up burning houses, streaming blood and dying men, women and children, but don't suffer yourselves to be excited.

Mr. M., after reading from his notes fifteen reasons why the defendants should be acquitted, about 8 o'clock at night concluded his last manly defence of three hours and a half, which was delivered in a clear, dignified, and masterly manner; and notwithstanding its length, was heard by all with the most profound interest and breathless attention.

The pleading closed; the Judge delivered his

CHARGE TO THE JURY,

Which was as follows; After reading the law, the Judge observed.—The indictment contains two charges. The first, of bringing into the State, with intent to circulate, a printed pamphlet, the evident tendency of which, would be to excite insurrection, conspiracy, and resistance in the slaves, &c. The second charge is, of circulating said pamphlet within the State, and so on. We will reverse the thing, and take the latter charge first. You will first consider the contents of the pamphlet. Has it an evident tendency to excite insurrection, &c., or it it an argument couched in respectful language as to the morality of Slavery, or of the best method of doing it away.

You will then consider the evidence with regard to circulating the pamphlet. Did he give (lifting the Ten Commandments) this pamphlet to the little girl? Next, is this the same pamphlet? As to the contents of this book, after the most serious and critical examination, I give it as my judgment, that it does have an evident tendency to excite insurrection &c. As to the question of his giving the pamphlet to the girl, there can be no doubt. It is not my opinion that to violate the law, it is necessary to circulate incendiary publications among the blacks. The design of the Legislature, no doubt, was to prevent the circulation of such things among the white, as well as the black portion of the community. Such productions tend to excite the master to treat his slave in such a manner as to create dissatisfaction in the slave with the treatment of his master. That this is the same pamphlet which McBride gave the girl, seems to be clearly proven by all the witnesses, who testified to that point.

If Mr. Crooks was present and advising, or aiding Mr. McBride to give out the pamphlet at the time it was given, he is equally guilty, but I believe the testimony is he was not present. If from the evidence, you think the defendants brought the pamphlet into the State, say so, and if not, say so. Giving the jury the papers, he ordered them to be conducted to their room.

The court rose, to sit next forenoon at 10 o'clock. Bro's Bacon, McBride and the writer, retired to our lodgings; committed ourselves to God; slept securely till morning: at ten o'clock returned to Court; the Judge in the chair; the jury report they are agreed upon a

VERDICT.

That "Crooks is not guilty. McBride not guilty of the first, but guilty of the second charge, and ask for him the mercy of the Court." The sentence was not immediately pronounced. About eleven o'clock Bro. McBride's counsel, Mr. Morehead, moved for a new hearing, and required the State to show cause why it should not be granted. A new hearing being refused, the Judge passed

SENTENCE.

That Bro. McBride should stand in the pillory one hour, receive twenty stripes, and be imprisoned in the county jail one year, and that the Sheriff proceed to inflict the penalty immediately. Whereupon an

APPEAL.

was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, which holds its session at Raleigh, on the 30th of December next.

GROUNDS OF THE APPEAL.

We think the court erred in the following:

1st. The court permitted the whole of the pamphlet to be read in evidence, when only a part of it was set forth in the indictment.

2d. That giving the little book to a child was putting the same into circulation under the act of Assembly.

3d. As a matter of law, the evident tendency of the book was to excite to insurrection, conspiracy, and resistance.

4th. That the penalty of the Act was incurred by circulating the book among white persons, without reference to an intention that it should be circulated among persons of color. The appeal being entered.

A MOTION TO FORBID PREACHING AND CIRCULATING BOOKS.

By Mr. Waddell it was moved that the court forbid Mr. McBride to preach or circulate books till the next session of the court, or for six months, on which he made a fiery appeal to the passions of the court, and *ad captandum vulgus*.

Followed by Morehead in a thrilling address, in which he commenced by saying, "Surely we have got into strange cities," spoke in a pathetic manner of McBride's innocence, of his great loss and sore affliction in the death of his companion; of his separation from a lovely daughter; called upon them to point to an immoral act of his life, or an improper word from his lips, &c.

Mr. Waddell was very reluctant to protract this unhappy discussion, but he had been called upon to "point out an immoral act, &c." The speaker referred to the meeting in Jamestown, published by Montgomery. McBride might be honest—he was sure he was misguided. "I," said W., "revere the holy religion of the Bible as much as any man . . . I know no master but the law, and that we make ourselves." &c., to the end. The court decided it was not proper to forbid McBride from preaching, as he had not been tried for that; but he should consider himself $1,000 in debt to the State of North Carolina, if he did not appear at this court at its next session, or did circulate the Ten Commandments, or any thing similar, between this and then. Securities given. We went out from Salem, praying God's blessing upon His enemies and ours, and if not rejoicing that we were counted worthy to suffer for his "name's sake," at least

"Submissive, I trust to the will Divine."

That the above is a perfect representation of the trial, I do not pretend. It has been the writer's object—without indulging in comment—to give the reader as correct an idea of the original as possible, from memory, aided by a few brief notes.

The moral elements are in commotion, but God rules the storm, bless His name; He has thus far said to our hearts "fear not." Let all who truly fear God and love man, join as in praying and laboring, and if need be, suffering, to bring on that happy day when every system which arrays one portion of the human family against the other shall be extinct, and love's golden chain bind all in its sacred inclosure. Amen. Adam Crooks.

Jamestown, Oct. 18th, 1850.

—*True Wesleyan.*

* An Abolitionist in this country, means a person who is in favor of insurrection, stealing slaves, marrying negroes, &c.

The triumphant progress of the United States bids fair to be disturbed, if not somewhat arrested, by their social evils and constitutional engagements. To that car of Victory, destined, as is thought, to traverse the New World from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn, are tied three millions of African captives. The terms of the Union pledge every citizen in it to protect the property of the slaveowner, and so long as Shylock demands the fulfilment of his bond there is no escape. Indeed, the development of society and the growth of empire that should bring some abatement of the political nuisance just now seems to agravate it; for every free State added to the Union increases the odds against the slaveowner, and is a fresh source of jealousy and alarm. Year by year he sees his antagonists increasing in the Legislature and fresh cities of refuge provided for his slave. California has just been thrown into the scale of abolition. New Mexico has already excluded Slavery, and will soon be a member of the Union, while another free State is rising up in the territory between it and California. It has been found necessary to purchase the acquiescence of the slave States in these momentous changes by the Fugitive Slave Act, which we have already described to be in strict accordance with a clause in the Act of Union, and no more than what the slaveowner had a right to demand. Declaratory acts, however, are very often practical innovations, for it would not be necessary to reassert a law if that law had not gone into desuetude, or become repugnant to the popular feeling. It is so in this instance. The Fugitive Slave Act has produced as great an excitement as if it were a gratuitous and unconstitutional addition to the powers of the slaveowner and the terrors of his victim. The controversy has been stirred up from its lowest depths. On one side ultra-liberal journals, both Whig and Democratic, judges on the bench, and distinguished statesmen, are maintaining the rights of citizens over their "property," that is, their slaves, with the most virtuous indignation at the felonious and anarchical designs of the Abolitionists; on the other hand, the Abolitionists are profiting by the excitement; the free men of color, with Mr. Frederick Douglass at their head, either believe, or affect to believe, themselves all threatened by the new measure; and the slaves are industriously reminded that now or never is their opportunity of deliverance.

At the last date this excitement was so great and so widely diffused, that had the colored population of the States ever given more than annoyance, the public peace might be considered really in danger. Tradesmen long established and believed by all their neighbors to be free, waiters at hotels whose faces were known to every citizen in the towns, and domestic servants, were flying to Canada, under the persuasion that some slaveowner from the South was on the track. Frederick Douglass, it was said, was about to be claimed as a runaway slave. Panic had exaggerated the powers of the new law, and every person with the least tinge of Africa in his complexion thought his freedom at the mercy of a slave-dealer's affidavit. At Boston, Rochester, Syracuse, and many other cities meetings have been held against the new law. At Toronto every steamer from the American side had a fugitive on board. At Honesdale, in Pennsylvania, a great excitement, we are told, had been created by the appearance of two men from the South in search of a beautiful creole, the wife of a Mr. Evans, and who, it was said, was a runaway slave. The feeling was very strong against the pursuers; and if she were discovered, it was thought hardly possible for them to take her away. At Philadelphia, on the evening of the 5th inst., were some very serious rows between the whites and the blacks, in which, after a very brisk interchange of brickbats, knives were drawn on both sides and a white man of indifferent character killed. Apparently no worse result was expected than an improvement in the police, which at Philadelphia, as at most other cities of the Union is scanty and inefficient.

At New York the agitation has assumed a more harmless and picturesque character. One Mr James Hamlet, a citizen of Williamsburgh, having been arrested and sent into Slavery in the State of Maryland, his freedom was purchased with $800 subscribed at New York. So a large negro meeting was held on Saturday, the 4th ult., on the steps of the City Hall, in the Park, with the permission of the Mayor, "to commemorate the deliverance "of James Hamlet from the Philistines of the "South," and to introduce that gentleman himself to his deliverers. The meeting consisted, we are told, of black spirits and white, and of all ages and sexes, several colored clergymen being present.—After some resolutions had been read, declaring the arrest illegal and the new law unconstitutional, Mr. William P. Powell introduced the hero of the day. "You now see James Hamlet before you, re-"deemed, regenerated, disenthralled, not by the "universal genius of emancipation, but by the uni-"versal genius of the almighty dollar. We are "here to sympathise with him, because in his per-"son American liberty has been struck down; and, "thank God, he stands here as the resurrection of a "better day. In the name of Almighty God and "His holy angels, under an October sun, and in the "name of humanity all over the earth, I welcome "you, James Hamlet." The welcome then began with immense shaking of hands, sobbing, and shedding of tears, the process lasting so long, and leading to such confusion, especially on the part of the ladies anxious to join in it, that this part of the demonstration was postponed, and the Rev. Mr. Raymond, "one-fourth" black, came before the meeting holding Hamlet by the hand. "Will the audience ob-"serve that I am partially blind," he said; "yet I "see James Hamlet, whose hand I hold. Yester-"day he was a chattle; to-day he is a man." " * * * * "Where are his chains? Where "are the handcuffs that were applied to his delicate "arms? They are left behind him in Baltimore, to "rust. I cannot but refer to that hell-concocted "scheme the Fugitive Slave Bill. If the Hon. Mr. "Seward were here, he would speak the sentiments "of his mind, and say that the scheme was conceived "in the bottomless pit which Millard Fillmore "signed in Washington. I prayed for that man that "his hand might be withered up, and the ink dried "in the pen, before he committed so wicked an act. "Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O Earth! and ye "infernal regions hear it, in all your subterranean "caverns, that Millard Fillmore has signed that "bill. Thank God there is conscience in this and "other cities of the Union that will yet wipe that "bill from the statute-book." After suitable acknowledgements to the various journals, according to the part they had severally taken in this question, Mr. Raymond proceeded—"I beseech you, "Hamlet, take not flight to Canada, nor hide in "the woods, but if you are to perish, perish here. " . . . (Great cheering.) It has been said we "are not citizens. I ask are not we who have tilled "the soil, and developed the resources of the Empire State, citizens? ('We are, we are.') Anglo "Saxons and Caucasians, you have received nutri-"ment from the breasts of the black women of the "South. (Great sensation.) Can you deny it? "(Many voices, 'They cant.') Black woman—I "would take my oath of it." (Great cheering.) The same vigor of sentiment and vivacity of expression characterized several other speeches, and their reception was equally enthusiastic. Hamlet's heart was too full to speak, but he looked volumes. His wife and children were produced, and, much to his relief, divided the kisses, the hugs, and the tears of the sable assemblage. At last, to the cry of "Rejoice, my people!" the meeting adjourned, and Hamlet was borne on the shoulders of his ransomers through the Park and down Spruce-street to the Williamsburgh Ferry amidst cheering, and shouting, and rejoicing.

That the children of Ham should discuss their own grievances with an emphasis occasionally at variance with the rules of good taste is what we are prepared for, but we must confess ourselves somewhat surprised to perceive at least an equal degree of inflation in the advocates of the Fugitive Slave Law. Morality, philosophy, and Christianity itself are ransacked for the most solemn appeals in behalf of the right of a free-born man to his living chattel. Nowhere have we seen the rights of property so awfully and so unctuously expounded as in this most questionable instance. "Our form of government," says a zealous defender of the law, "is probably "the mildest ever instituted for the regulation of "society. The laws are made by the representa-"tives of the people—are supposed to speak the "will of the majority—are always subordinate to "the Constitution—the organic Compact of the "States, and are subject to modification and repeal "in a prescribed manner;" and then he proceeds to argue from this mildness and liberality of government that the colored man has no right to complain, even if he must live and die in fear of the slave-hunter. "The whole country," we are again told "by the same writer, "North and South, East and "West, is now about to enter upon a reagitation of "the subject, *an agitation of a most fearful revolu-"tionary and bloodthirsty character*, in reference to "the African race of the South and the Anglo Sax-"ons of the whole Union." We quote these words not because we think there is any such danger, but to illustrate the tone of some hundreds of leading articles, letters, and speeches brought over by the last two or three mails. No one in the Union believes that the colored population only three millions, and a still smaller minority of power and intelligence, will give much trouble. Why, then, all this fury and solemnity of language? It is a party question. In the present confusion of political parties, a numerous section is heating for recruits by taking up the cause of Abolition, and by agitating against the new law. Another section is as strong the other way, from the same political considerations. We are not accusing American statesmen of unqualified selfishness; but, when man is pitted against man in a great political arena, anything will provoke an antagonism. We cannot believe that the case of the colored man is much worse than it was; nor, on the other hand, can allow that the Abolitionists are striking at the rights of property, dismembering the Union, violating the laws of God and the precepts of Christianity, merely because they ask the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.—*London Times.*

THE LATE JOHN MCDONOGH.

The *New-Orleans Delta* furnishes the following account of the late John McDonogh, who recently died in that city, and whose extraordinary will has excited a good deal of remark. This man has been held up as model slaveholder, and the cold-blooded system which he pursued for many years, and which permitted his slaves to purchase themselves at their full value, by extra toil, provided they would accept freedom and exile together, has been praised as eminently Christian and humane by that class at the North who, next to the perpetuity of Slavery, consider the most difficult and the longest and hardest way to abolish it the best. McDonogh's will is to be contested, and, apart from some of its impolitic provisions, the fact that it leaves an income of about $25,000 *per annum* to the Colonization Society, thus insuring the power of that Society to continue its baneful existence, is reason enough why we should hope that the attempt to set it aside should be successful:—

Death of Mr. McDonogh.—This gentleman, the wealthiest citizen in the South, and perhaps in the United States, died yesterday, at his residence, in McDonoghville, opposite the city. Mr. McDonogh had reached the age of seventy-two. Though his great vigor of mind and energy of spirit had enabled him for a while to triumph over physical debility, and to pursue within a few hours of his death the industrious and busy habits he had practiced for fifty years, his health had been declining for several months, and the termination of his earthly career was daily looked for by himself as well as by his friends. Two days ago we saw him in our streets, engaging in earnest negotiation with a brother millionaire respecting some settlement which he wished to consummate ere he was called hence, and overheard him say, in words which fell upon our ears with force and emphasis, "My days are numbered and my affairs must all be settled this side of the grave." The constitution of Mr. McDonogh was severely taxed by his habits of close, concentrated, and wearing labor. A few months ago he told us that he devoted eighteen hours per day to labor, and regretted that he could not spare a few minutes to read the newspapers. His labor consisted in keeping the accounts, deeds, papers, and vouchers of the most extensive and landed property owned by a single individual in the world. His only assistants in these duties were some negro slaves, whom he had educated and trained in his own habits of method and industry. No white person lived in the ancient and dilapidated chateau in which he resided. No person ever visited him, save on business or for charity. His manners were rigid, severe, and repelling.—Every thing about his establishment partook of the spirit of the master; all was bleak, cold, dreary, and forbidding. The dogs did not bark in his yard; they cast at the passer-by a piteous hungry look, as if they sought some kindly sympathy or notice to comfort their lean carcasses: the cocks did not crow cheerily as elswhere, but drawled out their notes in a funeral and hollow strain, as if from empty stomachs; the merry songsters flew around without lighting upon the dark old trees, hung with melancholy moss which nearly concealed from view his crumbling edifice. There was no sunshine ever fell upon that spot or upon the heart of its possessor.

Such was the abode of one who worshipped Mammon with an unceasing and all-absorbing passion, whose soul and mind were entirely monopolized by the spirit of gain, excluding every tender emotion, every ennobling feeling, every humanizing sympathy. And yet there are many familiar with the character and history of John McDonogh who declare that the severe life he led and his love of acquisition did not proceed from avarice, from the mere spirit of miserly acquisition, but that he had some great philanthropic purpose in view, to which he had appropriated his life and fortune, and in the pursuit of which he had hardened his soul to all the affections of humanity. This may be so. It would throw some light upon a picture otherwise dark and desolate. He was frequently heard to declare that he lived only for the Lord, to carry out some great design of his Maker. When asked if he would sell property, his invariable reply was, "I own none; what I have acquired belongs to the Lord; I am his agent, without the power of selling." He had long employed his mind, which was a remarkably acute and sagacious one, in devising modes by which his immense property might be kept together after his death for a term of years, so that his calculations of its eventual value might be realized. He had a great passion for buying waste and swamp lands, and estimating with arithmetical precision the yearly increase in the value of those lands. A great admirer of the system of popular education, a friend to learning and colleges, he projected also some grand schemes of education, to be maintained out of the yearly increase in the value of his lands, which were not to be sold for a certain time, but only their product applied to that purpose. He endeavored to get an act of Legislature passed tying up his property in this manner; but it was not deemed practicable under our jurisprudence.

He was also a warm friend to the colonization enterprise. He established a colony in Africa, to which he sent many of his negroes, after giving them an education or a trade. It was his custom to allow his slaves a certain time to work for themselves. He kept accounts with each one of them, so that when the value of the work of the slave equaled his cost, he would give him his liberty, and send him to Africa. He was a hard, exacting man. In the prosecution of his rights, or in any relations of business, he knew no pity, no liberality, no kindness. What was "nominated in the bond," he would extort at every sacrifice. Involved in innumerable lawsuits, he prosecuted his rights and interests with a tenacity, vigor, and perseverance which stopped at no obstacles, and were never moderated or softened by any of the considerations that ordinarily operate upon mankind. And yet, outside of his business and legal relations, he was not insensible to charitable appeals: when properly approached he would sometimes give, we cannot say liberally, considering his means, but quite so, considering his view of his relation to the Almighty. He was self-willed and opinionated, and would only give in his own fashion, and to such undertakings as pleased his peculiar ideas. To his relations, who were quite poor, he preserved a severe and studied coldness, only relieving their poverty by the most meager contributions. Of enterprise, the spirit of public improvement and progress, he was as destitute as the old planks of his house were of sap. Owning immense property in the city, he left the greater part of it entirely unimproved until his possessions became a great nuisance to the Corporation. When induced to build, he would only erect the roughest and most unseemly buildings, usually put up by his slaves, who brought the bricks with which they were made across the river. Many of these buildings are now eyesores in our city, tenantless and dangerous from their dilapidated condition. So too of his immense property in the country. But a small portion of it was in cultivation. He usually bought tracts of land by leagues and miles, instead of acres. He was said to own fifty miles fronting on the Mississippi in Louisiana. Four fifths of the swamp land in the State belonged to him. He had, too, immense possessions in Florida, Mississippi and Texas. The area of his property would equal that of one of the small States of the Union, and exceed that of several of the Kingdoms or Principalities of Europe. The preservation and administration of this immense property must have required a vast deal of labor and great administrative talents. These Mr. McDonogh possessed. He was well educated, wrote very well, understood the law, and was quite familiar with the history of the country. A native of Baltimore, he removed to this city in 1800, engaged in mercantile pursuits, was successful, and then embarked in the purchase of wild lands and vacant property, which he followed the balance of his life. He never left the vicinity of the State, never went North, but remained one of the stand-bys and originals of our city till a few hours before his death. The singularity of his appearance in his old-fashioned blue coat, strapless pants, large white neckerchief, with green umbrella under his arm, made him one of the peculiar features of our city.

But our notice has reached to an unreasonable length. We must close it by expressing the hope that the will of Mr. McDonogh, which we understand is to be opened on Monday, will realize the expectations of his philanthropic purposes, so long entertained by those most familiar with his intentions. He certainly had a glorious opportunity of linking

his name with immortality through the establishment of some great institution of charity, education or science, and we trust that he has in this manner obliterated from the memories of the people the recollection of the many hard and severe qualities which were exhibited by him.

The *New Orleans Picayune* of the 28th ult. adds the following particulars respecting Mr. McDonogh's bequests, &c.:

Mr. McDonogh was buried yesterday afternoon in the cemetery erected by himself, near his residence at McDonoghville, for his negroes. It was his wish that he should be buried among them. The funeral was plain and unostentatious. Prayers and a short sermon were delivered in the small church attached to the house, built for the negroes, and where the deceased himself often preached to his slaves. A very large number of persons, white and colored, were present. The coffin was placed in the plain oven-shaped tomb usual here.

On Saturday evening, C. Roselius, Esq., for 15 years the legal adviser of the deceased, appeared before Judge Buchanan, of the Fifth District Court, and informed him that Mr. McDonogh had left an olographic will, which was deposited either in the Louisiana State Bank, the Bank of Louisiana, or the Union Bank. An order of Court was issued, in consequence, for any of the Cashiers of said Banks to bring the will into the Fifth District Court this morning at 10 o'clock.

Accordingly, at the above hour, the Cashier of the Union Bank, Mr. Frey, appeared, having a tin box containing a duplicate copy of the will, with a portfolio containing memoranda for executors, notes, &c. Another copy of the will is in the possession of Mr. Joseph Montgomery, of this State. The court room was crowded. Mr. Roselius presented the will, which was proved by Messrs. Grymes, Frey, and Grivot. The will is of twenty-four foolscap pages, closely written in the testator's own handwriting. Judge Buchanan unsealed, opened, and read it, occupying in so doing some hours' time. After leaving $6,000 and some landed property in Baltimore to his sister and her children, the deceased bequeathed his entire estate, of which he gives no aggregate amount, to the Mayors, Aldermen, and citizens of New Orleans and Baltimore, half to each city, for the purpose of establishing here a free School for poor children of all classes, and an Asylum for the poor. To the Protestant Male Orphan Asylum of this city he gives $400,000 in yearly installments. The two other institutions' bequests are also in yearly installments.

A school farm is to be established in Baltimore and an asylum for the poor. The school farm for the education of the poor children from 4 to 14 years of age, of Baltimore first, and the other large maritime cities of the Union. They are to be taught the pursuits of agriculture and the principles of religion. A common English education to be given in all the schools, here and at Baltimore, and the Bible to be their principal class book. The inmates of the two poor asylums to defray, as far as possible, the expenses of those institutions so far as their own labor can go. The cultivation of the mulberry tree, and making of silk in these asylums are recommended. To the school farm at Baltimore the sum of $3,000,000 is bequeathed in yearly installments.

The estate, after the annuities above mentioned are paid, and a number of negroes, named, are freed and sent to Africa, to be managed by a certain number of commissioners appointed by this city and of Baltimore; no commissioner to be a member of any council, to serve more than twelve months, or twice in succession. The two cities to act as a check on each other. None of the property ever to be sold, but to remain forever as a fund for the above charitable purposes.

A large sum is bequeathed to the American Colonization Society at Washington. After all these bequests are settled, which the donor expects will be in forty years from now, the entire estate to be divided between the States of Louisiana and Maryland, and the Legislatures to carry out the objects proposed. If the Commissioners do not follow his instructions, the estate to fall immediately to the two States. Every precaution is taken to prevent these noble bequests from being diverted from their original purpose. The instructions to carry them out are full and minute.

TRIAL FOR HARBORING AND AIDING FUGITIVE SLAVES.

An important trial has occupied for several days the attention of the U. S. Circuit Court now in session in this city, with Judge Grier upon the bench. It is a suit brought by Cecila Oliver, Ellen B. Oliver and Catherine Oliver, orphan children of Shadrach S. Oliver, by their next friend Eli Stoke, against Stephen Weekly, Daniel Kauffman and Phillip Breckbill, to recover damages for twelve fugitive slaves consisting of two families, which escaped from the plaintiffs three years ago, and which it was alleged were harbored and assisted by the defendants in Cumberland county. The facts as set forth in Judge Grier's charge to the jury, are that Shadrach S. Oliver with his family and his slaves, emigrated from Maryland to Arkansas, where he died in February 1846. In the settlement of the estate, twelve slaves were alloted to the plaintiffs. In May, 1847, the mother returned to Williamsport, Maryland, taking with her the plaintiffs, her children, and their slaves. On their way they passed through Pennsylvania, on the national road between Wheeling and Cumberland. In October, 1847, (from 10th to 15th,) these slaves fled to Pennsylvania, and were pursued without success. The plaintiffs' counsel allege that they were traced into Cumberland County, and that they were secreted, assisted with money, and conveyed on their flight by the defendants.

The facts as proved were, that in October, 1847, a company of colored people, men, women and children, were brought to Daniel Kauffman's barn, by a colored man named Cole, and that at the request of Mr. K. they were taken from the barn by Cole, but as to the identity of these people as the slaves who had fled from the plaintiffs, and as to the agency of either of the defendants in their reception or their conveyance upon their journey, the testimony was conflicting and unsatisfactory.

The action was to recover damages for the value of the slaves, and the loss and suffering in consequence of their escape; the damages being laid at $20,000.

The suit, as many of our readers will remember, was first brought against Daniel Kauffman, in the Cumberland County Court, under the notorious Judge Hepburn, where Mr. K. was convicted; but on appeal to the Supreme Court, the judgment of the Cumberland County Court was reversed, on the ground that the State Courts had no jurisdiction in the case. In bringing their case into the United States Court the plaintiffs include Stephen Weekley and Phillip Breckbill in their indictment.

To this indictment in every particular the defendants pleaded not guilty, and demanded clear and full proof, 1st. That the negroes found in Kauffman's barn, were the alleged slaves. 2d. That the defendants had any notice or knowledge that they were slaves; and 2d. If they were—that either Kauffman or the other defendants had any agency in placing them there or in aiding them to escape. They also raised the following very important points of law upon the evidence:

First, That the act of the 7th of March, 1847, passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature, repeals a former act passed in 1780, permitting owners of slaves to bring them into this State, and allowing them to remain here for six months. The defendants contend that the plaintiffs, by bringing their slaves to this State in May, 1847, during the passage from Arkansas to Maryland, thereby freed them from the bonds of Slavery, and that in consequence the alleged slaves were free men.

Second, That the laws of Maryland forbid the importation of slaves into that State, and that slaves brought there from other States, are thereby made free. They contend that the plaintiffs, by bringing the slaves from Arkansas, made them free by the law of Maryland, and that they had a right to leave their servitude.

Judge Grier said that the above points were too important to be decided at Nisi Prius; that he would reserve them in such manner that the jury should render a special verdict if they thought the plaintiffs entitled to recover, on the general fact. If the verdict was for the plaintiffs the very important points submitted by the defendants could then be considered and decided upon.

Some difficulty occurred in empannelling the jury. One juryman, a Mr. McElroy, stated that he had conscientious scruples against rendering a verdict against the defendants, and requested to be excused. The Judge asked him if he should feel those scruples after taking the oath; and finding, apparently to his surprise, that Mr. McElroy's conscience was not pliable enough to bend to an oath, or to take an oath which would require him to aid in the punishment of a deed of mercy, Judge Grier dismissed him, with a virtual reprimand for harboring a conscience so unpatriotic and illegal.

Twelve men having been found who had no scruples against inflicting penalties upon obedience to the golden rule and the law of love, and the jury completed, the case was opened on Friday the 18th, Henry M. Watts and C. B. Penrose acting as counsel for the plaintiffs, and T. Stevens and Wm. B. Reed as counsel for the defendants. The testimony occupied the court until Tuesday morning, much that was offered by the plaintiffs, and that was received by Judge Hepburn in the former trial, was contested by the defendants' counsel and ruled out by the Judge.

We were not present during the pleadings of the counsel, but are informed by several intelligent and reliable auditors, that the counsel for the plaintiffs, Mr. Penrose especially, indulged in the most violent appeals to the prejudices of the jury, denouncing the defendants as "Abolitionists," fanatics, the associates of slave-stealers, and enemies to the Union, and as being engaged in the regular business of decoying off and secreting the "property" of Southern widows and orphans. A bold and ludicrous effort was made to excite the sympathies of the jury for these "poor fatherless" slaveholding "orphans," by employing Mrs. Oliver, under instructions no doubt, to attend the court, and weep for all the five long, weary days of the trial. The lady's part of the performance was executed with a commendable and martyr-like perseverance, and it must have seemed to her especially cruel that her efforts were so poorly appreciated by those hard-hearted jurymen, who, in spite of her five days fit of weeping, and the pathetic appeals of the eloquent counsel for "the widow and orphans," still remained unmoved and unconvinced of the guilt of the accused.

The speeches of Messrs. Stevens and Reed, are spoken of in terms of high praise for their clearness, eloquence and power. That of Mr. Stevens has won for him the unambigous compliment of new vituperation and abuse from the *Pennsylvanian* and some kindred papers, a fact upon which we congratulate him.

Incidentally, in the course of his plea, he alluded to the pro-slavery pledges of the Constitution as "hateful compromises," adding that they were the *law* of the land, though he was "ashamed to acknowledge it," and they must be obeyed, and he did not ask the jury to disregard them. This passing remark though quite cool and harmless enough, has proved an explosive among the politicians of both parties. The *Pennsylvanian* and the *News*, (the Cooper organ) are in a panic for the safety of the Union. The remark has been greedily seized upon, torn from its connection, exaggerated and distorted, and sent abroad in every direction on falsehood's fleetest couriers. The opposing counsel made a frightful bugbear of it, the Judge pronounced sentence against it; and even Mr. Stevens' colleague, Mr. Reed, felt constrained to disavow it with expressions of regret that Mr. S. had incautiously used it.

The charge of the Judge, while it was as impartial as could be expected in the statement of the law, was well fitted to stimulate the prejudices of the jury against the defendants.

Leaving the subject before him with as little justice as good taste, he launched forth into a harangue against certain "*peculiar notions* hostile to the stability of the Union," and "conventions for plotting disunion, (which would be certainly followed by civil war and bloodshed,) for defiling the graves and maligning the memories of the Patriots of the Revolution, for reviling and denouncing the officers of the government and all those who support and uphold our institutions," and against the "incendiary doctrines" inculcated in public meetings and in the press in opposition to the execution of the laws. These "unhappy agitators," he told the jury, "who infest other portions of the Union, and who in their mad zeal are plotting its ruin," will meet with little success among the order-loving people of Pennsylvania, adding that "the time" had "not yet come when the jury-box will be contaminated by men whose moral perceptions are so perverted by a strange hallucination that they will not render a true verdict according to the evidence and the law of the land."

Such declamation following the inflammatory appeals of the plaintiff's counsel, was well calculated to make both law and fact bend to passion and prejudice in the minds of a popular jury. To tell a jury after this, that they had nothing to do with the "peculiar opinions" of the defendants might serve in some minds to save the reputation of the judge, but little good would it do to the defendants. No just and impartial judge, careful to remove all unjust prejudices from the mind of the jury, could have made such an appeal at such a time. It was both unjust and uncalled for, and will be remembered hereafter as equally discreditable to his reputation as a man and as a judge.

As to what constitutes a "notice" in the eye of the law, Judge Grier decides that "the word notice" as used in this act, means knowledge; that it is not necessary that a specific, written, printed, or verbal notice from the owner, be brought home to the defendant, but that it is sufficient if the evidence show that he knew the person he harbored or concealed, was a fugitive from labor."

The "harboring" prohibited by the act is not simply concealment, but any *entertainment* with an implied design to facilitate the escape of the fugitive, though it does not prohibit common charity to a stranger. He says:—

"It implies impropriety in the conduct of the person giving the entertainment or shelter, in consequence of some imputation on the character of the person who receives it. An innkeeper is said to *entertain* travellers and strangers, not to *harbor* them, but may be accused of *harboring* vagabonds, deserters, fugitives or thieves; persons whom he ought not to *entertain*. * *

"The harboring made criminal by this act must evince an intention to elude the vigilance of the master and be calculated to attain the object."

On Friday morning the jury returned and reported that they could not agree, and were discharged by the court. Thus the slaveholders are foiled for the present in their attempt to strip upright and humane men of their means of support, a result truly gratifying; though we believe that nothing less than a full acquittal was demanded by both law and justice.

In conclusion we will say that we have good reason to believe that this suit has been prosecuted by a combination of Maryland slaveholders, conspired to crush three honest and worthy citizens of our State, and intimidate others from hospitality to the stranger and the suffering; and also that the expenses of these repeated and vexatious suits (which have already amounted to more than $1000) are very burdensome to the defendants, who are respectable farmers in moderate circumstances. If the case should finally go against them it would strip them of everything. It seems to us but just that we should remember the scripture injunction to "bear one another's burdens." If every one whose heart sympathizes with them, and who is liable to endure similar hardship will give according to his ability, the burden will be so distributed that no one will suffer from it.—*Pa. Freeman.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1850.

THE NEW PARTY.

THE prophecies of the Abolitionists for years past are now in the due course of fulfilment. We have predicted long since that the old political parties would go to pieces in God's own time, and that out of the pieces of the wreck men would lash together new rafts, by the aid of which they would expect to reach the promised land of Office. The Free Soil party was the first considerable fragment broken from the weltering hulks of the craggy old tubs in which politicians had embarked their precious ventures and their precious selves. But it was rather the sign of what was to come to pass, than the complete wreck which we have now the pleasure of anticipating. The captains and lieutenants have now set themselves to work to scuttle the vessels which they have been proclaiming to be the only Arks of Safety; and the very pilots are busy in turning the ships' heads towards the rocks. It is not a mere secession of a few honest men who took to the long boat and made their escape when they found that it was a piratical cruise they were engaged in. It is a regular conspiracy of the Officers of both the hostile frigates, which have been trying to get the mastery in our waters, with the wreckers on the Southern coast, by which they agree to run both the argosies on shore and to deliver them both up to the tender mercies of those land-sharks, on condition that they shall be admitted to a fair share of the plunder. But as both are piratical craft, no honest man can much lament this catastrophe. Though the Captain Kidd of the Democratic Ship and the Blackbeard of the Whig strike hands and agree to run up the black flag with the death's head and cross-bones on its sable field on joint account, we have the satisfaction of knowing that there is ne'er a pirate the more for all that; and, moreover, that there is every reasonable ground of hope that the two buccaneers will fall to and cut each other's throats as soon as they have patched up their new alliance.

Whenever, "in the course of human events," it becomes expedient to shift a political position, whenever a new turn of the game is desirable to the political gamesters, the first, second and third thing needful is "*a good Cry.*" Messrs. Webster and Cass have found an excellent good one, of which they and their adherents evidently mean to make the most. "The Church is in danger!" was the cry that carried Harley and Bolingbroke into power, though God knows that the parsons were as sure of the smallest tail of the least possible of tithe pigs as of their own salvation. "The Crown is in Danger!" was the Cry that kept Pitt at the helm of affairs during the French and the English "Reign of Terror," when the storm that the Pilot had to weather was the struggle of the Whigs for a majority in Parliament, and not that of the Republicans for the overthrow of the throne. "The Union is in danger!" is the Cry by the aid of which defeated aspirants for the Presidency hope to repair their hattered fortunes and yet obtain "the round and top of Sovereignty." The Union is in about as much danger as Mitre or Crown have ever been in England within the last century and a half; but the cry is none the worse cry for that. It is taking; it is indefinite; its shape—"if Shape it can be called, which Shape has none"—changes according to the point of view from which it is seen. It has one look from the Plantation, another from the Counting-house, and a third from any "coign of vantage" that gives a glimpse of the White House. To be sure, it is only a hollow pumpkin with a farthing candle inside, stuck on a pole, with a sheet round it; but as long as it frightens froward children into obedience, it is as good as a genuine hobgoblin, and is a great economy of sugar-plums into the bargain.

To read the Speeches and Resolutions of the Union Meeting at Castle Garden, which could not have been better got up if Barnum himself had been Director of it (and we are by no means sure he was not), and the letters addressed to it, one would think that the Great Powers of Europe, with Russia at their head, were in league to crush the liberties of this Model Republic. Such a demonstration could only be justified by an organized rebellion just ready to break out, to be sustained by at least five hundred thousand bayonets, with Haynau or Radetzki to lead them. But this is only to lead off a series of Union Meetings, by which it is hoped that the enemies of the Union will be discomfited and put to flight. But not only is this new loyalty to the Union displayed in these great gatherings, but not a Congressman can give an account of his stewardship to his constituency (provided he has been notoriously unjust to his masters' interests) but must call in the Danger of the Union to excuse his malfeasance. Not a new fledged candidate essaying his wings in reply to the Call of a nominating Convention but must chirp out a twittering hymn of praise to the Union, as a taste of his quality. The "Gracious Duncan," of Haverhill, when explaining his vote for the Texas Swindle, fairly acknowledged that he was frightened into it. He was really afraid that Texas, with perhaps thirty thousand white men capable of bearing arms, without money or credit, would declare war upon the United States, and, after demolishing the Army and Navy, put to the sword the other twenty millions of its inhabitants! Surely, "this Duncan hath borne his faculties *meekly* in his great office," and hath shown a good discretion. A State which Mr. Duncan's District singly could first buy out and then thrash, bullying the entire people, and one of the sentinels appointed by the North, is one of the first to turn pale and throw down his arms!

But these things, in the aggregate and in the detail, denote a foregone conclusion. Mr. Webster is not a fool, speaking after the manner of men, whatever he may be styled in the dialect of the gods. He is quite easy as to the Union's "lasting his time" (as Louis XV. said of the old *régime* in France); but he has some misgivings as to who will be the next head of it. The old horse which he has been trying to ride into the White House has always managed to throw him over its head before he got there, and is moreover getting old and scraggy and spavined. A cross between this battered jade and the beast that Cass bestrode when the Angel of Free Soil in the shape of Martin Van Buren crossed his path and forbade his successful progress, may peradventure furnish a hybrid capable of carrying him and his fortunes to his design. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*" Hence these tears over the dangerous estate of the Union. What could more conduce to its restoration to its wonted health than a consultation of the chief doctors of the various warring schools, who agree in nothing except a united wish to make all they can out of the patient? Webster, Cass and Foote, smelling their canes and laying their heads together, is surely a sight enough to make the State sick, if it be not. It is a conjunction that bodes no good to the object they have taken in hand. Like a collection of quacks, of different systems, round the bed of a rich patient, their purpose is not to cure but to protract the profitable disease. That they will finally come to fisticuffs among themselves, like their prototypes in Moliere, Le Sage and Foote, is morally certain. But, in the meantime dangerous, if not mortal, mischief may be done.

If fatuous ignorance of the changes which the times have been undergoing for the last twenty years, and of the changes they have wrought in men, be good material for a party, of a surety they who made up the Union Meeting in New York are living stones, fit indeed to be builded up into the new temple. The city of New York is not usually regarded as the Sleepy Hollow made immortal by Irving, but Rip Van Winkle himself could be hardly more behind his age, when he woke from his nap, than the President and orators of that Meeting. It was for all the world like one of the old Pro-Slavery Meetings of 1835, held to get up the Mobs which were to "put down Abolitionism." The state of trade owing to the high price of cotton is eminently favorable, as it was fifteen years ago, to the forcing of that fungus-like patriotism. The crash which will inevitably follow their insane competition to give credit to a nation of bankrupts who are demonstrably incapable of supporting themselves in an average of years, will cool down their feverish zeal for a while by a salutary depletion. But in the meantime the gas thus generated may serve to lift up aspiring political aeronauts, as that in Mr. Poitevin's balloon did the horse, ostrich, ass, and other emblematic beasts appended to it. It will all go to the making of the new party to be composed of all the worst parts of the other two. But it will also go to the driving together the better portions of those two. This consequence these wise men of Gotham do not seem to have foreseen. They deplore the growth of Abolitionism within the last fifteen years and yet they seem to expect to demolish it, now it is so many years older and stronger, by the same futile means which failed so signally then. The fond hope of a Hunker Supremacy in New York seems to have failed. But the example will be followed and the new party will be forced together by the attractive force of public plunder, even if its cohesive power should be insufficient to keep it together afterwards.

This is a state of things to which affairs have been long inevitably tending. It is coming sooner and it is coming in a better shape than we could have hoped. The pre-eminent atrocity and superlative meanness of the Compromises upon which the New Party is to be built are most fortunate circumstances. When Turpin or Macheath drop their masks they are much more easily detected and brought to justice. The vizard under which our desperadoes hide their design is too transparent to deceive any but the fools or blind. What is all the vaporing of Mr. Webster, Mr. Cass, and their echoes in public meeting or by press, when done into plain English, but, we are content to be slave-catchers for the slaveholders and to let them have whatever they choose to ask for, if they will continue to do us the favor of cheating us in trade and bamboozling us in politics. But the same means which have kept up the Anti-Slavery Agitation for twenty years still exist and are at work. Yea, and they are multiplied by a hundred fold. Large sections of great parties now profess the doctrines for which Garrison and Thompson were mobbed in 1835. The same indomitable and uncompromising element which has given no peace to the country all this time, and to which the existing state of things is owing, is busier and stronger than ever. With such incendiaries, and with such combustibles as are forced upon them, what is to hinder their making a greater conflagration? The germs of the two parties which should legitimately struggle for supremacy in this country are sowed,—the nucleus around which they are to gather is formed. Whatever names they may at first take, they are, in effect, the Southern and Northern parties. Slavery is the only natural question on which American parties can divide. All parties have always been trying to keep this out of sight. Mr. Webster's new party now throws down the gauntlet for Slavery. That champions will be found to take it up is sure. The battle will be joined anew, and, whatever may be its varying fortunes, no believer in a just God can doubt its issue.—E. Q.

GEORGE THOMPSON AGAIN MOBBED IN BOSTON!!

WE thought ourselves proof against surprise at any extremity to which the pro-slavery spirit in this country might lead the people, but we confess to opening our eyes a little wider than usual when, on Saturday morning last, the Telegraph brought us word that George Thompson was mobbed the night before, in Faneuil Hall in Boston! Who got up the mob; who led it on; what class it was made out of; what private influences or public feeling were at work that made it successful, or what object was to be answered by it, are all questions which it were easy to answer, if it were worth while to answer them, but it is not. The fact that there *could* be a mob on such an occasion—that any cause, or any concurrent causes, could have such a result, is in itself a fact so disgraceful to the American people, and especially the people of Boston, reflects so much dishonor upon the American name, and proves us, as a people, as destitute of all sense of decency, as it was long ago made evident that we are destitute of a sense of right, that it is needless to go behind the act itself. Nothing can explain away its damning character; nothing can palliate it. The simplest savages hold a breach of hospitality as little less than a crime. Boston, in the reception she has given George Thompson, has shown herself to be destitute of even the lowest of savage virtues.

That George Thompson should have been mobbed in in Boston fifteen years ago, was a most shameful and infamous thing, but it had the excuse, bad as it was, of the evil passions of men. The people of New England then had not, and did not pretend to have any other feeling in relation to Slavery than one of sincere admiration and a determination to maintain it. They hated the Abolitionists with an intensity which would have gladly exhibited itself in murderous deeds, had not sometimes the courage, and sometimes the opportunity been wanting. George Thompson, then comparatively an unknown and humble man, came into the country for the express and avowed purpose of lecturing upon its peculiar and darling institution. He did lecture upon it and in such a way that showed its friends that whether known or unknown, humble or exalted, he was an ally over whom the Abolitionists might well rejoice with great joy, and before whom their enemies might well tremble with great fear. Of course Boston mobbed him and drove him from the city; and New York, had she had the power, would have gladdened the devout spirit of the editor of the *Journal of Commerce* by hanging the 'emissary' at its door as a trophy and a free-will offering to the God of the country. It was a most atrocious and diabolical spirit that was abroad then, and pervaded the whole community, but it was so far respectable that it was precisely what it professed to be. There was no mincing of matters in those days. Slavery was respected and defended as a system most admirably calculated for the welfare and happiness of the human family, and grave Doctors of Divinity, in solemn conclaves of religious bodies, held up the Bible before it as a shield, and covered it with the sacred vestments of the Church to defend it from its enemies. As the priests taught so the people believed, and to preach 'deliverance to the Captive' on the estate of a Russian noble, or the plantation of a Carolina Slaveholder would be a no more heinous crime now, than it was then to proclaim it in the streets of Boston. The gentlemen of Boston proved their faith by their works, and in a way from which it was thought, men, to say nothing of *gentle*men would have shrunk; they wreaked their vengeance not only on the men, but they mobbed women also.

But now the whole matter wears another aspect. Everybody in these days is an Abolitionist, and though this pretension does not save Abolitionists from being occasionally mobbed, the pretension itself is a proof of a change in public sentiment, and it defends itself always with the avowal that the common opposition to the Anti-Slavery Cause is not because it is what it pretends to be, but because it is not. No matter how great is the lack of sincerity in such a pretence, it is evident enough that the sentiment is acknowledged as true, and noble, and prevalent to a degree, because it is shammed. Both the fact and the pretension should have secured to George Thompson a quiet hearing on Friday night, in Boston, even though he had come here now, as he did fifteen years ago, for the avowed purpose of lecturing upon Slavery.

But he did not come for such a purpose, and this was well known. His object was a private one; he wished again to meet the men and women whom he had known on his first visit in times of trial and danger. This surely was innocent enough. And so far as he had any public object it was, if favorable occasion should offer, to lecture upon some of the great questions which agitate his own country, and in which the people of this,—in their great love of liberty everywhere but at home,—profess to be warmly interested. He comes not now as an obscure and unknown man, but as one for whom a long and honorable public career has made a name and fame which the breath of calumny has never tainted, and whose eminent services, in all good causes, have been at length crowned and recompensed by a seat in the British Parliament as the representative of the largest and most democratic constituency in the United Kingdom. Such a man Boston should have delighted to honor, and her sons should have come forth in throngs to welcome to this country the one Englishman above all others of England's public men, who has done most for the poor and the oppressed of his own land, and more to spread there all those principles which give any value to our own institutions, than, probably, any living man. Now see how Boston did receive him, and only because she is base enough to do the bidding of a few aristocrats, who love Slavery partly for its own sake and partly for their own.

Of the scenes at the meeting on Friday evening we have no better description than that contained in the *Boston Courier*, a paper, which though it would hardly venture to avow it, was glad to witness, if it was not chiefly instrumental in creating these disgraceful proceedings. It is as follows:

In answer to a call, signed by William L. Garrison and others, a very crowded meeting was held in Faneuil Hall last evening. The purpose of the meeting expressed in the "call," was to congratulate "Mr. George Thompson, M. P., of England on his arrival in this country," and to sympathize with him in the various reformatory movements in which he has been so honorably distinguished since his last visit to the United States. It was advertised that addresses would be delivered by Messrs. Thompson, Phillips, Garrison, and Frederick Douglass.

The hall was thronged at an early hour, and the galleries were occupied principally by females. At 7 o'clock the meeting was called to order by William Jackson, and organized by the selection of the following persons: President, Edmund Quincy, of Dedham: Vice Presidents, Francis Jackson, of Boston, Bourne Spooner of Plymouth, Effingham L. Capron of Worcester, Andrew Robeson of New Bedford, John Pierpont of Medford, James Russell Lowell, of Cambridge, John Sargent of Boston, John Bailey of Lynn, Simon G. Shipley of Boston; Secretaries, Henry I. Bowditch of Boston, James N. Buffum of Lynn, Samuel May, Jr. of Boston.

During the close of Mr. Garrison's readings, there was some excitement, but the first sign of a determination to interrupt appeared when Mr. Wendell Phillips rose to speak. Those in the body of the hall became restive, and a general jostling was begun, but Mr. Phillips kept on, and in answer to his exclamation that the scene was disgraceful to Boston, loud cheers were given for "Boston," for "the Union," for "Daniel Webster," for "our own country." He said there never was an assemblage in Faneuil Hall like the present, and he was answered by somebody in a distant part of the Hall, who prayed that there might never be "another such." The speaker continued, but his voice was drowned in the cheers which were given for "Millard Fillmore," "Marshal Tukey," and "Daniel Webster." The President now solicited a hearing for Mr. Phillips, on the ground that "turn about is fair play," but the audience positively refused, and he withdrew amid cheers and hisses.

The President attempted to speak again, but without success; he then introduced Mr. Thompson, who, with a written reply to the address submitted by Mr. Garrison, took the platform. This was the wildest experiment of the evening on the part of the getters up of this unpopular demonstration. Mr. Thompson was cheered and hissed alternately, as he stood with folded arms. Though there was a general determination on the part of those present not to hear him, there appeared no disposition to do him bodily injury.

He remained standing upon the platform for about ten minutes, and then a chair was handed to him and he sat down. He again rose, bowed, and proceeded to speak—"Gentlemen, I have no desire to press myself upon your attention; I only," and here his accents were drowned by the cheers that went forth, "for Winthrop," "for Webster," and "for the country." Mr. Thompson finally withdrew from the platform.

A conference was now held among the presiding officers, as to what was best to be done, and it was resolved to introduce William H. Channing; but immediately upon his mounting the rostrum "three cheers for Jenny Lind" were called for and heartily given by the crowd. Mr. Channing foolishly persisting in his desire to be heard, Jenny Lind was again cheered, as were also Webster, Cass, Winthrop, Bunker Hill, the ladies in the gallery, &c.

But Mr. Channing continuing to harangue and gesticulate, about fifty whistlers struck up a medley of tunes, consisting of "Yankee Doodle," "Dandy Jim," and one fellow, more shrill than his companions, gave an excellent imitation of Jenny Lind's "echo." Rings were also formed in various parts of the hall, and the "Camptown hornpipe" was danced by some half dozen couples. After the dancing, cheers were given for the "Hen Convention," and groans for "John Bull."

The renowned Abigail Folsom now made her appearance in the northern gallery, and was received with hearty cheers. She claimed a hearing, and the company present was too good natured to refuse her. Her first sentences were lost in the generous greetings of the crowd; but quiet having been restored, she proceeded to speak in defence of the right of speech. "It is glorious," she said, "to be here to-night." She then went on to say that brutes would conduct themselves better than the auditors present, and that a lion in his native desert is a better beloved animal than some folks. She concluded by exclaiming that "all rights—civil, religious, and domestic—depend upon the right of free speech."

Here the whistlers again struck up, and there was another bout at dancing, in the midst of which Theodore Parker appeared upon the rostrum, and claimed a hearing; but the multitude seemed too much amused with their own sports to attend to his request, and after pointing to the portraits of Washington and Hancock, Mr Parker withdrew like those who had preceded him.

Another conference was here held, and it was resolved by the "government" to adjourn. The decision was announced by Mr. Quincy, and the meeting was declared to be dissolved.

Subsequently, Elizur Wright appeared upon the platform, holding in his hand Mr. Thompson's unspoken speech, and said, "If we have not a free hall to speak in, thank God, we have a free press to print with. This address shall be printed."

Mr. Wright was followed by Fred Douglass, who failed to excite any wrath in the multitude. The gas light was reduced, and Mr. Thompson was conducted from the hall. The determination of the persons in the body of the hall seemed to be to prevent the abolitionists from being heard, and to show them that there must be an end to their folly. This was all, and this was accomplished in a forbearing and good natured manner, though effectually.

The Speech which Mr. Wright thus obtained, and was printed in his paper of the next morning, is as follows. This which was not permitted to be delivered in Boston is such an one as Barclay & Perkins' brewers would have listened to with delight, and applauded its author to the very echo. But they mobbed Haynau; Boston mobs their representative in the British Parliament:

SPEECH OF MR. THOMPSON.

If I was not deeply conscious that in all that concerns the character, prosperity, and future greatness of this country I felt a warm and friendly interest, I should deem myself unworthy of the honor and privilege I now enjoy; and the thought that I was abusing your kindness and betraying your confidence would deprive me of all power of addressing you on such an occasion.

But painfully as I feel my inability to speak to you in a manner worthy of this place and of this audience, I can, as far as my motives are concerned, and the objects which I have in view in visiting this country ere in question, look calmly upon the thousands of living beings before me, and upon the countenances of the illustrious dead behind me, and say I am not unworthy to stand before an assembly of the citizens of the United States, a free man among free men.

From my youth upward I have cherished sentiments of the profoundest admiration for the names and deeds of your venerated patriots. My delight has been to live with you as a people, through all the events that have made you a great nation. The vindicators of your rights among my own countrymen have been the objects of my idolatry. I have justified your revolutionary struggle. I have exulted in the conquest and maintenance of your independence. I have prayed for the perpetuity of your institutions, and I can and do tonight thank God that, for more than three score years and ten, you have furnished to the nations of the earth the lesson and the example that it is alike the duty, the prerogative and the glory of men to govern themselves.

Though born in another country, under a monarchial Government, I have nevertheless labored to promulgate those truths upon which your own liberty and independence are based. I have ever maintained that the people were the only legitimate source of all governing power, while I held that Governments are of divine origin, since, without law, the Universe would relapse into chaos. I have maintained equally the divine right of the people to chose for themselves the form of Government under which they would live, and to elect the persons by whom the laws should be administered.

Echoing the doctrine held by those who, though dead yet speak to you from the canvas on these walls, I have through evil and good report asserted that taxation without representation, is tyranny, and have interpreted representation to mean the right of every man, unstained by crime, to have a vote in the election of the makers of the laws.

My idea of a popular representative assembly, has always been, that it should be the express image of the mind and will of the people: that it should not only, in the first instance, be called into being by the votes of the people, and of the entire people, but that its representative character should be preserved, by quickly recurring dissolutions; that its several parts should be resolved into the elements from which they sprung, and that it should be constructed by the people, and so be an ever-living and vital emanation from the people, embodying not only their past, but their present sentiments and wishes on all matters touching their interests and their rights.

When pointed to the errors and excesses committed by the people, I have ever declared my preference for a house elected under the phrenzied excitement of the hour, to one destitute of contact and sympathy with the great body of the community.

With these views, and having at the same time unfaltering faith in the ultimate triumph of the intelligent and well directed moral power of the people, my mission has been labor among the masses.

At the beginning of my brief career as a public man I identified myself voluntarily, wholly, inseparably and for ever with the cause of the people. I have never sought the interests of the classes, but always, as I understand it the welfare of the many, and the rights of the millions. Whatever of influence and position I have gained in my own country, I owe to the confidence and support of the people, and I have sought to manifest my appreciation of their good will, and my sense of responsibility and duty, by employing any additional ability so obtained to the advancement of the people's cause.

Sent by the people into the Senate, I have voted for every measure calculated to diminish their burthens, emancipate their industry, remove the obstructions in their way to the attainment of cheap knowledge, incite them to virtue, and energy and to perseverance, enlarge their constitutional liberty, and give them the power of exercising a controlling influence on the Government of the vast Empire to which they belong, and in the resources of which they have a right to participate.

Judge then with what satisfaction I find myself in a country, where the principles I have labored to make known and apply, are established, and with one unhappy exception carried out. Judge what my joy must be to find that in proportion as those principles have been faithfully and impartially acted upon, the people of this country have advanced in happiness, in prosperity and in power. Judge what my delight must be to find myself in this hall, from which those principles of old went forth to quicken into political life, and fan into patriotic fervour the spirits of an oppressed and abused people.

Oh, ye canonized sages of the Revolutionary era, permit a Briton to thank you for the work that you did for your native land, for humanity, and for the world.

Oh, ye sons and daughters of Revolutionary sires, suffer one who comes from that country whose proudest boast in coming years will be that she was the mother of this mighty nation, to implore you to act worthy your high descent and suffer one also free from suspicions, from scandal and from reproach, to share your recollections, to sympathize in your achievements, to exult with you in the glorious prospect that lies before you in this wide spread land of your inheritance, to call you my brother, and to wish you from my soul a brother's God speed.

Fifteen years have passed since my former visit to these shores. They have been years of progress, both in the Old World and in the New. In England, I am happy to say, our course has been onward. Upon no great question has there been any retrograde step. The great work of the abolition of Slavery has been consummated. Eighty years ago, it was judiciously decreed that a slave touching the soil of England should be FREE. Since that period, the Islands of Great Britain have been all hallowed ground. No fugitives from bondage have been dragged from our altars and our hearths—We have endeavored to fulfil the Levitical law by suffering the slave to dwell in security in our midst, and there never have been wanting those, who in obedience to the christian precept, and in view of a coming judgment, were ready to shelter the wanderer, to feed him when an hungered, and to clothe him when naked, and to recognise and entertain the Saviour in the person of the meanest and lowest of his brethren. Still thank God the language of Cowper is true:

> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country and their shackles fall.

Soon may it be so in every country calling itself christian and free. Cotemporaneously with the United States of America the African slave trade was abolished; and subsequently, after a struggle of twenty-five years, the act for abolishing Colonial Slavery was obtained. Nine years later an act was passed by the Government of India declaring slaveholding illegal and felonious throughout the whole of our vast Eastern possessions.

Truth demands the confessions that oppression and injustice in a thousand forms are still to be found in all parts of the British dominions, while the lovers of freedom and the friends of philanthropy have been laboring to extirpate the foul systems of Slavery and the slave trade, and in other ways have been seeking to meliorate the condition of their fellow subjects and of the human race, others of my countrymen have been waging unholy wars—have been trampling on the rights of the weak and defenceless in various parts of world—have been sustaining institutions and monopolies injurious to the interests and in violation of the rights of the people.

These are admissions which however humiliating, every candid Englishman is bound to make. He is bound also to receive meekly the reproofs of those nations that have been more mindful of the first claims of the industrious and meritorious millions.

Still, permit me to repeat it, our course has been onward.

Since I was among you we have successfully assailed the confederated aristocracies and landocracies of England, who were the inventors, the framers and through 30 years the selfish and short sighted supporters of the atrocious Corn Laws.

It would be impossible to overstate the value and importance, present and prospective of the victory.

It revealed the power and omnipotence of an intelligent and united people.

It meliorated the horrors of a desolating famine in Ireland, and when I speak of that visitation, let me also express a nation's gratitude to this country for its generous pity, and most noble and seasonable assistance rendered in the hour of calamity and want to the people of Ireland.

The abolition of the Corn Laws has cheapened the food of the people. It has opened our ports to the harvests of the world. It has extended our commerce with all producing countries. It has established a sound regulating principle the benefits of which are felt through all our trading and monetary transactions.

It will fix the real value of land throughout Great Britain and the value of the capital and labor employed upon it.

It will settle the all important questions of Rent.

It will ultimately work the deliverance of the farmers of England from their bondage to the aristocratic proprietors of the soil.

It will bring the agricultural class into the rank of the financial and parliamentary reformers, and will unite them in sympathy in interest, and effort with the other portions of the people.

The abolition of the Corn Laws will do still more than this. It will necessitate a revision of our laws of primogeniture and entail—our probate and legacy laws and many other laws devised for the exclusive benefit of the rich—laws which have upheld the domination of a class, and have operated to the impoverishment and oppression of the rest of the community.

Let it not for a moment be supposed by any on this side of the Atlantic, that there is the faintest prospect of a return to the protective laws which have been recently swept away by the reformers of England. There is not one man among us, regarded by the People as worthy the name of an able or safe statesman, who would venture to propose the reimposition of the taxes upon food or the restoration of the old and now forever exploded protective policy.

The termination of our seven years' war with the bread taxers of England has set the energies of the nation free to be enlisted in other causes of a reformatory character. We have not been slow to summon these energies to the achievement of other triumphs.

Our financial system has for several years been undergoing rigorous investigation, and the People are by degrees learning the secret of how the money goes, and who get it.

We are indeed a people most remarkable for our patience under taxation.

At present our taxation for local and State purposes (including a State Church) is not less than $400,000,000 a year, exclusive of those voluntary taxes, which, according to their means, dispositions and opinions, the People impose upon themselves. The history of the world contains no record of a people taxed to the same extent.

This question is now being inquired into, and every day's discovery tends to convince the people that the whole system of expenditure is based upon the desire of the tax-loving few to enrich themselves at the expense of the many.

In this work of financial reform we do not fail to draw our most striking illustrations and contrasts from this country. We trust you will never put it in the power of our tax-eaters to quote your example in support of their extravagance.

The question of Finance has led us naturally to the consideration of the subject of war. We are paying annually $14,000,000 as interest upon a debt contracted in wars which the Prime Minister of England has recently acknowledged were both unjust and unnecessary.

At the end of thirty-five years of peace we are paying $80,000,000 for the maintenance of warlike establishments. The effect of the present agitation of this subject is to teach the people the history and mystery of war-making. They are fast learning that their true interests lie in the direction of peace and not of war. That it is no more to the profit of a trading nation to go to war with its neighbours than it is the interest of a tradesman in Washington-street to keep a bull-dog to attack every customer that comes to his shop door. Our people are learning the true value of those alliances which in times past have been so much talked of, and are beginning to perceive that alliances to be of any real worth must be based upon the sentiments and substantial interests of nations—that mere diplomatic, formal written alliances are worth nothing—that those only are of value, whether written or unwritten, which are the offspring and growth of mutual interests and mutual good feelings—that such only are founded in nature, and likely to be beneficial and permanent. That the alliances formed on the mere will and caprice of Sovereigns, or on the views and policy of their Ministers, or which rest on family connections and are uncombined with the general interests of the nations represented, are frail, fickle, unsubstantial and valueless.

The question of peace and war has led to the still more important question of the sacredness of human life and the value of that being whom it is the express object of war to destroy—a being formed in the same image, gifted with the same faculties, created for the same destinies with ourselves—a being with powers—

> That cannot ripen here,
> But ask infinity to bring them forth
> And find employment for their unbounded scope.

The day is coming I trust when, in my country and in this, Man will be regarded as something more than a piece of soulless, unreflecting mechanism—a thing of cogs and springs and pulleys—that *feels* not, *hopes* not, *worships* not—and may therefore be destroyed with less remorse than a *chrystal*, or a *musical* instrument, or a steam engine; but as a living, moving, conscious, thinking, hoping, fearing, rejoicing, responsible being; the inestimable workmanship of the divine hand, and as such to be educated and reserved for higher purposes than to be destroyed by war, or to be employed as the destroyer of his fellow man.

The question which of all others is exciting the deepest interest in the minds of the people of England, and is also the one which has the most attraction for me, is the question of Representation. This question must henceforth be paramount until the people are in possession of their Constitutional rights and have the control of the election of Members to the House of Commons.

The present state of our representation is a libel upon the intelligence and an insult to the common sense of the people.

With a population of thirty millions of souls, embracing not less than six millions of adult males, we have not more than 750,000 electors, and these so distributed that the vast majority of them are under influences of one kind or another, which corrupt their principles or cripple their independence.

An uninformed foreigner might suppose that these 750,000 electors, who enjoy the rare privilege of sending 625 men to the House of Commons to make laws not only for the British Islands but for our extended empire in the four quarters of the globe, with 252,000,000 of inhabitants, had been carefully picked out, like grains of precious wheat from bushels of worthless chaff. He might suppose that they had been sought after as with a candle, and chosen for their stern political virtue, their cultivated and discriminating intellect, and their unquestionable independence. Above all, he might suppose that these men passed beyond all their fellow-citizens in a knowledge of public affairs and of the wants of the community, and were therefore the fittest persons to proceed on behalf of the nation to the choice of those who should sway the destinies of the British Empire.

The fact, I blush to say, is far otherwise. Making allowance for many good men in all parts of the country, who exercise the franchise honestly, and with a view to the common weal, you shall not find in all society beside, a class of men of more abject, more soulless, more sycophantic and subservient, more utterly unprincipled in their politics, more corrupt, more ready to be the agents in the work of corruption, more intensely selfish or more regardless of the interests of the nation, than those who control the elections in the vast

majority of the parliamentary boroughs of the United Kingdom.

How, you may be disposed to ask, does this come to pass? Are the men I have described worse in their original elements than other men? Is there any thing in the air they breathe, or the occupations which they follow, of a contaminating quality? Are they incapable of becoming men who could feel a pure and patriotic interest in the result of an election? I answer, No. Their characters are formed by the system under which they live. It is our system which has made these men the mean, slavish, sordid, corrupt creatures which we find them. It is the system which has made the peer in his feudal castle, and the millionaire in his modern mansion house, the lords of the consciences and the votes of thousands upon thousands of the electors of the United Kingdom.

It is the system that has put it in the power of the London merchant, or wealthy banker, to go down into our constituencies and with the aid of local mercenaries and electioneering pimps to buy and debauch his way into Parliament.

It is the system that has elevated into consequence and power the small solicitor in the country town, and has enabled him to become the recognized conveyance of the Borough.

It is the system that has enabled Parliamentary agents in the Metropolis to open ledger accounts with three-fourths of the Boroughs in the country, and to become, through their provincial confederates, the wholesale chapmen of Seats to the imperial Legislature.

A system of mock representation could hardly be invented more directly calculated to make men crouching slaves—to give Electors the power of trafficking their votes, or to raise up a host of political Dousterswivels, than the system under which the English House of Commons is at this time elected.

Our system is a fetid dunghill, out of which springs, with frightful luxuriance, under the warm sun of every general election, all kinds of rank weeds and poisonous plants. It is a stagnant reservoir of putrid water, breeding from year to year every pernicious exhalation, and all sorts of noxious reptiles to find their way at every election into the regions of pollutions and iniquity, and which are always to be traced by the filthy slime they leave behind them.

Such is the system we are now trying to abolish, and in place of it to have one that shall give to every man with a local habitation and a name a vote—shall apportion representation to population—shall shorten the duration of Parliaments—shall give the secrecy, the shelter and the security of the ballot—and shall get rid of the present monied qualification for a seat in the Legislature. In thus seeking to obtain a new Reform Bill, and under it a House of Commons that shall actually and nominally be the creation of the people;

That shall really and not in name only represent the people;

That shall not be a control *upon* the people, but a control *for* the people;

That shall continually feel its responsibility *to* the people;

That, by being periodically resolved into the mass from whence it arose, shall be a truthful reflection of the mind and will of the people, we are only seeking that which the Constitution designed the people should have, and which the freedom, security and happiness of the people demand.

Such a house we think would not be reluctant or slow to revise the Civil List of the Crown and purge it of its follies and extravagances.

Such a house we think would apply the pruning knife to the Pension List and save the people's pockets by striking off the names of sundry political paupers who live the lives of splendid mendicants upon the hard earnings of the industrious poor.

Such a house we think would not be startled at the proposals of Mr. Hume or Mr. Cobden, to reduce the number of men in the army and navy, and save the productive classes the expense of keeping in mechanical and demoralizing idleness, men who are not required for the defence of the country.

Such a house we think would listen to the demands of the Colonies for self-government, and relieve our dependencies from some of those official personages who are appointed less with a view to the welfare of our fellow-subjects abroad than with a view to the relief of the pockets of their friends at home.

Such a house we think would find some other way of governing Ireland than by means of curfew laws, arms acts, Crown and Government security bills—the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and the banishment to penal settlements of those who have advocated the rights of their countrymen.

Such a house would we think not be afraid to look the Irish Church in the face, nor reluctant to obliterate the sickening spectacle of pampered hirelings, paid out of the poverty of the people, preaching contentment and subordination to the church-ridden victims of hunger, the spectacle of lordly prelates in fine linen, with well fed servants in purple, and pampered steeds waiting to convey them in cushioned carriages to Episcopal palaces, preaching the free gospel of Christ to starved humanity in filthy rags.

Such a house we think would so legislate for the industrious millions of Great Britain, as that it should not be necessary for a man to exile himself from his native soil and the graves of his fathers, and cross the sea to the shores of America, to find a subsistence and ask leave to live.

I have said enough to show you that we have plenty to do in England, in the way of reform, and sufficient, perhaps, to satisfy you, that bad as things are, we are progressing in the right direction. Past successes have shown us the power of a moral and peaceable agitation. The experience of the last half century has demonstrated, that no real reform, when demanded by the voice of the people, can be long delayed, however strong the opposition to it may be.

We have seen the slave-trade abolished though princes of the blood royal, and the consolidated bench of bishops, and the whole of the mercantile interests of the nation stood in the way. We have seen the odious test and corporation acts, though supported by the banded bigotry and superstition of the realm, repealed by a parliament of churchmen.

We have seen Catholic emancipation, though withstood by a monarch and his minions, and opposed by all the influences of sectarian prejudice, wrung from a parliament of Orangemen.

We have seen a Reform Bill, though resisted by the King, with the Duke of Wellington and the army at his back, extorted from a parliament of Borough-mongers.

We have seen West Indian Slavery, though upheld by half the titled, and all the money-making classes of society, abolished at the bidding of the moral and just-minded portions of the people; and we have seen the solid phalanx of the combined monopolists of England defeated by those who claimed for their fellow-men the right of exchanging the fruits of their industry for the harvests of the world.

I turn for a moment to the country I am permitted to visit, and I find that your course, like our own, has been on*word*.

Language fails to describe the progress you have made since I last stood on these shores. Here in this city I see all the evidences of increased population, augmented wealth, a growing commerce, an extending city; and a community in circumstances of comfort and prosperity that make me weep over the different lot of thousands in the cities and towns of my own land. I look into the Proclamation of your Governor, and I find that he calls upon you to thank God that "general health and plenty have prevailed in your Commonwealth. That in the workshops and on change; amid the peaceful pursuits of agriculture; in the busy marts of trade, and among the robust and hardy adventurers of the sea, who bring up from the depths of distant oceans the materials for lighting up their countrymen upon the land, a success and prosperity have rewarded the enterprise of your varied industry and business, which evince an overruling Providence."

Citizens of Massachusetts! I congratulate you, from my heart, that such is your lot. I congratulate you still more, that, amid the signs of increasing material wealth and prosperity, there are also the infallible evidences of a no less remarkable progress in the moral feelings and the opinions of the people of this favored State. Need I go beyond these walls to find the proof that you have not stood still during the last fifteen years? Do I not furnish in my own history the unmistakeable evidence, standing where I now do, that Massachusetts has kept pace with the spirit of the age—that Massachusetts has not sworn that she will not be wiser to-morrow than she is to-day—that Massachusetts has not forgotten the God that guided the Mayflower to Plymouth rock—and that, though the peerless intellect of Massachusetts may suffer from the stroke of a Southern sun, the heart of the old Bay State is sound, and still beats responsive to the instincts of nature, the dictates of humanity, and the claims of the trembling outcast who asks a shelter on her soil.

If I cast my eyes over the vast extent of your country, from the rocky shores of Maine to the gold regions of California, I find the same indications of growth, expansion, prosperity and power; indications, also, of the gradual but sure diffusion of principles, tending in their spread and triumph to the removal of whatever is calculated to sully the fair fame, or to impair the usefulness of this Nation. As a lover of human freedom, I cannot but rejoice that the last State admitted into the Union, is one which has by its own Constitution prohibited Slavery, and that at the last election in Massachusetts, a Free Soil candidate for Congress was triumphant.

Citizens of Massachusetts, I come among you as a friend. As far as I am permitted to call myself the representative of any portion of my countrymen, I represent those, who, equally with myself rejoice in your prosperity and sympathize with you in all your efforts to perpetuate liberty among yourselves, and extend it throughout the world. If there be any in England who envy your greatness—any who lament over the success of your great experiment—any who would gladly see you halt in your glorious career—any who would, if they had the means, impede your progress—with such I have neither connection nor sympathy—I leave them to seek fellowship with the despots and re-actionaries of Europe, and to the vigilant attention of Barclay & Perkins's draymen. Standing here as an individual man, I can declare that as concerning the destinies of nations and after the success of the efforts of Reformers at home to obtain for the people of England their just rights, I desire nothing more earnestly than the stability and extension of the institutions of this country, as far as they are intended and designed to secure the liberty of the human race, without distinction of condition or color. As an Englishman, I thank God that so many of my countrymen have found a home and a country here. I lament the causes that have compelled too many of them to emigrate to these shores, but I rejoice that here they have found a welcome—honest employment—a homestead—the privilege of citizenship and a home for their children. May they prove grateful for the benefits they have reaped on this soil, and may they render to God a suitable return by becoming the benefactors of all who, like themselves, have experienced the evils of misgovernment—may they never steel their hearts against the cry of the helpless, or take part with the oppressors of their fellow man.

If it be imputed to me that I have identified myself with those who are held in Slavery on this soil, and have sought to promulgate the doctrines of emancipation, I acknowledge the justice of the impeachment, and plead guilty. My offence reaches far beyond the limits of the United States. My aspirations for freedom are as wide as the soil polluted by the footprints of a tyrant. In advocating the rights of humanity, I know of no geographical boundaries. I walk upon God's earth, among God's children, and wherever I see one of them smitten down I will denounce the aggressor, and demand the deliverance of the captive.

If this be a crime, I am in good company. I am in company with a candidate for the Presidential chair. I am in company with the Secretary of State for the United States of America.

These distinguished men may possibly make a distinction between an act committed on the banks of the Tyber and the Danube, and a similar act committed on the banks of the Potomac or the Mississippi. I can make no such distinction. They may make a distinction between Kossuth in Turkey and William Crafts in Massachusetts. I can make none. I read the language of Mr. Webster, and I admire it for the justice of the sentiments it breathes as well as for its lofty and thrilling eloquence, but he must not blame me if I apply it to other circumstances and events beside those which were under his notice at the time. He must not blame me, if, standing in Faneuil Hall I say, in his matchless words:

"I see that the South demands of Massachusetts that the noble Crafts and his equally noble companion should be given up, and I see that this demand is in derision of the established law of nations. Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power; but there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind or earthquake—that is the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world."

Thanks to Massachusetts this indignation has not been invoked—on the contrary, the conduct of Massachusetts has been such as will light up with radiance the face of every man in every country who is the friend of humanity, and the consistent lover of impartial freedom. What need I say more than that I am proud to be on Massachusetts soil to-night and will consent to be myself banished if I may leave this State as the inviolable asylum of the slave. Many representations have been made respecting the objects of my visit to this country. I have seen none that are correct with the exception of those which have been put forth by my friends in this city.

In England, we are in the habit of welcoming many of the citizens of this country to our shores, and it has been my good fortune to have it in my power, sometimes to entertain at my humble board, the visitors who come among us. I trust that I may say we are not wanting either in individual or national hospitality. Some of those who thus honor us, come on missions of philanthropy and reform. They come to turn us from our evil ways, and to expose in the clearer light with which you are blessed, our national sins and deformities. They come to rebuke the spirit of war, they come to speak temperance, they come to point our distressed and struggling population to this land of promise, where no tithe-collector and rackrenting landlords spoil the husbandman of the fruits of his industry. I think I may take upon me to say they have not been ill-received. At least I may say this—that those with whom I am identified, have ever given such good men a warm welcome and their best wishes for their success.

Well, after 15 years absence, I revisit these shores. I come in the spirit of kindness and brotherly affection. I come to see those who cherished me when I was formerly here, who were not ashamed to own themselves my friends when there was a state of feeling far different from that which now exists. If I have any mission it is one of my own desiring, for I consulted only my own inclinations and objects in coming. But if there be those who will have it that I come here with some special object, then let me say that it is this if it is any—To tell the citizens of these States that there are millions on the other side of the Atlantic, who glory in the success which has crowned the efforts of the People of this country to build up this Institution, and who look to America to send out through all lands the gospel of political liberty. To tell them, too, that there is one sad drawback upon their influence in Europe, and that it is Slavery. That the enemies of freedom point to that fact with exultation—that they desire its continuance and its spread—that they would be glad to see it reinstated in Massachusetts, and made eternal, that they might forever point to it as a proof of the licentiousness of those who set up to govern themselves and abuse their own liberty by enslaving others. If I have a mission it is this, and if I have a message, this is my message.

Citizens of America, the Ark of Liberty is with you, and the nations of the earth are flying to it. You are great, glorious, and free—but your Slavery tarnishes your reputation, and fills the quiver of the enemies of freedom. Make haste, then to purge your nation from the stain. Continue the good work that has begun among you. Consider no foreigner a friend of America who vindicates your Slavery; consider no man your enemy who desires its overthrow. Peacefully but firmly proclaim the great truths which went forth from the Cradle of Liberty. Nor halt in your career of mercy until from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and from the isthmus of Panama to the most northern limits of your territory, your soil should be sacred to freedom and humanity.

Charles Sumner of Boston holds commission as a Commissioner of the United States Courts, and is, of course, one of those before whom a fugitive slave may be brought on claim of his master. Mr. Sumner thus alluded to his position, and the course he had determined to take, in a recent speech at Boston:

"And here, Sir, let me say, that it becomes me to speak with peculiar caution. It happens to me to sustain an important relation to this bill. Early in professional life, I was designated by the late Mr. Justice Story one of the Commissioners of the Courts of the United States, and though I have not very often exercised the functions of this post, yet my name is still upon the lists. As such I am one of those before whom under the recent act of Congress, the panting fugitive may be brought for the decision of the question, whether he is a freeman or a slave. But while it becomes me to speak with caution, I shall not hesitate to speak with plainness. I cannot forget that I am a *man*, although I am a *Commissioner*. [Three cheers given.]

"Did the same spirit which inspired the fathers, inspire our community now, the marshals, and every magistrate who regarded this law as having any constitutional obligation, and would resign rather than presume to execute it. This, however, is too much to expect from all at present. But I will not judge them. To their own consciences I leave them. Surely, no person of humane feelings, and with any true sense of justice, living in a land 'where the bells have knolled to church!' whatever may be the apology of public station, could fail to recoil from such service.—For myself, let me say, that I can imagine no office, no salary, no consideration, which I would not gladly forego, rather than become in any way an agent in enslaving my brother-man. [Sensation.] Where for me would be comfort and solace, after such a work? [A voice—'No where!'] In dreams and in waking hours, in solitude and in the street, in the meditations of the closet, and in the affairs of men, wherever I turned, there my victim would stare me in the face; from the distant rice-fields and sugar plantations of the South his cries beneath the vindictive lash, his moans at the thought of liberty once his, now, alas! ravished from him, would pursue me, telling the tale of his fearful doom, and forever sounding in my ears, 'Thou art the man!' [Rapturous applause.]"

A Freeman in Slavery.—The *Non-Slaveholder* of Philadelphia publishes a report of a Committee made at the late Yearly Meeting of Friends in Indiana, in which the following case is related of the enslavement of a free colored man of that State, and his subsequent release. If all such instances of kidnapping could be brought to light, they would be found, doubtless, much more common than is generally supposed. Under the new Fugitive Slave law they may be perpetrated with impunity:

In the 11th month last, our branch was informed by the members of Union Branch, that a colored man, by the name of Eli Tery, that was seduced away from his father's house near Indianapolis, in the 10th mo. 1842, had lately been heard of in Red River County, in the State of Texas.

Although the neighboring citizens used considerable exertion at the time, in his case, and friends made much inquiry on the subject, the following year, yet no information could be obtained where he probably might be found; till in the summer of 1849, John Ryman, a citizen of Lawrenceburgh, on business at Orleans, obtained the information from a citizen of Red River county, Texas, (there on business also;) he in a casual conversation relating the wretched condition of a colored man in Slavery, on an adjoining plantation to his own, who said he was a freeman, and that he had free parents living near Indianapolis, Indiana.

Upon hearing said information, our branch appointed a committee to unite with a committee of Union branch, to examine the accounts further; to take legal counsel thereon; and propose to a subsequent meeting such measures as they might think best.

At a subsequent meeting, called for the purpose on the 3d of the 12th mo., 1849, upon hearing the report of the committee, it was agreed to employ an efficient lawyer and two competent witnesses, to go the long journey of something over 2,500 miles, to endeavor to regain his freedom, and bring him back.

Accordingly a few friends were set apart to make said engagement, and on the 4th of 12th mo., (being time of our Supreme Court,) the aforesaid John Ryman, Attorney at Law, as agent, and Thomas Council and Parish T. Harrison as witnesses, were employed to go after the said colored man. They were also furnished with several depositions of different persons who were acquainted with the family, and some of the incidents relative to his abduction which were certified by the Governor, and the State seal affixed as a corroborative evidence. Accordingly the deputation left Lawrenceburgh on the 11th of 12th mo, and on the 30th of the same, they arrived at Clarksville, Red River County, Texas. They there had to encounter some difficulties, the informant having moved away, and the said colored man having again been sold. But after prudent delay, till they could find a person that they could confidently trust, they at length obtained information where the colored man in question was, and his present master's name:—and fortwith our Attorney caused a writ of habeas corpus to be issued, on which the said Eli was taken and brought before a judge, and his master summoned to appear, and show cause if any, why he should not be set at liberty.

When the parties were ready, the case came to a hearing, and after being fully argued on both sides, the judge declared himself fully satisfied with the proofs, and ordered the said colored man to be discharged from all manner of restraint, with liberty to go wheresoever he would. Our attorney gives a just tribute of credit to the judge, for the firm and impartial manner in which he discharged his duty, though a southern man with strong southern views. And early in the 2d mo., 1850, they all arrived home in safety, and restored the said colored man to his father's home, to their great mutual comfort, as well as to the satisfaction of their friends.

The whole cost was $677 20.

The following Resolutions, passed at the meeting in Canandaigua, a report of which was published in the last *Standard*, were accidently mislaid, and consequently omitted in the report. We now therefore publish the whole correctly:

Whereas, a law has recently been passed by the American Congress, providing for the recapture of fugitive slaves, which, doubtless, exceeds in tyranny and oppression any law that has disgraced the statute Book of any Nation or People, whether Heathen or Christian; Therefore,

Resolved, That, in all suitable ways, we will labor to secure a speedy repeal of the said law, and until such a repeal shall have been affected we will, upon all proper occasions, express our sympathies for its oppressed subjects.

Resolved, That although we are surrounded by quite as many, and equally as influential, friends as any other community of colored citizens, yet so long as it is treason for them to protect the really free, or defend the flying fugitive, we are, in fact, left to the mercy of the most merciless gang of land-pirates that ever infested this or any other land, upon which the sun shines.

Resolved, That we regard this law as unconstitutional and void: 1st, because, it robs a freeman falsely claimed as a fugitive slave, of his liberty, and all he holds dear and valuable on earth, without the privilege of an appeal, or the benefit of a trial by Jury; 2d, because when his liberties have been wrested from him, in a 'summary manner,' he is denied the privilege of that great remedy against unlawful imprisonment, the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus.

Resolved, That the first great object of civil government is to protect the rights and liberties of its citizen's, to secure their persons against violent seizures and unlawful arrest, and inasmuch as this law not only neglects to perform these sacred obligations, but expressly subjects freemen to these disabilities, inflicts these wrongs and provides no remedy by which they can be redressed, we, therefore, regard it as a departure from the fundamental principles upon which all rightful governments are instituted among men, and that it has no binding force whatever upon intelligent and high-minded freemen.

Resolved, That it is the right and duty of the States of this Confederacy to protect its citizens in the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of their rights and liberties; that inasmuch as this law strikes at the very root of this sovereign right, by depriving the States of the privilege of guaranteeing to each citizen an impartial trial before a jury of his peers before he can be deprived of his liberty, and of guarding against his forcible abduction from their borders without just cause, by granting to such citizens the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus*, we regard it as tyrannical, unconstitutional, and unjust.

Resolved, That we acknowledge the validity of no law that makes humanity a crime, and condemns as a felon an American citizen for obeying the Apostolic injunction, to remember those in bonds as bound with them.

Resolved, That law or no law, Constitution or no Constitution, we will never refuse to give aid and comfort to the flying fugitive, nor will we ever assist in chaining and carrying back to hopeless bondage the crushed and bleeding victim of oppression.

Resolved, That inasmuch as we as colored Americans receive no protection through the operation of the American law, we are thrown back upon the first great law of Nature, and must protect ourselves by every means which God and Nature has placed within our power.

Resolved, That in the name of the Everliving God we proclaim to our country and the world, that we will never suffer our liberties to be wrested from us without a fierce struggle to maintain them.

President Fillmore and the Bloodhound Bill.—The administration that passed and executed the new American Game Law is not likely to be forgotten, or to escape a fitting chronicler in the future history of the present day. Nor is it likely that the name which is signed at its foot will be omitted from its proper place on the roll of the names of the famous and the infamous. The fear, however, that some such thing may happen seems to have taken possession of President Fillmore. He is evidently determined that the Bill shall be known as his Bill, and the measure acknowledged as the pet measure of his administration. He is going down to posterity—and down somewhere else also—on the shoulders of slave-hunters and the hacks of bloodhounds. Had we a College of Heraldry the Bloodhound would be added to his family arms, if he has any, and if not, a coat would be made for him of whips and chains crossed on a red field, with the bloody-mouthed dog, standing on the prostrate body of the captured slave, for a crest. As Jeffrey's Assizes will never be forgotten in the West of England, so the Slave Hunt of 1850 in the Northern States of the American Union will be remembered by those who come after us, and it shall be known as Fillmore's Slave Hunt. He, at least, whatever may happen to other Presidents, accidental or otherwise, will have achieved immortality. He need not fear that he will be forgotten. The memory of a great crime never dies, however much small villainies are buried in oblivion. So an immortal infamy rests upon the names of great criminals, though your petty larceny scoundrels are soon forgotten.—President Fillmore has hit upon one true way of securing his name from being effaced from the memory of men.

Even the signing of such a law as that of the Bloodhound Bill was in itself enough to secure that end, but the President means to make it doubly sure by executing the law efficiently. He takes it under his special protection. If other laws are broken, or threatened to be broken, their execution is left to the constituted authorities where such a chance may occur; but President Fillmore wishes it understood that in this matter of catching the runaway 'niggers' of the South, the Executive is specially interested, and that nobody else may be ashamed of this 'Constitutional duty,' he will give it the advantage of his official station and influence. He not only declares that the law shall be executed "to the very letter, Sir; to the very letter," but he assures Dr. Collins of Macon, Ga., the owner of the Crafts, that the whole disposable force of the Government shall be employed if necessary to enforce the law for their benefit, and that any officer failing to perform his duty in the premises shall be punished and dismissed. The Crafts, fortunately, have taken refuge in the dominion of a monarchy from the laws of this despotic republic, and are beyond the reach of this Nimrod of the Nineteenth Century, but he may, nevertheless, yet have an opportunity of executing his threat both upon officers and people. Meantime it is easy to set the law at defiance, as we have the pleasure of knowing from experience, and not easy to make an act already done as if it were not. The whole Army and Navy cannot compel us to take back the aid rendered to the last fugitive we helped forward to Canada. The President must quarter a troop of horse in several places we could tell him of, if he is to carry one half of his threat into execution, and must order the military to be in readiness at all principle points, in case of an arrest. We want to see him do that.

Fruits of the May Mob.—The mob of this city, remembering their success in May, and feeling certain that they may place implicit reliance on the poltroonery of the present Mayor, tried their power again, a few evenings since, in the Tabernacle. A meeting was called preliminary to the formation of a Society for the protection of immigrants, a class eminently needing the care of some such association, as these poor people are cheated, deceived, and compelled to submit to numberless wrongs and exactions the moment they touch our wharves; and the right to make them victims is, of course, a cherished one among Democrats of the Empire Club and *Globe* newspaper School. The meeting, however, was not allowed to take place. The hall was occupied by a gang of rowdies, headed it is said, by Capt. Rynders, who effectually put an end, for the present, to any public effort in behalf of the suffering immigrants. Capt. Rynders has denied his being present, but that is no evidence that he was not. At any rate, this small row is the legitimate fruit of the greater one at the May meeting, and the beginning, doubtless, of many more, unless Mr Rynders gets a Foreign Embassy from Mr. Fillmore, or is sent to Blackwell's Island by the new Mayor.

Massachusetts Election.—In Massachusetts the Whig party have lost the State election, defeated partly by a coalition between the Democrats and Free Soilers, and partly by the fatuous attempts of the 'retainers' of Mr. Webster to defeat Mr Mann. The Whig Candidate, Deacon Briggs again, is defeated by a majority of over seven thousand, and the Legislature is Opposition, so that the State will be governed by a Free Soil Executive, and represented in the U. S. Senate by a Free Soil Senator, in place of Mr. Winthrop.

Chaplin's Trial.—The Court, at Rockville, having refused to admit Mr. Chaplin to bail, on his affirmation that he could not obtain a fair trial there, permission was granted that the case be removed to Howard District Court. The court fixed the amount of bail at $19,000, which is not yet, but probably soon will be, obtained. The grand jury presented seven indictments—three charging Chaplin with assault and battery, with attempt to kill; two for larceny of Toombs and Stevens' slaves, and two for assisting the slaves to escape.

The State Election.—By the official returns, it seems that Washington Hunt is elected Governor, by about two hundred and fifty majority, but that for the rest the Democratic ticket is chosen by large majorities.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—— Armed Resistance.—At Chardon, Ohio, fifty of the most respectable, influential and wealthy citizens have formed themselves into a military company to resist, by force of arms, the Fugitive Slave Law in that vicinity. This movement is absurd, nay criminal, and should be condemned by every good citizen.—*Boston Journal.*

—— A negro woman was rescued from a slave catcher, after he had taken her three miles from the Illinois and Michigan canal, on his way South.

—— The School Law.—The majority in this State against the repeal of the Free School Law will be about thirty-two thousand votes. This is not so large as was anticipated.

—— The *Liverpool Courier* notices the fact that the United States mail steamship Atlantic, Capt West, has her saloons entirely manned by colored servants, the descendants of Africa (says the editor), being more docile, agreeable, and useful to the passengers, than white attendants.

—— Negro Disturbance in Burlington.—The *North American* states that at the colored church in Burlington, N. J., on Sunday evening, a number of negroes suspecting a black man in the crowd to be acting as a spy for slaveholders, made an attack upon him. He was badly stabbed, and, escaping from the church, took refuge in a carpenter's shop, into which he got by breaking a window. He here defended himself with an axe. On Monday morning warrants were issued by Justice Archer, and a fellow, called "Shingleback" was arrested as a participant in the row. The matter is now undergoing judicial investigation.

—— Fugitives.—The *Cleveland Herald* is informed that a number of 'Fugitives' were overtaken by their masters at Chicago, and started back with them on the canal. About sixteen miles from Chicago, the canal boat was overtaken by a mob, who rescued six of the slaves, rushed them to Chicago, and sent them down the Lake on the steamer Niagara. The masters pursued across the country to Detroit, to head the steamer, and when she arrived there, she had no slaves on board—they had been landed in Canada above Detroit.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Nov. 11.*

—— The First Arrest.—Three supposed fugitive slaves were brought down on the steamer New England, a trip or two since. They were arrested in the country back of Quincy, Illinois, and at the time of their capture were making tracks for the Canadas. We learn they had been absent from their owners some time, and up to the time of the passage of the fugitive slave bill, deemed themselves safe with the Mississippi alone between themselves and the owners.

This is the first arrest in this section under the provisions of the late fugitive slave law.—*St. Louis Int.*

—— Thanksgiving in N. Hampshire, Nov 28; Connecticut, Nov 28; Vermont, Dec. 5; Michigan, Nov. 28; N. York, Dec. 12; Maryland, Nov 28; Pennsylvania, Dec. 12; Florida, Nov. 28; Indiana, Nov. 28; Ohio, Nov. 28.

—— A Written Language in Western Africa.—One of the Sierra Leone agents of the Church Mission Society of London, Rev. Mr. Koelle, has discovered a written language existing in the interior of West Africa—the Vy language. Mr. Koelle says that the alphabet consists of about one hundred letters, each representing a syllable. The new characters are said to have no analogy with any other known. Mr. Koelle has taken passage on board a vessel going to the nearest point from which the Vy Nation can be reached, with the resolution to investigate fully this interesting discovery.

—— Nothing is plainer than that the Union and Constitution of these States are not worth preserving, if they are at the mercy of a handful of malcontents in Mississippi and Massachusetts. If there is not in the people of the country an abiding faith in its institutions—a patriotic interest in its traditions—a generous and lofty pride in its expanding dominions and augmenting power; and if these sentiments are not strong enough to overbalance our disgust at the ravings of the chivalry in one quarter, and of the Abolitionists in another, then we may as well proclaim the grand experiment of seventy years a failure, and shout Disunion because of the crazy antics of Governor Quitman, or because a few lawless individuals in Boston have interposed obstacles to the execution of the Fugitive Slave law.—*Wash Republic.*

—— The *Post* publishes the following Memorial, with the suggestion that the Castle Garden Committee give it their immediate attention:

MEMORIAL OF JOHN SMITH, OYSTERMAN.

To the Committee of One Hundred:

Your memorialist respectfully represents that he has been for three years past tending a small gin and oyster cellar in Canal street, with little profit and less honor, endeavoring to get a living thereby for himself and family. That he has risen early and set up late, with his oyster knife in hand, waiting for customers to supply with as fine oysters as there were shed. But customers come so seldom that he is often obliged to serve them with a stale article, or lose much of his stock. Your memorialist farther represents that he is in favor of the "Union," and against "agitation;" he hates niggers, and, only six weeks ago, kicked one, whom he had hired as help, out of his cellar, without paying his wages, because there was nothing for him to do.

Your memorialist farther represents that there is a colored man by the name of Downing, who keeps an oyster cellar in Broad street, which is daily frequented by hundreds of merchants, both of this city and from the south, and by many of your honorable committee, in quest of oysters and other refreshments, and that said Downing, has become wealthy from the patronage thus bestowed. That said Downing is a notorious abolitionist, having within a few months avowed, that if he were seized and claimed as a slave, he would resist the aggressor unto blood: that said Downing has, on various occasions at public meetings, and through the public journals, shown himself to be dissatisfied with the "Peace Measures"—as your honorable committee facetiously style them—of the last Congress, thereby promoting the agitation and disquiet of the country.

Your memorialist farther represents, that there are many other oyster cellars in this city, kept by black men, who entertain the same heinous and destructive sentiments, whose names and location your memorialist will, if necessary, have pleasure in furnishing to your honorable body.

Now, therefore, your memorialist respectfully represents that if the said Downing, and all persons engaged in the oyster trade, who entertain such sentiments as he professes, were to be publicly denounced by your committee in the columns of the *Herald* and *Journal of Commerce*, which may be had for that or any other purpose to which your honorable body may be disposed to put them, for a reasonable consideration, as your committee is by this time aware; and if a public meeting were called by your committee to proscribe all negroes who sell oysters, and all white people who eat oysters sold by them, I think I might get my stale stock off my hands, and soon afford to supply a fresh article on moderate terms, and, at the same time, receive a just reward for my devotion to the constitution, and to that freedom of person and opinion in defence of which our forefathers fought and bled, and one of my uncles had to be hung.

Your memorialist farther represents, that he is willing to modify or abandon any opinions he may entertain, if required by the committee, having found them thus far, like his oysters, stale and unprofitable. He will be happy to sell his oysters upon any terms, and if he cannot sell them without, he will cheerfully sell them with, his principles, having learned from sad experience that neither improve by keeping.

All which is respectfully submitted,

JOHN SMITH, Oysterman,
No. 658 Canal street.

P. S. The Committee may hold their sessions at my cellar free, while debating this memorial, and such entertainment as I have will be at their service, without cost. J. S.

——PROCLAMATION,

By Hamilton Fish, *Governor of the State of New York.*

The mercies of an all-kind Providence call for an acknowledgment of gratitude and of dependence from the creatures of his bounties.

The year which is about to close has been marked by innumerable blessings to us as a Nation. Abundant harvest and profitable labor have brought rich rewards to honest industry. Peace and tranquility are established at home; and no discord disturbs our relations abroad. Health, prosperity and abundance have been freely vouchsafed to us. Civil and religious liberty prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land. And to us all is secured the free exercise of the worship of our Creator according to their own faith. And on this occasion we should not forget that while an inscrutable Providence has seen fit to remove during the past year the Chief Magistrate of our Union, the same Providence has preserved us under the trial a free and a united People, has saved us from anarchy or civil commotion, and has continued to us the mild operation of a Government of our own adoption and rulers of our own choice.

I do, therefore, designate, and recommend THURSDAY, the twelfth of December next, to be observed by the good people of this State as a day of Public Thanksgiving to Almighty God.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the Privy Seal of the State, [L. S.] at the City of Albany, the 31st day of October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

By the Governor: HAMILTON FISH.
Robert H Morris, Private Secretary.

—— Attempt to Kidnap, or Otherwise.—Bishop, a colored man, who has been in this State some two or three years, perhaps longer, was at work in his blacksmith shop, near the Beech Wood's Factory, on Friday of last week. A horseman rode up, and asked him to examine his horse's foot, and see what ailed it. He looked at one foot, and could find nothing the matter, and was requested to examine another. By this time some four or five strangers had come up, and Bishop, not liking the appearance of things, stepped back into the shop as if to get some tool, and instead of returning, went through the back door, into the adjoining field, and started across the field.

He was pursued by some, on foot, and some on horseback, across the fields and over fences and through corn stalks, weeds and brush. Bishop ran to where a farmer, who was hauling a load of corn, had loosed his horses. By the time he arrived one of the pursuers was close on him. Bishop mounted one of the horses belonging to the team, and as he mounted he was shot at some three or four times by the man, who, by this time, was within a few feet of him. He returned the fire and lodged a bullet against a pistol in the breeches pocket of the enemy.

But to cut the story short, Bishop escaped. The Fugitive Law and its myrmidons were insufficient for his capture.

It is said that Bishop is the slave of a Mr. Campbell, of Nicholas Co., Ky., who was one of the company in pursuit. But the fact that one of them falsely represented himself to be a United States Marshal, and under pretence that he had a warrant for the arrest of Bishop, commanded citizens of Ohio to aid in his arrest, and even presented a pistol to the breast of one of them who refused to obey him, causes the whole affair to be looked upon with suspicion.

Shooting with intent to kill, even at a fugitive, we suppose, is, under the laws of Ohio, a Penitentiary offence.—*Ripley (Ohio) Bee.*

—— Trouble among the Colored People at the West End.—At about four o'clock, yesterday afternoon, a mob of colored people, armed with stones and clubs, surrounded Plummer's grocery store, corner of Garden and Southac streets, where a colored man, who was suspected of having given information by which W. L. Chaplin was detected in the act of smuggling slaves from Washington city last winter, had taken refuge. The mob with violent cries, attempted to get at the suspected informer, who stoutly protested his innocence. Police Officer Morrill interfered to save him from their violence. One or two of the mob, however, attempted to take the man from the officer, and a stone was thrown which struck Mr. Morrill in the back of the head. More police officers came to the assistance of Mr Morrill, and the mob was dispersed. One of them, named John Smith, was arrested for assaulting Mr. Morrill and committed to jail.—*Boston Transcript, Wednesday.*

—— "Gratifying Spectacle!"—The *Charleston, Va., Free Press* mentions the return of Mr. Taylor, of that place, from Harrisburg, with two fugitive slaves, that were surrendered to him under the new law, and indulges in the following "gratifying" language:

"It was somewhat a novel, *though gratifying spectacle,* to see two fugitive slaves homeward bound, under the charge of officers from a free State."

It *must* indeed be "gratifying" to the masters of slaves, not only to have their "chattels" returned to them, but the expenses paid out of Uncle Sam's pocket! The commissioner gets paid his $10 in each case, and the officers their per diem allowance and mileage for conducting these human beings back to bondage, in this land of liberty! All paid too, by the Freemen of the North, under this odious law, to sustain Southern Slavery.—*Meadville, Pa., Gazette and Journal.*

—— The following from the *Albany Atlas* is too good to be lost:

A Man Overboard.—Everybody has heard the story of Major Rappahannock's great election fight with Colonel W., as recounted by himself. It commenced in a ball room of a tavern, where the hustings were held; but the venue was soon changed by the *motu proprio* of the combatants, or the pressure of the crowd to the narrow hall. 'Here it was,' said the Major, when recounting the affair to an auditory long after, 'here it was, hip and thigh, tug and tug, which and t'other, at last I determined to throw the Colonel over the bannisters. I was sorry I had to do it but my passions were aroused, and then, you know, I am ready to annihilate any one. I got the hold—strained with all my strength—the struggle lasted a minute—there was a fall, and the sudden crash of a body on the floor beneath." "Was the Colonel killed, inquired the listeners. "It wasn't the Colonel at all,—it was I, Major Rappahannock, who had been thrown over the cussed bannisters, breaking three ribs, and laming myself for life."

When Mr. Webster comes to recount his election fight with Horace Mann in Massachusetts to the listening cabinet at Washington, it will have very much such a beginning and conclusion as the narration of Major Rappahannock. Mr. Webster seized upon the Massachusetts representative, called him *Captator Verborum* and in god-like rage tried to throw him beyond the pale of the Whig party and into outer darkness. In the first of the struggle, the god-like evidently had the best of it; but upon the final throw, he found that the fellow's game who came bruised and limping from the fight was Daniel, and not Horace, as he had intended.

MARRIAGES.

Burr—Simonton.—In this city, Oct. 23, by the Rev. Henry G. Ludlow, Mr. William Henry Burr to Miss Julia Alice Simonton, both of this city.

Bowen—Gilman.—In Charleston, S. C., 4th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Gilman, Charles J. Bowen, of Providence, to Annie Margaret Gilman, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

Goodhue—Parker.—At Boston, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Peabody, Charles Clarkson Goodhue, of New York, to Sarah Chandler, daughter, of James Parker, Esq., of the former place.

DEATHS.

Edmond.—At Hastings, on Tuesday, Nov. 12, of dysentery, Sarah, wife of Chief Justice Edmond, in the 60th year of her age.

Darling.—At New Haven, Conn., on 15th inst., Dr. Joseph Darling, in the 92d year of his age. Dr. Darling was the oldest citizen of New Haven, and the oldest graduate of Yale College.

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The Committee beg leave to present a few additional statements to the consideration of such friends as have hitherto assisted us by furnishing table from their respective towns.

We confidently trust that all such will continue their efforts, taking no discouragement from the circumstance that *all* the articles hitherto contributed may not have found a market at the Boston Bazaar. Their sale at various country Fairs has produced an equal amount of good to the Cause. Nor are we convinced of any thing more fully than that the number of sales at any Bazaar is in exact proportion to the number and variety of the articles displayed. We are careful to mention this, because the donations of our Trans-Atlantic friends have been so generous as to create an impression, in some minds, that it may be wise to diminish our own labors, particularly in those departments of Embroidery and Fancy Needle Work in which our contributors of Great Britain so highly excel. This opinion is erroneous. All donations of this kind are as needed and saleable as ever. Useful articles of every kind are desirable, and we hope that friends from the country towns may furnish larger supplies of Stockings, Mittens, etc., than heretofore, as we have never been able in this respect to meet the demand.

Any donations of materials, such as silk, cotton, linen, calico, etc., will be gratefully received by any member of the committee.

The Liberty Bell will be published at the opening of the Bazaar, and will, we trust, include a wider circle of distinguished writers than ever before. We solicit pecuniary donations from all who have hitherto given in aid of its publication, from all, indeed, who feel as we do, its importance as a most valuable instrumentality.

Those of our Committee in Europe will be happy to spend any money that may be sent to them in the purchase of such rare foreign articles as are not to be found in our shops. Any money for this purpose, or for the Liberty Bell, may be sent by mail to A. W. Weston, Weymouth, Mass.

The work before us is so great, the laborers comparatively so few, that the Committee feel it important to present thus early these few practical suggestions, that it may be commenced in good earnest.

THE FIFTEENTH

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR

To be held in Philadelphia on the 17th, 18th 19th, and 20th of December, 1850.

The Managers of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair invite all those who, in previous years, have labored with them, and others interested in the promotion of the cause of Freedom to aid them in the work of preparation for their Fifteenth Annual Fair. The time demands earnest words and deeds. The present is not a season for loitering, or for rest. Our whole nation, from its centre to its remote circumference, is roused from a long and deep lethargy, and the great question of Slavery is about to be decided. In such a crisis the friends of Freedom cannot be too earnest or too busy in their efforts to disseminate their principles. There is no time to be lost. We therefore urge all such to unite heartily and zealously with us in the use of this well-tried and proven instrumentality for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery Cause.

Sarah Pugh,	Sarah T. Child,
Anna M. Hopper,	Anna M. Child,
Emily A. Winslow,	Huldah Justice,
Margaret Forten,	Harriet D. Purvis,
Mary Grew,	Theresa K. Hallowell,
Martha Carman,	Hannah W. Haydock,
Janetta Jackson,	Elizabeth Gay,
Rebecca Plumley,	Priscilla Lukens,
Emma Parker,	Hannah L. Stickney,
Maria M. Davis,	Mary P. Stickney,
Sarah A. McKim,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Esther Reckless,
Margaret Jones,	Elizabeth Davis,
Elizabeth Carman,	Clementine G. Ruby,
Mary Shaw,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Elizabeth Clendenen,	A. Matilda Cassey,

THE SEVENTEENTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR,

To be held in Boston, commencing on Thursday the 19th of December, 1850.

It is certainly unnecessary for the undersigned to enlarge upon the importance of this undertaking, the [illegible] and solemnity of the motives that have induced them to enter upon and continue it, or the encouraging success that has from year to year crowned the effort.

The patient labor of years has not been in vain. The strongholds of apathy and indifference, ever the most hopeless, have been stormed and carried. The mind of the whole country is aroused to its utmost activity, and He who makes the wrath of man praise Him, by the overruling of it to the carrying forward of His own gracious purposes, enables us to see, in the changing schemes and cowardly combinations of political parties, the hitherto undreamed of treason of eminent Northern statesmen, the increased confusion, violence, not to say madness, of the Southern slave-masters, those elements of human weakness and passion from which, when conflicting on so grand a scale as at present, evolve the great changes which are the way-marks of History.

Hardly could it occur to the most ignorant and thoughtless mind, that the abolition of American Slavery could take place but by an agitation that should convulse the whole nation. The indications that accompany all great changes must be seen here; 'upon the earth, distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.'

Under these circumstances, the clear-toned utterance of *entire and abstract truth* is needed as never before. Amid the clamor of combinations, compromises, propositions and expedients, the trumpet of the Abolitionists should give forth no uncertain sound. As the sole depositories of those truths which alone can save this nation, how deeply should they feel the importance of the position they occupy! It is left to them to declare by words, and by the corresponding actions that alone give words significance that the distinction between right and wrong is eternal and immutable; that justice, duty, heroism, are verities, whose teachings it is neither safe nor wise to question. Hence follows the simple confession of faith that serves as cloud and fire through the most pro-slavery wilderness. Slavery is, under all circumstances, a sin; Immediate Emancipation, in all cases, a duty; and according as the sympathies of every man and woman in this great out-are with the slave or the master, must each individual character be judged—in the eyes of man now, at a higher tribunal hereafter.

To aid in the promulgation of this testimony are the funds of the Bazaar devoted, and for its help we appeal to all, of every class, creed and condition. We feel entitled to the sympathy, and, as far as ability may extend, to the aid of every human creature, inasmuch as it is for that inalienable human right that underlies all others, *the right of personal ownership,* that we are contending.

On this occasion, any impassioned appeal would be superfluous. The motives to exertion reside in the [illegible] of the case; may they so stir the hearts and [illegible] the consciences of all whose circumstances enable them to co-operate with us, that the success of this year's Bazaar may be in some measure commensurate with the importance of the decisions now at issue.

ANNE WARREN WESTON.
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN.
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS.
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS.
SARAH S. RUSSELL.
SARAH B. SHAW.
LYDIA D. PARKER.
MARY MAY.
SARAH R. MAY.
MARIA LOWELL.
EVELINA A. S. SMITH.
HELEN E. GARRISON.
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS.
THANKFUL SOUTHWICK.
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK.
ABBY B. FRANCIS.
LOUISA LORING.
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.
SUSAN C. CABOT.
CAROLINE WESTON.
CATHERINE SARGENT.
HENRIETTA SARGENT.
HANNAH TUFTS.
ANN R. BRAMHALL.
MARY WILEY.
ELIZA F. EDDY.
HARRIET M. PALMER.
HARRIET B. HALL.
ELIZABETH GAY.

Miscellany.

A HEROINE OF BURNS.

THE peasant poet of Scotland had many lovers, and among them all there is none which has held forth such images of purity and tenderness as his attachment to one on whom he has himself conferred the poetic appellative of Highland Mary. The love of the poet for this young woman was broken off by the error of her sudden death. She also appears less in the character of a warm-hearted, clinging creature, than as a pure and a man with generous love." He adds: "After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we part by appointment, on the next Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spend the day in taking farewell, before she should embark for the Western Highlands, to remain unknown among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarcely landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." This is the bulk of her story. Mr. Cromek, who published "Reliques of Burns," had learned some more minute particulars. "The mother," he says, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and inspire awe. The lover stood on each side of a small parting brook: they laved their hands in the stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again.

There are, however, no memorials of this parting comparable to the verse in which Burns has recorded it. For example:

"Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was full tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We wore ourselves asunder.
But, oh, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

"Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft have kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loed me dearly?
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

Or the still more affectionate verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which he composed several years after the death of their subject, under remarkable circumstances. Burns was now a farmer on the banks of the Nith—a husband and the father of several children. He had passed through scenes of gay and elegant life in Edinburgh, and indulged in many passionate, though temporary attachments. Still, under all circumstances, the image of the simple Highland girl had remained deep in his heart, and he fondly never recall her untimely fate without a pang. One harvest evening, in the year 1789, after he had been busy all day with his reapers, his wife observed him grow more pensive than usual. He had remembered that it was the anniversary of the death of Mary. "He at length wandered out into the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, and found him in rain to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fire-side. On being again and again reprieved to do so, he at last gently remonstrated—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and cold. At last he and Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to leave the sublime and pathetic verses:

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid!
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

"That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear to transports past;
Thy image in our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

"Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birk, and hawthorn hoar
Twined amicous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

"Still ye'r these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time hut th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid!
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

It was impossible for any one to be the theme of such verses without becoming an object of profound interest to all who are capable of appreciating them. Accordingly, it is not surprising that, in later times, particularly, everything which could be readily learned regarding Highland Mary has been brought before the public. It, after all, amounted to little, apart from the love of Burns, was commonplace enough. It was learned, for instance, that he thought she was a sailor belonging to a revenue cutter stationed at Campbelltown—that her relations lived at Greenock, where her mother died in poverty in 1828—and, strange to say, that her friends had entertained so strong a prejudice against her lover, as to burn his letters, and employ a priest to read the Bible. One memorial, however, of the love of Burns and Mary made its appearance not long after the man's death, and was heard of with a thrill of interest all over Scotland. This was a little Bible which the poet had given to his mistress on the day of their parting. Passing to Canada, in the possession of a collateral relative of Mary, it was there redeemed for a large sum by some enthusiastic Scotsmen, and sent home to be deposited in the poet's monument at Ayr. It was a plain and somewhat worn copy, in two volumes, containing the poet's name on a blank leaf of either, together with two texts marking the feeling of Burns on the memorable Sunday of May—"And ye shall swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord." Lev. xix. 12. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." Mat. v.33. This relic, it is needless to say, has been preserved with great care, and is, during the travelling season, viewed with deep emotion by thousands.

It was strange, all this time, that no biographer of Burns had undertaken to assign a date to the affair of Mary Campbell. Mr. Cromek had called her "the first object of the youthful poet's love," and Professor Wilson, in his beautiful, generous "Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns," also spoke of the attachment as occuring at an early period of the poet's life. Burns himself, in sending a song written shortly after to Mr. Thomson, had said, "In my very early years, when I was thinking on going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl:" the song was one beginning—

"Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And can I forget you?
Language, by-the-by, which does not look very like a farewell to a sweetheart. He had said of still another song on the same person—one entitled "The Highland Lassie"—"This was a composition of mine in my early life, before I was known at all in the world." These expressions, with the very character of the whole affair—invented, it seemed to be, with a purity bespeaking the unsullied morn of life—led all alike, writers and readers, to rest quietly in the assumption that Burns had courted Mary at some early period of his career, when contemplating a voyage to the West Indies to push his fortune when matters bore notice on the deep could have pointed to in his life, or any letter or other document connected with him, anterior to the summer of 1786 when matters bore notice on which deep could have him and Jean Armour, his future wife, that he did arrange for such a voyage. Item which, indeed, he had published by the success of his poems, published at that crisis.

The mystery thus attached to the story of Mary Campbell remained, in the minds of Burns's lovers, whose name had hitherto been unconnected with the history and works of the Ayrshire bard. It occurred to Dr. William Douglas, of Edinburgh, that the idea of its being a juvenile attachment of Burns had hitherto been too easily acquiesced in. "The Bible form on its title page the date 1783, when Burns was in his twenty-fourth year. It must have been later than that time. After the poet's name was inscribed that of his residence, 'Mossgiel.' It is not the little fully strong hand of 1784: it must have also been later than that time. more particularly as Burns was most unlikely to be thinking of any thing of the kind, when, from the square upon a new farm, the fortunes of which were all to be proved. Mr. Douglas was less forcible in his objections to Mary Campbell being the person intended as settling the event as not earlier than the spring of 1786, on the mere showing that Burns up to that time was accustomed to spell his name in the Bible inscriptions—he cause the spelling of names is, in some degree, a matter of caprice, and it is certain that a lover other than Mary, in the year 1786 and before 1786—and indeed, it is entered in the register of his birth. It was nevertheless, remarkable that we should be forced upon 1786 as the time when the poems could not end as very youthful and brought into a period of his life of which the details are comparatively well known, and which, in many respects, are strongly authoritative trace of Mary. In 1785, Burns was devotedly attached to Jean Armour. It was a year of great and high literary excitement, being that in which the bulk of his poems was composed. There is no room here for the contemplated voyage to the West Indies, or the love of Highland Mary, in 1786, as has been supposed. Burns was brought by evil fortune to prepare for such a voyage; but then his other circumstances were such as, at first sight, to preclude an attachment to Mary. He had been avowed a private marriage in spring—not a moment too early, one would have said, for the young lady's peace; Burns, at the time, was by her father bound to her to disclaim Burns as her husband, infinitely to the grief and resentment of the unhappy poet.—In 1786 was that Burns found his Jean Armour; he could not be in any later time—that was quite clear for Burns had no need to think of exile from his native land after October, 1786, when his success as a poet was decisive. Mossgiel was shown why it could not be earlier. Not without some hesitation, Mr Douglas became convinced that, think what we might of it, it was not in 1786 or 1787, little more than a month after he had been thrown off by Jean Armour, that he took that tender farewell of the Highland Mary, which he could never, in fact, to know her thenceforth no more as a living woman, but as an image of beauty, and tenderness, and truth, resting in his bosom forever.

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"Such are the particulars derived from Macpherson's daughter, who was then a member of the family,[2] who has often conversed on the subject with Mary's mother. There seems to be no good reason for doubting them, or any of them. The only point which this story is defective is the date, a matter regarding which the memory is apt to be less faithful than with respect to events. There is, unluckily, no register of deaths or funerals for this period in Greenock. The only thing which we have to rain the date of Mary's death, I met for some time with little success. On a visit to the town for the purpose of making inquiries, the very first interview was given to Mary's grave. It is in the burial-ground of the West Church of Greenock, the original and principal parish of the town—a melancholy and half-deserted precinct, so close to the Firth that a stone could be thrown into it from the passing steamers. The ground is covered with flat stones, recording the ancestors of the illustrious James Watt. Near the west end is the little plot where Mary's grave is, with a small stone, bearing the letter. Shading it from the setting sun, is a tall, elegant structure which a few admirers of Burns have erected for the commemoration of her whom he loved. It consists of a sculpture representing the parting of the lovers, while a ship in another compartment hints a different part of the story. At the foot of this lofty structure, beside the original Bible *Sandstone* of Macpherson. In its seminar upper compartment are carved the tools of a carpenter. On the back of the monument, in the square body of the stone, is the legend—'This Burying-Place belongs to Peter Macpherson, ship-carpenter in Greenock, and his heirs, and his heirs, and their children. 1767.' There was an uncertainty here. The stone might have been erected in 1760, or any other year, the intermediate figures, from which no bad inherited it; and, notwithstanding the legend and second date, Mary might have been buried there at any time from 1760 downward. I observed, however, that the legend and second date are inscribed upon a surface half an inch or so *inward* from that on which the tools were carved, as if an original inscription had been obliterated, and that the stone had undergone a renovation in 1787. If that was to be regarded as a doing of Macpherson and his family, it would be in 1787 that the date of the evidence might be said to be in favor of a late rather than an early date for the death of Mary. Still, the matter was left in an unsatisfactory point.

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[2] Mr. R. Chambers takes this opportunity of stating that he will receive such discussions as papers written by or respecting Burns. He pledges himself to take the greatest care of any which may be forwarded to him, and to return them carefully. In a subject so obscured and confused, even a date may sometimes be of consequence. He would, therefore entreat that persons possessing documents, and willing to entrust them with them, will not be too ready to think them unlikely to be useful.

[1] Letter of John Kerr, Esq., of Glasgow, in the *Scots Times* newspaper, Nov. 7, 1829.

[2] Mr. J. C. Douglass, clothier, Greenock.

* The surviving sister of Burns.

ADVENTURES OF A TRANSLATION.

MOST English people acquainted with modern German literature have heard of Bettina Brentano (Frau Von Arnim,) a name familiar known in Germany, through her publication of "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." In 1835, in Berlin this singular production of a most enthusiastic imagination issued from the press. The idolised Poet had been been pleased to say, that every line of Bettina's letters contained materials for a poem; he had read them daily; and, as every thing that threw light, or promised to throw light, on angle answer of Goethe was eagerly sought for and cherished by his countrymen, this work was eagerly caught at, and universally read throughout Germany.

It is not our intention to comment on the publication. Many of our readers may have read it in the original; but it may be interesting to them to know, as I found with Bettina's letters, on their appearing before the British public, as she had the three volumes translated in 1835 printed off several hundred pounds, and dispatched them to England, buoyed with the hope of a cordial welcome on British ground. The adventure is very curious, and, it may be hoped of general interest, as in them we have another proof of how hard our international restrictions fell upon individuals. To get the work translated, Bettina had to be entitled with difficulties against which only a will strong as her own, and her peculiarly sanguine temperament, could have held out. Her friends, generally, were not willing to undertake the third volume of her "Diary." Still bent, however, on carrying out her object she contrived to interest a friend, who, with a slight knowledge of our language than she had acquired by comparing her German manscript with the achievements of her translators, and which she could not read or anything but satisfied. To give any idea of the difficulties of such an undertaking, we must be allowed, presently, to quote what the authoress has to say on the subject herself, in her usual strain, and let a few extracts from the "Diary" bear witness to her numerous perplexities.

Little heed, time and great expense, the work was dispatched to England. The British authorities honored its arrival by demanding a high import duty on the ground that it was a publication in the nature of being printed in Prussia. After lengthy correspondence to and fro, they were sent back with fifty pounds of duty, and the publication, in an unsatisfactory point.

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"Mary, we have seen, from the narration of the poet, had proceeded immediately after their parting, to Campbelltown, where her parents then resided. Bible bore the summer there; but whether she had taken any steps for arranging matters for a union with Burns seems doubtful, as it is the report of a very intelligent person, that it is ally that her mother used to speak as if she had never been consulted on the subject. Another report in the family is, that while Mary resided with her parents, Burns had addressed to her a pretty long letter weekly from one whom they heard spoken of as 'a strange character,' and 'a great scoffer at women.' Mary was the second of her family, and lived her with a smile, and thereafter was allowed to continue receiving his letters.

"A sister of Mary's mother was the wife of one Peter Macpherson, a ship-carpenter at Greenock. It being determined that her younger brother Robert should be sent to Greenock to learn the trade of a ship-carpenter, Mary accompanied him. For this step on Mary's part we can well surmise the motive, and it is probable that the latter lady has expressly said that she crossed the sea (the Firth of Clyde) to meet her. There was what is called a 'sweetheart' of Mary's in Greenock, in the shipbuilding trade, and it is the distinct recollection of a daughter of Macpherson still living, that Mary was accustomed to serve in the company. Next morning, according to the same person's recollection, the boy was indisposed so as to be unable to go to his work. When Macpherson came home to breakfast, he asked what had detained him from the yard, and was told that the young man was very poorly. Mary jocularly observed that he had probably taken a little too much of the supper last night; and Macpherson, in a similar spirit of badinage, said, 'Oh, then it is just as well that we have not to wait for him for breakfast!' Mary purchase that lair in the kirk-yard '—referring to a place of sepulture which he had just secured for his family—'we must not let him know that it is there for yet.' Then no resting-place for the remains of those who did not possess such property, except the corner assigned to strangers and paupers, or a grave obtained by the purchase of a lair.

"The young man's illness proved more serious than was at first supposed, and Mary attended him with great kindness and assiduity. In a few days Robert began to recover, but at the same time Mary dropped, and became seriously unwell. Her friends believed that she had caught the fever from her attendance on the sick man, and recommended her father to go to a cross burn—that is a place where two burns meet—and select some water from the channel, boil them with new milk for a certain time, and then give her the milk to drink. It must be remarked that these were Highland people, and Highlanders are fond of the use of the most fanciful notions. The drink was duly prepared, as had been recommended, and given to Mary; but her illness was soon ended by death. It is a fact, a peculiar species then prevalent in the town, and in a few days the poor girl died. She was buried in the *lair* purchased by her mother's relations, being the first of the family who was placed in it.

"Such are the particulars derived from Macpherson's daughter, who was then a member of the family,[2] who has often conversed on the subject with Mary's mother. There seems to be no good reason for doubting them, or any of them. The only point

[1] Letter of John Kerr, Esq., of Glasgow, in the *Scots Times* newspaper, Nov. 7, 1829.

[2] Mr. J. C. Douglass, clothier, Greenock.

* The surviving sister of Burns.

ADVENTURES OF A TRANSLATION.

MOST English people acquainted with modern German literature have heard of Bettina Brentano (Frau Von Arnim,) a name familiar known in Germany, through her publication of "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." In 1835, in Berlin this singular production of a most enthusiastic imagination issued from the press. The idolised Poet had been been pleased to say, that every line of Bettina's letters contained materials for a poem; he had read them daily; and, as every thing that threw light, or promised to throw light, on angle answer of Goethe was eagerly sought for and cherished by his countrymen, this work was eagerly caught at, and universally read throughout Germany.

It is not our intention to comment on the publication. Many of our readers may have read it in the original; but it may be interesting to them to know, as I found with Bettina's letters, on their appearing before the British public, as she had the three volumes translated in 1835 printed off several hundred pounds, and dispatched them to England, buoyed with the hope of a cordial welcome on British ground. The adventure is very curious, and, it may be hoped of general interest, as in them we have another proof of how hard our international restrictions fell upon individuals. To get the work translated, Bettina had to be entitled with difficulties against which only a will strong as her own, and her peculiarly sanguine temperament, could have held out. Her friends, generally, were not willing to undertake the third volume of her "Diary." Still bent, however, on carrying out her object she contrived to interest a friend, who, with a slight knowledge of our language than she had acquired by comparing her German manscript with the achievements of her translators, and which she could not read or anything but satisfied. To give any idea of the difficulties of such an undertaking, we must be allowed, presently, to quote what the authoress has to say on the subject herself, in her usual strain, and let a few extracts from the "Diary" bear witness to her numerous perplexities.

Little heed, time and great expense, the work was dispatched to England. The British authorities honored its arrival by demanding a high import duty on the ground that it was a publication in the nature of being printed in Prussia. After lengthy correspondence to and fro, they were sent back with fifty pounds of duty, and the publication, in an unsatisfactory point.

"At this stage of the inquiry, it was brought to mind that there was a Register of Lairs, in which it might be discovered when the Macpherson lair was chase was entered. A wretched tattered old volume was found buried in a mass of similar rubbish, in the possession of Mr. Tinlon, superintendent of the burying-grounds of Greenock. It was in a state of nature, with no small difficulty, an entry was at length found to the following effect:

	feet
"Jany 14. Duncan Robinson, carpenter,	£ 20 9 0
"1786	
"Oct. 12. This lair is this day transferred to Peter MacPherson, ship-carpenter in Greenock."	

There could not, of course, be the slightest doubt that the ground which contains the ashes of Highland Mary was purchased by her father at the time when Robert Burns designed to sail from Greenock for the West Indies. Macpherson, exactly as he had conjectured, had succeeded in a storm, which he had renovated, preserving only the sculpture of his predecessor's emblems of trade, because these were equally suitable for himself. Unless, then, we are to reject the family story entirely, and suppose it possible that Mary was buried here, while Duncan Robertson possessed the ground, which, I am informed, is a supposition of which the intelligent reader to the last degree improbable, we must admit that her death took place in the latter part of 1786—consequently, that the Highlander had been earlier in match with Jean Armour; in short, the piteous tale of the Highland Lassie comes in as one of several instances, which, however, cheapened the main attachment of Burns life—that which terminated in making him at length a husband.

"Mary's parents and other near relations, who after some years settled in Greenock, were of such a grade of mind and strain of sentiment as to skrink for many years from all acknowledgment of Burns as their relative. It cannot be doubted that they would think of administering a decoction of pebbles as a cure for his daughter's illness, was narrowness of mind, and that they would be inclined and forbid his names to be mentioned in the family. The mother who was a good. kind-hearted creature, and was accustomed to have learned to sing the song of the 'Highland Lassie' to her grandchildren, had hitherto been too easily acquiesced in. "The Bible form on its title page the date 1783, when Burns was in his twenty-fourth year. It must have been later than that time. After the poet's name was inscribed that of his residence, 'Mossgiel.' It is not the little fully strong hand of 1784: it must have also been later than that time. more particularly as Burns was most unlikely to be thinking of any thing of the kind, when, from the square upon a new farm, the fortunes of which were all to be proved. Mr. Douglas was less forcible in his objections to Mary Campbell being the person intended as settling the event as not earlier than the spring of 1786, on the mere showing that Burns up to that time was accustomed to spell his name in the Bible inscriptions—he cause the spelling of names is, in some degree, a matter of caprice, and it is certain that a lover other than Mary, in the year 1786 and before 1786—and indeed, it is entered in the register of his birth. It was nevertheless, remarkable that we should be forced upon 1786 as the time when the poems could not end as very youthful and brought into a period of his life of which the details are comparatively well known, and which, in many respects, are strongly authoritative trace of Mary. In 1785, Burns was devotedly attached to Jean Armour. It was a year of great and high literary excitement, being that in which the bulk of his poems was composed. There is no room here for the contemplated voyage to the West Indies, or the love of Highland Mary, in 1786, as has been supposed. Burns was brought by evil fortune to prepare for such a voyage; but then his other circumstances were such as, at first sight, to preclude an attachment to Mary. He had been avowed a private marriage in spring—not a moment too early, one would have said, for the young lady's peace; Burns, at the time, was by her father bound to her to disclaim Burns as her husband, infinitely to the grief and resentment of the unhappy poet.—In 1786 was that Burns found his Jean Armour; he could not be in any later time—that was quite clear for Burns had no need to think of exile from his native land after October, 1786, when his success as a poet was decisive.