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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Western Citizen.

THE REV. RICHARD MOORE.—A WOMAN FOR A JACKASS.

Messrs Bedford:—Believing it incumbent on all lovers of good morals and "pure religion" to expose the knaveries of "high places," it devolves on me, as one of the good people of this State, of the nation and of the *gentleman* whose name stands at the head of this article, Mr. Moore, some time ago, the pastor of a church of Todd county, Kentucky. He was and is a local preacher in the M. E. Church, in good standing. At a short time before he left Todd county, he married a woman for a jackass. He then travelled to Louisville, where he was received by Mr. J. H. Robins, of Trigg county, Kentucky, for a house and some land in Woodford county, and. Moore told Robins that he was a widower and a child for the jack, but when Robins inquired into the matter, he found that Moore traded on Saturday, and his child was born on Monday day of your father? So you see, the child was sold for a jackass, before it was born, and by a professed preacher of the Gospel!!

Moore, Robins, if any person doubts the above, *facts*, I very refer them to a number of persons in Woodford county for their truth.

J. C. CALLAWAY.

Magnolia, Ill.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

A SMOKING CASE IN CHARLESTON.

A gentleman, formerly a resident of Charleston, South Carolina, and personally acquainted with all the parties whose names are mentioned, has handed us the following items, disclosing one of the most shameless outrages that has for a long time come to our notice. They are taken from the *News*, a Charleston daily paper:

"CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held yesterday morning, at the residence of Mrs. F. C. Bee, in Logan street, on the body of Maria, a female slave, the property of Mrs. Bee. The verdict of the jury, after an examination of two hours and a half, was, that "in the opinion of the Rev. Elias Rowand, at the residence of Mrs. F. C. Bee, in Logan street, on the 18th inst. by a blow on the frontal bone, the blow on her head, inflicted by *Rich* and the wife of Robert Rowan, by order of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowand, in the presence of Rowand, on their oaths sworn, do say that the aforesaid *Richard*, and Mrs. Elizabeth Rowand, by manner and form aforesaid, then and there, Maria, feloniously did kill and slay against the peace and dignity of the same State aforesaid.

Our informant states that Mrs. Bee and Mrs. Rowand, are both of the first families of Charleston, of the city, and move in the very first circles, and that, this examination, shocking as it is, will probably not affect their standing in society. Mrs. Bee has long had the reputation of being a very cruel mistress, and is understood to have been guilty herself, one of a crime somewhat similar to that here charged against her daughter, Mrs. Rowand. She owns about ninety-nine hundredths of all the eligible tenements in Charleston, and is notoriously unfeeling in her treatment to them. But her wealth and family are such as to command a high position in the first circles in the city.

The coroner's inquisition as to the effect the charge will have upon these women's social standing, derives confirmation from the legal disposition that has marked the case. Mrs. Rowand was admitted to bail, in the sum of $5000, though, (about $5000, though it may seem to us one not acquainted with the Charleston Courts, believe, it would appear to be $10,000) there can hardly be a doubt that the whole affair will be hushed up, and that this will be about the last the public will hear of it.

Abortuary Bills.—Mrs. Elizabeth Rowand, charged with the murder of a slave by the Coroner's inquest, was quietly arrested under the commitment of the Coroner, and bailed, on a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Frost, at Chambers, who admitted her to bail in two securities, at $5,000 each.

Any comment upon this, and on the preservation of the slave's property in the Coroner's jury, and the following, which appeared at the same time in another Charleston paper:

RECORDER.—William A. Powell, who was found guilty of the crime of crowbarring at the last Court of Common Pleas for Darlington District, was executed at Darlington, on Friday in the afternoon, on Friday. In the case, Wardlaw, judge, declared himself innocent up to the time of his execution.—*Gazette.*

Stealing a negro from a slaveholder is a high crime, deliberately plotted with death; *murdering a negro by a slaveholder* is a venial offence, and the perpetrator escapes with impunity! "Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall I not visit my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

From the Tribune.

SLAVERY PERILS FREEDOM.

Dr. H. H. Van Amringe, writing from this city to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, says:

"When I was in Pennsylvania recently, I heard of a person in the interior of the State, who advertised that he would act as agent for slaveholders in the arrest of fugitive slaves, and he offered the owners to send him on a description of the marks on their negroes who had fled, that he might trace and arrest them. The circumstance reminded me of an affair that happened somewhere about the year 1830, when I resided in Chester county, Pa. I was the Attorney for the Commonwealth in that county, and was called upon to prosecute a man for forgery, who had been engaged on oath with being concerned as a banker in counterfeit money, which he sold in large quantities, as bills and commerce, to persons who made it a business to pass it off as genuine. As it was stated in the information that he had large quantities of such counterfeit money in his possession, a search-warrant was issued along with the warrant for his arrest. The officer who executed the search-warrant, brought to me, along with some false notes, a few letters which I was supposed would throw light upon the nature of the confederacy of the counterfeiters, and would be the means of detecting some more of the gang. I read them. One was a letter from a man in the South, addressed to the counterfeiter, telling him to keep a look-out, and to dispose of the private marks on the stolen negroes, in his vicinity, and to write on a full account of them to this man in the South; "*and it will be well for you to be careful, for if I can't find a master for them!*" The banker was convicted on the charge of selling the counterfeit notes, and was sent to the State Penitentiary. Whether he was ever concerned in the kidnapping business, I know not, for no official inquiry was ever made.

"But I will put it to you, or any reasonable person, whether a gang who deal in counterfeit money, would be too honest or scrupulous to deal in counterfeit certificates of slaves? How easy might such a business be carried on! A man in the interior of Pennsylvania might keep a sharp look-out, and discover the private marks and histories of the coloured men around him, and write on a full account to a confederate in the South. This confederate might then have false certificates filled up and signed; and whelmed by the fact that that agent coming from the South, to arrest the unhappy victim of this treachery, was able to tell all the private marks on his person! "Strip him," the agent might say, "and if he is the fellow I want, you will see such a mark upon such part of his body!" Of course the bystanders would imagine that if the person demanded were not a slave, the master's agent could not have known these marks!

"I know nothing about the agent in the interior of Pennsylvania. I have not even heard his name. But a business founded on the principle of an alleged chattel-property in man, may easily be perverted to frauds of the above nature."

From the True Wesleyan.

CRUELTY.

DEAR BROTHER LEE:—Thinking that the best employment in which my hands could be engaged at the close of another year, would be writing of the slave and in his favour, I took my pen and went to work in describing and moralizing upon a scene I once witnessed in Virginia, when I was about sixteen years ago on a pleasant Sabbath morning, in the State of Georgia. I was quietly seated in a large easing room, at a plantation, where was also a minister in the Methodist Church, engaged reading the Bible, while three or four slaves were preparing the morning meal. Among them was one female whose complexion was much the same as that of her mistress, who was in bed at the first of the preceding scene, but who soon entered with a cowhide in her hand, and yelled out to Lucretia, (the slave-mother, who happened at the time to be dressed in a low-bosomed frock, which left the neck and shoulders quite bare) "Stir up also at the time giving suck to a young child. The mistress commenced cutting her over her head and shoulders most fearfully, for, she said, she might, until the great red welts as large as one's finger, would rise up all over the poor slave's neck, and the poor creature, in her agony, fell down, crying, "O, Massa Missis, oh, don't Missis, Missis, I can't, I can't do no more, I can't, I can't!" Lucretia, the cold chills to run over me, and I felt as if I could sink by myself the question, "Is this the American Slavery? I had read of the cruelties of Egypt, in Africa, among Turks, but I had never read of such cruelty equal to this exhibition at the breakfast table, in the house of a professed minister, could have an existence this side of purgatory.

Selections

From the Boston Daily Whig.

SUFFERING IN IRELAND.

By the Sarah Sands, I have received from that active and efficient friend of humanity, Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, a pamphlet of some thirty pages, containing an abridgement of the correspondence of the agents of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, who traversed some of the distressed districts of Ireland, in December last, for the purpose of inquiring into the condition and examining the destitution of the people, and also to devise modes of relief, and of administering relief, in the starving population of that ill-fated country.

I send you the following extracts and address from the pamphlet, as the most graphic, in the hope to general knowledge of the deplorable condition of the Irish people will cause speedy measures to be taken to make a supply of food and clothing for their relief and of doing all we can to avert the terrible calamity of starvation from an almost entire people.

A cry of distress from Ireland is in the American people for relief. To us, who, as a nation, can of our abundance, easily furnish means of alleviating, if not wholly preventing, the destruction of thousands, certainly—perhaps millions; to us, whose wealth has been greatly increased in consequence of the cause which has produced the misery of Ireland, this appeal is addressed. Will not the people of Boston assemble in Faneuil Hall, and take speedy measures, and adopt the most effectual, and speedy measures for the relief of Ireland? It seems to us that this cry of deep distress from an almost entire people, should be met by us with a general and liberal response.

The following is the address to the people in North America, from the committee of Friends, in London, &c.

Dear Friends:—That brotherly love and sympathy which have so long prevailed between us and our friends in America, induced us to communicate with you on a subject which at present exciting a very deep and lively interest in the minds of Friends in this country.

You are doubtless aware of the existence of the awful calamity which has overspread a large part of Ireland. The almost total failure of the potato crop, on which so great a proportion of the inhabitants of that country depended for a supply of food, has occasioned destitution and famine to an alarming extent. This effective depression of the Almighty has early awakened the sympathies of Friends in Ireland and England; and meetings of Friends were in consequence convened, both in Dublin and in London, to consider the subject. The meetings thus held, entered with hearty concurrence upon the subject; and are considering the large and comprehensive measures of the Government for providing employment for able-bodied labourers, and the partial efforts made in some districts to relieve the sections of the country, it was felt that there was much which Friends had to perform, and to which they were called to apply themselves with earnestness and zeal: committees were accordingly appointed to the said meetings respectively; and there committees are now in active operation, cordially and harmoniously labouring together.

The aforementioned part of the work of course, The alleviation of the poor, and our friends in Ireland, in the satisfaction to inform you that land; and we have made wise and efficient arrangements for the fulfilment of their trust, and are setting it in with great zeal and assiduity. The agent in which has been responded to *with marked liberality*; but we feel that the amount thus can be limited in the little circumstances, and the extent of the calamity to be relieved,—a calamity affecting millions of our fellow-subjects, and of the probable termination of which we cannot at present form any idea.

Our friends in Dublin have established a correspondence with their friends in various parts of Ireland, with the view of collecting information and land, with the view of collecting information and existing in the distribution of relief; and our friends in Dublin have undertaken the duty, offered him. Wm. Forster, under a commission, through the most self to undertake a tour of inspection, through the most distressed districts. This offer was cordially accepted by our friends in London and Dublin; and urged by his friends both in Ireland and England, he has been for several weeks, and still is, laboriously employed in the performance of his arduous engagement. A friend of Dublin has been generously and nobly attended by one or more young men from this country. The reports received from this friend (of the first portion of which we send you a printed copy, together with our Address to Friends) furnish ample evidence that the means over-stated, and destitution had been by no means exaggerated. Our friend, whilst a very commendable anxiety to promote the starving population of the country, to succour the starving population of the comparatively more or less prevalent among the more or less prevalent among the comparatively more or less prevalent among the more or less prevalent among the comparatively more or less prevalent among the more or less prevalent among

periods of time; let us observe the practice of the Roman Republic at the zenith of its prosperity. Without stopping to inquire what privileges were included in the rights of a Roman citizen—how was full citizenship acquired? Full citizenship, as it was understood, and practised during the freedom of the Roman States, included the right of voting. This condition or class of citizenship was conferred by the Roman people, and *only* by the people. Citizenship embracing other and less important rights, (but not including the right to vote,) was often conferred by the Roman Senate. In this method, we find the Romans acquired their boasted *jus civitatis*—their *jus quiritium*. And whoever possessed Roman citizenship, could not be deprived of it, except by voluntary resignation, or by taking a foreign allegiance. Here, then, is the principle of the people, many of whose laws, precepts, and maxims, were in the present age so guide to the civilized world, in matters of Government and Citizenship.

We find, that the condition of citizenship was dependent in Rome, upon the voice of the people—the sovereign power gave its assent. "The celebration, I am a citizen of Rome," says Cicero, (in preferring charges against Verres,) "often in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, was a protection to the Roman subject." Not because Rome had by accident afforded a birthplace to the subject, for such might not be the fact; but it was because the Government had consented, either tacitly or expressly, to recognize such subject as one of its citizens. The citizen of Rome so understood it, and we find, when that blood-thirsty Sicilian *Praetor, Verres*, inflicted scourging and torture, upon *Publius Gavius Cosanus*, he appealed to his citizenship for protection. "*I am a Roman citizen*," was his only appeal, thus virtually imposing his Government between himself and his oppressor.

Again, let us look to England. What has been the practice in England, from the conquest to the present time? Citizenship has, from "*the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary*," been regarded as a condition. Blackstone, who, in his commentaries, has given the most embodiment to the great principles and usages which constitute the common law, distinctly recognizes the same general idea, when speaking of the rights of the people, as courts-distinguished from the rights of persons. It is true, this learned commentator does not use the term *citizen*; but he considers the rights which pertain to subjects of the realm. Many suppose that subject and citizen are synonymous terms. That a subject born within the Imperial horn citizen are one and the same, and that the term *citizen* or *citizenship* indicates the several rights, that are inherent to that condition.

This view, I think, is not well founded, and is neither sustained by the reason of the thing, nor by the practice and history of the English Government. We must look beyond mere terms, when we consider the rights of the people of England. We must look to the substance of things, and see what rights, privileges, and immunities, in fact, are conferred by the condition of a natural born subject. We must keep in view, also, the system of Government, and the source from whence the power was derived. We must not forget the vassalage which was incident to the feudal system, nor the influence which that system exercised and continues to exert upon the rights of the people of Britain.

The *fiditelas*, or fealty, which was due from the vassal to the feudal lord, and the allegiance which emanated to be due from the natural born subject of England to the King, are matters which did not enter into the consideration of the framers of our Constitution, when they used the term citizen. Blackstone only exhibits the condition of the people—the natural born subjects in England, in respect to their allegiance to the King. Allegiance, under the English Government, is regarded as being either natural or local—the former as perpetual—the latter as temporary. The natural born subject of England born his birth is considered as being under the protection of the King. An alien, or stranger, only owes allegiance so long as he dwelleth and remain in the King's dominions. Then, again, there is the Denizen of England, who becomes an English subject *ex donatione regis*, letters patent.

It is clear, I think, that the practice of the English Government in respect to the personal rights of the people, proceeds on the same general basis of other Governments. Certain rights can be secured in the course of the English Government, which militates, in the least, against my position.

If it be said, that there is no parallel between the English and American systems of government; of course no analogies exist, and nothing is established either way.

This course of investigation need not be pursued further. I have given those historical illustrations for the purpose of overthrowing the assumption that citizenship and its rights can be asserted from the mere fact of birth under any particular Government. Being born within the limits of a State is a fact, being a citizen of a State is a truth. The fact of birth stands independent and alone, but the *truth* of citizenship is always dependent; for its existence upon several facts.

I shall now undertake to apply the principles I have endeavored to establish, to the case at bar; and, in so doing, I shall necessarily take upon myself the burden of proving, (so far as a proposition of a negative character admits of proof,) that negroes and mulattoes, though born free, never have been, and are not now, citizens of any State of this Union.

If we look to the condition of things, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States—if we keep in view the character and condition of the people who adopted and ordained the several State Governments, and also keep in view the great object of the confederacy of the States, and the compromises which were necessary in order to accomplish the Union; if these are kept in view, we shall find less difficulty in determining who are citizens, in the sense of the Constitution.

Then let us look to the condition of things, and of the States, at the time the Union was formed. At the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, each of the States tolerated negro slavery within their limits.

The institution of negro slavery in the States had its origin in usage. It was not, at the adoption of the Constitution, any more than it is now, the creature of positive law, in either of the States. It was acquiesced in, and thus usage became a law, in respect to the negroes held to service. Such, then, was the condition of the people of colour in the several States. They were slaves; a free negro was a phenomenon in the country. The original thirteen States severally enacted laws for the government and control of this subject, within their respective limits.

All matters pertaining to the sovereignty and Government of the several States, were entirely and were in fact exercised by, the *whole* inhabitants of the States, to the entire exclusion of the negroes and mulattoes.

Such was the condition of things then, and so it had been from the earliest settlement of the colonies. And whether the white population negatived several functions rightfully or not, whether by usurpation or otherwise, the fact existed. We cannot alter the fact, and necessarily we must, as it is the part of wisdom that we should, conform to it. We were citizens of the original thirteen States of this Union? Negroes and mulattoes were not; Indians were not; foreigners were not citizens. But we find that some but *free white persons*, were regarded as citizens, and they alone exercised the privileges and immunities of citizens.

How happened it that free white persons, alone enjoyed the condition of citizenship, to the exclusion of the negro, of the Indian, and the foreigner? I answer, because the sovereign power—the class of persons in whose hands the Government, and the exercise of its functions were vested, recognized in them the condition of citizenship should attach to all of the same class of persons, with themselves, within the limits of their respective sovereignties.

No positive law was necessary to create this condition; *consent, acquiescence, usage*, on the part of the sovereign power—the *people*—in whose hands Government rested, were all that was requisite. The free negroes and mulattoes in the United States, it will be admitted, I presume, are far the most part descendants of the same race, formerly held in service.

It is quite immaterial how they became discharged from service, whether by voluntary manumission or general law. They are free perhaps from birth; still, the fact that they are not held to service, that they were born free, does not transform them into another and different race of men. They are Africans, and descendants of Africans, still. The fact that they are not held in service is evidence only of a change in the condition of a portion of the same race of people. This change of condition does not, *ipso facto*, entitle to the exercise of any function of the Government under which they live. They attain to this new condition in a State, and under a Government, the functions whereof are alleged to be in the hands of another and different race of men.

In determining the sense, which was intended by the framers of the Constitution to be given to the term *citizen*, and the class of persons in whom it was to apply, we should have reference in the habits, classes, and conditions of the people, at that time. It is admitted by all, that under our system of Government the people are the source of power, and the sovereign which includes in them the real and legitimate sovereignty of the country. The functions of Government, in the several States, are in fact, and have been, in the hands of the people, and when I say *people*, I mean *free white persons*. This class of persons, while holding the rein, has always acted, in the interpretation of the instrument, saw proper, either from motives of convenience or interest, to declare practically, that no one, but *free white persons*, should be regarded as a citizen in these United States. In the formation of the Constitution, this people of free white persons, assumed to exercise the sovereignty of the rights for themselves, in say upon what terms and conditions, and with what limitations, they would admit other persons to a share in the State, in a citizen of the United States, and all citizens of the United States are on an equality, as to rights, privileges, and immunities, guaranteed by the Constitution. Persons not being the citizens of the United States, is altogether inconsistent with the idea, that a citizen of one State can be a citizen of the United States. The term citizen, and not a foreigner, according to the rule of interpretation, I have followed, is a citizen of the State in which he lives, and of the United States, and this relation to the individual results from the practice or usage of the people of the United States. An Indian, for example, though born in the United States, is not a citizen of any State, or of the United States—no usage, no practice, no law, has conferred the rights of citizenship. Citizenship in the sense of the Constitution, in my view, includes both *personal and political rights*. Among the rights of a citizen, the uncontrolled volition of the individual—freedom in action—of thought and of speech, and in the worship of a Supreme Being, are the rights of the citizen, independent of suffrage—immunity of office, and other varied participation in the affairs of Government.

This is a constitutional warranty—affirmed by the practice of the States, and to abandon it would be a practical and abandonment of State sovereignty.

As already stated, the question now under discussion is embarrassed by the course of legislation of several of the States, as well as by the phraseology of their Constitutions.

In providing for the exercise of political rights, freedom of conscience, and of speech, it is enacted or delegated to *free white male citizens*.

It is difficult to account for the use of such phraseology, if it is designed to invest the male adult, with any privilege or immunity. I apprehend, *white male citizens*, most sufficiently designate the class of persons intended by the law-maker.

One hold in servitude cannot under our system, attain to the condition of a citizen. The use of such phraseology, however, does not affect the question, nor afford an argument against the position I have assumed.

In view, then, of the preliminary subject, from the examination I have made, I am led irresistibly to the conclusion, that the petitioner is not a citizen of the State of Kentucky, and cannot be, while he is in that State, and nothing else has been shown to establish his citizenship.

It is not necessary now to determine what his condition is, or what rights he possesses, or what his privileges may be, under the Constitution of the United States, if he is a citizen of any State, in which he claims to citizenship is unfounded.

There is another consideration, which appropriately presents itself in this connection.

If the not *concurring free negroes and mulattoes* is not a violation of the Constitution of the United States, nor repugnant to the fundamental conditions upon which union was admitted into the Union, is it a valid law, as a matter of public policy?

I maintain that the State of Missouri has jurisdiction and control over all persons and things within its territorial limits, and that it is a sovereignty in the Independent Government. It is restricted in the exercise of this jurisdiction only so far as it has surrendered its sovereignty to the Government of the United States. It is not only the right, but the duty of the State, to advance the happiness, prosperity, and security of its people, and provided for the general welfare, and it would be deemed most wise and useful to accomplish these ends.

In all matters of internal police the authority of the State is complete and exclusive.

Precautionary measures are often most useful to the body politic. It is the right of the State to guard by anticipation against injuries, offences, or evils, which may be apprehended from any source whatever. The State has the right to adopt measures for its own relief what is necessary to the general end. In this light I am constrained in regard this act of the General Assembly. Having adopted the act, it is presumed that it conforms almost at of course, that it is competent for the Legislature to declare the mode of executing it. Living in a State, and in violation of the laws, the petitioner subjects to its provisions, is not a crime. It is no infringement of the general laws providing for the punishment of crimes and offences, consequently the mode of punishment, or form of trial, under those laws, cannot be invoked in a case arising under the act concerning free negroes and mulattoes.

The proceeding under this law is summary, and sanctioned by the usage of the State. The offence, if it be criminal, is supposed to be commensurate to the mischief the law was designed to correct or prevent. Of this, the State is the sole and exclusive judge.

The conclusions of my judgment, therefore, in view of the whole case, are:

1st. That the petitioner is not a citizen of the State of Kentucky, nor of any other State of the United States.

2d. That the act concerning free negroes and mulattoes, of the General Assembly of Kentucky, is not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, nor repugnant to the fundamental conditions upon which Missouri was admitted into the Union.

3d. That the said act is a valid and constitutional law, and that the petitioner and all persons of his class and condition in this State, are subject to its provisions.

4th. That the jurisdiction of the Recorder was lawfully exercised in issuing the warrant against the petitioner.

5th. That a trial by jury is not given or secured by the Constitution and laws of this State, in cases of infractions of the law in question.

In stating these conclusions, as the deliberate convictions of my judgment, I do not intend to intimate, that any operation of the law in question, or any other, or consequences may flow therefrom, I am happily relieved from all anxiety, by the reflection, that in the administration of the law, there are no compromises—neither pledges to give nor favours to grant. The path of duty is plain, and it is unobstructed and may be pursued by with difficulty—has nevertheless been plain and easy in its tread. My first impressions, when I approached this question, were adverse to the rights of the free persons assumed for the petitioner. But as I proceeded, and gathered light from such sources as were open to me, I felt constrained to yield my first impressions of principle and reason, I found no difficulty in arriving at the conclusions already stated.

If the result affects the law on landing a weak and unfortunate class of persons with onerous burdens—or exempt by the same process from the law, it is not for this Court to soften its rigour, or falter in its administration. They must look for relief to another department of the Government.

Counsel for the Petitioner:—URIEL WRIGHT, Esq.

For the State:—C. C. CARROLL, C. WHITLEY, and H. S. GEYER.

From the Watchman of the Valley.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY, SOUTH.

The Charleston Union Presbytery—formerly a part of the Synod of South Carolina, but having dissented from the excision acts of the Assembly of 1845, finally renounced the jurisdiction of that Synod, and not choosing to connect itself with the New School Assembly, became an independent body—has recently proposed measures, as will appear by the following resolution, for an organization which may properly be called the General Assembly, South. This looks like division from a new quarter and for a new object. Much has been said about delicacy measures for the purification of the Church from Slavery. But here is division for the protection of Slavery. We doubt the sincerity of such a measure.

Resolved, That in order to insure peace in the Church, by effectually excluding all disturbing and aggressive movements (so called) Reformers, Abolitionists, and their sympathizers and abettors, it is expedient to form a Southern Organization; and we hereby invite all Presbyteries, and parts of Presbyteries, and individual ministers and elders, who are opposed to the Northwest, abolitionizing in these views, to unite with us in such an organization as will secure an Advisory Council and bond of union in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

Communications.

West Winfield, Feb. 10, 1847.

WEST WINFIELD, 2d mo. 10, 1847.

Since the annual meeting, at Rochester, Charles L. Remond and myself have spent most of our time in Wayne and Seneca counties, making some appointments for the last week in Onondaga and Madison counties, on my way hither. We reached here on the 5th instant, in company with William W. Brown, and joined Dr. Hudson,—thinking it would be advisable to concentrate our forces in this region for a short time for the purpose of stating up the hands of our true-hearted friends, confirming the wavering, establishing the doubtful, and doing what we can in early confession the ranks of the enemy.

Owing to constant exposure and fatigue, and the inclemency of the weather, I have for the last three days been shut up in the house of our good friend Samuel A. Greene, recruiting my health. I feel that one is to be sick away from home, I doubt whether they will find a greater spot than this. All that kindness can dictate has been done for my comfort. Blessings on this family—Charles and I held a meeting in the Methodist church, on the evening of the 5th, since which, the doors have been closed against us, for the simple reason which we said, but for what they *feared we might say*.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all."

On the 7th we talked to a fine audience in the school-house here, in the afternoon and evening: William and the Doctor in the intermediate holding meetings in the regular church edifice. The people are beginning to be considerably awakened. We have shown the fruits of Abby K. Foster's labours here some years. Some have seed which she sowed fell upon "good ground," and has brought forth from "thirty" to an "hundred fold;" and some fell upon "stony ground," "and forthwith sprung up, but they had no root, has withered away." A few choice spirits here have had to bear the heat and burden of the day, amid much opposition and persecution.

There are two MAN-STEALING churches here, and as many ministers, so that *Christianity* fares hard. One at the temple seems to be pretty much under the control of the slaveholding party here, and, notwithstanding their refusing to let the people go into it, is, "because we are polling down what he is trying to build up," *i. e.* Liberty partyism. This is not true of Liberty party men generally in this State, but the reverse;—a majority, however, are, I may safely say, supporting woman-scourging clergymen, and cradle-robbing churches; and while they are endeavouring to tear from Slavery the sanction of *law*, they are carefully wrapping around her the sanctity of *religion*.

The anti-slavery women held a Fair here last year, at at which they raised in one evening, by their own unaided efforts, more little sum of sixty dollars. This year they somewhat enlarged their operations, but two of their number being confined by severe sickness for many weeks, put them back considerably; they however, struggled on determined to do their best, and three days since, their efforts were cheered and their hands strengthened by the reception of a box of beautiful things from the pioneer women of Boston. Never was anything more opportune. How much their value was enhanced by coming *just in the right time*. The Fair is in the large upper hall of our friend L. G. Thomas, who is the keeper of the temperance house, which does honour both to the keeper and the temperance cause. I have not been able to visit the hall, but have been informed by Charles, (who is certainly a good judge,) and several others, that it is trimmed in the most exquisite manner—the tables beautifully arranged, and the variety and profusion of the articles beyond all first expectation. Everything was in perfect keeping. The Fair opened at one o'clock, this afternoon, all eyes beaming with delight and all hearts beating with joy. The flag is floating gracefully in the free air, the day as fine as heart could wish, the sleighing superb, and everything promising.

Evening.—They did not close at five in the afternoon and now the people are pouring in from all quarters, from the surrounding neighbourhoods. At an early hour the hall is filled—all in joy and rejoicing. The blessed hour of fruition is at hand; now the good women, blessings on them, are repaid for all their toil."

7 3-4 o'clock.

TERRIBLE CRASH!! THE HALL HAS GIVEN WAY!! NO LIVES LOST!

A messenger has this moment arrived, informing me that two-thirds of the floor of the hall has just given way, and that men, women, and children, tables, and all their contents have fallen down together in one confused mass. It was all the work of a moment—the terrible crash of the timbers—the bursting of the gas-phene lamps—the smoke—and the screams of many voices, all conspired to render the scene fearful and terrific. That part of the floor which gave way was over the school, which, with the sleighs, sleds and horses, and the side which gave way was toward the street, so that all went down on an inclined plane into the sleighs and snow, all piled up together. The only wonder is that many lives were not lost. *Lower Turner* was the most injured—no bones broken or dislocated, but severely bruised and in a dangerous condition. One woman was bereft of her senses by a severe blow upon the head adopted for fright. Some had arms—some limbs—some faces—some heads—some other parts of the body more or less bruised, but only three or four seriously.

All the tables containing the dry goods and fancy articles were in the midst of the hall which gave way—and delicately wrought card-baskets, and beautiful needlework, and rich embroidery—and the thousand numberless articles of exquisite workmanship were indiscriminately trampled under foot. Those in the hall above found themselves mechanically clinging to each other without regard to age, condition, sex, or colour, while topmost of those below were relieving, as fast as they could, the prostrate mass of humanity beneath them. One good old man, in his fright and haste, fell backwards head foremost into a large watering tub of water, and was extricated from almost suffocation by the ducking. The universal question was, "Are you hurt? are you hurt? are you hurt?" To this question one young lady responded, "I have lost my shoe,"—"are you hurt?"—"I can't find my shoe"—"are you hurt?"—"Do-n't talk to me now, for I tell you I have lost my shoe, and I can't find it." The whole scene was ludicrous, and the oddness of the incidents, without taking this ground. The ladies had been taken, with the exception of two or three, the manners exhibited in his language and what is all doubt, a just representation of the attitude that will be assumed by the English branch of the Alliance on this subject.

"The American brethren," he says, "are on trial." If they introduce slaveholders, the representatives of their land will then become our duty, and separation from those by whom the pollution has been wilfully contracted. Yes, we have done all we can, we have done our duty. "You have done what we cannot recognize or tolerate,—we part." If the people who have thus ridiculed upon themselves, and bring the very name of Alliance into contempt, let us organize an American branch, and then let this insult effect the result in the spheres of two distinct Alliances, one of which refuses to acknowledge the other!

Before passing on, we beg the reader to observe the opinion, that Slavery has not been long enough discussed to allow of our Alliance to be responsible for supporting it; and also the indignant protest against all "dictation of brethren beyond the sea." Our next extracts will bring these points again to his notice.

The Reviewer goes on:

What, then, shall we do? Our proposition is that we begin at the beginning, and do what ought to have been done at the first, promote the sincerity of our love to engage with our English brethren, by setting ourselves in such an attitude, that seeing the superiority of our cause they may be more overbalanced—some washed—some ironed—some cleaned, and others straightened and "put to rights," and they are going on as bravely as though nothing had happened; and have also expressed their determination to have a Fair next year, even better than this *promised* to be. A subscription paper commenced yesterday for the Anti-Slavery cause, $8.00, to be presented to Abby Kelley Foster—and more than $5 00 subscribed and paid in, but the paper and money fell into the hands of the freebooters, and already a new subscription is opened for the same purpose. The only fear is, that as the news of the disaster shall spread far and wide, it may cast a cloud of timidity, that the people will not come in to-day, under the impression that the Fair is closed.

Truly, and faithfully,

J. C. HATHAWAY.

The Anti-Slavery Standard:

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 25, 1847.

Evangelical Alliance.

The January number of the "New Englander," a quarterly periodical, and the organ of the Orthodox Congregationalists of New England, has an elaborate and able article on this last question of clerical folly. We take a few extracts to show what may be expected from the influence of the ecclesiastical influencers here as to the past action and future course of the Alliance. The article is ably and eloquently written, and bears the initials of Rev. HORACE BUSHNELL, of New Haven. It is strictly pro-slavery, and cordially upholds the action of the American Delegates, in refusing to "fellowship" a sect of Christians dispersed on the whole matter, and its opinion as to the probable course of things in future, as confirming what the keener eyes of Anti-Slavery critics had long since foreseen.

Mr. Bushnell confesses, in so many words, that the meeting at London *pondered as a permanent organization*) was a failure?"—he speaks of it as the "inflation of a bubble"; has "no words to express his sorrow and shame at the sad example of fatality," given by the Alliance in rejecting "that lone soldier of Christ, Czerski;"—laughs at the mere surface union which their elaborate artifices have produced, and intimates that it is a union of *words* only, and not of hearts or ideas;—proves very clearly that united *action* in some great cause is the only thing which can produce real union among Christians, and that the settlement of "dogmas," if it ever come, will come as the last step and not as the first;—proves that the Alliance is now, practically kept down by the devotion of such a body to a high and good object, but never by creeds or confessions of faith;—is clear that the Slavery question was "unhandsomely forced" on the American delegates, but speaks of their conduct as full of "Christian dignity and manly nobility;" intimates that the Alliance will be ruined fully, placed in a "position which could not be understood by the British people, and must leave an impression on their mind, in spite of all disavowals, that we (the American clergy) have no hearty opposition to Slavery"!!!—and finally quotes, seemingly without meaning to doubt or dispute the correctness of the Reviewer's Portrait, that at the great meeting in Exeter Hall, where "Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson," he says, "poured out a deluge of scorn," "*verdict of death* was pronounced against the Evangelical Alliance, by the British people."

These clergymen, for the last triumph of the counsels of sense and common humanity of Exeter Hall, over the blind and groping folly of their most distinguished clergymen!

The chief objections urged in this article, to the Alliance are, first, that composed, as it was, of mainly of those portions of the Dissenters which have always sustained to be indifferent of the Established Church, or are very ready to be moved, this attempt at union will only strengthen the establishment, and weaken the sympathy which should exist between the American churches and the foes of the State Church, which foes, he says, this movement has "thrown over into the hands of Garrison and the right." ——Secondly, the movement will weaken "the manifestation of unity" should, any more than that of patience or of humility, be made the primary object of any association of Christians, or in effect that Christianity can recognize a body which professes to *feel* only, and has nothing *to do* &c. &c. On the whole, it is very evident that Messrs. Kirk, who, we understand, first proposed the Alliance, are very much ashamed of their work, and very well may be ashamed, but we think, for the most part, the responsibility,—Beecher, Olin, Cox, and Patton, &c. are looked upon,—pardon us the comparison!—as the unfortunate forces were, who had lost their tails, and the rest of the brethren, like the animals in the fable, are now at all pains to recover the missing members.

We must, however, leave all these things to those who feel disposed to refer to the article itself, which is well worth perusal, and make our extracts from those portions which relate to the point most interesting to our readers, and that is, the question whether an American branch of the Alliance is to be organized. This question the Reviewer answers thus:

The practical question now arises, having all the objections in view, what course ought the American Evangelical Christians to take? Is the proposed alliance? Shall we endeavour to organize a National Branch, as proposed by the meeting at London? We are very reluctant to do anything which may seem to be wanting in uncourteous, and because we sincerely regret to have so much of expectation disappointed, so much of preparation, so much of hope, so much of prayer, so much of confided in Christians of so many different and distant nations thrown back into despair of its object. But we cannot, as Americans, organize, and, themselves to any movement which, directly or indirectly, fortifies the Church establishment of Great Britain. We have stated other objections that are insuperable, except on condition that we renounce our better judgment, and what, in fact, we regard as sacred principles. Besides, it is very clear that we can organize no American branch that will be acknowledged by that of England. There is too much good sense among the Christians of this country, to think of constituting an Alliance on a basis which denies Christian character to all slaveholders. At a future time, when Slavery has been so thoroughly exposed as have paid upon its merits, and the principles against it have been fully carried, on the ground of Slavery, so that whose now continue to hold slaves may be justly pronounced to violate, and to violate knowingly, the first principles of humanity, it may be time for us to ask, if it is very plain that they will reject all connection with us. They are, in a manner, compelled to do it. They cannot face the odium of Christian nation, so to speak, and of Christian nations among themselves, without taking this ground. The American Alliance, if it be, will be, a Northern Alliance, and more, the manners exhibited in his language and what is all doubt, a just representation of the attitude that will be assumed by the English branch of the Alliance on this subject.

"The American brethren," he says, "are on trial." If they introduce slaveholders, the representatives of their land will then become our duty, and separation from those by whom the pollution has been wilfully contracted. Yes, we have done all we can, we have done our duty. "You have done what we cannot recognize or tolerate,—we part." If the people who have thus ridiculed upon themselves, and bring the very name of Alliance into contempt, let us organize an American branch, and then let this insult effect the result in the spheres of two distinct Alliances, one of which refuses to acknowledge the other!

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J. C. HATHAWAY.

Anti-Slavery Meeting in Newport, R. I.

We have waited patiently for a report in the National Era, of the speech of Mr. Cilley, the Liberty party Senator, from New Hampshire. A report had been made in the National Intelligencer, but the honorable gentleman had complained of its incorrectness. It did not do justice to his views on the Mexican war. In the last Era we have his speech, corrected by himself. We have read it with that attention which the maiden speech of the immediate successor of the immaculate Liberty party deserves. Heaven help the slave, if this is the fruit the green tree of that party can offer us. We copy a single sentence, which is the gist of the whole speech:

I think my plan better, to withdraw our forces to some healthy place within the boundaries of the United States, where a sufficient force of army could be raised readily obtained, and then, if it is necessary to employ the army to any desirable extent, to HAVE THE STATE SOVEREIGNTY WELL DRILLED, let them become inured to service, so that WHEN A BLOW IS TO BE STRUCK, IT MAY BE SUCH A BLOW AS WOULD HAVE THE DESIRED EFFECT.

There! that is the ridiculous vision which so much Liberty party groaning for the last six years, has brought forth. The combined labours of all their political machinery, their lectures, presses—sinlen and otherwise—and especially the assistance of the Young Democracy and Whigs, of

acquainted with the habit of the American Church might have expected that after the very urgent exposition of something practical to do, the enlightened writer would rise in the climax of his subject to pointing his finger to the foul mass of corruption, and, pointing his finger—every Irish man a slave—every Irish woman degraded by law the sanctity of the marriage tie—every African banner clinging to the fine-stuff, heavy with oppression, and, pointing to the Bible, exclaim, "Ye are the Bible, to those who sit next them at the communion-table." And then that he would bid Christians, oral and written, rend themselves to sprangle and remove the corse, or, if hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of their own eye, and then shaft free clearly to cast out the mote out of the brother's eye." We, however, did not anticipate within of those who have recently been so earnestly and self-congratulating, and so eloquent in essays of our degraded the pages of a religious annual, the very pen, written by Rev. Dr. Wm. S. Plumer, of Richmond, Va., the same who said in a public letter, "If Abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair that they should be the first victims to the fire," and warned them that if they came to Mr. Plumer's city they would be burned. His piece is an attempt to rouse Christians to the duty of filling "a prominent place," of leading the sternum, tal host of the Lord in evangelizing the world. He thinks as the only people fitted for this—and that very, nobility and her great office—Africa, behind the age,—Greece, in infancy,—Prussia, without commerce,—France, tainted with infidelity,—Catholic Spain, wrestling the spirit of prayer with Jesuitism,—Italy, with Romish superstition—all these, he thinks, are thus unfitted to lead in such a work; but Africa, sinless, impeccable, irreproachable America is God anointed to lead the way in this great crusade!

We were not surprised, therefore, when Mr. Bushnell after enjoining on American Christians the absolute necessity of expending their *superfluous* strength, that, instead of settling somewhere, proceeds to convert self-forget Carolina and Texas, "beyond the sea" to Italy and the Pope. To be sure it would remind one of the attentive church-goer, who having heard the minister say that if everybody would reform one person the world would be safe, went home and determined immediately to reform his aunt.

Mr. Bushnell indeed set the example of this convenient memory, or forgetfulness of it. In one of his Western New-York addresses, wishing to compliment the farmers, he drew a parallel between free and Slave labour. In illustrating his argument one would have thought he might have compared New-York with Virginia—like a language, race, government, and everything, but the point at issue. Oh, no! there are some things too opposite. So he drawn his illustration from——Cuba! and compared her with Western New-York!

Let no one excuse Mr. Bushnell by suggesting that he "dictating" to Italy—Italy the mother and home of the nations—her soil still bearing the foot-prints of genius, her very air eloquent with the noblest breathings of the human intellect, whose ecclesiastical prince is even now startling despotism by the boldness of his reforms, and who has in one short year, engaged more souls, into our Church in half a century, that in dictating to this people he only proposes to reform them in a single point, where they are in error. What else does England propose towards us, in that *dictation* to so much depreciated Italy, might not Italy well retort by saying—"Thou cannot hide thy nakedness, for thy speech bewrayeth thee." Or, "I cannot hide thy nakedness, for I invert to telegraph—I can conquer no wilderness with the sweetness that you make it blossom and crowd it with eities—but my old soil is untrodden by a slave. Spare a little for your nearer, before you offer one to me." And what makes this offer of the Bible by the American Church to Italy, the very height of impudence, (we mean that so far as it is the fruit of the Liberty party,) is that it is presently declared, by its representatives, in the Convention New O-leans, that it does not *intend* to offer the Bible to slaves, to free coloured men, or to say *whom the Son of God* to have. Italy has only to discerner herself by addition to be admitted to the Union, as a slave State, not recognized as a part of the Union, and yet equipped with arms as to her, and allow Pope or planter to starve souls at their leisure. Truly, it should move the scorn of the world, this farce of a Church which HAS YET TO PUTAWAY AROUND ITS FIRST PROTEST AGAINST LAWS WHICH FORBID THE BIBLE, MARRIAGE, AND ALL LIBERTY, CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS, to one-sixth part of our population, to constitutionally and impudently setting itself up to carry Religious liberty !!! to other lands. "Fough, 'tis rank! it smells to Heaven."

We cannot close without making one more quotation which eloquently describes the very method of influence that England proposes to us in regard to our sins, and which we, first granting to her and others, the use of it towards ourselves, propose to arrange a Christian's duty in going toward them in return:

Many persons do not see by what means we can reach this question of religious liberty at Rome. The field is distant and inaccessible; we cannot march an army into the city, we cannot even send a ship, in order to hold communication with the mind of Italy. They do not seem to be aware of the wonderful *Economy* of religious liberty, and of the ease with which it can pass through all obstacles, how they seem even to go above the powers of the air, whose path we cannot see, but whose sound we hear, and which, on wings and pennies it is without giving it authority, and at last victory. Remember, it is the tent or wrongdoer at last, and lands in the face, till it lands him down. Yes, we cannot be sent to a dungeon, or put to the torture, or driven into exile, but the impassable enemy, and there is no hope of escape. It. As soldiers, we can never come near to each other, and open a livelier intercourse, they become more sensitive to opinions, one of another. So that if we, in our testimony against all church dungeons and torture, and against all suppression of arguments by penalties, or penal, absent, anti-Christian, and impious, there is no prince or potentate, in Italy or anywhere else, that can force venture to perpetrate such enormities.

Liberty is not to be seen, but we hear it. There is a music in the sighs of the dungeon, when the children of human race looks on to wither and damn the prisoner.

We ask for the above confession the notice of Anti-Slavery men in Great Britain. Let them see to it that they commend to the lips of our corrupt and besotted Church, the very chalice which she holds out to Italy and the Hindoo. Let the mother-country nail at the mast-head of her moral fleet, the time-honoured motto of Richard Cœur de Lion, "Ich dien," and let herself be known; though, in a higher and broader sense than Cœur de Lion, meant Ich dien to do his duty, and rest assured that, as Mr. Bushnell, we will show, the man or the nation, which thus summons their brother man to the lap of humanity, will in due time witness abundant fruit and a glorious result.—w. r.

Mr. Cilley, of New Hampshire, on the Mexican War.

We have waited patiently for a report in the National Era, of the speech of Mr. Cilley, the Liberty party Senator, from New Hampshire. A report had been made in the National Intelligencer, but the honorable gentleman had complained of its incorrectness. It did not do justice to his views on the Mexican war. In the last Era we have his speech, corrected by himself. We have read it with that attention which the maiden speech of the immediate successor of the immaculate Liberty party deserves. Heaven help the slave, if this is the fruit the green tree of that party can offer us. We copy a single sentence, which is the gist of the whole speech:

I think my plan better, to withdraw our forces to some healthy place within the boundaries of the United States, where a sufficient force of army could be raised readily obtained, and then, if it is necessary to employ the army to any desirable extent, to HAVE THE STATE SOVEREIGNTY WELL DRILLED, let them become inured to service, so that WHEN A BLOW IS TO BE STRUCK, IT MAY BE SUCH A BLOW AS WOULD HAVE THE DESIRED EFFECT.

There! that is the ridiculous vision which so much Liberty party groaning for the last six years, has brought forth. The combined labours of all their political machinery, their lectures, presses—sinlen and otherwise—and especially the assistance of the Young Democracy and Whigs, of

New Hampshire, who, for the sake of victory, were—as it turns out—fools enough to lend themselves to the support of a Liberty party man, hoping to find him at least opposed to Slavery, and in this remarkable speech of the Hon. Mr. Cilley. At this national Era, when the Liberty men forward with its high behests and proud [illegible] on this redoubtable Cilley was to put to flight, and send howling into utter and eternal darkness all the cause of freedom, this same man has so better proposition than to make preparations to give the Mexicans a [illegible] licking!" To-be-sure, we should consider the palliation made by J. G. W. in the Era, that something is to be purged to the military spirit of Col. Cilley! The redoubtable Senator was a militia Colonel before he was a third party man, we are willing to remember. That, his long service in that capacity, the familiarity which it must have brought with bloody death, the thirst for military fame, which he must have excited, and only partially renounced, he may have especially the Spirit and Fall trainings must have stifled in the breast of the New Hampshire hero something of the still voice of conscience, the sense of right and wrong, the conviction of the iniquity of the Mexican war, we can readily believe. But all this his party should have understood before they gave him their confidence. They should have remembered the weakness of human nature, in general, and the weakness in particular, of a New Hampshire militia Colonel. The party should profit by this hint of the mischief done by the military spirit, and for the future, put nobody into office but the few Quakers that have strayed into their fold. If we may be pardoned for another hint, they should be careful also to send a man who, if giving utterance to such sapient remarks as the following, readers himself liable to the charge of the want of conciliation, be beside the peace spirit: . . .

What object, is intended to be effected by this war, I have yet to learn; but if it is only to obtain a peace honorable to both countries, I think that can be obtained, &c.

When the valiant Colonel shall learn positively, that the war was declared for the purpose of having one to put an end to it, we hope he will inform the Senate, in another speech, as honourable and satisfactory to our party he represents, as the Emancipator declares this to be.

The Search.

I went to seek for Christ,
And Nature seemed so fair
That first the woods and fields my youth entered,
And I was sure to find him there:
The temple I forsook,
And to the solitude
Allegiance paid; but Winter came and shook
The crown and purple from my wood;
His snows, like de-ert sands, with scornful drift,
Besieged the columned aisle and palace-gate,
My Pashas, cut deep with many a solemn rift,
But spiritless! her own sepulchred state:
Then I remembered whom I went to seek,
And blessed blunt Winter for his counsel bleak.

Back to the world I turned,
For Christ, I said, is King,
So the cannon! alley and the hut I spurned,
As far beneath his splendour:
"Mid power and wealth I sought,
But found no trace of him,
And all the costly offerings I had brought
With sudden dust and mould grew dim;
I found his tomb, in lord, where, by their laws,
All mention stand days thenceforth interdicted,
Making with bread a dead creek's grinning jaws,
Writes how long the life had thence arisen;
Dar sacrifice to this they set apart,
Praise it more than Christ's own living heart.

So from my fet then
Of the proud World I shook;
Then cumber Love and shared with me his crust,
And half my sorrow's burden took.
Alme the World's soft bed,
Its rich and dainty fare,
Like down seemed Love's coarse pillow to my head,
His cheap food seemed as manna rare;
Fresh-trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet,
Turned to the heedless city whence I came,
Hotly I saw, and springs of worship sweet
Gushed from my cleft heart smitten by the same;
Love looked me in the face and spake no words,
But straight I knew those foot-prints were the Lord's.

I followed where they led,
And, in a hovel rude,
With naught to tease the weather from his head,
The King I sought for meekly stood;
A naked, hungry child
Clung round his gracious knee,
And a poor hamlet slave looked up and smiled
To bless the smile that set him free!
Now miracles I saw his presence do,
No more I knew the hovel bare and poor,
The gathered chips into a woodpile grew,
The broken morsel swelled to goodly store;
Touch and weep; my Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.—J. R. L.

The "Streak Letter."

We have hoped that the irrefragable evidence we published last week in relation to the manner in which the "Streak Letter" became public, would have brought from the editors of the Chronotype, the Emancipator, and the Charter Oak, a manly acknowledgment at least that they had been mistaken. Honourable men, men possessed of proper self-respect, and who hope to deserve the respect of others, could do no less than this. Neither of these persons, however, have done so. They have heretofore asserted that this letter was stolen from the hat or the bed-chamber of Mr. Stanton. The positive testimony of men whose veracity cannot be impeached is produced, proving this assertion to be *absolutely false*. It is certain that Mr. Stanton has never contradicted it, though he must have known that it was a downright lie. It is possible, but very improbable, that Messrs. Leavitt and Wright may not have known from Mr. Stanton the extent truth in the premises. If, however, it is the fact that they did not know it, then the guilt and shame of hitherto permitting so infamous a falsehood to be told rests with Mr. Stanton alone. But now that it is proven one beyond contradiction, the guilt and shame belong equally to Messrs. Leavitt and Wright, since they take no measures to contradict a falsehood which they have been the chief instruments in propagating.

So stands the case at present. These men have been guilty, as editors, of an act which, if committed in the private relations of life between man and man, would mark them as only deserving of contempt, and unworthy of the slightest confidence. We make no distinction, however, between the man as an editor and as a private individual. What one does as an editor he is responsible for as a man.

If we were over disposed to use "hard language," we are not in this case. It is one which needs only a clear and plain statement. The severest epithets and the acrimonious comments cannot make so contemptible and base an act appear worse than it must seem to be at first sight in the eyes of all right-minded people. On the other hand, no sophistry can palliate it.

The Charter Oak has condescended to notice the letters which have been recently published. Its flippant bravado is even more disgusting than the silence of the Emancipator and Chronotype. The editors of those papers, we may hope, at least understand their position. Mr. Burleigh, it seems, is absolutely incapable of understanding that even a detected lie is anything to be ashamed of. We copy his paragraph:

THE "STREAK LETTER" FOREVER!—The Liberator a fortnight since continued two intolerable long communications concerning this famous letter, aiming to prove that the man who stole it was not "Old Organization," at a time when there was no other, and did not steal it from Mr. Stanton's hat,—but copied it from a letter left by President among business papers in a committee room. And place for them in its weekly bodice podge of cant and billingsgate. We certainly would, Brother Cay, if we had such a sequestered, and think better of your sagacity for assigning them to proper a department.

War Meeting.

The War party held a pow-wow in this city, one evening last week, at which Chancellor McCosn, who is the President of the State Anti-Slavery Parishment Society, presided. The meeting was called by that section of the Democratic Party, of which Capt. Isaiah Rynders is the chief Sachem. It was a decided failure, so far as this city was concerned, but its influence will unquestionably be felt in other places where the attending circumstances will not be known. It was the opinion, doubtless, of the more respectable portion of the party, that the meeting should be without effect. If such be the fact, they failed of much more than half their object, as men are apt to do, when resort, with no matter how good motives, to trickery and cunning to bring about a good end. If the men of the Bryant and Sedgwick party, who are, in their hearts, opposed to this war, were bold. Ly to do what they know to be right, and let the world know that the Democracy of New-York—or so much as they make of it—are opposed to the war, whatever Capt. Rynders and his b'hoys may say to the contrary, they would command the respect of all parties, and really accomplish what they now so feebly attempt to do. As it is, the whole affair excites the contempt of everybody who understands it, and those who do not, and who have heretofore held in esteem the Chancellor, as President of this meeting, and his friends who made him so, are grieved and astonished that they should lend themselves to anything so disgraceful and mean, as a Mexican war meeting. If they gain the respect of anybody, it is only of those whose respect should make an honest man blush. How the venerable Chancellor can reconcile it to his conscience, to play such a game, or to be so played with, to stand before the world as an advocate of such a war, or any war, while professing to be opposed to the shedding of any blood, even of that of the poor criminals who are condemned to death, would be utterly inexplicable, did we not know how strong are the ties of party partisanship. We confess, however, that in this case we are surprised to see that those of conscience and manly self-respect are not stronger.

It is hoped, however, to the Chancellor, to say that he protested against the meeting in any way censuring those members of Congress who had voted for the Wilmot Proviso.

YOUNG AMERICA! [illegible] the meeting and offered some resolutions, [illegible] commonsense, in which they pledged themselves to raise eight hundred men, provided those who voted for the Wilmot Proviso, would enlist to the number of [illegible] hundred.

Speech of Mr. Calhoun on the Wilmot Proviso.

The present juncture of the affairs of the nation has brought out the great arch-priest of the Peculiar Institution, Mr. Calhoun, in a speech in the United States Senate. The present occasion is evidently a crisis in the eyes of the slaveholders, and their sagacity is not often at fault. Mr. Calhoun is the defender of Slavery, and is far more deserving of the title than Mr. Webster is of defender of the Constitution. Negro slavery is his mammon-house. His mission in this world is the defence. For this the husbands his great strength, and never puts it forth except on great occasions. Slavery is in danger now, and he is needed. It must be a momentous time when he comes forward. We will take Mr. Calhoun's word for that. He speaks, and the Union sends out his words of wisdom in an extra.

And truly he speaks wisely. The North as well as the South will do well to heed him. When he says, "Wol wol to this Union!" if the present balance of the slave-power be destroyed, he speaks not without meaning. The Union must be broken or Slavery abolished. The South will not submit to the Union unless the North will consent to the existence of Slavery. The North will not much longer support the Union unless the South shall be converted to Anti-Slavery. There is no other alternative but SLAVERY AND DISUNION, or FREEDOM AND PEACE. No man knows this better than the great Southern leader.

We regret that we cannot give his speech entire this week. We have only room for the Resolutions he offered:

Resolved, That the territories of the United States belong to the several States composing this Union, and are held by them as their joint and common property.

Resolved, That Congress, as the joint agent and representative of the States of this Union, has no right to make any law, or do any act whatever, that shall directly, or by its effects, place any distinction between the States of this Union, by which any one of them shall be deprived of its full and equal right in any territory of the United States, acquired, or to be acquired.

Resolved, That the enactment of any law which would directly, or by its effects, deprive the citizens of any of the States of the Union from emigrating with their property into any of the territories of the United States will make such discrimination, and would, therefore, be a violation of the Constitution and the rights of the States from which such citizens emigrated, and in derogation of that perfect equality which belongs to them as members of this Union, and would tend directly to subvert the Union itself.

Resolved, That, as a fundamental principle in our political creed, that a people in forming a constitution have the unconditional right to form and adopt the government which they may think best calculated to secure their liberty, prosperity, and happiness; and that in conformity thereto, no other condition is imposed by the Federal Constitution, on a State in order to be admitted into this Union, except that its Constitution shall be republican; and that any other or any higher by Congress would not only be a violation of the Constitution, but in direct conflict with the principle on which our political system rests.

Opinion of Judge Kram.

We give our readers a specimen of pro-slavery justice in this week's paper. Perhaps we owe them an apology for occupying so much space with matter so utterly resistive to the general reader, and with a document, the main argument of which is an absurdity; but as we received it in pamphlet form, we presume from Judge Kram himself, with the bravado on the margin,—"Dare you publish this at length?" we do not mean to evade the challenge of the Chronotype, and by our paper by our selves liable to the imputation of sinking in fear of the few remarks we made in the paper of December 31st. We trust we may remain so in the spirit of freedom, rather than ever display the ignorance of the first principles of Liberty, the bigotry of a slaveholder, and that worst of all things, the foolishness of inhumanity, with which this decision is replete.

His Honour may be assured that the columns of the Standard are open to any communications he may wish to make to Northern Abolitionists.

We are indebted to a gentleman of this city, for the following extract of a letter from one who is on his first visit to the South. The incident of the chosen amanuensis of the boy, will remind the reader of the words of Jefferson, of the effect of Slavery upon the young:

Extract from a letter of a gentleman on his first visit to the land of slavery.

To-day, for the first time in my life, I saw a sale of slaves by auction. I was affected more than I anticipated. Brutalized as the poor creatures are, it was obvious to me, that they felt their miserable situation. To be ranged along against a wall, and passed upon by hardened lying purchasers, examined like so many cattle—to be led out, placed on a stand, exposed to the view of a crowd, and set up for sale like an ox or a barrel of pork. Oh, it is horrible, and requires an apprenticeship to reconcile one's feelings to the exhibition. Be thankful every day of your life, that you were born in a free State. Walking from the sale, I met, in a neighboring street, two little boys, one about ten, the other about twelve years of age. They were dispassing where to go to play; the elder one said, I mean to go home and persuade mother to let them sell. He went to assure himself by seeing slaves sold! Nothing would induce me to have my children grow up under the influence of Slavery.

THE INTELLIGENCER FROM EUROPE.—We never expectedly that in consequence of the storm of Sunday and Monday, which delayed the mails of the Cambria, that we are unable to lay before our readers, this week, any of the interesting Anti-Slavery intelligence we have received from England. We are indebted to friends for papers, from which we shall copy next week, and to our Dublin correspondent, R. D. Webb, for another of his racy letters, which will also appear in the next paper. Rare good reading as Mr. Webb's letters always are, that now before us possesses even more than usual interest, for its reflections upon the condition of the people of Ireland. We regret exceedingly that the delay in the mails should oblige us to deny it to our readers this week.

The Cambria brings the welcome intelligence of a decline in the prices of provisions, and the entire repeal of the duties on corn.

LAW AGAINST KIDNAPPING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—An act has been passed in the lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature similar to that in Massachusetts, for the protection of colored people, who may visit or reside in that State. If the State legislature can go under the present Constitution of the United States. Should it pass the Senate and become a law, we shall lay it before our readers; it is thought doubtful, however, whether it will do so.

MR. KING, OF MASSACHUSETTS.—We are indebted to Hon. Daniel P. King, of Massachusetts, for a copy of his speech on the Mexican war. Mr. King, it will be remembered, is one of the noble band of fourteen who had the courage and manliness to vote against the Mexican war bill. His constituents have shown their appreciation of his course by since re-electing him. In the capital speech before us he speaks with becoming pride of his votes at various times against the war. Mr. King belongs to that class of men in Massachusetts, whom the Massachusetts correspondent of the National Era, ("J. G. W.") with the most ludicrous condescension and self-satisfaction, praises, as possessed of some merit, but as yet, very far behind the Liberty party; while, in the same letter, he feels called upon to express dissatisfaction at the course in this very way, of the only representative that his party has ever had, or is likely to have, at Washington.

CONGRESS.—A bill is before the House for an increase of the revenue. It lays a duty of twenty per cent. on tea and coffee; ten per cent. on food and other refined sugars, on iron and various manufactured articles of iron, and white and red lead; five per cent. on manufactured cotton goods, if dyed, &c. exceeding in value thirty cents per square yard, and on those exceeding twenty cents per yard if not dyed, &c. The bill also graduates the price of public lands.

Good News from Delaware!

The great and good work of Emancipation is begun in Delaware. A bill has passed the House of Representatives, by a large majority, for the gradual abolition of Slavery in that State. It is hoped that it will also pass the Senate. At any rate, the work is commenced in earnest, and must in a year or two be accomplished. We wish that *immediate* were substituted for *gradual*, but we must be thankful for anything. Let the abolition of Slavery be but fairly commenced in Delaware, and the example will rapidly spread to the other border slave States. Of course the opponents of the Abolitionists will say, that had it not been for them, this would have been done years ago; but they have reason for self-congratulation and gratitude that they are now permitted to see their labors crowned with the first fruits of the success of their glorious enterprise.

J. C. HATHAWAY'S LETTER.—Our friends in West Chester, Pa. will see, we trust, think us wasting in sympathy for their misfortune, because we omitted to mention it in last week's paper. The truth is, Mr. Hathaway's letter was received but just before the final making up of the paper for the press, and at a moment when we were too busy even to glance at its contents.

☞ We call the attention of parents to the advertisement of Mr. Hinckley, in another column. Mr. Hinckley is the successor of the Rev. Samuel May, at Leicester.

☞ A. H. BOSTON, of Concord, (Mass.) is appointed a local agent for the Standard.

May the first blow at the monstrous iniquity of human bondage be struck in our own county. (!)

So says the New Bedford Mercury, in some remarks upon the Wilmot proviso. The profound knowledge of history which the editor here displays is worthy of a paper which has not its equal in Massachusetts—excepting perhaps one or two of the religious prints—for its bitter hostility to every form of Anti-Slavery.

A NEW TRY.—A correspondent of the Chronotype says of the Wilmot proviso:

His hoots were of that degree of polish that indicated self-respect rather than extreme anxiety for the world's opinion.

We presume the "Streak Letter" clique have shot an equally high standard of morality.

MR. HUDSON, of Massachusetts, will accept our thanks for the speech of Ms. DELANO, of Ohio.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO XIV.

The Correspondent confesses that he, is for once, a false prophet.—The Volunteers in transporte.—Making of the Wright's company.—Power of Eloquence.—Richard Turpin and Caleb Cushing.—Rush of the character of Massachusetts.—The voluntary system of indirect taxation.—The Bible Society and the Volunteers.—Hint to the friends of Missions.—Prospect of a Revival.—The Volunteers at the Peace Meeting.—Meeting for the Relief of Ireland.—Sword presented to Col. Cushing.—Christian spirit of David Henshaw.—Mr. Rantoul, President of Anti-Hanging Society.—Delicate distinctions.—Thoughtful on a large scale.—Admirably chosen motto for sword.—Governor Briggs and Lieutenant Cushing.—Strange solution.—Shocking State of moral Philosophy at South Boston.—Friendly suggestions to the Legislature on the subject—&c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, FEB. 20, 1847.

For once in my life I have been a false prophet. All my Cassandra-like anticipations have been disappointed. The Massachusetts Regiment of volunteers is embarked. Their transports are riding in the stream, and sentinels, with loaded muskets keep guard over our voluntary patriotism. In a few days, they will be on their way towards the scene of action. One company, (Capt. Wright's) had the assurance to refuse to budge from their barracks, until they had been paid up, and were provided with raiment to cover their nakedness. But their insolence met with the success it deserved. The eloquence of Colonel Cushing, enforced by the sight of a detachment from each of the other companies with loaded muskets, and three rounds of ball cartridge each, was too persuasive for them, and so they submitted to their fate, without further resistance. This rhetoric was of the same description with that of the celebrated Richard Turpin, though not so fully carried out, when the Bishop's coachman drove on, disregarding his commands to halt.

"But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And persuaded on him to stop!"

Only, in this case, the company was "*persuaded*" upon to go (they were willing enough *to stop*) upon the simple promise of the sword.

Since the shameful conduct of the Legislature, in refusing to grant twenty-thousand dollars for the relief of those unhappy sharpsufferers of the patriotism of Massachusetts, (which, credible letter-writers from Washington assure us, has disgraced her character forever,) various other means have been resorted to, to extract the needful by indirect taxation. A grand ball was given at Faneuil Hall, for the benefit of the Volunteers, at which the speeches were so cautious (some the Democratic papers are speaking of its success (I was not present, myself, my invitation having probably miscarried,) I am much afraid was a failure. Indeed, it has been said, that it did not pay its expenses. A benefit, too, has been extended to them at two of the theatres, but with what returns, I am not informed. A private subscription has also been carried on, for the same object, in which Whigs as well as Democrats bid for their country's good. . . . You will be pleased to learn that the Massachusetts Bible Society presented each of the volunteers with a copy of the Scriptures. If the Missionary Society would only send a chaplain with them, who knows but there means of grace might be blessed with a revival of religion, which would enable them to withstand the Mexicans' threats in the true spirit of Christian love?

This subscription would probably have been larger, had it not been for the demonstration of the gallant objects, at a meeting called at Faneuil Hall, to protest against the War. Very pathetic speeches were made at this meeting, which was very full, by Messrs. Sumner, Theodore Parker, C. F. Adams, and others. At any rate, the goodness of the pudding stood the proverbial test of the entire, for our military friends could not swallow it at all. They made a pretty row, but not enough to prevent the meeting from being carried through, though the meeting was shortened by it. This meeting was got up by gentlemen not identified with the Abolitionists, and they, not being used to this sort of thing, were in great indignation, and a good deal of surprise at their treatment. But we old folks, who had remembered our much worse weather so many times, thought it but a "cap-full of wind," and in no wise surprising. But it gave exceedingly mean excuse for not subscribing their breeches-pockets, when the subscription paper was brought in. Immediately after this, an immense meeting was held in place on the subject of the Relief of Ireland. It was an immense meeting, and was addressed by the Mayor, who presided, Dr. Howe, and President Everett. The speeches were all exceedingly good. Mr. Everett's was thought to be equal to his happiest efforts in former times. Resolutions were passed, a Committee appointed, and the city distributed, so that there can be but little doubt that a large sum will be raised, which, I am informed, will probably be remitted in money, as the distress is not so much in want of food, as in the want of money to buy it. The gratuitous transportation is made after the regular business was over, to authorize the committee to send a committee to Scotland and Ireland, to superintend the distribution of the funds raised here, and to make a report! No opposition was made to its passage, as it needed no obligation to the Peace Committee, but it can hardly be supposed that that body will think it necessary to issue a commission to superintend the distribution of four or five thousand pounds, should so much be raised, even if gentlemen could be found willing to undertake it at their own charges. It would be very gratifying reflection on the honorable the members of the gentlemen who have undertaken that duty, in the suffering countries. Of course, they would not think of making a *job* out of the contributions for the benefit of any gentleman desirous of foreign travel, at the expense of starving a few hundred of people, by the withdrawal of the amount necessary for the expedition from the fund for food.

At the very same time that this meeting was in session, another was held in the Melodeon for the purpose of presenting a sword to Colonel Cushing. David Henshaw, formerly Secretary of the Navy, was there, presided, and heaped whole *scuttles-full* of coals on the heads of the slaveholders for having kicked him out of office, by the devotion he displayed to their interests and to their war. The sword was presented with an eloquent speech (if newspapers report it aright, it may be believed, by Robert Rantoul, Esq. the United States District Attorney, and the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Like Yorick, "I love a good distinction in my heart," and it rejoiceth me exceedingly to see a man, who is not a fool, (and dead Rantoul, and by Lieutenant Colonel Wright, (of whom I spoke in my last letter, and who, I am very sure, is a Vice President of the same society,) between shooting men in the grass and hanging them in detail.

This it seems that on one and the same evening the citizens of Boston were assembled in one place to promote the salvation of Heathens, and in another to encourage the destruction of Mexicans! And, unquestionably, the very same men who have contributed to the one object, will give alms to the other. We certainly have still the same reason for supposing that a large number of gentlemen I have read of used to express, when he heard of any especial piece of folly. "Thank Heaven, the fools are not all dead yet." If it be true that this earth is, as Cicero, I believe, says it, a theatre where men are the actors, and the disembodied intelligences the audience, what has the Spirit of Pandemonium been about of late? *Pit*, must have is witnessing the everlasting, ever-changing, farce that is essayed for their amusement!

"Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With thy laughter and thy shrewd sarcastic mirth;
See modern life in motley trappings dressed,
And feed with varied folly the eternal jest!"

But I must not forget to tell you of the admirably appropriate motto chosen for the sword of honour. It reasonds in these words, "*Inlaminatis fulget honoribus!*" which may be done into English, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, as they say in Parliament, as follows: "*He (Colonel Cushing, to wit) is surrounded with unbrandished honours!*" This is nicely being a little too hard upon a friend. Irony and sarcasm are very good things in their proper places, but it is manifly just to indulge in them at a friend's expense, on such a public occasion, and in such an enduring shape. Sincerely sympathizing with the gallant Colonel for the pain he must have felt when he first received in the house of his friends must have caused him.

Having occupied so much of this letter with the adventures and prospects of our Spartan band, and their Lepidus, I may as well fill up the rest of it with a story from the other day about Governor Briggs, who may be regarded as

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To look out for the fate of ——"

his own children—"I mean, of course, the volunteers, are. I ought to apologize, perhaps, for saying so much about them; but if nothing will happen, what is a distressed correspondent to do? The story is this. Not long since, Governor Briggs, in company with a brother Excellency from New Hampshire, or Vermont, one or both, visited the Reformatory for the Blind at South Boston. There he was introduced to Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, into whose mind Dr. Howe has found a way for knowledge, though it was "quite shut out!" at these three entrances. As soon as Laura understood that the Governor was the insinuating attacked him about the Mexican war and the volunteers. She was very earnest to know why he let them go to Mexico to kill people? Why he did n't keep them at home? And that means might not be wanting, she wished to know if why he could n't hide their clothes, so *that they could n't pack their trunks.*" The replies of his Excellency to these interrogations have not transpired, to my knowledge, but it is believed that he was satisfied with a very brief interview with a soul thus dwelling in outer darkness.

I am afraid, however, that this incident is conclusive as to the influences under which that institution lies. I apprehend that it betrays the kind of morality which is instilled into the minds of the blind children,—a morality so very different from that of the Baptist Deacon who represents the State at home, and the Calvinistic Deacon who represents it at Washington. This could not to be suffered. I should recommend a Legislative inquiry into the subject, with full powers to prepare a code of ethics for the benefit of the blind people, by the diligent study of which they may be raised to the moral level of the holy and statesman-like men, who give the key-note to the seeing Piety of Massachusetts, and as a first step, I should advise them to turn Dr. Howe, neck and heels, out of the Superintendency. D. Y.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: The Lover's Suit; We've Bribtem A't; Daily Work. *Tales*: Toussaint (continued); Saul Le Blanc, or the Slave's Lesson; Alexander Pushkin; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIFTH PAGE.—*Peculiar Institution*: The Rev. Garland Hughes—A Woman for a Jackass; A Shocking Case in Alabama; Sermon from Parson Brownlow; Cruelty. *Selections*: Suffering in Ireland; Opinion—In Case of Charles Lyons, &c.—by Judge Kram.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications*: The West Winfield Fair.

Married.

In this city, on Tuesday morning, 16th instant, by the Rev. Constantine Fox, Mr. HENRY J. TURNER, of Tennessee, of South Carolina, to CORNELIA P. daughter of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany.

In the Congregational Church, Whitestown, 14th instant, by Rev. Beriah Green, Mr. SAMUEL W. GREEN, of the Patent Office, Albany, and Miss CAROLINE S. third daughter of Mr. Reuben Willcox, Jr. of Whitestown.

Also at the same place and time, by the same, Mr. DELOS DUDLEY DODGE, of Berkshire, and MARCIA D. daughter of President Green.

At Washington City, on the 10th instant, by the Rev Dr. Dewey, Mr. CHARLES SEATON, son of Mr. W. W. Seaton, Mayor of Washington, and Mr. FRANCIS SCHROEDER, of the above place.

Died.

In Charlestown, Mass. on Sunday morning, 14th, WARDELL PHILLIPS MOREY, aged 13 [illegible] only child of David B. and Almira B. Morey.

In Leicester, Mass. on the 12th ultimo, after a long illness, Mrs. REBECCA M. TUDD, aged 46.

At Montpelier, Vermont, 17th instant, Dr. JONATHAN MILLAR, aged 51 years.

In Providence, on the 11th inst. JULIA L. WILLIS wife of Edward P. Willis, aged 24 years.

In the death of Mrs. A. Bonne acquainted with her are called to mourn the loss of a very dear friend. Her integrity of mind, unbounded sobriety, and kindness of manners, had secured her a large circle of warm friends. Her memory will be devotedly cherished by many, who painfully feel that her place cannot easily be filled, in the circle she so much adorned.

In Barnstable, Mass. 28th ult Rev. T. T. ROGERS, senior pastor of the Universe Society in that town aged 68.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard—from February 15th, to 22d, 1847.

F. C. Halswell, Gannongue, C W	$1 00
Seth Webb, Providence, R I	1 00
Mrs. Wyman, Worcester, Mass	3 00
Henry S. Wasner, N. Milford, "	1 00
Thomas Ferrer, Seneca Falls, N Y	1 00
James Leonard, Springfield, Mass	1 00
Amos Tompkins, jr. West Exeter, N Y	1 00
Loring Hosier, "	1 00
Elisha Washburn, "	1 00
Harry Thomas, "	1 00
Rathbun & Johnson, Burlington Flats, N Y	1 00
Joseph Butler, Hastings, N Y	1 00
J. B. Swaton, jr. Bath, Me	1 00
J. B. Swanton, South Windsor, Me	1 00
Enoch Pearson, Dedham, "	1 00
John Brontingham, Marlborough, Ohio	1 00
Wm. M. Griffith, East Bethlehem, Pa	1 00
Oliver Griffith, New Garden, Ohio	2 00
Ann H. Thorn, Hart's Village, N Y	1 00
Dr. S. G. Howe, South Boston, Mass	2 00
Enoch Pearson, Dedham, "	1 00
Asa Foster, Canterbury, N H	1 00
Sarah Hosmer, Concord, Mass	1 00
John Damon, Reading, "	1 00
Benjamin Potter, jr. Danvers N Mills, Mass	50
Jacob K. Rodgers, "	50
Ansel Burnham, Beverly, Mass	50
Thomas F. Donnell, Bath, Me	1 00
Samuel P. Tyler, "	1 00
Thomas Moore, Marlborough, Ohio,	1 10
	34 50
Total Amount,	$34.50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

A gentleman in Philadelphia found the other day two children whose parents had abandoned, and locked up without food or fire for several days.

The Louisville Democrat says that C. M. Clay has killed Thomas F. Marshall. The story is not confirmed.

Eliza A. Poe has recovered two hundred and twenty-five dollars of the Mirror vs. Poe suit. The Mirror article was written by Thomas Dunn English.

Mrs. Pauline S. Wrisht is lecturing in Baltimore on anatomy and physiology.

Miss Fuller says, in her last letter to the Tribune, that at the zoological gardens in London, they feed the animals on Sundays!

A man who was sentenced to be hung on the 3d instant, at Racine, W. T. was reprieved by the Governor for thirty days. The disappointed people hung the Governor in effigy!

The Home Journal is a notice of a book on Water-Cure, recommends daily washing. The editor thinks it can do no harm, for he has tried it with beneficial results.

It is proposed in England to build villages near the large towns for the working people.

The new planet, Leverrier, is supposed to be the star discovered in 1795, by Lalande.

A bill favorable to the abolition of the death penalty, has been reported in the Ohio Legislature.

The bill to abolish Capital Punishment in Wisconsin, was defeated on the final vote in the council by one majority.

Enos Peasly, of De Ruyter, Madison Co. a member of the Society of Friends, died a few days since, aged about 21 years, on account of pecuniary embarrassment.

The people of Syracuse have finally concluded to make a city of their village.

Rocks.—The alleged slave who had been forcibly taken from Detroit to Toledo, by a slave-catcher, was placed in a room, chained, while his captor was being fitted for another slave, when he was tired of his whereabouts, and carried him off unobserved. Before pursuit was commenced, the slave was out of reach, and was soon landed at Malden, in Canada.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Lesson in Good Manners.—We find the following capital anecdote in a city paper:

One of the best dressed dining at a fashionable hotel a few weeks since, was requested by a gentleman in pants some article of food which was not near him. "Did you mistake for a waiter?" asked the requisite—"No Sir, I mistook you for a gentleman!" was the prompt reply.

NOTICES.

MEETINGS.

William W. Brown, the distinguished American slave, will lecture at the following places, as follows:

Waterloo, Sunday, March 7, at half-past 6, P. M.
Mottville, Monday, 8th " "
Macedon, Tuesday, 9th " "
Fayetteville, Wednesday 10th " "
Canaseraga, Thursday, 11th " "
Madison, Friday, 12th " "
Bridgewater, Saturday, 13th " "
Unadilla Forks, Sunday, 14th " "
West Exeter, Monday, 15th " "

The well-known advocate of the slave's cause, Dr. E. D. Hudson, will lecture as follows:

Unadilla Forks, Wednesday, February 24th
Leonardsville, Thursday & Friday, February 25 & 26
Edmeston, Saturday and Sunday, 27 & 28
Burlington Flats, Monday and Tuesday, March 1 & 2
Oakville, Wednesday, " 3
Cooperstown, Thursday and Friday, " 4 & 5
Clarksville, Saturday and Sunday, " 6 & 7
Middfield, Monday and Tuesday, " 8 & 9
Cherry Valley, Wednesday and Thursday, " 10 & 11
Springfield, Friday and Saturday, " 12 & 13
Little Lake, Sunday, " 14
Richfield, Monday, " 15
Meetings to commence at 2 and half-past 6, P. M.

W. W. Brown and Dr. Hudson will join each other on Tuesday, March 16th, and thereafter hold meetings in conjunction, as follows. The friends of the slave in the different places will not forget to anticipate their arrival, and make all the necessary arrangements for the meetings.

Litchfield, Wednesday, March 17th
Frankfort, Thursday and Friday, 18th and 19th
Mohawk, Saturday and Sunday, 20th and 21st
Herkimer, Monday and Tuesday, 22d and 23d
Little Falls, Wed. and Thursday, 24th and 25th
Palatine, Friday and Saturday, 26th and 27th
Middleville, Sunday, 28th
Newville, Monday and Tuesday, 29th and 30th
St. Johnsville, Wed. and Thurs. March, 31st and April 1st
Palatine, Fri. and Saturday, April 2d and 3d
Fort Plain, Sunday and Monday, 4th and 5th
Johnstown, Tuesday and Wednesday, 6th and 7th
Mayfield, Thursday and Friday, 8th and 9th
Amsterdam, Saturday and Sunday, 10th and 11th
Schenectady, Monday and Tuesday, 12th and 13th
Albany, Wednesday and Thursday, 14th and 15th

Meetings to commence at one and half-past six, P. M.

Farmington, 3d inst. 11, 1847.

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Agt. for N. Y.

PAWTUCKET ANNUAL FAIR.

The anti-slavery women of Pawtucket will hold their Eleventh Annual Fair at the hall of Pawtucket Hotel, commencing on Wednesday, February 27th, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The usual supply of fancy and useful articles, together with refreshments, will be in readiness to dispense; and it is hoped that a generous public, as heretofore, will continue to aid the noble efforts of a few women, who are laboring for the overthrow of chattel slavery.

BRISTOL COUNTY.

The quarterly meeting of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Town Hall, in Fall River, on Saturday, February 27th, and will probably continue through the next day. Efforts will be made to secure the attendance of Rev. Mr. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, Parker Pillsbury, and other speakers. The friends of the cause are earnestly requested to assemble in full force, and secure an interest in prayer.

W. P. ATKINSON, *Cor. Sec.*

CLARKSON SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Association will be held in the Hall at Cockranville, on Seventh-day, the 20th instant, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

SIMMONS COLEMAN, *Rec. Sec.*

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AT WATERLOO.

On Thursday, February 25th and 26th, 1847.

The friends of the slave are earnestly solicited to bear in mind this Fair. The time is short for making preparations, therefore what they hand findeth to do let it be done with thy might. Let every one do their share. Let Freedom's offerings be brought together on that day and laid upon the altar, and each heart consecrated anew in the work of the redemption of the bondman.

A large quantity and great variety of articles are already made up. Friends, keep in mind, in addition to all the other beautiful and nice things to be found at the Fair, will be the LIBERTY BELL FOR 1847.

By request of the Committee,

J. C. HATHAWAY.

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Tickets of membership may be obtained at 142 Nassau St, price 25 cts. Friends from the country wishing tickets, to constitute themselves and any of their friends members of the League, may obtain them by remitting the money and names with the residence of each, where the tickets properly filled up, will be forwarded in them by mail.

The Anti-Slavery League is an Association formed in London, of which George Thompson, Esq. is President, and which is intended to include all, in all parts of the world, who can adopt the PRINCIPLE of the League, which is thus expressed on the ticket:

"Slaveholding, under all conceivable circumstances, is a heinous sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned."

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		IRON.	
Pot, first sort 1846.	o 4 87½	Pig, Rag, & Scotch	30.00 a 34.00
Pearl CANDLES.	o 8 87½	Bar, American	90.00 a 92.00
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11	Bar, Russia P.S.	100.00 a 102.00
Sperm	12 a 13	Bar, Swedes	90.00 a 95.00
Stearic do.	12 a 13	Bar, Swedes	97.00 a 97.50
COAL.		Bar, English	87.00 a 87.50
Liverpool, chaldron	6.00 a	Bar, do. refined	87.50 a 90.00
Newcastle	5.50 a 6.00	Hoop do. common	90 a 95
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50	Hoop do. do. ewr.	8.00 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	5.00 a 5.50	Sheet	1 a 1½
Anthracite, 2,000lbs	4.00 a 7.00	Pig, 100 lbs.	3½ a 4.37½
COTTON.		Bar	3½ a 4
Yarn, Dow't per lb.	6 a 10	Sheet	7½ a 8
Sheeting, do.	7½ a 8	LEATHER.	
Lagrange	7½ a 8	Hemlock, Rip'l	14 a 15
Lowell	7 a 7½	Hem

Poetry.

From the Devil's Progress.

THE LOVER'S SUIT.

The Devil's Progress, which we believe never was reprinted in this country, was a very witty political satire, in imitation of Coleridge's "Devil's Walk." It was written by T. K. Hervey, in 1828 or '29, and forms a little pamphlet of sixty or seventy pages. Much of the interest of the satire has passed away with the events and personages who were its subjects, but two serious passages, the one that follows, and the Hebrew Prayer, are far too beautiful to be forgotten. A.

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute.
One summer eve; when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute;
The moon was watching on the hill,
The stream was staid and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit.
That, half a vow, and half a prayer,
Spoke less of hope than of despair,
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low
As he had heard—oh woe! oh woe!
The flutes of angels long ago.

"By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel-wings,
By dreams that make night's shadow bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's day, and sorrow's year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pauses that time so sorely brings,
For joy or grief, for hope or fear,
For all hereafter, as for here,
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine."

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur, and a sweet low sigh,
But not a spoken word;
And yet they made the waters start
Into his eyes who heard,—
For they told of a most loving heart,
In a voice like that of a bird;
Of a heart that loved, though it loved in vain,—
A grieving, and yet not a pain,—
A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And early shed their bloom;—
Of vanished hopes, and happy smiles,
All lost forevermore,
Like ships that smiled for sunny isles,
But never came to shore;—
A flower, that in its withering
Preserved its fragrance long,
A spirit that had lost its wing,
But still retained its song,—
A joy that could not *all* be lost,
A comfort in despair;—
And the Devil fled, like a beld ghost
That sauffs the purer air;
For he felt how lovers' own sweet breath
Surrounds them like a spell,
And he knew that Love, "as strong as Death,"
Is far too strong for Hell;
And from the country of its birth,
Hope thoughts, in sorrow or in mirth,
That sanctify the earth;
Like angels earthward tempest-driven,
And waiting to return to Heaven.

WE'RE BRITHEREN A'.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

A happy fit hame this auld world wad be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
And ilk said to his neebor in cottage and ha',
Come gi'e me your hand—we are brithren a'.

I ken na why, one with snither held fight,
When to gripe wad mak a body cosie and richt;
Man mun wee's man, man's man, tho' he be wee;
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we're brithren a'."

My coat is in rags, and yours may be fine,
And I mun drink water while you can my drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw.
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brithren a'.

The knave ye wad scorn, the unfaithful deriye,
Ye wad stan' like a rock wi' the truth on your side;
Sae wad I, an' naught else wad I value a straw;
So gi'e me your hand—we are brithren a'.

Ye wad scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I hand by the richt ay, as well as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, and a';
Come gi'e me your hand—we are brithren a'.

We have the same simmer day sunny an' dirk;
Hame! oh, how we luve it, and all that are there!
Frae the pure air o' Heaven the same life we draw,
Come gi'e me your hand—we are brithren a'.

Frail, shakin' auld Age will sune come o'er us baith,
An' creepin' along at his back will be Death;
Syne into the same mither yird we will ta',
Come gi'e me your hand—we are BRITHEREN A'.

DAILY WORK.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lops for dread of daily work,
And his acquaintance task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime:
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheel of time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.
No! Let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great;
We live in peace with rank—
With mill, or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate,
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need;
And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.
No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers;
The more we work, the more we win:
Success to Trade!
Success to Spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!
And joy to him, who o'er his task
Remembers toil is Nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks—
And never sinks
His independence as a man.
Who only asks for humble wealth,
Enough for comfortable and healthy;
And leisure when his work is done.
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting sun.
Who toils as every man should toil
For fair reward, erect and free;
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be!

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mugge.

CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUDED.

The humble tone in which the black expressed his acknowledgments, only increased the indignation of Vincent, who had looked on with no ordinary emotion, as this scene took place. It struck him almost as ridiculous, and yet he felt all its impressiveness. The danger which now threatened the French colony, disturbed his repose, and his heart beat the more violently as he heard France and freedom, and all the noble ideas and exalted virtues which made his own heart glow, ridiculed and denounced by monks, savages, and Spaniards. Nevertheless he kept him quiet, in the corner near a window, where he stood, a disinterested spectator, but much as he owed to the steward, old Jeanfrançois, he was not ignorant his rare talents, and although a voice secretly whispered him, that Toussaint was throwing dust in the eyes of his ignorant brothers, and of the arrogant Spaniards, yet he was vexed with him, and the falsehood of the part which Toussaint was acting was absorbed in his simple truth. With increased repugnance, Vincent looked on and witnessed the distribution of uniforms, arms, and money, which Don Alonzo now directed to be brought from the loaded wagons, and which he proceeded to bestow, with great liberality, upon these new subjects of his King. It was a rare scene, indeed, after a brief space, the whole company of blacks began to clutch at their respective portions of the common booty, and with childish darkness, began to drive a barter with one another; and there courtesies, half human and half ape, went on amidst cries of delight and loud laughter, and occasional strife, until, transformed into Spanish officers, they strutted about in all the grotesque vanity of the African nature.

Suddenly, Vincent found himself seized by a soft, plump hand, and beheld the Priest of Dondon at his side, who had pressed his way through this rabble of officers. "The black gentleman," said he, smiling, "are quite excited with their good fortune, and the Marquis will shortly make a feast for them, at which there will be no lack of strong wines. But nothing is more dangerous than a drunken savage. The slender thread of civilization, which has got wound round him with a few small trouble, breaks a thousand places, and the inborn brute of the desert follows without restraint, his natural propensities. For this reason I have got myself clear of the approaching festivities, and have left Jeanfrançois, Toussaint Breda, requests me, with the permission of his Excellency, Don Juan Frangois, to accompany Jean, Sir, to the encampment of the sick, and to the residence of the Colonel." All this was said in a tone so contemptuous, that Vincent could not help remarking, in reply:—

"If you have so great repugnance, reverend Sir, to these savages, it is only the more strange that you should be found siding such a shameful insurrection against France."

"Hush!" cried La Have, stepping out with Vincent, "keep hold of my hand; you shall have my answer by and by."

The open space before the door was crowded with dark figures, which surrounded the dwelling of the General. The Spanish dragoons still formed the same order round the wagons, which, however, had been unloaded, part of their contents having been carried into the house, and the rest stored in a coach-house, and guarded by some of Jean François's men. The crowd was in a state of great excitement, their passions were aroused, and with murderous yells and jeers, they greeted the appearance of the white prisoner. And then was made the power with which the Spaniards had gained over these slaves. Scarcely had La Have raised his scapulary, and exhibited the crucifix thereon, accompanying the action with a few sharp words, when the tumult instantly ceased, and the arms that were raised in menace, fell. At this moment, Charles Belair appeared in aid of the Priest. He was dressed in the new uniform of a Spanish Captain, and attended by half a dozen powerful fellows, of Jean François's Guard, who, without more ado, laid about them with their heavy fists, upon the arms and heads of the crowd, and so cleared the way, their young Captain calling out at the same time, to give place in the name of the King of Spain. This passage was instantly opened, through which the Priest conducted his prisoner. But the blacks still waved their clubs, and threw after La Have and Vincent had gone free from the spot, were heard rising, mingled yells and laughter.

CHAPTER XV.

Charles Belair led them behind a thick hedge, where several horses, which had been taken in the last fight, stood ready. The Priest mounted a steady mule, which Vincent saw with joy, while Vincent was shown a horse without saddle, and with a bad nature out on one ear. The animal had also lost the greatest part of his tail, through the mischievous and cruel fury of the negroes. This trick of maiming horses, was very frequently practised at the beginning of the contest, when a spirit of revenge prevailed, and the negroes delighted to vent their vengeance upon everything that belonged to their masters. Although commiserating the condition of the poor beast, Vincent, exhausted, as he was in mind and body, could not refuse to avail himself of his services. A piece of rope was brought by a negro, for a bridle. Strong pieces filled the white mane upon the back of the animal, and now, at a slow place, and accompanied by Belair, who surveyed himself in the mirror, with a great weapon, with the dent pleasure, Vincent and the Priest passed out of the valley, and beyond the precincts of the noisy camp. When they had reached a lonely place, where the Priest drew from his large pocket a fresh sweet potato cake, and a large roasted woodcock, which was esteemed one of the delicacies of the Island, and then, fixed his saddle, he took a flask of rum, in one sack, and a cup, which, filling it to the brim, he handed to his companion. "Drink, M. St. Vincent," said he, "drink this genuine Spanish Cape wine to your wonderful deliverance, and to the freedom of all white men, and of these black men, too, who have just become faithful subjects of the King of Spain."

"You remind me, reverend Sir," replied Vincent, sipping the inspiriting nectar with manifest satisfaction, "that you have given no answer to my question."

"Take this, too!" continued the Priest, smiling, and offering Vincent the savory cake, with the delicate *becccfico*, "eat these, for you must be very hungry."

"As one can well be," replied Vincent, who had eaten little or nothing for the last twenty-four hours. "But now tell me," he continued, at the same time eagerly satisfying his hunger, "what reason have I worthy and learned a man as you, a man to whom science is indebted for one of the best works upon the character and state of this Island, to associate with this furious black rabble, and lend assistance to their cause?"

"The Priest of Dondon had taken a small leathern case from his pocket, and was busy in selecting a segar, and in making arrangements to light it. As he did not immediately succeed in this object, he called to Charles Belair, who was somewhat in advance, and who immediately returned at the call, and handed the Priest a flint and steel. Then he cried out to an old negro, following at some distance behind, who hastened up, and opened a huge umbrella, keeping a alongside of the mule, and respectfully sheltering the holy man from the burning rays of the sun. At last the old Priest nodded his white head to Vincent, a wonderful degree of satisfaction being expressed in his twinkling, black eyes, and said: "Do you, Sir, just go on eating and drinking, for a hungry man is full of bitterness, and out of humour with everything. I drink this genuine Spanish wine, which longer produces, for that it is which plays the principal part in all that goes on in the world." With this, he fell silent, and proceeded slowly on through a bright, green wood, by a narrow path which led over gently undulating eminences agd through delightful hollows, where streams rippled, and the moist soil displayed all the wealth of the vegetable world. As the cool breeze shook the tops of the trees and refreshed the weary riders, thoughts full of hope and joy, rushed through the breast of Vincent. The shrewd, little Priest had told the truth; for now, when the fiery wine began to glow in his veins, and the sweet influence of nature was felt, Vincent became aware, that his ill humour was disappearing, and the dark and melancholy images that had occupied his mind, were beginning to give place to brighter thoughts. Of the wild and dismal confusion of the black camp, nothing now was visible around him, only the peace and stillness of holy nature, was everywhere around. The greenwood silence and coolness bathed the lofty, melancholy palms. The giant trees of the tropics stretched out their huge arms into the eternal blue; below, a world of vegetation bloomed, and flourished, and wove, and twisted itself into myriads of tangled branches, and flowers, and stalks, among which were flitting, to and fro, troops of gorgeous, singing birds, and manycolored creatures, driven by the rage of man from the desolate valleys, now flocked to retreats which war had not yet disturbed, homeless fugitives, fortunately of so lazy a human that they cared little for the stability of earthly things. Large, coloured ravens, cockatoos, with their high crests lifted at pleasure, numberless species of parrots, pepper birds, and thrushes, perched in trees, and screamed in wild chorus; now and then rose a big Stock, as they chanced to descry human figures, or perhaps apparently in fear of the coming, bearded monkeys, who were wont to hang by their tails and feign themselves dead, null some homeless bird was allured within their reach. Red-feathered pelicans rose out of the thickets, or a beautiful secretary bird went by in its peculiar way. Other gorgeous songsters sported in rows, clapping their glancing wings, and vying with one another in melody, but ever all, horered a dark bird, standing with its back to the companions of the grove, that, stealing all the various notes of the rest, joined them all in one, and gave them back softened and enriched by its own flute-like tones.

"Ah! thou mocking-bird!" said the Priest, with a smile, "art thou so near the black and white gentlemen? Fly thither, and sing to Don Alonzo's piping, but, my bird, you cannot heat him, and will have to yield your notes to him and retire in disgrace."

"From all that I saw, "replied Vincent, "the Spanish Don is quite in earnest to win these negroes to himself."

"These negroes?" cried the Priest. "Yes, by the holy Mother of all blacks! That wishes he, for the noble Don is a very pious man, and wears a hair-shirt, and submits regularly to the discipline of his confessor. How many erring and lost souls he there to be converted; how many of these wolves, who have hitherto lived only to do evil, that they still run in secret after their painted Priests, and practise idolatry of the worst sort, with their magical charms, and wicked incantations, shall now know as little of true Christianity as my sensible mule. And how meritorious the trouble of working at these children of nature, who, without lifting his hands, "for most of them have as genuine a disposition to believe, as holy Church can desire, and naturally have before them the example of a saint, the great Felesich or the God of the Christians. But with the small number of wicked skeptics, if there should even be a few such abandoned wretches here, a pretty auto-da-fé may now and then be got up for the glory of God and his saints."

"This is the reason, then," said Vincent, attentively considering the speaker, "whose eyes it looks it was impossible to guess whether he were in earnest or not; "this is the reason, then, why certain Priests are so anxious to see the Spaniards show themselves so ready to serve the negroes and Spaniards."

"My son," replied the old man quickly, "shall the light illuminate him who saith to it: cursed be thou that hast brought every calamity upon us, or in my weak prayer I say, "Let there be light?"

"The light no one ever curses," cried Vincent, "if it shows the right way. It is only the ignis-fatuus that mislead the carnal, who seek their pleasure in marshes; and can you deny, M. de la Haye, that the light has been anything better than an ignis-fatuus? The wise know how to take care of themselves, for they are already enlightened, but the simple desire the light and upon them it turns."

"You may congratulate yourself that it is so," said the Priest, "for it is a great comfort that they who have the light flee to those who have some love and reverence for them. What should we do among the white gentlemen, who, in them, has become the fashion to play the free-thinker, and laugh at religion?"

"This fashion, as you call it, "cried the young officer, "you have yourselves introduced. Who else has treated God and his holy Church with so much contempt as your wit has done? Who else has laid bare the corruption of the priesthood to the eyes of the laity as the Priests themselves? It is you, who have delivered God into the hands of a troop of his servants who wear only the appearance of sanctity and are the slaves of their ambition. You who have forced your infallible Church to abolish ordinances upon mankind; and while you have pretended to contend for the holy name of God, you have been fighting for your own selfish power. You slew countless millions of your fellow-Christians, those that you should have enlightened. Thus, Sir Priest, for long centuries has the Church set itself against all progress, and has been the chief means of destroying the intellect of mankind, subjugating all mental freedom with fire and sword, persecuting and crucifying every thinker, every reformer, whenever it chanced to appear, and with the most fatal effect, with frightful consistency, corrupting the nations with vice and cruelty, and then with a look to heaven, priesthood for absolution, and for comfort under the inevitable pangs of remorse."

"Holy Virgin, save us!" cried the Priest of Dondou, "stop the mouth of this thoughtless youth forever and enlighten his heart. Sir Captain, but for the wine in your head, I, which does men much, wha should prevent me from informing the Marquis d'Almonas of this heresy? Without question he would have you burned alive for the edification of his young, heretic son."

"I will only add," said Vincent, "that we are on the threshold of that age of light which the swaggering Priests have always talked of, but that the corruptions of centuries have themselves given no help. Yes, Reverend Sir, in opposition to blind faith, the religion of knowledge, of reason, and of the spirit, Virtue, which gives to the heart a new God, who is as old as the world. His miracles are great, world-stirring miracles, his philosophers are great philosophers, his Bible the rights of man, his temple, eternal nature with its suns and stars. You would soon have succeeded in tearing all morality to be despised, and every base passion to riot without license, and in bringing God and eternity to be spoken of as scare-crows to frighten children. But now comes the reign of Reason, and the reign of Evil must be rooted out, and every one shall love, as a rational creature, only to wish good and do good for its own sake."

The Priest did not appear to hear muc' of this speech. With a quiet smile he remarked: "Oh! you mocking-bird! Oh! that hast been much better hatched out by that fine dreamer, Jean-Jacques; but take care, you gentleman of Reason, that you do not become utterly irrational. Your wrath is coming now to destroy Vice, and it persecutes all who have anything, and calls out to the Priests and to all who will not be virtuous a jabber about God. O you profane, you satanic man, is your rational Virtue a delusion too? Has it not its victims also as well as Faith? King Louis's head will soon fall under the axe, where upon the head of the Priest of Dondon. Blood flows in streams to the God of Reason; why then do you talk to us? Wherein are you better than we? You discover no more than we, that vice is dishonour cure, or perhaps you think your God has a better right to human blood than ours? You laughed for Reason, we for Faith. You would punish crime, we would carry salvation to heretics. You strike men forever from the book of life, we give them a place in eternal bliss; you are more inhuman than we, for you would not convert but only annihilate, and your unfeeling Egotism robs your victims of the last consolation, of hope. Vice, you say, only too true?" cried Vincent with a shudder, "but this bloody violence will soon be spent. But it is only the beginning of a great struggle for a banks. Centuries of injustice must be sacrificed by a reign of terror. For a while the voice of Truth and Virtue may be disregarded, innocent victims may fall, but soon will better things gain the ascendency, for the light of true freedom will tolerate no wrong. By the God of Reason! these zealots of Truth and Virtue will build their bloody sacrifices for centuries, as the Priests did for Heaven. Upon the Priests the shame falls back, and horror and cruelty will pursue them and have revenge."

"Until then," said the Abbe La Haye very quietly," it is best that the persecuted, like me and my brethren, should continue to be the persecutors of their children. You may be right, Sir, in much that you have said. I am a man of peace and strive not, but if you had a comfortable situation like mine, a rich living, tithes and ready income, secured for centuries by the King and his servants, and there came to you a company of your Ethiopians, who, as I said, "Give us 2,850 Francs, who are paid much too well, reduce their fat paunches, take from them what they have, and if they fell to reckoning up their sufferings, and to remonstrances with insults and intimating pretty plainly that you would soon be called to a yet stricter account, or that you must resign your living, you depend upon these planters merely because of their white skin, or rather seek to keep your own skin whole?"

"And now do you expect," replied Vincent, with some bitterness," to keep your fat living, through the help of the enemies of your country, Spaniards and rebellious blacks?"

(*To be continued.*)

Saul Le Blanc; or the Slave's Lesson.

A Tale of Louisiana.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

I.—THE SLAVE—OWNER'S SON.

It was midnight. In the best apartment of an old, tumble-down house, situated in an obscure lane in Bermondsey, two men were seated at a table, the enjoyment a cracked old decanter and a bottle. One of them, Saul le Blanc, was a charlatan, a quack, who affected astrology, and manufactured elixirs for "unfeeling life and preservation, lasting on of old age;" he was the occupier of the house. The other, Mr. Thornton, was an acquaintance of Saul's; and he had been requested the charlatan to relate the story of his own life.

"You shall have the story with pleasure," replied Saul; "it is a strange one, full of delights, and it may occasionally surprise you. But life itself is a marvel, and human nature a standing, ever-visible miracle."

After pausing for the space of a few moments, as though to collect his thoughts, he thus commenced:—

"We grow up, said Saul, in the innocent ignorance of childhood—a mystery of simplicity. It is only our after-life that enables us to become connoisseurs of mystery, which, rather, therefore, tell you what I subsequently became acquainted with, than barely the fragments of my own recollection.

My father, Mr. Thomas Le Blanc, a Louisianian gentleman, a creole by birth; born, like myself, in the city of New Orleans, upon the Mississippi, of a family of distinguished rank, and of French families of the State of Louisiana, he was the inheritor of extensive and valuable property, well stocked with negroes, and well cultivated. The estate was peopled by between three and four hundred slaves. On his plantation, which abutted on that noble river, I was seen to have grown up, and there I spent the life risked amidst the disease and summer-fever of the city. The earliest impression that I recollect was, that my father owned everything, and was the master of the world. I saw multitudes of darker-coloured beings than myself, daily at his beck and command, gathering in the cotton and his sugar cane; and, in childhood, I deduced from this that all mankind obeyed my father, and would also in time come to obey me. This notion was, I believe, encouraged by my father's manner, as showing spirit and high breeding. Unchecked, or otherwise instructed, I took thoughtless delight in domineering over the black children, the mere negroes who were permitted to be my companions. I erected a mimic post like the overseer's, and lashed them, when they were idle, with a switch of green twig, or a willow bark. This early development of the genial spirit excited my father's laughter; as I well remember his large and rotundity of person, and his sparkling exhibitions, and shaking his sides with mirth, as I whaled, in childish spite, backs bigger than my own; and amidst the black children, I, who was now up to years of reflection, often rung in my ears with horror. It must be that at the unthinking time of life the worst impressions are made, for I can trace to this period of life what I have never wholly overgone the influence of these early trainings. I grew up the most perfect tyrant that perhaps a undictated youth could possibly be. I was not, I am assured, in the least thing, to curb my temper, except my mother

"Saul!" she used to say to me sometimes, "you must not be cruel to these little children. They took out of a dark habitation, but they live in the same God's light as you. Remember they are slaves, poor, poor children, and you are free."

I knew not then what she meant by saying, "you, your *father says*, are free." And slavery and freedom meant no more than everything and nothing, whipped, and being indolent oneself with the power to whip others.

My mother was a beautiful woman, not twenty years of age when I was born; and so nearly white, that years passed over before I knew otherwise than that she was of pure European blood. While the independence which she generously enjoyed—so different to the lives of the coloured multitude upon my father's plantation—never allowed the most remote idea of her being other than a free lady, I knew no more free than they. But the stain of a darker race—perhaps the last and least visible that nature could have conferred upon her, here still, and that constituted her title to slavery, like all the rest. Nay, what was more, I was myself a slave, too, if my father was the master of the world. I was brought up wholly on his will. He might sell me if he would, or he might hold me as one born free. The law had no power over me, for I was a minor. Enough that the taint could be traced; I was born to obey, though as yet permitted to command.

On the morning succeeded with these facts, I might be fourteen or fifteen years old. The quiet and sudden revulsion that then took place in my feelings, I can scarcely describe; for it was too intense to have distinguished, at the time, my mind. The whole world seemed reversed—turned upside down—changed and darkened. I seemed to see with new eyes, and to feel with a new heart. My thoughts lay over my mother and myself, and tore my clothes with rage and horror. I went to look sweet at myself in the full-length mirror, and I shrieked, at the time, but she hastily got out of the way, as usual, of the whip that I had in my hand. She knew not the fury that possessed me, and I knew not her; that girl was of my own race—my blood relation. Well, I could see no negro in my features, but still I fancied their was a darker than I had observed before. It is true they grew red, and then white—beautiful white—the colour of the great and powerful—the never-to-be-sold, the free! Oh! how I wished that they had been black, and I could have! But my hair was too curled, and I tore it as if into strings. Then I fancied myself led to a whipping-post. I felt the cords bind my wrists, and I felt the sawore. The news had thrown me into a fever, and the fever into a delirium. They carried me to bed; and I remember that for more than weeks I peaked quietly one night, as if out of a horrible vision, and cast my eyes around, glad at my deliverance. A close musquito-curtain was drawn round my bed; I seemed to be shut alone in a little room of gauze, outside of which, the shrill pipe of that pestilent insect was heard, and I could feel it. A light, placed out of sight, threw a calm illumination over the room, and projected the distinct shadow of a woman upon an opposite wall. I felt to have waked into a heaven of peace and repose; and for a time, rarbore to speak or move. At length the woman's shadow stirred; it seemed as if it would lean, and the woman came from the opposite side, with more noise in moving than did the shadow. She lifted up the curtain, and I spoke. She answered with a shriek of joy and a wild, passionate cry, "He is saved! he is saved!" and fell upon my neck. I was my mother. But, oh, God! shall I ever forget, in time, or in eternity, the sense of shame I felt, that girl was of my own race—my blood relation. Well, I could see no negro in my features, but still I fancied their was