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Pro-Slavery.

HARPER AND HIS MAGAZINES.

From The South.

Amongst the various Yankee schemes for making money by selling the brains of other people, we know of none deserving public contempt than the Magazine of Harper, and its codicil, the Harper weekly press. Who Harper is beyond his office, and the owner of a job press, we know not, nor do we, why he should assume to put his name upon the backs of others, we have no information. Without doubt, hence has the same right to claim all that may be printed with his type, or let to be printed on the paper of every article thrown from his cylinder press, as this author and poacher upon the domain of Literature.

By simply conducting the sale of the works which have been contributed by hundreds of writers, for a mere pittance, he has made a handsome penny, and also to build up for himself a sort of celebrity as a munificent benefactor of American letters. Is there an essay, a poem, a scientific article contributed or sold to the Magazine, the author's name is suppressed, and the whole fund added to the price—and the whole merit passes to the credit of Mr. Harper, the printer and salesman.

Like the confectioner who "kept a poet," Mr. Harper seems to have at least a dozen of accomplished editors, who, we fancy, calls himself "Easy Chair," seems trouble with an incorrigible facetiousness. He procures all the old jokes, and a good many new ones, obviously intended for the edification of the public. These jokes he plays off in his own obscure language until every vestige of humor is obliterated. He is no dunce as much surprised that the public does not appreciate his wit as he is at the learned, having perverted a joint (readily), into a joint (ill), and that his auditors received it as gravity; whereas "every one had langhed heartily" when it had been told to him.

But Mr. Harper has hitched on another car to his locomotive, he now publishes *Harpers' Weekly*, into which he distils the wit as he reprints the engravings of the Magazine, so that if the public won't bray at one joke, they may at another, just as what is not eaten at one hole is sold to fill up the *Weekly*, selling out in a profession of neutrality in politics, has recently developed a malignant disposition to assail the Administration of Mr. Buchanan and the character of Southern men, and has published one or more articles which, for the time, we may presume had first been offered for sale *The Tribune* and *Liberator*, as they would certainly fit the avowed doctrines of such journals better than the professed purpose of the journal in which they appear. The *Southern Banner* takes just exception at the tone of that "chicken thief" of a newspaper, and avows its purpose to "call for the name of the editor who penned this tissue of falsehood." Those in Georgia, says the *Banner*,

> who subscribe to the *Weekly* know that there is employed upon the department of it one George W. Curtis, and they suspect that he is the author of the article in question. They know, also, that this Curtis stumped the Gomalies of free-soilism in '56 for 'Freemen's Fremont,' and that he is now the editorial writer for the Tribune; is company by his filthy and ferocious denunciations of Southern men and their institutions; that, moreover, too, that more recently, in a convention of unsexed women and lepers abolitionists in the city of New York, he acted as President of the United States in a manner of such disgusting brutality and indecency as even to disgust one of his betters. This is what they all know, and *now they derive from our article the information that we have been instituted in the editorial chair of a journal which was commended to them principally on account of its pronounced abhorrence from the discussion of sectional topics.* We also wish to know if he has been chosen to give them such rich treat and whether *we have been instituted in the editorial chair of a journal which was commended to them principally on account of its pronounced abhorrence from the discussion of sectional topics.* We also wish to know if he has been chosen to give them such rich treat and whether *we have been instituted in the editorial chair of a journal which does not employ northern abolitionists and villifiers of Southern people upon* its editorial staff. The Messrs. Harper owe it to themselves and their people patron to say whether or not this is the case."

We approve these suggestions, and hope our own readers will scrutinize more closely the character of the innumerable Yankee papers which circulate amongst us. These papers are invariably opposed to the institution of slavery, and avail themselves of every opportunity to indirect secret injury upon it.

They are filled out like the schooners recently confiscated in Florida off the Southern coast, with cargoes ostensibly fair traders, but, really, on the lookout to gratify their hostility to the South, and love of gain, by any device that may present itself.

IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A venerable correspondent, and one of the most distinguished divines in our country, writes to a private letter that he regards the great triumph of the American Tract Society as one of the most wonderful answers to prayer that he has ever known.

We have heard the same remark made by many others. When we consider the immense exertions made by the opponents of the Committee to obtain a majority at the meeting; when we remember the calm confidence of the Committee in God, and their entire willingness to leave the issue in his hands; when we recall the remarkable manner in which the opposition were taken in their own craftiness, and their defeat precipitated by a mistake of their appointed leader in making a motion which he did not intend to make, and wished to change when he saw what the effect was to be; when we recollect that a thousand good men assembled at the meeting in the morning and at till three in the afternoon to register their solemn approbation of the course of their faithful servants; and when we see or behold the unexpected support which that vote receives from the Southern and Western States, we cannot for one moment resist the impression which our venerable friend has received, that this glorious result is the answer to prayer!

Thousands of us could not be with us to share in the enjoyment of that memorable day were with us in spirit, and their supplications were constant that God would bless our cause and his own truth from the impending calamity. We know something of the intense anxiety that filled many hearts, and the fervor with which for many previous weeks they had implored the God of Truth to stand by the Society in the day of its trial and peril. Their desires were heard. The Society was saved, and by such a majority as to give power to make its deliverance comparable only to the greatest victories in the annals of the Church.—*New York Observer.*

THE ULTIMATE POINT.

Times were many good men and true who voted with the majority in the Boston Branch of the American Tract Society, and who will ere long be constrained to inquire what is the ultimate point to which the majority are tending on their side of the house. It is all very fine, no doubt, for them to disclaim so indignantly all sympathy with abolitionism, and to claim to be conservative, par excellence. But they will find they must go whithersoever their captains choose to march them. Does anybody doubt where that is? A great master tells us that

> "Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths."

Do they not occasionally also tell us truths by taking hold to which we might be rescued from imminent peril? At the meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society held in this city last week, James N. Buffum, of Lynn, is reported to have delivered himself of the following:

> "Mr. Chevrey's address was a concentrated thunderbolt against the Slave Power. He said it was the bulwark of slavery, and that the North were responsible for its existence and continuance. Garrison, Phillips, Wright, and all the radicals of this platform, could not make up one Cobbey."

It is not such a testimony from such a source deserving of all praise a passing thought on the part of those who seem to have surrendered themselves to an influence proceeding from the place where all such thunderbolts are forged?—*Boston Correspondent N. Y. Observer.*

There is a certain amount of dross or scum in every man's composition. Some, undoubtedly, have a larger proportion than others, and, what is more serious, they refuse to take the trouble of the fire of the Gospel, by public, or quietly skimming it off at home, as good sense would dictate. The active members of the American Anti-Slavery Society belong to this class. Of those who figure regularly at the meetings of the Society, many seem to be in more of cultivation, of kindly disposition, and of refinement than the rest of the community, but their "droppings" at the Convention are certainly rapurous and acrid in proportion to the intensity

citizens of a town to send the Marshal for the purpose of summoning a peaceable stranger to leave the place at m.dnight because his opinion does not coincide with theirs—and which, when he refuses to go, sends a mob of thirty or forty rowdies with the Marshal at their head, to intimidate a single unarmed man, and by menace and bravado to force him into compliance with their demands. If this is Southern chivalry, then the less the country has of it the better. If this is the gallant spirit of the South, then the day cannot come too soon when the blessed exercism of Christian truth and free principles shall cast out the malignant demon, and give us back our Southern countrymen clothed and in their right mind. Whether the system of slavery, in which this gallant spirit lives and moves and has its being, is one for which an enlightened and Christian people ought to apologize, or which it is desirable to extend, may be easily determined by the application of that maxim of unquestioned truth, "Wherefore, by its fruits ye shall know it." J. A. T.

Tarrytown, N. Y.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

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THE WORLD'S FIRST BUSINESS.

THE essential nature and condition of life is growth; and hence the first thing in life to be done is to remove hindrances. Hence it is that freedom is an inalienable birthright.

There is a universal reason for this American principle. Our glorious political Freedom—consequence of religious Liberty—was not an invention of our great Forefathers; it was merely the discovery which a hundred and fifty years of unimpeded mental growth enabled them to make. Every kindred and nation, in one way or another, stumbles upon it, sometimes with too little strength and cultivation to carry it out. Every individual human being begins true life and equal, healthy growth with the discovery that he too must have room, and straightway begins to undo restraints and remove obstacles.

In *this* work, he finds all other men his brothers. It is not a tradition, nor a creed, nor a dogma; men differ in these things: but every man would like to have his own way.

Here, a little previous thought and precaution are requisite; for he can only have as much of it as comports with others also having theirs. From this fact grows the fiction of the "social contract," and the indispensable necessity of knowing what human nature really is. The European nations, from which our free people have descended, are groping after the amount of knowledge which we Americans are born to. The greater is our condemnation that, rejoicing in privileges yet unattained by any other people—in obstacles removed and powers in exercise—the great mass of us abuse our privileges to our own exceeding injury, destroying our faculties and dwarfing our whole nature, by using them to the deadly wrong, the hindrance of others, in casting upon them the obstructing paralysis of slavery. And thus we furnish despotism with its one argument.

Even the few of our Americans who see and feel their true position and obligations are too apt to see them selfishly. As Abolitionists they are standing in the front rank—on a ground foremost in position and fundamental in universal importance; and they feel justly entitled to call on the whole world for support and succor.

But, in thus doing, one should never forget that it is no less an obligation (and *more* a blessing) to give than to receive; and how many of us are there who remember to give the time, thought, sympathy, assistance to another's cause that we never hesitate to demand for our own—for the slave's?

We are wont, for example, to receive, from time to time, not without gratitude and heartfelt acknowledgment, invaluable aid, both in a pecuniary sense and through the inestimable weight of opinion furnished in our favor, by those to whose wisdom the world bows and before the warmth of whose sympathy its [illegible] melts away: to how many of us does it occur [illegible] we should do into their feelings, to sustain [illegible] their devotedness, to lighten their difficulties [illegible] their triumphs? [illegible] transacting their special share of the world's [illegible] ness, and bearing their especial brunt of the w[illegible] battle, all this while that they have been se[illegible] souls into ours; and shall we not cordially concur to send them an intelligent sympathy, and exercise in their behalf, the world over, the power of a just opinion?

There is the Liberal in Italy—the Republican in France—the Emancipator in Russia—the Reformer in England—what do we know of their past lives, or their present circumstances, struggles, sufferings and successes? About all these things we are at the mercy of every penny-paragraph and five-dollar Foreign letter that the daily political papers scrape together subscribers withal.

Censorship: how many of us know what that word means in France, and how it strikes at reputation and precludes self-defence? Ministry of public instruction and worship: how many can guess how heavily these words fall upon our anti-slavery coadjutors, the Protestant Christians beneath the eaves of the Luxembourg? What American Abolitionist—nay, what American slaveholding politician, trained, like a bird of prey, to look afar, as he may he—reads intelligently the little string of telegraphic messages to the daily newspapers from the British steamer down at Halifax or Sandy Hook? How many know whether to be glad or sorry while they watch the two India Bills at loggerheads, or hear the outcry to make India a Crown Colony? "The question of Churchrates is up again!" cries the Persia or the Arabia to Boston and New York. Who, of us, not being a "Friend," or following some professional career, really knows tythes from church-rates?

What *are* church-rates? They are a provision by which persons in Great Britain who are nonconformists and dissenters from the National Church as by law established—persons already burdened with heavy impositions for the support of Archbishops, Archdeacons and Episcopal palaces (the curacies may go unnumbered), to preach things they do not wish to have preached—persons who pecuniare make no protest, but pay—pay—pay, for the same reason that Free-Soilers here pay their taxes, because the things they do like are so mixed, governmentally, with the things they do not like that they cannot, short of revolution, see their way out of the difficulty—persons for intelligence and worth second to none in the realm—are, in addition to all this, loaded with the repairing, maintaining and restoring the body of the church, the belfry, spire and tower, inclosure, church-yard fences, bells, seats, ornaments and expenses of service!

These are church-rates: and they amount to three shillings in the pound. These our British friends, both among dissenters and churchmen, consider a wrong. Peaceably, they are spiritually, spiritually, they are a blow struck at the very head and life of Freedom—the rights of conscience in things invisible. This brings them home to our business and bosoms as Abolitionists: for the slave's chain is but the grossest exponent of the thraldom that claims the church-vassal.

And this our British coadjutors have borne or resisted with the suspicion strong upon their minds that it was illegal as well as unjust; since, looking back through the centuries from Pope Gregory, and the statutes in the times of Edmund, and Ethelred, and Edgar, and Canute, and even till after the Norman conquest, it is not till the thirteenth century that he finds the clergy relieved of this imposition, and the burden saddled upon the parishioners.

He finds that the great legal authorities, Lord Coke, Lord Campbell, Lord Denman and others, who have conjectured, and examined, and explained, overhauling the Harleian manuscripts and other collections, are of opinion that in the beginning (before the Church got so much out of repair, *par exemple*) it was not as it now is. As the buildings crumbled, it began to slide into a custom to relieve the Clergy at the cost of the Laity; till at length, as Lyndwode and other ecclesiastical writers say, the refusal of the minority to obey the majority was met by a penalty of spiritual censure and excommunication, and in George the Third's time (Stat. 53) by imprisonment.

Now, what is the *criterion?*—that is to say, on what principle do the authorities levy these: church-rates? They go to competent assessors on the value of parish property, and inquire upon what amount of property a person pays poor-rates; glebe land (ecclesiastical landed property), crown land and church buildings are excepted; and so, too, is stock in trade, unless in certain specified cases.

All this matter, so vexing to dissenters, and so good for the growth of dissent, is a matter about which English Ministers have gone in and out of power during the last quarter of a century, and about which churchmen themselves are by no means unanimous, members of the same family taking different views; the father, it may be, rallying in the Commons the resistance to the abolition of Church-rates, which the son is addressing popular meetings to procure.

The matter was approached by Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Grey's government, in 1834, with a bill for the abolition of Church-rates, providing for repairs by charging them upon consols. This the dissenters opposed, as a mere change of names for a burden still to fall upon them. Next, Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Melbourne's government, proposed to make the Superior clergy do the repairs out of the revenue of the Church lands. Church opposition frustrated this.

But in 1837 arose a champion who did not the work negligently—Samuel Courtauld, Esq., of Braintree, Norfolk; and he carried on this contest against the three shillings in the pound rate, assessed by the churchwardens upon the people, for repairs.

His name will never cease to be honored, not only by those who, worshipping in the depths of their souls, need no temples made with hands, nor even with the old Persian and the later Nazarene,

"To seek high mountains, there spirit to pray,"

but by all of every faith who would take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, if so they might spare posterity the compulsory burden of fines raised to any faith not its own.

All classes and conditions of men hail such names with honor and with joy, from all in their own land whose spirits are blistered by the perpetual annoyance of being called upon to pay the washing and starching bills that make every decent curate's clean surplice an emblem of their own bondage, to all in other lands whose natures are in the training of some other department of the world's great service that is perfect freedom. Such persons and such service will be held in everlasting remembrance.

Samuel Courtauld and his friends fought every inch of the perplexed way through half-a-dozen ecclesiastical and other courts, the very names of which are Greek and Latin to the people of another country.

The Consistory Court decided for the church-wardens. Thereupon, Courtauld and his friends moved for a prohibition in the Queen's Bench, and obtained it. Then the church-wardens appealed to the Exchequer Chamber and were again beaten. The Lord Chief-Justice (Tyndal) expressing a doubt as to what effect it might have had on the decision if the church-wardens had consulted the Vestry, and hence sustained by a minority of that body, the church-wardens thereupon, by consulting the Vestry, put themselves in the condition to take the benefit of the Judge's doubt, and sent the case to trial again. Again the rate was resisted, and the case lost in the Consistory Court, but won in the Court of Arches. The parishioners applied for another prohibition in Queen's Bench, but failed to obtain it. They appealed to the Exchequer Chamber (a Court composed of the Judges of all the different courts), and were again defeated. Then they appealed to the House of Lords, who called in the assistance of the Judges, and, having had the matter fully argued before them, decided that a rate, to be legal, must be made by a majority. All these seven years Mr. Courtauld was chairman of the Committee that conducted the opposition. This proceeding had an enormous effect. It cleared, beyond possibility of a doubt, the state of the law. The Committee had always declared such to be its state, but it was denied by the opponents, who declared that church-rates were a binding obligation. All *that* notion is now sweet away. A church-rate is a tax, to be levied with like other taxes and levied in the same way, by the decision of the majority; or abolished, if the majority so decide. All church-rates must confessedly be now that Friends and have dissenters than churchmen.

It was on these considerations that Sir William Clay introduced his bill for the abolition of church-rates throughout the kingdom; and the multiplying cases of resistance to them render it every day more probable that the struggle in which our English coadjutors are engaged will, at no distant day, be successful.

The amount in question is equal to about a million and a half of dollars annually. It is raised for the convenience and benefit of churchmen; while many churchmen feel that on them alone ought to fall the obligation to sustain their own service, and repair their own churches and cathedrals.

When the Committee on the Braintree Church-rate case met, some time after the favorable decision in the House of Lords, to "settle up," they felt that a public expression of gratitude was due to him who had been the life and soul of the movement. No taints of misery meanness or political purposes ever threw their champion off his guard. To his nice tact, fine temper, practiced wisdom and unflinching resolution they felt that they mainly owed their victory. They therefore directed a piece of testimonial plate to be modelled by Tolley, and executed in dead silver of six hundred ounces weight, costing seven hundred guineas, instantly supplied by public subscription—engraven with the following words:

"Presented, by the friends of Religious Liberty, to Samuel Courtauld, Esq., in commemoration of the wisdom, courage and public spirit with which he conducted the Braintree Church-rate contest, through sixteen years of litigation, from 1837 to 1855, and finally established the necessity of a vote in vestry to impose a rate, and the right of a majority to negative its imposition."

Unfolding the London newspapers of the latest arrivals, we find the subject rising afresh. The Society of Friends, who always have made this aspect of religious liberty, is now illustrated by the fidelity of one more of its members. Mr. Crossfield, of Ambleside, partner of a commercial house in Liverpool, appeared by counsel before the bench of magistrates of his neighborhood, declaring that he refuses to pay the rate and shall fight every inch of the ground.

We all know—all the world knows—Harriet Martineau, and that a battle was never waged in any clime for righteous law or righteous liberty and her soul not there. Reluctantly, as one dreading, in her precarious condition, the agitation and inconvenience of litigation, yet unhesitatingly, as in obedience to an undoubted call of duty to stand by her neighbor in the support of the righteous cause, she sent her counsel to the magistrates to make a courteous declaration of her purposes also; and there the matter for the present rests. We shall keep watch of these matters, in Parliament and in the homes of our British coadjutors, and report from time to time of their progress in the removal of their obstructions and the attainment of their Freedom.

CORRECTION AND APOLOGY.—In THE STANDARD of Oct. 17th, 1857, we published a letter from GERRIT SMITH, correcting certain erroneous statements respecting his views of the scheme of Compensation, contained in an article from *The Free Presbyterian*, which had appeared in our columns the previous week. In commenting upon that letter we undesignedly put a wrong construction upon one sentence, interpreting it as a complaint that we had not published certain of his speeches and writings, when he only meant to complain that we had not remembered what those writings contained on the subject of Compensation, and had not inferred therefrom that the current reports of his sayings at Cleveland were false. In consequence of this error, we afterwards had some correspondence with Mr. Smith, which was interrupted by his severe illness, causing us, for reasons that we need not now state, to defer the correction which justice to him demanded at our hands. Mr. Smith, after his recovery, wrote us as follows: "I confess that I should like to have had you correct the error at the time, but as the matter is now forgotten by your readers, it may perhaps better be left to sleep. Of that you will judge." Concurring in this intimation, we left the matter to sleep accordingly. Circumstances, however, of recent occurrence, have convinced us that we erred in judgment in postponing the correction even for a single week; and now we desire thus publicly to express our deep regret in view of a mistake which, however unintentional on our part, was unjust to Mr. Smith, and which, we fear, wounded his feelings.

FAIR PLAY FOR MERCHANTS.

GREAT complaint has been made of the *merchants* who, at the meetings of the Tract Society in this city, were clamorous and turbulent, unwilling to hear argument upon a matter in regard to which their minds were already made up, and demanding the vote (in which they were well assured that a large and as represented in that body themselves) that they might be released and go to their other and ordinary business.

We do not write to defend the conduct of those men. They committed the very great error of attempting to suppress freedom of discussion. Well aware as they were that their side would be victorious, that a great majority of the Society, both at large and as represented in that house, were determined to uphold the "management," and that this majority, as well as themselves, were utterly indifferent to such considerations as the minority would present (so that the only result, *to them*, of allowing free speech to the minority, would be the loss of some hours of pecuniarily precious time, while the final vote would be the same in either case), the right of the minority to be heard seemed to them as nothing. This, certainly, was a very great error, a very great fault. Nor is it an excuse for these stifiers of debate to say that they were irritated by the obvious disregard shown by the minority, who refused to talk, to the wishes of the great majority, who were in haste to go to their business or pleasure elsewhere, but *must* stay for the vote, to uphold and reflect the wise and faithful officers of the Society.

We admit, then, that the clamorous [illegible] majority, who insisted on voting without [illegible] attempted to silence their opponents, [illegible] wrong; but we do not see it to be right to [illegible] error to them specially as *merchants*, or as [illegible] *mercantile element* in the Society. [illegible] characteristics in question, of suppression [illegible] speech, and of unscrupulous disregard of the [illegible] minority, may, we think, be not only found [illegible] by both negative and positive evidence.

Negatively, the assemblies for the transaction [illegible] cantile business, the meetings of merchants, *merchants*, do not *generally* exhibit this character. There be, now and then, a stormy session at the brokers' board, these cases form a very small proportion of all the meetings at which business men meet for the settlement of matters relating to trade. These matters are usually quietly adjusted, without any unfairness obvious to the world which reads, at its ease, the reports of their proceedings.

We have, then, to inquire in what other school, amidst what other associations, may these same persons have profoundly learned the characteristics which were displayed in the New York Tract Meeting? And the reply is obvious. In the Tract Society itself, ever since its formation, and in the Churches of the popular American religion, out of which the Tract Society grew, these two characteristics, of *suppression of freedom of speech*, and *disregard of the rights of a minority*, have been constant and uniform. They are not known by the public, it may be said, because the public, being under the tuition of the leaders of these bodies, the clergy, has been educated into an unreasoning reverence for them which precludes examination, and partly because the minority, having, this, the prejudices both of the Church and the world against them, generally choose rather to submit to wrong in silence than to make a stand for their rights. We repeat it: The majority in the Tract Society, who pressed for a vote without hearing of the minority, merely exemplified the spirit of their education, all their lives long, in the pro-slavery Tract Society and the pro-slavery American Church!

It has been said, indeed, and proved for aught we know, that life-members were manufactured, by some dishonest process, to act at the meeting above-mentioned, and secure the administration against a possible representation of the minority in the Society larger than it proportionably holds in the *Society*. But since an analysis of the vote has shown that this element could not possibly have caused the result, that these votes were but a small proportion of the majority, we may leave them out of the question, not to mention the fact that, even if admitted, they will be found homogeneous in character with the rest of the majority.

The great majority in the Tract Society, like the entire body of the Church, consists of *pious* persons; of church-members; of persons who have all their lives been accustomed to consider the Church as the salt of the earth, [illegible] defenders of slavery as perfectly satisfactory constituents of it. It must be remembered that the Church is pro-slavery, about which we now hear so much, as a new thing, comparatively, in the Church, and still newer in the Tract Society. The Abolitionists have been opposing slavery for twenty-eight years. During the first half of that time, as always before, there was not even a minority in the Church opposed to slavery. The few scattered individuals who, during that period, were converted by the Spirit of Christianity, abolitionized, were soon excommunicated this Church, coming out from her and shaking off the dust of their feet against her, or were excommunicated by her, as troublers of the *peace* of their Zion. Until within fourteen years, there were not enough in the Church to be called a minority, of persons opposed *in any way* to slavery. And, up to the present time, there has not been, in the Church, enough to be called a minority, of men disposed to demand parity, and to sacrifice unity and peace in maintaining it. That minority is the Church which impudently calls itself "anti-slavery," with an energetic protest that *abolitionism* must not be imputed to it, consists, almost entirely, of men who care nothing about slavery, and have no disposition to oppose it, but who, to ward off the reproach of pro-slavery character which is beginning to be felt injuriously by the Church, and desirous to compromise, and meet the slaveholders half-way, offering, like Henry Ward Beecher, to quit slavery in regard to Kentucky, if they may withdraw slavery from Kansas. The minority, we say, both in the Church and the Tract Society, is no better than this; while the majority, in both, see no reason for meddling with slavery at all.

Now, how have these two Associations, the Tract Society and the Church, always treated their own minorities? we mean the minority of members in either who conscientiously hold opinions varying from the majority in regard to faith, or practice, or both? They have uniformly trampled down their rights, refused them a hearing, and crushed them by strength without the slightest regard to justice.

In regard to each of these, the Tract Society and the Church, we will give one or two specifications of evidence.

It is well known that some Christians among the sects of which the Tract Society is composed practise dancing as a means of amusement and recreation in their families, teach it to their children, and consider the use of it not only legitimate, according to the Christian rule, but highly beneficial.

It is equally well known that other Christians, members in good standing in the same Churches, hold, in regard to the Sabbath, the views taught by the Right Rev. Richard Wnately,* Archbishop of Dublin—namely, that the Sabbath observance taught in the Old Testament was a Jewish institution merely, designed for the Jews only, and imposing no duty whatever upon any but Jews; and, moreover, that the new Testament not only makes no provision for a continuance of Sabbatical observance, (with or without a "change of the day"), but clearly and unequivocally *abrogates* the whole institution, so that *nothing in the letter or spirit of the Bible requires Christians to observe a Sabbath.*

Now, what we say is that the Christians in the Tract Society who hold these views, and hold them as conscientiously as the majority hold theirs, have never been allowed to express their own ideas upon these points in the tracts or periodical publications of the Society, or in the "religious newspapers" (so-called) conducted by its clerical friends, nor even to reply, in any of these, to the gross and calumnious falsehoods which have, many times, appeared in them all, in relation to the points in question, and to the minority, who believe them true. In plain words, the Tract Society has always taken the liberty to publish about some controverted points, has always used gross and impudent falsehoods in defence of its side of these controverted points, and has always refused opportunity of reply to there falsehoods before the same audience, *because* the replies related to "controverted points."

As to the Church, we will content ourselves (for the present) with a single instance of her tyrannical suppression of the rights of a minority.

When, many years ago, a member of the Essex street Church in Boston—under the wolfish care of the Rev. Nehemiah (afterwards South-side) Adams—found that he was not allowed to speak against slavery in the church-meeting, that he might be, perhaps, more to the Rev. clergyman in question that he intended to withdraw from the Church. At the church-meeting where this matter was to be acted on, the withdrawing member rose to state his case, but Parson Adams told him he did not wish him to speak. At the close of the meeting, the Parson requested the Examining Committee and the withdrawing member to remain, and then gave his version of the case to them, still saying that he did not consider it proper for the withdrawing member to speak. Even at the final church-meeting, when the case of this withdrawing member was brought up to be voted on by the Church, he was stopped in the course of his statement, first by objections of individuals, who were nawilling to hear his charges against the Church, next by Parson Adams himself, who said he *should not speak another word*, unless the Church voted to permit him, and finally by the action of the Church itself, three-fourths of the meeting voting that he should not proceed any further. And after having thus silenced him, this Church proceeded to pass against him a vote of excommunication, or a form of withdrawal of their fellowship from him, though he had, weeks before, taken himself out of their communion by a withdrawal of *his* fellowship *from them*.

Such is the contemptuous disregard of the rights of minorities, practised in the Church and Tract Society! In these bodies, the minority, especially if a small or feeble one, is not recognized as having any rights at all. It is [illegible] over, trampled under foot.

[illegible] the legitimate child of the pro-[illegible]ch. All the persons who have [illegible] to promote the interests of the [illegible] have been fraudulently made, [illegible]on. Those who fraudulently [illegible]re (in preparation for the [illegible]ng), and the Church, through [illegible]ministration of the Tract Society. They [illegible] interest in both, and for the same reason. [illegible] new-comers, as well as the old (and genuine) life-members, whose John-like "zeal for the Lord" so excited the ire of the defeated minority, were probably charged by the strong demonstrations of the Tract Meeting "a disgrace *to Christianity*"; *!!!* the *Congregational Herald* declaring them "such as have yet characterized no *Christian assembly* out of New York"; and the *Presbyterian of the West* pronouncing that "Such demonstrations in an assembly of *Christian men*, deliberating on the interests of a great Christian Institution, are mortifying in the extreme."

Can we wonder, then, that men educated in the Church, and familiar with that disregard of the rights of the minority which is uniformly practised both in that body and in the Tract Society, should have acted upon this rule on the important crisis lately experienced in the Annual Meeting of that Society? Can we wonder that, finding the will of the majority met by unwonted opposition, they proceeded to execute that will as promptly and imperatively as if there had been no opposition? Surely, the *church* element fully explains this feature of the meeting, without resorting to the hypothesis of a "mercantile" element.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

IN an article under this head we took occasion, some time since, to expose the character of a certain John Wolfe, a colored man, late of Harrisburg, Pa., who was going about raising money under the false pretense of starting a paper to be devoted to the interests of the colored race. Our article attracted the attention, at the time, of one of our subscribers in Delaware County, Pa., who has since sent us the following letter, by which it appears that this wily impostor had been practising his arts with some success in that part of the country:

RESPECTED FRIEND: Having seen a notice in THE STANDARD of March 20th, headed, "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," I feel it my duty to say that the same "*Wolf*" came to this County (Delaware) about three years ago, for the ostensible purpose of getting up a paper; the newspaper he was about to start, but I believe his real object was to impose upon and get money from those who are willing at all times to lend a helping hand to any scheme that may tend to elevate and improve the condition of the colored man.

He [illegible] very good success and fleeced some of us [illegible] I subscribed for two, and, if necessary, I could mention the names of several, each of whom subscribed for the paper, and paid him the price of subscription. Some of us received one copy of "The New Republic" (that was the name of the paper) about six months afterwards, and that was the last we heard of him or his grand enterprise, until we saw the said notice in your paper.

My motive in writing is to prove that what THE STANDARD has already stated is true, that he is "totally unworthy of credit," and I think it is high time that a stop was put to his "*fleecing*" operations. H. S.

This man Wolfe, it appears, carries with him letters of recommendation from men of known respectability—one being from the Rev. Dr. Dewitt, of Harrisburg. Does Dr. Dewitt know the character of the man whom he has recommended? Was he induced to give him this letter because he represented himself as a friend to Colonization? We hope he will be better revoke the recommendation which he so injudiciously bestowed!

THE WAR BUBBLE, which some of the Republican leaders lately united with the Sham Democracy in blowing up, has burst, as every sensible man knew it would. The latest advices from England give assurance that the British government will make prompt reparation for any outrages, or improprieties, that may have been committed by British officers in the effort to put down the piratical slave trade. The object which that government has in view is so honorable and praiseworthy that every American sea-captain should rejoice to give it his aid; and it is a shame that while the American flag is used to cover the trade in human flesh, American politicians should be unwilling to unite with that government in the measures by which alone the abuse can be detected. In all the history of governments there never was a more disgraceful spectacle than that lately presented by the American Congress in threatening a war with Great Britain for the immunity to pirates and slave-traders in the use of the American flag. *The Times*, commenting upon the late news from Great Britain, says:

"It may be very gratifying, but it is certainly a little incredibly, to see with what provoking coolness and common sense John Bull treats our bellicose and complaining shouts visiting our ships. After the splendid and healthy passion in which we have given ourselves into it, is rather humiliating to be 'let down' so quietly. We were all quite determined to go to war with England, if it should be necessary, to maintain the honor and immunity of our flag. That brilliant and active sheet, *The Herald*, has laboured day after day, with furious energy and characteristic accuracy, to prove that a war with England would be the greatest possible blessing for this country. Col. Keitt, of South Carolina, had predicted the instant down-fall of the British Empire—upon the firing of the first gun—and both political parties were striving to out-bellow and out-brag each other in the worst way with Great Britain. The whole Continent was standing agape to hear what the British Press and the British Parliament would say to all this talk.

"The response, we must say, is a little mortifying. John Bull takes very little notice of the matter, but intimates pretty plainly that we are a good deal more scared than hurt. He hasn't been touching our vessels and if any his officers have, they shall be punished for it. This is the tenor of the reports we get from British officials in every quarter. Lord Malmesbury told us, Then the Admiral of the Gulf Squadron, and the British Consul at Havana, repeated the statements. Now the London *Royal Gazette* tells us the same thing. And, as the climax of all, the organ of the Ministry in Parliament says that no visitation of American vessels has been made, nor will any such unjust proceedings be allowed."

THE CHIVALRY OF THE SOUTH is strikingly illustrated by the narrative of "J. A. T.," on the first page. The writer is understood to be the Rev. J. A. Todd, minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in Tarrytown—a man in no way identified hitherto with the Abolitionists, but evidently possessing no small measure of their spirit of independence and firmness. We commend his narrative to one readers as affording fresh evidence of the irreconcilable hostility between slavery and freedom, and illustrating the spirit in which he who puts a chain upon his brother necessarily fastens one end thereof about his own neck. We are often told that slaveholders are sincere in professing to believe that slavery is right in itself and sanctioned in the Bible. Why then is a slaveholding community filled with excitement and rage by the presence of a man from the North who whispers a word against the system? Conscience makes cowards of them all.

COLORPH[illegible] LITERARY CONGRESS.

To the Editor of [illegible] *Anti-Slavery Standard:*

[illegible]rt was made to unite all the [illegible]ladelphia, by means of a Con[illegible] from the different associations [illegible] Ten Societies responded to [illegible]tatives, when an organization [illegible]ted. The subject of admitting [illegible] up for consideration, by the [illegible] philomathean Institute for [illegible]ssion, occasioned, in part, by [illegible]sively Catholic in their membership, they [illegible] upon the ground that they [illegible] no tests other than literary [illegible] admission.

At the first [illegible] the Congress after is had thus defined its position in relation to new members, an application was received from a Colored Society, the Banneker Institute, desiring a representation in the body. The subject was referred to the Committee on Admissions, who, after visiting them as prescribed in the Constitution, unanimously reported in favor of the application. A motion was instantly made by J. G. Thompson, of the Ciceronian, that the report be agreed to. He argued that the Congress had already declared that no qualification should be demanded other than that the Society applying should be a truly literary one and respectable in its character. The Banneker, he said, was fully up to this test, and its delegates would not be put to shame by any upon the floor. He asked the delegates to show by their votes that in the pursuit of knowledge they had also acquired that refinement which would raise them above the petty and grovelling prejudices of the ignorant and degraded.

Mr. William Dunn, of the St. John's (Catholic), although instructed to vote against the Banneker, nobly refused to do so, even though he might be expelled for his contumacy. He ably advocated the claims of colored men, and declared his recognition of the "Universal Brotherhood of Man." Mr. Charles Campbell, of the same Society, relieved himself of a little spite against his colleagues and made some disgusting allusions to "niggers," proving that he was not elevated above even the lowest of them. He thought he would be disgraced by sitting on the same bench with the Banneker delegates, and, after this exhibition of himself, no doubt the feeling was a mutual one.

Charles H. Adams agreed with his colleague, Mr. Thompson, on the question of the legal right of the Banneker to admission. He reminded the Congress that they were now debating the question which was convulsing the nation, and that the signs of the times pointed to the near approach of the day when the equality of man would be something more than a name.

Mr. Garner made some silly remarks about the "God-marked distinction of race," alluding to the cranium of the Africans as a proof it. He was effectually demolished by a few contemptuous sentences from Dr. Allen, who pointed out the falsehood and ignorance of the theory. Several speeches were made by Mr. Cornman and others in favor, and Mr. Davis and Conard in opposition, after which a vote was taken, which resulted

In favor of admission,	18
Against,	6

As it required two-thirds to admit, the Banneker was rejected.

Mr. Newport, Chairman of the Committee, voted *nay*, under instructions. Much surprise was experienced by the friends of Mr. Hawkins, the President, and Mr. Conard, in witnessing their course on the question. Mr. Conard has taken an active interest in the success of the Congress, and, for fear that it might be injured, he voted in a manner that his conscience will not suffer him to forgive. Mr. Hawkins is a Republican and a Quaker, and it was thought he would not belie both his convictions of right and his early education, but he disappointed these hopes of his true friends. The Ciceronian was the only Society which instructed their delegates to vote for the Banneker, and that not because they needed it, but that it might bear its testimony unmistakably in favor of humanity and justice.

Although the Congress has belied its early professions of liberality, the vote shows an anti-slavery feeling of a solid character. I say *anti-slavery feeling*, because it is evident that slavery is founded upon the prejudice against color and a practical denial of the great truth, "that of one blood God created all nations of men." The discussion has done much good in awakening inquiry and thought among the young men of the different associations, and I have no doubt that, in the event of another trial, we will be able to say that in the most pro-slavery city of the North the *young liberals*, following the lead of all the enlightened minds in every age, have cast loose those bonds of prejudice which originated in ignorance and debasement. M. C.

POLITICS.

The Senate of New Hampshire promptly concurred with the House in the election of John P. Hale as U. S. Senator for six years from the fourth of March next. All of the candidates for the place Mr. Hale was unquestionably the best.

George W. Julian is spoken of as likely to be the Republican candidate for Congress in the Wayne (Indiana) District. He is a man of incorruptible integrity and fine talents, and opposed to the compromising policy of the leaders of his party.

Clarke, the murderer of Barber, and one of the bloodiest of the bloody ruffians employed to carry out the designs of the Slave Oligarchy in Kansas, has been appointed by the President to a purservship in the navy as a reward for his villany.

Charles Francis Adams, we are glad to see, is likely to be elected to the next Congress from the Norfolk (Mass.) District. Mr. Damrell, the present member, is a poor stick of Know-Nothingism, and we are glad he is likely to be displaced by a man whose very name will be a terror to the Slave Oligarchy, and whose great abilities, indomitable firmness and unbending integrity qualify him for eminent services in the halls of Congress.

The election which is to determine the fate of the Lecompton Constitution will take place on Monday, the 3d day of August. That day was proposed by the Free State members of the Board, because it is the one fixed for the election in Missouri, when it is hoped that the border ruffian Democracy of that State will find so much to do at home that they will not be able to interfere with the rights of the people of Kansas. The Free State men, however, are not free from anxiety as to the result of the election, as it is not known what new frauds are being concocted by the friends of the Administration.

PERSONAL.

William M. Connelly, sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment at Cincinnati for aiding the escape of two fugitive bondmen, was visited, during the period of his incarceration, by troops of friends. The members of the Unitarian Conference visited him in a body, and made no scruple of expressing in strong terms their detestation of the law which makes practical Christianity an offence.

The Rev. J. S. Lume, a regular member of the Philadelphia Conference, stationed last year and this at Snow Hill, Worcester Co., Md., has been driven from the State, simply because suspected of being the writer of letters signed "Junius," in *Zion's Herald!* The letters, says the editor of that paper, contained "the truth, and nothing but the truth, and only half of that," in relation to slavery in the Northern Methodist Church.

The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, late of Washington, D. C., now Pastor of the Unitarian congregation in Cincinnati, was married on Tuesday, June 2d, to Miss Ellen D. Dana, daughter of Mr. Charles B. Dana, of that city. The ceremony, which was in Mr. Conway's own church, which was so crowded that hundreds were unable to obtain admittance, was performed by the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and Rogier Gaudemer, of Cincinnati—the laws of Ohio requiring the "knot" to be solemnized by a resident authorized person. The Rev. Mr. Longfellow, of Brooklyn, was one of the groomsmen.

THE *Northern Independent* (Auburn, N. Y.) is the unofficial organ of that large and growing section of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, disgusted with the truckling timidity of the clerical politicians who have so long managed to keep that Church in a pro-slavery attitude, is using its utmost exertions to procure from the next General Conference the enactment of a law that shall effectually exclude slaveholders from communion. In this great work it is doing effective service. The editor is the Rev. Dr. Hosmer, a man skilled to penetrate the artful disguises of the pro-slavery leaders, and bold reaches our office, often furnishing us with important facts and arguments, and always keeping us posted in relation to the struggle between slavery and anti-slavery in the Methodist Church. We assure Dr. Hosmer that the failure of THE STANDARD to reach him during the past is the result of a mistake, not the intention of any wish on our part to discontinue an exchange once solicited by us.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. June. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We sit down to our *Atlantic Monthly* in this first morning in June, with pleasurable expectations of the kind of entertainment, which the volume are comparatively little without connubial. And this is the main portrait point in these swiftly changing times.

But what good does the public mind receive from such criticism? Whose judgment has been improved by fresh knowledge of the grounds of judgment? whose discrimination has been sharpened? whose taste has been formed or reformed? whose pleasure heightened by sympathy? whose moral nature refreshed by justice? The newspapers in general would show greater wisdom in giving up their present system of book-notices, or slip them into the place appropriated to advertisements, properly so called.

Responsible as we are in the weightier matters of life and law, we are the last to be able fully to fulfill the pleasant duty of tything among the fragrant herbs of literature. We can but give the hasty, though real, commentary of one who reads as he runs.

The first article, with its series of scenes along the Maine lumberer's ground, is true as a photograph and will, for that reason, be read abroad with great pleasure. To all whose curiosity has been awakened by American generalities of boundless prairies, virgin forests, stupendous mountains, and perplexed by the sort of whipped syllabub way in which travels are frothed up, this "down east" article will give true satisfaction. It is a beautiful picture—the one where the writer drops silly slow down stream by star-light, on a moose hunt, taking a canoe one night, "for if there is wind, the moose will smell you;" another the evening camp-fire of the explorers, where they stand talking, in their red shirts, over the bargain by which somebody had cleared twenty-five dollars. One cannot help wishing, with the author, to be with them, climbing the hills and the highest trees to search for timber, catching the glitter of the streams down which it is to be floated, and settling the number of lumberers and teams that will be wanted for the next winter; sleeping wherever night overtakes one, deep in the outstretch wilderness, and pocketing one's three or four dollars a day for the use of the faculties and experience that go up the banks of the Mississippi rivers with the raft and squared forests of Maine, to plant her counties over with the healthy, comfortable wooden dwellings, of which the bright colors strike the eye from the railroad carriage, like a broadcast sowing of golden grain over the land.

The poem, "La Cantatrice," is a beautiful *tableau de genre*. Why did not the author give an English title to an English poem, instead of an Italian one? We would have characterized the poem, in English, had the right term occurred to us as existing in the language; nay, we would spend time in finding an equivalent, if these things were our proper function, so much do we dislike foreign words upon the home board. Necessity is the only excuse for it. The writer of this poem has found power of language to execute a fine conception, full of true feeling. If he had chosen to avoid the word "singer," by letting his poem, like an English political leading article, tell its own story without a caption, he could have done so with perfect safety. The author evidently has read the title of that remarkable and real poem, "Cabiliu," by token, that the verses stand in no need of an argument.

The biographical article, on Leibnitz and his philosophy, is so well done as to make one desire a companion piece in the historical way. But other knowledge than belles-lettres and philosophical reading can furnish would be required to execute it—knowledge which a note on the fifteenth page leads to suppose that the life of the writer has hardly been active enough to have furnished—the knowledge born of experience. Age after age notes much the same great practical problems in ways not unlike, and actual commingling in the strifes of the nineteenth century is one indispensable requisite to a right understanding of the conflicts of past centuries.

It is, we suppose, our friend KASTUS, Professor at the Sorbonne, whom the biographer cites to prove that when VOLTAIRE said LEIBNITZ was so loose a metaphysician as to try to reconcile metaphysics with theology, he was thereby to express hatred to Leibnitz as a Christian. If it be so (we have no time to verify—we only suggest), allowance ought to be made for that drift of creed and opinion from which only a professor of the Sorbonne can be chosen. VOLTAIRE, the power to whom every man in all Europe that was oppressed turned for help and justice during half a century—VOLTAIRE, who loved every man, Christian or not, that resisted oppression, disliked in Leibnitz what was, in comparison with the cruelties, bigotness, a temporizing spirit with reg

common humanity in the Orient and in the Occident than the insignificance of the unordained Brahmin, as contrasted with his subsequent importance!

"Jandelon gay—
A college youth, that flies on for a day
All gold—soon who doffs his gaudy suit,
Tonsured, he wins hard labor and austerest bishop,
And straight becomes a reverend divine!"—

As we learn, a greater transformation than initiation is not, we learn, a greater transformation than initiation effects upon the Brahmin.

Style is a mystery; some men's language is measured, some is chanted. Some men's thoughts flow, and some are hurst upon us. Some simply utter them—so simply that we cannot tell how you come by them. Some men play with a fiddle with language; but here is one who handles it—not always tastefully, but always ably and impressively.

Two or three paragraphs will illustrate the matter and the manner of the teachings of this article on India:

"Aishvadam the Brahmin is among the Sepoys. The sits in front of Barrackpore, a comrade on either side, and talks. He only he can talk to whom no books are sealed. He is the rigid statue of intellectual attention, he speaks of the one, a rigid statue of intellectual attention, he speaks of the one, a rigid statue of intellectual attention, he speaks of the one, a

Miscellaneous Department.

GLIMPSES OF NEW ENGLAND.

For The Standard.

It was once my good fortune to spend several years in the Old Bay State—in S., one of the oldest and pleasantest of the New England towns. Yet my first impressions of S. were not pleasant. I arrived there early in November. Well do I remember the rainy and dismal weather which greeted me. I thought S. the gloomiest of all gloomy places. My eyes, but recently dazzled by the wonders and glories of the New York Crystal Palace, could see no beauty in the dull town, with its leaden skies, from which the rain fell ceaselessly; its skeleton trees, through whose gaunt branches the wind so mournfully sobbed and moaned; its wet, almost deserted streets, and very commonplace shops. Yes, my inexperienced eyes had been dazzled by the splendors of New York, although I had gladly escaped from the great Babel, and longed for the peace and quiet which the sojourner in that busy city findeth not.

But I wanted peace and quiet with fair skies and pleasant sunshine; and finding not the latter in the good old town of S., I was so unwise as to give myself up for a time to a violent attack of home-sickness and general despondency. The attack, however, did not last long; hat passed away with the cloudy skies which had chiefly caused it; and then I began fully to realize that I was indeed in New England, dear New England! How my heart beat as I awoke to the delightful reality. I think I had never really *lived* before. The few years of my life had been spent in the so-called City of Brotherly Love, where, strange to say, the doctrine of love to all mankind is quite out of fashion, especially with reference to those whom the white American "finds guilty of a skin not colored like his own"—an unpardonable sin in this land of the free and home of the brave. But I must not dwell on this theme, or my "glimpses" will be of Philadelphia instead of New England. Suffice it to say that I had *dreamed* away some years in the city of my birth, and now longed most earnestly for the advantages which were denied me there—for a higher intellectual culture, which should fit me for a more active and earnest life. These I found in New England, in Massachusetts, where the spirit of the old-time heroes has not yet died out, and will not die while that faithful little hand of Abolitionists who "see God stand upon the weaker side" persevere in their heroic, their sublime and self-sacrificing labors. My whole heart goes forth in gratitude to them.

Entering school, a few weeks after my arrival in S., I then began to live, and to enjoy life as I had never done before. Soon I made the discovery that S. was a very pleasant and interesting old town. But it was not until the genial Spring and Summer months had come that all its beauty was revealed to me. Of course it has its one principal business street, in which nearly all its stores are collected. But these are very few, and occupy but a small portion of the long, winding street, which consists mostly of pretty, irregularly built white houses, with green blinds, and with nice little gardens attached to them, inclosed by neat palings. There are not so many trees in this as in some of the other streets; but one grand old horse-chesnut—the finest I ever saw—stands in its pride and delight. This street has also some interesting associations. It contains a very great attraction for all lovers of the olden time. This is an ancient, dingy, yellow frame house, known as "The Old Witch House." Our readers must know that S. was, two hundred years ago, the headquarters of the witches. And this is the veritable old Court-house where the so-called witches were tried and condemned. It is wonderful with what force this singular delusion possessed the minds, not only of the poor and ignorant, but of the wisest and gravest of the magistrates appointed by His Majesty's government. Those were dark days for S. Woe to the honsewife or the household over whose door-latch the protecting horse-shoe was not carefully placed; and far greater woe to the unlucky dame who chanced to be suspected of such fanciful freaks as riding through the air on a broomstick, or muttering mystic incantations wherewith to undo her innocent neighbors. Here was a summary and terrible punishment. Well, it is very pleasant to think how times have changed, and to say, with Whittier—

> "Our witches are no longer old
> And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
> But young, and gay, and laughing creatures,
> With the heart's sunshine on their features."

Troops of *such* witches now pass the old house every day. I grieve to say that the "Old Witch House" has recently been defaced and desecrated by the erection of an apothecary's shop in front of one of its wings. People say that the new shop is very handsome, but to a few of us, lovers of antiquity, it seems a profanation, and we can see no beauty in it. In this street are the two principal hotels, and several new and elegant public and private buildings. Before leaving, we must not forget to look into a veritable old curiosity-shop, kept by an ancient spinster, whom everybody calls Aunt Sally. The articles composing Aunt Sally's stock are innumerable. There are fruits, pins, pies, cakes, needles, books, bread, ink, milk, paper, pencils, medicines, buttons, candies, calicoes—in short, every conceivable variety of trimmings, confectionery, stationery, dry goods, and everything else that anybody could possibly want. Of course Aunt Sally is largely patronized, and has doubtless accumulated a nice little fortune. It is a remarkable fact that, in the house in which she lives, adjoining the curiosity shop, there are no less than seven ladies, belonging, like Sarah, to the class of old maids, who, by the way, are said to be unusually numerous in S. One of the most venerable of these spinsters I have frequently seen on the sidewalk, with her gray head uncovered, and a favorite parrot perching on her shoulder. She is much bent with age, and has altogether a very weird and witch-like appearance.

Our goodly town of S. also rejoices in a Chesnut street, and a much more beautiful and attractive one it is, to me, than its brilliant Philadelphia namesake. In this street there are no stores, but only the dwellings of the élite. These houses have nothing showy about them, but they are distinguished for their quiet, elegant and home-like appearance. Many of them have beautiful gardens attached to them. But the noble elms are the glory of Chestnut street. There is a row of these fine old trees, at once so stately and so graceful, planted on either side. Their higher branches entwine with those of the trees on the opposite side, thus forming a leafy arch over the whole length of the street. The effect is very beautiful. Standing in the centre of the street, one sees a perfect bower of greenery above him. And very delightful it is to walk through it, listening to the sweet songs of the birds, and to the gentle murmurs of the leaves in whose embraces the sunlight rests so lovingly, on one of those "rare June days,

> "When Heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune,
> And over it softly her warm ear lays."

We find more of these fine trees encircling "The Common," a large green, somewhat similar to one of the Philadelphia "squares." Although the Common of S. would sink into insignificance when compared with its prouder and more beautiful cousin of Boston, it is nevertheless a very pleasant and pretty place. So, at least, we dwellers in S. used to think, when we assembled there on the glorious Summer nights, to listen to the music of the band; while the silvery streams of moonlight, pouring through the leafy branches of the grand old elms, seemed to blend with the sweet strains of music, and to lend to them a deeper and richer harmony.

On Derby street, a street of wharves, stands the old Custom-house, which Hawthorne has so minutely described in his introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." Lafayette street is a long, handsome avenue, extending through the southern part of the town. It contains some of the finest houses in S. The elms on each side are beginning to incline their graceful branches towards each other, and will soon form an arch as beautiful as that formed by the trees in Chesnut street. At its southern extremity this avenue branches off into two roads—one leading to the *fishing* town of Marblehead, the other to the *shoemaking* town of Lynn. Broad street is a wide, pleasant, airy avenue, thickly planted with trees, and presenting quite a country-like appearance. One of its corners might be appropriately styled School-house Corner, for on it are grouped three large school-houses. One of these is a new, handsome building, occupied by the High School, and the other a portion of the Grammar School of S. The Normal School building is much plainer than its stately neighbor, a square, massive edifice, without adornment of any kind. Some of its more showy neighbors have maliciously termed it the "soap factory," which expression we loyal Normalites have agreed to treat with silent contempt. We shall not the less love every stone of our dear old Hall, far dearer to us than the costliest palace could be.

Many of the little side streets of the town extend to the water, for S. is situated on a harbor, and is quite near the sea. So one is never at a loss for cool and pleasant walks. Near the large cotton factory is a miniature beach—"Factory Beach," as it is called. Here long, rocky point projects into the water. It is delightful to sit here on a hot Summer day, while the welcome sea breezes kiss one's cheek, and gaze out upon the deep blue waters of the bay, studded, here and there, by snowy sails, and to listen to the music of the dancing, rippling little waves, as they wash the stones at our feet. I think them for the sweet songs with which they have often soothed a restless and troubled spirit. Next to the seaside I love the hills, the dear old moss-grown rocks and hills. A continuous range of these extends from S. to Lynn. Many of them are very high, and command a fine view of the town and bay. These hills are generally called "The Pastures." One of them is called "Gallows Hill," from the circumstance of some of the unfortunate witches having been hung on it. Now, instead of the gallows, a staging is erected there, from which we have a beautiful view of the country for miles around. Almost at our feet lies the pretty town of S., nestling among trees, and looking really beautiful in the fading sunlight, which, glancing brightly from the steeples and tree-tops, lends a thousand glowing hues to the little winding streams which encircle the town. In May these hills are covered with violets, anemones, and the delicate, modest little houstania. And all the Summer long, there may be found, in quiet little nooks, other graceful and beautiful wild flowers. The "Pastures" abound in these delightful nooks, in whose neighborhood there is often a leaping, singing little brook, overhung by gray, moss-covered rocks. Some of my happiest walks