THE LIBERATOR.
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"I SHALL BE HEARD. I AM IN EARNEST. I WILL NOT EQUIVOCATE, I WILL NOT EXCUSE, I WILL NOT RETREAT A SINGLE INCH, AND I WILL BE HEARD."—WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!
"THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL."

☞ "Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their support, the adoption of a Constitution which should secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of the commerce in human flesh. The second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from mount Sinai. The third was a violation, in the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons—a violation, in the political sense, by the government of the nation is, to establish an artificial inequality in the representation of one class of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION, AND EXTENSION OF SLAVERY, THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE LIBERATOR.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

VOL. XIX. NO. 41. BOSTON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1849. WHOLE NO. 979

Refuge of Oppression.

JAMES K. POLK.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7, 1849.

WM. LOYD GARRISON, ESQ.:

SIR—A friend has just called my attention to your paper of July 27, containing a communication in reference to my letters to you. I must admit I did not expect any thing of the kind. I did expect that you would open your artillery upon me, yet had no idea that your 'little pistols' would have been fired into action. Your correspondent reminds himself into action. Your correspondent reminds me of a sea-shell, which remains connected to its sire of a sea-shell, which remains connected to its sire of a sea-shell, let its species alight he knows. 'Old Colony' shell, let its species alight he knows. 'Old Colony' shell, let its species alight he knows, or lacks the moral courage to put it to paper, in making a personal attack. I must confess myself amused by the artful dodge of a thing unknown.' His estimation of the people of this country, I do not think, will be injured from his (Polk's) fame, in the opinion of intelligent men; and it is gratifying to know, that in our country (and it is a glorious country, the opinion of 'Old Colony' to the contrary, notwithstanding) there are many such men. If sustaining the national honor of this our favored land, must attach infamy and disgrace to the Executive, then may they all retire dishonored and disgraced; and such accounting generation reap, in ample harvest, the curses they heaped upon them; and my life on it, the star-spangled banner shall float free in every sea, the emblem of Freedom, the death-knell to despotic tyrannies. The patriotism of 'Old Colony' is, indeed, *unexemplary*; or, indeed, more properly, he has no such *vice*. It may be consoling to him to know that, thus far, he has *one* sin less than Mr. Polk. I repeat, that my connections are respectable, and feel assured that an alliance (though remote) with the family of the late President, could exist in any way affect me. I am thankful that it has been my privilege to defend the character of Mr. Polk from the attacks of the venomous things who have indulged in the vain attempts. The title 'American' is the proudest and noblest in the world, and he who would blush to bear it is beneath the dignity of the Russian peasant, who bows, in dogs-like submission, at the feet of the imperial tyrant. 'Old Colony' has shown himself 'good at guessing' in discovering my motto and creed; and my '*infamy*' which shall attach itself to my name as the result of either, I am perfectly content to bear. I, in the every-day position being correct, 'Old Colony' has nothing to fear, as it would be next to impossible to encumber his name. I would extend our institutions over a space as boundless as the sky, that all mankind might be benefited by them. I would sustain my country in what cause soever, whether it be 'right or wrong.' In conclusion, I beg to assure you, that my attempt to detract aught from the character of Mr. Polk will prove vain and fruitless. If your sentiments are approved in Massachusetts, (which I do not believe,) 'the very head and front of your offending hath this extent, no more.'

JAMES G. GIBSON, JR.

From the (Ohio) Homestead Journal.

THE BERLIN CONVENTION.

Upon our entrance into the tent, some two of three hundred people were present, who were mostly engaged in conversation. A rude table made of rough boards, and spread with numerous fancy articles, having the appearance of the 'old curiosity shop,' stood in the back part of the pavilion, around which quite a number of ladies were engaged in selling the various articles, the proceeds of which, we understand, went into the treasury of the Anti-Slavery Society.

The meeting was soon organized by the appointment of a Chairman and Secretaries *pro tem*. After the appointment of several committees, letters were read from persons who had been invited to be present; amongst others, one from the Hon. J. R. Giddings. This closed the first day's proceedings.

Just morning brought a considerable reinforcement to those who were there the previous day, though the audience was yet quite small, considering the tremendous efforts that had been put forth to secure the attendance of a large crowd; and it was evidently much smaller than the leaders had anticipated. They appeared evidently much chagrined at this. They had called a State Convention of the Young People of Ohio, who were opposed to slavery. They had given some two months notice of it, and had circulated the information far and wide. The mass of the anti-slavery young men and women of Ohio were not there. As a great State Mass Convention, it was a total failure. This was the reason why, at the risk of being deemed obtrusive, we will venture an answer to this somewhat mooted question. The Call for the Convention was true, in spirit, all the young people who were opposed to slavery. But the names signed to that Call were all those of persons who either belonged to, or sympathized with, the Disunion Society. Although it was not intended to divert the movement of a party character in the outset, yet it became plainly visible to every one, long before the Convention met, that the Disunionists had assumed the entire control of it, and would mould it to suit their own wishes; and furthermore, that the prelude thus it was to be the commencement of the anti-slavery young people of Ohio, without distinction of party, was a mere *ruse* to get a large crowd together. But the plan did not work well. There was not a corporal's guard present from any great distance, except Disunionists, and hence it was emphatically a Disunion State Convention, and 'nothing else.'

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One idea was broached on the last day, which struck us as being a new one. It was a proposition for forming a great Northern Confederacy, in the Union Republic. This will certainly exonerate our friends from the charge frequently brought against them, of wishing to *tear down* all existing institutions, without proposing to *build up* any thing. Sentiments were expressed favorable to calling a Convention to consider the matter, and a committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the North on this subject. A Northern Republic! this is certainly something now under the sun. It may be interesting to the political antiquarian, years hence to trace out the exact difference in devotion to correct principles, between the two sections of country thus sought to be divided, at the time the proposition for the division was first made.

Disinteresting to after ages to learn how it was that the lords of the loom became so commonious to associate with the lords of the lash. It will also be interesting to the moralist of future generations to see how much worse it is for the Southern slaveholding to administer the cat-o'-nine tails to the bare back of his chattel slave, to receive from him labor which is not due, than it is for the Northern factory lord to turn his female wages-slaves into the streets of a large city, with the damps of death upon her brow, and no friend in the world to give her consolation, or perform the last sacred rites of the dead. Future generations will also wonder why it was that these philanthropists—ever even moved to give the slave a Home, and invest him with all the privileges of the freeman, when it could have been done with the same breath and time that was requisite to secure his manumission papers.

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From the Charleston Mercury.

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GENTLEMEN:

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I need scarcely be remarked, that the war, which the fanatics of the North are so perseveringly waging against the peace and security of the South cannot much longer be carried on only by one party. An offensive attitude by the other it will be impossible to restrain the people from assuming.

Respectfully yours, S.

From the Pendleton Messenger.

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Selections.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

TO REV. WM. ALLEN, D. D., *Northampton, U. S.*

SIR: I should not address you through a public journal, had you not taken advantage of the few moments allowed you to speak in the Exhibition room on the 27th ult., at Yarmouth, to pay the English to the American delegates, to apologize for American slavery. I would have replied to you at the time, had I had an opportunity of doing so; but as I could not do so then, this seems to be the only way in which I can reach the ear of those who heard you on that occasion; and as your speech has been published in many of the London papers, I am the more anxious that some reply should be made. In your speech you said, 'Slavery was allowed to in the Free States.' I was sorry to perceive that many of our English brethren in Europe do not understand that our general government in America has nothing to do with slavery, and has no power or authority over it. The responsibility of slavery belongs to the slave States only. We in the free States have abolished that institution.

No, Sir! If you know any thing about the government of the United States, you must know that no institution has received so much encouragement from the hands of the government as that of *chattel slavery*.

You must be aware that the Florida war, which lasted six years, and cost the government a vast expense in blood, and many millions of dollars, was waged at the instance of the slaveholders, for the purpose of recovering a few hundred slaves, who had taken refuge among the Indians, who had received them. Do you know, that whatever may have been the pretence for the unrighteous and costly war lately concluded between Mexico and the United States, that war would have been if Mexico had not abolished slavery, and that it has resulted in depriving that country of a vast portion of her territory, into which the slaveholders have now extending what they call their 'peculiar institution,' the 'best cornerstone of republican institutions,' that is, slavery? Do you know that the legislature of Columbia, which is entirely under the control of the United States Congress, has upon its statute books some of the most barbarous laws that can be found against the colored people in the United States. One of its enactments is, that if any colored person shall be convicted of arson, he shall be hung by the neck until he is dead, and the head severed from the body, and the body quartered, and each quarter put up in some public place in the District where such act was committed. Another is, that if any free colored person visits the capital of the United States without five papers, or in company with a white man, by whom he can prove his freedom, he is to be imprisoned a certain length of time, and then to be sold to the highest bidder, to pay the expense of his imprisonment into the United States treasury. The Marshal of the District, in his report to Congress, in 1836, stated that he had sold thirteen colored persons within the five preceding years, and that seven out of the thirteen had proved that they were free, but that they were unable to pay their jail fees. A mulatto lad, for six dollars, was sold by me as the 3d of July, 1847, and the money paid into the treasury of the United States. And since you left America, the following advertisement has made its appearance in the *National Intelligencer*, the organ of the government at Washington:—

'NOTICE.—Was committed to the jail in Washington Co., D. C., on the 16th of May, 1849, as a runaway, a negro man calling himself Edward Brooks. He is of a dark color, with whiskers under his chin, about 30 years old, five feet six and a half inches high, has a scar on the side of the fore finger on the left hand; had on when committed, a dark cloth frock coat, black pomadine vest, striped cassinet pantaloons, and a fur cap. He says he is free, and was born in this city. He says he has been abducted from city of Washington, and sold by him in the Bank of Virginia, and has a pass purporting to be from him, stating that he is free, and has lost his papers.

The owner or owners, if any, of the above-described negro man, are hereby requested to come forward, prove him, and take him away.'

THOMAS A. HAWKE, for
R. WALLACE, Marshal D. C.'

There is a law in the District of Columbia, made by Congress, that grants to any person who may wish for it, for the sum of 400 dollars per annum, the right to trade in human flesh under the very eyes of the Capitol. The law, passed by the Congress of 1785, guarantees to the slaveholders the right of pursuing the fugitive slave into any of the so-called free States, and if he can catch him, to drag him back into bondage. And any one who feeds such slave while trying to make his escape, shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of 500 dollars and the cost of prosecution. I refer you to the case of Thomas Garrett, of the State of Delaware, who so recently as last autumn was fined four thousand five hundred dollars for feeding a family, who were making their escape from slavery. And will after that made up my mind to visit England, France, and probably other parts of the continent, I applied to the Secretary of State, the Hon. John M. Clayton, for a passport. I received no reply, but the following soon made its appearance in the newspapers, which told me too plainly that I could expect no protection from the United States government:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 9, 1849.

EDWARD HURST, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.:

SIR—Your letter of the 7th instant, soliciting for Henry Hambleton, colored man, a passport or protection, is received, and in reply I have to inform you, that passports are not granted by this Department to persons of color, and that protections are only given to them when they are in the service of diplomatic agents, or of the United States consuls.

Hambleton's certificate of nativity is herewith returned.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your ob't serv't,

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Thus you will see, that I could not even get what the Hon. Secretary calls a protection, unless I was coming to Europe at the beck-and-call of some agent of the United States government.

Now, Sir, all this cannot be new to you; you must have known some of this when you declared in your speech that the government of the United States had nothing to do with slavery.

But as ignorant as you supposed the people of England to be upon the subject of American slavery, I think that the disapprobation with which your remarks were received by the entire audience—Americans included—must have convinced you that you could not make such declarations in their presence with impunity. No one regretted more than I did that a single American could be found in the Peace Congress willing to apologize for American slavery, and that one a native of the State of Massachusetts, where the efforts of American abolitionists have been most conspicuous. Sir, I assure you that the American slave has more to fear from those who come to this country from the free States of America, than from any other class of persons who visit Europe. It is really remarkable that clergymen especially, with but few exceptions, throw the entire weight of their influence in favor of slavery as soon as they reach this country. Can these really be the ministers of Jesus Christ, who so darken the doctrine that he taught? As an American slave, identified as I am with the million that groan and clanking their chains in the Southern States of America, I could not allow your declarations to go forth to the public without at least making an effort to counteract their influence.

I remain, the friend to truth and humanity,

W. WELLS BROWN,
An American Delegate of the Peace Congress.
29 Cecil street, Strand, London, Sept. 9, 1849.

WILL SLAVES GO TO CALIFORNIA?

The National Era thus collects from various sources, an answer to this important question:

A letter, published not long since in the Newark, (N. J.) Advertiser, from a resident of Saint Louis, (Mo.) stating that he had made a purchase, by a Rhode Island-er, from an Oregon man, of a negro woman and child, for $1900.

L. W. Boggs, formerly Governor of Missouri, now a resident in California, in a late letter to a friend in Missouri, writes:—

"In connection let me say, if your sons will bring out two or three more families to come and attend at a hotel, your brother will pay cash for them, at a good profit, and take it as a great favor."

The late publisher of the Belfast, (Me.) Journal, on his way to California, twenty miles west of Independence, Mo., meets with a man who has 'already seen as many as a dozen teams, going out with *their families of slaves*.'

A San Francisco letter from a New Yorker, written in April last, says—'Good boys that a man can hire cheap are wanted. A good negro would do well here. Many persons from the South, it would be a good thing, if I could keep him.'

The Fort Smith, (Ark.) Herald tells us that Col. Bonner's party, which passed through that place recently, on their way to California, was accompanied by six slaves.

We stated, some months ago, that emigrants passing through this place were carrying slaves with them to San Francisco; and we have had information from authentic sources, of several cases in which slaves have been taken by Southern adventurers over land.

E. Gould Buffum, son of Arnold Buffum, of New York, who was a lieutenant in Col. Stevenson's regiment, and is now a member of the District Legislature of San Francisco, writes June 17th:

'The South has already sent her emissaries here to work among us for the introduction of the darling institution of slavery.'

The Missouri Jeffersonian of the 29th ultimo says:

'The idea that slave property cannot be sufficiently profitable to induce anybody to be taken to California, is turning out to be untrue. A negro woman and her child sold at San Francisco lately for $1900. So scarce are servants, that the services of this slave woman were worth $150 per month. We can see, also, that if slaves were employed in the *placers*, where nothing but mere physical labor is required, that our field hands would be a thousand fold more for us than in Mississippi,—and even in the field, in California, their value would be increased sufficiently to render their exportation a matter of interest to us.'

The Nashville Union, edited by Mr. Nicholson, says—

'Now, what are the facts in regard to slavery in California? It (slavery) exists there, and it cannot be excluded so long as it remains a territory of the United States, if the South will stand firm and united. The last accounts received from California state that slavery is recognized there, and that good servants command a very high price. What interest, then, have slaveholders in that country, and in preventing the application of the Wilmot Proviso to it? This is a question in which they are deeply interested, and which demands their careful consideration. It is true, the agitation of slavery in California has not yet adapted to slave labor, and it was therefore thought, before its mineral wealth was discovered, that slavery would never flourish in California. But recent events have shown that slave labor can be employed more profitably in mining in California and New Mexico, than it can possibly be in any portion of the United States. Here is a vast field opened to the wealth and labor of the South, which, if improved, promises a rich harvest. These mines are of vast extent and richness, and, under a republican State Constitution. But no authority can sanctify injustice and oppression. The dispersed and scattered people have always

ty, everywhere identifying himself with them, and laboring earnestly and patiently for the temporal and welfare of all. In the spirit of resolution No. 11, let each recognize, honor, and defend his proscribed and oppressed brother, and in all lawful ways seek his advancement.

The subject of education received, as it justly deserved, particular attention, and assumed a prominent place in the proceedings of the Convention. True, our educational advantages are not great, and on that account should they be more highly prized, and no opportunity to improve them lost. We find the doors of high schools, academies, and seminaries generally closed against our children. But there is now no statutory prohibition. No teacher need fear, for arrest, fine and imprisonment, for his labor of love in teaching a colored child. No colored young lady need tremble at a town's threatening of "ten stripes on the naked back" for presuming to enter Connecticut in the pursuit of knowledge.

Let it be remembered, brethren, that these and other measures are proposed in answer to the general question, "What shall we do?" and not as a means necessary to entitle us to enfranchisement. Our title to that is perfect, already; for did we, as a mass, possess every qualification requisite to the good citizen in the highest perfection, nothing material would be added to the strength of our claim to the franchise. Our only argument for the right, and must ever be, the broad and conclusive one, that it is our RIGHT, as native born MEN, Citizens of this great Republic, and members of the Connecticut Commonwealth, of Connecticut. The value and wisdom of the measures recommended to you are seen in their tendency to increase our strength, to multiply the number of our friends, and as a means of enabling us to wield more intelligently and effectively the

'Weapons that come down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
But execute a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.'

And furthermore, we must labor directly, continually and unitedly, to accomplish the end in view. It has been asserted by a great and philosophic mind, that 'there is nothing that has any spark of God in it, but the more it is suppressed, the more it raises.' Let us arise in our might, and let scatter the living coals of Truth upon the consciences of our fellow-citizens of Connecticut; let us repeat the story of our wrongs in their ears, until it shall affect their hearts, and influence favorably their votes. Let there be no hesitancy to make sacrifices, to sustain and vindicate our cause. What there is of reality, manliness and vigor—what we possess of manliness and energy, must be brought to bear upon the question of our rights, with unwavering hope, and firm reliance upon the irresistible arm, that will turn and overturn, until Justice and Judgment are prevalent throughout the earth.

We need not fear the result. 'Truth shall prevail' 'It is an eternal law, that whenever assists himself, him will the Lord assist.' The issue is fairly between principle and prejudice—between well-founded rights and blind perversion—between reason and passion. Can it be doubted which shall conquer in such a contest? The people can be reached. Their hearts are not sealed against the appeals of truth. 'Connecticut,' says one of her many eminent sons, 'though slow to move, moves sure and strong, when she is aroused; she is cautious and grave, but when she sees the reason for a change, she will change in earnest.' She will perceive that righteousness exalts a nation; that it is the true foundation of national advancement and prosperity. Righteousness we know God in the acknowledgment of His divine claims and the practice of piety and duty; and righteousness towards man by the establishment of justice and equity, and the recognition of the universal brotherhood.

Then shall her righteousness break forth as the light, and her glory as the noonday.

S. M. JOHNSON,
A. AFRICANUS,
HENRY NOTT,
HENRY A. THOMPSON

From the Concord (Ind.) Democrat.

SURVEY OF THE FIELD.

To the cause of human freedom in America, the year that has passed has been a glorious year. To that small, but faithful band of pioneers, who a few years since, 'solitary and alone,' first took from the mountain the stone which has become a great mountain, it is more than the prestige of the 'good time coming.' To them, toiling up through a long night of persecution and threatened death, it is the day of triumph such as few deserve, and fewer live to enjoy; a triumph of which we eleventh hour soldiers have no right to boast. We care not that the apostacy of the anti-slavery movement may have been indiscreet and fanatical. We care not that the world, and even the church, may have been heedless, and have been truer than the church upon the greatest question of the age, than the church has been when the church was false. They spoke for them that had no voice to speak for themselves, when the church was dumb, and sleeping in the arms of the most gigantic wrong that ever cursed the earth. We care not who differs from us; we do honor and we will honor the men, be they Christians, heretics or infidels, who first sounded the bugle-note of war against American slavery. Be they honored or reproached by the present age, history, posterity, millions of ransomed men and women, will do them justice. Be their faults and indiscretions many or few, the day is coming when they shall take rank among the noblest and most disinterested benefactors of their race.

But the struggle with the slave power in America is not yet over. Many and bitter blows has the demon received; but he is not dead. The serpent is scotched, but not killed. A fearful empire does he yet wield over the bodies and souls of men. Terribly will he struggle to recover the ground he has lost, and to subject again the government and the country to his infernal power. Already we see indications that a more desperate battle than has yet been fought is preparing. The minions of slavery are strengthening themselves on every side. Within two years, they will again have one of the old political parties of the country openly enlisted under their bloody flag. Which party it shall be, remains to be seen. Flags of truce are now passing between the several camps. The slave power is now making proposals to both parties. The leaders of both parties are watching the manœuvrings; and, meanwhile, dare not utter a word above a whisper, lest it may be against their future liege lord, or in favor of their to be deadly enemy. That one of these now contending parties will strike hands with the oppressor, there is little room to doubt. For that event it becomes all true men to prepare.

True, the friends of freedom have suffered the former adherents of slavery to abjure their first love. True, we have forced the former to kiss the rod of the lips of our enemies. In their helplessness and hopelessness, we have compelled them to drink. To save themselves from utter destruction, they have sworn hypocritical oaths of fidelity to principles, against which they have heretofore never ceased to war. But let us not be deceived. Death-bed repentances are seldom lasting, and never free from suspicion. If we be now strong, it is because our vigilance, activity, and fidelity to principle have made us strong. If we have repulsed the advances of slavery, and compelled its 'natural allies' to accept of peace, it has been by making them see that the only other alternative was political death.

The men who have done this much work must not lay down their arms. They must continue to rely on the weapons they have already proved. The citadel they have so bravely conquered, they must stand by and defend. The enemies they have so lately subdued, they must not too speedily invest with power to betray. Let them fires do battle, during one campaign, against our foe. Let their faith in our faith, if there is a sincere and honest conversion to the principles of freedom, let them show their faith by their works. Let them at once cut off all communion with their former confederates. Until they do this, we cannot give them our confidence. We must not trust ourselves and our country in their hands.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP. We know nothing about the wishes or purposes of Free Soil Members of Congress; but we cannot conceive of one of them, under any necessity, giving a vote for the Representative from Boston as Speaker of the House.

Cultivated in intellect; polished in manners; efficient as a presiding officer; he is nevertheless, in our belief, as heartless a slave-man as we know. We could not conscientiously trust him in any case where Office and Freedom, Fashion and Humanity, Position and Right, came in contact. He will do all for the South he dare do.

We make them still less because of his party connections. Our wish is, that we may see the object of Free Soil Members of Congress will be, to have a Speaker who will give the cause of Freedom a fair hearing in the House, and in the committees of the House.

This they can never gain through Robert C. Winthrop.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

From the Ohio Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ADDRESS
TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF OHIO.

OF THE FORMATION OF A NORTHERN REPUBLIC.

At an overflowing Convention of Young People and others, held at Ravenna, Portage county, on the 21st, 22d and 23d of the present month, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, the perpetuity and extension of the Slave system in the United States have been and still are the highest consideration of the Federal Government; and

Whereas, to accomplish these purposes, many millions of dollars have been extorted from the North, and expended in the cause of Slave Power, or in the butchery and banishment of thousands of Indian owners of homes, that their soil, too, might be plundered for the same unrewarded desire; and

Whereas, this nation, in all its political parties, and in all the leading denominations of religion, has sanctioned and sanctified these fearful atrocities, by accepting the spoils and extending over them the bloody shield of the Stars and Stripes; and

Whereas, The political parties are all united in their stern determination to maintain this blood-stained and bloody government, with tyrants and man stealers, 'however bounded,' or wherever Slavery may be extended; and

Whereas, The Northern bodies and influences of the nation are equally true in their loyalty and allegiance to this Confederacy, so foul with many abominations; therefore,

Resolved, 1st, That we, the Young Men and Women of Ohio and elsewhere, in Convention assembled, deeply feel the importance of the fearful degeneracy, the alarming disregard of justice, the entire prostration of national conscience under which such evils have been perpetrated, and consider it serious to save ourselves from the burdens of taxation, ignominy and guilt, under which the Northern States have so long groaned and staggered, and the unholy alliance with Slavery and the South, we do now, in the presence of our God, here build an altar to Freedom, Liberty and Humanity; and on this altar we consecrate ourselves to the great work of elevating Universal Man to the full enjoyment of all the rights for which the Revolutionary Patriots and sages first firmly resolved, that in this work we will never tire until victory shall crown our labors, or death release us from the conflict.

Resolved, 2d, That since our government has become thus destructive of the ends of Liberty, an engine of oppression and misery to millions, *compelling the entire people to be slaveholders or slaves*, it has become our right and duty, not to *alter*, but to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as shall seem most likely to secure a full equality of the blessings of Life, Liberty, and the pursuits of Happiness; and with full confidence in the rectitude of our purpose and the justice of our cause, we do HEREBY DECLARE OURSELVES TO BE ENEMIES OF THE CONSTITUTION, UNION AND GOVERNMENT OF THESE UNITED STATES, and that we will, in a new Confederacy of Northern States, where there shall be NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, *but where there shall ever be* FREE SOIL, FREE LABOR, AND FREE MEN. And from this great and glorious Convention, we proclaim it as *our unalterable purpose and determination*, to live and to labor for a Northern Republic, in present Union, by all LAWFUL and JUST, though BLOODLESS and PACIFIC MEANS, and for the formation of a new Northern Republic, that shall be free, not in name only, but in full living reality and truth.

And we do hereby invite and entreat all the young people of Ohio, and the friends of Justice, Humanity and true Liberty in all the States, to unite with us in laboring for so glorious and holy an object. And,

Resolved, 3d, That this Preamble and these Resolutions be signed by the officers of this Convention, and forwarded, under the direction of a committee for that purpose, to each of the principal editors of public journals, Members of Congress, and other officers in the government, and to such other persons as shall be deemed proper, *to every citizen of the Union.*

And it was farther voted, that the subscribers be a Committee to prepare an Address to the Young Men and Women of Ohio, expressive of the views of the Convention, and of the great and most important momentous question. In the discharge of this most solemn duty, we do most devoutly invoke Divine aid and illumination.

Born as we have been, in a land boasting of liberty, and bloody with despotism, and living in an age rocking with revolutions, prophetic of a new and brighter dispensation of freedom, we inherit a right which the nations have long waited, and assuming the high trusts of moral and intelligent beings, which necessarily devolve on such unconvenanted greatness, we cannot be insensible that the claims of our age upon us are of no ordinary character. How to discharge them in a manner honorable to ourselves, and acceptable to God, to whom all dominions are accountable, should be a most solemn inquiry.

We have seen our government prostituted to the dark and diabolic purposes of Slavery, until in the language of John Quincy Adams, '*slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-trading have formed the whole foundation of the Union, and have held of slaveholders give the law, and prescribe the policy of the country.*'

There is no time nor need for enumerating the unhallowed demands of the slave power upon the Northern States. The history of the District of Columbia, of the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, of the seizure of Texas, of the conquest of Mexico, fearful as that history is in all its dark detail, furnishes but a small part of them.

Nor has the North as yet made any bold and manly resistance. The Abolitionists of Texas were first whispered in secret places, it was believed the very odiousness of the scheme would forever be a full security against its success. Nor could any thing venture to the Abolitionists of the South at the slumber. More than ten years before its consummation, the eye of Garrison, the Pioneer of Freedom, anticipated the fearful forces for its accomplishment; and, as with the inspiration of prophecy in olden time, he predicted it with most unerring certainty, and all the fearful consequences which have attended it. But the Democracy answered, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do it?' and the Whig party cursed the prophet, in the name of all its gods.

But in time Texas was to be added to its terrible. The North, for once, was alarmed—all political parties, all religious associations, all pulpits and presses, united in a mighty remonstrance against it. Legislative Conventions protested, Legislatures resolved, the people petitioned, and the pulpits prayed against the impending parties will strike hands with the oppressor, there is little room to doubt. For that event it becomes all true men to prepare.

True, the friends of freedom have suffered the former adherents of slavery to abjure their first love. True, we have forced the former to kiss the rod of the lips of our enemies. In their helplessness and hopelessness, we have compelled them to drink. To save themselves from utter destruction, they have sworn hypocritical oaths of fidelity to principles, against which they have heretofore never ceased to war. But let us not be deceived. Death-bed repentances are seldom lasting, and never free from suspicion. If we be now strong, it is because our vigilance, activity, and fidelity to principle have made us strong. If we have repulsed the advances of slavery, and compelled its 'natural allies' to accept of peace, it has been by making them see that the only other alternative was political death.

The men who have done this much work must not lay down their arms. They must continue to rely on the weapons they have already proved. The citadel they have so bravely conquered, they must stand by and defend. The enemies they have so lately subdued, they must not too speedily invest with power to betray. Let them fires do battle, during one campaign, against our foe. Let their faith in our faith, if there is a sincere and honest conversion to the principles of freedom, let them show their faith by their works. Let them at once cut off all communion with their former confederates. Until they do this, we cannot give them our confidence. We must not trust ourselves and our country in their hands.

The Liberator

BOSTON OCTOBER 12, 1849.

No Union with Slaveholders!

LETTERS TO FATHER MATHEW,—NO. V.

REV. THEODORE PARKER:

SIR—The excellence of the cause in which you have been so long assiduously engaged, and the wonderful success which has crowned your efforts among your suffering countrymen, have made you conspicuous throughout Christendom, won for you the esteem and admiration of men of every sect and party, secured for you a potent influence over millions of minds, and attached unusual importance to your opinions and conduct as a distinguished benefactor of the human race. But such renown and such influence bring with them peculiar trials, great perils, solemn responsibilities. Whoever rises to eminence as a philanthropist or a reformer, should keep in constant remembrance, that with him is lodged a power for good or evil on a mighty scale; that he cannot lose himself in a crowd, nor sink into obscurity as only one among the many; that a misstep on his part is no longer an individual, but a collective calamity; that there is, happily, a strong tendency, among ardent friends and warm supporters, to magnify every thing in behalf of the infallibility of the cherished object; and, therefore, that he shapes the destinies of a wide circle of followers, according to his fidelity to principle and inflexible adherence to the right, on the one hand, or tendency and truckling to worldly expediency, on the other.

You have voluntarily come to this land, in which the one great national sin that overtops every other is SLAVERY—the transformation of three millions of its inhabitants into personal property, chattels, merchandise, to the exclusion of all the doctrines and precepts of Jesus Christ, to the annihilation of all human rights. In Ireland, you professed to be an uncompromising abolitionist; you found time to bear a strong testimony against American slavery, as a disgrace to the country, and a sin against God; you felt it to be your duty to implore your countrymen here to be true to the cause of liberty, by giving no countenance to oppression; you recognized the American abolitionists as worthy of their support, as the only consistent friends of freedom in the land. Now that you are on American soil, is there any reason why your sentiments should be changed, or why you should cease, or why you should not renew your anti-slavery appeal to your countrymen, as opportunity may offer? That the abolitionists remain true to their principles, I presume you will not deny; that your countrymen refuse to give even the slightest countenance to the anti-slavery movement, and that they spurned with indignation and contempt the address which bore your signature, as well as O'Connell's, you cannot be ignorant; that the Catholic priesthood, the Catholic church, the Catholic journalists, and the Catholic political leaders, are giving their sanction and support to every decision, and every measure, and hereafter regarded as the names of the grand instrumentality by which we have been held subservient to the slave power under the government and religion of the country.

To accomplish our purpose, we shall seek to change the popular sentiment by every lawful and proper means—remonstrance, appeal, argument, sent forth, the press, with its thousand trumpet-tongues, these should be prominent among our instrumentalities. And whenever the wish for period arrives that the people of Ohio can be brought to repentance of their league with thieves and robbers, we have the recorded declaration of the highest Judicial tribunal in the land, that by refusing to elect Senators to Congress, we sever the Union without a struggle.

For a consummation so glorious, who would not labor even unto death? If we can achieve the nobler end, we do, at least, cleanse our own hands and garments from the blood of the slave. We say to the Christian oppressor, *Hence! forward we shall go the spoiled against the spoiler, the victim against the brutal ravisher. From this time our cry is, 'No Union with Slavery nor Slaveholders.' Should we be remembered, 'mayest thou be damned without between you and your slaves, our swords shall never drink the blood of the bondmen.*

Who can doubt that if Northern men would thus dare to sever the Union which binds this Confederacy together, all Heaven would wait to bless and ratify the act? Who can doubt that Humanity, Justice, Conscience demand it, and yet they delay. They tremble at the consequences, though they would be the serenest smiles, the best benisons of Heaven. Consequences! Consequences! Ruin and destruction at the South, with a Northern Republic, with Free Soil indeed, with Free Labor indeed, and Free Men indeed, have proved very terrible consequences, should we our condition! Our enterprize and industrity are even now without a parallel—our economy and industrious habits are the admiration of all; yet these all the inexhaustible resources of wealth which Nature has scattered on every hill, opened in every plain and prairie between the two oceans, and how rapidly would the tide of population roll hither, if we should sit Queen among the nations. Every wilderness should be made to blossom as the rose. Every desert should shout for joy. Our cities and towns should sing together. We should be indeed a Land of Liberty, and an asylum for all the oppressed, no matter in what language they dwell, or what hues have been pronounced, or what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun might have burned upon them! Prosperity and Plenty should be smiling in our fields, and Joy and Gladness should white banner above us, and Joy and Gladness crown us forever.

But this union should none of these millennial glories attend such a triumph of Justice, still the duty of separation is not the less imperious. What though the day of retribution for the transgressions of ages be witness all the woes that cowardice and cupidity have ever predicted? Still, the voice of the Omnipotent, louder than all the thunders of heaven, demands that the compact with death and hell be dissolved, that our agreement with hell be abolished.

What though it should baptize the South deep in blood—the fields, the forests, the towns and the plantations should robe her in a pall black as the midnight of despair—still from Nature's depths and from Nature's heights, the mandate goes forth, '*justitia ruat cœlum*,'—be Justice done, though the heavens fall.

What are States and Nations when opposed to the triumph of Justice? Let them perish. Better far were it, than that Slavery should endure, if enterprise and industry were palsied forever, and national prosperity annihilated with them; that we should—better that commerce wrap itself in its own shrouds and hide in the deepest caverns of the ocean—better far that our Republic should perish, than that we should rather let kings turn suicides and queens be mad, and dizzy empires go reeling to the ground—as soon let God and all Nature give up the ghost. Let Justice be done and Righteousness prevail, though it bury every continent in the Universe in undistinguished ruin.

Young Men and Women of Ohio! such are the demands of the passing age upon you. Shall they be nobly and heroically met? It is a glorious warfare and a glorious reward. Let the cause of Humanity, Justice and Liberty, on the one side, and Oppression and Tyranny, bloody with guilt and hoary with age, on the other, be called out our weapons are all stored in the arsenals of heaven.

Shall we gird on the celestial panoply?—Thus armed, who can withstand us? Be bold and faithful, if necessary, even to the death; and if we shall die, we decad chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

Then let us arise and go forth to the conflict. We may not all live to see the consummation of our high hopes, but the reward of the faithful is sure. Tyranny may triumph, Slavery may lay the Land of Liberty in ruins, yet, in the Heaven, no weapon that is formed against us shall long be suffered to prosper.

PARKER PILLSBURY,
JAMES MOTT,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
J. ELIZABETH JONES, } *Committee.*

SALEM, County of Columbiana,
September 24th, 1849.

☞ To this complexion it must come at last, and is fast coming, let who will temporise, doubt, ridicule, or falter. The friends of 'Liberty and Union' in Ohio may rest assured, that there are thousands of earnest spirits in New England, who will respond to their stirring address in the fervent accents, with a shout, and with, as stern a purpose. Let the Southern confession on the floor of Congress never be forgotten:—'The dissolution of the Union is the abolition of slavery!' To this issue must the people of the North be constantly kept.—Ed. Lib.

FATHER MATHEW.

WOODLEE, NEW BEDFORD, OCT. 1, 1849.

RESPECTED FRIEND:—'Father Mathew' has just been making a visit in New Bedford, as you are probably aware. He was received with a great deal of attention, and the full honors of the city were done him.

I was present on two occasions at the Roman Cath. Chapel, where, after a discourse, on the pledge to several hundred, men, women and children. Preceding each, mass was performed; 'Father Mathew' in priestly robes. His manner and appearance were very impressive, and, so far as I could perceive, evinced the sincerity and earnestness for which he is characterized. I could not, however, feel any better conclusion relation to the invitation so politely and naturally extended him, to attend the celebration of the anniversary of West India emancipation, and it sadly marred that which otherwise would have been an interesting occasion to me. I can excuse his preference for his own church, although I cannot excuse the imputation laid upon him of having sinister motives in his visit to this country. This, however, I conclude, grows out of the prejudice against the Roman Church.

Although 'Father Mathew' could not use the common courtesy of replying to the kind invitation of Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, he has written a long and highly complimentary letter to the Mayor of this town, which you will find published in the columns of the Mercury I send herewith. Father M. is very much mistaken if he supposes that the kind reception he received here was without a distinguishing motive. The motive was, I believe, to win with yourself and Dr. Bowditch had been republished in the New Bedford Mercury, and many here, besides abolitionists, had felt their confidence in him broken, by his cold and unkind demeanor on that occasion.

I have heard it whispered that Father M. intends making a public explanation, but I fear it is only a rumor from his friends, who dread the consequences of his sad mistake. I should rejoice, however, if he can make a satisfactory explanation of his conduct; for notwithstanding his fine professions, I find it hard and grievous to condemn the 'Apostle of Temperance.'

I am aware that my letter is somewhat tame, but I have endeavored to be calm and just.

I remain, yours respectfully,
DANIEL RICKETSON.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

Another valuable addition to the anti-slavery literature of the age has just been made by the appearance of a new work in this city, entitled 'SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION, by WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH. It will serve as a text-book for anti-slavery lecturers, and all others who are desirous of being well equipped with facts and arguments in the conflict with the Slave Power, having been prepared with great care as well as consummate ability, and covering as it does a large field of observation. It is published by Robert F. Wallcut, and makes a handsomely printed pamphlet of 156 pages octavo, on fine paper and very legible type. Copies are for sale at 21 Cornhill. We can give, this week, only the table of contents:—1. 'Slavery Agreeable to God's Providence.' 2. Direct Mental Instruction of Slaves. 3. Moral and Religious Condition of the Slaves. 4. Moral and Religious Teachers of the Slaves. 5. Direct Religious Instruction of Slaves. 6. Indirect Instruction.—No Legal Marriage of Slaves. 7. 'Soul Driving.' 8. 'Domestic Slave Trade.' 9. Runaway Slaves. 10. Slaveholding always Wrong. 11. Slaveholding Contrary to its Interpretation. 12. The Constitution according to the Common Meaning of its Terms. 13. The Constitution as its Framers Intended to Make it. 14. The Constitution, according to the Practice of the Government. 15. The Constitution according to the Exposition of its Final Interpreter. 16. No Union with Slaveholders.

'REVIEWS AND ESSAYS. BY E. G. HOLLAND. Boston: WM. HYDE & CO. Cincinnati: J. A. JAMES, 111, Washington Street—1849.' pp. 400, 12 mo.

The reviews in this well-printed volume are on Confucius, William Ellery Channing, and Natural Theology. The subjects of the Essays are—Genius, Beauty, Rising of Thought, The Infinite Harmony, Sorrow, The Immortal Life, Human Freedom and Rights, Justice, Benevolence of Heart, Life as Original Power, the Old and the New.

Mr. Holland has given to the world a work which indicates that he possesses the power of analysis, description, rhetoric, and illustration, in unusual full-ness, with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, the true, and the good. His Review of Channing is remarkably felicitous, and will be read by the admirers of that rare man with great pleasure. It is evident that he is second to none among the number; for he concludes his Review by saying—'If one word may express the true position of this man when among us, it is that of Moses, the meekest man upon earth because of his time, he was the Prophet of the Age.' We shall take occasion, from time to time, to make such extracts from this volume as our limits will allow; in the mean time, commending it to the patronage of the public.

THE SCHOOL SHOULD BE SUSTAINED. We are glad to learn that our colored fellow-citizens, having generally withdrawn their children from the Boston Schools as a testimony against the tyranny which robbing them of their just educational rights and privileges, are endeavoring to sustain a separate independent school, in the Infant School Room, Belknap street, which is already well attended, under the care of the Rev. DANIEL FOSTER, a most competent teacher, and a thorough abolitionist. As the parents are in many cases too poor to pay any thing for the instruction of their children, donations are solicited from the friends of the colored population by the Committee of Supervision, (of whom John T. Hilton is the General Treasurer, 32, Brattle street,) until the case now before the Supreme Court shall have been decided—as no doubt it will be—in favor of our colored citizens. We have no doubt the money will be wisely expended. Though the struggle is a local one, the principle involved is of universal importance, and dear as human liberty.

WILFUL LIES. How many of these can impudently be crowded into a few lines may be seen by reading the following declarations from the Chronicle of Monday:—Carrier to the Chronicle, in his own showing, with an insult to Father Mathew on the end of his tongue (!) The first thing he said, (!) if we remember, for we have not a file of the Liberator, was a glorification of himself, which reflected severely upon Father Mathew (!) Feeling the want of cordiality, (!) the philanthropist rose from his seat, smoothed upon his reverse, (!) and merely parried Mr. Garrison's logic, (!) not understanding thereby how he was to be cooked up in the Liberator.' Let the father of lies beat this, if he can.

INDISPENSABLE TRAVELLING COMPANION. The Pathfinder Railway Guide for the New England States—containing official tables of the hours of departure from each station, and the distances and fares, on all the railway lines in New England, *with a complete Railway map*—No. 5, from Oct. 8th to Nov. 5th, 1849, is issued under direction of the New England Association of Railway Superintendents, has just been published by George K. Snow & Co., 5 Washington street. It fills 80 neatly printed pages, and contains a vast amount of information which will save the travelling public ten thousand questions, and a great deal of uncertainty as to the how, when and where of railway conveyance. Copies are for sale at 21 Cornhill—price 3 cents!

LETTER FROM JAMES HAUGHTON.

85 ECCLES STREET, DUBLIN, 10th Sept., 1849.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—W. W. Brown has been with us, and we all liked him much. What an indomitable spirit is which pronounces such a man a chattel, which, in truth, should be ashamed to be mashed alongsier! I wonder how many of the master class can compete with him in intellectual power. It does not many such among them, the world ought to have them (and no doubt it would have been, if such were the circumstances of the slave) of mental wealth existing in your slave States, that we might have them here in shoals, to drink deep at the fountain spring which bubbles up at the foot of your 'peculiar institution.' There, we might, by drinking largely, become sober, and learn that Heaven, in order to reward the white man for his benevolence and care of those who knew not how to care for themselves, has gifted him with superior intellect, and furnished him with a diploma for teaching morality to the world. Mr. Brown seems to be quite a superior man. Yet, what can public virtue be for him? it was well enough. He has much tact, as well as considerable power as a speaker, so that he greatly interested his audience. I thank you for your letter of introduction, which he handed me. I need hardly say, that as a friend of yours would be welcome to me.

You ought to be aware, that change that has taken place in Massachusetts, in relation to the coloured race, that it is pleasant to feel that no man—stealer will dare to follow Mr. Brown, and drag him back to the hell from which he has made himself free. I sympathize with you heartily, in all your labors on behalf of the coloured man, and I am ever longing for the day when the glad shout of emancipation will resound over a wide extent of your country, filling the hearts of your oppressed millions with gladness, and lighting up the faces of all who labored in the sacred cause with joy unspeakable.

I did not attend the Peace Congress, nor have I heard many particulars of that interesting gathering. I hope soon to get all the news about it from Richard D. Webb. He was there, but has not yet returned home.

I send you herewith a letter addressed to Henry C. Wright. You may publish it in the Liberator, as it will be a certain way of its reaching him. I suppose he is wandering somewhere or other between you and the Pacific; sowing good seed, no doubt, wherever he may be.

I learn from your letter, that Mr. and Mrs. Edy reached their home in safety. If near you, I would wish to be kindly remembered to them, and to their them for the pamphlets they sent me. I spent some hours very pleasantly in their society.

Yours, dear friend, faithfully and affectionately,
JAMES HAUGHTON.

From the Boston Journal of Monday.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK, AND LOSS OF ONE HUNDRED LIVES!

A severe gale from the N. E. commenced on Saturday evening, and raged with great fury during the whole of the night, and throughout the day on Sunday. The gale was probably the most severe of the season, and, we fear, has proved very destructive on the coast. In the vicinity of Boston, tender shrubbery, branches of trees, and fences, in many places have been blown down, and the fruit not gathered has been mostly shaken off and damaged. In the city, the signs and vanes were visible in the great swayings, and, in some cases, in the prostration of chimneys.

In Chelsea, one of the walls of the new brick church, now erecting by Mr. Gerrish, on Chesnut st., for the Universalist Society, was prostrated with a tremendous crash, the walls which had been put up the week, preparatory to laying the roof boards. The damage is estimated at $1000.

The schooner Gazelle, Saint John, Capt. Oliver, from Galway, Ireland, anchored inside Minot's ridge, about 4 o'clock, A. M., on Monday, dragged her anchor and struck on the Grampus ledge about 9, A. M. The Captain, officers and crew, (with the exception of the first mate), took to the boats, and landed safe at the Glades. The passengers who were saved got on pieces of the wreck, and landed near Whitehead, north end of Cohasset beach. The number of passengers aboard was 164, out of which about *one hundred and forty five are supposed to have been lost.* There were 11 of Cohasset, and 9 of Hingham, saved. The number account states that the captain took to the jolly boat, which soon swamped, and he swam to the long boat and was saved, with 10 others. The second mate, two men, and two boys, were lost. The balance of the crew were saved.

As near as we can ascertain among the many conflicting stories, there were 21 saved in all—ten passengers and the captain, and ten of the crew, who came ashore in the long boat. The number lost is impossible to ascertain. According to the captain's story, there were one hundred and twenty on board, in the steerage, and, if he is right in this, there were but *ninety-nine* lost! The passengers who were saved maintain, however, that there were one hundred and fifty passengers aboard, and, if true, would swell the number lost to *one hundred and forty-three!*

Who is Responsible?—The following advertisement appears in the National Intelligencer, Washington, which publishes the official correspondence of our government, *by authority:*

'Wanted—A Negro Woman.—On Tuesday next, the 25th inst., at the public jail in this city, at 12, M. will be sold to the highest bidder, for cash, a Negro Woman, about twenty-two years of age.' C. W. BOTELER, *Jail'r.*

September 20.

The jail at which this woman was advertised to be sold is a general jail, under the control of government. Who, then, will say that the people of the United States are not individually and collectively responsible for all transactions done there by the authority of our laws!

A Southern Alarm.—Two young men from the North, now travelling in Virginia, happening to have two slave boys as cicerones in Richmond, on Sunday night, gave rise to the suspicion of being abolitionist slave stealers. They got clear with some difficulty.

Slave Excitement in Virginia.—We learn from the Alexandria Gazette, that recent attempts by sundry of the slaves in Clarke, Frederick, &c., to escape, have created no little excitement in the upper counties. Patrols are kept up nightly, and the citizens are determined to have a constant lookout for their security.

The Wilmington Slave Case.—The coloured woman, Nancy Butler, recently arrested in Wilmington, Del., on a charge of being a fugitive slave, has been discharged by the judge, on the ground of her being a free woman, and the manumission of the woman being proved.

Kidnapper Arrested.—A man from Massachusetts, named W. C. Parkhurst, has been arrested in Lynchburg, Virginia, on the charge of kidnapping. Va., on the charge of having several months since stolen three negro children from Caroline county, Md., and sold them in Richmond.

New Feature.—The Memphis (Tenn.) merchant advertises, in purchasing his stock of goods in New York, he 'took special care only to deal with those who are opposed to the fanatical abolition crusade against the South, and, in fact, he abandoned several houses of whom he had hitherto purchased, duly informing them of his reasons.'

A Clerical Advocate of Slavery.—Rev. Dr. M. A. Smith, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Virginia, has been travelling through that State, lecturing in favor of slavery, asserting its divine origin, and denouncing those who oppose it publicly. Samuel M. Janney, of Loudon county, wrote a review of Smith's absurdities, and published it in one of the Virginia papers. Thereupon it plot the excitement followed, and Smith and his friends tried to get the Grand Jury of Loudon county, to find Janney, for libel. There was too much Christianity even in a Virginia Grand Jury, to allow them to arraign a man for exercising freedom of thought and speech.

☞ The subject of the following sketch, which we copy from the *Christian Register*, was a strong friend of Reform.

She had borne her protest against a corrupt Church by separating from it; and in circumstances which would have been to most a great temptation, always identified herself with the most radical and hated of Reformers. There is nothing exaggerated in this beautiful tribute of Mr. Phillips.

MRS. ELIZA GARNAUT.

It is hard to comply with your request for some further notice of the character of Mrs. Garnaut. Those of us who knew her feel it impossible to tell her worth, while the words which to us are tame and halting, will be read by strangers as the usual exaggeration of an obituary. I knew her long and intimately, and though it has been my lot to know many rare and devoted men and women, I can truthfully say, the sight of her daily life has enlarged my idea of the reach of human virtue. I am indebted to her for a new lesson of practical Christianity, and I read now the instances of singular heroism and disinterestedness with anointed eyes.

Mrs. Garnaut was the second daughter of John and Ann Jones, born at Swansea, Wales, on the 8th day of April, 1810. While she was at school near Bath, her parents died, leaving to her care an elder sister, then sinking in consumption, and a brother and three sister younger than herself. To these she was a father, mother, brother and sister, watching over their interests and devoted to their welfare till years separated them to various fortunes. Subsequently she married Richard Garnaut, the son of a French emigrant, a mechanic of great taste and ability. They came immediately to America, and finally settled in Boston, where, not three years after her marriage, she lost her husband and eldest child. Left alone, with her infant, in a strange land, without means, and with very few friends, she manifested the same energy and truthfulness, the same putting aside of all regard for her own comfort and profit, which made her last years so efficient and beautiful. After an interval, she connected herself with the Moral Reform Society of Boston, and labored in its cause many years; and when worn out by the varied efforts which her restless benevolence added to the care and confinement of the office she held, became the matron of the Home, established in Albany street for the shelter of orphan and destitute children. Exhausted by watching over two infants who had died of the cholera, with no hope of saving them, but with all the tenderness of a mother's love, she fell herself a victim to the disease, on Monday, the 3d of September, aged thirty-nine years.

This is the outline of a long life, crowded into few years, whose every day was filled with more acts of love and service to others, than most of even the directly benevolent are able or privileged to do in years.

The Societies with which she was connected were devoted to special objects; not so her heart. Her ceaseless activity made light of cares which were enough for the whole strength and the whole twelve hours of others; and found leisure to seek out and relieve all kinds of distress. Hers was practical doing of good, and no service was too humble for her to perform. Children left in cellars by drunken parents, and brought to her so famished and diseased that other benevolent institutions, though rich in municipal bounty, refused to take them in, she received; not to give to domestics, (she had none,) but to wash, tend, cure and serve herself. Women and young persons for whom John Augustus could find no shelter elsewhere, he carried without a doubt to her; and in those many cases where a woman's influence and aid are indispensable, Mrs. Garnaut was his adviser and companion. To the forsaken victim of seduction or temptation, she has again and again given up her own room and bed, hoping that, if under her care, she could strengthen their faltering resolution, and give them back to reconciled families. Again and again deceived, she has gone on with loving patience, and been rewarded at last with abundant success. Women ruined by love of drink, and passing almost all their time in the House of Correction, fled to her for refuge from themselves; and lived usefully and virtuously, after struggles and falls which would have tired out any heart and any faith but hers. In hundreds of towns are little ones whom her exertions have saved from utter neglect or the worse influence of abandoned parents, and provided with homes and instruction. Insane girls, for whom she has found one shelter after another, from which morbid suspicions would drive them, always came back to her and rested content while under her roof. The morning after her death, it was painful to witness the bitter grief of homeless and friendless persons, gathered by the news, who felt that they had lost both parent and friend. She died watching over what all saw were the death beds of children, from which so many fled, whose parents she had never seen; and in this, her death was the exact type of a life given, so much of it, to those who from vice or extreme youth could not repay her even with gratitude.

A young woman, she put aside all thoughts of insult, or danger to herself, in reaching any she sought to save. Among a good purpose, she entered fearlessly, along, the most abandoned haunts of men, returned on shipboard at night to snatch a victim from certain ruin, and, plain in speech, feared neither statue nor wealth in her rebuke.

Wherever Mrs. Garnaut was, might be said to be the centre of benevolent effort. Yet, as her society devoted to children, still she could not shut her door to want, even in adults. The emigrant who had neither acquaintances nor work, the criminal who needed aid, the fugitive slave, the sick woman, were all welcomed, or visited, or provided for. Many years of devoted labor she kept her house open to a large circle of friendless beings, and in every new trouble they fled to her. While engaged in Moral Reform, she did as much for the intemperate, and gave her nights to sick chambers, where, save her unwearied love, none but the physician ever entered. Before the most loathsome disease, in the agonies of the same, she put life vice, neither her faith nor her love ever faltered. When others thought they had done enough, and gave up, she still persevered, forgiving seventy times seven; and the poor wanderer seemed to feel there was one heart that would never be alienated or wearied, and in every passing hour of virtuous resolution sought her, with full assurance of sympathy and aid, like a child who knows a mother's heart will never cease to hope; and in many cases was her faith sustained. Much doubtless was owing to the fascination of a manner, received by every one who came within its influence. It was the fitting expression of a heart overflowing with love for every human being.

Her own means, the little presents to her child, the compensation paid her, were used to enable the institution she controlled to go on; and they were given away as freely as the funds specially committed to her for distribution. She never looked upon anything as her own. Dr. Follen has made a beautiful use of the sculpture of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. The emigrant, the intemperate woman just reformed, with too poorly clad to get places, the sick girl without friends or means, for whom this loving stranger has taken the shawl from her own shoulders, the shoes from her own feet, could have pointed to a daily practice of the same love.

Her life was cheered with some testimonies of gratitude, and a thousand histories of touching interest lie buried in her grave. She was a child to the last in her undoubting faith, in her entire unconsciousness of her own peculiar traits, and in the joyousness of her spirits. But though a child in her love and her unselfishness, she was profoundly alive to all the great questions of reform and social improvement. Taken early from school, life had been her only education, and with no leisure for books, she had learned through her affections; and here, as our wisest statesman has said, 'the heart was the best logician.' She saw the right with the unerring intuition of good heart. Neither sect, class, color or country affected her feelings. In education, social reorganization, anti-slavery, the amelioration of punishments, the advancement of woman, she took a deep and intelligent interest, and how slight was the effect of all her toil on evils which grew from false principles. She had good intellectual ability, sound practical sense, rare judgment, sagacity that few could deceive, that probed every case, and did, what she did, intelligently.

Bereaved in so many of her relations, separated from her kindred, constantly in the presence of so much sickness and want, she was yet always young, the sunshine of any circle, enjoying life intensely, happy under all circumstances, full of health, her day perpetual gladness, as if the pathway had been as full of heaven as the heart that trod it.

We say of some, and very truly, that theirs is a Christian life; but it is very rare that, as in this case, the traits of any one are so unalloyed as actually to remind us of, to recal, the traits of the great Master. I never knew one so unconsciously persuasive with the thought that she 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' She literally 'cared for nothing,' but like Luther's bird, rested all her interests on the Infinite Love, after which her own life and spirit were so closely copied.

The marked peculiarity of her character was this entire giving up of herself to others, and the beauty of her perfect unconsciousness of it. We see many unselfish, many disinterested, many devoted persons. But neither word, nor all combined, at all describe Mrs. Garnaut. What others do with effort, or, at most, from a sense of duty, in her seemed nature. Yet not the heedless generosity of childhood or sentiment, but the harmonious working of a nature which existed *only to serve others* as naturally as a tree grows. So utterly unconscious was she of this active and unceasing benevolence, that she neither seemed to think herself different from others, or to deem they ought to leave the usual way of the world to be like her.

She had that rare union, great tenderness and great firmness of character. Though her heart bled at the sight of war, yet she faced and alleviated suffering in the most horrid description with a spirit full of courage and hope.

She died, worn out, doing all her kind heart dictated, and all the wretched needed, but more than one person's strength, or the means placed in her hands, were sufficient to do. Her life she had herself still to give, and died in the sacrifice. All this, so feebly described, was the work of one young woman, left in a strange land, without means and without friends. Those who knew her, have the 'joy of remembering that they did not entertain this angel unawares.' Her death practically breaks up the society she served. The Institution, unspeakably useful, will be continued, but the motherly love, the tenderness, the readiness for every toil, the sympathy for all wo, the preeminent ability, working wonders with nothing, the heart which made the Home so beautiful to visit, as well as so variously useful, are gone. What she created, what nothing but her unique character sustained, dies with her.

As was said of the good English Bishop,—'Surely the life of one like this ought not to be forgotten. I, who saw her and knew the worth of it, shall, I trust, never recollect it without being better for it. And if I can succeed in showing it so truly to the world that they also may be the better for it, I shall do them an acceptable service.'

Yours truly,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

Friend Garrison,—Before proceeding further in my remarks concerning the Church, it seems proper to state, that I claim not the honorable appellation of *come-outer*, in the full import of the term. I never was a member of the Church. The honor of breaking one of her ponderous shackles in order to escape from her all consuming maw belongs to others. But I looked round me, among my fellow-creatures. I witnessed their condition, moral and physical. I turned my eye toward the Church. The smoke from her altars was ascending; but no balm was she preparing for the weak and wounded, sick and sore. Need any unsophisticated person know, who reads, what I attempt to draw a faithful portrait of the Church?

Yours for the clear sunshine of truth and righteousness on every portion of God's heritage,

MONITOR.

TO MONITUS.

Can any one of the least discernment, for a moment believe that the Church is of Christ? Is there any evidence to prove that she is the true Church—the 'bride'? If so, what need of any effort from without to reform her?

'Has she not living faith within,
Her life and strength to feed?'

Will not she be likely to grow in grace, without any aid or culture at our hands? Or, is it thought that in her hour of need, the bridegroom has forsaken her? Did Monitus so learn Christ? If thus forsaken, her friends may well ask aid for her; nor should we marvel that they are not fastidious about the source whence aid may come. But Monitus, do you really believe that the promise of the Master—'I am with you always, even unto the end of the world'—has been broken? Do you believe that the spiritual presence and aid of Christ are ever withdrawn from his church on earth? Where, then, do you repose your faith? If Christ is not there, the Church is not of him; there the bride does not exist; there the true disciples are not found.

'Ye are my disciples, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' Has the Church kept the Master's words? Has she obeyed his commandments? She has kept the Sabbath!' Anything else? No. But still, Monitus thinks she is better than the world. What, mankind? Common humanity outside of the Church!—mankind in general? Very good—'The Sabbath was made for man.' (Your Church seems made for the Sabbath.) 'Man is lord of the Sabbath.' The Church is servant of the Sabbath. How much better is the unprofitable, unworthy servant of the Sabbath, than is the Sabbath's lord? If honesty is better than hypocrisy, just in the same proportion is the world better than the Church. Yes, Monitus, have asked me to labor to reform the Church. It would be a fruitless labor, a useless waste of time. It is not worth the trouble. I would as soon attempt to mend a broken egg-shell. Slavery is its chief corner-stone. Take that away, and your lofty pile will crumble in pieces. Think you that the Master will ever enter there, while the accursed foundation remains? Never! All the stones of its base are cemented only with the blood of the Southern bondman and bondmaid. Its steeple points to heaven—its crying sins alone do reach the throne of God! We all do know she cannot heal herself. If she ever possessed healing power, it has, long since, left her. None other than the angel of death will ever 'trouble the waters' in the black and stagnant pool of the Church. The curse of a righteous God rests upon her.

Can you name any enterprise of moral reform at which the Church has not shaken her palsied forefinger? Can you point me to a single department of science against which she has never raised her withering wand? Can you mention any important discovery, deeply affecting the interests of humanity, at which she has not been 'struck distraught'? He whom she unworthily calls Master was never afraid of the truth, from whatever source it might emanate. He loved the truth—loved to utter it at all times, in all places. He always preferred the divine expediency—or, truth, with him, it was EXPEDIENCY. It made him free. It makes his disciples free. The Church fears the truth; and well she may. She knows that every triumph of truth is a mighty blow, struck at the corrupt foundation of her false faith. In this connexion I may mention one of the religious licenses of the Church—that which allows a lie may be told for the glory of God' (!!) It may be, professedly, obsolete. I know not that it is so practically. I do know that she fears the truth. It may yet be learn that she has any real dread of falsehood. But, the license: Did the idea on which it rests grow out of the 'religious sentiment' of the Church? The 'wicked world' never believed that God would father a lie for his own glory. It is certain that the Church did never 'learn of Christ' that lesson. Christ laid down his life for the human family. The Church will not move a finger in the same behalf, much less would she endanger her quiet. Christ was called the Prince of Peace—a sorry 'bride' for him would be the Queen of Quiet. 'Her character is all false to the Master's.'

There are outrages incorporated into the 'sacred' institution, of which even ministers of hell should be ashamed, if they are guilty of any such offences. I speak in reference to 'the tables of the money changers,' and those who sell for sordid gold, not 'doves' merely, but the image of God, in shape or alabaster, as the case may be. It matters not what color may be the face, if so be it is a human face. Humanity is of no particular color.

'A man's a man, or black or white.'

Is it not a blighting sin, a burning shame to the Church, that her professing members, in 'regular standing,' in 'good fellowship,' are guilty of buying and selling their brethren and sisters, members of the same churches with themselves? thus separating husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters forever from each other! Is it not a monstrous sin against God? And yet, what Northern church, even, can be found, with such iniquity? What pious face crimsons at witnessing this enormity? No wonder that 'infidels' are called upon to help reform the Church! No wonder that some laboring reformers 'choose a position' outside the Church to fight the common enemy! No wonder that good men and devout are beginning to give a strictly literal interpretation to the text, 'One day in thy house is better than a thousand,' when they see the 'temple' changed to a den of fiend-mongers—morally, 'a den of thieves.' Let the 'wicked world' blush for the 'holy church'! The reconciliation of the Church is too 'small' to suffuse her withered cheek with shame.

Is the enormous evil we have just been considering any evidence of the 'love and unity' in the Church? Does it constitute any part of the charm which is to enchant the world, and fill the souls of men with admiration of the Church, sticking in the mire of sin? 'See how these Christians love one another!' Friend Monitus, is this the proof that 'the Church is better than the world'? When you made that assertion, you stated that it was not saying much. But, was it not saying quite too much—more than you can prove? Do you cannot clear the Church from this foul stain. I think you cannot satisfy yourself that this evidence of her fitness to 'swallow up the little anti-slavery band.' The best that you can do will be, perhaps, to call the sin 'organic,' like other sins belonging to the Church. At all events, it is a 'rub' which 'even cannot 'rub out,' though most devoutly you may 'wish to.'

Why does not the Church make some effort to rid herself of her gosts? Are they in the majority? Possibly. Be that as it may, 'union is strength!' Ah! there is a wound she has received, which, to her, is such strength better than weakness? Is not her 'life' a death-like sleep? Is not her 'wisdom' foolishness, made up of vain deception? What is her 'piety' but solemn mockery? She has no love for man—can she love God? Has she recovered her 'deed of charity' will have a weak, lighter blow at—the story will be wondrous short! No one can be ignorant about her 'sins of omission'—they cry aloud to Heaven!

What do your champions of the Church suppose? that the come-outers are only talking? Do you suppose that we are blind to the deformities' of the corrupt Church? The world begins to see the Church in truer light. What do your champions think about *themselves*? Do they deceive themselves with the thick smoke of their frankincense? Or, is it to deceive the world that they offer such incense? Now, either the 'wicked world,' or those who remain in the Church, must be most egregiously at fault. How is it? Cannot we decide? If the Church is as we have represented her, you, Monitus,—if you are of her,—are lending your influence to perpetuate the most blighting curse that ever fell upon the moral atmosphere of the civilized world. That the Church is not what she professes to be, you have virtually admitted; so, also, have many others. Without these admissions on the part of the Church-men, her rottenness would be but too apparent. Be not deceived—God is not mocked.

The Church cannot get up a 'revival' in these days. I suspect she finds it difficult to 'hold her own,' without attempting to add much to her numbers. But Monitus must not suppose that the 'little anti-slavery band' has hands to spare for the Church. For myself, I deprecate the time when it shall cease to be to us and the pro-slavery Church. From my inmost soul I protest against it. I go for immediate dissolution, at all hazards. Anti-slavery has nothing to expect from the Church—what to fear? I insist on jealous adherence to our cardinal watchwords, 'No Union with Slaveholders!' 'No concealment!' 'No compromise.' But I would that those friends of the slave who are in strange places, might come home—be with us, if they are of us. Let us have a thanksgiving conference this fall—a 'love-feast,' if you will. The term 'come-outer' will not alarm them much, when one 'out' of the Church. Let us all consecrate ourselves afresh to the cause of humanity and of God.

The Church cannot rebuke any popular sin. *Intemperance* did not often tremble on her lips (except in its unavailing cries) till it was safe to be decidedly unpopular. Then she stood (or sate) ready to lend a hand in keeping the jubilee; and her croaking voice helped, in the grand chorus, to make up the variety—an addition, if not an improvement. But the anti-slavery cause once become popular, and the 'inspiring theme,' if not the 'heart and tongue' of the hoary sinner, will be 'employed' in praising her most formidable enemy—freedom. Thus it is with her in regard to every reform.

She is 'law-abiding' to a fault. Law, merciless as it is, does not compel to self-crimination. It, binds not the Church to 'cry aloud and spare not' the sins which it loves.' If the 'whole church' would preach *half* the gospel, 'infidels' would be 'astonished at her doctrine,' and would be led to exclaim, 'We never saw it in this wise!' Yet, the Church would be represented by Christ would be to her a most withering rebuke; the sermon, if faithful, a stern condemnation of her. She 'studies the things which make for her own *safety*. If her gosts were all transformed into wolves, and her sheep all changed to goats, I do not believe she would be disturbed. Perhaps the voice of her Master might rouse her from her dreamings. She fears the world—courts the world's applause. We are constantly told that she is alive, and mighty. Truth is mightier. With truth for our shield, we meet her to oppose.

If the mission of anti-slavery be to 'leaven the lump of society, the Church, and the world,' what is the mission of the Church? To 'keep the Sabbath,' I suppose. If the Church, 'the religious influence and sentiment of the country,' were really Christian, it would not need reforming—certainly no extraneous influence would be required to reform it. Anti-Christian as she is, I do not deem it worth the effort. When the Church shall finally take her place among other venerable relics of the past, let Christian Charity write her epitaph; and let her biography be comprehended in the epitaph. Two words will be amply sufficient—

RUSTED OUT.

I have said that the Church is not of Christ. I would be still more explicit; for, I believe, a gross misapprehension, on that point, exists. I have not learned that Christ ever established any church. And, I would ask, what had he ever to do with either Church or State? Certainly, very little—nothing, except to vent at them the overflowings of his righteous indignation. There is no Church of Christ in all the world. What rites and ceremonies did he institute? Breaking of bread, and eating and drinking when hungry and thirsty; praying when moved by a devotional spirit; washing the feet of his fellows, and other necessary and useful acts of loving kindness and humanity. Such were 'the modes and forms' which he approved. The Church of Christ is yet to be built. Its foundation, I know, has been laid in deeds of benevolence and charity. Who will build thereon? I bid him God speed! Christ went about doing good. Who will follow in his blessed footsteps? Let him take up the cross, and follow. Let him unblind, wrestling, and go onward. And let every true soul freely give him a full share of generous sympathy.

Humanity has fully outgrown her ancient nursery. The clerical 'baby-house' is quite too small for her. She demands, and she must have more room to grow in her growth. She is fully out of the Church, for her, has lost its charms. Putting away childish things, the hoary matron's melodies she lays aside with the rest. The withered dame begins to find it difficult to keep the youthful maiden's shoe-strings tied, and her stockings—they are guilty of bagging, wear are so insufferably tight. She does not want a rattle. Less is she pleased with the accustomed ratle of 'dry bones.' She speaks in earnest when she asks for light and air, more room, more freedom. Second-hand inspiration she no longer craves. She has to have her spiritual drink all fresh and pure, even from the living stream direct. The chaff and husks of priestcraft can only help to starve the hungry soul. Yes, when the human soul does hunger, nought but the inspiration of the Eternal can feed and fully satisfy.

God's love is free as air,
His inspiration free;
All men his love may share,
All men his spirit may be.
As from above
Pour light and heat,
Heaven's gifts are free,
With light and love.

MONITOR.

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

To the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, and Friends of the Massachusetts A. S. Society:

Dear Friends—You do not need to be reminded that the season is approaching for holding the Annual Anti-Slavery Fair in this city. For fifteen years past, the anti-slavery portion of the State and of the country, aided so effectually by the anti-slavery women of England, Scotland and Ireland, have nobly sustained and carried forward this work, and made it productive of most important aid, directly and indirectly, to the anti-slavery cause. It has been the chief fountain from which the anti-slavery treasury has been replenished from year to year; it has furnished the means of diffusing information by tracts, of sustaining in part the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society—the Standard—and of sending out lecturing agents, eloquent and fearless, into all parts of the Northern States. Much has been undertaken, and much accomplished, through the instrumentality of this Fair. Though the whole amount of funds raised by its means, with all other contributions to the anti-slavery cause superadded, has been but as the small dust of the balance when compared with the sums which are lavished on the slaveholders of this community annually pours into Missionary treasuries, yet such has been the favor of God towards the work, that with these humble means, great and most astonishing results have been brought about. We have the greatest cause to labor on with new faith and redoubled zeal.

It has appeared to many of us, friends, that much more might be done to make the annual Fair effective than has ever yet been done, or even attempted. From different quarters, the suggestion has come to us, that a more uniform, general, and organized effort ought to be made this year, than ever has been made. If every abolitionist, every friend of the slave, and of his immediate elevation to the dignity and rights of a man, should feel it an imperative and indispensable duty to furnish a contribution to the Fair himself, and make it part of his (or her) anti-slavery duty to solicit contributions from every neighbor and friend who sympathizes with the sorrows and feels for the wrongs of the slave, the articles of the Fair would be vastly increased in extent, number, and variety, it would become a most desirable resort for the purchase of useful articles, as well as beautiful and ornamental articles, and the receipts in consequence would be proportionably enlarged.

We therefore submit to you, friends, a suggestion, and urge it upon your immediate and serious attention. Let a committee be appointed in each town, where but a handful even of abolitionists may reside, whose duty it shall be to solicit contributions, in that town, of whatever articles, agricultural, mechanical, domestic, &c., it may be in the power of any one to contribute to the Anti-Slavery Fair. And if in any town there should be but one or two working abolitionists, let them constitute *themselves* such a committee, and go to the work without misgiving or gainsaying. When their work is completed, or nearly so, and articles have been promised or given, let the committee give notice of their doings, by letter, to some one of the Managers of the Fair, who will be named hereafter; or to the undersigned, who will forward all such intelligence. We hope to hear of the formation of great numbers of these Town Committees on the Fair. We pray you, friends of the slave, not to leave it to a comparatively few towns, scattered up and down in New England, and to a few individuals in those towns, to sustain alone the burden and labor of the annual Fair. Let us make a strong, a vigorous, a *united* effort, and we shall accomplish a work which shall cause the slave to leap up for joy, and give him hope that the day of his redemption draweth nigh.

The plan is simple and practical; the union of all true hearts and willing hands. Each one is to work, nor wait for his neighbor. It is humanity, duty, justice, God, which call us. Let the voice be heard in every part of our State, and of old New England. In every farm-house, and in every workshop, in the field and by the wayside, in public and in private, let the slave's cry come to us, even as it goes up continually before God. And so let us answer, as we would be answered ourselves.

Next week, we shall publish one or more letters which we have received, or shall receive, from friends, on this subject.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

SAMUEL MAY, JR., *General Agent.*

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

In connexion with the appeal of the General Agent inserted in last week's paper and again to-day, we call attention to the following letter of an intelligent and devoted friend of the anti-slavery cause, resident in Plymouth County. His suggestions are excellent, and will commend themselves to our readers for their good sense. We hope to see them generally adopted in practice.—M.

S. Abington, 1849.

Friend May,—I have long thought that much more might be done for the Anti-Slavery cause, through the National A. S. Bazaar, if a more vigorous and systematic course were pursued in the several towns. Suppose the Mass. Board, or Managers of the Bazaar, should recommend to friends of the cause, in greate abolitionists in each of the towns where any aid could be expected, to solicit donations of money, manufactured articles, farm produce, &c., and also to endeavor to form sewing circles, and if possible enlist the sympathy of woman more fully in the cause. It is believed that many would be induced to this way, if properly pursued. Manufacturers of boots, shoes, carpet-tacks, hats, caps, cabinet wares, tin wares, wooden ware, &c. &c., might be induced to give some highly finished article of their manufacture, if for no other purpose than to show their skill or advertise their goods. Then again, traders may be solicited for materials, and money collected might in some instances be used in the purchase of articles for the sewing circle, and thus be increased in value by the operation. Indeed, I have known a few dollars so expended, double in value by a very little effort. Secretaries of County Societies could easily give the names of individuals in their several localities, and such persons could be appointed from the proper source.

If some such plan were adopted and carried forward in earnest, I think several hundred dollars might be forwarded from the different towns in this County, and probably an equal or larger amount from many others.

Trusting that no apology is needed for offering the above suggestions for your consideration,—knowing that your position and experience entitle you to judge of their utility,—I remain,

Very respectfully, &c.,
SAMUEL DYER.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The ANNUAL FAIR of the Weymouth and Braintree Anti-Slavery Society will be open on the evening of MONDAY, the 15th of October, in the Hall owned by the Engine Company, the use of which has been kindly granted for this occasion. The articles offered for sale will be more numerous and beautiful than ever before, and the variety so great as to suit all classes of purchasers.

The Fair will continue open through the week, and the Refreshment Table will be constantly supplied with *Tea, Coffee, Cakes, Fruit, Cold Meats, &c.* There will be MUSIC, at the commencement of evening, and it is earnestly hoped that the friends of the cause in all the region round about will assist by their presence in the festivities of the occasion.

We shall give no formal Tea Party, but Tea and Coffee will be provided every evening from 6 until 10 o'clock, at the Hall.

On the evening of THURSDAY, the 18th, an Address will be delivered in the Universalist Meeting House, by WENDELL PHILLIPS; the meeting to commence at 7 o'clock.

From the friends of the cause, donations of Tea, Coffee, Milk, Cakes, Pies, &c., are earnestly solicited, or donations in money, which will be equally serviceable.

Articles for the Refreshment Table may be sent to the Engine Hall on the morning of the 15th, or left with any member of the Society. We call upon the community in which we reside for assistance in this effort, respectfully urging upon *all* the command—

☞ '*Remember those in bonds as bound with them.*'

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The British steamer Canada arrived at New York on Wednesday P. M. last week, having made the trip to and from Liverpool in less than thirty days, including all detentions!

The Commercial Advertiser's London correspondent, in reviewing the recent cruel act of Gen. Haynau, says that the hanging of the Bishop of Erlau was followed by the similar execution of sixty Hungarian ministers of the Gospel, who were charged with praying for the success of their country's cause.

AUSTRIAN AND HUNGARIAN ARMY.

The latest accounts from Vienna extend to the 13th inst. inclusively, and bring the intelligence of the surrender of Petervardein, the fortress of Peter, on the 9th inst. Part of the Magyars, headed by the commander, Kiss, desired to hold out, but the majority determined to offer no longer resistance.

Comorn had not surrendered, and large supplies of warlike stores had been forwarded to the Austrian troops, in order to maintain the blockading operations. The garrison of Comorn was said to amount to 25,000 or 30,000 men, and to be well supplied with provisions, but in a completely undisciplined state. The terms of the Magyars are said to have been an amnesty for the whole garrison, passports for all those who might wish to leave the country, recognition of Kossuth's notes to the full value. To the common soldiers pay for ten days, and to officers for a month.

It was rumored that Bem had fallen into the hands of the Russians in Wallachia.

Georgey passed through Vienna on the 11th, on his way to Styria. He was accompanied by his wife and physician, his escorts, and the Austrian Major Andrassy. He was still suffering from the wounds in the head which he received at Temesvar.

According to the Vienna journals of the 13th, 80,000 men are to besiege Comorn under the orders of Generals Haynau and Wohlgemuth. The bombardment was to commence on that day. The Austrians had occupied a great part of the island of Schutte, without resistance, but part of the insurgent army is strongly entrenched camp before the fortress, and it is expected that a battle would ensue there.

The Hungarian officers had been put to death at Arad, two at Temesvar, one by hanging; and the estates of two were confiscated.

Italy.—The Pope has quitted Gaeta, and has proceeded to Naples, where he has taken up his abode in Portico Palace. His reception at Naples was of the most striking nature. The Pope, however, refused to receive an intention of returning to Rome at present, and thus far no real progress seems to have been made towards a satisfactory solution of the station question.

☞ The Queen of Naples has been delivered of a princess, who has been baptized by Pius IX. Her name number *thirty-two*, the first batch being—Maria della Grazia Pia.

RUSSIA.

In order to repair the losses sustained by the Russian troops in Hungary, it is said that, if the sword, the Emperor has ordered a fresh levy of recruits.

The Grand Duke of Rahad expired at Warsaw on the 3d. His remains have been embalmed, and will be carried to St. Petersburgh to be interred in the family vault of the Romanoffs.

The Emperor quitted Warsaw for St. Petersburgh, on the 10th.

TURKEY.

The London Sun says: The Sultan has refused to deliver up the Hungarian refugees to Austria. Hope or to Abdul Meshid—honor to the Turkish Ministry; they have nobly done their duty, and refused to become panders to the vindictive blood-thirstiness of Francis Joseph and of Nicholas.

The Russian and Austrian ambassadors at the Porte demanded the extradition of the Hungarian officers Kossuth, Dembinski, Percsel, Messaros, and their companions. In consequence of the strong representations of the 15th, on a special mission, namely, to bully the Sultan into a compliance with the demands of Austria. A council was held yesterday, at which it was resolved not to surrender the Hungarian refugees to either the Russian or the Austrian Government. On the Russian ambassador leaving the Sublime Porte, he declared that the refugees should not be given up, let the consequences be what they might. We trust that the Turkish Ministry will act as nobly at the Sublime Porte, that Russia and Austria will be given distinctly to understand that war with Turkey for such a cause means war with England.

We are rejoiced to find that Kossuth and his companions are furnished with passports from the English Ambassador at Constantinople, every assistance and support will be rendered by England to the independence of his country against the attacks of Russia and her vassal Austria.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The insurrection in the island of Cephalonia has gained ground. Since the troops sent out of Malta have not proved sufficient, the Lord High Commissioner proceeded there in person, and had a narrow escape with his life. A soldier was shot dead at his side. Martial law is in full vigor. Seven of the insurgents have been sentenced to death, and executed. A portion of the English squadron stationed at Malta, is under weigh for Cephalonia, and it is hoped that tranquillity will soon be established.

☞ The French ship Roland was totally lost on Chapelle Island, at Manilla, on the 26th of August. She had on board a large number of the unfortunate Spanish Americans, bound for California, a number of whom were drowned, and those who survived were left entirely destitute, having lost every thing.

☞ In Berks county, Pennsylvania, poor house, Frederick Stahl, a German, murdered his wife and daughter with a razor and hatchet, and then took his own life. It is supposed that he was induced to commit the act by the hopeless condition of his wife, who was insane, and that of his daughter, long confined to her bed by lameness, and unable to utter a word.

Fires.—At Westchester, N. Y., the country residence of G. W. Hutchins, of the firm of Disbrow & Hutchins, known as the Dickey, known as the Dickey place, was set on fire on the morning of Wednesday and entirely consumed, with its costly furniture, valuable library, &c., the family, nine in number, barely escaping with their lives. The fiend-like incendiary had fired the building by lighting straw on the outside, so placed as to reach the first floor, from which Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins were sleeping. Insurance, only $1600 on the property.

Dreadful Mortality.—On the 22d ult., the cholera broke out amongst the hands employed in cutting broom corn, on the farm of J. O. B. Rennick, near Lockbourne, above Circleville, Ohio. There were twenty hands in the employ of Rennick, and twenty from the time of the first attack, no less than thirty of the seventy were swept into the grave.

Immigrants at Boston.—The number of vessels that have brought passengers to the port of Boston, for the quarter ending Oct. 1st, is 336. The number of passengers landed, 13,869; whole number which arrived in the same months last year, 7,295; showing an increase of 6,574.

Poor Luckless Dogs.—The New York Commercial Advertiser says that three thousand five hundred and twenty dogs were killed this year in New York city, south of Forty-Second street, at an expense of $1760.

Clerical Quarrel.—The Transcript says that the Rev. Joy H. Fairchild, of the Payson Church, South Boston, has commenced a suit with John B. Sumner, Judicial Court against the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., of the Berkeley Street Church, in Boston, for libel and slander, laying the damages at $10,000.

Railroad Accident.—Two persons were killed on the Harlem Railroad, near Pleasantville, lately, by the engine being thrown off the track.

Cholera.—As the steamer Nile was recently passing up the Lake with about 300 Mormon emigrants on board, the cholera broke out among them on Lake Huron in a very malignant form, and before the boat arrived at Chicago, twelve had died and were buried in the Lake. There were fifteen others lying sick, most of them in a collapsed state.

Reward.—Henry B. Stanton has been nominated as Democratic candidate for Senator for Yates, Seneca and Tompkins counties, New York, a strong Democratic district.

☞ We regret to announce the death of Edgar A. Poe, the well known author. He died in Baltimore on the 7th inst.

☞ At Toledo, Ohio, night of September 27th, one hundred feet of the Grass Creek bridge were burned down.

West Lebanon, N. H., Oct. 6th.

A sad occurrence befell the passenger train, from a mile below this, last evening, by running upon a bullock, throwing the engine, tender and baggage car off the track, and killing a fireman.

NOTICE.

The *Green Plain* (Ohio) *Yearly Meeting of Friends*, who have adopted the Congregational order, will commence on seventh day, the 27th of the 10th mo., (Nov. 10th,) and continue the following week. Practical goodness will find a welcome in our counsels. We meet not to lengthen the cords of sect, but to exercise our religious sentiment in the diffusion of principles that shall hasten the overthrow of oppression and violence in the land. Several distinguished strangers are expected to be present.

Selma, Clark Co., Ohio.

BOURNE SPOONER, *Pres.*

H. H. Brigham, *Sec.*

LUCY STONE,

An Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:

Hanover,	Saturday,	October 13.
[Will attend the county meeting at Hanson, Sunday, Oct. 14.]		
South Abington,	Tuesday,	October 16.
Canton,	Thursday,	" 18.
Walpole,	Saturday,	" 20.
East Walpole,	Sunday,	" 21.

BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

☞ The annual meeting of the Boston Female A. S. Society will be held at the house of Dr. Lewis, 25 Southwick, No. 4 High street, on Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

As the last quarterly meeting was omitted, it is hoped that the members will be unusually prompt on this occasion.

SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, *Rec. Sec.*

Boston, Oct. 3, 1849.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

Henry Bot Stanton and Charlotte Stearns will hold anti-slavery meetings as follows:

Norton,	Friday,	" October 12.
Raynham,	Saturday,	" " 13.
Bridgewater,	Sunday,	" " 14.
North do.	Monday,	" " 15.
Stoughton,	Tuesday,	" " 16.
Canton,	Wednesday,	" " 17.
Foxboro',	Thursday,	" " 18.
Mansfield,	Friday,	" " 19.

Notice. Communications for the undersigned should now be addressed to him at 21 Cornhill, Boston.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.

DIED—In Weymouth, Oct. 6th, Mrs. Betsey Lincoln, aged 78 years.

Rarely is the spirit of genuine Christianity more truly exemplified than in the life and character of this excellent woman. She exhibited her faith in the gospel not merely by the utterance of 'Lord, Lord,' but by doing the works that he has commanded. The abolition of slavery and intemperance, the downfall of the gallows, the relief of the imprisoned, the prisoner, were the offspring of the spirit of sect and bigotry—these were objects dear to her heart; and for their furtherance she labored with a hopeful earnestness that neither age nor infirmity could abate. Her death, in strict correspondence with such a life, was marked with all was characterized by that kindly and unaffected benevolence that embraces in its extent all of every creed, condition and color. Long a friend to the Anti-Slavery Society in the cause of the bondman, she is greatly deplored. For many years we have witnessed her self-denying labors, and sympathized with her earnest enthusiasm. May these hallowed remembrances stimulate our exertions, and in seasons of doubt or discouragement, may they impart continuance in well doing! So recollected, alike as an incentive and an example.

A. W. W.

Weymouth, Oct. 9.

Female Medical School,

BOSTON.

CONDUCTED by the American Medical Education Society. Fees, $50 for the Entire Course. The third term of instruction in Midwifery will commence Nov. 1, 1849, and continue three months. Tuition, $25, in advance. Address or apply to the Secretary of the Society.

Sept. 28 3t SAMUEL GREGORY,
25 Cornhill.

POETRY.

From the National Era.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Now rouse, ye foes of Tyranny!
Sons of the free, awake!
A mighty gage is on the board,
The soul of man the stake!
In the streets of San Francisco
Human flesh and blood are sold;
And Slavery's hoof-print, deep and broad,
Is on the land of gold!

Since deep beneath the valley's green
Our sires were laid at rest,
Our banner's fold and eagle's wing
Have spread from East to West;
And, answering to the thunder
Of the dark Atlantic's roar,
The broad swell of the Western sea
Breaks on the Western shore.

And onward toward the setting sun
Pours still the human tide,
And the red man's race have fled before
The ruthless conqueror's stride;
By the woodman's axe and axe
The forests pass away,
And the cornfields of the emigrant
Wave in the sun's bright ray.

They have crossed the glorious rivers,
Scaled the mountain's rocky wall,
And the dark ravines now echo
To the keen gold-hunter's call;
This day, from the far-distant camp,
Where late the panther trod,
The sons of brave New England
Call on their fathers' God.

And as fast the foot-marks gather
To-day upon that main,
That scarce the startled ocean
Can wash them out again;
But the arms which keep that broad land,
The banner there unfurled,
Shall lead on in shame or glory
Down the pathway of the world.

There shall the Yankee ploughman
Turn the furrow to the sky,
While the solemn psalms of Yankeedom
Wake the frightened wild wolf's cry;
There shall spring up the village,
With its steepled church and vane,
And the school-house by the roadside,
Stand mid fields of golden grain.

There shall be the city's crowded marts,
And throngs of busy men,
And the railroad train shall rush along
The now untrodden glen;
The dusty street shall stretch its line
Through yonder silent dell,
And the dark woods hear at peep of dawn
The factory's early bell.

Wilt thou bear it, O, New England,
That this goodly land be given
To the blighting of the slave-chain—
To the scorn of Earth and Heaven!
Shall the sun which o'er thy free-born
Sends his first morning ray,
Set on a land of bondmen
In a night which knows no day!

Shall the occupants of thrones break off
The fetters from the slave,
While the boasting sons of Liberty
Dig deeper Freedom's grave!
Shall Christian hands draw back the shades
On Slavery's passing night!
Shall Bethlehem's Star grow dim before
The Crescent's rising light!

New England never faltered,
Never brooked the spur or reins,
Ever met the hosts of Tyranny,
Arm to arm, and steel to steel;
And in this moral battle
She will stem the sweeping flood,
And show the wide world round her
She is worthy of her blood!

Hark! through the waving forest
The word is passing now,
And Kearsarge is calling
To Monadnock's lofty brow;
Through the White Hills of the North it rings,
Rocks the Green Mountain pine,
And the Canadian's startled,
As it sweeps along the line!

And the blessed words of Freedom
From our fathers' graves shall fall—
From the altars where they worshipped,
Battle plain and storied hill;
And the Press shall scatter coals of truth
Like autumn's forest leaves,
Till a People's indignation
Like the storm-lashed ocean heaves!

We will hem the hateful demon in,
Draw around him Freedom's lines,
And build a wall of fercer fire
Around the crime of crimes!
And the land we love and honor
Shall her race of glory run,
And our harvest be the blessing
Of the myriads to come.

Salem, Mass, August 26, 1849.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

Great poets never die; their words are seeds,
Which, sheltered in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds—
The world's sustaining fruit.

No idle dreamers they, nor light their talk,
Who, with a weapon as fine-wrought as their song
Defend the Right, and tear the lying mask
From the foul face of Wrong:

Who, 'neath the coarsest, foulest rags can see
Some glimpses of that never-dying spark
Which lights the form of God in humanity,
As stars illume the dark.

And such was he, whose spirit shot a ray
Of sunlight through the sad hearts of the poor;
The dawning of that brighter, better day,
No longer now obscure.

Patient in suffering, calm amid the strife
Of this blind world, how patiently he wrought!
Weaving bright threads in the sad woof of life
With the great loom of thought!

The music of his words, falling on ears
Dulled with the droning of the work-shop wheel,
Hath robbed the humble toiler of his tears,
And taught him how to feel.

Fought he not bravely?—Answer, ye oppressed;
Fought he not wisely?—Let the future say!
The sun that sets in such a golden west
Heralds a golden day. R. C. CLIFTON.

BROTHERHOOD.

I love, when in the living throng,
Each passer by to see;
For I deem the whole of human kind
Are brothers unto me.
Oh! could we count each man a brother,
We could not fight with one another.

Reformatory.

DOES GOD INFLICT DEATH UPON MEN?

LETTER III.

GENEVA, Ohio, July 28, 1849.

TO WENDELL PHILLIPS, Boston:

DEAR WENDELL,—In my last, I assumed two positions: (1) That God works out his designs respecting man by the agency of fixed laws, and not by personal direct inspiration, revelation or commands; (2) That these laws, when allowed to work out their designed results, would never produce pain and suffering to the bodies and souls of men. I believe these are as capable of proof as the law of gravitation. I also stated, that the great objection to anti-war, and the argument in favor of death, as a means of protection, is this:—God inflicts death as a penalty; therefore, man may do the same. Does God inflict death on men? If so, why? This question, it seems to me, is forced upon every opponent of war and death, and I see not how it can be avoided. For have I any who think it can be avoided. My answer is—God does not inflict death upon man, for my answer is—

By death, I do not mean the transit from this state to another; a mere change in the mode of our existence. This is not necessarily death.—It is rather life; a change from one stage and degree of life to another. You would not call the change from the acorn to the oak, nor from the caterpillar to the butterfly, death; it is life, purer, brighter, more elevated. So when, by the agency of the unobstructed laws under which he exists, man is carried onward and upward from life to a higher state, there is no death about it. I believe we shall all live in another state, and that human existence, once begun, never ends. If we would allow ourselves to be carried forward in our eternal progress, and through whatever changes await us, according to the intention of our Creator, there would be nothing in it which would deserve the name of death. The process would be pleasant and joyous to all concerned—to those who go, and to those who remain.

But by death, I mean what is generally understood by it; something that is accompanied with anguish and suffering, and from which nature shrinks. Death is a violation of those laws of life under which our human existence is placed; an outrage upon human nature; a crime to be repented of and forsaken, and not a necessity to which men are patiently to submit. I would not urge men to prepare for death; I would urge them to prepare for life. But a few years ago, within the memory of us both, the use of alcohol was a necessity to which men were to submit. So was slavery; and even now, the religion of this nation aims to enjoin submission upon slaveholders and slaves. But what honest friend of God or man would exhort men to submit to the dominion of alcohol or slavery, as a necessity that belongs to man's earthly being? I would as soon urge men to submit to drunkenness, to oppression, to falsehood and robbery, as to death. I do not wish to see men preparing to die, but to live. If men would prepare themselves for life, they need feel no concern about death.

Let men expend the money and talent now devoted to the destruction of their fellow-men, to discovering and renouncing the causes of death, and in due time there would be no death to be prepared for. In the future history of our race, it will sound as strange and monstrous to have men talk of being prepared for death, as it is now to hear them talk of preparing for stealing and robbing. Simply because death, as above defined, will be considered an outrage upon human nature, as clearly as are robbery and piracy.

By the by, when that time comes—as come it will, or those signs of the times are deceitful which tell of a world awaking to the study of the laws of health and life,—when men shall regard death as a violation of just law, and not a necessity of human condition, what will priests and politicians do to strengthen and perpetuate their power? Will they ever hear a sermon or a sermon in which preparation for death was not the principal motive? Death is the great argument to enforce the claims of religion as well as of government, and allegiance to church and state is sustained by the fear of death. Indeed, abolish death, (and if it is found to be a violation of law, as I am sure it will, it ought to be and will be abolished,) and the priests would not know what to pray and sermonize about; for, they being witnesses, it is no part of their profession to teach men how to live, how to fulfil their relations and obligations to one another, and how to have healthy souls in healthy bodies in this world. Their business is to prepare men to die, in a pious, resigned, and heavenly frame of mind. They may as well make it their trade to prepare men to perpetrate piracy and slavery cheerfully and piously.

If, then, death be a violation of just and rational law, men have no natural right to inflict it on themselves or others, than they have to inflict drunkenness or slavery. They do wrong to prepare to inflict it, or to submit to it; every one should struggle against it, as we do against other crimes; and arouse themselves and others to find out and remove the causes of this outrage upon God and man, as they do the sources of other wrongs. It is said that men must inflict death on men for murder, and other violations of natural law, because it is a Heaven-sanctioned custom: but how absurd to punish violations of life by a repetition of the offence! It may be man's work, but it is not God's work. God never punished any offence by repeating it! God never inflicted death on one man because he had inflicted it on others. Allowing death to be a violation of just natural laws, (and if it is not, it is no crime, and cannot justly be punished at all,) assuredly God would never violate his own laws because man had. And this is the precise point to which those must come who insist that God inflicts death as a penalty for crime. I kill a man; I have violated the just and fixed laws of life and society; to punish me, God perpetrates the same act upon me, and violates the same law! It is a libel on his wisdom and justice to suppose that he ever did or can punish an offence by repeating it; a lie by lying, robbery by robbery, slaveholding by enslaving men, or man-killing by killing men.

What constitutes death an unnatural and revolting crime? It is that it is a violation of just, rational law; an outrage on natural justice and equality? If so, then death must always be a crime, whether done by the hangman or warrior, with a death-warrant in his hand, or by the assassin with a stiletto. No matter whether it be done by the judge or jury, or man, it is equally a violation of natural law, and an outrage on justice and equity. But if the injustice and crime of death consist in the particular circumstances and motives under which it is inflicted, then it would be unjust and criminal whenever done under like circumstances and with like motives.

That death is a violation of natural law, when perpetrated by human agency, cannot reasonably be questioned; especially when that agency is exerted intentionally, and with a view to kill. No matter from what motives man thus inflicts death upon his brother, nor by what assumed or real authority the deed of blood is done, it must be a violation of the laws of life and society under which we live. It cannot be otherwise while our present nature, relations and obligations remain. No matter by whose institution man inflicts death upon his fellow-man; whether from his own or from that of another; whether from the instigation of man, or a supposed command from God; it must, of necessity, be a violation of every tie of love, justice, sympathy and brotherhood, that binds man to man. No matter in whose name the deed is done; the same results follow. It hardens and corrupts the moral nature of all concerned, and makes man the foe of man. The laws of our social nature can no more be violated with impunity than those of our physical nature. No being in the universe can justly order us to violate those laws, and then leave us to suffer the penalty. In all the case in which it is said God required man to inflict death upon his brother, the executioner has been left to suffer the penalty; they have become objects of loathing or hatred to their fellow-beings; and often have been assaulted and slain in turn. This fact shows that a just God never required the infliction of death at the hand of man. God has written on the tablets of human nature, "*Thou shalt not kill.*" Did he ever require its violation? To suppose that he did, is to suppose him to be a capricious, merciless demon, rather than a God of justice and benevolence! Death, at the hand of man, is as clearly a violation of God's justice and equity as slavery; and is just and benevolent being could no more require one than the other. So that death, when inflicted by human agency, exerted with a view to kill, as in war, hanging, or murder, by one or by millions, cannot, with any justice, be fathered upon God.

But does not God kill upon men by disease? Death comes to men by cholera, plague, fever, consumption, and many painful diseases. It is said the hand of God is in this, and when disease enters, and death by disease, all the machinery of religion is brought to bear upon us, to bring us into a submissive state of mind to divine providence. But that God is the author of cholera, consumption, fevers, any more than of the poverty and delirium tremens that drunkenness produces, I do not believe. I cut my throat, or blow out my brains, and am dead. Did God kill me? In the same sense that he kills men by disease. I strike a blow on a man's head, and give him poison. Does God kill him? As really as he kills by cholera or fever. But no one thinks of ascribing death upon God in the first case; why should they in the latter? Death might be traced to human agency in one case as truly as in the other. The difference between the two cases is, in the latter, ally exerted with a view to kill; in the other, it is ignorantly or carelessly put forth, and without any deadly design. When, therefore, death comes to man by disease, we should see in it, not the hand of God, but only the hand of men; as we do in drunkenness, or war, or slavery, and our great business should be, not to inspire men with devout submission, but to stir them up to stay the human agency that is thus filling the earth with disease and death.

Does God kill men by the elements? I walk the streets; lightning descends upon me, and I am dead. Did God send the lightning in response to kill me? As truly as he ever sent a flood, a tempest, an earthquake, a volcano, or a famine, to kill men. Electricity is under the government of fixed laws; obedient to those laws, it descended in that spot, and I was there, and it killed me. Perhaps, too, I had that about me which drew it closer. I could not have been saved without a suspension of those laws. So of all convulsions of the elements. They are under the government of fixed and just laws, and come as blessings, and contribute to make the earth an abode of health and happiness, as truly as do the evening breeze and the morning dew, the vernal shower and summer sun. The tornado, the thunderbolt, the volcano, the flood, come on their wise and benevolent mission, each working out the designs of its Author, under the control of laws that are fixed and good; and man puts himself across their path, and is swept away by their resistless energy. What put that vessel across the tornado's track, that man under the falling tree? Who put St. Domingo in the way of the earthquake, or Pompeii and Herculaneum in the path of the volcanic fire? Who will say God put them there on purpose to destroy them? Some may say, He for any man, who is acquainted with the laws that govern the phenomena of nature, to believe that God ever sent a flood, an earthquake, or tempest, on purpose to inflict death upon men? I can no more believe it, than I can believe that he helped Satan to raise a tempest on purpose to destroy the family of Job; or that he sent a great of wind to overthrow a schooner—*without ballast*—on Lake Erie, the other Sunday, to drown three men, and frighten twenty more—because they launched the vessel on that day; or that he arrested the sun in its course to enable Joshua to slaughter the men, women and children of Ai, and then sent hailstones and a tempest to complete the destruction. Yet the ministers and religionists in this region—for the above-named schooner was built and launched in this town—sounded out the word, that God capsized it on purpose to kill and frighten the men, because they launched it on Sunday! So, last fall, in a neighboring county, a man went out to gather chestnuts, Sunday; climbed a tree, fell, and broke his neck. Word was sent around the region, that God broke that man's neck because he gathered nuts on Sunday. So, I heard of a slave who fled for liberty; dogs were on his track; he climbed a tree to avoid them, and fell and broke a leg, and was torn by the dogs; and the slave-hunters assured him that God broke his leg and tore his flesh to punish him for running away. So men make their God a scape-goat to bear away all the results of their ignorance, their carelessness, and their wickedness. God is represented as an Almighty CONVENIENCE by all who wish to perpetrate outrages upon themselves and others without blame. The priest, the politician, the slaveholder, the warrior, the sectarian, the patriot, the wholesale, governmental murderer, and murderers of the earth, aim to make all the capital they can out of what they call God; each to accomplish his own ends. This, then, is my conclusion:

"The Being who made man never repeals, nor suspends, nor violates the laws he established when he placed man on earth. Death is a violation of those laws; therefore, God never inflicts death upon men as a penalty, or for any cause.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

From the Ohio A. S. Bugle.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

At the close of the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, on the 31st of the 8th month, 1849, a large body of members, both men and women, remained in the house, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present condition and aspect of the Society in relation to the various humanitary reforms of the age, and consulting together in respect to the maintenance of the principles, and the testimony of pure and undefiled religion. William Griffith and Sarah Coates were appointed Clerks. After a free expression of sentiment, the meeting united in the conclusion that it would be right to hold, during the present autumn, a conference of the friends of progress and reform, for a full and free discussion of the whole subject of religious organization, as connected with man's improvement and elevation. The undersigned were then appointed a committee to fix the time and place for such conference, and to make the needed arrangements for the same. In fulfilment of the purposes of our appointment, we now give notice that a conference will be held, in Friends' brick meeting-house, near New Garden, Columbiana county, commencing on the 19th of the 10th month, 1849, at 9 o'clock, P. M, and continuing, if it shall be thought needful, until the close of the First day following. The friends of religious freedom and progress, who are interested in the movement, are earnestly and affectionately invited, without distinction of sect or party, to attend.

NATHAN GALBREATH,	ELIZA HEACOCK,
OLIVER JOHNSON,	WM. BAILEY,
DANIEL BONSALL,	MARY P. THOMAS,
ESTHER HAYES,	SARAH COATES,
MARY GRIFFITH,	PIERCE GARRETSON,
WM. B. HAYES,	ANN PRESSNELL,
JOEL MCMILLAN,	EDMUND K. SMITH,
SUSAN SMITH,	DAVID SCOFIELD,
ISAAC TRESCOTT,	MARIA SHAW,
ELI THOMAS,	ELLEN THOMAS.

☞ A fellow out west having been challenged lately to fight a duel, selected as his weapons two huge plates of green, cucumbers, cut in slices, with vinegar, and a full dozen green apples to each plate, as a dessert. His choleric opponent backed out.

Miscellaneous.

LONDON, 6 Old Jewry, Aug. 31, 1849.

DEAR SIR:

I send you a circular from the committee appointed to raise an Italian Refugee Fund. The circular was written by one of the distinguished names amongst those on the list which heads it. Can anything be done in America to aid its objects?

It would seem as one than those objects would be as dear to Americans as to Englishmen. It is a world-wide question. The efforts made by those on whose behalf the committee issue the appeal were efforts worthy of the cause in which they were made—the rational liberty of Italy, and of Europe—and have for those who made them a world-wide reverence; if any thing occurs to you that can serve this great and good cause, I pray of you to do it.

Yours faithfully,

W. L. GARRISON.

W. I. ASHURST.

ITALIAN REFUGEE FUND.

The generosity and love of justice which distinguish the English people, among all the nations of the earth, have appealed to, on behalf of the Italian refugees in England, under circumstances unparalleled in history.

The cause, to a generous relief of whose distresses the English heart is sought to be awakened, were engaged in the defence of Rome. They are the good citizens who, when the Roman people, with their Roman and Executive, answered to the general voice, and arose to give her law, tranquillity, and order; they are those who, when the Roman people, to which had fallen of its own rottenness and corruption, one of moderation and truth; who established and maintained a Government, administered under the pressure of great difficulties, with a venemotion for the sacred rights of life, liberty and property, new in Rome—administered, with an honesty, forbearance, and a moderation, which gained for them respect of dispassionate observers, of all principles and parties. They are the soldiers who defended that Government against the unbridled spirit of bigotry and despotism, and defended it successfully. They are the brave besieged who held Rome with a courage and devotion worthy of her ancient glories, but with the mercy and humanity of clemency of Christian men. They are the dignified capitulators, who, when all means of defence were utterly exhausted, opened their gates, and laid down their arms before a strong, assembled round them by an act of such stupendous baseness, that it will remain an ineffaceable stain upon the honor and the name of the French Government, through all the coming ages of the world.

It is not the only sorrow of the Italian exiles, that a noble cause has for the time being, lost. Proscribed, and driven from their watch over the beautiful country of their birth and their affections, they seek a refuge here in England, almost the only free land where they may set foot. And if their claim on our hospitality and sympathy needs any strengthening, it must not be forgotten that one representative of the English nation has been found, in the person of Mr. More O'Ferral, Governor of Malta, who, having received with open arms the Jesuits and friends of absolutism, did not think it shame to cast these wanderers forth from that inhospitable shore, as if the ships that bore them were infected with the plague.

Hunted by almost the world's enemies, by forfeit and penniless, reduced to indigence, bereft of almost all that makes life dear, and bringing nothing from the wreck beyond the shattered remnants of Sea but Hope in the eternal might of the principles they have upheld; the Committee named above appeals in their behalf to Englishmen for present help. That they may not dry up in the sunshine of a foreign land a home; that their noble spirits may not sink into despair; that they may connect with this free country, in their future, the hope of a home for themselves and such men should connect with it, and ever love and honor it with grateful hearts, as worthy of its freedom and its high renown; the Committee issue this address, earnestly soliciting subscriptions for their aid.

The funds raised are proposed to be applied to the relief of the more immediate and urgent wants of the exiles, to the provision of the means of enabling them to reach other countries as they may desire, and generally to their maintenance and protection. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by any of the members of the Committee, or by the Honorary Secretaries, SIDNEY BIXXXXX ELLIS, 12 Bedford Square, JAMES STANSFIELD, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London; or may be paid to the following bankers: Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE, and SMITHS, 1 Lombard st.; and Messrs. COUTTS, Strand.

AN APPALLING SKETCH.

Mr. Duffy, the editor of the 'Nation' newspaper of Dublin, gives the following frightful picture of the sufferings of the Irish:—

'No words printed in a newspaper, or elsewhere, will give any man who has not seen it a conception of the fallen condition of the west and south. The famine and landlords have actually created a new race in Ireland. I have seen on the streets of Galway crowds of creatures more debased than the Houses of Swift—creatures having only a distant and hideous resemblance to human beings. I have seen old men whose hideous faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, simeons and semi-human and women that had more frightful faces than the harpies, who, at the jingle of a coin on the pavement, swarm in myriads from unseen places, struggling, screaming, shrieking for their prey, like some monstrous and unclean animal.

In Westport, the sight of the priest on the street gathered an entire pauper population, thick as a village market-day, crowding round him for relief. The children, beggar adults, beggars in white hairs, girls with faces grey and shrivelled, the grave stamped upon them in a deadly manner, and not be reached; women with the more touching and tragical aspect of lingering shame and self-respect not yet effaced; and, among these terrible realities, imposture shaking in precious rags, the last lank and ton of horrible grotesqueness, to the picture! I have seen these accursed sights, and they are burnt into my memory forever!'

ABDUCTION.

On the first page will be found a brief paragraph, containing the material facts respecting the recent abduction from Chester Co., Pa., of a colored man named Mitchell. The following is a more complete account of that diabolical outrage, from the N. Y. Tribune:

Mitchell lived in Pennsylvania, as a free man, at least ten or twelve years,—and, all the time, within some eighteen miles of the residence of his alleged owner. He has a wife and children living there; he was torn, at the still hour of night, the brutal abductors presenting a pistol, loaded with *three* balls, at the breast of his wife. This they left behind them, in the house, surrounded by their innocent guilt, to the its own tale. The cap was found to have been exploded, when it was picked up. They also left in the house a letter, addressed to Mitchell, which detained down the outer door, and doubtless intended to use on the chamber door, if necessary. They dragged the poor man, by the light of the moon, manacled, his shoulder becoming dislocated in the scuffle, remaining so until some time after his arrival in this city. They gave him no time to get more than his shirt and pantaloons, and no opportunity even for putting better clothing. For all this they had no legal warrant, even from Maryland, while proceeding in the State of Pennsylvania, which has had bitterness in the most brutal disregard of the laws of humanity —humanity, did I say? What care such bloodhounds for humanity?

All this, be it remembered, was done under the authority of the U. S. Constitution, as expounded by the Supreme Court; and Pennsylvania has no means to redress the outrage upon her sovereignty, and no power to rescue the kidnapped fugitive! And yet men, claiming to be conscientious, will swear to support a Constitution which authorizes the perpetration of such deeds of villany on every foot of American soil!—*Ohio Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

☞ The progress of democracy in Jamaica is illustrated by the fact, that in the new Assembly there are twelve members who are colored men, ten being mulattoes and two blacks. They make a very active part in the proceedings, and one of them is quite an orator. This is the work of the Liberals; but the other party, forced by necessity, were also beginning to covet the colored influence, which is far too powerful to prove the largest case known.

It is not often that we find an editorial article in the New York Herald that is worth copying; but here is one that is full of pertinent rebuke and merited sarcasm, and 'tis like a glove.'

AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The annual meeting, last week, at Pittsfield, of this convention, is worthy of notice, in connection with the labors of the disciples in foreign parts. The Rev. Theodore Frelinghuysen presided, the same of whom it was sung in 1844, by the glee club—

'O Gideon! O Gideon! Where is Gideon? Where is For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.'

The same who thanked the citizens of New York for his election, one day in advance of the news from Cayuga bridge. Pity that such a Gideon, a Locofoco to the true Whig church, it appears that Father Frelinghuysen has since pretty much confined his attention to the 'Gideon' business, 'extending his resurrection even to the Celestial Empire. On the evening of the 13th, addressing the Board, the reverend gentleman thus discourses:—

'Again, it is said God's time has not yet come. The work of the world's conversion is God's, and in his own good time he will perfect it. Our time is to-day. God is always ready. He is ever ready to hear our prayers. We need not wait for the work of the world's conversion, Christ has assured us of his Almighty power, and permitted us to take hold of his omnipotent arm. Christ has said, "Lo I am with you always," it is strange that any should ever despond.'

Governor Briggs was also present, and joined the brethren in their enthusiasm for the cause, the good cause, of gathering in the collection of more money. Now, what are the facts? What have been the taxes upon the churches for the support of foreign missions? How many millions have been collected for the heathen, and how many souls have been saved? The tree is known by its fruit. What are its fruits?

The Pittsfield Board of Missions has collected from its flocks an aggregate of $300,000, and the last year's report gives a deficiency of $30,000. The heathen of the Sandwich Islands, to South America, and the Hindoos, and the Lord knows where—many of the missionaries have died, and that is the best of their fruit. The English missions for India have expended, in the last twenty years, for the conversion of the Hindoos, a million of pounds sterling. And what is the result? By deaths and casualties, and by the climate or by the heathen, the disciples have perished: and it would seem that the sum total of their labors, from a review published some years ago, of converts, converts, thirteen of whom had gone back to paganism, five were preparing to back out, and there was but one solitary man left, who could be insured over a month covered. My humor has entirely disappeared on my hands, and I am now entirely sick.

MARTIN HASKINS, M. D.

BOSTON.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN,—I have used the power of your Paxaces in the case of my little boy, whose face and arms have been entirely covered several months with a sty and boney tumor, and I am happy to say it has effected a radical cure. In my opinion, it is the best medicine for humors ever got up.

LAWSON HOUGHTON.

MESSRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—I would cheerfully recommend your Paxaces as the most powerful medicine to my knowledge now before the public for the cure of scrofula and other humors. It has certainly effected an important cure in the case of my child, who has for some time been afflicted with a humor, and I would advise all who have humors to make a trial of it. It needs no puffing to recommend itself.

Hingham, June, 1849. DARIUS EDDY.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Anti-Scrofulous Paxaces for swellings on my boy's neck, and to my surprise, they disappeared in a few days. I consider the medicine infallible for scrofula and other humors, and think it should be circulated in every family.

NELSON RICE.

BOSTON, May, 1849.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN,—I have been afflicted for a number of months with a scrofulous humor on my face and neck. I tried several kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. A friend recommended your Paxaces, which I tried, and by using two bottles, I am nearly cured. I would advise every one afflicted with humors to take it, for I think it a most excellent medicine.

A. D. PARMENTER.

BOSTON, May 23, 1849.

☞ Sold at No. 80 Carver street, Boston. Price $1 per bottle.

AGENTS.

SAMUEL E. KENDALL, Nos. 4 and 14, under the old State House, Boston, and 14 Market street, Boston.
DAVID MEAD, JR., corner Union and Silsbee sts, Lynn.
SYLVANUS DODGE, South Danvers.
H. A. POTTER, Danvers New Mill's.

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HAS removed to No. 10 ESSEX STREET, Boston, where he will continue to give particular attention to DISEASES OF THE EYE.

Medical and Surgical Office,

No 3 Bearsford Street, Boston.

WHERE all diseases affecting the human system are treated on eclectic principles. All system of medicine contain invaluable truths—but no system is perfectly all. It is labor to accumulate from each and all those truths, which have borne the test of practical experiment. We refuse to be confined to any dogmas, but claim all that is divine is progressive. We therefore gather our information of disease and treatment from all sources, and apply the remedies with which the Creator has provided for the cure of human infirmity.

Our treatment is chiefly confined to CHRONIC and OBSTINATE DISEASES, and we claim to be accurate in our diagnosis, and know what the Creator has provided for the cure of human infirmity.

Our treatment is chiefly confined to CHRONIC and OBSTINATE DISEASES, and we claim to be accurate in our diagnosis, and know what the Creator has provided for the cure of human infirmity.

Our treatment is chiefly confined to CHRONIC and OBSTINATE DISEASES, such as Lung, Liver, Stomach and Urine complaints—Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores, Blindness, Deafness, Fits, Chills, Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, Spinal Affections, Catarrh, Diseases of the Eyes, Ears, Throat, and every other part of the body, internally and externally.

Examinations made, and advice given in all cases, WITHOUT CHARGE.

JAMES McALLISTER & CO., Proprietors.

☞ Office No. 3 Bearsfield street, Boston, and No. 127 Chambers street, New York.

June 8

CLOTHING!

NEW STORE,

No. 107, : : : : *Cambridge Stret.*

LEWIS HAYDEN,

WHO, it will be remembered, was formerly a slave in Kentucky, has opened the above Store and keeps a good assortment of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

of superior quality, and trusts that all will lend him a helping hand, for it will be his constant endeavor to keep for sale a good and cheap article on hand, both at wholesale and retail.

He has also a good assortment of little Knick Knacks, such as are generally kept in a variety store, so that he will be able to accommodate all his friends who may feel disposed to give him a call. And he thinks that it would not be inappropriate here to say, that he would return thanks to those who have rendered him assistance since his arrival here; and he trusts that, although he may not be able to repay them, yet the Lord knows the hearts of all men, will render unto them their just reward.

Boston, July 13.

Autobiography of Henry C. Wright.

HUMAN LIFE: Illustrated in my individual Experience as Child, Youth, and a Man. By Henry Clarke Wright. 'There is property in history; only biography.'—W. Emerson. Price $1.00. Just published, and for sale by

BELA MARSH,
25 Cornhill.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 25 Cornhill. Price 12 1-2 cents—twelve copies for $1.

HOME FOR REFORMERS.

THE subscriber having removed to that neat, convenient, and central boarding-house, No. 14 Central Court, will be most happy to welcome any of the Friends of Reform at reasonable charges. He wishes his house to be the central place in Boston, where the friends of Temperance, Peace, Purity, Freedom, the Prisoner, &c. may meet together, and enjoy a comfortable and happy home. JOHN M. SPEAR.

The Great Remedy of the Age.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER'S

ANTI-SCROFULOUS PANACEA,

A PREPARATION of extraordinary power, for the cure of Scrofulous Affections, Humors of every description, consisting in Syphilis, Ulcers, Ulcers, Fever or Mercurial Sores, chronic Ulcers, Kidney Disease, Costiveness, spitting of Blood, Epsipelas general Debility consumption, Tetter, Salt Fleet, sluggish Circulation, &c. A new and certain cure for Scrofulous Tumors on the neck, which it will never fail to remove, if taken according to directions, and faithfully persevered in.

The proprietors, after learning the virtues of this great medicine for upwards of five years, in the extensive practice, and with unbounded success, now offer to the public the Panacea, as a remedy for the skin arising from impure circulation, it is a sovereign remedy, and assuredly eradicate any kind of humor from the system, if the directions are strictly adhered to. We challenge the world to produce its equal. Any one doubting its efficacy can satisfy themselves that it is a powerful medicine in the cure of disease, by consulting Dr. Clark's patients, in and about the city, who have taken it, and can testify to its healing powers. A great many have given it a trial, and we know not yet of a single person who has not derived either temporary or permanent benefit from its use.

The following was handed to us to engage in the consideration of others who may be similarly afflicted. The gentleman may be seen at his residence, 1 1-2 Hayward Place.

BOSTON, April 27, 1849.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—A little more than a year ago, I was taken with spitting blood, pain in my side and shoulder, and strong symptoms of consumption. I sought the advice of a physician, who examined my lungs, and sounded my lungs, and pronounced them badly diseased, very much so. They advised me to go into the country, as a change of air might be of service to me. I did so, but with little hope of returning alive. While there, I was taken worse than ever. A physician was called to see me. He examined my lungs, and said he could give me no encouragement—said I might live all Fall, but probably no longer. Myself, physicians, previous to my leaving for the country, said I should, never get well. But I was induced to try Dr. Clark's and Dr. Porter's Anti-Scrofulous Paxaces, and after taking it a few months, my health restored, and now I am able to attend to my business. I think you can recommend a medicine of great efficacy, I speak from experience. RALPH HORAN.

MORE TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF DRS. CLARK & PORTER'S ANTI-SCROFULOUS PANACEA.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—I have used your Paxaces for Salt Rheum, not only on myself, but on others, and I have been surprised at its results. It is, in my opinion, the most efficient anti-humor medicine now covered. My humor has entirely disappeared on my hands, and I am now entirely well.

MARTIN HASKINS, M. D.

BOSTON.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—I would cheerfully recommend your Paxaces as the most powerful medicine to my knowledge now before the public for the cure of scrofula and other humors. It has certainly effected an important cure in the case of my child, who has for some time been afflicted with a humor, and I would advise all who have humors to make a trial of it. It needs no puffing to recommend itself.

Hingham, June, 1849. DARIUS EDDY.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Anti-Scrofulous Paxaces for swellings on my boy's neck, and to my surprise, they disappeared in a few days. I consider the medicine infallible for scrofula and other humors, and think it should be circulated in every family.

NELSON RICE.

BOSTON, May, 1849.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN,—I have been afflicted for a number of months with a scrofulous humor on my face and neck. I tried several kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. A friend recommended your Paxaces, which I tried, and by using two bottles, I am nearly cured. I would advise every one afflicted with humors to take it, for I think it a most excellent medicine.

A. D. PARMENTER.

BOSTON, May 23, 1849.

☞ Sold at No. 80 Carver street, Boston. Price $1 per bottle.

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