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THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN CONSTITUTE THE FINANCIAL COMMITTEE, BUT ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY OF THE DEBTS OF THE PAPER, VIZ:—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY LORING, EDMUND QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.



THE LIBERATOR

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

REFORMERS.

No quality is more conspicuous in the pseudo-reformers of every age than that of self-conceit. Ignorance has indeed been a prominent feature in their conceptions, but even this saving apology cannot be pleaded for all of the tribe. David Hume, for example, was a man of genius and acquisitions, but that his mind was swollen with self-conceit is proved by various facts in his history, as, for instance, by the style in which he announced to the world the sublime discovery in moral science, that we are to overthrow one of the principal pillars on which the Christian system rests—miracles. These are his words: 'I flatter myself that I have discovered an argument—which, if just, will with the wise and learned be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and consequently will be useful as long as the world endures. For so long, I presume, will the accounts of miracles and prodigies be found in all history, sacred and profane. Does the history of presumption and self-conceit afford a more flagrant example? From Campbell down to our eloquent Everett, has this daring folly been rebuked and overthrown, in a manner worthy of immortal truth and divine philosophy. Tom Paine was a different sort of reformer, who supplied his lack of argument with a torrent of ribaldry as vile as his own personal habits. He boasted of his 'Age of Reason,' while pouring out the most contemptible rant. He declared, with infinite self-conceit and impetuosity, that his single arm should crush the system of error, and establish a new order of things. He would wield the axe of truth that should cut down all the trees in paradise! Behold the result! A Scotch philosopher of recent date—Robert Owen—published to the world, a few years since, a string of dull propositions, which one could scarcely read without falling asleep, the object of which was to enlighten men in the doctrines of a new reformation, founded on principles of pure reason. He administered his anodynes in the form of lectures, in 1825, to dozing congregations in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, and it yielded immense success in this free country. But the reformer and his doctrines have long since gone down beneath Lethe's stream.

Schools of reformers without the Bible have since infected our shores. They have risen up among us, and their business is to throw about firebrands, arrows and death. W. L. Garrison is noted among them. Among their nefarious practices, not the least conspicuous is that of perverting the Bible, and twisting the benediction of the Lord into a curse. They are accustomed to speak of 'great swelling words,' and they delight to 'speak evil of dignities.' With characteristic self-conceit, they imagine themselves to have inaugurated an illustrious reform, which will be fully acknowledged when this stupid generation shall have passed off the stage of life. They 'despise governments,' kick at the church, ignore the Sabbath, mock at patriotism, denounce the Union, and stiffer themselves. They prate of liberty, they brandish the Emancipation torch, and yet very temple. Even better men than themselves have been touched with their venom, and are deceived with the fiction that if the Bible contains any thing that contravenes our natural sensibilities—the instincts of our humanity—it would so far not be received by them! All this is put forth when talking about slavery. As if that were the alpha and omega of human depravity. They would not consent to dissolve the system by the influence of Bible truth, but by the principles of eternal reason. These fanatics would seek to fire an arrow, and repeat the Seder madness, rather than suffer the wrongs of the slave to remain unavenged. The Southern States are happily free from such turbulent spirits. That people are free from such masters of cogitation. But while we endure them, though we cannot cure them, it is the province of cool and conscientious Northern men to erect barriers against the raging flood, and stand up boldly for the rights of the colored race, and for the glorious Constitution, for the individual Union, and the freedom and privileges of the Church, which is protected by that Constitution, and enjoys so many blessings under that Union. The South may well be thankful for the peace and serenity she enjoys, even in this time of calamity. Perhaps the clamor of irreligious abolitionists will be subdued, as their arrogance and self-conceit have been signally rebuked by the progress of events, and the powerful expression of the public sentiment. We look for still greater improvement in those who will not utterly incorrigible, and hope the best for our country.

A BORDER RUFFIAN IN CONVENTION.

Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.

LEICESTER, October 30. While the report of the Committee on Slavery was under consideration, the following speech was made by John Randolph of Atchison. This John Randolph is not of Roanoke, but came to Kansas from South Carolina.

MR. PRESIDENT.—What does the gentleman mean by talking about traffic in human flesh? Does he (Randolph) think that niggers are human? They are flesh and blood like we are. Why, if John Randolph believed that niggers were human, no matter in however slight a degree, this Convention would not find John Randolph on the floor of the hall advocating slavery. No! if he thought that niggers were human flesh and blood, possessed of human feelings, affections and thoughts, having immortal souls, John Randolph would be an abolitionist. What! buy and sell our own flesh and blood! Trade in human souls! No! no! He believed in no such traffic as that. Once for all, I beg pardon affecting to hold that slavery was a traffic in human flesh and blood, was simply balderdash. He did not believe niggers to be human any more than a horse or a dog. If he did, he should advocate their rights to freedom. As a nigger, he held, was an animal—a cross between a brute and the man; and he could prove his doctrine by char and verso, and by the niggers themselves. Did they like the man? No! They were not their hair woolly, lips thick, nose flat, skull thick—and couldn't any anatomist tell the bones of a nigger from those of any human being? He held that niggers were animals, but little more intelligent than a dog, and but one remove from the brute presence as a traffic in human flesh disgracing our fair soil again. He should vote against the amendment, because he did not want niggers to have the opportunity to bring here all the vicious and diseased niggers with which the South was overrun.

THE most arrant hypocrite to be found is the black Republican, who pretends to be horrified because the whole of the Kansas constitution is not submitted to the people of the Territory for ratification or rejection.—Washington Union.

The Liberator.

THE SCHOOLS IN NEWBURYPORT. NEWBURYPORT, Nov. 21, 1857.

DEAR SIR: I thought a few facts relative to the public schools of your native city would be of some interest to you. The annual examinations have been progressing for some two weeks. Commendable improvement is manifest in all the schools throughout the city. The interest on the part of parents is increasing from year to year. The Female High School was opened for the reception of pupils in 1843. There was much opposition to its establishment by many of the old fogies, who thought females had no right to be educated, but were to be left to grope through the world in ignorance, to be the dupes and lackeys of tyrants and oppressors. Many a poor girl blesses the day that God put it into the hearts of Rev. Thomas B. Fox and others in this place to advocate this seminary of learning, and fight their way through bigotry and prejudice to its establishment. A portion of the teachers in our primary and grammar schools are young ladies, who by the loss of parents and other causes were thrown on their own resources to work their way through the world, and who have, by their attention to their studies in this most excellent institution, placed themselves in a situation to earn a comfortable livelihood, and in some cases to do much towards the comfort and happiness of aged parents.

Last Tuesday was the annual examination of this Female High School. At an early hour, the hall was full, and hundreds went away who could not get in. It is now under the care of most excellent teachers, both as respects morals and all other qualifications that go to make good teachers.—Mr. Todd as Principal, Miss Good and Miss Clarkson as Assistants. One peculiar trait of this school is, no corporal punishment has been administered since its organization. The pupils are made to understand that they must keep themselves in order, and to respect themselves, which they invariably do. So much so, that every one, on visiting the school, is struck with the respect and kindness with which the pupils treat their teachers and each other, and the respect paid to all visiting the school.

After concluding the very interesting exercises by the pupils, which consisted of recitations in English and Latin, dialogues in Latin and English, and reading the paper published by the members of the school, (in which the deaths and marriages of its past members are announced, and which contains a very ingenious editorial, in which the names of every member of the school, the teachers and committee, were mentioned, with their traits of character, business, &c., in a very happy and amusing manner,) diplomas were presented to twelve young ladies, by Rev. Mr. Fisk, Chairman of the Committee for this school, in a very neat and appropriate speech, while his pleasant countenance gave them assurance that he was their friend. Notice was given by Mr. Fisk that the Committee would not occupy the time, but would cheerfully give way for remarks from gentlemen present, among whom were John Porter, Esq., (who has always taken great interest in the education of the young, so much so, that every year, at his own expense, he takes one school some four miles to the Laurel ground, where the day is passed in a happy and profitable manner.) Hon. H. W. Kinsman, William Ashby, Deacon Wm. Thurston, George J. L. Colby and others. Remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, very appropriate to the occasion. Hon. H. W. Kinsman made a very neat and practical speech, calculated to benefit all present, after which Rev. Mr. Vermyle was called upon. He said—'Mr. Chairman, I have nothing to say, but will say one word, that is, in all the exercises this afternoon, I have not heard, in dialogue or speech, one word on politeness. It is important that young ladies should be polite. To be polite, you would not imitate the Women's Rights women—for instance, Abby Kelley Foster, a woman with a broad red face, coarse skin, great veins in her neck, and very unkissable.' He said he should not want such a wife. He wanted a wife who would be willing to conform to his wishes, and be willing to be influenced by her husband.' At this point, a voice from the platform, which was heard by all in the room, said, 'You are mistaken in the woman.' The Rev. speaker remarked, 'I am told I am mistaken in the person, dropped the thread of his subject, and after a few words, sat down. George J. L. Colby, Esq., editor of the Herald, followed. He said life was made up of trifles. Little things must be done to make up a life of usefulness; and for models of goodness, he held up Miss Dix, Miss Nightingale, and Mrs. Patten. His remarks were listened to with much attention, and closed the exercises of the evening.

I was sorry the Rev. gentleman, on such an occasion, went out of his way to hold up a woman to scorn and contempt. He is not worthy to carry her old shoes; and long after his name is forgotten, will the name of ABBY KELLEY be remembered with gratitude and love. He talked about a 'coarse skin.' If true, who is to blame? It is not his fault that he does not speak plain. In undertaking to say, 'God morning, uncle John,' he would be likely to say, 'Good bordered, uncle Joe.' Either the machinery of his nose is out of order, or he thinks it a want of politeness to use a handkerchief in public. Coarse skin, red face, and unkissable, is word for word as used by Rev. Mr. Fletcher in describing the women who work in the vineyards of Italy, which is somewhat remarkable; but as men of large attainments often use the same language, it would be wrong to say that he stole Mr. Fletcher's thunder for this occasion. Yours, truly, A SPECTATOR.

DISBELIEF IN A PERSONAL GOD DISQUALIFIES A PERSON AS A WITNESS. A case of the Commonwealth vs. James Tuttle, trader, of South Acton, for assault and battery upon a boy, was recently tried before Justice Reynolds, of Concord, Mass. The complainant, Mr. W. H. Gray, was not allowed to testify in the case, because, being interrogated in regard to his religious belief, he could not say he believed in a personal God, nor in a future state of rewards and punishments. What gross injustice!

ADDRESS OF REV. WM. H. FURNESS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

At the last annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, held at West Chester, an admirable address was delivered by that devoted and estimable friend of the slave—in all its suffering phases—Rev. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia, whose pulpit testimonies against the colossal sin of our land have been frequent and unequivocal for many years past. The Anti-Slavery Standard of the 14th ult. contains the address entire. Here is an instructive portion of it:—

'Just ponder now what we are witnessing. It is well worth noting. People are dreadfully afraid of becoming too much interested in the idea of Justice. This is the one terror with which this great nation trembles from head to foot. It is frightened out of its intelligence, otherwise so bold, at the most distant prospect of having this simple idea urged upon the consciences of men. For years, every body, inspired by this fear, has become prophetic, foretelling that if the people of this country were to become so enamored with the idea of Justice as to set to work to realize it, according to every one, black and white, his just rights, disunion and uproar, and I know not what of mischief, would result.

Now, while people are frightened almost out of their wits at a zeal that might be kindled for the eternal law of justice, and while they have been predicting a thousand disastrous consequences to flow from it, there has not been the shadow of a fear of the effects of a zeal for money and money-making. Here we have all been perfectly at our ease and unconcerned, while every thing was being done to inflame the passion for gain to a white heat. What a show has been made of wealth, bewildering and intoxicating the imagination of every young man! How calmly has the whole world looked on with no trembling forboding, while honor and conscience have been staked and lost in the game thousands of times! We give the love of riches full play. What pains have we spared in stimulating that? We have not had the slightest dread of a fanaticism which has money for its idol. O, no! there is no fear of that. It is only when Justice and Humanity are in question, only when some monstrous wrong is perpetrated in the name and by the officers of the Law, only when the Habeas Corpus act, that world-renowned writ for the protection of personal liberty, is perverted to the base uses of chattel slavery, only when some fugitive slave mother lays murderous hands upon her child to save it from the hell of slavery—it is only on some occasion when the public mind is on the point of bursting out into a light blaze of passion for the Right—it is only then that people beseech us for God's sake to keep cool, and to take care that our feelings do not run away with us, for if they should, heaven only knows what would come of it, into what abysses of woe they would hurry us!

And yet, look, friends, and see what has now come upon the country, from that rage for gain, of which we have never had any fear, which we have done so much to exasperate, and which has gone steadily on, consuming the whole life of the nation to such a degree that we have lost, what millions of dollars cannot compensate us for, the power to appreciate the worth and sovereign obligation of Justice. This is the deadliest mischief by far that it has done, the more deadly because people are not conscious of it. But it has had other and more palpable effects, effects which the blindest see and the hardest feel. And Trade, Trade, which is so cowardly as to tremble at every loud word spoken, yes, and at every whisper breathed for Right and for Freedom, Trade is now in utter confusion, wrapt in the deepest gloom. The very ground on which it stood has gone from under it. What has done all this mischief? What has thrown every thing into such sudden disorder? Has the Fugitive Slave Law been repealed? Has the Dred Scott decision been repealed by the Judges of the Supreme Court sitting in sackcloth seven days and seven nights, and flinging dust and ashes on their heads? Has Mr. Buchanan, in some unguarded moment, losing the fear of the Slave Power, uttered some self-evident truth, such as, for example, that all men have equal rights to life and liberty? Or has he, through the grace of God, in some moment of extraordinary inspiration, discovered and declared that this Government was intended not to protect Slavery, but to secure the blessings of Liberty?

Something of this kind must certainly have occurred to cause all this trouble; for it has been insisted upon for years, that nothing else could disturb the general prosperity but some insane or wicked attempt, on the part of the infidel Abolitionists, to move the country to do justly, and carry out into full practice the principles of its own boasted Declaration. But nothing of the kind just mentioned has happened. There has been no great blow struck for Freedom, no extraordinary conversion of any high officer of the Government: Mr. Garrison has not been nominated for the United States Senate, nor Mr. Phillips so much as thought of for the Governorship of Massachusetts. Neither has there been any zeal for righteousness agitating the people at large. We have all been as quiet on this score as if we had no idea of any thing of the kind. The Government is understood to have been doing its very best to discharge what it maintains to be its duty, namely, to protect the right of property in human flesh as a right equally sacred with any right. No enthusiasm for Justice is chargeable with the present distresses. A great public calamity has come upon us; and, wonderful to tell, it not only has not been caused by the crazy Abolitionists, but nobody, North or South, has as yet even thought of laying the blame of it on them. I tell you what, my friends, if the present condition of things had been brought about through the outbreaking of a mighty passion for Liberty, if this sacred enthusiasm had seized the popular mind, and had prompted us to brave deeds and heroic sacrifices, if in this way trade had become deranged, and commercial failures had been caused, we should have had a consolation that would have compensated us a thousand fold for the greatest losses; the consolation, proud and glorious, of suffering for that cause for which the greatest Truth-speaker that the world has ever known bade his friends rejoice and be exceeding glad to suffer; the consolation of entering, by the fellowship of suffering, into the immortal friendship of the

HOW THEY SUPPRESS SERVILLE INSURRECTIONS AT THE SOUTH. A NEGRO REVOLT IN CHARLESTON.

From the New York Evening Post.

Attempts at insurrection by slaves have their origin, as a general thing, in the cruelty to which they are the victims. They are not what they are represented to be by the ultra Southern press—in surrections with preconcerted plans; they are mere spasms, the participants being maddened and goaded to seek an immediate revenge. To the end of illustrating this, by an example that may be taken as a counterpart of nine tenths of those which occur from year to year, I propose giving a few facts in relation to the one which took place at the Charleston Workhouse in the year 1849. This insurrection, as it was then misnamed, was headed by the 'Boy Nicholas.' Various reports of this affair have gone abroad. I, however, apprehend that the facts of the case are very imperfectly known outside of Charleston, the newspaper reports being highly colored, and in harmony only with the fears and apprehensions of their authors. Insurrections are phantoms that rise up, are magnified in, and continually haunt the imagination of the Southerner. In fine, they exist only in his fears, where they become giants which, he fancies, can only be overthrown by the most desperate means. And yet this very Southern insurrection, which he talks most profanely of dissolving the Union, and thereby protecting his favorite institution, which aliko excites his fears and absorbs his energies. He forgets that such an unparalleled event would find him with the rest of Christendom his enemy. Nicholas was a bright mulatto man, tall of figure, with straight black hair and finely developed features. He was of a restless spirit, quick to resent an insult, and singularly intelligent. And although he bore the yoke of the slave, he was not without the instincts of a gentleman. His mother was of Indian extraction, and said to have been kidnapped into slavery when a child. The Indian blood coursing in his veins may, in a measure, account for the unbending spirit he evinced under trial. Nicholas was a stucco-worker, by trade, and one of the most skillful workmen in Charleston. His master, a man of the name of Kelly, from whom no tyrant can be more cruel, promised him his freedom (for which his very soul he yearned) on payment of a stipulated sum. The slave, inspired by the hope of bettering his condition, labored extra hours, frequently until midnight, until he accumulated nearly one-half the requisite sum. This he paid to Kelly, only to find his confidence betrayed. Kelly refused either to fulfill the bargain or return the money. This so incensed Nicholas that he resolved, with feelings natural to a man basely defrauded of his hard earnings, to work no longer for an unjust master, whom he bid defiance. He was tortured; but torture availed nothing. He was sent to New Orleans for sale; but not finding a purchaser, he was brought back to Charleston. Still he refused to work for the man, as he said, who had betrayed him. He asserted boldly his determination to die rather than yield to the demands of his master; nor did the lash, which had well-nigh cut him to pieces, serve to subdue his spirit. After a time, he was placed in the slave-pen of one Gadsden, where he suffered tortures it would make one heart-sick to describe. He declared he would die in the struggle for his rights. An attempt was again made to send him to New Orleans. The officers, headed by one McNamara, a constable, entered the cell for the purpose of carrying out the design. Although he was chained by the leg to a ring and bolt in the floor, he drew a knife he had kept concealed in his bosom, and with it disarmed the constable, inflicting a deep wound in his arm. Nicholas, goaded to madness, swore he would not again be separated from his family—for he was married. Forced to capture him in his pen with ropes, after the manner of an infuriated animal, his captors bound him to the tail of a cart, and, followed by a savage mob, he was dragged, almost lifeless, to jail. The major part of the mob had been outraged! While in jail, the most cruel punishments were resorted to, in the hope of extorting a confession that he had intended to kill McNamara. His resolution at length gave out, and he confessed to an intention he never had entertained. He was then tried before a court of three freeholders and two judicial magistrates, (I have described his trial at length, in a book called 'Our World,') found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The day was set apart for the penalty; but a kind voice—the voice of a true-hearted Southerner—the voice of his behalf, and his case was carried before the Court. A paper, which issued an order for a new trial. The order was issued on the ground that evidence had been extorted by cruelty.

The result of the second trial was that he was found guilty of an assault upon a white man, and sentenced to three years' close confinement in the workhouse, at hard labor. In addition to this, it was ordered that five blows of the paddle be inflicted upon him on the first of each month. The keeper of the workhouse, however, regardless of the sentence, set about turning the slave's indignity to profit. He granted him numerous privileges, accorded him the freedom of the yard, set him to work at making ornamental stucco, and put the profits into his own pocket. Nicholas took advantage of his position to make himself a favorite with his fellow-prisoners, who stood ready to follow his lead. Separated from his family, the convicted man became enamored of a beautiful mulatto girl, who had been assigned to the same house in which he was confined, to await a purchaser. It was upon an attempt having been made to take this woman from her place of confinement by Gilchrist and one Austin, that the emute of which so much has been said was excited. What followed, I have described in 'Our World,' (1) and as it would be impossible for me at this moment to draw a more faithful picture, I may be excused for inserting it here:—

A year and two months have rolled into the past since Nicholas, a convict, took up his abode within the four walls of the workhouse. He had served out this march of Fudde's 'merciful' sentences. During the silent hours of the night, fast secured in his dreary cell, had he cherished, and even in his dreams fancied, the means of escaping into that freedom which had been the day-dream of his life. But dearly did he love the woman to whose keeping he confided the secret of his heart. Having secured the confidence of Fladge, (the keeper,) he might have effected his own escape; but the admonition of a faithful friend prompted him not to leave her behind in slavery. To that admonition he yielded, and strove to secure her freedom with his own. Not many days had elapsed since he disclosed to her his resolution, when there appeared at the workhouse the tall figure of Guy Grantman. He had come for the purpose of carrying away the woman, whom he had sold for the Washington market, where her charms would be indeed of much value. Will that sight ever be granted us? Shall we ever see the heavens open, and the spirit of the Highest descend upon the lowest? We fondly thought we were going to witness something of the kind last year. There was a great stirring all over the North. It looked as if the Free States were then about to be moved by the divine afflatus, and to do battle victoriously with the powers of darkness. They surely had cause enough to bestir themselves. I cannot easily conceive how they can ever have much greater cause. What fuel then was furnished for the flame is fresh in the recollection of you all; the violation of a sacred compact, the invasion of a territory consecrated to Freedom, by the ruffian power of Slavery, and, in addition to, and more than these two causes, the outrage perpetrated within the sacred walls of the Senate Chamber, from which History has nothing more shameful to record. The savage blows then and there rained down upon the honored head of the representative of the most venerable of these States, fell as directly upon all that was noble in the free Northern heart, and awoke and diffused a spirit that seemed for a time to promise to unite the North as one man in resistance to the cherished iniquity of the land. That spirit was so earnest for a time, and so wide-spread, as well-nigh to deceive the very elect. So some were of those who are principled against taking part in political action for the abolition of slavery, who profess to put their sole trust, for the doing away of the great Wrong, in Truth, in Reason, in Conscience, in Religion—some of that simple company were so carried away by the public excitement of last fall as actually to vote, and so put on the harness of a political party. They have since been sorry, I do not doubt, for this defection. For my own part, I had very confident hopes that something was certainly to come from such an imposing demonstration, but I was saved from the inconsistency of giving a vote, and of so manifesting a want of confidence in the power of Truth. For, as is now very clear, the spirit that was aroused was by no means equal to the occasion. It was not the spirit that is born of the highest sense of personal honor, and the profoundest conviction of the supreme value of Freedom. It was checked—damped down by a slavish concern for the stability of the Union. And while it gave utterance to a good deal of Anti-Slavery sentiment, and even with a frightened glance peeped occasionally at the precipice over which the Union might possibly 'slide,' yet it clamored to maintain friendship and collusion with the Slave Power. It did not say outright to the South, as a decent self-respect prompted: 'Talk not to us of the Union any longer. The world is growing hateful in our ears, for it only reminds us of our dishonor. These gross frauds and outrages of yours have extinguished the confidence, without which the Union is a dead letter, and, like other dead things, is beginning to kill by poisoning the whole atmosphere with its corruption. You have yourselves severed the ties that bound us to you. These ties cannot be resumed until you atone for these wrongs by plucking up and casting from you that great root of bitterness which is continually producing these deadly fruits.' But no such ground—the only manly and honorable one—was taken. The Union was eagerly clung to, after it was found to be a Union in which one party claims and exercises the right to violate solemn compacts at its pleasure, to beat and imprison, while the other must submit to be defrauded and beaten, without being allowed even the poor privilege of re-entrance. And now, how plainly does it appear that the excitement of last year, instead of being the uprising of a great principle, coming forth conquering and to conquer, was only a spasmodic and brief, destined to pass away as it has done, leaving behind it an exhaustion, a listlessness, a death-like stupor, which the enormities of the Dred Scott decision, that last outrage upon Liberty, have had no power to disturb.

THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH, AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'

'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, STEERED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enlaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.'—WILLIAM ELBERY CHANNING.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

'Already were the galling chains about her hands, and the miserable woman, in tears, about to be led away unobserved by Nicholas. A companion hastened to him, in his studio, where he had just completed a stucco ornament, and whispered the news in his ear. With alacrity, and without being introduced from his studio, the anger of his very soul aroused to madness, and rescued the woman before she had left the gate. Having done this, he drew a long stiletto from his breast, and placing himself between her and her pursuer, bid him defiance. This, according to slave law, was rebellion, and would have justified the summary process Grantman was about adopting for the disposal of the instigator, at whose head he leveled his revolver, and snapped twice without effect. At this, Nicholas bared his bosom, and snatched his with the epithet of coward! Mr. Fladge, who now seemed conscious of the error of his indulgence, could not permit Grantman to practice his bravery upon a slave entrusted to his care; he called in the aid of some ten guardsmen, and commanding Grantman to lay aside his weapon, proceeded to hold a parley with Nicholas before taking his life. But his words fell useless, for Nicholas caught the woman up in his arms, bore her, defiantly, to a block of wood at the extreme end of the yard, and with his hammer dashed the chains from her hands, and hurled them high in the air. 'Murder me, and not the woman!' he shouted; 'and, as he did so, the guard-bell rang out its first alarm peal, which was re-echoed over the city, and threw it into a tumult of excitement. The act was the work of a moment. Nicholas cast a glance upward at the alarm bell, as if conscious of the object for which it had pealed forth its solemn music, then turned a look of contempt upon his adversaries, who were looking on in considerable force. Suddenly they made a charge upon him, but before they had secured him, he seized a bludgeon, and, with the aid of his companions, who, armed with short, sharp-pointed stone hammers, rallied to his defence, repelled their attack. Seeing this formidable body thus suddenly come to his rescue, Mr. Fladge and his posse fell back, and sought a refuge in the guard-room of the building. Nicholas was now in possession of the yard, and what, with the consternation and confusion that triumphed within the walls, it was only with great effort that he could restrain his sable companions from taking possession of the guard-room, and putting to death those who had sought refuge in the walls. As he had placed half between the woman and her pursuer, he did place himself before a file of his companions, who, with battle-hammers raised, were rushing to the great gates as the bell rang out its second alarm peal. Calmly but firmly did he appeal to them. He would not have them commit an outrage against life. He told them that, having thus suddenly and unexpectedly been plunged into what was held by the laws of the State an insurrection, they must merely stand on the defensive, and remember that it were better to die defending their rights than live subject slaves. And while Nicholas was addressing his fiendish band within the walls of the workhouse, strange indeed was the scene of confusion presented along the streets of the city. A messenger had been dispatched to warn the civil authorities, who, in their turn, issued orders to call out the military. Not a moment was to be lost. The great bell on St. Nicholas' church answered the alarm peals with two loud tolls, an ominous admonition to the citizens. Simultaneously the city echoed and re-echoed with the report of a bloody insurrection. . . . Men in breathless suspense waited but the booming of a cannon, ere they rushed to bloodshed. In that portion of the city where commerce is most active, men with anxiety written on their countenances; men with earnest prayers on their lips, not knowing whether to proceed, had gathered in the street corners, discussing the most direct means of safety. Ladies were seeking their homes in fright; now asking questions of hurrying men whose intense excitement had carried off their power of speech, then shunning every luckless negro who chanced in their way. The rumor of an insurrection, however falsely founded, turns every negro into a supposed enemy of the white man: the third alarm peal makes him a bloody votary, (I mean in the imagination of the whites,) whom it needs but the booming of the cannon to put to death. Guardsmen in cross-belts and side arms, anxious and confused, and with heavy tread; merchants and professional men hastening from their labor to their homes, armed themselves with deadly weapons, and endeavored to quiet the fears of their excited families, now imploring protection. That a deadly struggle was at hand, every one was sure, for men had gathered on the house-tops to watch the moving mass as it swept along the streets. Now a file of men in loose-sitting uniforms hasten past; now it is followed by a hooping mob of savage-faced negroes eager for blood. (To the Workhouse!) is the cry, and quickly catching up, a strong hurried onward anxiously to some of the outposts. And, too, there were followed in quick succession by firemen in curious habiliments, half accoutred artillerymen, and trimly dressed cadets—all rallying to their stations at the alarm peal's call, as if some devouring element was about to break over the city and sweep it away. Yonder a green, masking shutter is cautiously opened, the head of some trembling male protrudes; she inquires in nervous accents whether the scene is the outbreak, and suddenly disappears. A lantern has been thrust at the window, and a medley of fear and trembling. . . . The sound of an imploring voice suddenly broke upon Nicholas' ear, and he perceived the approach of his adversaries; while the curious, fearful to open the gates, had sealed the walls of the workhouse. The voice was that of a woman for whose liberty he had thus involuntarily secured. She had grasped his hand, and with simple but earnest words was admonishing him of the fatal consequences of his rashness. Having by her had his attention drawn from his adversaries, they rushed down from the walls, and had well-nigh surprised and secured him, when an alarm given by the constable sent them upon his defence. Two shots from a revolver in the hand of a guardman had pierced through the fleshy part of his left arm. The blood streamed from the wound, and yet he, with renewed courage, succeeded in rallying his infuriated companions, and driving back his enemies. Short but deadly was the struggle; shrieks and groans rent the air. The woman received a fatal wound in the conflict, and lay writhing in the agonies of death at the feet of Nicholas. At this moment there came a thundering at the great gates, the bristling of fire-arms, and the drums of the military without beat to arms. The great gates were thrown open, a solid body of citizen soldiery, ready to rush in; was disclosed; but before they had time to move, Nicholas at the head of his companions dashed forward, threw the soldierly into confusion, and swept triumphantly into the street. The sharp report of musketry followed, and several dead bodies lay strewn between the portals of the gates. With rage, and not knowing whether to go, or for what object they had from the bounds of their prison-house, the infuriated slaves had scarcely reached the second line of soldiery when Nicholas and several others were pierced through the heart with rifle bullets. Thus died a

man whom justice would have awarded a different fate.

And now let us turn to the counterpart of this tragic scene. The influence of that conformation which spread over the city was not long in finding its way to the citadel, a sort of fort commanding the city from the east. On the plain in front were three brass field-pieces, which a few artillerymen had wheeled out, loaded, and made ready to belch forth that awful signal which the initiated translate into these words: 'Proceed to the onslaught.' At the alarm-bell's first tap, these guns were made ready; and, as the matchlocks were lighted by men who stood in breathless suspense, waiting the third and fatal peal from the guard-house bell. That peal might have proved the death-knell of thousands of human beings. As the crash of musketry echoed and re-echoed through the air, a confused gunner applied the match. Two vivid flashes, and the booming of the guns rang successively over the city. The third would have conveyed the awful summons. (3) At that moment, many might be seen in their dwellings, in the attitude of holding their heads, and daggers at the breasts of their terrified and faithful servants—those, perhaps, whose only crime was sincerity and an earnest attachment to their master's interests. Had a third cannon belched forth, these faithful servants had fallen victims of fear at the feet of their deluded masters. Happily, an act of heroism (which I would here record to the honor of him who discharged it) saved the city that bloody climax one by one applied the matchlocks to the third gun, a distinguished citizen, Charles Cooper, (Judge Cooper, I believe,) ran before it, and cried out at the top of his voice, "For heaven's sake, stop!" The gunner stood motionless, as the man ran to him, snatched the blazing torch from his hand, and quenched it upon the ground. Thus did he save the city that awful scene which the misdirected laws of a State would have been accountable for to civilization and the world.

Let the reader contemplate the moral of these much talked of insurrections.

Note 2. I give the picture as it has been many times described to me by disaffected citizens of Charleston, and by some more graphically than by a gentleman who took an active part in suppressing the outbreak. The names inserted in the extract only are fictitious, Judge Cooper's excepted.

Note 3. Certain alarm bells are rung in case of an attempt at insurrection by the slaves; and this, if accompanied by the firing of three cannons, is the signal for an onslaught upon the blacks. The writer, on asking a gentleman why he exhibited so much interest in the subject, answered thus: "Slaves, no matter how detestable, sympathize with one another in the general condition of slavery. How, then, could I leave my family to the caprice of their feelings, while I sought the scene of action to aid in suppressing the outbreak?"

MR. BENTON ON THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

To GEORGE ROBERTSON, Esq., Ex-Chief Justice, &c., Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR: I have read with infinite gratification your publications in the National Intelligencer, on the decision of the Supreme Court on the Missouri Compromise act, and concur with you most heartily, as you will soon see in the 6th volume of the Abridgement of the Debates of Congress, now in the press (the Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York) and also in an "Examination" which I have made of the same branch of the decision in a thin octavo of 200 pages, likewise now in the press, and quickly to appear. This decision—that part of it which relates to the nullity of the Compromise act, and to the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories—is the heaviest political blow that ever fell upon my heart, and left me in a state of total impossibility of remaining silent under it. I view it as you do—dreadfully wrong in itself, and entirely extrajudicial, and of no more weight than the opinion of any half dozen equally respectable citizens coming to the same conclusion. (In much part,) upon inconsistent, incomprehensible, and contradictory reasons. That compromise act was a political enactment, made by the political power, for political reasons, and these reasons among the largest that ever influenced human legislation—no less than to reconcile a divided and distracted country, and to prevent our sacred Union from splitting asunder. As such political enactment, the Court had no right to judge it; even if the question had come fairly before it which it did not; for the Judiciary cannot judge political questions, neither of right in fact; for these questions depend upon considerations of policy which the Judiciary cannot touch, and not upon the interpretation of phrases, to which the court is confined. The same of the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories: it was a political question as to where that Constitution should extend; and it was limited by its own words to States; and has been so acted upon by every Congress, and by all authorities. (State and Federal, Legislative, Executive and Judicial,) from the commencement of the Federal Government to the present day. And I view it as the most important question that has not been one single member of Congress, in the seventy years in which Congress has been held, who has not voted for objects in the Territories (local internal improvements, for example) which they would not vote for in a State; and upon the express ground that the Constitution did not extend to Territories. The ordinance of 1787 was the Territorial Constitution, given to Territories as a sovereign gives a charter to his subjects; and as such was made in concert with the Constitution, as you well say, and indispensable to the formation of the Constitution, and as such was provided for—doubly provided for—in the new Government: first, by the clause in the Constitution which devolves all the engagements of the Congress of the Confederation upon the new Federal Congress; and, secondly, by the act of the new Congress of Aug. 7, 1789—the eighth act passed by the first Congress under Washington—adopting that ordinance to the new Constitution, and adopting it in every word which it contained as a law of the new Government.

You will see in the Abridged Debates (the notes as well as the text) that full justice is done to yourself and to all the patriotic men who acted with you in that great measure of reconciliation and pacification; and also in my 'Examination' of the Court's opinion—that part of it which I deem political and extra-judicial, and obiter dicta. As for what concerned the individuals before the Court as parties in the record, I have nothing to say. That part was judicial; and whether right or wrong, fully gotten hold of and decided, I left it alone; for it was the decision of the tribunal of highest resort; and the peace and good order of society require that the questions of personal rights be settled and done with. But in this political decision, in which the Supreme Court acted upon a question beyond its jurisdiction, and logged it in as a tall to a question of negro freedom, and in which it decided upon a view of the Constitution, which had no more to do with it than the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and then reversed the action of the Government for seventy years, and made a new Constitution in all that relates to Territorial legislation: in such case I have felt it to be my duty, as one of the survivors of the old school, to raise my voice against it, and to appeal to the candid intelligence of my fellow-citizens to come to the defence of our Constitution, such as our fathers made it, and as it was administered for two generations.

I mean what I say, when I say the Supreme Court had as well been looking into Robinson Crusoe as looking into the Constitution of the United States to find the power of Congress to legislate for Territories; for it is not there, but in the ordinance of '87, adopted by the Constitution and by the first Congress under Washington, and in their right of sovereignty, having a right to govern what they have a right to acquire, and becomes their duty under the State session acts, and under the treaties of session. The 'needful rules and regulation clause,' as the Court said, gave no power to govern the Territories; it only applied to property, and that the property of the United States—its territory, id est, land, and its other property, id est, personal estate. It conferred no powers of government, and that for the reason known to everybody at the time, and to nobody (hardly) now, viz: because the government of the Territories was provided for in another place—namely, in the ordinance of 1787, and protected by a clause in the Constitution, and adopted by Congress August 7th, 1789, and in the right of sovereign proprietors. The court looked in the wrong place to find the power of Congress to legislate for Territories.

I was breaking down under the appalling attack which fell upon me when I was writing the 'Exam-

ination,' and had to leave some heads unfinished, and also to add some part after I had given up this world. My physician, Dr. May, saw with astonishment that I rose from what he knew I considered the bed of death, (and which he feared to be so,) and went to my table and wrote. I was adding something to the 'Examination,' and could hardly refrain from a postscript: 'This is my political testament, written with a dying hand.' Well! I did not die, but I have to; and will die upon the truth and justice of what I write.

Among the heads sketched, but not filled up, are the Florida Territorial transactions of 1821, in which Gov. Jackson, commissioned with the power of a Captain-General and Intendant of Cuba, under an act of Congress continuing temporarily the Spanish system of Government in that Territory, and in which he found occasion to act up to the letter of the law and commission, uniting in himself the supreme, civil, military, executive, and judicial functions, using the military for his arm, and his own fiat for executive authority, sending Gov. Callava to the calabos, and having Judge Frontenot brought before him at the point of the bayonet for issuing a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of the imprisoned Governor; and laying divers others by the heels for conspiracy in Callava's fault, by refusing to deliver up, and intending to carry off judicial records on which depended redress to orphan children who had been despoiled of their father's property for fifty years; and all which actions and doings of Gov. Jackson, occurring over Florida the powers of a Captain-General and Intendant of Cuba, were approved expressly by the Monroe administration, (and you know who composed that administration,) and implicitly sanctioned by each House of Congress in their refusal to act upon the complaints of the incarcerated officers; and all upon the ground that the Constitution of the United States did not extend to a Territory, and that no act of Congress had carried into Florida any of its provisions—any habeas corpus act, any jury trial, or any general government, or any security against seizure of persons, search of houses, or capture of papers and effects. This head, growing out of the transactions in Florida, so recent in date, and so up to the exigency of our argument, was merely named and sketched in the 'Examination,' but afterward well developed in the forthcoming sixth volume of the Abridgment.

In the same 'Examination' will be seen the manner in which the act abrogating the Missouri Compromise was passed, and the objects for which it was passed, and of which it was only the first step and the wedge; and where the good people of the United States are at present profoundly ignorant, for telegraph reporting has about killed all popular knowledge of Congress proceedings, confining their reports to results, too brief and meager to show how Congress acts; and yet this is almost the only report of Congress doings which the people will read in this go-ahead age of steam and electricity.

It is a long time since we saw such order; and what is called politics have sadly run down since that time, and especially in the late Presidential year, presenting but little for the attraction of any man who has nothing but the public good in view; but here is a question of a new kind, national and elevated, on which all who are for the Constitution as our fathers made it, and as they administered it in their day and generation, and as the next generation administered it, (and that without distinction of party or default of a man,) may come together and stand. For one, I can give no political aid or comfort to any man or party, in any future election, who shall uphold the opinion of the Supreme Court in declaring the nullity of the Missouri Compromise, and in decreasing the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories, carrying slavery with it, and preventing Congress and the people of the Territory from saying yea or nay to its introduction or repeal.

I am now well recovered, and working as usual, and expect to finish the Abridgment next Summer, and then to add another volume to the two of the Thirty Years' View, bringing it down to 1860, if I live that long; at all events, to the time of the Pierce Administration, if I must call by his name an Administration in which he was inoperative, and in which nullifiers, disunionists and renegades used his name and his power for their own audacious and criminal purposes.

Respectfully,
THOMAS H. BENTON.
Washington, Nov. 1, 1857.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.
BOSTON, DECEMBER 4, 1857.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.

In order to insure the desired action upon it, it is indispensable that the following petition should be immediately circulated for signatures, and presented to the Legislature at as early a period in January as practicable. Legal voters and non-voters—men and women—are alike urged to sign it. Which shall be 'the banner town?'

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of this Commonwealth, respectfully represent—

That by a law passed May 21, 1856, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, it was declared—

'No person who holds any office under the laws of the United States, which qualifies him to issue any warrant or other process, or to grant any certificate under the acts of Congress named in the 9th section of this act, or to serve the same, shall, at the same time, hold any office under trust or emolument under the laws of this Commonwealth.'

Your petitioners further represent—

That in open defiance of this law, and of the voice of the people of Massachusetts, as expressed (without distinction of party) by the action of two separate Legislatures for his removal, but twice rendered ineffectual by Executive non-concurrence, EDWARD GREENEY LORING, while acting as a Commissioner of the United States, continues to hold the office of Judge of Probate for the county of Suffolk; thus setting an example of contumacy unbecoming a good citizen, and wantonly disregarding the moral convictions of the people of this State as pertaining to the enforcement of the odious Fugitive Slave Bill.

They, therefore, earnestly pray the General Court again to recommend to the Governor and Council, the removal of the said EDWARD GREENEY LORING from the office of Judge of Probate; and thus enforce a wholesome law of the Commonwealth, which it is his declared purpose to disregard; and thereby vindicate the sovereignty of the people of this Commonwealth.

EQUAL POLITICAL RIGHTS.

Here is a form of petition for such of the women of Massachusetts to circulate and sign, as understand their rights, and mean to maintain them.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

Whereas, the women of the State of Massachusetts are disfranchised by the Constitution, solely on account of their sex—

We do, respectfully, demand for them the right of suffrage; a right which involves all other rights of citizenship, and one that cannot, justly, be withheld, as the following admitted principles of government show—

- First. 'All men are born free and equal.'
- Second. 'Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.'
- Third. 'Taxation and representation are inseparable.'

We, the undersigned, therefore petition your honorable body to take the necessary steps for a revision of the Constitution, so that all citizens may enjoy equal political rights.

BLANK COPIES of the Petition to the Legislature, asking for the Removal of Edward Greney Loring from the office of Judge of Probate of Suffolk County, may be had at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

AID FOR THE CAUSE.

In the tremendous financial convulsion which has overtaken the whole country, it is not to be supposed that the Anti-Slavery movement will feel a share of the universal pressure, in common with every other philanthropic and reformatory enterprise. If, in the most prosperous state of affairs, the pecuniary aid extended to the American Anti-Slavery Society has always been very limited, through the prevailing servility to the behests of the Slave Power, it is to be presumed that even if this amount will be lessened, now that all industrial and business matters are in a state of collapse, and mutual confidence is so widely impaired. Hence, a good deal of solicitude is both felt and expressed as to the result of the approaching National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in this city—on the financial success of which so great reliance has hitherto been placed, and the failure of which will so seriously affect the operations of the Parent Society. We are glad to see this solicitude, because we trust it will lead to greater self-denial, a nobler consecration, higher exertion, stronger determination, and a more thoughtful expenditure, in behalf of the oppressed millions still groaning for deliverance, than have yet been witnessed. The apostle Paul found occasion specially to commend a certain body of believers, because, in the abundance of their poverty, they made the riches of their liberality to abound. So, in these times of general depression, uncommon exertions must be put forth, by those who have been called to espouse the sublime struggle of the age, to replenish the Anti-Slavery treasury, notwithstanding the straits in which they themselves may be placed, as compared with other days. Whatever may be our own condition, whatever the suffering around us, (and Heaven forbid that it should go unrelieved,) there is nothing to compare with the condition of the enslaved, in point of destitution, wretchedness, degradation, and hopelessness. Their claims to our charity, our humanity, our justice, transcend all others, (without neglect of any,) until their deliverance be effected. Surely, it is not to remember those in bonds as bound with them, to discourage the presentation of these claims at the present time, and to recommend that they be postponed 'till a more convenient season.' The fettered slave must be kept visible at all times, and under all circumstances, like Banquo's ghost at the feast, like Mordecai at the king's gate. It reveals either a lack of true sympathy, or extreme narrowness of vision, to say that this is no time to remember him, because we are pinched in our income, or stricken in our business, or because there are so many in the community who pressingly need assistance; for, as he is the greatest of all sufferers—as his condition is permanently deplorable and hopeless—as we have conspired to imbrute him, and systematically to take from him all the fruits of his toil, and are more or less 'guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, and would not hearken to him when he besought us'—so he has a right to demand special consideration, and above all others to challenge our sympathy and assistance. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,'—and doubly sweet will they be, if it shall bring us into the closest union of soul and spirit with him who has nothing that he can call his own, whose rights lie bleeding in the dust, and who is bought and sold with the beasts that perish. For such, limited as our means may be, we can do something, and we are bound to contribute to his necessities.—and how can we do this so effectively as by aiding the Anti-Slavery cause in a crisis like the present?

These times are far more perilous to men's souls than to their pockets. There is great danger that they will be made a pretext why the heart should cease to feel, the hand to open, the mind to devise liberal things. The land is full of abundance, and as rich as it was six months ago, when all looked bright and prosperous; yet almost every body seems to be afflicted with chronic poverty, and a rich man cannot be found. Now is the time for an apostolic voice to be heard, thundering in every ear, 'Beware of covetousness!' It is the time to enforce the truthful declaration, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and he shall reward him.' Let there be no halting, no look or tone of discouragement, no prophesying failure in a manner to procure it, no concluding that nothing can be done, no resolve to keep the purse-strings closed, no diversion to any other part of the field, friends of the oppressed! Be just in your feelings, careful in your calculations, and considerate in your expenditures; but allow nothing to drive you into meanness, to bring upon you the curse of selfishness, to relax your zeal 'in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.' If it is really not in your power to give as liberally as you have hitherto done, do not let this be an excuse for doing nothing. If this must be the day of small things, let it not be despised. If there are no costly gifts to be cast into the treasury of the Lord, there remain at least the two mites; and these shall obtain the divine benediction, and carry with them a divine potency.

Hard as the times, money can be easily raised in furtherance of filibustering and slavery-extension. That desperate marauder and piratical adventurer, the so-called 'General Walker,' is well supplied with men and arms to make another descent upon Nicaragua, for the sole purpose of extending the area of slavery; because the Southern oligarchy are resolute in purpose, and of an indomitable spirit. But when the all-teeming and wealthy North is implored to show as much zeal in the sacred cause of liberty, and to be as liberal in furnishing the means to make that cause gloriously victorious, the reply is, 'The times are hard—not a farthing to give now—wait a little longer!'

Last year, the receipts of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar amounted to upwards of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS—(\$5,250.) How near that sum shall they reach the present season? That depends, of course, upon individual resolve and self-consecration, as well as upon pecuniary ability. There will be no lack of articles for sale—the beautiful, the ornamental, the useful. Reserve all that you can, in order to purchase them, and thus, while gratifying your tastes and supplying your wants, help to give that 'material aid' which is so indispensable to the advancement of our noble cause. Let not the enemies of freedom have any cause for exultation at the result!

We hope that many hands are busily at work, in various parts of the Commonwealth, and out of it, in preparing articles for the Bazaar, such as will readily sell because of their cheapness and utility; for the gifts of our European friends will be sufficiently expensive and numerous to meet all demands in that direction, beyond a doubt; while those of a more home character, but of an every-day value, will be in special demand, and they ought to be abundant in quantity.

The Anti-Slavery lecturers, who are now in the field, are numerically a very small body, wholly inadequate to the work necessary to be done, yet remarkable for their persistency, moral power, unquenchable zeal, and rare disinterestedness. All personal considerations which are made subordinate to the cause itself, which it is their joy to advocate and defend, 'through evil report, and through good report.' Not one of them can be spared without a positive loss; and it is ever with the deepest regret that the Executive Committee find themselves necessitated to reduce their number; yet, as the treasury of the Society is now empty, unless the receipts of the coming Bazaar shall be far greater than the most sanguine now venture to predict, this painful duty will devolve upon them.

Remember, then, the Bazaar, with its beautiful Christmas and New Year's gifts—with its godlike object and world-embracing humanity—with its paramount claims to the respect, admiration and patronage of all who 'despise fraud, loathe rapine, and abhor blood.' Work for it—beg for it—pled for it—visit it—induce others to attend it—and by all in your power, that this every faithful field-laborer may be

retained, new territory may be occupied, and all the operations of the American Anti-Slavery Society prosecuted with unfaltering spirit and unconquerable energy.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.

Several articles, in our present number, will repay a careful perusal, notwithstanding their length. The first is an article of remarkable ability which appears in the Atlantic Monthly for December, entitled 'WHERE WILL IT END?'—and which cannot fail to make a deep impression upon all upright and reflecting minds. It delineates, with masterly skill, the steady growth and increasing supremacy of Slavery, as an institution, and forcibly declares that 'this baleful power has advanced from one position to another, never losing ground, but establishing itself at each successive point more impregably than before, until it has us at an advantage that encourages it to demand the surrender of our rights, our self-respect and our honor.' It has nothing of a partisan spirit, advocates no particular theory of emancipation, but is simply a felicitous historical and philosophical survey of the workings of the foulest and most oppressive system of oppression which ever disgraced a land or extended mankind. The Transcript attributes its authorship to PARKER GOODEN, Esq., of New York; but, whoever the writer is, he has done the cause of freedom good service, and will receive the thanks of all its true friends. We cannot find room for the entire article. Get the Monthly, and read it all.

We would next ask the perusal of so much of the excellent address, made at the late Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, by Rev. WILLIAM H. FULMER, of Philadelphia, as we have copied on our first page. Every word of it is most timely, and in manner and spirit it is entirely worthy of its distinguished author.

On the same page may be found a thrilling narrative of a negro revolt in Charleston, S. C., which appeared some time since in the New York Evening Post. The character of the slave Nicholas Bening, whose nobility of spirit is outraged and crushed by slavery, and his fate will excite the deepest commiseration of every humane heart. Is he not worthy to take a position by the side of Warren and Kosciuszko, and the recognized heroes of all ages?

A few numbers back, we occupied nearly an entire page with a recital of recent crimes and atrocities peculiar to the South, where human life is probably more insecure than in any other portion of the globe, and where slavery is constantly stimulating to the commission of the most terrible deeds, on the part both of the oppressor and the oppressed. Revolting and startling as the record is, we again devote another page to a similar recital, and have still as much more in our hands to be published hereafter. The general features of these horrors are peculiar to the South—the land of the bow-knife, the revolver, and the slave-whip. How dreadful is the retribution which comes upon the heads of those who enslave their fellow-creatures! Verily, 'God is just.'

DEATH OF HON. JAMES G. BIRNEY.

The death of this once prominent advocate of the Anti-Slavery cause is recorded in the New York papers. It took place at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on the 24th ult. For the main particulars of his career, see the article in another column, from the New York Herald.

From 1834 to 1840, Mr. Birney occupied a very distinguished position in the ranks of American abolitionists—first nobly setting all his slaves free, thus reducing himself at once to comparative poverty, and then giving himself to the work of enlightening the whole country on the subject of slavery; exhibiting masterly ability in the use of his pen, which he wielded with great industry and powerful effect. Whatsoever he wrote attracted universal attention, and tens of thousands of his letters and appeals were scattered broadcast through the land, awakening attention, exciting discussion, confirming the timid, and upholding the faltering. Indeed, the importance of his adhesion to the proscribed Anti-Slavery movement, at a time when its friends were few indeed, and all the powers of darkness seemed set loose for its destruction, cannot be fully estimated. The fact that he was of Southern birth—a ripe scholar and a prominent member of the bar—a repentant slaveholder, and one who had filled various public stations of trust and honor—and also that, for his fidelity to his conscience, and his humanity to his slaves, he was compelled to leave Kentucky, because his life was constantly imperilled, and to seek a home in the North—all these things served to give him special conspicuity, and to make him Freedom's 'bright particular star.' It was a case of sincere and thorough conversion—the great instrument of which, we believe, was THEOPHILUS D. WELLS, to whom so many minds have been indebted for their illumination, and so many hearts touched with quenchless sympathy for the oppressed.

After leaving Kentucky, Mr. Birney commenced the publication of a paper in Cincinnati, called 'The Philanthropist,' which obtained an extensive circulation, and produced a great deal of excitement, especially in that region. Such was the fierce spirit that prevailed in that city, that his press was repeatedly destroyed by a mob, his printing-office entered, and all its contents thrown into the street or cast into the river; and he was in great personal danger, at times being compelled to sleep out of the city for self-preservation. But his courage and faith were equal to the trial-hour, and he maintained his ground with martyr-like nobility of soul.

Mr. Birney subsequently relinquished the publication of the Philanthropist, (which was continued by the present Editor of the National Era, Gamaliel Bailey, Esq.,) and accepted of the office of Secretary and General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which he continued to fill until the time of the memorable secession from that Society in 1840, when he joined with the malcontents, and committed an error which proved fatal to his usefulness, and which, we doubt not, he deeply regretted toward the close of his life; for it is only a short time since he made a donation to the treasury of that Society, and in other ways he has indicated a friendly interest in its welfare.

In 1840, Mr. Birney was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention at London; and as he was at that time the Presidential candidate of the Liberty Party, he received marked attention wherever he travelled in England. He was highly courteous and dignified in his manners, less able as a speaker than as a writer, true to his convictions, and devoid of sectarian malvolence. It was in London that he first published his tract, 'The American Church the Bulwark of Slavery,' which produced such a profound sensation on both sides of the Atlantic by its disclosure, and which, alas! remains as useful for circulation now as it was in 1840.

For the last dozen years, Mr. Birney has lived a retired life, an invalid nearly all that time, calmly awaiting 'that change which comes to all,' and that 'inevitable hour' which none can escape. He has entered into rest.

CLERICAL 'POLITENESS.'

A respected correspondent at Newburyport, (see his letter on our first page,) in giving an account of the recent examination of the Female High School, says that the Rev. Mr. Vermyle undertook to descend upon the importance of 'politeness' to the young ladies—telling them that they 'would not imitate the Women's Rights women—for instance, ABILEY KELLY FOSTER, a woman with a broad red face, (!) coarse skin, (!) great veins on her neck, (!!) and very unkindable.' We need not say to those who know her, that this description of Mrs. Foster is false in every particular; and either this Rev. Ibeller has never seen her, or else he maliciously gave this caricature of her personal appearance. Shame on him!

From the Atlantic Monthly for December.

WHERE WILL IT END?

Success, perpetual and transcendent, such as has always waited on Slavery in all his attempts to mould the history of the country, and to compel the course of events to do her bidding, naturally excites a measure of curiosity, if not of admiration, in the mind of every observer. Have the slave-owners then gone on from victory to victory, and from strength to strength by reason of their multitude, of their wealth, of their public services, of their intelligence, of their wisdom, of their genius, or of their virtue? Success in gigantic crime sometimes implies a strength and energy which compel a kind of respect even from those who hate it. The right supremacy of the power that thus sways our destiny clearly does not reside in the overwhelming numbers of those that bear rule. The entire sum of all who have any direct connection with Slavery, as owners or hirers, is less than THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND,—not half as many as the inhabitants of the single city of New York! And yet even this number exaggerates the numerical force of the dominant element in our affairs. To approximate to the true result, it would be fair to strike from the gross sum those owning or employing less than ten slaves, in order to arrive at the number of slaves who really compose the ruling influence of the nation. This would leave but a small fraction over SIXTY THOUSAND, men, women and children, owning slaves enough to unite them in a common interest. And from this should be deducted the women and minors actually owning slaves in their own right, but who have no voice in public affairs. These taken away, and the absentees flying to Europe or the North from the moral contamination or material discomforts inseparable from Slavery, and not much more than FIFTY THOUSAND voting men will remain to represent this mighty and all-controlling power!—a fact as astounding as it is incontrovertible.

Oligarchies are nothing new in the history of the world. The government of the many by the few is the rule, and not the exception, in the politics of the times that have been, and of those that now are. But the concentration of the power that determines the policy, makes the laws, and appoints the ministers of a mighty nation, in the hands of less than the five-hundredth part of its members; is an improvement on the dress of the elder aristocracies; while the usurpation of the title of the Model Republic and of Pattern Democracy, under which we offer ourselves to the admiration and imitation of less happy nations, is certainly a refinement on their nomenclature.

This prerogative of power, too, is elsewhere conceded by the multitude to their rulers generally for some especial fitness, real or imaginary, for the office they have assumed. Some services of their own or of their ancestors to the State, some superiority, natural or acquired, of parts or skill, at least some peculiarity of high culture and elegant breeding, a quick sense of honor, a jealousy of insult to the public, an impatience of personal stain,—some or all of these qualities, appealing to the gratitude or to the imagination of the masses, have usually been supposed to inhere in the class they permit to rule over them. By virtue of some or all of these things, the members have had allowed to them their privileges and their precedence, their rights of exemption and pre-eminence, their voice potential in the councils of the State, and their claim to be foremost in its defence in the hour of its danger. Some ray of imagination there is, which, falling on the knightly shields and heraldic devices that symbolize their conceded superiority, at least dazzles the eyes and delights the fancy of the crowd, so as to blind them to the inhering vices and essential fallacies of the Order to whose will they bow.

But no such consolations of delusion remain to us, as we stand face to face with the Power that holds our destiny in its hands. None of these blissful illusions can cheat our eyes with any such false presentations. No antiquity hollows, no public services—consecrate, no gifts of lofty culture adorn, no graces of noble breeding embellish the coarse and sordid oligarchy that gives law to us. And in the blighting shadow of Slavery, letters die, and art cannot live. What book has the South ever given to the libraries of the world? What work of art has she ever added to its galleries? What artist has she produced that did not instinctively fly, like Allston, to regions in which genius could breathe and art was possible? What statesman has she reared, since Jefferson died and Madison ceased to write, save those intrepid discoverers who have taught that Slavery is the corner-stone of republican institutions, and the vital element of Freedom herself? What divine, except the golly men whose theologian skill has attained to the doctrine that Slavery is the essence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? What moralist, except those ethic doctors who teach that it is according to the Divine Justice that the stronger race should strip the weaker of every civil, social and moral right? The unrighteous partiality, extorted by the threats of Carolina and Georgia in 1788, which gives them a disproportionate representation because of their property in men, and the unity of interest which makes them always act in behalf of Slavery as one man, have made them thus omnipotent. The North, distracted by a thousand interests, has always been at the mercy of whatever barbarian chief in the capitol could throw his slave whip into the trembling scale of party. The government having been always, since this century began, at least, the creature and the tool of slaveholders, the whole patronage of the nation, and the territory filled chiefly by Northern commerce, have been by their command to help manipulate and mould plastic Northern consciences into practicable shapes. When the slave interest, consisting, at its own largest account of itself, of less than THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND souls, has thirty members of the Senate, while the free-labor interest, consisting of at least TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS, SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND souls, has but thirty-two, and when the former has a delegation of some score of members to represent its slaves in the House, besides its own fair proportion, can we marvel that it has achieved the mastery over us which is written in black and bloody characters on so many pages of our history?

Such having been the absolute sway Slavery has exercised over the facts of our history, what has been its influence upon the characters of the men with whom it has had to do? Of all the productions of a nation, its men are what prove its quality most surely. How have the men of America stood this test? Have those in the high places, they who have been called to wait at the altar before all the people, maintained the dignity of character and secured the general reverence which marked and waited upon their predecessors in the days of our small things? The population of the United States has multiplied itself nearly tenfold, while its wealth has increased in still greater proportion, since the peace of 'Eighty-Three. Have the Representative Men of the nation been made or maintained great and magnanimous, too? Or is that other anomaly, which has so perplexed the curious foreigner, an admitted fact, that in proportion as the country has waxed great and powerful, its public men have dwindled from giants in the last century to dwarfs in this? Alas! to ask the question is to answer it. Compare Franklin, Adams, and Jay, met at Paris to negotiate the treaty of peace which was to seal the recognition of their country as an equal sister in the family of nations, with Buchanan, and Soule, and Mason, convened at Ostend to plot the larceny of Cuba! Sages and lawgivers, consulting for the welfare of a world and a race, on the one hand, and buccaners conspiring for the pillage of a sugar-island on the other!

What men, too, did not Washington and Adams call around them in the Cabinet!—how representative of great ideas! how historical! how immortal! How many of our readers can name the names of their successors of the present day? Inflated obscurities,

blasted insignificancies, who know or care where they came or what they are? We know whose bidding they were appointed to obey, and what measure dare extend our profane comparisons ever higher than Washington's august idea alongside the microscopic realities of to-day? Let us be more merciful, and take our departure from the middle term between the Old and the New, occupied by Andrew Jackson, whose iron will and doggedness of purpose gave distinction to his time, the Slave Power, though always the secret workings be seen more openly than ever before. And diminishing shadows have glided successively through the portals of the White House! From Van Buren to Tyler, from Tyler to Polk, from Polk to Fillmore, from Fillmore to Pierce! 'Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,' until at last reaches the vanishing point!

The baleful influence thus ever shed by Slavery on our national history and our public men has not yet spent its malignant forces. It has, indeed, reached a height which a few years ago it was thought the wildest fanaticism to predict; but its fatal power will not be stayed in the mid-sweep of its career. The Ordinance—the line drawn in 1820, which the slaveholders plighted their faith Slavery should never overstep, insolently as well as infamously obliterated—Slavery presiding in the Cabinet, seated on the Supreme Bench, absolute in the halls of Congress,—no man can say what shape its next aggression may not take to itself. A direct attack on the freedom of the press and the liberty of speech at the North, where alone either exists, were no more incredible than the later insolences of its tyranny. The battle not yet over in Kansas, for the compulsory establishment of Slavery there by the interposition of the Federal arm, will be renewed in every Territory as it ripens into a State. Already warning voices are heard in the air, prefiguring such a conflict in Oregon. Parades every where instinctively feel that a zeal for the establishment of slavery where it had been abolished, or its introduction where it had been prohibited, is the highest recommendation to the Executive favor. The rehabilitation of the African slave-trade is seriously proposed and will be furiously urged, and nothing can hinder its accomplishment but its interference with the domestic manufactures of the breeding Slave States. The pirate Walker is already mustering his forces for another incursion into Nicaragua, and rumors are rife that General Houston desires wresting yet another Texas from Mexico. Mighty events are at hand, even at the door; and the mission of them all will be to fix Slavery firmly and for ever on the throne of this nation.

Is the success of this conspiracy to be final and eternal? Are the States which name themselves, in simplicity or in irony, the Free States, to be always the stragglers of a central power like this? Are we ever to submit to be cheated out of our national rights by an oligarchy as despicable as it is detestable, because it clothes itself in the forms of democracy, and allows us the ceremonies of choice, the name of power, and the permission to register the edicts of the sovereign? We, who broke the sceptre of King George, and set our feet on the supremacy of the British Parliament, surrender ourselves, bound hand and foot in bonds of our own weaving, into the hands of the slaveholding Philistines! We, who secured the rule of the aristocracy of English ears, submit without a murmur, or with an ineffectual resistance, to the aristocracy of American flesh and blood! Is our spirit effectually broken? Is the brand of meanness and compromise burnt in uneffaceably upon our souls; and are we never to be roused, by any indignity, to fervent resentment and effectual resistance? The answer to these grave questions lies with ourselves alone. One hundred thousand, or three hundred thousand men, however crafty and unscrupulous, cannot for ever keep under their rule more than twenty millions, so much their superiors in wealth and intelligence as in numbers, except by their own consent. If the growing millions are to be driven by cartwheels along the pathway of their history by the dwindling thousands, they have none to blame for it but themselves. If they like to have their laws framed and expanded, their presidents appointed, their foreign policy directed, their domestic interests tampered with, their peace and war made for them, their national face and personal honor tarnished, and the lie given to all their boasts before the old despots, by this insignificant fraction of their number,—scarcely visible to the naked eye in the assembly of the whole people,—can we gain any or resist their pleasure.

But will the many always thus submit themselves to the domination of the few? We believe that the days of this ignominious subjection are already numbered. Signs in heaven and on earth tell us that some of these movements have begun to be felt in the Northern mind, which perplex tyrannies every where with the fear of change. The insults and wrongs so long heaped upon the North by the South began to be felt. The torpid giant moves uneasily beneath his momentary load of indignities. The people of the North begin to feel that they support a government for the benefit of their natural enemies; for, of all antipathies, that of slave labor to free is the most deadly and irreconcilable. There never was a time when the relations of the North and the South, as complicated by Slavery, were so well understood and so deeply represented as now. In fields, in farmhouses, and in workshops, there is a spirit aroused which can never be killed or exorcised till it has done its task. We see its work in the great uprising of the Free States against the Slave States in the late national election. Thoughtful, tricky and corruption checked it off its end, the thunder of its protest struck terror into the hearts of the tyrants. We hear its echo, as it comes back from the Slave States themselves, in the exceeding bitterness of the whites for deliverance from the bondage which the slavery of the blacks has brought upon them also. We discern the confession of its might in the very extravagances

upon a slave by one of the members of his church, and he is forced to leave his charge, if not to fly the country.

That such a tyranny should excite an antagonistic spirit of resistance is inevitable from the constitution of man and the character of God.

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LETTER FROM LEONISTER.

LEONISTER, Nov. 28, 1857.

DEAR MR. MAY: I intended writing you the first of the week, to say a word concerning Mr. Pillsbury's meetings here, but so many domestic cares have pressed upon me, I have not found leisure until now.

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THE NEW SLAVE TRADE.

We noticed briefly, yesterday, the news brought from Africa by the Ida, from Sierra Leone, Sept. 28. Since then, Capt. Tufts has furnished copies of the Sierra Leone News of Sept. 21, in which we find some interesting statements of the sad effects of the attempt of the French Emperor to export negroes from the coast of Africa to his West India colonies.

The New Era says the great stimulus given to the slave trade by this most discreditable transaction on the part of a leading power of Europe, (the people of which country, when their voices were free, declared slavery an evil for ever in the colonies of France), is producing great evil in the Yoruba and other countries where its influence is felt, and is uprooting all the good done in three years of peace and freedom from the slave trade in the Right of Benin.

Already, says the New Era, the Abbeokuta, who last year brought fifteen hundred tons of palm oil from Lagos to sell, have this year brought only five hundred tons, and the unwilling people have been forced to follow their chiefs to war, in order to defend the demand for slaves at Whydah.

The unwillingness of the bulk of the inhabitants of that interesting town to abandon their legitimate commerce and their cotton plantations may be gathered from the following statement of the French Consul at Lagos, in which they declare that, in order to procure a large army for the Abbeokuta war, soon to be undertaken, trade must be stopped now, and that during the war, nothing must be sold and nothing bought.

No canoes, except those of missionaries, who do not trade, will be allowed to appear upon the river. Death upon the spot is the penalty for disobedience. This, continues the New Era, is the result of a revival of the slave trade. The people of Ibadan, a town of large population, are now preparing to attack the people of Jaboo, who furnished during the palm oil season large quantities of oil.

The treaty with France, in the suppression of the slave trade expired in 1855, and even if in force, would not cover this Government speculation. As to the promise to bring back the negroes at the end of ten years, it has no force; for if landed at any other place than Lagos, they would, most probably, be again put on board the ships, and sent to the West Indies, or six self-empowered negroes from Bahia, who were landed several years ago by a Portuguese captain at Whydah, where they were seized by the King, plundered, and the adults killed.

An unpopular law, placing a gag upon the press, has lately passed the Legislature of Sierra Leone, but it would not probably have a long existence. HAVANA, Nov. 9, 1857. For the particular information of the abolitionists of New England, I have a few items of interest, and I beg their attention to ascertain how many of their profession are interested in the actual property which they, or their neighbors, have put into the African slave trade.

We have had another cargo of free slaves from the Celestials, by the Peruvian bark Tonto Torres, Peris, master, consigned to Torrice, Puentes & Co., arrived on the 7th from Macao and the Cape of Good Hope, with 169 Asiatics. Ninety-five died on the voyage, for want of stimulants or air.—N. Y. Herald.

Her Britannic Majesty's ship Scourge left Lisbon for England on the 9th ult. She comes from the coast of Africa to report to the British Government that several vessels, with crews of 150 to 200 men, with Spanish crews, who sail under the United States flag. The question that is about to be raised is, whether, under the present treaty between Great Britain and the United States, English vessels have a right to search and seize such vessels.

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From Kansas.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says that a committee of the Free State Territorial Commission posted after Gov. Walker, to urge him to call a session of the Legislature just closed. The Governor, however, wanted time to think of it, and left the Territory without announcing his decision.

The same correspondent says:—The excitement in Leavenworth on the subject of the bogus Constitution is intense. A meeting was held there last Saturday, which was addressed by General Lane, Mr. Parrot, and other prominent Free State men. Mr. Henderson, of the Leavenworth Journal, one of the framers of the Constitution, indirectly made his appearance in the hall. The excitement and indignation were so great that the officers of the meeting had great difficulty in restraining the people from visiting him with the punishment of treason against liberty on the spot.

Another meeting will be held at Leavenworth on the 28th, to decide whether to vote at the constitutional election, or fight! The President and the Kansas Convention.—The Newburyport Herald, in an editorial allusion to the late New England Convention, remarks that if Mr. Buchanan has taken the ground alleged, he will hear "cries for freedom," and groans, not from "bleeding Kansas" alone, but from the whole land, such as, in the seventy-five years of his life, were never heard before.

Something New.—The proprietors of the Newburyport Herald intend celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of their weekly paper, and the twenty-fifth of their daily, on the 17th of January, the anniversary of Franklin's birth-day. They propose calling the celebration a "live printer," who served an apprenticeship in his office, and every editor or prominent contributor. The list embraces the names of quite a number of distinguished gentlemen, who now honor the various professions in life. An oration will be pronounced by an eminent statesman, and the occasion will be one of great interest.

A Columbus paper says, that during the progress of the late tornado near Crestline, Ohio, Miss White, a young lady aged about 17 years, was carried up into the air, and was seen to be hurled feet, and left dangling on the top of a cherry tree.

The report of the United States Patent Office thus states the value of the leading crops of the country for 1857:—Indian corn, \$366,000,000; wheat, \$247,000,000; hay and fodder, \$160,000,000; pasture, \$143,000,000; cotton, \$138,000,000; oats, \$85,000,000; garden products, \$60,000,000; potatoes, \$41,250,000; sugar, \$35,000,000; orchard products, \$25,500,000; total, \$1,266,250,000.

Elizur Wright of Boston is still busying himself with his water-works. In addition to his self-acting stop-cock and water-faucet, he has lately contrived a method of joining lead pipes without the employment of a plumber, by a very simple process.

Brigham Young, who defies the government and threatens the armies of the United States, is a native of Vermont, and is 55 years of age. His father was a farmer, originally from a town in the vicinity of Boston, and young Brigham is said never to have been to school but thirteen days.

Three Josiah.—The Boston Transcript states, that at Mr. Mackay's lecture in this city, last week, were seen, 'all seated in a row,' Josiah Quincy, Josiah Quincy, Jr., and Josiah P. Quincy, father, son, and grandson.

Libertarian Coin.—We have been shown the one cent and two cent pieces of Liberator coin. They are about the same size, though not so heavy, as the English half-penny and penny pieces, and are prominently marked with their respective denominations. On the one side is a representation of a palm tree in bloom, the ocean, with steamer in the distance, and the figures '1847,' the latter referring to the date of formation as a republic. On the reverse, head of Liberty and cap, with a star in the cap, and the words 'Republic of Liberia,' and three small stars, representing the three original colonies which comprise the young nation. The metallic currency of Liberia consists in the one and two cent pieces. They were struck in London in 1851, and present a creditable appearance.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The undersigned again call on all interested in their cause,—the cause of Freedom, so deeply important, not only to the three millions of American slaves, but to the American nation and to entire humanity,—for immediate aid, by contributions of money and materials, and by purchase at the next Bazaar to be opened in Boston.

Contributions of money at the present time will enable members of the Committee now in Europe to add to the attractions of the exhibition still further, and, in consequence, to increase the funds; which are to be expended, as heretofore, by the American Anti-Slavery Society, in awakening the whole country, through its newspapers, books and various agencies, to the necessity of extinguishing slavery.

Our principle is too well known to need more than a mere statement. It is, immediate, unconditional emancipation, without expatriation, and by peaceful means. From a growing conviction of the justice and necessity of this work, for the good and honor of all concerned, every measure possible to be taken will inevitably spring without delay. Our funds, therefore, will be devoted to the primary work of arousing and engaging the public mind; which, as fast as it awakens, never fails to find a way to work its will,—through church action, by agitation and withdrawal,—by state action, through the customary political channels, and by the profounder policy of creating others,—by legislative and judicial changes,—by individual efforts in the manumission of slaves and the protection of fugitives,—by economical measures prompted by the greater advantages of free labor,—by humane feelings creating a preference for its products.

What we ask of the citizens around us, just awakening to some one or other of the manifold aspects of this great question, is, to enable us to continue the use of the means that have proved so efficacious in their own case, and to sustain the primary cause of whatever Anti-Slavery effects they observe and desire to promote.

Let those who labor for an Anti-Slavery national and State administration, furnish voters with the only sufficient motive to any Anti-Slavery effort, by working with us, so to excite the love of liberty, that every man shall take the risk of trampling down slavery wherever it meets him.

Let them that pity the hunted fugitive, who sees in every Northern man a betrayer, bound to that base function by the great organic law of his country, take the means most effectual to turn the betrayer into the protector, by helping us every where to awaken a stronger sentiment than compassion for the millions who cannot fly; of whose case it was so truly said by a New England poet of the earlier time, before school-books were expurgated by slavery—

Their wrongs compassion cannot speak. Let all take warning to co-operate with us, from those earlier days when slavery, instead of dying out, as was prophesied, began to grow stronger, because there was then no such fountain head of moral power as we commend to the attention of the whole land to-day.

We do not make this appeal in a sectional spirit as Northern-born, interfering with matters that do not concern us. We make it in grateful acknowledgment of the benefits we have received from the anti-slavery cause, desiring to communicate them to others. We have all been connected personally with the system of slavery. One has known the evil power of its money temptations; another has felt its political despotism; another its perverting social influence; another its corrupting ecclesiastical bondage; another yet has been identified by Southern birth and education with the slaveholders, and sustained the legal relation of ownership to the slaves; while not unfrequently among our most efficient members have been the wives of slaves, driven from us by the operation of laws from which we cannot protect them, and which make us liable to ruinous fine and crushing imprisonment, as they have done our associates elsewhere. But we all, with one accord, testify to the truth of the anti-slavery principles, and entreat the aid of all whom this appeal reaches, to deliver the country from such a despotism, by their promulgation.

THE LIBERTY BELL will be published as usual; and we entreat all our friends who have heretofore aided us by literary or pecuniary contributions, to let us hear from them once again, as speedily as possible.

Our friends in Europe will not fail to take notice that the Bazaar is to open a week earlier than usual.

Contributions may be addressed to Mrs. CHAPMAN, 21 Cornhill, Boston, or to the other members of the Committee, at their respective homes.

Hon. Caleb Cushing is very unlike "State men" as H. B. Payne, who went round the State abusing the Republicans, and affirming that incredible lie, which Cushing takes pains to contradict, that the Republicans were in favor of negro equality.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Well, what is all the fuss about then? Haven't you been swearing that the South can't abide by the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, because it teaches that 'all men are created equal'? You don't believe it, then? Evidently, you are becoming 'pro-slavery.' You will have to take this back. The declaration that the Black Republicans are in favor of 'negro equality' is, then, an 'incredible lie.' That will do.—New Orleans Bulletin.

Mr. CUSHING ENCOURAGED. 'A Retired Statesman,' through the columns of the Washington Union, warmly commends Hon. Caleb Cushing for his willingness to go into our Legislature. He is pleased to say—

'Such a man as Mr. Cushing, though standing alone in a body like the wild-cat Legislature of Massachusetts, may, and I have no doubt will, do much good.'

THE LATE MASSACRE OF EMIGRANTS IN THE MORMON SETTLEMENTS. An officer of the army, who was stationed nearly a year in Utah, and who passed over the Spanish trail from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles—in command of a detachment of United States troops in 1855—informs us that he camped for several days at Mountain Meadows, the scene of the late horrible massacre of over one hundred emigrants, and that there is no room for the shadow of a doubt but that the Mormons were cognizant of and instigated this horrible butchery.—N. Y. paper.

LITERARY. Rev. John B. Willard, the popular lecturer, is preparing for the press a volume of essays upon religion and literature. The Christian Register, (high authority in such matters,) speaking of Mr. Willard, says: 'J. B. Willard, of Still Water, Mass., is one of the most exquisite writers of our country.'

Congress meets on the first Monday in December, which this year comes on the seventh instant (next Monday). As the Democrats have a majority in the House, an immediate organization will undoubtedly be effected, and we shall have the first Annual Message of President Buchanan on the following day.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. Donations. Charles F. Hovey, to redeem pledge, \$200.00 Mrs. Mary May, to redeem pledge, 50.00 FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer. Boston, Dec. 2, 1857.

CONVENTION IN NASHUA.—An Anti-Slavery Convention, for the fullest discussion of the present condition and prospects of the country in all its relations and interests as affected by that 'sum of all villainies,' SLAVERY, will be held at Nashua, N. H., commencing on Saturday evening, Dec. 12th, and continuing through the day and evening of Sunday, Dec. 13th.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON will deliver an address on Temperance, by invitation of the Sons of Temperance, at their Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, on Sunday evening next, Dec. 6, at half past 7 o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

NOTICE.—ABBY KELLEY FOSTER'S post-office address for the future will be Worcester, Mass.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL. THE next Term of this Institution will commence on the first Wednesday in January, 1858, and continue five weeks. For Catalogues, containing further information, please address

W. S. HAYWOOD, } Principals. ABIEE S. HAYWOOD, } Hopedale, Milford, Mass., Dec. 4, 1857. 21s 2os

MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE UNION. JUST published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, and for sale at 138 Nassau Street, New York, and 21 Cornhill, Boston. THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE AMERICAN UNION, reprinted from the Western Star, making a neat pamphlet of 72 pages. Price 10 cents single, 75 cents per dozen. This masterly and philosophical view of the state of the Anti-Slavery struggle in this country deserves the widest circulation, and is from the pen of one of the brightest intellects in Europe.

BOSTON PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS, No. 39 NILES'S BLOCK. Entrance, No. 33 School Street. THE Subscriber, late with FOWLER, WELLS & Co., announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has opened the above establishment expressly for the purpose of giving

Correct Phrenological Examinations, with reliable advice in reference to Choice of Occupation, Health, Habits and Diet, Matrimonial Adaptation, Children's management, Choice of Help, Clergy, &c., Self-Improvement in general. N15 1/2 THOMAS VICKERS.

TREES AND PLANTS. B. M. WATSON, OLD COLONY NURSERIES, PLYMOUTH, Mass. WILL send his Fall Descriptive Priced Catalogue of Trees and Plants for Fall planting, to any address. Carriage of all packages paid to Boston or New York. October 30. 41

JUST PUBLISHED, A NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK, ENTITLED DEBT AND GRACE, AS RELATED TO THE Doctrine of a Future Life. BY C. F. HUDSON. The Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., says of this book—

'The results of [the author's] thinking and reading, as they appear in this volume, are remarkable for original force and for learning, for depth and extent of theological scholarship in the direction of his theme, and for the ingenuity and courage with which he maintains his particular theory. I believe the work is to excite a great deal of interest, to meet the mind of the religious world just where it is greatly exercised, and to lead to important results through the discussions it may provoke. My opinion [is] that the treatise will command general and respectful attention, both among theologians and the people.'

Another gentleman, one of our most accomplished scholars, says—

'It is not merely a work of learning; it is a work of thought; it every where bears the stamp of an acute and vigorous intellect. It will be regarded by those capable of appreciating it as one of the most valuable contributions to our theological literature which has appeared for many years.'

Price, \$1.25. Sent post paid. Orders for single copies may be directed to C. F. HUDSON, Boston. Cash orders from the trade to JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers, 287 Washington Street, Boston.

New York Central College. THE next term of New York Central College, both Academic and Collegiate departments, will commence the 27th of November, 1857. Mrs. C. CAMPBELL, the former accomplished teacher in the department of Drawing and Painting, has consented to resume her connection with the Institution; excellent facilities will thus be afforded to those wishing instruction in this department.

Other competent teachers will take the places of those who have recently resigned. The prominent features of the Institution, as heretofore noticed, are Radical Anti-Slavery and Equality of the Sexes. LEONARD G. CALKINS, GEORGE J. BROCKETT, McGrawville, Cort. Co. N. Y., Oct. 27, 1857.

POETRY.

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

[The following poem, which appears in the first number of the new Boston magazine, the Atlantic Monthly, is said to be from the pen of John G. Whittier.]

Tritemius Heribopolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from beneath a miserable voice—
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward, broken by that cry,
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow;
And withered hands stretched up to him, who cried
For arms as one who might not be denied.

She cried: 'For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!—What I can,
I give, Tritemius said—my prayers.' 'O man
Of God!' she cried, for grief had made her bold,
'Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
Words cannot save me, alone suffice;
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies.'

'Woman!' Tritemius answered, 'from our door
None go unfed; hence we are always poor.
A single soldo is our only store—
Thus hast our prayers, what can we give thee more?'
'Give me,' she said, 'the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God will may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead.'

Then said Tritemius, 'Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it; and as gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled!
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child!'

But his hand trembled as the holy palms;
He laid within the beggar's open palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came,
He rose to find the chapel all aflame,
And dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

MY MOTHER'S SONG—SWEET HOME.

How oft we hear those gentle words!
We hear them breathed in song,
When music bursts from happy hearts
That still to joy belong!
When rosy beams of daylight dawn,
Or when the shadows fall,
We hear the gladdest echoes tell
'Sweet home' hath charms for all.

Those simple words!—that plaintive air!
My mother sang the strain
In days gone past, in happy days,
That may not come again!
She sang it by the household hearth,
Our father sitting by,
And smiles were playing on his lips,
But tear-drops filled his eye.

'On earth there is no place like home,'
She taught my lips to say,
But all that made my home so dear
Long since has passed away!
We hear no more her gentle voice,
At morning or at even;
She has an angel's golden harp,
Her song is heard in heaven.

I hear it sung by others now,
And o'er my soul, the while,
Steal memories, sadly sweet, that bring
A tear-drop and a smile!
And, oh! 'tis sweet, 'ere now, to hear
Those thrilling murmurs fall!
'Home, home, sweet home!' 'tis not of earth,
Heaven hath a home for all!

THE EVENINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.
In the summer evenings,
When the wind blew low,
And the skies were radiant
With the sunset glow,
Thou and I were happy
Long, long years ago,
Love, the young and hopeful,
Hovered 'er us twain,
Filled us with sad pleasure
And delicious pain.

In the summer evenings,
Wandering in the lane,
In the winter evenings,
When the wild winds roar,
Blustering at the chimney,
Piping at the door,
Thou and I are happy,
As in days of yore;
Love still hovers 'er us,
Robed in white attire,
Drawing heavenly music
From an earthly lyre,
In the winter evenings,
Sitting by the fire.

From Life Illustrated.
THE PLOW.
God speed the plowshare! tell me not
Disgrace attends the toll
Of those who plow the dark green sod,
Or till the fruitful soil.
Why should the honest plowman shrink
From mingling in the van
Of learning and of wisdom, since
'Tis mind that makes the man?

God speed the plowshare, and the hands
That till the fruitful earth!
For there is in this world so wide
No gem like honest work.
And though the hands are dark with toil,
And flushed the manly brow,
It matters not, for God will bless
The labors of the plow.

J. A. B.
THE WIFE.
On earth, to man there is but one
His heart can love, his soul can own:
Through myriads lit before his view
There is but one to whom he's true—
That one can sway him to and fro;
Can make him drain the cup of woe;
Can give him joy, or blast his life;
And that one's name is simply wife.

But in that name a world is spheres,
A world by all beloved, revered,
Who have the sense to know its worth,
And spurn the gaudy joys of earth;
For that full heart in her dear breast—
If rightly prized—eternal rest—
Is not with blissful sweets more rife,
Than that pure heart—a loving wife.

PAY THE PRINTER.
Pay the printer—pay the printer—
All remember his just due;
In cold winter, freezing winter,
He wants cash as well as you.

SOUTHERN ATROCITIES AND HORRORS.

A FRESH CHAPTER.—READ THE RECORD.

Two Negroes Burned Alive.—A correspondent of the Camden (Ark.) Herald, writing from Hannburg, Ashley county, Ark., under date of the 19th ult., furnishes us with the horrible details of a tragical affair that occurred recently in that vicinity:—

The good citizens of Extra Township, lying some twelve miles south of this place, were, on Wednesday morning last, thrown into a high state of excitement by the commission of one of the most brutal and atrocious murders that was ever perpetrated. The particulars of this dreadful affair, so far as I have been able to gather, are as follows:—

There lived in Extra Township a widow lady named Hill. She being sick, and having no one to wait on her, one of her neighbors, J. L. May, sent a negro woman to attend her. On Friday night last (according to the subsequent confession of one of the negroes,) her house was entered by a white man named Miller, and two negro men, one belonging to Mr. Norrell and the other to a Mr. Perdue. After violating the person of the unfortunate woman by the indulgence of her unfortunates, they coolly and deliberately murdered her. The negro woman attempted to escape, but it was all in vain, for she had only got outside of the gate, when she was overtaken and cruelly murdered. The bodies of the two unfortunate victims were then placed in the house, and it set on fire and consumed to ashes.

The next morning, all the negroes in the neighborhood were summoned, for the ostensible purpose of working on the road, but in fact for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a clue to the perpetrators of the crime. One of the guilty negroes, fearing detection, would not stand an examination, and broke for the party, mounted his master's horse, and made his escape to the woods. The next day, however, he was decaying in another negro, was arrested, and confessed the whole matter, implicating the above-named Miller and the other negro. The two negroes were to-day, in the presence of an excited multitude, and upon the death-bed of the murdered woman, buried at the stake. The man Miller was present, and the negro who confessed told him his fate that he was guilty, and even from the very flames reproached him with having been the cause of the horrible deed. The other negro protested to the very last that he was innocent of the crime, and that he knew nothing of the murder.

The excitement has spread all over the county, and fears are entertained that some difficulty may grow out of the transaction between the owners of the negroes, and the parties acting in the premises.

A Louisiana Free Fight.—The Red River American has seen a private letter giving the following account of a frightful occurrence which lately disturbed the parish of Calcasieu:—

The facts, as near as has been ascertained, are these: Claiborne Hart and his son Charles had for several weeks been making violent threats against the lives of James M. Wilburn, Benton Wilburn, William and Jackson McGee.

On Saturday, the 12th inst., Hart and his son went to the residence of Benton Wilburn, and told him that his time had been limited to him, as well as the other parties above named; that they had given them ample warning to leave the county, and now they intended killing them, whether they were willing to leave or not. From thence they went to James Wilburn's, and made similar threats. They then went to a neighbor's a mile or two off, and told what they had said and done at the Wilburns.

On the following day, Mrs. Wilburn sent a little girl to one of her neighbors, requesting him to come over and see what all the firing of guns near his house meant. Two gentlemen came, as requested, as they entered the lane, they discovered the lifeless bodies of Hart and his son—the latter had his gun in his hands, ready for firing. These bodies were completely filled with buck shot. They appear to have died without a struggle. The two Wilburns and one of the McGees have been missing since the dreadful occurrence.

The parties on whom suspicion rested as the murderers gave themselves up to the officers. They had their trial before Justice Evans, in Calcasieu parish, by whom they were acquitted. The friends of Hart, over twenty in number, were in attendance at the trial. As soon as the prisoners were acquitted, they took possession of them, saying they would take them to Texas, and give them another hearing. They ordered one of the McGees to cross his hands for the purpose of tying them. On his refusal, they told him that he should either submit or be killed; whereupon, he told them that he would take his chance, and broke. They fired eight guns at him as he ran, but he escaped, and has not yet been found. It is not known whether he was wounded.

They then took James Wilburn, Benton Wilburn, Jackson McGee and Bowie McGee, and proceeded to Texas with them. At Mr. John Thompson's on the Sabine River, they stayed over night. Through the intercession of Mr. Thompson, they liberated James Wilburn, and proceeded over the river. A short time after they crossed the river, a volley of guns was heard, and, shortly afterward, the three Benton Wilburns and Jackson and Bowie McGee were found near the road, lifeless—their heads and bodies perfectly riddled with balls. Where this will end, it is impossible to say.

Lynching an Abolitionist in Mississippi.—A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal, writing from Oxford, Miss., on the 7th inst., gives the following account of the manner in which an Abolitionist was lynched:—

On Friday night last, a man by the name of Snyder was brought here under arrest, charged with organizing an insurrection among the negroes in the neighborhood of Abbeville, and was tried before the committing court the next day, and discharged. But before he had time to get out of the court-house, a meeting of the citizens was called. Mr. Yancy Wiley was called to the chair, and made some inquiring remarks, which were answered by several of our influential citizens, some of whom recommending mob law, which was received with applause; but this was cooled down by occasional speeches from those opposed to it. After deliberating some two hours, the prisoner agreed to remain in jail one month, to enable him to procure evidence of his innocence, which was put to a vote of the five, and rejected; after which, a committee of five was appointed to dispose of the matter. They agreed to accept his proposition, (one month's imprisonment), and the meeting adjourned. He (the prisoner) left the house for the jail under the watch of two constables, but, on arriving at the gate, he was pushed back, when the officers had to release their hold, which was immediately taken by two of the crowd. They proceeded to the end of the street leading north from the court-house.

When they were about one hundred yards out of the corporation, they left the road about a quarter of a mile, and stopped. The man (Snyder) was asked to strip himself, which he did without a word. He was then asked to acknowledge the crime he was charged with. To this he said he had none to make, that he was innocent, &c. After keeping him naked nearly an hour, and consulting, it was proposed to let him have what he chose, and he was carried back to jail. While after supper, he was demanded of the jailor, who refused to let him out, but, upon persuading and explanation on the part of the people, he (the jailor) agreed to turn the prisoner out, not having any legal process to imprison him, which was done. He was taken a half-mile from town by a picked crowd, who were watched closely by outsiders. After remaining in the woods about an hour and a half, the crowd (who were scattered about as sentinels) met at a fence where the prisoner was. He was again told to strip, which he proceeded to do without molestation; but when he was drawing his shirt, it was caught and fastened around his neck with the sleeves for a blindfold. A rope was then put about his neck to frighten him, but it had not its desired effect. He was allowed to stand in that position about fifteen minutes, when he was carried to the bottom of a hollow near where they were, and tied around a tree. He was told that, when the intention was to lynch him until he told something. The lashing was commenced by two, who used straps fastened to sticks about ten inches long. After he had taken one hundred and sixty-seven lashes, he began to know something about it, but not enough to satisfy the lynchers; so they commenced again with two other lynchers, and when the number had reached two hundred and thirty-eight lashes, he told the whole tale, which was this: He was to raise a company of some dozen blacks, who were to be turned out with arms (knives and pistols) by him, and go to the house of some of the wealthiest families, and get their money by frightening them. If they failed in this way, they were to kill the men and take it, when they were to get on the cars for Memphis, and then up the river to Indiana. They were to take two white ladies with them for wives. (He implicated another man, who was then in Indiana.) There was also a provision, amounting to five hundred dollars and that of the blacks. So he was shipped on the cars yesterday morning for the Junction, where he was to start for his home in Indiana. I have learned to-day that he was taken from the cars at Holly Springs, and confined in jail. I suppose we shall hear from him when the cars arrive here to-day. D. P. M.

From another source, we learn that Snyder has been lodged in jail in a neighboring county to Lafayette, to answer for his offence.

Outrage by Free Negroes.—We learn from the Raleigh Standard, that an outrage of a most aggravated character was perpetrated by some free negroes of Wake County, a few miles west of Raleigh, on Thursday-night, the 20th ult., on Messrs. Albert Hinton, James Penny, Barney Jones, and Marion Keith, worthy and respectable citizens of that County. We clip the following facts from the Standard:—

An outrage of a very aggravated character was perpetrated by some free negroes in this county, a few miles from Raleigh, on last Thursday night. As we have gathered the facts, they are as follows:—

Messrs. Albert Hinton, James Penny, Barney Jones, and Marion Keith, were patrolling in the neighborhood of free negroes, upon them by the county court, about 12 or 1 o'clock, they visited the house of some free negroes, on the lands of Mr. Beverly Jones, where there was a wedding. They discovered there was a collection of free blacks, slaves and some white folks, fiddling and frolicking generally. This assemblage it was their duty to look after; and in order the better to accomplish their purposes, the three first divided off to different doors. Mr. Keith remaining with his horses at a short distance. Mr. Penny went to the door by which the negro women, to whom he spoke, ordering them to remain in the house. They attempted to rush past him, when he struck one of them with his whip, and at that moment he was struck down and knocked senseless. Mr. Hinton at the same time entered at another door, and was felled; and Mr. Jones, running to the assistance of his comrades, was also stretched upon the ground. All three were stunned and senseless. Mr. Keith now rushed forward, and received some blows, but was not disabled. Most or all of both whites and negroes scattered, leaving the wounded men upon them by the county. Messrs. Keith and Jones escaped with a few contusions on the head. Mr. Penny had the end of his nose and his upper lip split open, and one of his front teeth knocked out, done with the edge of a spade. He also had several bruises on his head. Mr. Hinton was the greatest sufferer. Besides bruises, he received a severe cut on the head, laying the skull bare for two or three inches, and, worse still, had one of his eyes literally burst to pieces.

We saw several splinters and fragments taken from the head of the wounded man by the county. One of the splinters was over an inch long, and nearly three-fourths of an inch wide. This was buried out of sight in the socket of the eye. The pieces are light, showing that he was struck in the eye with a pine-wood knot or piece of split light wood.

Mr. Hinton's condition is still critical, but we are glad to learn he is considered to be doing well. The rapidity and efficiency with which the negroes acted excited the belief that they were anticipating a visit from the patrol, and had collected weapons and laid their plans to receive them as they did. This belief has been confirmed by subsequent developments.

The wounded men are all good citizens, and stand high in the community. As might be expected, there was and is great indignation manifested by both city and country. Judge Lynch is spoken of with more freedom, and a nearer approach to commendation, than was probably ever before heard in our community. The general sentiment is that, surrounded by the circumstances of our position as a slaveholding people, the punishment inflicted by law is inadequate to the offence.

The ring-leaders among the negroes are Wm. Robinson, Sidney Robinson, Wm. Mills, John Mills, James Mills, and Henry Mills. Two of them were caught on Friday night, at Morrisville, by constable Andrews, of this city, and two others on Sunday night, at the same place, by Dr. Allison. One was caught on Saturday by Messrs. T. J. Utley and L. T. Claton, and the other on Sunday by constable Hinton Franklin, assisted by Mr. Saml. Rowland. The six are now in jail.

Much praise is due to all those concerned in hunting and apprehending these scoundrels. Messrs. Utley and Clayton were among the first in pursuit, and acted with energy and zeal. Deputy Sheriff Norwood was also actively engaged. Mr. Andrews, decidedly a quick man in whatever he undertakes, left here at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and returned at 5 the next morning with his share of the game. Mr. Franklin laid a very nice plan to catch his negro, and deserves something for his shrewdness as well as for his efficiency. He decoyed him through a decoy, making him believe he was only wanted as a witness. Sheriff High was also in the morning. Such an occurrence as this is well calculated to make our people reflect on the propriety of permitting free negroes to exist among us. A few such outrages would cause the extirpation of that degraded class. They would be forced to remove, or be sold into slavery.

P. S. Since the above was written, the negroes have had a preliminary trial, and have all been committed, together with three others, who are thought to be implicated. One white man named Joseph Wilson, a witness, was also committed to jail for contumaciousness and probable perjury. By getting quarters with the Sheriff, he probably saved himself from a ride of a colt, the foal of an acorn.

The trial was had before Justice Root, Sewell, Harrison and Pool.

Human Slaughter in New Orleans.—On the night of the 27th October, a band of some fifteen men suddenly appeared on St. Thomas street, who divided into three squads, one of which passed down the centre, and one on each side, all being masked and blackened, and armed with knives, pistols, and slung shots, executing their work of indiscriminate destruction of human life wherever they passed, without uttering a word, save in a low, muttering tone. Two persons were killed, and many were fatally wounded. More than a dozen names are given of injured persons. The parties attacked were all Irish.

Mr. Hale, of Carrollton, Mississippi, was returning home on the 9th ult., with four runaway negroes, two men and two women, when they murdered him, and concealed his body in the woods, where it was found several days afterwards, and the murderers arrested.

Murder.—Mr. Bell, agent in Augusta, Ga., for the Commercial Agency of Douglas & Co., New York, killed James Allen, of Yorkville, on Saturday last. Bell had communicated information injurious to Allen. Bell has been arrested.

On Friday last, a slave woman, named Sarah, was hung at Louisa Court House, Virginia, for the murder of Mrs. Hall, her mistress, at Gordonsville, in that State.

Killed in an Affray.—D. P. Bates was killed by a pistol shot, fired by a man named Robinson, near Columbus, Ga., on Sunday week.

From a gentleman who resides in San Antonio, we learn that two negroes were hung by the citizens there last week for the rape of a white girl. The work of driving out the infamous characters is nearly accomplished.

Office Killed.—We regret to learn, from a paragraph in the Asheville (N. C.) News, that George Blackwell, sheriff of Polk County, N. C., was murdered week before last, while attempting to levy an execution upon some property.

An Overseer Killed by a Husband.—On the morning of the 15th, Wm. H. Beale, an overseer on the plantation of Dr. Parker, near Brandon, Miss., was found dead in the road, with his skull broken. It was ascertained that he had been killed by one of his employer's slaves, who wife he had whipped a day or two before.—Mobile Advertiser.

Execution.—Two negroes, convicted of an attempt to murder Mr. William R. Brothers, in Nansemond county, Va., last May, were hung last Friday morning. They broke into the dwelling of Mr. Brothers, and made a desperate assault upon him, cutting off one hand, breaking the other arm, and inflicting severe injuries otherwise, the particulars of which have been published before.—Richmond Enquirer.

Street Fight in Memphis.—In a street fight which occurred in this city this morning, Col. Cochrell, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, was badly wounded by a pistol in the hands of Dr. Hooper.

Pleasant M. Mask has been convicted, at Holly Springs, Miss., of the wilful murder of Miss Susan Elizabeth Smith.

A female slave in Anne Arundel county, Md., attempted to cut her throat with a razor, then made three great gashes across the abdomen, reaching the intestines. Finding she was not dead, she made a rush for a neighboring stream, but fell exhausted with loss of blood, and she then opened her bowels with loss of blood, and she then opened her bowels with loss of blood, and she then opened her bowels with loss of blood.

Shooting Affray.—A desperate shooting affair occurred at Goldsboro', N. C., recently. Dr. John W. Davis, a prominent citizen, was shot down by two German Jews named Olenchammer. One of the Olenchammers had his skull fractured. Davis is not expected to live. Lynch law is spoken of.

Desperate Fight with Runaways.—The Clark Co. Democrat learns from a gentleman from St. Stephens, in that county, that a desperate fight took place on Sunday last, near the mouth of Jackson creek, between two runaway negroes and four white men, the latter from Washington county. The fight lasted several hours, during which guns, pistols, knives and clubs were freely used on both sides; the negroes being armed also. The runaways were finally overpowered, and committed to jail in St. Stephens. None of the white men were seriously injured, but one of the negroes was said to be mortally wounded.

Jas. R. Pollock, a daguerreotypist at Manassas, on the night of the 30th ult., a man named Slidell, a blacksmith. The ball entered the stomach, and the wound is pronounced fatal. The quarrel originated about a young woman, whose cause Slidell espoused. The latter, after the shooting, managed to effect his escape.—Natchez Courier.

Suicide to avoid Lynch Law.—A man named Geo. Matheny, alias Taylor, was arrested for horse stealing in Missouri, and his mob were about to lynch him, and had actually commenced breaking the doors of the jail, when the prisoner hanged himself with a towel to the flooring above him. The mob then dispersed.

Carrying out Judge Taney's Decision.—The Harrodsburg (Ky.) Transcript says that Julius Trent was killed on a negro man in Mercer county, a few days since, on account of his refusal to pay him a debt of seventy-five cents. The murderer rode off un molested.

An Affair of Honor.—A duel was fought opposite Vicksburg, on the Louisiana side, Thursday, between Col. E. J. Bowers and Mr. S. S. Calhoun, both of Canton. The parties fought at thirty yards, with Mississippi rifles. At the first fire, Mr. Calhoun fell, but not injured. The blow was not dangerous. Col. Bowers was unharmed. A reconciliation thereupon happily took place between the parties.

Horrid Murder of an Unknown Man.—On Saturday last, a man was traversing Bloody Island, (the dwelling resort opposite St. Louis,) when he was killed by a mob of negroes. The murderer rode off un molested.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening News, of Friday week, records the following incident:—George, the property of Mr. P. O'Donnell, was killed about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, in front of a grocery store on Tradd street, three doors east of King, by a boy named John. The property of Mr. William Lowndes. The boy was inflicted with a knife in the neck, severing the jugular vein, which resulted in death in half an hour.

Father Shot by his Son.—At a hotel at Atlanta, Ga., last week, Wm. W. Wither, aged twenty years, was taken to a room by his father, who reminded him for drinking liquor to excess. William immediately drew a pistol, and shot his father, who was not quite dead at last accounts. The guilty son escaped.

In Summerville, Ky., two men named Peace and Skaggs quarrelled; a Mr. Beauchamp interfered. Peace ordered Beauchamp to get out of the way, or he would kill him. Beauchamp drew a revolver, fired, missed and retreated; was followed up by Peace, who placed his rifle against his antagonist, and literally blew his heart out. The fatal encounter was witnessed by the wife and children of the deceased.

Thomas Ehler, a notorious desperado, was stabbed to the heart on the 22d, in a fracas with a negro in Louisville, Ky.

Fatal Affray.—We learn that a serious difficulty took place last Saturday night, in the neighborhood of Indigo Head, in this county, at a cross-branching between Verity Farmer and Charles Moody. It appears from what we have learned, that some misunderstanding arose between the parties, and they agreed to fight, but from some cause the fight did not ensue immediately, and it was thought that the difficulty was quelled. Soon after, they stepped aside, apparently for the purpose of talking, and directly engaged in combat, in which Moody was stabbed in the breast, cutting his lungs, and inflicting mortal wounds.—Dadeville (Va.) Banner.

Hiram Little, of South Carrollton, Ky., was killed at that place on the 16th inst., by a man named Love. They had a quarrel on election day, had met in the street since, and exchanged shots, but neither party was injured. On Sunday, Love was observed in front of Little's house, armed with a double-barrelled gun, and he declared his intention to kill Little as soon as he made his appearance. Little came out unarmed, and Love shot him across the street, discharging both barrels, and killing Little instantly. Love was arrested and lodged in jail. Both men had families.

Lynch Law Proceedings.—In Barton county, Southwestern Missouri, great excitement has recently existed on account of the doings of a set of lawless wretches called 'Slickers,' who pretended to be a horse thief, but who 'slicked' or barbarously beat several men until their lives were despaired of, and when women intimidated, some were badly beaten and others violated. Neither age nor sex was spared. Some families were driven out of their homes, and their goods and provisions destroyed. The whole neighborhood was made desolate. There were from fifty to one hundred men in the gang.

Murder in Vicksburg, and Great Excitement.—On Sunday, the 23rd ult., a man named Ferdinand McCoy shot a riding boy 18 or 20 years old, as the boy was riding on a horseback through the streets of Vicksburg. The boy was the slave of G. W. Bender, and the murder without the slightest provocation. Marshal Egan immediately arrested McCoy, and lodged him in jail. Great excitement prevailed on Monday. A public meeting of citizens was held at the court-house, and resolutions condemning the conduct of the Marshal were passed, after which he was permitted to resign.

Reign of Terror' in Baltimore, Md.—The Baltimore Star states that on Wednesday evening, a gang of men went to the house of a colored man, named Alexander Johnson, who kept a sailor boarding-house in Caroline street, in that city, smashed in the door, stole every thing they could lay hands on, including eighty-two dollars in cash, then demolished the furniture. The loss is about five hundred dollars in all. On Friday evening, a man named Thomas Pierce, while playing cards at the house of Catherine Shriver, in Caroline street, was instantly killed, by some person unknown, who fired from outside the door, putting three balls through his head. On the same evening, as Mrs. Margaret Wehing was assisting her husband to close his store, at the corner of Bond and Shakespeare streets, three men who were passing fired at her and her husband, inflicting a dangerous wound upon Mrs. Wehing. In none of these cases, of outrage and murder have any arrests been made.

Fatal Affray.—A letter in the Bedford (Va.) Democrat says that Frank Greer was shot and killed by James Nichols, in Pittsylvania county, on the 2d ult., while returning from a funeral in Bedford. The letter says that an affray commenced between them, when Nichols drew a pistol, and shot Greer in the abdomen. Greer fell and died. 'Nichols, you have killed me for nothing—Lord have mercy on me!' He then asked to be raised up, which was done. They placed him on a cart to carry him home. He died in about thirty minutes. The writer says that Nichols escaped, and adds: It has been reported that said Nichols killed his mother a few years ago. A brother, by the name of Arnold, is supposed to have shot his father and killed him, and Burwell, a still elder brother, killed Daniel Ashwell. Not one of them has been punished.

Serious Affray.—Dr. Chase, dentist, and Mr. Hill, stage-coachman, exchanged pistol-shots and used knives in a street encounter in Raymond day before yesterday, which resulted in the instant death of Mr. Hill, who was shot through the liver and cut through the breast, (and heart, as believed,) and in the mortal wounding of Dr. C., who was shot through the knee and through the neck, the latter running down the abdomen. It was supposed to be a deadly and fatal encounter. From what we learn, there was no actual difficulty between the parties in question, but their fatal action grew out of an affair of others, in which they had respectively interested themselves.—Vicksburg Sentinel, Oct. 1.

Editor Killed.—Col. L. B. Luckie, editor of the Pine Bluff (Ark.) Enterprise, was killed in an affray at that place on the 28th ult. No particulars of the unfortunate difficulty are given. Col. Luckie was a lawyer of high standing, and a citizen greatly esteemed for his many excellent private virtues.

Murder and Lynching in Mississippi.—A man named Abernathy, living near Redland, in Pontotoc county, was shot and killed week before last, while pulling fodder in his field. At first, no one was suspected, and considerable mystery hung around the fatal act. The conduct of a man in the neighborhood, by the name of Gray, at length aroused suspicion, and on the 5th ult. he was arrested and carried to Pontotoc county, and lodged in jail. The people in the neighborhood where the killing occurred became very much aroused, and on Sunday a number of them assembled and proceeded in a body to Pontotoc, took Gray out of prison, carried him to Redland, tried, condemned, and executed him by hanging, near the spot where the murder was committed. Gray confessed the murder, after the rope was placed around his neck.

Fight at Brownville.—One White Man Killed, and One Negro Man Wounded.—We learn from Dr. A. J. Holliday, of Brownsville, Nebraska Territory, that a gentleman from Missouri, by the name of Myers, discovered, near that place, on Saturday last, three negroes skulking through the brush. Satisfied from their actions that they were runaways, he went to Brownsville, reported what he had seen, and a company was soon in pursuit of them. The negroes, who were concealed in a hazel thicket, discovered the party approaching, and prepared to offer determined resistance. Mr. Myers, who was in advance of the party, pointing out the spot where he had seen them, was shot twice by the negroes, and afterwards beaten over the head in a brutal manner. He lived but twenty minutes after he was shot. The negroes, after the first fire, fled, but were pursued and fired upon by the other party. Mr. Davis, of Brownsville, came up with one of them, a large mulatto-colored fellow, who appeared to be the leader of the runaways, and the one who first shot Myers, when a hand-to-hand encounter took place. Several shots were fired by each, and the negro receiving a severe wound in the arm, turned and attempted to escape by jumping into the river. His wounded arm being useless, he came near drowning, and Mr. Davis discovering him in a helpless condition, pulled him out, and secured him. The other two negroes escaped, but were being pursued by three gentlemen from the other party. Mr. Davis, of Brownsville, came up with one of them, a large mulatto-colored fellow, who appeared to be the leader of the runaways, and the one who first shot Myers, when a hand-to-hand encounter took place. Several shots were fired by each, and the negro receiving a severe wound in the arm, turned and attempted to escape by jumping into the river. His wounded arm being useless, he came near drowning, and Mr. Davis discovering him in a helpless condition, pulled him out, and secured him. The other two negroes escaped, but were being pursued by three gentlemen from the other party. Mr. Davis, of Brownsville, came up with one of them, a large mulatto-colored fellow, who appeared to be the leader of the runaways, and the one who first shot Myers, when a hand-to-hand encounter took place. Several shots were fired by each, and the negro receiving a severe wound in the arm, turned and attempted to escape by jumping into the river. His wounded arm being useless, he came near drowning, and Mr. Davis discovering him in a helpless condition, pulled him out, and secured him. The other two negroes escaped, but were being pursued by three gentlemen from the other party.

Horrible Tragedy.—An absorbing excitement pervades every class of this community at the issue of an unfortunate affray between Col. Lafayette Caldwell and B. B. Chinn, Esq., both of West Baton Rouge, during which the latter was shot, and it is feared, mortally wounded by the former, the pistol ball entering the abdomen, penetrating through and lodging in the back of the body. Two shots were fired, the second, it is supposed, taking effect upon Mr. John Toy, and inflicting upon him a dangerous wound in the groin. Mr. T. was not engaged in the affray, and his wound was altogether accidental. The affray occurred in the bar-room of the Harney Hotel. The ladies and all gentlemen of high social standing in the city and the country, in which they reside, and the unfortunate result of their misunderstanding has created a feeling of profound sorrow.

Col. Caldwell surrendered himself to Sheriff Babin about an hour after the sad occurrence, and was taken before Justice Sans, who issued a commitment which was immediate served by the sheriff upon the prisoner.—Baton Rouge Daily Advocate, 3d inst.

Remarkable Tragedy.—The Dallas (Texas) Herald, narrates the following: It becomes our duty to record one of the most desperate and heart-rending tragedies that has ever been enacted in this region of country. John Robinson, living some four or five miles from Birdville, in Tarrant County, on Friday morning of last week, without previous provocation, as we are informed, almost without an intimation of his fiendish intentions, shot and killed two brothers, George and James Anderson, brothers of his wife, then attempted the life of his wife, and failing in that, he proceeded deliberately to his neighbor, old man Sublett, a distance of nearly two miles, and while the old man was begging for mercy, shot him dead. Retreating to within a short distance of his home, Robinson finished this horrid and unnatural tragedy by placing the muzzle of his gun against his own forehead, and pushing the trigger with his ramrod, put an end to his own life instantly. The whole affair occurred in less than one hour.

Duel Between Editors.—The following letter, dated Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 2d, is published in the Southern papers:—

'A duel took place this afternoon, between W. D. Roy, of the Vicksburg Star, and R. H. Pardon, of the Port Gibson Herald. Pardon's left arm was broken in two places. Roy was not hurt. Cause—a slanderous editorial.'

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