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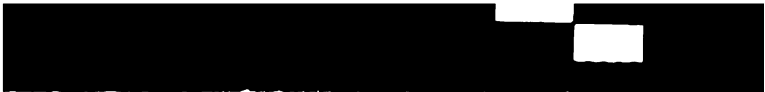






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AMERICAN
STATES, CHURCHES, AND SLAVERY.

BY THE

REV. J. R. BALME,

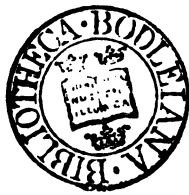
AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, AUTHOR OF THE
"LEVER OF THE GOSPEL," "MIRROR OF THE GOSPEL," "MAGNET OF THE GOSPEL,"
"TELEGRAPH OF THE GOSPEL," "TELESCOPE OF THE GOSPEL,"
AND "TEMPERANCE AUXILIARY TO THE GOSPEL."

* * "What I have written is no idle fictioned rhyme,
I paint the shadow of the curse of our country's blasting crime—
A curse upon whose blackness—a wall of solid night—
Comes a scroll of 'MENE, MENE,' in lines of lurid light."

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P R E F A C E.

THE author of this book is a descendant of the Puritans. For generations back his ancestors were of that school; and he covets earnestly their best gifts—their principles, virtues, faith—their unearthly desires, heaven-born tempers, self-sacrificing spirit, ardent love, and zeal. These are better than “armorial bearings, or animated busts” that rise to mark the lots or spots on earth of poets, orators, senators, warriors, nobles, princes, or any of this world’s grandees whose names may fill historic page, or deeds be sung in song. Such noble gifts are of inestimable worth, priceless blessings, associated with honour which comes from God alone and distinctions peerless, endless. Happy mortals whose thoughts are raised above the grovelling cares, and things, and scenes of earth, borne as on the pinions of a dove beyond this world of noise and strife, and centered in a paradise of bliss!

These men are peculiar, like the truth of God, in their nature, origin, character, virtues, position, objects, and aims, and must be tried, but in their trials the grace of God that is in them will be seen

to be more gracious still, add to their lustre, and cause them to come forth clad in the beauties of holiness exquisitely lovely, grand. Nor need they be surprised that in the fiery process of their trials they should have so much dross to be removed, for this world is full of canker, rust, or what is sinful and defiling. But the Christian's greatest trials come not from men of worldly minds, but from those who profess like precious faith and practice with themselves. Had it been an enemy I could have borne it, said David. But it was thou, a man mine equal. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. Psalm lv. 14.

There was the rub—the stunning blow—the fearful laceration of the wounded spirit. Christian persecutors, so-called, are the most intolerant, bigoted, cruel, and oppressive on earth. They out-Herod Herod, or Nero. 'Tis pity that it should be true. And true it is though pitiful. The author has known many such. Some of this class have lately been in Canada. One of them writing to the *Baptist Freeman*, says—“Our Canadian neighbours are quite tired of us.” J. B. Gough has been trying to lecture there on temperance, but found the Canadians so enraged about our revolvers that he gave up his appointment. He recently said in Troy (New York)—“There are many good people in Canada, and a great many snobbish people. The British residents there endeavour to be much more English in their habits, customs, and prejudices than

those who dwell in England. They play second fiddle to English snobbery." "The present season," says the writer, the Rev. Dr. Eddy, the Boston correspondent of the *Freeman*:—"The present season I had an engagement there, but after lecturing nine evenings in different places the language and conduct of the people in reference to this country (America) became so unbearable, that one day I sat down and wrote a letter and declined to fulfil the remaining engagements. These two great Christian nations had better treat each other in a Christian way." "The Canadian neighbours are quite tired of us." That is a good sign to begin with. "There are a great many good people in Canada, and a great many snobbish people." And who are the "good people in Canada?" They are our genuine native, home-spun Yankees, who have emigrated to Canada, and taken with them our peculiar American notions—in regard to our very peculiar institutions—which they generally maintain in their own peculiar way—to attain their own peculiar ends—and with our blessed peculiarities to demonstrate,

"We air the greatest nation,
In all the Lord's creation,
We air the hull world's wonder,
En we hev the loudest thunder,
Accordin' to popilation."

These men have such a hatred to every thing British, that one of their clan or clique on being invited to go to a meeting in Boston, held in com-

memoration of the Pilgrim Fathers refused with indignant scorn because they were "foreigners!"

Such are the "good men" spoken of in Canada. But these "snobbish people," that "play second fiddle to English snobbery," and that are "much more English in their habits, customs, and prejudices than those who dwell in England"—those "British residents in Canada," what are their opinions that that they should be trampled under the cloven feet of Dr. Eddy and J. B. Gough, be met with such fierce malignity, and have such an ignoble badge fixed on them by these men? These men hold that man can never be the property of another man, by any law, precedent, compact, purchase, bequest, inheritance, or any combination of circumstances, or usurpation of power, or stretch of prerogative morally or legally in the sight of God—that slavery is the sum of all villanies, cruelties, crimes, robberies, piracies, and murders, and whatever else is impure, unholy, and accursed—and that slaveholders have no rights which human beings are bound to respect except where those beings have entered into a partnership concern and maintained an intimate companionship, then there is the honour which is claimed by the brotherhood of thieves and knaves.

They hold that Governmental and ecclesiastical union with slaveholders and negro-haters is an atheistical rebellion against every principle of justice, every law of nature and of God, which no possible circumstances can warrant, and no con-

ceivable conditions justify—that this rebellion extends throughout the Northern as well the Southern States of America—and that the Northerners are the most guilty of the two.

They hold the sentiment to be true, that “honour and shame from no condition,” and from no complexion rise—that man is a nobler creature than an animal—and that the negro is coequal and coeternal with themselves, and therefore have no sympathy with our refined Yankees who reason—as the negro is to the white man so is the crocodile to the negro, and as the negro may rightfully treat the crocodile as a beast or reptile, so the white man may rightfully treat the negro.”

And it is easy to multiply these opinions in favour of these “snobbish people” in Canada; and therefore, J. B. Gough and Dr. Eddy could not do a better service to the Canadians than rescind their engagements and betake themselves back to Yankeeedom, and act out what men of a similar class and spirit advised the author to do at the Bloomington Convention, Illinois, because of what they called his “snobbery.” The great disturbing cause of all our relations, whether civil, political, moral, or religious, has been slavery. No cause has been more powerful to subvert the principles of martyrs, maxims of sages, precepts of moralists, laws of senators, or the teachings of our Divine Lord and Saviour than this in America. More than all other causes combined it has contributed to destroy the

end of civil and ecclesiastical government, and hurl us into a state of political, social, financial, and moral ruin, proclaiming as with the voice of thunder that as a people we have all gone out of the way of understanding, deviated from the path of rectitude, trampled upon every feeling of humanity, principle of reason, claim of justice, clause in the decalogue, and feature in the sublime and heavenly beatitudes of our holy religion taught by the immaculate and ever-blessed Jesus. And, therefore, it is no wonder that our American people have not liked to retain the negro in our prayer-books, churches, schools, railway cars, steamboat saloons, states, affections, or hearts.

There is no subject which has been more ignored by ecclesiastical bodies than Christian relationships, or on which they have tried to make "confusion confounded." With obliquity in their eyes as thick as a *ward-rope*, they have taken up the telescope of God's truth, and shouted, we can't see it. And when those of us who have been divested of that obliquity have pointed out to them that as the doctrines of Christ repudiate the theories of the slaveholder and negro-hater, so the terms of communion require of men, above and beyond all other things, next to repentance and faith in Christ, to obey the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, that they might love each other with pure hearts fervently, 1 Pet. i. 22. And where there is no purification of the Spirit from

the criminality of slaveholding and negro-hating through obedience to the truth, there can be no peaceable and loving fellowship in the churches of Jesus Christ, James iii. 17, no unity of the faith and of the knoweldge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, Eph. iv. 12. Those, therefore, who would contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and earnestly desire the intercessory prayer of Christ to be fulfilled, John vii. 21., or to see the church of Christ covered with the mantle of divine charity like the seamless robe of Christ, must co-operate with those who are seeking to remove these great disturbing causes from the churches.

In what the author has written he has been guided by principles and facts, and in these mosaics you will find no false principles introduced, such as "*Christian slave-trading*," on which to ground appeals, nor false terms of communion that gather up in their latitudinarian embrace *lady pious slaveholders*, nor given any falsification of history in the *religious ascendancy* of our nation or *more powerful influence of the clergy* amongst the nations, like the authoress of "*Uncle Tom*," as shown in her key; and in the *Principia*, now edited by the Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, in conjunction with that slanderer of nations as well as individuals, the Rev. William Goodel. In proof of which see the *Principia* in its attacks on this country in the case of the Trent,

Feb. 6, 1862,—in the case of Lord Brougham, June 19, whom they now make to uphold “the wild and guilty phantasy” legally, that “man may hold property in man,”—in the case of Lord Palmerston, July 3, 1862, whom they charge with a “misapprehension of facts concerning General Butler’s Proclamation,” and an eagerness to inspire hatred of this country (America), whilst they rake up from the musty records of the past, as a plea of extenuation, the supposed watchword of General Pakenham in his attack on New Orleans, viz., “Beauty and Booty,” and belabour you for having such a “ridiculous figure” for a “Prime Minister.”

How sad to think that these scathing insults come to you from men whose stabs in your wounded honour are produced by spears winged with feathers, bought to a large extent with British gold; and these falsifications of the facts of history and slanderous accusations laid to your charge are not only malignant but persistent, as shown in a recent diatribe of the *New York Herald* recently published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and also in the following paragraph of the *Principia*, June 19, 1862:—

“The slaveholders, the day before compensation was awarded to them by the British Parliament, stood below par in British society, and could scarcely gain social recognition. O’Connell would not shake hands with any one of them. Compensation raised them almost immediately in the public estimation, and they have been rising

ever since, till the miscreants Mason and Slidell find sympathy as "Southern gentlemen" who have been maltreated by the "Northern mob." The father of lies may now give up his honours, and hand over the belt and palm of falsehood to Goodell, who so evidently carries with him the venom of the rattlesnake, rapacity of the wolf, fury of the tiger towards the people of this country, and whose tongue is "set on fire of hell" against you in the way of vituperative abuse.

The writer would offer his most grateful acknowledgments for personal acts of kindness shewn by the Rev. Dr. Brewer of Leeds, Revs. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., Geo. Johnston, D.D., and W. Tulloch, and a lady ministering angel, in Edinburgh, and also to the Revs. J. P. Mursell of Leicester, H. Dowson of Bradford, J. W. Fox of Manchester, and the good Bishop of Clough Fold, Rawtenstall, Lancashire. May blessings leap up to meet them by the way, come raining down upon them from above, rush on them like the clustering blessings of the cross, and take them "prisoners of amaze."

In prosecuting his mission in this country the author has met with great difficulty, not from any diminution of attachment to the great principles of liberty on the part of the British people, but from the heartless and cruel disposition of a number of the pretended friends of freedom in Edinburgh and England, in consequence of their misguided zeal.

This, in connexion with the unslumbering activity of the false friends of freedom from America in this country, to mystify our positions and to mask our real condition, has caused the author to knock in vain at the doors of multitudes of the churches for admission. Men who gloat with satisfaction on our fiendish war, and who have always played loose and fast on the great principles of liberty, can boast of an enthusiastic welcome, but not so the men who come without the *ifs* or *buts*.

In view of the treatment of the Reformer in all ages, and of the ultimate success of his cause, the Scottish poet Mackay well says:—

“ The man is thought a knave, or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind
Is wiser than his time.

For him the hemlock shall distil,
For him the axe be bared ;
For him the gibbet shall be built,
For him the stake prepared.

Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim ;
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.

But truth shall conquer at the last ;
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.”

J. R. BALME.

EDINBURGH, July 1862.



A VOICE FROM THE FLAMES.

ON SLAVERY.

IF you look through the iron-grated windows of the slave's Sing-Sing, or prison-house, in our great American house of bondage, a scene of horror will present itself to your view, such as the eye of man never beheld before, or the mind of man conceived! Much has been made known by the pen and tongue of the miseries, cruelties, and horrors of slavery; but had you the majestic eloquence of a Brougham, the trumpet-tongued voice of Knibb, or the descriptive powers of Gabriel, you would fail to set them forth in their darkest features or fullest extent. The complete record, therefore, must be reserved for that chapter which Sir Thomas More dedicated "to the unknown future."

On casting your eye along the dark corridors of this prison-house, and into its deep dungeons, and through its vast enclosures, you will see multitudes of helpless victims there imprisoned for no crime of their own, dragged down into the horrors of the vilest servitude, inconceivable to all but those who are

spectators of the scene, and galled with a barbarism unsurpassed in the dark ages of the world, whilst the darkness of ignorance, like a funeral pall, rests on their understanding, shutting out the light of Heaven's truth, and blinding their eyes that they cannot find their way to Calvary's cross, or up to the gate of heaven. And this is in a land that claims to be "earth's loveliest paradise," the "garden spot of beauty," the "paradise of the universe!" or more generally, "the land of the brave and the home of the free!"

How dark is the scene, and horrible on all sides around! Here is the cold steel which has been struck deep into the heel of their humanity, stripping them of their personality, and reducing them to a thing!

There is the auctioneer's hammer which has sundered the dearest and tenderest of ties,—husband, wife, parent, child, sister, brother, lover, and friend, as if they were so many horses, cattle, oxen, or sheep, invading the sanctity of private life, and scattering its sacred rights and treasured endearments to the winds! On yonder wall is suspended the whip, soddened with human gore, by which they are made to grind in their prison-house of bondage, and promiscuously to herd together like the brute! And by its side is the tyrant usurper's rod, who has robbed them of their God-given rights, and kept them in "durance vile," depriving them of their right to life, liberty, and pursuits of happiness!

Around on its dismal floors are scattered in great profusion splinters from their broken hearts, which, if collected, would form mountainous piles, lifting themselves on high beyond the power of man to reach, and rising one above each other until they are lost in the distance! And opening up to your view there are also drops of sorrow and grief flowing so profusely from their deep gashes, gaping wounds, bruised spirits, and putrefying sores, as to form a sea of misery that no human plummet or line has ever yet fathomed! And yet those vast multitudes in that dark prison-house are robed with the same nature as yourself, endowed with the same grand attributes, understanding, memory, will, judgment, affections, and conscience, which are lodged in the depths of their being, constituting them grand links in being's endless chain, midway from nothing, save the Deity—making them responsible to Him for their opportunities of receiving instruction and of doing good, and associating them with the boundless duration of one eternal scene beyond the grave.

They are also endowed with natural rights, such as the right of a man to himself, the husband to the wife, and the parent to the child; such as the right of a man to the fruits of his industry, and to mental, moral, and social culture; and also to educate himself to the highest standard of intellectual ability, refinement of taste, purity of life and morals, and order of religion!

And these rights being inalienable, whenever and wherever and by whomsoever they are usurped, that usurpation or robbery becomes a crime of the most fearful and appalling magnitude, compared with which every other crime committed against man is light and trifling; subjecting those who commit or sanction this outrage to the most terrible indignation of the Almighty, as saith Jehovah, "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong, that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work." (Jer. c. xxii. 13 v.) "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. c. iii., 5 v.) And in vain do they plead the sanction of human law, in the vindication of their outrage on, and robbery of, the slave, for this usurpation of the rights of man can never be made legal in the sight of God. No, not even though a thousand years had elapsed, or a thousand generations had lived and died in slavery since the original robbery was committed. Nor even should courts and judges have decided to the contrary, however supreme their authority or distinguished for their learning or their legal acumen; nor even when Presidents, senators, poets, orators, or the overwhelming masses of the people

endorse, ratify, or approve the outrage, robbery, or wrong.

ON SLAVE LAWS.

These in Louisiana affirm that "a slave is one who is in the power of the master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry and labour. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything but what must belong to his master."

The Hon. J. K. Paulding, an eminent authority in America on these questions, when speaking of the laws of the slave states, says, "Slaves may be bought and sold by all persons capable of buying and selling other property. They are held to be personal estate, and as such may be levied upon and sold for the debts of the owner."

The Hon. Charles Sumner says, "A slave is simply held for the use of his master, to whose behests his life, liberty, and happiness are devoted, and by whom he may be bartered, leased, mortgaged, invoiced, shipped as cargo, stored as goods, sold in execution, knocked off at public auction, and staked at a gaming table at the hazard of a card or die."

"Nor is there," says the same distinguished senator, "anything within the limits of life inflicted on a beast which may not be inflicted on a slave. He may be marked like a hog, branded like a

mule, yoked like an ox, hobbled like an horse, driven like an ass, sheared like a sheep, maimed like a cur, and constantly beaten like a crew."

The above laws are fenced about with provisions or clauses which shield from all fear of punishment the slaveholder guilty of murder or other offence committed upon a slave; or subject him only to the same penalty as that which is inflicted on a person who kills an ox or a horse in the free states. They certify that no slave, free negro, or mulatto can testify in any court against a free white person. They also prohibit the emancipation of slaves in the slave states. And a slave found off his master's premises after sunset, and before sunrise, without a written pass, may be taken before a justice of the peace by any white person, and whipped on the bare back, and imprisoned until next day, to be then released on the payment of costs by the owner. Whilst the slave laws are thus fenced about, they make no provision for the marriage of the slave. A runaway slave was recently asked, says a correspondent of the *Baptist Freeman*, if he was married. He said, "Yes; but not by no book, massa. And de overseer took my wife to hisself; and she now has a child as white as any children of the overseer." The word "not by the book" is very significant. They allow them to have forms of marriage among themselves, but the marriage not by the book, signifies that they have no legal marriage.

A NEGRO MARRIAGE.

The following is a form of marriage which took place between two negroes, with a negro minister, at Live Creek, Georgia, and is the form generally used there:—"Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in and through love, and wishing all them that have any ting twixem dem come forward and speak now; if not, let them hold their peace now and for evermore. I wants every ear to hear, and every heart to enjoy."

"Mr. Jim Thompson, whosoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your dearly beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and be loving? Do you love her mother, father, brothers, sisters, master, mistress, and God best?

"*Answer.*—'I do.'

"Miss Mary Jackson, whomsoever stands fastly by your right side, do you take to be your dear beloved husband, to wait on him through health and through *confution*, safe and be safe, holy and be holy? Do you love his mother, father, sister, brother, and God the best?

"*Answer.*—'I will.'

"I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary fast by the right hand, and shall pronounce you to be man and wife by the commandments of God.

We shall hope and trusting through God that you may live right, now and for evermore. Now Mr. Jim, slew your bride."

"Let us sing a hime.

"Plunged in a gulph of dark despair,
Ye wretched sinners are, &c."

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF LAW.

All laws are good or bad in themselves. If good only when founded on the principles of immutable equity and truth, what must be the iniquity of the above laws which are based on the usurpation of the rights of our fellow-men?

And if rulers, judges, or magistrates can only add weight to their characters, bring glory to their principles, or secure honour to their names, by lifting up the dignity and majesty of righteous laws, in dealing out even-handed justice to all classes of men, irrespective of rank or station, caste or colour, sex or age, what ravening wolves those must be who devise, execute, or approve the slave laws of America!

Some claim that the slave laws are divine, and associate them with divine ordinances, appointment, and authority! But, alas! for divinity, when poor, frail, shattered, imperfect, and debased humanity is lifted above it; and when divinity is associated with the chain, thumb-screw, cow-hide, cat-o'-nine-tails, branding irons, and dungeon!

Others say that these laws are humane, since they make provision for the slaves from infancy to decrepitude and old age! Consequently, say the abettors and promoters of slavery, the slaves are very well off! But this is descending low in the scale of rationality, since their food is only that of convict's fare! Besides, no provision is made to meet their mental and moral necessities; so that, could they live on the dainties of a king, they would not be satisfied with their condition. Between, therefore, the divinity and humanity of the slave laws, the rights of slaves are sacrificed, and they themselves ground into fine dust as between two mighty mill-stones. Thrown under our American Juggernaut, its ponderous wheels roll over their scarred bodies and crushed rights!

Some talk of mitigating some of the grossest abuses in connection with the slave laws, representing some of the revolting cruelties and abominations which flow out of them, and yet would let them remain under what they call a mild form. But is there any mildness in connexion with a system or code of law which lays down the principle that man may hold property in his fellow-man; an act which outrages all feelings of humanity, does violence to every principle of reason, and tramples on all righteous laws whether human or divine. This is the source whence the gigantic evil springs which looms up before us in America, covers the heavens with its darkling wing, and

emits fiery flashes which wither and blast, corrupt and destroy whatever they touch.

THE SLAVEHOLDERS OF AMERICA.

In some of the slave states these men stand six feet high, wear long beards and slouched hats. Belts are fastened round their waists, into which they put their revolvers and Bowie knives, whilst bloodhounds lay crouching at their feet.

These are what they call the social graces, and reveal their manners and customs, since their will is law, and to it there must be absolute obedience on the part of the slave, or death. For the slave has no protection. His oath is not taken in any court of justice. And seldom or ever will a white man testify against a fellow white man in the slave states; so that slaves are in the irresponsible grasp of these men. And how fearful is the influence which slavery exercises on them! Ponder well the following testimony given by some eminent authorities in regard to slaveholders:—

Col. Mason, a slave master from Virginia, says, "Slavery produces the most pernicious effects on the manners of the slaveholders. Every master is born a tyrant."

Jefferson certified, that "the whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions. It produces the most unremitting despotism on the one part and

degrading submission on the other. And the man must be a prodigy who retains his morals and manners undepraved by such circumstances."

John Locke, the great essayist in his day, said, "That it is hardly to be conceived that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it? What, then, must those be who practise it?"

Dr. Johnson, the celebrated lexicographer, testified, "That the slaveholders of America are a race of mortals whom no other men wish to resemble." He, therefore, never dreamt that a John Mitchell would rise up with such pure and exalted philanthropy as to covet a slave plantation, and desire to have it well stocked with negroes!

Dr. Livingstone, a man whose fame will fill the niche of immortality, avows "that no one can understand the unutterable meanness of the slave system on the minds of those who, but for the strange obliquity which prevents them from feeling the degradation of not being gentlemen enough to pay for services rendered, would be equal in virtue to ourselves. Fraud becomes as natural to them as paying one's way is to the rest of mankind."

The Hon. Charles Sumner declares, that "the men distinguished for urbanity, kindness, benevolence, and love amongst slaveholders, are so impregnated with the essential barbarisms of slavery, that whilst they speak with the voice of a Jacob in conversation, they put forth the hands of an Esau."



12 THE CLOTHING AND DIET OF THE SLAVE.

And the above picture is not surprising when we think of the impiety, brutality, robbery, and cruelty, which are inseparably linked with slavery. And therefore, it is in vain to urge the humanity or refinement of the slaveholder, since no man can be associated with such a system without being degraded by it. For no one can breathe the atmosphere of slavery, or live on its foulness without being discoloured by it, vitiated in their character, and covered with moral leprosy.

THE CLOTHING AND DIET OF THE SLAVE.

This is of the lightest and coarsest kind. Some, however, fare better than others in these respects. Amongst slaveholders, as others, there are men who are humane, and also those who are inhumane. When slaves fall into the hands of humane persons they are generally treated with kindness. But when they get into the hands of men who are inhumane they are treated with great brutality. Under the best of masters, however, they are dissatisfied with their condition ; like the fly which the slave-waiter in a country tavern in Virginia enclosed in an empty tumbler, whilst feasting on some crumbs of sugar and biscuit. The fly on being deprived of its liberty flew around the glass in the most excited and agitated manner to try to get out. Even so, the condition of the fly under the tumbler is that of the slave. And could their yokes be lined with

silk, or they be surrounded with the luxuries of a Dives, they would still desire to be free. The late Dr. Hopkins, an eminent clergyman in America, and one of the ever memorable few, who have been true to the cause of freedom, once called on a neighbouring clergyman who owned a slave. Hopkins demanded of this slaveholding clergyman to set his slave free. "Free," said he, "my slave will not accept his freedom." "Will you give it to him," said Hopkins, "if he will accept it." "I will," said the other. The slave was immediately sent for, and on the question being put, "Would you have your liberty if it was offered to you?" He instantly replied, "That he would like to be free." At once his manumission papers were made out, and executed; and the slave made a free man to the great joy of his heart.

And there is the same yearning desire for liberty everywhere amongst the slaves. Of this we have abundant proof, not only on the part of the slave but from others.

Judge St. George Tucker, of Virginia, Professor of Law in the University of William and Mary, published a letter to a member of the Virginia Legislature in 1801. In the course of it he says:— "The love of freedom, sir, is an inborn sentiment. At the first favourable moment it springs forth and defies all check. Whenever we are involved in war, if our enemies hold out the lure of freedom, they will have in every negro a decided friend."

In a debate in the Virginia Legislature, in the winter of 1831-32, Mr. Moore said—"I lay it down as a maxim not to be disputed, that our slaves are now, and ever will be, actuated by a desire for liberty. They will always be disposed to avail themselves of a favourable opportunity for asserting their natural rights. It may safely be assumed that wherever the slaves are as numerous as the whites, it will require one-half of the effective force of the whites to keep them quiet."

On the same occasion, Mr. M'Dowell, since Governor of Virginia, said:—"Sir, you may place the slave where you please, you may oppress him as you please, you may dry up to your uttermost the fountains of his feeling and the springs of his thought; but the idea that he was born free will survive it all. It is allied to his hope of immortality; it is the ethereal part of his nature, which oppression cannot reach.

In the same debate, Mr. Preston said:—"My old friend (Mr. Bruce) has told us that the Virginian slave was happy and contented. Mr. Speaker, that is impossible. Happiness is incompatible with slavery. The love of liberty is the ruling passion in man, and he cannot be happy if deprived of it."

In the same debate, Mr. Gholson, of Virginia, said:—"The love of freedom, and the prospect of obtaining it, would inflame their hearts and inspire revolution."

M'Call, in his "History of Georgia," alluding to

the slaves, says :—"This class of people, who cannot be supposed to be contented in slavery, would grasp with avidity at the most desperate attempts that promised freedom."

The Rev. J. D. Paxton, of Virginia, who was reared in the midst of slavery, and had himself been a slaveholder, published a volume of letters on slavery, in which he thus states the result of his observation :—"The slaves—man, woman, and child—are longing for freedom."

William T. Allen, son of a Presbyterian clergyman in Huntsville, Alabama, published a statement in 1839, in which he says :—"It is slavery itself, and not cruelties merely, that makes slaves unhappy. Even those that are the most kindly treated are generally far from happy. The slaves in my father's family are almost as kindly treated as slaves can be, but they pant for liberty."

The editor of the *Maryville Intelligencer*, Tennessee, in a paper published in October 1835, says :—"We of the South are surrounded by a dangerous class of beings. It is the consciousness that a tenfold force would gather from the four corners of the United States, and slaughter them, that keeps them in subjection. To the non-slaveholding States we are indebted for a permanent safeguard against insurrection. Without their assistance the white population of the Southern States would be too weak to quiet that innate love of liberty which is ever ready to act itself out."

To the above testimonies, which develop such an immense latent force amongst the slaves which is ever ready to welcome liberty, the author will add one more from the pen of the Hon. Horace Greeley, Editor of the *New York Tribune*, who says, "this human instinct in favour of liberty is ineradicable."

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

These are many and various, such as the iron collars slaves are sometimes made to wear—the chains with which they are loaded down—the branding irons, which are used to mark the slaves as property—the whips with which they are driven to their work—the paddles with which their backs are blistered and bruised—the blood-hounds with which they are hunted down like wild beasts when they try to escape—and the revolvers and bowie-knives with which they are sometimes shot down and mutilated. By these or similar instruments, the slaves are kept in subjection and punished.

Some of the whips have handles about a foot in length, and two lashes intertwined with wire. These whips never fail to cut a deep furrow in the back of the slave. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, in one of his letters gives an account of a female slave, saying, that she had a kind master, because he did not intertwine any wire with the leather which formed the lashes with which he punished his slaves!

• A SLAVEHOLDER'S INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE. 17

Some of the chains used to load down the slaves are so heavy, that Ann H. Judson, the wife of the missionary, Adoniram Judson, who counselled the so-called Southern "Christian slave-holders to treat any irritating remarks made in regard to them with dignified silence, when offered by Northern Abolitionists"—the wife of this man on one occasion is reported to have said that she felt more happy that a female slave whom she had seen, loaded with a heavy chain, could lie down and sleep without it after it had been taken off.

A paddle is an instrument made of wood with holes bored through it. The first blow generally raises a blister. The second breaks it and reduces the flesh to a kind of pulp or jelly. The following letter will describe what a terrible instrument of torture an iron collar is. The letter is headed as follows:—

A SLAVEHOLDER'S INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.

Sergeant Dewey, of Dodge's Battery, 4th Regiment, Iowa Volunteers, sends the following letter to an American paper:—

Montgomery City, Missouri, Jan. 24, 1862.

"I send you the sketch of an instrument used by the Secession slave-masters of Missouri to punish their negroes. Not long since one of these wretched victims came within our lines with an instrument of this description round his neck. It was securely

18 A SLAVEHOLDER'S INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE

riveted there, and required an hour's filing before it could be removed. This proved to be a very painful operation to the poor 'contraband;' for his neck was so snugly encased by the iron band, and the instrument was of such a peculiar shape as to render the operation difficult of accomplishment. The negro stated that he had worn it two months, and this statement has been corroborated by reliable Union men of the same county. The form of the instrument prevented him from lying down and taking his rest at night; and its weight and close fit rendered it very burdensome during the day. It consisted of a heavy iron ring fitting closely round the neck, from which there extended three prongs, each about two feet in length, with a ring on the end. I suppose the design of the instrument was that a chain should be attached to it, and thus secure the victim beyond all possible hope of escape; but this negro had been running loose, with the thing round his neck for two months; and finally, ascertaining that Federal soldiers were near, speedily repaired to them for deliverance from his tormentor. Of course he found the deliverance which he sought, and the instrument of torture is preserved by us as a mournful example of the deep degradation to which the soul, tainted by Secession, may descend. It is needless to say that we did not send the negro back to his master; but, so far as we are concerned, left him perfectly free to do his own will. The name of the person who has thus proved himself

destitute of all humanity is Dudley Wells, of Montgomery County, Missouri. He is now a prisoner, held as a traitor to his country, and awaiting the punishment due to his crime; and if he does not receive it at an earthly tribunal, he certainly will at the tribunal of an outraged conscience.

“Sergeant CHARLES O. DEWY.

“Dodge's Battery,

4th Regiment Iowa Volunteers.”

And if the above reveal to us the terrible instruments by which slaves are tortured, the following frank confession on the part of a slave-master will show the use which is made of a common pair of pincers, given in *Olmstead's Texas Journey* :—

“I can tell you how you can break a nigger of running away, certain,” said a slave-master. “There was an old fellow I used to know in Georgia, that always cured his so. If a nigger run away, when he caught him, he would bind his knee over a log, and fasten him so that he could not stir; then he'd take a pair of pincers and pull one of his toe nails out by the roots; and tell him that if he ever run away again, he would pull out two of them, and if he run away again after that, he told him he'd pull out four of them, and so on, doubling each time. He never had to do it more than twice; it always cured them.”

A letter writer from the camp of Dawfuskie Island gives an account of a slave who came in to them from the Barnwell district. “He had run

away several times, was pursued and captured, and was one of the most frightful objects which he ever saw. His arms were covered with the marks of the teeth and claws of blood-hounds. His back was furrowed all over with the marks of the lash. He is quite an intelligent negro," says the above writer. "When asked why he was whipped so severely, he replied, kase, massa, dey wanted me as de driver to whip my mother, and I could not do dat. Rader than dat I ran away. Pompey, that being his name, has been employed by the sutler in the camp at Port Royal, and the writer says, has received more money for his services than he ever saw in his life." In early life, the author has been horrified with reading the stories of Bluebeard and the tortures of the Inquisition! How strange that these tragedies should be re-enacted in the New World. But enough of these instruments of torture! O, that we could assign them a place in some museum as relics of the barbarism of the dark ages of the world! Alas for man's inhumanities to man, which make countless millions weep. But who shall describe the barbarities and cruelties practised on slaves?

SLAVES TREATED AS BRUTE BEASTS.

They are driven into the field, by the whip, as if they were so many horses or cattle; and sometimes flogged to shew the lordly authority of the

slaveholder or overseer. And if they were to rebel, their rebellion would be whipped out of them, even to an inch of their lives; nay, though life itself should be taken. Whose feelings have not been harrowed up with the account, which a short time ago went the round of the newspapers, concerning a slaveholder in Virginia, named Hudson, who stript his female slave naked—tied her to a persimmon tree—flogged her for three consecutive hours, reduced to stumps fifty-two switches which he had used on her loins and bare back, when death put an end to her sufferings?

A Charlottesville, Virginia, newspaper gives the following account of the murder of a slave by one Nash, an overseer of Mr Eugene Garth, near Gordonsville. "The negro, after being severely whipped, was tied hands and feet and plunged head downwards into a hogshead of water, where he was held three-quarters of a minute. Upon being taken out he died within three minutes. An inquest was held, and the verdict of the jury was, died of congestion of the brain."

At the Court of Petersburg, Virginia, Cornelius Holloway was found guilty of involuntary manslaughter in killing a negro, and fined twenty dollars. Involuntary manslaughter! Pray, what kind of manslaughter is that! And what a punishment! About the price of a cow in America!

At the same place, a slave was shot at, squeezed in a vice, torn in pieces by bloodhounds, and then

cut up and given to the dogs by a monster of a man named Thomas Motley. Was ever murder more cruel, atrocious, or barbarous, put on record in the darkest ages of the world? Had a fiend from the bottomless pit accomplished this deed, he could not have exceeded the flagrancy of it, or more deliberately, or with greater malignity, have despatched the victim?

Look at the scene. The slave possessing a deep inwrought conviction that God had given him the title-deeds to his own liberty, breaks away from the yoke of his oppressor, and sets out with a determination to reach the land of freedom. The incarnate demon who claimed him set out in pursuit with his bloodhounds, got upon his track, hunted him down, fired upon him, and after torturing and mutilating him, gave him to be eaten up by dogs! Whose heart is not affected by such a scene of horror! And whose lightning flashes of indignation are not kindled by it, brought to play around it, and to strike down a system which is so essentially and fundamentally vicious as to eradicate every feeling of humanity from the human breast, violate every principle of reason and equity, and transform men into brutes and fiends in human shape!

“ Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought
 Which well might shame extremest hell?
 Shall freemen lack the indignant thought?
 Shall mercy’s bosom cease to swell?
 Shall honour bleed? Shall truth succumb?
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?”

SLAVES SOLD ON THE AUCTION BLOCK.

Like other property, slaves are put up for sale. The auctioneer sometimes dwells on their physical capabilities, moral qualities and Christian virtues, but more frequently, as in the case of female slaves, on their age and beauty. This is fearfully corroborated in the following dark picture of a sale, which took place at the east door of the City Hall, Saint Louis, Missouri, Oct. 7, 1858:—

The auctioneer was an aged man, and inclined to do his part of the business in a respectable manner, but the traffickers in men's bodies and souls presented an appearance on the occasion no language can describe. The first lot put up was a middle aged woman, with an infant, said to be eighteen months old, in her arms. The poor mother was subject to much sharp questioning and most indecent personal examination. One of the bidders took so many outrageous liberties, that even the auctioneer came to the rescue with the exclamation of "no gentleman." The bidding was slow, and it was only after a great amount of hammering that the lot was knocked down for six hundred and ten dollars.

"I've got plenty more like ye, said the buyer, as he coolly asked the down-cast mother if she was glad he had bought her." The insolent interrogatory was well answered on the part of the slave, who

replied, saying, "If yer' a good master I'se glad." The man who bought her was evidently a well-known breeder or dealer, for when he walked away, a bystander remarked that "the man who bought this lot bought them all."

The next lot consisted of a single woman called "Kissie," who, as the auctioneer said, had a good countenance, and was about eighteen years old. She stood the jeers of the depraved crowd remarkably well, and sold for seven hundred and ninety-seven dollars and fifty cents.

Then came another woman, aged twenty-three, a tidy looking creature, whose merits were earnestly dwelt upon by the auctioneer. She was sold for six hundred dollars, and was pronounced "a remarkably cheap nigger."

Then a boy was put up, who said he could do everything, but his abilities were not appreciated, for not a bid could be had.

Then an old man, venerable and dignified, who stood erect like a Roman noble, was brought to the block. His age was against him, and his grey hairs were the subject of considerable coarse jesting. At the auctioneer's beck, he said "he could do a heap of work," and he was finally knocked down for three hundred and fifty-eight dollars.

Minnie, a sprightly looking girl, was then placed on the stand. Her virtues were dwelt upon. And as she submitted to the bold handling of several traders she was made the object of the most loath-

some insults from the lookers on, not a few of whom were only half-grown boys. Several boldly intimated that for purposes of prostitution she was worth a large sum, and would soon pay for herself. She was bought for seven hundred and ninety-five dollars.

“Her sale was followed by that of Harriet, a girl of good appearance, who said she could do all manner of house work. After considerable bantering, she was sold for eight hundred dollars.”

And thus the day's sale closed. But with the termination of these sales, the system of slavery produces no bandages by which the wounds caused by these sundered ties, can be bound up, or ointment to mollify them. Instead of binding and healing, it re-opens the cicatrized wounds of the slaves afresh, as the husband is separated from his wife, and parents from their much loved child, never to see each other again—thus producing the most violent paroxysms of grief, and piling on the spirit of the stricken and sorrowing slave the most excruciating agony.

An officer in a New England regiment, now on service with Burnside, writes to his father a letter, which we find in the *Hartford Press*, and from which we extract as follows:—

“I was in a negro house yesterday, and had some conversation with the inmates. I asked one gray headed old negress if she had ever had children sold away from her. “Sold! Dey all sold! chil'en,

and grandchil'en, and great grandchil'en, dey sell eb'ry one!" She clasped her bony hands over her head and looked up at me as she spoke—"Dere was one—de last one—de only grandchile I did hab lef'. He neber knowed his mammy. I took him when he dat little. I bringed him to massa, and I say, massa, dis my little grandchile, may I keep him 'bout heah? And he say, 'I don't care what you do wid him.' So I take him; he dat little. Den one mornin' when he all rolled up in blanket 'tween my knees, massa Green com'd in and say, 'Dis boy sold,' and dey take him 'way! Oh, Lord Jesus, help me pray!"

"I can't begin to do justice to the way in which she told me this, nor describe the earnestness of voice and gesture which made it impressive. I wish some of our Northern editors who cringe just as abjectly as ever before their old masters, and howl in consternation whenever it seems likely that the war may interfere, directly or indirectly, with their pet deviltry—I wish some of them could have heard and seen her."

H. W. C.

SLAVES ADVERTISED FOR SALE.

Before the sale takes place, the slaves are advertised in most of the local newspapers, to be sold in lots to suit purchasers, and not unfrequently put in the same category with other property, like the

following, which I extract from the *Natchez Daily Whig*:—

“A very likely negro man, aged twenty-six. Two hundred thousand feet of seasoned lumber. Fifty acclimated slaves, consisting of men, women, and children. A number of hogsheads and jowls. A likely woman and her two children. Ten and a half barrels of mackerel. A likely negro, thirty-three years old. One hundred barrels of mess pork. Several likely negroes. Mrs Gore’s new novel, the *Birth-right*.”

SLAVES STRIPT NAKED FOR EXAMINATION.

Before the sales commence the slaves are taken into separate slave-pens, ordered to strip off all their clothing, and present themselves for examination to the masses of congregated white humanity, who represent traders, planters, tobacco factors, and loafers generally. In *Boston Traveller*, July 1860, there is given a painful description of such a scene previous to a sale which took place in Richmond, Virginia. Dr Parsons, of Windham, Maine, a competent and reliable witness, in a book of which he is the author, called the *Inside View of Slavery*, says, “They are stripped entirely naked to be punished, not only on the plantations, but by the city marshalls, in the cities to whom the masters send them for this purpose. And often they are exposed in public for sale in the same condition.”

The Rev. G. W. Higginson, also a clergyman, of Worcester, Massachusetts, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, July 2d, 1856, which gives a description of a visit which he made to Mr Corben Thomson's negro yard, in St Louis, Missouri, where he saw a bargain made between the owner of the yard and a gentleman of that city for a coloured girl, and overheard the following conversation:— Gentleman, "Girl is sound I suppose," addressing himself to the slave-trader, "Wind and limb," responded the trader, "But strip her naked, and examine every inch of her, if you wish, for I never have any disguises with my customers."

THE AVERAGE VALUE OF SLAVES.

This is constantly given in the newspapers of the slave States, the same as the average price of cotton in the Manchester market, or of corn in Mark Lane, London.

In 1860, a slave-trading firm in Richmond, Virginia, gave the following intelligence concerning the market in human beings on writing to a party in the State of Mississippi:—

"No. 1, of domestic slaves sell at from sixteen hundred to sixteen hundred and fifty dollars.

"No. 2, from fourteen to fifteen hundred dollars.

"No. 1, class of field girls sell at from fourteen to fifteen hundred dollars.

"An extra one sold to-day at fifteen hundred dollars.

"The tendency of the market is upwards."

Since that time, downwards. And there has been a great loss, and but little doing in this kind of property, although there have been desperate efforts made on the part of the traders and breeders in the South, and the brokers and negro-haters of the North to maintain the *preserves* of slavery intact.

SLAVE-BREEDING.

In the slave states there are districts set apart for slave-breeding, the same as some parts of England and Scotland are appropriated for the breeding of cattle. And the slaves thus bred are taken from the slave-breeding districts of Virginia, Missouri, and Georgia, into the citron, sugar, cotton, and rice plantations of the further South for sale, the same as cattle are taken from the agricultural to the manufacturing districts for a market.

And this slave-breeding is not confined to irreligious men so called, since vast numbers of men, who profess to be the disciples of the meek and lowly Saviour, Jesus Christ, engage in this impious work. Neither is it restricted to the Border States, which are called the slave-breeding States.

The Hon. Charles Sumner, in his address on the "Barbarism of Slavery," says, "Every slave-master

on his plantation is a Bashaw, with all the prerogatives of a Turk."

Olmstead, in his journey in the seaboard slave States, confirms our statement. "A planter told me," says he, "That the practice of licentious connection with slave women was not occasional, or general, but universal. There is not, he said, a likely looking black girl in this State that is not the paramour of a white man. There is not an old plantation in which the grandchildren of the owner are not whipped in the field by his overseer."

Mrs Margaret Douglas, a Southern lady, who was imprisoned in the common jail of Norfolk, for the crime of teaching free coloured children to read, in the Personal Narrative of her Sufferings—says, "Amalgamation between the blacks and whites pervades the entire society. Its followers are to be found among all ranks and occupations and professions. The white mothers and daughters of the South have suffered under it for years, have seen their dearest affections trampled on, their hopes of domestic happiness destroyed, and their future lives embittered to agony by those who should be all in all to them as husbands, sons, and brothers. I cannot use too strong language in relation to this subject, for I know that it will meet with a heartfelt response from every Southern woman. I would deal delicately with them if I could, but they know the fact, and their hearts bleed under its knowledge, however, they may have attempted to conceal their

discoveries. Southern wives know that their husbands come to them from the arms of their *tawny* mistresses. Father and son seek the same sources of excitement, scarcely blushing when detected, and recklessly defying every command of God, and every tie of morality and human affection."

Linda Brent, also, an escaped slave, in her "Deeper Wrong, or incidents in the life of a Slave Girl," says, "No pen can give an adequate description of the all prevailing corruption produced by slavery. The slave girl is reared in an atmosphere of licentiousness and fear. The lash and the foul talk of her master and his sons are her teachers. When she is fourteen or fifteen, her owner, or his sons, or the overseer, or perhaps all of them, begin to bribe her with presents. If these fail to accomplish their purpose, she is whipped or starved into submission to their will. She may have had religious principles instilled by some pious mother, or grandmother, or some good mistress ; she may have a lover, whose good opinion and peace of mind are dear to her heart, or the profligate men who have power over her may be exceedingly odious to her, but resistance is hopeless."

" The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day shall pass,
And she is gone."

What a frightful picture to contemplate ! And it could not be otherwise where every restraint is removed which shields the virtue of the female slave,—where

every possible opportunity is offered for the indulgence of licentiousness amidst the seclusion of the plantation,—where there is no fear of public opinion as there is no danger of detection, the slave being compelled to submit in silence—as there is no loss of social position in consequence of the grossest licentiousness—as the libertine maintains a high and honoured standing in the church and state—and as the law decrees that every child born of a slave shall follow the condition of its mother; and thus not only extends no protection to virtue, but a premium to vice.

THE FLEEING BONDSMAN.

Numerous instances are put on record of slaves taking themselves into their own keeping, and setting out from their slave cabins with a determination to attain their freedom, or to perish in the attempt.

Fugitives from bondage generally travel by night and hide by day in deep forests, in the clefts of rocks, or amongst the tall grass in some deep morass or swamp.

On being missed, their masters advertise them in the newspapers. Here are a few specimens taken from slaveholding newspapers.

In the *North Carolina Standard*, Mr. Micaiah Ricks advertises “a runaway negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I branded

her with a hot iron, on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M."

In the *Natchez Courier*, Mr. J. P. Ashford, advertises a "runaway negro girl with a good many teeth missing, and the letter A branded on her cheek and forehead."

In the *Lexington Observer*, Kentucky, Mr. Wm. Overstreet advertises a "runaway negro with his left eye out, scars from a dirk on his left arm, and much scarred with the whip."

In the *Georgian Messenger*, Robert Beasley, Macon, advertises his "runaway man, Fountain. Has holes in his ears, a scar on the right side of his forehead, has been shot in the hind part of his legs, and is marked on the back with the whip."

The slave owners, also, send a description of their missing slaves to slave hunters—a class of men who make slave hunting a business, and keep blood hounds which are trained to hunt the fugitive.

And should they get upon the track of the fugitive slaves, and come up with them, these men hunters will allow the blood-hounds to seize them, and to tear them if they should attempt resistance, or try to defend themselves; but if they quietly submit they will call them off.

Many are thus captured and made a terrible example of as a warning to others, by having their nails torn off with pincers, by cutting the tendrils of their heels and hamstringing them, and thus maiming them for life, by stripping them and tying

them up by the wrists to the joists in the roof, and when their veins are swollen, whipping them until the warm blood falls at their feet, by tying ropes round their bodies, suspending them from the ground, kindling fires above them, and roasting pieces of pork, from which scalding drops of fat continually fall on their bare flesh.—See *Linda Brent's Autobiography*.

But should the fugitives run the gauntlet of bullets and bloodhounds and reach the Free States, so called, they are not safe. These States are hunting ground for slaves. And dangers stand thick through all the ground to them in the non-slaveholding States of America.

Margaret Garner, a slave, gathers her four children around her, prays to the God of the oppressed, points them to that brilliant lamp hung out of heaven,—the North Star, and starts for freedom. She conducts her little flock by night, and hides them in caves by day, taking from herself almost her last rag to cover them, and gathering roots and berries in her long and perilous journey to feed them, until at last she put her dear little flock, as she thought, on the soil of a free state. But, no; the man-hunters were upon her tracks, and she was caught in Cincinnati, the metropolis of Ohio. Gathering up all the courage of a mother's heart, she heroically fought for herself and children, until fighting was vain, when in the frenzied madness of despair she seized her youngest born and tore it

from the grasp of her pursuers, and with one stroke of her knife gave it back to God. Before she could slay the rest, she was overpowered, and with her remaining children carried back into slavery. In 1860, the author saw a fugitive slave who had been arrested taken into Court in Philadelphia—that city of brotherly love, put through a mock form of trial, remanded back to bondage by Judge Cadwallader, and taken through Chesnut Street at noon-day, to the railway station, escorted by a body of policemen armed with revolvers, amidst thousands of people, who with the exception of a small number, looked silently and approvingly on. And afterwards the lawyer, Benjamin H. Brewster, who was counsel for the claimant of the fugitive, was publicly serenaded. And he will never forget how cheer on cheer rose from the excited populace, when Brewster made his appearance and harangued the crowds from his windows, exclaiming, “I firmly believe slavery to be politically, socially, and morally right. It is the law of God, as well as the law of man. It requires no defence. To those who exercise their reason, and acknowledge the force of their obligations, public and private—who respect the rights of property, and value domestic tranquillity, and glory in national honour and prosperity. To those, I say, it is plain and clear that it has been wisely given to us, where it most exists, as a means of national greatness, and a vital element in the work of civilization, we have to accomplish for the

whole human race." What a city to be called the "City of Brotherly Love!" And, yet these records of infamy are not restricted to Philadelphia. There are similar records in Boston in the rendition of Burns, when cannon were planted in the public streets, and chains hung round the public building where Burns was examined; and when the military marched in procession to convey him on board the steamer, which was to bear him to the land of chains, and stripes, and slavery! That was a dark day in the history of Boston.

SLAVES RESCUED.

There are a few instances on record of slaves who have been delivered from the grasp of their pursuers, and consigned to the care of a merciful Providence by the Under Ground Railway to Canada. And when they reach Niagara, and behold the white cloud beckoning them to be free, and hear the waterfall shouting freedom, what emotions of joy must fill their hearts as they pass under the arch of rainbows to the dominions of Queen Victoria, where no bloodhound can reach them, no revolver be fired at them by their pursuers, but where the black man as well as the white can sit under his vine and fig-tree, and none dare molest him or make him afraid.

A slave, by the name of Bill, found his way into Pennsylvania, where he established his "home,

sweet home." His master found out the place of his residence, and went there with five or six men armed with revolvers. They entered his house, asked for breakfast, and were fed by this fugitive. On rising from their meal, they seized him, and handcuffed him. Being a strong man, he broke from his irons, gave them some sturdy blows and ran to the river, plunged into its waters, and waded up to the neck. There he stood, until his pursuers who were chasing him, came up to its banks. Whilst standing on its margin, numbers of people collected from the surrounding neighbourhood to witness the scene. The slave catchers called on him to come out, or they would shoot him. "I would rather die," said he, "than go back into slavery." On refusing they fired once, twice, a third, fourth, and fifth time, which took effect. He sprung out of the water, exclaiming that "he was a murdered man." And, yet, no one interposed. The murderers concluding that their victim had received his death-wound, made off. Afterwards, learning that the fugitive was alive, and had been taken out of the water by another slave, named Rex, they returned, bid him stand off. Ultimately, however, he was rescued, and reached Canada in safety. How his fevered brow would be calmed when he entered that city of refuge! How his heart made warm with gratitude would give expression to the silent thoughts within him, as they started into form and life! And with what

joy would he sit down on the banks of the lake or river, and as he viewed the broken manacles of his bondage under his feet, feel that liberty with its touch of fires had woke his lyre and set his spirit free

“To the whirlwinds roar on the desert mountain.
To the zephyr’s whisper among the trees,
To the still small voice of the pebbly fountain,
And the sudden swell of those inland seas.”

CANADA A GREAT EYESORE.

Our American people have always had a vigilant eye on Canada. And, again and again, have they threatened to annex Canada, that they may scatter the last embers of the slave’s hope for freedom—and shut down the slaves in the darkness of the everlasting night of oppression. But their threats have called forth such a sublime embodiment of loyalty to the throne of Queen Victoria, and attachment to her person and devotion to her government, as to scatter every vestige of hope of ever planting the stars and stripes on Canadian soil.

ON THE CHARACTER OF THE INSTRUCTION GIVEN TO THE SLAVE.

In the following questions and answers, extracted from the Slave’s Catechism, published in the Southern Episcopalian, issued at Charleston, South Carolina,

you have a specimen of the instruction which the slaves receive.

“Who keeps snakes and all bad things from hurting you ?

God does.

Who gave you a master and a mistress ?

God gave them to me.

Who says that you must obey them ?

God says that I must.

What book tells you all these things ?

The Bible.

What is the Bible ?

The Bible is God's Word.

How does God do all His work ?

He always does it right.

Does God love to work ?

Yes, God is always at work.

Do the good angels work ?

Yes, they do what God tells them.

Do they love to work ?

Yes, they love to please God.

What does God say about your work ?

He that will not work shall not eat.

Did Adam and Eve have to work ?

Yes, they were to keep the garden.

Was it hard to keep that garden ?

No, it was very easy.

What makes the crops so hard to grow now ?

Sin makes it.

What makes you lazy ?

My own wicked heart.

What makes you break the Sabbath ?

My own wicked heart.

What makes you curse and fight ?

My own wicked heart," etc.

What a gospel to preach to them ! And, yet, this is all the gospel the vast mass of slaves get !

Dr Nelson, the well-known author on infidelity, after a residence of more than forty years in North Carolina, gives the following testimony in relation to the instruction of the slaves :—

"I say what I know, when I speak in relation to this matter. I have been intimately acquainted with the religious opportunities of the slaves, and in the constant habit of hearing the sermons which are preached to them. And I solemnly affirm that during the forty years of my residence and observation in this line, I never heard a single one of these sermons, but what was taken up with the obligations and duties of slaves to their masters. Indeed, I never heard a sermon to slaves, but what made obedience to masters by the slaves the fundamental and supreme law of religion."

And how fearful must be the condition of the slaveholders themselves ! This is seen in the following dialogue, given in the *Parish Visitor* :—

"Do your communicants go to balls ?" said one to a city rector.

"Yes."

"Play cards ?"

"Yes—there is nothing which they do not do."

Many have said to us, they never were *asked* to give up any of these things, never *promised* to give them up, and never *intended* to give them up.

"What, then, did you promise to renounce—anything in particular?" After a pause—


"Nothing in particular."

Such is an example of teaching and of learning. The time for confirmation arrives. The class is presented to the Bishop, a goodly array to look at, as they stand around the chancel. The ceremony is completed; and what is the result—a witnessing church, or souls deceived to their eternal undoing?

There are four millions of slaves in this state of heathenism in America! And their slave-masters will neither point the slaves to the sweet stream of Christ's mercy nor allow others—neither exhort them to confide in Jesus love nor permit others who have the desire and the ability. And the managers of Bible, Missionary, Tract Societies, and Colleges and Pastors and members of Churches, with but few exceptions have hitherto looked silently and approvingly on! The slaves, therefore, are subject to a darkness which is appalling! And the habitations of their masters are full of cruelty. But degraded as is the position of the slave, the men who take away from them the keys of knowledge are more degraded still! Shall no efforts be made to rescue the one from the galling yoke of ignorance, and the other from the more terrible yoke of

Satanic delusion? You cannot say "Am I my brother's keeper?" Or who is my neighbour and be guiltless?

Men, brethren, fathers in Christ, arise and make your mighty moral influence felt—fling forth your sentiments in thoughts that breathe, words that burn, and actions "telling and sublime," against this man debasing, Christ dishonouring, and heaven defying sin of slavery. And sustain the men whom God has raised up to stand in the breach against the enemy—warn the people from God, with the warnings which the prophets gave the men who own the Christ once more, bound, manacled, and scourged in his blameless poor—the men who take the flaming bolts from Hosea's hand, and shake them over our guilty land in America. We are your brethren in ancestry, literature, language, and religion. Men of God, help. God is opening our way with his retributive Providencies, whilst punishing our people for their sin! Never were there such facilities for lifting up the flag-staff of freedom, marshalling God's moral forces for the glorious conflict before us, throwing out the vanguard of freemen, or bringing up the rank and file of the little army of Abolitionists to scale the strongholds of the enemy, plant on his ramparts the standard of victory, and wave our flag in triumph over the destruction of the tyrant usurper, slavery; that fell destroyer of our race.



ON THE
AMERICAN STATES AND SLAVERY.

What an ingenious and wonderful instrument is a Kaleidoscope. The world we inhabit, may justly be compared to one of these instruments, in which the nations of the earth form so many different compartments.

RUSSIA IS ONE OF THEM.

A few years ago, on approaching the Kaleidoscope of nations, we found public attention concentrated on that country. And, then, scarcely anything was read, thought, heard, spoke, or dreamt of, but the Crimea with its confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood.

CHANGE OF SCENE.

By a turn of the Kaleidoscope, Italy presented itself, and Garibaldi with his romantic adventures, dashing exploits, and brilliant victories, became the hero of every scene, and the burden of every song.

SCENE MORE WONDERFUL STILL.

By another move in the Kaleidoscope, and we have brought before us America, with her lofty mountains, fertile vallies, vast extended prairies, magnificent forests, majestic rivers, mighty inland seas, fashionable and elegant cities, and peaceful clustering hamlets stretching away from the sea-board of the stormy Atlantic to the beautiful shores of the sunny Pacific.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

In tracing these from its first settlement down to the present, we are like a traveller that begins to climb the mountains in Switzerland, who, on reaching the top of the first one, finds that there is another above, and beyond him which he has got to climb. And when he has planted his feet on the summit of the second, there are others, still, to invite his wearied feet and limbs, surrounded by a boundless perspective of beauty, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS OF GREATNESS.

On ascending the first one, we point you to the beautiful "Mayflower, with its immortal pilgrims, who first colonised the New World—to their land-

ing on Plymouth rock—to the ocean, which became a pathway, to transfer civilization from the Old World to the New—to the subjugation of barbarous and warlike tribes—to dreary wastes, reclaimed from the wilderness, and converted into the beauty, and fertility of the garden—and to the early settlers, living in log cabins, with the wolf at the door, and the savage Indian, hiding in every thicket, to waylay and murder the settler with his scalping-knife; and, yet, these settlements grew up into the order of peaceful communities, and carried on the practices of civilized life.” This is what we call the first mountain height of American greatness.

The next connects us with the struggles of its early settlers for their independence at Yorktown, Lexington, Saratoga, Ticonderago, Bunker’s Hill—their successful termination—declaration of Independence—the division of the country into thirteen states, with each a separate government, and the union of the thirteen into one, under the title of the United States of America—its continued rapid growth, until, to the original thirteen, twenty-one new states were added. This is our second height of American greatness.

We have got still one more mountain height of greatness to climb; and this associates us with American agriculture, which clothes her prairies, with a vast abundance of corn and wines, yielding every species of fruit and grain—with her minerals, which disclose every species of metal, mined in her

vast domain—with her arts and sciences, which shew us the vast resources of her inventive skill and genius, in the bridging of rivers, the opening up of extensive canals, and the construction of railways, which bind together, with their iron bands, the Ohio, Missouri, and the Mississippi, those vast rivers, which stretch their arms, from the arctic regions, to the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

It also unites us with the vastly increasing commerce of her merchant princes, whose ships whiten every sea with their sails, opening up friendly intercourse with every nation on earth—with her wide spread literature, which piles up volumes on the shelves of almost every library, and spreads its newspapers on the tables of almost every reading room, throughout the world—and her ample provision for the education of her sons and daughters; and her nobler provision still, for the maintenance of religious worship, because voluntary, and without the aid of one single red copper from the State. This is the third height of American greatness.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CRISIS.

We had fondly hoped that she would have reached greater heights still, until she had become the best, wisest, purest, and greatest empire on earth. But, alas! in this we are disappointed, for suddenly the great drama in her national progress has been arrested. The unfolding scenes of her

greatness and glory have been marred. America has entered the pathway of the downfall of nations. One of the most fearful and tremendous convulsions that ever rocked a country, has shaken her from her centre to her circumference. Almost at a single bound, she has been hurled headlong into the throes and pangs of dissolution. She is now smouldering in the fires of ruin, and if ever she shines again with renovated lustre, it must be like the fable Phœnix from the ashes.

THE CAUSE OF THESE STUPENDOUS CHANGES, OR
DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

If you look at the root of the tree of our national greatness, you will find a worm possessing terrible fangs, busy and active. Or cast your eye on its huge massive trunk, you will see a huge serpent coiled around it, poisoning and defiling everything within its reach, and breathing its deep protracted hiss, and threatening with its deadly venomous bite all who would crush the serpent's head!

Fixing your eye on our young Giant of the West, you will see a cancer that has eaten into his heart, and is preying on his vitals; or a vampire that is drinking his life's blood! This worm, serpent, cancer, vampire, is slavery.

This is the boundless element of mischief that has thrown up mountain rising above mountain,

and piled mountain on mountain of national guilt, drawing down the thunderbolts of Jehovah's indignation on our land, and attracting the lurid flashes of his vengeance to punish us for our sins. Nor will the vindictive wrath of Jehovah be stayed until the worm at the root of our national tree is destroyed; the serpent uncoiled from its trunk and slain; the scab, cancer, and barebones of slavery are removed from our young giant's back and vitals; the vampire is killed.

OUR SECONDARY CAUSES

The above is the great primary cause of the terrible catastrophe which has befallen our country, laying its vast fabric in ruins, and levelling it with the dust. There are secondary causes. But slavery is the great cause. As to secondary causes, one of these is the Tariff.

There is nothing more clear or certain than the fact, that no man or nation can ever ultimately prosper at the expense of others. For whatever is the interest of each is the interest of all. God has ordained that all shall be dependent, one on each other. And whenever, wherever, or by whomsoever this law of dependence is infringed, whether amongst individuals or nations, financial derangement must follow. "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee. Nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

The Southerners have always been at variance with the Northerners, on the ground of a sound commercial policy, to be adopted and pursued by the two,

The former have had just, clear, and comprehensive views in regard to Free Trade. The latter has been narrow, exclusive, selfish, grasping, intolerant, and defiant in its commercial intercourse.

The one has not only been prepared to receive advantages, but to reciprocate them. The other has wrapped itself up in the folds of self-conceit and vanity, and smiled with "squatter-sovereignty" contempt on being dependent on the rest of mankind. With a sharp eye to greed, it would take, but never give.

This discrepancy has often provoked collision between the North and the South, and led to intimidation, menace, and insult. The Southern people were so determined in their hostility to what they called the "Black Tariff," that the North, by stratagem, had to compromise with them.

With their principles in their pockets, the Northern people said to the Southerners, "if you will allow us to rule you commercially, you may rule us politically." "Granted," said the South; "if you will adopt a moderate tariff." The bargain was struck! The infamous "pact" was concluded! And the parties remained in close and intimate fellowship until the removal of the Missouri compromise, with the exception of a little "jollification," or squabble

now and then, as our Americans called it ; such as the caning of Sumner.

MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

This was another secondary cause of the present unhappy strife that now prevails in our land. The above Act was passed to restrict the area of slavery. It was a mutual concession to allay agitation, and to preserve the Union intact. The Missouri Act was repealed, ostensibly to give every State the option of electing their own form of government, and controlling their own institutions and laws.

The real design, however, was to carry slavery wherever the Constitution of the United States went. When, therefore, the minions of the slave oligarchy abolished this Act, it gave rise to renewed agitation, in which leading Senators in the South boasted that they would call the roll of their slaves under the shadow of Bunker's Hill Monument. And our Northern people were not slow to resent them.

But the Southern people did not rest in threats. Their leaders, in connexion with a large dominant party in the North, combined vigorous action with well-devised schemes, to go in and possess the land. Kansas was the goal of their destination, the arena of their conflict, the battle-field where slavery was to win its triumphs. They had every facility to encourage them in this nefarious design.

The United States government, with all its vast

machinery, was under their control, and made subservient to their designs. The territorial officers were willing instruments in the furtherance of their designs; and they had the advantage of a start in the race. For a season Northern men, with Southern hearts, and the slaveholders controlled Kansas. The game appeared to be won. But the "shrieks of Kansas" arose. "Bleeding Kansas" afforded sensation articles for every newspaper. A fierce conflict was waged. Murder, rapine, lust, outrage, robbery, and wrong, followed each other in quick and rapid succession. Emigrants poured in. The deliverer of Kansas stood forth in the person of John Brown. The black tide of despotism was rolled back. Government intrigues were defeated, and Kansas was made free!

JOHN BROWN'S RAID.

This was another secondary cause. When Brown made his appearance in his unselfish devotion to the cause of the slave, at Harper's Ferry, with a band of seventeen men, to rescue a number of slaves from their tyrant usurper's grasp, the entire South was filled with excitement and alarm for their safety. And the North was equally surprised with the spectacle of his sublime and heroic devotion.—"The affair," says the *Richmond Whig*, "was a regular abolition conspiracy extending throughout the North, and embracing a body of twelve or fif-

teen hundred men, who were pledged to active personal participation in the invasion. And how many others rendered aid to the enterprise we have no means of knowing." The *Charleston Mercury* says, "Events are often important, not on account of their immediate magnitude, but on account of their significancy. A pimple on the cheek may be a very trifling disorder, but if it betokens erysipelas, it is the indication of disease which may be fatal. And so it is in the political world. The importance of any event, however insignificant in itself, must be measured by the principle which it involves, or the policy it indicates. For twenty-five years the Northern people have been keeping up a continual agitation in the Union, concerning the institution of slavery. They have broken up our churches; they have run off with our slaves; they have excluded us from our territory, on the ground that the institution of slavery is too iniquitous to expand. And they have now organised a vast controlling party in the North, looking to the possession of the general government to further their purposes of emancipation. So far from creating any surprise, we do not suppose that there is a thoughtful man in the South, who has not been anticipating for years past such events as those which lately transpired at Harper's Ferry. Our connexion with the North is a standing insurrection in the South. Instead of that domestic tranquillity, which the constitution of the United States

openly asserts that it was established to secure, Congress is a vast abolition conventicle, and the Union itself a powerful organization, by which domestic disquietude is created, and the mightiest dangers impend over the South. Instead of tranquillity and protection, hostility and insurrection are now its natural fruits. The Harper's Ferry invasion, therefore, if wisely considered, is of vast significancy; and should lead the people of the South to prepare for those future events, of which this is only the premonition." The above extracts speak volumes, reveal the weakness and danger of the South, and John Brown's noble sacrifice on the altar of freedom, which led many in the North to examine their position, abjure all sinful expediences, and prepare themselves to take their proper place, and act worthily their part in the great drama of the irrepressible conflict, now waging with such deadly strife in our land.

John Brown's ghost meets them at every turn in the South; and his noble death has given the greatest impulse to freedom in the North, and will live when Mrs Stowe and her Uncle Tom will be forgotten as a dream, and the expediency actors and tricksters, who have cut their capers, and danced around her, are consigned to the grave of a common oblivion. And also when Pantheistical abolitionists, who have made the anti-slavery platform and their newspapers a means of attacking evangelical men and things, will be gibbeted with scorn.

ELECTION OF LINCOLN.

This was another secondary cause of the disruption. The Southern people had no real cause of danger in his election, since they had a clear majority of senators, and Congress men, in both Houses of the Legislature, in their favour. And all the clauses of the Constitution, both in letter and spirit, which constitute the great Magna Charta of liberty, were interpreted and sworn to by "Honest Abe," as he is called, on his assumption of the reins, and sweets of office, in favour of slavery. To elect Lincoln, however, a great political dodge was resorted to by the Republican party; and this was the adoption, as a part of their programme, of "no more slave territory," in order to secure abolition votes, to carry the election of the President in their favour.

On the election of Lincoln this was abandoned, not formally but practically, in the endorsement given to the Peace Congress at Washington, when William E. Dodge, Esq., and other Northern men, with Southern hearts, met in Washington, to devise a plan to reconstruct the Union, by offering to the South all south of thirty-six-thirty, for new slave states, but which the Southern people rejected. Lincoln then called to his council and aid his political opponent, Judge Douglas, the leader of the Democratic party in the North, and the boasted

squatter-sovereignty champion, who was the instrument to lure the South into the dangerous policy of abolishing the Missouri compromise. And, conjointly, they hit upon the plan of uniting the Republican and Democratic parties in the North, to save the Union. The basis of this scheme was revealed in a telegram to the boards of trade at Chicago and Milwaukie, "which was to save the Union and let slavery alone."

Douglas was to be rewarded with an appointment as major-general in the army for his share in this transaction, but did not live to enjoy its supposed honour. Lincoln, however, faithfully executed his part of it in the dismissal of Fremont, Cameron, and others, and in filling up every office in his gift with those who supported the Union with its compromises.

But, ever and anon, the tide of public feeling in the North kept giving unmistakable signs, that if the Union could not be saved with slavery, it must be saved without slavery.

But it is the opinion of able correspondents that a too rapid success, on the part of the North, or submission of the South, would induce the North, gladly, to enact strong guarantees for slavery, as it exists in the "slave states," which are under the control of their state governments. One writes, "The rebels could not do a better thing for themselves, or a worse for anti-slavery men, than to submit now, when they could have easy terms, and

might walk over gently with the air of conquerors. But delay will be death to them. Had they been wise they would have negotiated a peace, as soon as they heard of our surrender to England in the Trent dispute; for up to that time, and some weeks later, fortune was on their side. They should have improved the season offered them by the obscuration of the American sun; have repented, been forgiven, and resumed their sway." Again, he says, "The President points to the possibility of America becoming a free country, But assuredly nothing will bring about this result in a nation of politicians, but their being made to smart for slavery. Those persons who care nothing for slaves, and who have no real hostility to slavery, comprise two-thirds of the population of the free states, and must be made to see and feel in their pockets, that wrong done to a whole race must be paid for, and at a high rate too. When a rich pro-slavery merchant or property holder, finds himself paying a direct tax of two or three thousand dollars, for no other purpose than to protect and uphold slavery, it is possible that his eyes may be opened to the sin of permitting the institution longer to exist at the cost of him and his. When their property and business is dotted all over with imposts, for no other reason than that slavery may live for ever, they will be speedily converted to the belief, that it is time to treat the slaves and negroes with justice."

The above presents complete and ample evidence

that the South had no real cause for a separation in the election of Lincoln. But beyond all these secondary causes there has been a Great First Cause, a guiding hand unseen, that has been so manifest in these tremendous upheavings and mighty over-turnings, that men must be blind not to see amid the crashing thunders of the Almighty, and the fiery stream of his vindictive wrath, God's avenging hand for our sins.

OPPONENTS TO THE ABOVE THEORY.

There are those, however, who are opposed to the above theory. And amongst them are President Lincoln and Frank Blair of Missouri. These maintain that the brood of evils let loose upon our land have their source and find their centre in the fear or dread that negro freedom is to carry with it negro equality. "Slavery," say these men, "is only indirectly chargeable with the war." The above is the real groundwork of aversion on the part of the South to the North, and that nothing will so surely extirpate the opposition to emancipation, as a knowledge that the two races are to be for ever separated."

In a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April 1862, by Blair, whose opinions the *New York Times* says coincide with President Lincoln's views on the subject, and enunciate his po-

licy,—in the above speech, when speaking of the cause of the rebellion, Mr Blair says:—

“The superficial observers who believe that the rebellion grew out of slavery, and is, as they term it, a slaveholder’s rebellion, when it is known to be true that the non-slaveholding regions of the South are for the Union, it is natural that it should occur to them that the proper course to carry all the non-slaveholders against the rebellion would be to decree emancipation. But a closer scrutiny demonstrates the contrary to be true; such a scrutiny demonstrates that the rebellion originated chiefly with the non-slaveholders resident in the strongholds of the institution, not springing, however, from any love of slavery, but from an antagonism of race and hostility to the idea of equality with the blacks involved in simple emancipation. This idea among slaveholders was naturally of greater intensity in proportion to the number of slaves about them, and its force in neutralising Union feeling diminishes as we approach the high and mountain regions where the slaves are few. Every man acquainted with the facts knows that it is fallacious to call this a ‘slaveholder’s rebellion.’ If such was the fact, two divisions of our army could have suppressed it without difficulty; the negroes themselves could easily have put down the two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders; but it is a matter of history that the slaveholders, as a body, were the last and most reluctant to join the rebel-

lion. The representative men of that interest, like Badger of North Carolina, Aiken of South Carolina, and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, struggled as long as there was hope against the rebellion, and for the obvious reason that the entire interests of the slaveholders were put in extreme jeopardy. It was the negro question and not the slavery question which made the rebellion—questions entirely different, and requiring entirely different treatment; and it is as necessary to deal with it successfully, as it is that the physician should know the disease which he is called on to treat and to cure. If the rebellion was made by two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders, for the sake of perpetuating slavery, then it might be a complete remedy to extirpate the institution; but if the rebellion has grown out of the abhorrence of the non-slaveholders for emancipation and amalgamation, and their dread of 'negro equality,' how will their discontent be cured by the very measure the mere apprehension of which has driven them into rebellion?"

COLORPHOBIA.

The antagonism of races, or this difference of colour on the skin, according to the above testimony, is the source of danger, the awful curse under which the land groans, to remove which the races are to be separated, and the coloured people colonised. But it is not true that these deep inve-

terate prejudices referred to by Blair and his coadjutors, exist to any great extent in the South, since the South has long since given up these prejudices, if it ever had any. But the North, to cover up its own deep criminality in this matter, adroitly seeks to transfer its own guilt to the South by the above process of cunning and fraud. But just as certain as the strife between the North and South will be prolonged to exterminate the odious system of human bondage, so will the North be stripped of its subterfuges, have its refuges of lies swept away by the overrunning flood of God's desolating vengeance; and be brought to recognise the real matter at issue. But supposing colonisation would be beneficial, how is it to be accomplished?

IS COLONISATION PRACTICABLE?

After reviewing the struggles which have taken place between the North and the South, Mr Blair says:—

“Many assume that Mr Lincoln's programme of conciliation by separation of the race is inadequate, because the blacks are so numerous that they cannot all be removed, and time will be required to remove even a small portion of them. They argue that because the Liberian colony has failed to attract the free negro population in considerable numbers, that any schemes of colonisation must also be a failure. There is a vast difference, however, between

the idea of being colonised on our own continent, under our own flag, and being buried in Africa. It is the difference between life and death, home and banishment. The fact that even now many of these persons are going to Hayti, and that multitudes of them have been for years looking out for an asylum in some neighbouring country, has not attracted the attention of those who have not been interested in the subject. They do not know that a Delegate Convention was held at Cleveland by them in the year 1857, to consider the subject, and a Commission appointed to examine and report. I was not aware of this myself when I made my first speech in the House, in 1857, on the subject. That and other speeches attracted the attention of these people, and I have since been furnished with copies of their proceedings, and received letters from their leading men, evincing not only the deepest interest in the subject, but displaying a comprehensive knowledge of it, which shows that they have men among them fitted to be the founders of a new nationality. I was assured by the organ of this Convention that if the Government would act on my proposition, he was already authorised to speak for five thousand persons, who had some means, who would embrace it in the first year. I do not myself doubt that ten times that number would be found in the first year, and that the establishment of such a colony would be followed by an outpouring of this population like the outpouring of the Mississippi when

a *crevasse* is opened. It is indeed so manifest that this population tends by nature to that region, that I could as soon doubt that water would find its level when permitted to flow, as that this race would not seek its natural home when permitted to go there. The census shows that it gravitates to the tropics, so that, even under existing conditions, it is but a question of time; and that it will free itself when it gets there, we have also seen. So irresistible is natural law. Mr Lincoln only proposes to obey this natural and irresistible law, and facilitate its operations. It is the disregard of it which has created the disorder under which the body politic is now suffering. Can it be doubted that the fever will abate rapidly when his policy is adopted? And, indeed, such is the nature of the case that I feel warranted in saying that the disturbance will cease as soon as it is known that the nation has accepted Mr Lincoln's policy, and before a single negro has left the Union. The outbreak, as I have already said, sprang from the conviction in the common mind in the disturbed region that the negroes were to be liberated and put upon an equal footing with the whites. The mere idea of this amalgamation was instrumental in producing the rebellion. There was no actual emancipation. The idea of the separation of the race is a complete antidote to that poison. It is the duty of the National Government to make the provision Mr Lincoln recommends. That Government alone has the control of our external

relations, and therefore, the States could never be relieved of this race without the action of the Federal Government. And I will take occasion to say that, in my judgment, the Representatives of the North will very soon find that they will be called on to act by their own people. The contrabands are going North, and it will soon be demonstrated, I think, that the working men of the South do not differ from their brethren of the North in desiring that this population shall be provided with a more suitable home than is to be found among the white population. The Wisdom of Mr Lincoln's policy will vindicate itself then, if not before."

The above theory of Blair, Lincoln, and the republican party, however plausible, is delusive and impracticable. In illustration of which, ponder well the following article, taken from the *Toronto Globe*, April 5, 1862 :—

"The difficulties in the way of the deportation of the slaves from North to Central America are stupendous, and would, under other circumstances, be a sufficient condemnation of the project. But the appalling question has to be answered—what shall be done with the negroes? And it seems better to Mr Lincoln and Mr Blair, that the difficulties in the way of the project they endorse should be boldly encountered with all the resources of the nation, than that the cause of quarrel between the North and South should remain as a source of continual disgust, and of perennial weakness. However that

may be, the task these men would have undertaken is no light one. The slave population of the United States is 4,000,000. The total number of emigrants who arrived in the United States from Sept. 30, 1819, to Dec. 21, 1855, was 4,212,000. Estimating the natural increase of the slave population at 20 per cent. each ten years—somewhat less than it really is—we have an annual increase of 80,000. The average emigration per annum to the United States during the thirty-six years named, was 117,000, so that at the same rate, and with the same means, it would require twenty-four years to deport the natural increase alone of the slave population from North to Central America. It may be urged, however, that it is not fair to take so extended a series of years as a criterion to judge by, as the means of transporting large bodies of men are now almost incalculably greater than they were twenty or thirty years ago. Our object in giving the above figures is merely to gain something like a comprehension of the immense numbers involved. We find that in 1854 no less than 256,000 emigrants arrived in the United States, an unprecedented number. At this rate, more than fifteen years would be consumed in deporting the slaves, without taking into account the natural increase of those left behind while the first went forward. Sixty-four vessels, making four voyages a-year, and carrying a thousand passengers each voyage, would be required to accomplish the task. We might carry the illustration further, but

the immensity of the undertaking is sufficiently apparent.

The difficulties of transportation are not the only obstacles in the way. Though the Southerners may have no regard for the feeling of their slaves, the Northerners would not dare so to outrage the sense of the civilised world as to expel them from the country against their will. Mr Blair argues that the negroes will be willing to emigrate, and that the movement once inaugurated, the stream will flow until the source is dry. And again, though the negroes were willing to be deported, it by no means follows that the governments and the people of Central America will be willing to receive them, and we suppose their wishes would have to be consulted in the matter. Furthermore, there are the difficulties of settlement. The negroes would certainly not be induced to leave the States, unless provision were made for them when they got to the new land, and to make this provision would perhaps be the most difficult part of the whole undertaking."

THE QUESTION OF RIGHT.

Mr Blair says,—“ It is objected, however, that we have no right to remove the negroes from their own country against their will. I do not believe that compulsory colonisation is necessary to the ultimate success of this plan, but neither do I regard it with any abhorrence. On the contrary, I look

upon it as the greatest boon we can confer upon this race—greater by far than the gift of personal freedom in a land in which they must for ever remain in a condition of social inferiority, among a people who will treat them with every imaginable indignity. Contrast this with the policy which will build them up as a great nationality, in a country peculiarly adapted to their physical organization, in which their natural vigour and endurance make them superior to all other races, and whose vegetable and mineral wealth exceeds that of any other portion of the world. I look with confidence to this movement as the true and only solution of this question—a question by which the life of the nation has been so often put in peril—a movement by which two races of men will be delivered from an unhappy conjunction, fatal to both, and by which two empires are to be established to bless mankind by their beneficent influences through all future time.”

No abhorrence of compulsory colonization! The greatest boon that can be conferred on the coloured population, to drive them out of the land of their nativity,—to throw them on some inhospitable shore, where they will be free from every imaginable indignity of the white major-domo; and with nothing but a great goblet of flattering unction to make their physical organization, natural vigour and endurance rise head above shoulder amongst other nations.

What a deep study is human nature! But despite the double games that are played by these po-

litical tricksters, the most flagitious of all knaves, the question of emancipation keeps forcing itself on the attention of the people, and on these wily demagogues.

EMANCIPATION AS A MILITARY MEASURE.

Mr Blair says,—“ No wise man desires to increase the number of enemies to the State within the hostile regions, or divide its friends outside. Mr Lincoln knew that a decree of emancipation simply would have this effect. Such an Act he knew was calculated to make rebels of the whole of the non-slaveholders of the South, and at the same time to weaken the sympathy of a large number of the working men of the North, who are not ready to see their brethren in the South put on an equality with manumitted negroes. In accordance with this view of the subject, which he proclaimed before he was named for the Presidency, and has acted since he has been President. To disarm the jealousy of race, which he knew lay at the bottom of the rebellion, he recommended in his first annual Message that homes should be provided in some neighbouring country for such of the blacks as should be made free by the events of the contest. But this did not complete his view of the subject. While aware that the chief cause of the rebellion was the antagonism of race, stimulated by the disappointed and defeated politicians, who had made it the source of their power

over the Government, he also saw that the progress of events had affected, and would still further affect, the class who had property interests in the subject. And while it was true that the class had not originated the policy which culminated in the rebellion, they were now involved in it, many of them actually engaged, and all, whether sympathising with it or not, having their property staked on it, and, therefore, in danger of being drawn into it. To do justice to those who were not engaged in the rebellion, and to prevent them from being drawn into it by their property interest, and invite their co-operation in ridding the country of this disturbing element, he now proposes a measure of compensation for their interests."

EMANCIPATION GOD'S WILL.

"This is the irrevocable decree of Jehovah. He hath sworn to it, and will not repent. And amongst the boundless stores of His great arsenal, or the innumerable creatures of His power, He will not be at a loss for means, or agents to accomplish His will. On His avowed disciples and followers the great work devolved, in America, of preparing the way for the establishment of His kingdom in that land, by the use of His Word and Spirit. But as they trifled with the grand opportunities put in their power to level mountains, and fill up vallies of wickedness, and to remove huge opposing ob-

stacles to His coming and kingdom, He has now let loose the whirlwinds of His vengeance, that by more terrible instrumentalities and agencies, this vast system of oppression and outrage, which degrades our country, may be uprooted and scattered to the four winds of heaven. And no dodgings behind constitutional forms of law or etiquette, can save slavery or color-phobia from destruction. This conviction is deepening and gathering force every day.

O that the administrators of our government had the wisdom, courage, and determination, equal to the grave emergency. But, whilst the voice of Jehovah in His word and providences has thundered in their ears, "Let my people go," they have clung more closely to them, tried to make their chains tighter and faster, extinguish every ray of hope in their deliverance, and deepen and widen the gulph of antagonism which wicked men have made between the races. But while amidst their vain imaginings and wicked devices, the meshes of their infernal plots, and wily jesuitical political-intrigues, down came the plagues of Jehovah on our land.

These plagues have followed each other in rapid succession. At first our modern Lincoln Pharoah's heart was very hard, and his edicts were very mandatory, haughty and vindictive, as shewn in his inaugural address.

Let God's people go. "No, no," said this modern Pharoah; "we will soon shew that it will be

better for all," whether they occupy "official or private positions" in life; better that they do not trouble us about these slaves, hold sacred their own convictions in regard to their inherent rights, or cherish any conscientious scruples, touching these matters." Such was the essence and purport of the above address.

The first plague of secession filled him with unbounded levity, and provoked his pity and scorn; causing him to treat it with an air of indifference, and to speak of it in his speeches as "artificial," whilst receiving the grand ovations of our people on his way to the Capitol!

The second plague of the destruction of commerce, made him more grave and serious, as the repudiation of debts, and the interruption of the vast arteries of commerce compelled him to meet the storm of coming events, which cast their shadows before hand.

The next plague of open violence roused his indignation, and directly he combines his forces under the cry of the Union, "One and for ever"—the old Union with its compromises. And straightway, with stern resolve and determined will, he dismisses the men who would place in jeopardy the compromises of that Union.

The plague of waste and destruction is made manifest, and he begins to reason about the matter of letting God's people go; but concludes in his message to Congress, December 1861, that "eman-

ipation would be a John Brown's raid on a gigantic scale, and suicidal, by throwing against the Federal Government the Border Slave States; and that if the scheme be entertained the ligaments of the country had better be taken up to prevent bleeding to death."

The fearful plague of privation and suffering makes its appearance, and our modern Pharaoh's heart relents, and "in view of all the circumstances," he opens the prison doors in the district of Columbia, and finds a few aged, infirm, decrepit slaves, whose freedom will be no loss to their taskmasters; the "likely," or able-bodied ones, having mostly been pirated away into the old slave states farther south. His white republican friends received the news with "moderate satisfaction;" the democrats with avowed hostility and dislike; but the abolitionists with joy.

His heart has grown suddenly hard again, by the discovery that slavery is not the cause of their troubles, but the antagonism of races. More fearful judgments are impending still. Perhaps the plague of financial ruin may be the next visitation from Jehovah, to bring another pressure on his "view of all circumstances." But whatever it may be it will not be withheld that God's people, in the persons of the slaves, may go forth to serve God, not in the wilderness of Liberia, Abbeokuta, or Central America, but of their own native country America! There may be a fearful struggle in our modern Pharaoh's heart, or amongst his political

advisers, but God's own right hand will obtain the victory.

No glory will accrue to Sumner, Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr Cheever, or Mrs Stowe. No—it will be God's work—and His alone.

Some of the above would shut God out of the work. And others have gone about it, with such loose principles and marked indiscretion, that God would not be much honoured by them in the work.

But should our modern Pharaoh, with his government, continue to oppose the revealed will of Jehovah in the deliverance of the slaves, then amidst the rising tide of events the horsemen and riders would be whelmed with political destruction, and their Babel schemes and Jesuitical intrigues would be swept away with the boisterous waves of popular indignation.

GOD'S UPLIFTED HAND A SOURCE OF SORROW BUT
NOT OF SURPRISE.

Nothing is more clearly substantiated in history or the experience of mankind, or more fully certified to, in the Bible, than the fact, that God punishes nations, just the same as he does individuals, who depart from the law of absolute right, with this exception:—

Whilst individual transgressors, generally, receive their punishment in the world to come, except they repent, believe in Jesus Christ, and cherish loving

obedience to his commands ; he punishes nations in this world, when they depart from first principles, except they turn from the evil of their ways, and humble themselves before God, like the Ninevites.

AMERICA THE GREAT TRANSGRESSOR.

There is no nation under heaven that has so openly, wilfully, wickedly, or flagrantly departed from first principles as America. And, yet, there has been no sincere, or genuine sorrow on account of this most base and criminal rebellion against God, amongst our American people as a nation, or abandonment of their sin.

Hence, as sorrow succeeds sin, or punishment transgression, just as effect the cause, even so, now, the storms of God's wrath are coming down upon us from above, and bursting up from beneath, and rolling forth in floods of desolation, to overwhelm us in misery and ruin, because of our departures from God.

AMERICA IS ALONE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER GUILT,
SHAME, AND PUNISHMENT.

How strange that in high places, and from influential leading statesmen in this country,

“Statesmen the friends of truth—with souls sincere—
Faithful in action—and in honour clear”—

74 THE SEVERITY OF THE DIVINE PROCEEDURE.

Yes. It is surpassing strange, that men such as Earl Russell, should put forth the sentiment again and again, that "Great Britain gave to America the black gift of slavery"—that poisoned garment which has hung around us from the first hour of our independence. This, however, is not true, since the Dutch were the first to introduce it into the State of New York, which was then one of their colonies.

But supposing that Great Britain was the original transgressor. What then? Would she share with us in our guilt, and participate with us in our punishment. There is sad evidence that she shares with us in the latter but not in the former, since we Americans, and we alone, are responsible for the sin of slavery.

When the Government of this country levied their taxes on our American tea, we took it, and threw it into the blue waters of Boston. And why was not slavery thrown there too? For if the one was unjust, cruel, and oppressive, the other is much more so.

THE SEVERITY OF THE DIVINE PROCEEDURE.

It is most fearful to contemplate the privations, terrors, and horrors which are associated with the fratricidal conflict now waging in America.

How frightful to think that a land so beautiful in its landscapes, fertile in its soil, and abundant in its resources, should be a threshing floor—

Northern and Southern troops, flails of vengeance in the hands of the Almighty—whilst both are terrible instruments, to pound each other, and the whole people, for the sin of oppression.

WAR A TERRIBLE SCOURGE.

Since the war began in America, thousands of warm hearts have ceased to beat. And multitudes of widows and orphans have been brought to mourn in desolation for husbands and fathers, who will return no more, whilst fields have been laid waste and made unproductive, and smiling villages and prosperous towns reduced to blackened heaps, by hands made red with the gore of human blood. On yonder battle-field there is heard the distant hum of voices. Harsh and discordant sounds rise on the air. The deafening roar of cannon comes thundering on the breeze. Smoke rises over the embattled hosts like a cloud. Rifles and muskets send their continuous flash along the lines of hostile forces confronted in battle array. The dead lie piled on heaps. And the shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, are mingled with the bloody strife. Such is the glory and the pomp of war. And how desolating its effects! Look at the following picture, drawn by a newspaper correspondent, in connection with the New Jersey Brigade :—

“The army could with difficulty make its way a

few miles into the country. The rails and sleepers had been piled in heaps by the road-side, and burned. The bridges had been pulled down or blown up. There were wide rivers and wider swamps to cross. There were no villages, and but few houses. A collection of log huts marked the site of a deserted camp. The rick-yards of the widely-scattered farms were empty. The ill-made highways were nearly obliterated by the tramp of men and horses and the roll of wheels. The spring rains following on the winter snows had made the fields well-nigh impassable. Here, one might say, the desolation is complete; here the fury of man has done its worst to mar the face of nature; here all the arts and industries and pleasures of ordinary life had been driven out of sight by the ruthless goad of war."

THE WAR NOT YET OVER.

Vengeance, still is in store for us, more severe and terrible than any which has yet been poured out upon us, unless the people, and the Government, and the President of America deliver themselves of the "pernicious embrace of slavery," and colour-phobia; or, treating colour as a crime. As there are degrees in guilt, so there are in punishment. And though God is slow to punish, it is nevertheless sure, where there is no repentance or reformation. And if Jefferson, an infidel, trembled for his

country, when he reflected that God was just, how much more ought we, as our national guilt is much greater now than theirs.

SIGNS NOT HOPEFUL IN CONNECTION WITH THE
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

Great hopes have been raised, and exuberant feelings of gladsome excitement produced by the message of the President, which made an offer to aid the slave states if they would emancipate their slaves; and also, in the ratification of the Act which was passed to buy up the slaves in the district of Columbia. But how it must abate this overflowing enthusiasm, check this wild excitement of joy, and put far distant the day of their deliverance, if the grand heroic personage, President Lincoln, so called, is to be the man to fulfil the responsibilities of the occasion when such is his line of action revealed by Blair, except some terrible judgment comes down upon the land, or some mighty rushing wind of popular enthusiasm, requires him to brace himself up, and make himself ready for such a work, and use the vast machinery under his control for its accomplishment. In such an event, he would not allow any military generals, commodores in the navy department, or members in his Cabinet to outstrip him in the race, such as Wool, Fremont, Lane, Siegel, Stringham, or Cameron.

On the first appearance of the race for this hon-

our being contested, Wool is caged up in a fortress in Munroe, Fremont dismissed, Lane superseded in his command, Siegel made so unpopular by the President's menials as to be impelled to resign his command, Stringham put out of service, and Cameron sent to an official penal settlement in Russia.

On the other hand, if the popular voice required the Union to be preserved and slavery too, he is ready to contest the field for the championship in the race against all competitors, whether Seward, or the dummy, Quaker-General as he is called, M'Clellan, or any other man, and has laid his plans, marked out his course, and accustomed himself to his work, so that at a bound he may outdistance all his competitors.

PRESIDENT A MAN OF ALL WORK.

He is not at all particular as to the work to be done. He never inquires is it right, or will it conduce to the public good, or subserve the interests of morality, virtue, or religion. These things are not a matter of much concern or importance with him, so abundantly made manifest in his anxious desire to float down the river of popular enchantment, which may throw him into the dead sea of popular hate, like his predecessor Buchanan, and make him like a dead chip floating on its surface, or turn his influence into a dead sea of bitterness, whose waters are brackish or poisonous in their taste, in which no

instinctive love of virtue can live, and over which no grand living moral action can wing its flight.

BOOK OF PROVIDENCE.

If in the thickening chaplets of the above book there should be found a leaf where President Lincoln is to attain the achievement of freeing four millions of slaves with a stroke of his pen, to use the language of John Milton, "would he not still need enfranchising, enlarging, and lifting up many degrees above himself," with his well-known hatred of a black man, or a mulatto, to restrain him from uniting with the citizens of his own free State, Illinois, so called, not only to shut them out from that particular State, but from the United States, except there was another hurricane of popular feeling to come sweeping along,

"As the winds come when forests are rended,
Or as the waves when navies are stranded?"

Then the existing barriers in his prejudices against colour would not only be swept away, but his own sympathies, which had been "cribbed, cabbined, and confined" so long, would be let loose, to swell the current of national sentiment, until, by its turbulent sweep, his own "bugbears" of Africanisationism would be swept onwards and downwards into the regions of annihilation, and the negro race stand up erect, not only disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation, but in the full privilege

80 DELIVERANCE OF THE SLAVE NOT YET EFFECTED.

to sit on juries, record their votes as citizens, and hold office in Church and State, as well as eat the bread which their own hands have earned, like President Lincoln when he was inducted into the mysteries of "rail splitting."

DELIVERANCE OF THE SLAVE NOT YET EFFECTED.

The *furor* of excitement in regard to the proposal for gradual emancipation, enkindled by the President, and sustained by the Congress and many influential men in Church and State, will be found to be of a transient and evanescent character, as the people, who are being burdened by an enormous taxation, will not so much as touch with their little fingers the heavy burden of compensation to slaveholders, when they can enrich themselves by the adoption of free labour, clothe their meadows with enchantment, and turn their fields almost into paradisaical beauty, making them well-nigh to reflect the hues of the "Better Land," clothing the landscapes with greater loveliness, and suffusing the air with sweeter odours through its influences, so that, if men who are now marching to the conquest of the South should exclaim, "Zounds! what a land to live in, get rich in; we will never go back," what would the cry be then? And how great would be the rush to make the South a chosen home, a source of wealth, and a means of leaving the world better than they found it by doing good, like the cobbler

who went to law with that object in view with the Marquis of Richmond, and succeeded, so that the footpath which had been closed by him was reopened.

AMERICANS NOT FOND OF TAXES.

Congress has been slow to move, and very cautious in its proceedings in regard to taxation ; but as the tremendous accumulations of the national debt keep looming up like a great mountain, the Federal Government has been impelled to make a move, in the attempt to frame, adopt, and ratify an enormous war tax, to prevent itself from getting into a fix, like the whole of our country where it is to operate.

A SCOTCHMAN'S VIEW OF THE MATTER.

"Assuredly," says the editor of the *Scotsman*, April 18, 1862, "the Americans at present extant, though swift to spend, and not slow to borrow, are in so little hurry to pay, that even the beginning of the payment appears not unlikely to fall more upon the next than upon the present generation. A great many new taxes have been proposed, but almost none of them have as yet been really imposed, and, so far as we can find, none at all have been collected. The Tax Bill was a wonderful list of taxes ; but it was almost as wonderful for what it omitted as for what it comprised, and it is being talked over in the Congress with a leisureliness which is in strange

contrast with the urgency of the need. For instance, it is strange that, while taxing apparently every article that can be named, no mention is made of the great articles of coal and iron, the import of which is taxed almost protectively. The explanation given, besides the fact of these commodities having long been the favourites of American 'protection,' is, that the chairman of the committee that framed the bill was a representative of Pennsylvania, whose staples are the exempted articles. Yet this omission appears not even to have been objected to in the House of Representatives—while another equally remarkable omission was objected to without the slightest success."

The editor of the *Scotsman* goes on to say:—
 "Is it not strange that, while not only every kind of property, but every kind of movement made by a free citizen, down even to a ride in an omnibus, is to be taxed, there is no tax whatever proposed on one of the greatest and most conspicuous kinds of property existing within the States that were and are again to be United. No tax is proposed on slaves, though these are, by American law, "chattels" of the most absolute and well-defined character. A proposal to supply this omission was, we find, very strongly urged in the House of Representatives; but, by 61 against 42, it was decided that, alone of all property, property in human bodies and souls should go untaxed. Of the same House that made this refusal, we read thus:—

' Washington, March 31.

' To-day the House of Representatives went into committee of the whole on the Tax Bill. The leather clause of the bill was amended as follows :—

' On patent or enamelled leather, five mills per square foot.

' On patent japanned splits used for dasher leather, four mills per square foot.

' On patent or enamelled skirting leather, one and one-half cent. per square foot.

' On all sole and rough or harness leather made from hides imported east of the Cape of Good Hope, and all damaged leather, five mills per pound.

' On all other sole or rough leather, hemlock-tanned, eight mills per pound.

' On all finished or curried upper leather except calf-skins made from leather tanned in the interest of the parties finishing or currying such leather not previously taxed in the rough, 1 cent a pound.

' On bend, butt, and harness leather, 1½ cent per pound.

' On offal leather, five mills per pound.'

And so on, through kinds and qualities of leather three times more numerous than those here named. The spectacle of a nation spending at the rate of £500,000 a-day, and imposing, or rather only talking about imposing, taxes by tenths of a halfpenny on "japanned splits," rather indicates an inadequate idea of the amount and nature of the work which the events of the last twelve months have carved out."

The above war-tax has been dragging its long, slow length along for some time, and coiling itself up in the bureaus of the different departments of Congress; but it is only just beginning to lift up its ugly head and shew itself to our American people. When, however, they begin to feel its deadly bite, and the poison of its venomous fangs, what an outburst of indignation and of popular resentment there will be against the men and the day that plunged them into war. The war-tax will be more than sufficient, then, without the compensation tax, to satisfy the people in regard to the blind leaders of the blind, who sacrificed the North with the South, and tumbled the whole of us together into the ditch, or rather gulph, of irretrievable disaster, ruin, and woe.

DAY OF RECKONING.

This will come with the Government, just as it has done with our people, whom the Almighty is now calling to account and punishing for their sins. And how soon it may come! For our American people are as fickle and inconsistent as our rulers. They are the creatures of impulses, so that those who shout their hosannahs to-day may hurl their anathemas to-morrow. This may be near. Indications of the coming storm are at hand. Nothing shews this more clearly than the mode in which the leaders of the Federal Govern-

ment are tossed about like straws, hither and thither, by the conflicting elements in the mighty maelstrom of public opinion which is drawing them down and hurling them along into the mighty vortex of ruin. Amid the darkness of the scene the proclamation of freedom to the slaves by Gen. C. Hunter in his military district, which comprises three of the Gulf States, adds to the fierceness and bitterness of the hurricane, that is sweeping with such velocity and destructiveness across our land, and shews that grave events are looming up on the Gulf coast,—events which will carry sadness to multitudes of hearts and fill their woe cups to the brim. For should his policy be carried out there will be the most frightful horrors and dreadful tragedies. Every plantation would be the scene of massacre, and the sad picture, made so dark and dismal with the results of our fratricidal war already, would present increasingly direful and cruel results, and reveal an extent of horror and misery unparalleled in the history of the world.

The insolent demand made by the editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce* on the people of this country betrays the feverish, restless anxiety of the supporters and defenders of our Government in regard to its coming fate.

“England must assist us in preserving peace. She must do this by suppressing her anti-American sentiments, by discouraging her abolitionists, who have for years assisted our American abolitionists in

bringing about the present state of our affairs. She must, if necessary, overthrow her ministry, and rule out certain members whose sympathies are so hostile to America. She must rapidly assume a position of friendly feeling to our Government, and withdraw her recognition of the rebels as belligerents, instead of parleying with the American rebellion, as if she hoped the supporters of the Gladstone principle may one day be her friends. She must at once look on them as disorganisers, rebels, and enemies of their own government."

Here is dictation with a vengeance. But who are to be the instruments to supply the motive power to the word must? Dire is the necessity, and hopeless is the case of our political adventurers, charlatans, card-players, wire-pullers, or tricksters when, devoid of all sense of propriety, decency, or shame for their own conduct which has sacrificed the patriotism, virtue, and interests of our country, they now with unblushing impudence turn to you in the hour of their trouble, and with a scowl and menace, say to you "you must." Of beggars, to say the least, this is very impertinent, and not likely to impress you very favourably with the oracles of our political wisdom, or beau ideals of human freedom.

But, as if to put the climax on the scenes of horror that are now witnessed in our land, Gen. Butler has issued a proclamation in New Orleans demanding that all churches and shops should be opened for service and business, so that the soldiers

and army attendants may obtain goods with Federal paper money, which is a legal tender, but worthless in the South, and that "service may be held as in times of profound peace."

It is thus, say the editors of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, May 28, 1862, that the "people are to go to their Maker, mocking at their own grief, with their civil rulers in the dungeon, the armed tramp of military despotism in the street, and sons, brothers, and fathers amongst the corpses floating on the Mississippi." Need we wonder that the whole civilised world should look on the above frightful scenes with a shudder of horror, and shrink with a virtuous indignation from their contemplation; or that their authors will be visited with the scorn of mankind. Amidst the revelations that are to come, nothing now can appal or surprise us.

MEN OF PRINCIPLE.

These alone will be able to stand the scrutiny of history, time, nations, or individuals; and whilst all others will go down into the fossil remains of society, never to be dug up again, but lie dead and buried like Pearce and Buchanan, James Gordon Bennet, Benjamin Hallett, and William E. Dodge in their living graves, the Conways, Newtons, Thomes and Sloans and others will work their way, up and up through all the substratums of prejudice, until they stand in the clear sunshine

88 TRUE PRINCIPLES DESTINED TO TRIUMPH.

“Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

TRUE PRINCIPLES DESTINED TO TRIUMPH.

Before the victory is won in the cause of freedom, the struggle will yet be fierce and furious. Tremendous efforts will have to be put forth, and great sacrifices made on the part of the friends of the slave, before we are delivered as a people from the pernicious embrace of slavery or colorphobia ; and it will require many vials to be poured out upon us, in connection with God's retributive justice, before either the slaveholders, or the Federal Government, or the people, will let the slaves go free, or recognise the negro as a man with a living soul within him, whose personality and rights are as dear as others are to them.

GOD'S VIALS WORKING WONDERS.

These are removing tremendous barriers that have stood in the way of the early pioneers of freedom, and prevented them from taking possession of the land. But now that grim-visaged war, with its frightful train of visitors and scenes of woe, has come to their aid, huge opposing obstacles, like mountains that intercepted us, are being swept away, and an open door is being presented through which

the consecrated sons and daughters of freedom may go forth and travel on the king's highway of principle, to prosecute their mission of peace and goodwill to man, in the good old way, and by the grand old-fashioned means, sanctified and sublimated by our divine Lord and Saviour, the great emancipator of men.—Luke iv. 18.

NOBILITY OF THE MISSION
IN WHICH EMANCIPATIONISTS ARE ENGAGED.

Nobler than which never engaged the attention, aroused the energies, enlisted the sympathies, warmed the affections, called forth the activities, engaged the prayers, or laid under tribute the resources of mankind. Liberty! how sweet is the name—lovely and beautiful her angelic form—incalculable the benefits which she diffuses among men—and noble the thoughts, desires, affections, purposes, plans, and deeds which she calls forth, causes to come sweeping along, and to defile before us! Those who are engaged, therefore, in securing this incalculable boon to men, are promoting a cause most great and good; noble, holy, just, and true; majestic and sublime—glorious; for 'tis the cause of right o'er wrong, humanity o'er brute force, meekness over provocation and insult rude, justice over iniquity, honour over baseness and dark deeds of shame, truth over falsehood, light over darkness, wisdom over suicidal folly and

reckless madness, love over hatred and strife, Christ over Belial, God over Satan, and heaven, with all its legions of spirits bright arrayed against the powers of hell, contesting every inch of ground—the struggle fierce and furious—sometimes inspiring hope and then producing black despair—now wresting a victory from the enemy's grasp on the lofty battle height, and then again retiring discomfited with disaster and defeat; but in the death-grapple the shout ascends victorious over every foe, the powers of earth are vanquished, alien sons and daughters are scattered and put to flight, the tyrant-despot slain, the prison-doors thrown open, millions of fetters broken, and the imprisoned slaves set free.

Now lay aside the sword and spear,
 And put your armour by;
 The battle's won, O glorious word!
 Peal forth the note of victory.

Prepare the feast of jubilee,
 And in one grand acclaim
 Make known the shoutings of the free
 O'er continent and main.

Then tune your harps with gladness,
 Repeat the joyous song,
 And with praise and thankfulness
 The glorious deed prolong.

And freedom's cause cannot be ennobled or dignified by the greatest kings or noblest queens—no, not even Victoria—presidents, statesmen, senators, orators, or the poet laureate; ambassadors,

noblemen, merchant princes, knights, or squire Peabody; squatter sovereigns, like John Brown, a man of heroic conscience, blameless life, and noble deeds; or ministers of Jesus Christ; no, not even a Guthrie with his ready wit, genuine humour, lofty soul, and brilliant intellect; or that man of nobler intellect, more commanding genius, and mightier influence, whose name is Spurgeon—a man whose vast globe of intellect is on fire with love to God and man—a master spirit—*facile princeps*—the wonder of the age—the world. But whilst it receives not, and borrows none, it has honour and dignity superbly grand and unspeakably glorious to bestow on its illustrious sons and daughters; distinctions shining very bright, and undying fame upon historic page. It digs out of heaven's eternal mine the brightest gems to grace their crowns with brightest lustre; deepens within them and makes wider their sea of bliss beyond the grave, and writes their names on monuments more durable than brass, embalms their virtues, and makes their worth more precious than gems of gold or solid silver, or any work of art. A nation, did we say? No, we recall the word, and fearlessly avow that such are the world's joy, its admiration, praise. And when all hereditary honours and titles have passed away, or have been forgotten as a dream, those who have laboured in this cause, constrained thereto by a Saviour's love,

will be held in everlasting remembrance, and be covered with imperishable glory and renown.

Such, doubtless, have been slandered, but their names now gather lustre from reproach. Their characters may have been shut out from view of men by clouds and storms of misrepresentation, calumny, obloquy, and abuse. The fiery serpent's hiss of deadly hate may have breathed around them, turned up its envenomed eyes, and flung its darts, and their persons felt the wounds of poisoned arrows from persecutor's hands. But the clouds now form an amphitheatre to take up and fling forth their virtues in every shape of brilliant hue and lustre, and with coruscation beautiful, dazzling with glory bright; a glorious scene, delightful to behold. And in that scene, the scars and wounds which they received have become most conspicuous and grand, calling forth feelings exultant with delight, transports run wild with joy.

“To side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be
 just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
 aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.”

THE WAR A BREAKER UP IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE, OR
 PIONEER.

Though a blunder and a crime, God is overruling it, and making it subservient to His own de-

signs of infinite benevolence and love. As a pioneer, it is levelling mountains and filling up vallies, making rough places plain, and crooked places straight for the John the Baptists with their wilderness cry of repentance and reformation in regard to our great national sins. In this respect the war is doing more to facilitate the progress of our cause and the triumph of our principles than the labours of all Abolitionists put together from the commencement of the conflict in the cause of freedom until now. Dr. Cheever, writing to one of his friends in Edinburgh, in an excerpt given in the *Scotsman*, April 15, 1862, says: "I have made some most interesting visits to Washington, and enjoyed rare opportunities in preaching in the Capitol on the duty of abolition; also in lecturing in the Smithsonian institution, on the same subject. Next week I am to speak before the legislature of this State. Everywhere there is a hearing ear, if not an understanding heart." And the above testimony is corroborated by a noble senator in Tennessee, named Ethridge, who, in a thrilling speech made at Nashville, said, "That the war was working revivals in the cause of freedom, ripping up the roots of an old civilization, and planting a new one; that slavery could never have the security it had before; and that the people were now talking freely everywhere of negro bondage, as a thing that would have to give up the ghost." This testimony is more important

and valuable than Cheever's, since Etheridge was born in a slave state, was nursed by slaves, brought up among them, has owned a number of them, but confesses that he is sick of the institution.

But the testimony of the negro clergyman who preached a sermon on Thanksgiving-day at Washington, April 13, 1862, in imitation of Cheever and other white preachers,—his testimony is the best of all, with the exception of his fastening the guilt of America on all nations. 'The black clergyman preached a very good sermon from the text, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" to an audience of 200 or 300 of his own people. He spoke of the deliverance of Moses and the children of Israel from bondage; and by a natural transition, referred to the condition of the slaves in America, and especially in this district. He thanked the Lord most fervently that he had been permitted to live to see this day; 43 years ago he was tarred and feathered in Washington because he would preach the Lord Jesus as he understood it; "but now," shouted the sable speaker, "let Ethiopia lift up her hands to God, for a great good is coming out of this war—a good for me, for us, and for our people whom *every nation* has set its heel upon!" His audience was boisterously joyous, from the beginning to the end of the discourse. Of course, the expressions and demonstrations were extravagant—true to the quick fancy and fervent hearts of the race. Some rubbed their hands in glee,

some laughed outright, some leaped up in the air or twisted themselves into grotesque attitudes, as if their joy was too intense to be entertained at a staid perpendicular; many shouted, "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" "The blessed day has come," &c.; while nearly all were in tears. When the speaker thanked the Lord that the slaves were to be free, the jubilee became utterly indescribable. What a Babel of triumphant voices! An old "aunt," off in the right hand upper corner, shouted and wept persistently. Probably she had a reason for it, I thought—perhaps two or three of them, helpless, and in the hands of kidnappers. "Glory to God!" said the preacher, solemnly and slowly. "Glory to Lovejoy!" yelled a voice at the right that belonged to a strongly-built mulatto. "No," commanded the speaker instantly. "I tell you glory to God!" for he seemed determined from the first word that God should have the undivided praise, refusing to give a moiety to the President or Congress. A pair of hands clenched spasmodically the top of the seat in which I was sitting. I looked back and the man was hopping up and down, as if he had just caught a glimpse of heaven, and presently interrupted the speaker by trying to sing, "I am bound for the land of Canaan." His face bore a deep scar across the nose, and tears were streaming from the long furrows of his cheeks. He had seen thirty years, perhaps, and the light gray rags that he gathered

about him told me that he had "come out of the house of bondage." Most of the hearers were partly white; many were mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons—and one or two women, I imagined, would attract attention, for their good looks, in Broadway. But what a day of sunshine it was to the stricken souls! They seemed to think little of the kidnapper; they were full of hope, and looked ahead. Such a chorus of exultation I never heard before; such joyful gestures I never beheld—it was a spectacle for men and angels."

MEANS TO BE EMPLOYED.

These are God's Word and Spirit, the source of whatever is good among individuals or nations. The roaring thunder, flashing lightning, and rolling flood have their use like the deep silent river and the gentle dew. But none of these agencies are so mighty and powerful as the Word and Spirit of God. And they are so adapted to meet the exigencies of all men and nations, and so efficient wherever applied, that they never fail to produce fruit which gladdens the hearts of philanthropists, patriots, and Christians. But these means have not been used in the cause of freedom in America, unitedly and systematically, by our professors of Christianity, otherwise, in humble dependence on God for his blessing, they must have succeeded. For everything depends on the use of the right means with

the attainment of the end. The late venerable Judge Jay, Arthur Tappan, Esq., and a few others, now and then lifted up their voices for the slave, but only served like solitary stars in the firmament to make the darkness in the churches and states more visible. But, until 1858, no concentrated action had been resolved upon by Christian men. This the author had long seen and deplored. And after speaking of it to the Rev. Dr. Kelly of Liverpool, during a brief visit to England in that year, on his return to New York he waited on Dr. Cheever, and urged the necessity of the formation of a society, whose sublime mission should be to separate our churches from the sins of slavery and colorphobia; and seek to demonstrate the axiom laid down by the Rev. Dr. Barnes of Philadelphia, "that if slavery was not inside our American Churches, it could not exist one hour outside." The interview with Cheever led to the formation of the Church Anti-slavery Society in October of that year.

PROGRAMME OF THE ABOVE SOCIETY, OR DECLARATION
OF PRINCIPLES.

"The rights of man, as man, sacred and inalienable, without distinction of blood or races.

"Property in man impossible, as being without grant from the Creator, and equally contrary to natural justice and revealed religion.

"The system of American slavery, and the prac-

tice of slaveholding essentially sinful and anti-christian ; and to be dealt with as such by Christian churches and states.

“ The utter inability and impossibility of any remedy or relief for slavery, but one that insists on its inherent wrongfulness, its totally intrinsic baseness, and denies absolutely the wild and guilty fantasy that man may hold property in man.

“ The duty of one part or section of the Christian Church to rebuke and refuse fellowship to another section of the visible church, that denies the rights of man, and the common brotherhood of humanity, by defending slavery, and folding to its bosom slave-sellers, slave-buyers, and slave-holders.

“ No compromise with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be demanded at once, in the name of God, who has commanded to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke.

“ The total abolition of the vast system of American slavery to be accepted as the providential mission and duty of the American clergy and churches of this generation.

“ The Church and the ministry to form the conscience of the nation in respect to slavery, and to make it loyal to the law of God, against all unjust judgments of courts, and unrighteous legislation of Congress.

“ The word of God our charter for freedom, and

our armoury against slavery, and any assertion that the Lord God sanctions slavery practical infidelity.

“Ultimate success sure, in the warfare with oppression to a faithful ministry and witnessing Church.”

It was thus the above society was launched into existence, and made its appearance on the horizon of our hemisphere in the new world as a “thing of life,” or like a star on the dark brow of our American night. Numbers of branch societies have been formed as auxiliaries, since its commencement, and had the above programme, or noble declaration of principles, been fairly and earnestly acted out, it would have been a power in America at the present time for good. But, alas, evil counsels have prevailed, and men of violence and blood have had the control of its management, and wantonly and wickedly violated its principles by making haste to shed blood to save our country from disruption, anarchy, ruin and woe, by the reconstruction of the Union through physical force.

On the last fast day called by the late President Buchanan, the Rev. R. T. Cheever, Secretary of the Church Anti-slavery Society, and pastor of a congregational church, Jewett City, Connecticut, called his flock together, and presented the following resolutions, which were adopted, and endorsed by him and his people:—

“Resolved, that it was held to be manifestly and imperatively the duty of the President of the United

States, promptly to enforce the laws, and put down rebellion and treason, now upheld and perpetuated in South Carolina by all the disposable force of the army and navy of the United States.

“Resolved that we declare our deliberate opinion, that all the Christian people of the country should, and that an overwhelming majority of them will, sustain the President in such a decisive suppression of the rankest treason and rebellion.

“Resolved, that if he should not do this as being due both to the safety and dignity of such a people, that he be further impeached at the bar of the Senate of the United States.” What a prostitution of the office of the Christian ministry, as well as abuse of the functions of a Christian Church!

The Rev. Wm. Goodel, in his *Principia*, May 1, 1862, which is the accredited organ, or the principal medium of communication with Christian abolitionists, says:—The “only issue is the preservation of the Republic by a national abolition of slavery in the States, or the dismemberment and fall of the Republic. The only serious obstacle to the nation’s deliverance now, is the same that has been the chief obstacle for fourteen years past. It is the false, foolish, heartless, heathenish pretence, that under the most free, enlightened, christianised institutions on earth, the Government has no constitutional power to shield the inhabitants of the land from chattel slavery—a practice which, if true, would justify the civilised and Christian world in praying

most devoutly that such a deceitful sham should be overthrown. Is it not high time that the people of the United States should indignantly spurn the aspersion on their free institutions and on themselves? Have they no national Government that they have taken up arms against those State despotisms? Is it? Let the people decide, and make their voice heard." Such are the men who have sworn fealty to the noble declaration of Principles, given in the programme of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, avowing the "Word of God to be the charter of their freedom, and armoury against slavery," and who swing their sign-board in the *Principia* every week before the public, with the blazing inscription written on it, as follows:—

"Our object by this publication is to promote pure religion, sound morals, and Christian reforms; the abolition of slave-holding, caste, rum traffic, and kindred crimes; the application of Christian principles to all the relations, duties, business arrangements, and aims of life; to the individual, family, Church, State, and nation; to the work of converting the world to God, restoring common brotherhood to man, and rendering society the type of heaven. Our text-book is the Bible; our standard the divine law; our expediency, obedience; our plan, the gospel; our trust, the divine promises; our panoply, the whole armour of God."

Let us look, therefore, at the positions of the above men. The first one, by an extraordinary

stretch of power in the exercise of his Church rights as a member of a Christian Church, and also by a fearful invasion of prerogative as a minister of Jesus Christ, raises an issue to be joined by the Federal Government with the States in the South—an issue which the late President Buchanan repudiated, and whose example “honest Abe” would have done well to copy in this respect. When notified by Governor Wise of a threatened “invasion” to rescue John Brown and his fellow-prisoners, and to seize citizens as hostages in case of execution, President Buchanan replied that he could “discover nothing in any provision in the Constitution or laws of the United States which would authorise him to take steps for the purpose of preserving peace between the States, by guarding places in surrounding States, which may be occupied as *dépôts* and rendezvous by desperadoes to invade Virginia.” If, therefore, it was the duty of the respective States to break up *dépôts*, and prevent their citizens from making incursions, it is the duty of the Governments of the respective States to put down disunion. Buchanan further said “that, if the Federal Executive were to enter these States and perform this duty for them, it would be a manifest usurpation of their rights. Were he thus to act, it would be a palpable invasion of State sovereignty, and, as a precedent, might prove highly dangerous.”

This issue has been taken by President Lincoln, and, consequently, in accordance with the above

interpretation, there has been a palpable invasion of State sovereignty, which, to all human appearance, has not only been highly dangerous, but destructive to the Union. At first, when the mounds of authority were thrown down in the usurpation of the rights of man in connection with our Government, like the banks of the Mississippi in a crevasse, then a remedy might have been found through State sovereignties by the Federal Government, in harmony with all the requirements of the Constitution. But now that the country is flooded with the mighty evils of slavery and colorphobia, and State sovereignties, with millions of people, have been drawn down into the mighty vortex by their turbulent sweep through the long-continued connivance of the Federal Government and people, alas! for the position of those men who have resorted to the force of arms to preserve the Union, since "its fall and dismemberment is a thing which the author has predicted, and invariably maintained for many years; for "never (says Milton), can true reconciliation grow where minds of deadly hate have pierced so deep." This is shown in the manifesto of the Mayor of New Orleans, which says:—"The surrender of an undefended city would be an unmeaning ceremony. The city is yours by power of brute force, but not by choice or consent of the inhabitants. It is for you to determine the fate that awaits us here. There is no man in our midst whose hand or head would not be paralysed at hoisting a flag not of our

own adoption. You may trust in the honour of the inhabitants, but you may not count on their submission to unmerited wrong. Your occupation of the city does not transfer the allegiance of the inhabitants from the Government of their choice to one which they have deliberately repudiated. They yield the obedience which the conqueror is entitled to exact from the conquered." And in the *London Times*, May 27, 1862, the editors say "that no Union feeling has been discovered in the South, and it is now no longer expected." In such a predicament our Unionists in the North are in an awkward plight with the cloven foot of military despotism on the necks of millions in the South, "and the people in the vanquished districts inimically opposed to the Federal Government, and no obedience can be obtained from them, but such as is enforced by strong military power." We need not wonder that the Executive of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, at the time of its anniversary in the spring of 1861, should make the startling announcement by circular, recorded in the *Principia* of April 10, 1862, that they were "hoping that by another year they might lay down their trust, and advise to the dissolution of a society whose work should have been done." What is slightly taken up is easily laid aside.

There could have been no just conception of the magnitude of the work in which they were engaged, or of the Himalayan barriers which obstructed their progress, both in regard to slavery and pre-

judice against colour, or they would not have penned the above paragraph. Or if they had, the fumes of war had given them such a distaste for their own avowed legitimate work, that they did not care to prosecute it further.

How lamentable and grievous are the mistakes which have been made in the cause of freedom. What vast expenditures of monies have been worse than wasted! And multitudes of people, both in the Old World and New, have been made she-asses to be milked.

If the right men had been in the right place, systematically combining the use of God's appointed means for the slave's emancipation, and the removal of all vexatious imposts and deeply seated, stubborn, and cruel prejudices against colour, what dreadful calamities might have been avoided, and peaceful, bloodless victories attained! Alas! that golden seasons should have been allowed to pass away by the avowed disciples of Christ, who alone possessed the qualifications, and controlled the agencies requisite for the working out and the attainment of the glorious results which might have been produced. The author himself reached a sublime stand-point in connection with his advocacy of liberty, as editor of the *Western Olive Branch*, but was obliged to abandon the enterprise for the want of means. Other Christian men had to do the same. And with sad hearts, as they have retired into the private walks of life, they have "pointed to the

threatened storm of Jehovah's indignation, and requested the people to put their ears to the ground that they might catch the distant rumbling of the thunder that was coming to shake the nation to its foundations." And the people shouted "crazy." But who were the crazy men, the men that warned, or the people that refused to take warning? By the silence, inaction, or opposition of our American people to the men who sought to act as God's gappmen, but were driven back and put to silence; "they have sown the wind, and are now reaping the whirlwind." Hosea viii. 7.

It is written that "when God's judgments are abroad in the earth, the people learn righteousness." Isa. xxvi. 9. But our people are so full of national conceit and vain glory, and so intoxicated with the fumes of war, that we find scarcely any trace of righteousness visible. "Shrouds of fire, and winding sheets of military glory," seem to be the all-absorbing theme that fires every imagination. There is no music apparently so sweet as the sound of the battle axe, or the roar of cannon—no apparel so suitable to drape our American pulpits or communion-tables as the stars and stripes—no anthem so sweet as "Hail Columbia!" The *London Times*, May 27, 1862, says, "Americans have embraced war as a trade, and engage in it as the most enrapturing pursuit in the world. No difficulties daunt one party, or defeats appal the other. And while Europe is appalled with the prospect before

America, New York is enchanted with the position and prospects of the nation." And all classes of men are now drawn down into the vortex of the war spirit—the Beecherites, Cheeverites, and even the Garrisonians! In proof of which read the letter of Mrs Stowe to Lord Shaftesbury. And yet, the latter are the men who have been sustained almost entirely by the members of the Society of Friends in this country! The author fears there are few emancipationists in America who stand aloof from the "war spirit." And these will have a hard road to travel, and great difficulties to encounter. Even John Bright now says that "the conflict in America may soon be its grave."

LIONS ROARING.

As good men and true go forth to battle with the enemies of freedom, the unjust, bloody, and deceitful men of every hue and species will surround their path, and send forth their deafening shouts of defiance in opposition, and use their deepest strategy and skill to waylay their influence, and to scatter every vestige of their reputation to the winds; but whom need they fear, so long as Judah's lion roars in their defence; or of what ought they to be afraid when the hand that "spread forth the heavens, flung abroad the stars, piles the mountains, curbs the seas, pours the sunbeams, and darts the lightnings," is their guide as well as security. He who



108 NORTHERN PEOPLE TAME AND SUBMISSIVE.

is for, is more than all they who can be against them. Rom. viii. 32.

AN HYPOTHETICAL VIEW.

It has been said, that if the slaveholders submit to the authority of the Federal Government slavery would then get a new lease of its life, like Popery at Rome through the paternal care of the Emperor of the French. This would not create any surprise, since the assurance has been given, and repeated in every variety of form, and from every part of our vast continent, that our Federal Government and people are not making war for emancipation, but for a common nationality, based on what are called constitutional rights, or the compromises of the Union!

NORTHERN PEOPLE TAME AND SUBMISSIVE.

They are passionately in earnest in their desire for the reconstruction of the Union. And to attain this would guarantee the maintenance of slavery in the Slave States; and make new laws to secure the carrying out of the unanimous oaths which the President said, in his inaugural address, were taken by the members of the Federal Congress, and also to enforce the old laws, not against kidnappers or men hunters, but the men who stand between the slaves and their oppressors, and are a wall of fire round about them, and the glory of the Lord in the midst of them. Zech. ii. 5.

FALSE ZEAL AND MISGUIDED PHILANTHROPY.

And these stringent measures would be undertaken under the light of what they call an accurate and lofty statesmanship, and feelings of genuine and exalted philanthropy, and a self-sacrificing sense of patriotic duty, in order to pacify the South; add new cement to patch up the broken bonds of the Union; allay the irritation of the North, created by the threatened destruction of our grand national idol, called the Union; curb those fanatical fools and madmen, so called, who are now seeking the removal of earth's greatest anomaly, our nation's shame and woe, and purge the foul stains of slavery from our national escutcheon.

ATROCIOUS SCENES, OR TEMPESTS OF OBLOQUY AND SCORN.

The scenes witnessed recently in Cincinnati, and in Burlington, Vermont, in connexion with the pelting and stoning of the author's excellent friend and benefactor, Wendell Phillips, and of the Rev. Mr Aarn, a Baptist clergyman, would be the rule and not the exception; for the old spirit of persecution is not dead, but sleeping; and every Unionist in such a case would rise in stern antagonism to the men who would dare to touch the obscene idol, the goddess of slavery, or the grander idol

called the Union, which sheltered and protected the lesser one.

NEXT PROBABLE MOVE OF THE FEDERALISTS.

On the other hand, if the Confederates rallied and concentrated their forces in self-defence, to protect their fires, altars, and homes, the confiscation of their slaves will be the next step of the Federal Government—a measure which would help to turn the slaves against their masters, cause them to throw themselves in one mighty bound into the embrace of the Federalists, make the re-establishment of the Union to go by acclamation through the world, and give the Unionists an impelling power to drive through every difficulty, so far as slavery is concerned.

COUNTER MOVE.

The prospect of such an act would in all probability lead the Confederates to proclaim freedom to their slaves in order to counteract the influence of their opponents, for such is the deep and impassable gulph of hatred created by the present unnatural and unjustifiable war between the North and the South, and such is the keen and burning resentment produced by it, that no moral or political bridge can now be constructed to reunite them, or Federal ointment made to cool down, soften, sub-

due, or heal the wounds inflicted on each other. In such a case, not only would slavery be abolished, but the Union would be overthrown; and this grand idol of our nation dashed into a thousand atoms, since every slave would then join hand, heart, and soul against the Federals.

GRAND ALLIES IN NATURE TO HELP THEM.

Air, earth, and skies would work for them. Not a breathing of the common wind, not a sluggish stream that flows into their dead and stagnant marshes, not an exhalation from the sun, the mighty forest, a tuft of withered grass, nor a flower would forget them. Hearts muffled by the beat of death, and mounds newly raised, would proclaim the widow's wail, the crushed and buried hopes of fond parental hearts, the friend's lament, and a nation's loss in the slumberings of men laid low in the dark, cold grave, many of whom were, doubtless, the life, soul, and toss of every circle where they moved, a father's pet, a mother's darling, the wife's sweet solace, and the child's loved guide and guard. Other allies, also would come to their aid.

NORTHERN ARISTOCRACY OF SKIN.

In such a case, supposing they were alive to the exigencies of the times, and equal to the great emergencies of the occasion, the above would greatly

help the Confederates. For of all the aristocracy in the world that of skin is the most odious the world ever saw, or the sun ever looked down upon.

Talk of aristocracy and monarchy biting the dust, but what is more fearful, atrocious, loathsome, adapted to call forth a world's scorn, or a pandemonium's hiss, than our boasted democracy in its aristocracy of skin, and which almost exclusively rests in the pernicious embrace of the North, where their strong and chosen delusions are such that Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, in a letter dated Washington, March 4, 1862, says, "The State of Illinois has evinced its sincere desire to benefit the negro by the adoption of a resolution to prevent men, black men or mulattoes, entering the State."

The Constitutional Convention which conceived this monstrous project and nursed it into life, proclaimed it to the world, and now sustains it, subjecting themselves to the world's derision and scorn, and a prominent place on the black roll of infamy in connexion with the register of Pandemonium—this Convention, says Russell, "was made up of delegates from all parts of the State, and on approving the resolution, agreed on the report by a majority of forty-five against fifteen."

JUDICIAL ACTION AND LEGISLATION SUPERFLUOUS IN REGARD TO THE COLOURED POPULATION IN SUCH A CASE.

Where such high-handed outrages are perpetrated, and fantastic tricks played, there would be no necessity for Dred Scott decisions, making black men have no rights which a white man is bound to respect, or Fugitive Slave Laws to catch the flying bondsman, or Personal Liberty Bills to make the Free States, so called, asylums of liberty, to shield the hungry, weary, thirsty, panting, trembling fugitive from the much dreaded and terrible man-hunter and kidnapper.

In such a case there would be no black men or mulattoes to be despoiled of their rights where they were not allowed to enter.

SEVERE BUT JUST REFLECTIONS ON THE FEDERALISTS.

Is it any wonder that Russell, in the article referred to, should indulge in keen satire when he reviews the unworthy motives, bad feelings, and infamous policy cherished by the Federalists in connection with such manifestations as the above. "One might," he says, "almost suspect that the clamour for emancipation springs rather from the selfishness of the white, and hatred towards the black man, than any regard to freedom, or dislike to slavery. The bugbear of abolitionism is Afri-

canizationism. The Federalist fears contact with the negro, likes them to be happy as far away as possible, and surveys their Liberia through the enchanting influence of distance."

Is such an aristocracy to be the buttress to support the President, Congress, and the Unionists in their grand proposal of gradual emancipation to the slaves, which, say they, and their abettors and supporters, "is to mark a new epoch in our history, introduce the day-star of a new national dawn, and create an event the most important that has occurred since the outbreak of the conflict which has taken place in America—an event fraught with the issues both of peace and war, and with the destinies both of the living and future generations—an event which will carry gladness to the hearts of the friends of justice, truth and freedom throughout the world, and enlist on the side of the great and the good man who is at the head of the Government of the United States, the sympathy and moral support of all the peoples and governments of the civilised world." If such an aristocracy of skin is to be the support of the proposal referred to, what a terrible damper it will put on the hopes excited, enthusiasm enkindled, eras created, issues flowing forth, and broken fetters falling to the ground from such sources, and lay prostrate in the dust the "grandness, goodness, wisdom and greatness of the man who rises into the enjoyment of a brief popularity under the mask of a

misguided philanthropy," and make all his schemes "gang a glee," as the unhappy interests that spring out of them are at variance with the solid, immovable, and eternal principles of equity and truth. Think of it. If slavery is to be destroyed by the Federal Government, it is because the Union is in peril! And if the negro is to be rescued from the jaws of the above ravenous monster forthwith, he is to be sent to the penal colony of Liberia, as a penalty for wearing a different colour on his skin from themselves. Imagine that you see our President and his brother aristocrats lifting up their lean, thin, wiry, gaunt, skeleton forms in their presence, and exclaiming, we are not holier, but whiter than you; therefore you must pass on, and go down into the holds of the "Ebony" line of steamers that are to bear you away to Afric's sunny land, where you may sit under the shade of the beautiful palm-tree, rise to empire, and be grand instruments in shedding the mild beams of genius, philosophy, and religion; to enlighten and instruct the posterity of Ham, whilst the Atlantic heaves its high and everlasting barrier between your land and ours, and our country, won by the chivalry of the white man, and adorned with the arts and elegancies of civilised life, remains to us untarnished by the footprint of him who hath been a slave.

But should they be proof against such flattery, and present dignified remonstrance; then the com-

mand is given, with the stern voice of authority, Take these "black rogues," and march them out of the country; they cannot be allowed to remain here a proverb and nuisance to frighten or pollute us with the horrors or touch of their black skin, or to endure every "imaginable indignity" at our hands.

Yonder they are marching, column after column. Military bands are playing grandly and merrily to drown their sorrows and stifle their cries with the tune of "Yankee Doodle." And as ship after ship departs, thanksgiving services are held, sermons preached, and banquets spread, whilst under the flare of sky-rockets, whizzing of crackers and squibs, booming of cannon, loud huzzas are heard, to celebrate the deliverance of the whites in the riddance of the blacks!

What a ground swell of sympathy these cruel prejudices against colour must create in favour of the South, in connexion with the vast ocean currents of the world's sympathy, to help the South in tiding over their difficulties with the North, if they should anticipate the Federal Government in its movements by proclaiming the liberty of the slaves.

HIGH TARIFF OF THE NORTHERN PEOPLE, OR
FEDERALISTS.

In such a case, as we have hypothecated, the

above would be another grand ally with the South against the North, and create an overwhelming tide of feeling—a perfect gulf stream of sympathy in connection with the civilised world against the North, because the Southern people are known to be favourable to free-trade, whilst the Federalists keep raising the tariff higher and higher, until in the end it will resemble the ancient wall of China, which for centuries shut out the rest of the world from intercourse and commercial pursuits as barbarians.

PROTECTIVE DUTIES INJURIOUS.

Then our Northern people would be isolated among the nations until their selfish theory of protection and commercial restrictions was exploded by the tide of events, and they themselves, by terrible disaster and wide-spread ruin, were brought to feel there was a brotherhood of nations as well as men; and that, as no man can prosper at the expense of another, so no nation can hope to gain by the ruin of another. And though Morrell tariffs and other legislative enactments may be made legal, the great principles of free trade will stand the test of ages, come out of every ordeal with clearer and brighter lustre, fling forth an influence which will command the homage of nations as well as men, lift up their myrtle wand to spread a blessing on every sea and land, and rear her

monumental trophies, where earth's tribes are meeting to reciprocate the beautiful sentiments of the poet laureate, dedicated to the opening of the International Exhibition, and sung at its festival, as he bids them—

“ Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
 In that wide hall with earth's invention stored,
 And praise th' invisible universal Lord,
 Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
 Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd
 Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

O, silent father of our kings to be,
 Mourn'd in this solemn hour of jubilee,
 For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee !

The world-compelling plan was thine,
 And, lo! the long laborious miles
 Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
 Rich in model and design;
 Harvest-tool and husbandry,
 Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
 Secrets of the sullen mine,
 Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
 Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,
 Sunny tokens of the Line,
 Polar marvels, and a feast
 Of wonder, out of West and East,
 And shapes and hues of Part divine !
 All of beauty, all of use,
 That one fair planet can produce.
 Brought from under every star,
 Blown from over every main,
 And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
 The works of peace with works of war.

OLD PURITANS AND NEW ONES CONTRASTED. 119

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain
And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace and crowned with
all her flowers."

THE OLD PURITANS AND NEW ONES CONTRASTED.

Such a dissimilarity exists between the two that could the former rise from the dead, they would not be able to trace out any likeness either in principle or practice amongst the latter. The old puritans felt that they were men, and not brutes, had souls as well as bodies, there was a God as well as a devil, and heaven as well as hell—that their lives on earth were associated with a boundless, unfathomable, and inconceivable eternity; their existence hereafter must be spent in happiness or misery, pleasure or pain, bliss or woe, and by an interest in Jesus Christ they could only escape the misery of the one, and attain the happiness of the other, that a holy life was the chief evidence of their rising into the enjoyment of a higher life in Christ—that they were accountable for all their opportunities of doing good whilst in this world, and that a life of extraordinary humility, unspotted

purity, unfeigned faith in Christ, supreme devotedness to God, and burning zeal for his glory, would entwine brighter wreaths around their brows in the regions of heavenly glory, make more verdant the palms which they would wave before Jehovah's ever-lasting throne, and more brilliant the crowns which they would cast at His feet, cause them to rise higher in the scale of infinite blessedness, rejoice louder in their thanksgivings and praises to God, and be wedded more closely to God and happiness for ever.

Such men were seen and known from afar—seen and known in their beautiful simplicity and sweet disposition of temper—in their unbending integrity and uprightness—in the benignity of their every aspect, the spirituality of their minds, and the heavenly disposition of their souls—in the unreserved and hearty consecration of themselves to God, and their constraining love to the Saviour—in their unfaltering determination to serve God, to the utmost limit of their faculties, and unremittingly, until their work was done—in their self-sacrificing and self-denying efforts to do good, and perseverance in well doing—in their unshaken reliance in the promise, and presence of the Almighty; and in the happy boundings of their spirits, which made their hearts light, and their souls glad at the fire-side and by the wayside, in the sanctuary, counting house, shop, field, drawing-room, cell, garret, prison, or on the deck of the "Mayflower." To reach,

therefore, the mental and moral elevation on which they stood, we shall have to ascend mountain after mountain in greatness and goodness until we attain the Mont Blanc of moral excellence amongst men. For in resemblance to Christ, and in nearness to Him they stood on the verge of heaven, far above the world, whilst in the world, bathing themselves in the sunny firmament of God's love beyond the mental mists and fogs of error, lazy indifference, sluggish dullness, and sottish vice, that beclouded, and contaminated the dwellers in the vales beneath. And whilst they viewed their trials as disciplinary, and resigned their earthly cares, into the hands of their loving Father, and blessed Lord and Saviour, such light, love, peace, and joy flooded their spirits, that their commanding moral elevation presents to us a grandeur of scene and beauty, resembling the Mount of Transfiguration, when the disciples of Christ exclaimed, "Jesus, master, it is good for us to be here." Mark xi. 5. But whilst Peter and James and John said, "Let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias," they accounted not earth, but heaven their home, "looking for a city, which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God." Heb. xi. 16. Glancing their eyes onwards and upwards to those blest regions, which are

"Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul,"

122 OLD PURITANS AND NEW ONES CONTRASTED.

they pointed to the bright inheritance above, the sweet field beyond the swelling flood, the bright mansions of the blest, the city and palace of the great King, and said,

“There is our home and portion fair ;
Our treasure and our hearts are there
And our abiding home.”

And what an influence they flung forth amongst men ; such an influence that if we would imitate them, we must enter the “world’s great field of battle,” camp out in the great “bivouac of life,” take time by the forelock, and grab it by the nape of the neck, feeling that there are souls within us, and a God above us combining his rich blessing with untiring industry which would help to

“Make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time.
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

What a noble legacy of principles the Puritans left behind them—principles more powerful than princes, rulers, cabinets, governments, political demagogues, ecclesiastical despots, any earthly combination, or power whatsoever,—and, therefore, are destined in the order of God’s Providence to subvert war with all its untold horrors and frightful calamities and woes,—stem the tide of intemperance, and close up its floodgates of misery and ruin,—sweep

slavery away with its lashes, fetters, and horrors, and send it down into that hell whence it sprung—abolish every monopoly and restriction, which prevents the free intercourse of nation with nation, and man with man—destroy all coercive policies, and systems, which give men, governments, churches, or nations, undue authority over men—develop the arts and sciences, promote the spread of literature—cast out Satan from the world, the great usurper amongst men, and bring it back into allegiance to its rightful Lord and King.

And how securely the old Puritans dwelt at ease, like treasures in ocean caves, a thousand fathoms down beneath the currents which agitate its surface; or stars resting on their beds of repose, millions of miles beyond the winds and storms that agitate the terraqueous globe on which you stand. And this was the grand secret of their security and happiness. They made the Bible their handbook and heartbook. Its principles were their guide. And to depart from them in any, the least degree they felt was sinful and unholy. They digged deep and centred their all on the Rock of Ages, the foundation that standeth sure, Christ Jesus. And when the rolling floods came upon them, the howling winds blew around them, and the fearful tempests raged and roared above them, they felt that there were no shifting sands beneath them, or rude storms of violence without them, that could destroy their happiness, or disturb their peace.

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Their lives being hid with Christ in God, in the majestic uprising of their thoughts, and in the swelling grandeur of their feelings, they could take up the triumphant language of Paul, and raise their mighty anthem, or peal forth their hallelujah chorus of praise to God, singing—

“No change of time, nor place, nor state,
The Spirit's love can separate
From Christ her Lord ;
No tribulation nor distress,
Violence, want, nor nakedness,
Peril nor sword.

“That through Him the soul adores
We are more than conquerors,
And not all the powers that dwell
In heaven above, or earth, or hell,
Or height above, or depth beneath,
Things present, future, life, or death,
Can one single link remove
From the golden chain of love.”

And such were the forty-one pilgrims that left the shores of the old world to seek a home in the new one. And as they neared the coast of America, descended into the cabin of the “Mayflower,” commended themselves, each other, and their mission to God; and then covenanted to “observe equal laws to all men whatever it might cost them.”

But look at the contrast in their successors in America, when they took John Brown, a lineal descendant of Peter Brown, who formed one of those that composed the noble band of pilgrims in the above named vessel—yes, took John Brown

and put him to death for doing the very thing the old Puritans covenanted to do. And the whole nation gazed on the humiliating spectacle, consenting to his death. Some maintaining that it was better "one man should die, than the whole nation perish." Others, like Henry Ward Beecher in his Harper's Ferry Sermon, stigmatising him as an "insane man." Others shouting with Secretary Seward, "Thank God they hung him." But by far the greatest number taking up a position of dignified silence with Harriet Beecher Stowe, feigning stoical indifference to the outside world, yet quivering to the centre of their souls for the fate of their beloved idol, the Union, in consequence of the tremendous blow which Brown gave to its unnatural combination of liberty with slavery—a combination which overwhelming masses of the Unionists in the North have tried to maintain, although it has placed them in the lowest depths of political and jesuitical knavery, cunning, and fraud. So that if the Southerners who cling to slavery are fools, the Northerners who go for the Constitution with its compromises, and shout liberty, are knaves. And a knave is worse than a fool. Low, therefore, as the depths of barbarianism may be into which slavery has sunk the South, the overwhelming mass of the people in the North have reached a lower depth, a deeper abyss of infamy still. And in this abyss we find the authoress of Uncle Tom, as shewn in her letter to Lord Shaftesbury, which demon-

strates beyond cavil that Mrs. Stowe, like the Unionists, is bemired in the deep slough of expediency, involved in a labyrinth of prevarication, associated with a meanness and continuity of shuffling that puts her and all Union compromisers beyond the pale of sympathy and charity. This is natural, and need excite no surprise, as the editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, May 15, 1862, when speaking of some obstreperous Paving Board, says, "a tortuous policy invariably produces crooked results, and expediency compromises almost as certainly leave matters in a worse position than that in which they were originally found." What dumping it would require from the Paving Boards of Union savers to fill up the depths of servility in connection with the great Federal Slough of expediences? What a vast amount of material they would require to bridge over the wide gulf of meanness associated with it? And what innumerable skeins of thread they would need to disentangle them from their tortuous policy. No petard would be required to shiver to pieces the Babel constructions of Union savers and shriekers, and the above editor's sympathies with them. They would disappear of themselves in the midst of such a slough, and for ever be buried out of sight.

Such, however, was the indignant scorn, biting sarcasms, envenomed malignity, fiery abuse, and blasting reproach of the masses of these Unionists, which burst on the head of the noble martyr John

Brown, that few dared to lift up their voices on his behalf, to pay their tribute to his memory. And those of us who did so were held up to public scorn, and assailed with a tempest of obloquy and reproach. For the part which the author took in the meeting held to commemorate the event in a coloured church in New York, he was pilloried in the *New York Herald*, because of his avowal that John Brown "made the cross glorious, or added lustre to it like our Saviour."

And for the testimony he bore on his behalf in answer to questions put to him, he was requested to leave four different boarding-houses in New York, where he made it a rule never to introduce any public question in the sitting-room. And when Cheever, Wendell Phillips, Sloan, and a few others, met in Cooper's Institute in honour of the event, the excited populace ran in crowds, threatened the speakers with violence, and turned the place into a theatre for the display of the worst passions and the most brutal exhibitions, which made the place a pandemonium in miniature, whilst Dr. Cheever's effigy was marched in procession outside and burnt by the people. And these manifestations were general, and prevailed not only in the degraded South, but in what the editor^s of the London *Daily News*, April 22, 1862, calls the "moral and religious North."

THE FATHERS AND FOUNDERS OF THE GOVERNMENT
CONTRASTED WITH THE INFLUENTIAL AND LEADING
STATESMEN OF AMERICA.

When you think of the former, you must put your finger on the day of Independence in America, and connect with it the "Glorious Fourth" of July in our American calendar, which is the Great Celebration Day in that land. And could you visit us on that day, you would see myriads of squibs, crackers, and rockets flying in the air, every one of which is supposed to scorch, or come down upon the head of, and kill a Britisher. You would, also, hear multitudes of guns and cannons, with their sharp cracks and deafening roar, which prefigure the sweeping of whole battalions of the same into the regions of annihilation, whilst bonfires and illuminations are designed to put the climax of glory on the scene, in honour of victory. And during the time all this is going on, blisters are rising on the backs of slaves, their hands are being pinioned, and feet made fast by the fetters of an inhuman, wicked, and cruel bondage, husbands torn from wives, and parents from children, free coloured men kidnapped, and fugitives hunted with bloodhounds, the slaves deprived of mental, moral, and spiritual illumination, and others who own a different skin to the whites made the victims of a cruel prejudice. And, yet, the above day is to be celebrated, say our American orators, poets, statesmen, divines, and missionaries, by succeeding generations as the great

Anniversary Festival—to be commemorated by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty, and to be solemnised in the manner we have described from this day forth and for evermore.

THE DAY OF THE SLAVE'S DELIVERANCE.

This is a day which will throw into the shade the day of our Independence, as one hour of the negro's bondage, according to the testimony of Jefferson, exceeds ages of that we rose in rebellion to oppose.

What a glorification day that will be to the slaves and the friends of liberty! What music will drop from their fingers! What ecstasy will be flashed from their emotions! And how their hearts will run wild with transports of joy!

The celebration of such a day would not be confined to America or to Americans. It would find its way into the calendars of all nations, and into the hearts of all peoples, tongues, and tribes. Happy day, we hail the glory of thy rising! Come, thou bright auspicious period, and usher in this grand jubilee among the nations!

It is not far distant, as the signs and events of the times indicate. But if in these we should be deceived, and our hopes frustrated for the present, the dream of it is certain and the interpretation sure. God has sworn and will not repent, that the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. (Hab. ii. 14).

But this cannot be until it becomes the abode of free men and women.

THE GREAT TRANSACTION PERFORMED, OR THE
GLORIOUS DEED DONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE DAY
OF OUR INDEPENDENCE.

This is the next thing that comes up in the annals of history, leaflets of memory, and mementos of experience, in close and intimate association with the fathers and founders of our country and their successors. This achievement was to convey the precious legacy of liberty as an heirloom to be handed down from father to son.

Its clauses are definite and complete, elegant and beautiful, massive and powerful, sublime and glorious; and withal so simple and plain as to require no process of reasoning, flowers of rhetoric, or fires of logic to remove any obliquity from the minds of those who could not understand or comprehend them, and yet containing such vast issues as to be fraught with undying interest to myriads of the human race. The trumpet of fame was never to hear the last of principles which were to annex kingdoms and nations, and make kings, queens, and aristocrats bite the dust, and lift up our "sovereign squatters" as the great saviours, deliverers, and benefactors of men! But look at the results of our freedom and equality doctrine, one of the precious legacies conveyed to us by the glorious fathers and

founders of our country in the Declaration of Independence, which commences, "All men are born free and equal, and are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness."

When Sir Christopher Wren had erected that noble structure in London, which was dedicated to St. Paul, he looked on it, doubtless, with feelings of profound satisfaction and exultant delight; and, in honour of the event, his friends constructed an epitaph, and put upon it the beautiful and appropriate inscription: "Reader, do you ask his monument, look around." The old fathers and founders of America, like Sir Christopher Wren, could look with complacent feelings on the creation of their genius in America, when they ushered into being, from the womb of time, the United States; although their work was not made so complete as that of the great architect referred to; for when they established the era of Independence they allowed slavery to remain—the source of our nation's ruin and the cause of its downfall. It is a well-authenticated fact, however, that they made no provision for its maintenance, but treated it as obsolete, expecting that it would soon cease. On this subject, however, there has been a variety of opinions; for men have differed in sentiment in regard to the great charters of human freedom, which were drawn up and bequeathed as a legacy to their country and posterity by the fathers and founders of our American republic. As, however, there can be but one opinion in regard to the

Declaration of Independence, which commences—
 “All men are born free and equal,” even so, all
 ought to be agreed in sentiment in regard to the
 Constitution.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

In its exordium it says—“When the people of
 the United States, in order to form a more perfect
 Union, to establish justice, ensure domestic tranqui-
 lity, provide for the common defence, promote the
 general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty
 to ourselves and posterity, do ordain and establish
 this Constitution for the United States of America.”
 Such is the great decree of the Constitution, its
 solemn ordination and covenant.

The Constitution farther shows who are the par-
 ties to the contract. It says: “The people of the
 United States are parties to this contract.” The
 people—not the blacks or the whites—but the
 people. There is no distinction of blood or races in
 the above clause; and whatever it provides for one
 it provides for all. Amongst its general provisions
 we find the Act of Habeas Corpus, which is the
 great charter of personal liberty, and destined for
 the use of the people mentioned in the decree above
 referred to. This Act of Habeas Corpus gives power
 to the people to cite before the Courts the person
 who deprives another of liberty, and requires him
 to show just cause for that deprivation, or the per-

son arrested must be set free. It provides for trial by jury, and guarantees that no man amongst the people must be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. It also makes provision for the exercise of religious opinions, freedom of speech, the press, right of petition, to bear arms, and security of person. If the above clauses had been put in force in accordance with the Habeas Corpus Act, without restriction, limitation, or distinction, slavery could not have existed, or the vexatious imposts under which persons of colour labour.

There are other general provisions of the Constitution which are prohibitory, and refer to "Bills of Attainder" and "Expost-Facto Laws." But there are special provisions in the Constitution. In Art. 4, sec. 2, and clause 3 of the above document, there are these words: "No person held to do service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." The above words—"persons" and "service due"—place the Constitution, beyond all controversy, in favour of liberty. Our slave-laws of America define that a slave is not a person but a thing—an article of American merchandise; and the words "service due" presuppose contract; and what contract or agreement has there ever been between the master and the slave? If any person was brought into

your Courts of Justice for service due, the first question that would be put from the bench of judicature would be, What is the contract or nature of agreement? And in the absence of any being sworn to, there would be no case, and it would be instantly dismissed.

And as the Constitution commences with a solemn decree, on behalf of the people of the United States, even so, it concludes with a solemn covenant:—

“We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be Free, and Independent States, and have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.”

COTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

In Madison and Elliott's debates, Madison “thought it wrong to admit in the Constitution the idea that there could be property in man. We

intend the Constitution to be the great charter of human liberty to the unborn millions who may enjoy its protection, and who shall never see, that such an institution was ever known in their midst." The Convention concurring in these opinions without debate, unanimously resolved that the words "slave" and "slavery" should be stricken out; and the words "such person" and "other persons" should be substituted wherever they occurred. On motion of Randolph of Virginia, the word "servitude" was stricken out, and "service" was unanimously adopted.

Governor Morris, who was as much opposed to slavery as were Washington, Madison, Randolph, or Franklin, says in a letter to a friend, "The hand which writes this letter wrote the Constitution." To avoid prolixity we do not give all the declarations of members to the effect "that man could not have property in man."

Mr. Geary said, as "Congress would have no power over the institution within the States, we ought to be careful to lend no sanction to it."

In the House of Representatives in 1789, on the resolution upon import duties, Mr. Parker moved, to insert a clause imposing a duty on the importation of slaves.

Roger Sherman, a member from Connecticut said, "he could not reconcile himself to the insertion of human beings as an article of duty among goods. The Constitution does not consider these persons as a species of property."

The Hon. J. R. Giddings, in a letter to Hon. T. H. Benton, inserted in the *New York Tribune*, Feb. 26, 1857, says, "some of the Slave States proposed an amendment to the clause in the Habeas Corpus Act, in regard to persons being deprived of life, liberty, and property, without due process of law, feeling that this provision would be fatal to all future right to property in man, unless it were within state jurisdiction. The amendment proposed to limit the above clause to free men, so as to make it read, no free man shall be deprived of life, liberty, and property, without due process of law. The issue, therefore, was made in regard to property in man, met, and decided against the Slave States. The requisite number of States declared in favour of the Habeas Corpus Act as it now stands. So that the above Act is handed down to us unimpaired as a part of the Federal Constitution.

The above facts incontestably prove that it was the deliberate purpose, not of individual members alone, but of the Convention who framed the Constitution, to exclude from the Constitution, not only the hated word "slave," but the detested thing "slavery." And, therefore, we have the right to insist, before it can be asserted with any title to our respect, that this august and intelligent body affirmed or established the right of property in a "slave," and thus reversed the established law of the Constitution on that subject. It belongs, therefore, to the degenerate sons of these noble sires, to

shut out from the letter and spirit of the Constitution, the bright angel of liberty, and to smuggle in the foul demon of slavery, to make it carry the fetters of an ignoble bondage and not the eagles of freedom. And had the administrators of the Government been dealt with as the case required, most of them would have been convicted of treason, and have expiated their crimes on the gallows.

THE DIFFERENCE IN THE REMAINS BETWEEN SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S WORK, AND THE FATHERS AND FOUNDERS OF OUR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND COUNTRY.

In the epitaph of Sir Christopher, the visitor is invited to look around. Myriads have obeyed the injunction, and looked with feelings of admiration and wonder, on the vast structure of his genius. And myriads more, probably, will do the same.

But where are the remains of the work in connection with the men referred to above, in honour of which the day of our Independence was to be the great birthday of our nation, and the immortal principles contained in our Great Magna Charta Deeds were to be the heritage of the people, honourable alike to the great master spirits that then moulded the public mind, and worthy of a transcript in the albums of the people, and to be written, as with the point of a diamond, in the leads upon the rocks for ever, or engraven on tablets of

gold. Oh, yes! where are the remains of that work? And what is their character? Is the grand, living, sublime, glorious reality so often pictured by our poets, orators, philosophers, statesmen, and historians to be found in the embodiment of the Christianity of our teachers and professors, our freedom of speech, or of the press? Or are the principles and legacies of our noble sires taken up and handed down by their successors? Oh, no! Our sanctuaries have been converted into heathen temples for the exhibition of the false gods of the nation! Our presses have been turned into vehicles of slander, party strife, and abuse; whilst our administrators have had one kind of policy for the Republicans, another for Democrats, and another for the Abolitionists. They have gone for the Constitution with its own loaded dice of compromises put into it to suit the Republicans—given strong assurances to the Democratic party that slavery should not be interfered with in the Slave States, and made prominent their election dodge of “no more slave territory” to curry favour with the Abolitionists. And to secure the good will and cordial esteem of white people, enchanting prospects are held out to contrabands, and free coloured people in Liberia and Abeokuta; and should they cling to their cabins or the land of their birth, these administrators, doubtless, like their predecessors, will gladly take them out of bed, fetch up all arrears on their tender skins, until they are brought to the conclu-

sion that is better for them to say farewell to home and country, rather than continue to dwell amongst a prejudiced and persecuting people.

BUT WHAT OF THE CHURCHES ?

Ah! there is less hope there when the great orator, Wendell Phillips, Esq., put the question solemnly, gravely, and deliberately, to one of the most respectable and numerous-attended audiences ever convened in connexion with the anniversaries of the Anti-slavery Society in Boston, in 1860: "Are there as many ministers who are Abolitionists in America as would have saved the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah?" A voice came from that vast audience that "the estimate was too low." Phillips then advanced to the front of the platform; and in dramatic form raised his right arm towards heaven, and made his appeal, exclaiming, "Count." The people begun to count. The first-named was "Henry Ward Beecher." Up went one finger on the hand of Phillips. The second was "Dr. Cheever;" when another finger was raised, The name of the Rev. R. T. Cheever was next given, and this brought out another finger. The Rev. Mr. Sloane was then announced, and another finger was lifted. A solemn pause then succeeded, and a deep and profound silence stole over that vast assemblage of persons, which was only broken by the orator observing that he had not got through

his first hand yet, and some of these not worth twenty-four to the dozen—referring to Beecher; when there was such an outburst of feeling as the author has seldom witnessed. Now here was a large intelligent audience, which could only call to remembrance the names of four ministers who were Abolitionists; and as Phillips justly said, some of them of a doubtful character. And not one of them, except it may be Sloane, that had not at that time, if not now, an “if and a but” in connexion with their advocacy of liberty. As a stranger from the Far West, the author was present, and witnessed the scene, and was very much amused as well as distressed with the result of the above test, and the cause which produced it. Think of it. Forty thousand pulpits, and only four names given. Things were not very promising in 1860.

On the twenty-sixth day of the Methodist Buffalo Conference, the reports of the proceedings say, “The majority and minority reports on slavery were continued to-day, amidst the most intense excitement. Speeches were made by the Southern delegates, Drs. Slicer and Sewall of Baltimore, and replied to by Dr. Kingsley, the Chairman of the Majority Report. Dr. Slicer, in the course of his remarks, said to the majority members, “If you believe slaveholding to be as sinful as polygamy, idolatry, and drunkenness, put it in the book.”

Voices in the assembly responded, "Amen, amen. They dare not do it."

Dr. Curry and a number of voices exclaimed, "Certainly, we intend to." Dr. Slicer: "You intend to, do you? I wish the Border to take notice that Dr. Curry, on behalf of the Majority, has announced that they intend to make this prohibition." Dr. Kingsley "rose, and in an excited manner," say the reporters, called Dr. Slicer to order, observing that "Dr. Curry did not speak by authority of the majority, and he protested against Dr. Slicer saying so." A number of delegates then said, "that a number of the majority men sitting near them endorsed Dr. Curry." Dr. Reid said, "no response of that kind was heard here." Dr. Kingsley "then avowed that there were not ten men here who would endorse Dr. Curry." Not ten men, on the authority of the Chairman of the Majority Committee, reported to be friendly to real liberty—not ten men in the Buffalo Conference who would place slavery under the ban of condemnation the same as idolatry, polygamy, and drunkenness! If there had been a herd of buffaloes there from our Far Western Prairies, and their liberty had been in danger, would they not have shown their instinctive love of liberty? But this element in the Buffalo Methodists was not sufficiently strong in the Bishop, who preached a grandiloquent sermon that contained such "thrills" and "flashes," as to have been worth, it was said,

a journey across the Atlantic to be heard—or in ten men in the assembled crowd of delegates from all parts of the Northern Circuits of Methodism, to put the brand of infamy on a system that reduces multitudes to a condition far worse than buffaloes. And the Congregationalists of America, with all their boast of liberty, are not much better, when, during the time Dr. Cheever was in England, the Congregationalist Body in and around New York, resolved to withdraw from all fellowship, and suspend all connexion with his church.

The above are melancholy but astounding proofs of the fallen greatness of our country. And those who make merchandise of feigned words, such as the Hon. Edward Everett, or the celebrated authoress of "Uncle Tom," Harriet Beecher Stowe, cannot gainsay it.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT AND MRS. STOWE.

Everett tried to do so in a grand oration at Boston in 1860, but it was a most signal failure. Cautiously feeling his way, he said: "Let us notice the inquiry, whether the great design of Providence, in the planting of a free representative Government, in the bestowment of a written constitution and laws—in the adoption of a free, cheap, and all pervading press—and in the voluntary and bountiful expenditure of our people for the maintenance and support of religion, is in the course of a steady and

progressive fulfilment" — what an assumption! Taking it for granted that it was so. But lofty pretension and tremendous assumption does not make it so; or our free representative government, which proclaims that all men are born free and equal, would secure it, and prevent its citizens from annihilating the persons of their less favoured brethren, and sinking them into chattels—stripping them of their natural rights, such as men, husbands, parents, and children, and tearing up those tender, endeared, and time-honoured relationships by the roots—usurping irresponsible control over them, and robbing them of the fruits of their labours, polluting their bodies, and scourging them at their will and pleasure—making the white man's blood to course in their veins, to improve the stock of what our refined citizens, and even clergymen, call "superior animals," or "highly domesticated brutes," and selling their own blood, bones, muscles, sinews, nerves, and brains, to the highest bidder. You see, therefore, that Everett caused them to jump over the black heritage we have referred to at a single bound; and his lofty pretensions led him to cover up the above fearful harvest of pain, shame, ignominy, and woe, which, instead of causing joyous chimes and merry peals, responding to triumphant salvos, are at this very moment, by the retributive providences of Jehovah, associating us with funeral bells, minute guns, and the "Dead Marches of Saul." And yet, in

the above grand performance of Everett's, by putting forth the whole power of his rhetorical skill, and making the most majestic flourishes with his thrilling eloquence, and flinging forth the most brilliant corruscations of his commanding genius, which he transcribed to his canvass, as he made the enchanting panorama of his word painting pass before the eyes of his dazzled and bewildered audience, he fairly concealed the above feat of jugglery, jesuitical piece of cunning, and monstrous fraud from their view. O what a farce or burlesque for such a man to take the name of free institutions into his lips, written constitutions and laws, or a free church, and all-pervading press, and make them expound, define, and maintain that those laws, constitutions, and institutions are free for all; or that the religion taught by our divines, and for the support of which there has been such a bountiful expenditure, as set forth in America, has inculcated, that if "any one would be master he must become the servant of all"—that "God has made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth"—that "we must love our neighbour as ourselves"—and that "all things whatsoever we would that men should do to us, we must do to them!"

How strange that there should be an assembly of intelligent and highly educated people in Boston, America, that should have been so blinded by his

sophistry, the fascinations of his eloquence, as to be overreached by his misstatement of facts!

But it was the most strange of all that they should greet him with their deafening plaudits, and literally shower down upon him their favours!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

She, in her letter to Lord Shaftesbury, calculated on storming the citadel of British hearts as easily as Everett carried the hearts of the Bostonians by his *coup-de-main*, July 4, 1860, but the celebrated authoress of Uncle Tom had a different class of people to deal with—a people who have a love of candour and truth, know how to discriminate, are earnest in comparing statements with facts, feel untrammelled by human authorities, but have a supreme regard to those which are divine, and are prompt and courageous to repel what is false, and embrace what is true. Consequently, Mrs Stowe's letter caused a feeling of general dissatisfaction, defeated the object for which it was intended, and failed to enlist the sympathies of England on behalf of our Northern people, government, and institutions.

Mrs Stowe's expectations were, therefore, cut off in regard to the heavy disbursers of public opinion in our favour in the North from this country. And writhing under the disappointment, in a pettish, sullen mood of temper, or freak of frenzied madness,

she wrote a letter to the *New York Independent*, in 1861, in which she said, "We Americans can dispense with the sympathy of England." She was not in Edinburgh then, stretching out her hands to receive the heavy disbursement of a thousand pounds, or in Leeds, to grasp two hundred bright spanking guineas!

THE FATHERS AND FOUNDERS OF THE COUNTRY AND
GOVERNMENT.

Is man valuable on account of what he is himself, and not for what he has? The above possessed rare excellences in their characters, rose superior to the cliques of parties, discovered a loftiness in their statesmanship, and a nobility and magnanimity of soul, that caused them to spurn every thing that was low, mean, or selfish. In their presence, and when contrasted with them, the present race of our politicians are reduced to small dimensions, and are dwarfs indeed.

The former left behind them great charters of human freedom, which were the best and noblest inheritance they could bequeath, and were a credit to their heads and hearts.

The latter have turned the Declaration of Independence into a splendid and glittering generality, which requires the word "white" before you can command the key of their position, viz., all "white" men are born free and equal. Whilst the Consti-

tution, which was framed so as to exclude property in man, and all who enjoyed its protection might never know from the written record that such an institution as slavery ever existed in their midst, has been turned by their successors, into an engine of despotism, and associated with scenes compared with which the Star Chamber of the Stuarts, the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, and the cold blooded atrocities of Ferdinand the II. of Italy, are not worthy of a moment's consideration. So that what should have been, and what were designed to be, the safeguards of liberty, in the hands of wicked administrators have been perverted, misapplied and prostituted to form a receptacle where the common sewers of depravity meet, reeking with corruption, iniquity, and fraud, or to make an infernal Juggernaut, to trample down and crush out the life blood of millions of our fellow immortal beings, and with it the honour, virtue, and patriotism of our land.

THE OLD FATHERS JUSTLY AND DESERVEDLY
ESTEEMED.

They were types of whatever was noble, virtuous, or good. When we approach them, we come into the presence of greatness and goodness. And when we think of the day to which they gave birth, and of the great charters of freedom which they left behind them, as a precious legacy to their de-

scendants, we cannot use too deep or broad an emphasis, swell, or compass of voice, or notes made soft yet sweet, enriching and yet enchanting with melody to immortalise their names. But with what loathing and contempt must we regard the type or class of men, such as Secretary Seward, President Lincoln, and Hon. Edward Everett.

When Everett was an ambassador to the Court of St James, he was invited to a Lord Mayor's banquet, where he had the boundless assurance, and matchless impudence to avow "that America was an asylum for the oppressed of all nationalities." On the discovery of the trick, a member of the British Cabinet rose in the audience, and desired to "remind him that he had made a slight mistake in forgetting the relationship in which Canada stood to America with its cities of refuge."

When the Hon. Wm. H. Seward branded that brave old man, John Brown, as a felon, shouting, "thank God they hung him," he also avowed that the "worst slave state was in advance of England." A state where the press is gagged, free speech muzzled, abolitionists tarred and feathered, and skies are lit up with fires from the piles of burning negroes; and yet was in advance of this grand old country that has produced a Shakespeare, Milton, Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and now contains a Carlyle, Brougham, Spurgeon, Florence Nightingale, and a noble Queen Victoria in her bosom!

His excellency, President Lincoln, in a proclama-

tion issued April 10, 1862, has provoked the world's merriment and scorn by appointing a day of thanksgiving for "victories achieved," and "averting from our country the dangers of foreign intervention and invasion." The victory to be celebrated on the above day turned out to be a defeat, since Beauregard, at the close of the battle at Corinth, retired into his batteries with seven thousand prisoners and a considerable number of pieces of artillery.

But supposing a victory had been achieved, there has been no lofty principle to sustain the Federalists, in the terrible campaign which they are waging with the South, and which has caused the outpouring of so much blood and treasure. The editor of the *Baptist Freeman*, April 16, 1862, says, "We will not captiously scan and criticise motives of Politicians and Statesmen, as such are bound to shew a political cause for what they do. We rejoice that we can at last give the Federalists the right hand of fellowship, and devoutly wish them God-speed in such work from the Potomac, the Ohio, and the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico." The above paragraph applies to the emancipation of the slaves in the district of Columbia. And by its God-speed to men, who are brought to yield, like Pharaoh, "from expediency and in view of all the circumstances," is most wonderful. The editors may well say, we will not "captiously scan and criticise." Can what is morally wrong be politically right?

And as the administrators of the Federal Government ignore the sacred and supreme rights of the slave and the coloured people, are they entitled to sympathy on the broad grounds of philanthropy and justice? But to obtrude the fratricides referred to above, from lust of dominion before God, is the height of impropriety and mockery. In the *Principia*, April 17, 1862, we are reminded that the Rev. Dr. Cheever and his people met on that day for its due observance, although the Doctor in a letter to an Edinburgh lady, dated April 11th, says, "Our President is not from principle or conviction himself opposed to slavery, and therefore we cannot expect from him a decided abolition course," and also, "in the proclamations issued by him, there is not a reference in them to our obligations of mercy to the enslaved!" But what is more strange still, the *Principia* gives a synopsis of the Doctor's "Thanksgiving discourse," taken from the *New York Herald*, and speaks of it with feelings of highest praise! But when the author called attention to a synopsis of Dr. Cheever's discourse on the Trent affair, copied by the newspapers in this country from the *New York Herald*, "its sayings and doings" were not to be relied upon, and the above paper was designated "ignominious and vile!" Dr. Cheever was not afraid of being found out in the former. He only dreaded this in the latter. There is a glory, it appears, in devouring the Southern artichoke when surrounded by an encircling fire of

military glory! But the Trent outrage was not a bad thing, in Cheever's estimation. No. It was only a bad thing for his utterances in regard to it being found out in this country!

The President also refers to "foreign intervention and invasion!" When? Where? How? By whom? In this phrase there are couched mysterious landings of armies on the shores of our country—mysterious battles on land and sea—mysterious prowess and valour, and a mysterious termination of the whole affair! So that we have here mystery in a maze—mystery in a fizzle—mystery within a mystery. But mysterious as it is, it is to go up to the divine throne, and the figment of the brain, the phantom of the imagination, the nightmare of apprehension, the *ignis fatuis*, or will-o'-the-wisp that threatened us with the deep and terrible bog of a calamity, but from which our Grand Army of the North and Great Armada on the sea, so mysteriously delivered us, is to be made the subject of special and devout thanksgiving to Almighty God!

What a wise magician we have got at the White House! How noble and glorious for him to shout before he has got out of the woods! And what a might he possesses to annihilate armies and navies in their invisible state before they can present themselves in any tangible shape or form to our notice! But what led him to suppose that there was any danger to ourselves, as there has been no design, purpose, or act, on the part of any foreign Govern-

ment to indicate any intervention or invasion of our country. There was nothing in the "Trent affair," for that was entirely, beginning, middle, and end, one sided. We had not the shadow of justice on our side in the outrage we committed on a friendly flag. And it was well for us that we had the prudence and good sense to acknowledge our error. But to conjure up victories in connection with imbecility and folly, to threaten intimidation, or vow vengeance on an unoffending nation or people are the seeds of bitterness, of which we Americans can only reap the shame. It is the stone of Sisyphus rolled up to come down again with double vengeance on ourselves.

THE OLD DIVINES AND NEW CONTRASTED.

It has been well and wisely said, that a more precious legacy cannot be conveyed from sire to son, than the inheritance of an honoured name. If so, our American divines and people have a noble bequest in their possession in the well known names of Dwight, Edwards, Hopkins and others; names world wide in their celebrity, and worthy of a bright record on the page of history. They were men of commanding talents and influence, exalted piety, deep humility, unswerving fidelity, and heroic devotion in the cause of Christ. And no class of men ever set forth more vividly the cruel oppressions of the negro, or the frightful horrors of slavery.

Take one specimen out of many we could give.
It is from the pen of Timothy Dwight, from the
poem "Greenfield Hill," dedicated to John Adams :

"Ceaseless I hear the smacking whip rebound—
Hark! that shrill scream! those groans of death resound.
See those throng'd wretches pant along the plain,
Tug the hard hoe, and sigh in hopeless pain!
Yon mother, loaded with her sucking child,
Her rags with frequent spots of blood defil'd,
Drags slowly fainting on; the fiend is nigh,
Rings the shrill cowskin, roars the tiger cry.
In pangs the unfriended suppliant crawls along,
And shrieks the prayer of agonizing wrong.
Why glows yon oven with a sevenfold fire?
Crisp'd in the flame behold a man expire!
Lo! by that vampire's hand yon infant dies;
Its brains dash'd out beneath its father's eyes!
Why shrinks yon slave with horror from his meat?
Heavens! 'tis his flesh the wretch is forced to eat!
Why streams the life-blood from that female throat?
She sprinkled gravy on a guest's new coat!
Why crowd those groaning blacks the docks around?
Those screams announce that cowskin's cracking sound.
See that poor victim hanging from the crane,
While loaded weights his limbs to torture strain.
At each keen stroke far spouts the bursting gore,
And shrieks and dying groans fill all the shore.
Around in throngs his brother victims wait,
And feel in every stroke their coming fate;
While each with palsied hands, and shuddering fears,
The cause, the rule, the price of torment bears.
Hark, hark! from morn to night the realm around,
With cracking whip, keen taunt, and shriek resound.
O'ercast are all the splendours of the spring,
Sweets court in vain; in vain the warblers sing.
Illusions all! 'tis Tartarus around me spreads
His dismal screams and melancholy shades,

The damned sure here clank th' eternal chain,
 And waste with grief or agonise with pain.
 A Tartarus new! emission strange of hell,
 Guilt wreaks the vengeance, and the guiltless feel,
 The heart not formed of flint here all things rend,
 Each fair a fury, and each man a fiend,
 From childhood train'd to every baleful ill,
 And their first sport to torture or to kill."

But how have their descendants in America used these names? What influence have they had on our people? Where are the men that reflect honour on their names, or preserve their representation in our American churches? Have the fathers been reproduced in their sons? In an article by Rev. D. E. Neil, of Saint Paul, entitled "Minnesota—Present and Prospective," he says, "Our nation to-day is essentially what the Puritans, Scotch Presbyterians, and Huguenots, who formed its original elements, made it." But did they, or those noble men referred to above, separate principle from practice, or diverge in their theories so as to concede that men might "hold property in men, and be good Christians"—that these men were proper subjects for Christian fellowship? No. It is here where the departure from first principles began. And could the old Fathers rise from the dead, and take up the Key of "Uncle Tom," and read of "pious ladies," in regard to instructing their slaves, exclaiming, "we are ashamed to teach them what is right. We know that they know as well as we do that it is wrong to hold them as slaves.

And we are ashamed to look them in the face!" Or turn to the words Mrs. Stowe says were attributed to Mrs. Shelby, and read the words, "I never thought it was right to hold slaves. I always thought it was wrong when I was a girl, and I thought so still more when I came to join the Church." If they were to request Mrs. Stowe to put the above language into the mouths of drunkards, Pharisees, or Pantheists, and then to say whether she could call them "pious," what a blush of shame would mantle on her cheeks? And how instinctively she would shrink from their presence, as they tore off the veil of her flattery, and rebuked her for helping to deepen, widen, and make more fearful the wide wasting ruin which has come upon our land though the above concessional crevasse or flood-gate of misery; a crevasse, or flood-gate, through which mighty floods have poured with amazing velocity to bury us in one common ruin—the opening of which has done violence to all instinctive love of liberty, the conclusions which rise from principles of natural justice, and the full orbed precepts of Christianity, left the perpetrators and abettors of such suicidal madness not a single inch of ground in connection with morality and virtue to stand upon, and subjected them to the fearful crime of sinning against their better judgments and strongest convictions, and also to the severest punishments of the Almighty, where he says, "Woe unto them that

call evil good, and good evil ; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness ; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." Isa. v. 20. But who shall measure the depths of their criminality, meanness, baseness, cunning, fraud, or judgments should they die with their sins unpardoned, and their hearts uncleaned from the abominations of such iniquity !

Could these same old Puritan Divines, or Fathers, have visited a Presbyterian Convention held in St. Louis, and seen the Rev. D. E. Neil, now a chaplain in the Federal army, in fellowship with slave-holding professors of Christianity and clergymen ; and then, a few days after, have taken up a St. Paul newspaper, and read a letter, signed D. E. Neil, expatiating on liberty as if he was going to lay his head on the block, they would have been somewhat startled with the "essentiality" of the likeness claimed between himself and themselves. And what a sublime reading they would have given the above clergyman, in the way of a profound homily on the discrepancy between profession and practice !

And not less so on their visit to the annual festival of the American Board of Missions in the case of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, or his brother, the Rev. T. R. Cheever, in Samson Street Hall, Philadelphia, 1860, when, at the formation of the Church Antislavery Society, he fell into the same delusion and snare as Mrs. Stowe, that "men might hold slaves and be Christians ;" or of Dr. Barnes who, on *the* testimony of Professor Cleveland, a member, if

not an office-bearer, in his church, avowed at a meeting of the Church Antislavery Society, adjourned from Samson Street to the First Reformed Presbyterian Church—avowed that “Christian slaveholders,” so called, communed with them “year in and year out;” or of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, making broad their garments, and phylacteries, and walking in grand dramatic style to record their votes for a man of straw, in the person of President Lincoln on his election to the Presidency—of the Free Missionists in their complicity with the Bible Union—of numbers of the clergy who have abandoned their professions to become military chaplains in our army, now engaged in an unholy and bloody strife—in every rank, amongst every profession, and in every department of the churches and states! But in none more so than in the editorial, so amply illustrated and confirmed in the following article by the oracle of Brooklyn, which appeared in the *New York Independent*, January 17, 1862, and now fearfully illustrated by our abolitionists in general, who have become enamoured with the beatitudes of Henry Ward Beecher, given as under:—

PEACE ITEMS—FOR GENERAL M’CLELLAN.

—The way to improve Government finances. Fight!

—The way to gain the respect of England and France. Fight!

—The way to increase our army to a million of men. Fight!

—The way to entertain rebels, pirates, and traitors. Fight!

—The way to sustain the Government and show we are in earnest. Fight!

—The way, and the *only* way, to have peace. Fight!

—The way to do justice and promote freedom. Fight!

—The way to have Bible faith is to have works. Therefore, FIGHT!

The Rev. Dr. Campbell, in his *British Standard*, Jan. 17, 1862, comments as follows:—

“Are these the heads of a Brooklyn sermon? They are, at any rate, a curiosity in a ‘religious journal.’ Had Mr Beecher been in the place of General M’Clellan, the troops would probably have had less reason to complain of wearisome inaction. They would have had fighting to their hearts’ content. The order of the day would have been—“Soldiers, kill, or be killed.” Either, carried out, would have brought peace.

“It may be worth President Lincoln’s endeavour to try to call out Mr Beecher, and make him a general of cavalry. The great Roman critic said of Cæsar, that he ‘spoke with the same vigour with which he fought,’ and Mr Beecher, we doubt not, would ‘fight with the same vigour with which he speaks.’ His versatility is that of a swivel, and his

genius is equal to anything. Before twelve months he would be Commander-in-Chief; and then Jefferson Davis had better set his 'house in order;' for in all probability his days would be numbered. Seriously, in Mr Beecher's present frame of mind, as a General of Division or Commander-in-Chief, he would be far more in his element than as a Bishop in Brooklyn."

"These are the issues of our great moral battle-field in America," which the editor of the *Principia* (May 8, 1862), "charges upon God!" These are spots in their characters, blemishes in their piety, and hindrances to their usefulness, which never belonged to their noble sires.

PREJUDICE AND CLAMOUR.

In lifting up the above discrepancies, the author may be assailed on all hands, and by all parties, with the terrible indictment of having committed an unparalleled breach of charity. He is quite aware, as Spurgeon has appropriately remarked, "that all men now-a-days are freely admitted into the magic circle of brotherhood and love, except those who have a mind of their own. We are allowed to differ, if we will conceal the difference; but our name will be erased from the list if we dare to intrude our peculiarities." And this, says the world-renowned Spurgeon, "is called charity!" But is it charity? If so, the author is a very great sinner, like the

honoured martyr, John Brown, who would not allow "pro-slavery clergymen to pray for him," and has been subjected to severe penalties both in the Old World and New, compared with which a martyr's death would have been a paradise. The above class of latitudinarians claim "special indulgences" and "justificatory circumstances" for their favourite sin and idol. It may be the interposition of a veto to a young man at college, who has got "a pistol to fire off rather than let it burst in his hand." It may be the abrogation of Church rights and denominational polity, as in the case of a young minister thrown overboard, without a personal hearing or reason assigned, twenty years ago, at an annual festival held in Harrison Road Chapel, Halifax, Yorkshire, *scorching* the fingers of the men immediately concerned. It may be the taking of a public building by an overt act, after a season of indefatigable voluntary labour and personal outlay of money, to found a church and build up her institutions, as in the case of Arthur Street, London. It may be because slavery is treated as a sin, and slaveholders as man-stealers, and that slaveholders and negro-haters are disfellowshipped, that these special indulgences and justificatory circumstances are claimed. But when these claims are invaded, what torrents of abuse and bitter invective are poured out upon the men who "intrude their peculiarities," and comply with the demand—them that "sin rebuke before all" (1 Tim.

v. 20); or that other Scriptural precept, "Thou shalt not suffer sin on thy brother." (Lev. xix. 17.)

A thousand times the plea is thrown out, like a shell in the air, and comes down, bursting harmlessly in our midst, "Slavery must be a good thing, because I have an uncle, brother, or friend who is a slaveholder, and he is a good man; or the men to whose policy and conduct exception has been taken are men endeared by many virtues, have rendered eminent service in the cause of Christ, written eloquent books, made brilliant speeches, and suffered great persecutions, and therefore it will injure the cause to lay bare these inconsistencies." But then, the above commands are peremptory. They do not say slander or abuse them, but rebuke them; and this is not to be done privily but openly; or on a particular brother, but on thy brother. It is to be without limitation, restriction, or distinction; there is to be no exception.

EYE AND EAR WITNESSES.

Seeing is believing. The author was present when the Rev. T. R. Cheever, at a Church Anti-Slavery meeting, held in Philadelphia, 1860, made the above startling announcement. And in the comment made on it in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* there is the following paragraph:—

"Is it not singular that many who took part in the Church Anti-Slavery meeting, while careful to

avoid co-operation with the American Anti-Slavery Society, appear to have no scruple whatever against standing in religious fellowship with churches which, at the best, utterly ignore the claims of the slave. We think that an Anti-Slavery Society which does not rebuke its members for recognising as Christian those churches which tolerate slave-holding, or refuse to denounce it as a sin, has small claim to call itself 'Christian.'

From Samson Street Hall, the meeting was adjourned to the First Reformed Presbyterian Church. And as the author was the originator of the Parent Church Anti-Slavery Society, through Dr Cheever, he rose in the assembly to make a few remarks in regard to the inherent sinfulness of slavery, but on making the observation that a "match from God's truth had been applied to the pro-slavery stubble in Dr Cheever's church, and kindled a tremendous conflagration, and that Henry Ward Beecher, and others, had got the stubble to burn up in their churches," the committee of managers took the alarm, and he was interrupted and rudely put down. At a later stage of the meeting, a resolution was submitted to the meeting "to disfellowship slaveholders," when a coloured person rose and called attention to the discrepancy between the theory which the Rev. T. R. Cheever had laid down, "that a man could be a slaveholder and a Christian," and their action in the above resolution, and expressed a desire that

some one would explain matters, as he could not reconcile the two positions; and he thought that if men could hold slaves and be Christians, they were proper subjects for fellowship. Professor Cleveland, who was in the chair, rose to explain. He said he was a member of Barnes's church, and that "slaveholders communed with them year in and out, but he was not responsible for it."

If a Mormon, or any other notorious profligate sinner, had communed with them, would he not have been scandalised in his conscience by the wicked thing, and also have felt that the church to which he belonged had suffered reproach? And in the latter case they would soon have had elders at the gates of the church to keep such church sinners out. And why not in the other, for bad as Mormonism is, slavery is much worse, as it takes up polygamy and other sins in its embrace. There is this difference, however, in America slavery was a popular fashionable thing, until the great idol of the people, called the Union, was in danger, whilst Mormonism was justly and deservedly an outlaw.

If you turn over the records of the American Board of Missions, you will find the name of Dr Cheever as one of its corporate members, although the Board has been double-dyed with the sin and crime of slavery. And if you read over the reports of the annual festival of the above Board, held in Philadelphia, 1860, you will find a protest made by the Rev. Doctor against their complicity with

slavery ; and also you will see that when he arose to address the meeting, a storm of opposition was created, the clouds of disapprobation became dark and threatening, the tempest gathered in strength, and came sweeping on towards him and around him, until it burst on his devoted head. This was natural. And it is a matter of surprise to the author that any enlightened man could think otherwise, as a pro-slavery religion is not the religion of Jesus Christ ; and its abettors and supporters were sure to rise, in their superfluity of naughtiness and wickedness, to wreck their vengeance on the head of Cheever. Cheever did well and nobly to enter his protest, but Cheever's membership on the above Corporate Board is neither creditable to his head nor heart. Is the question presented to Cheever, What doest thou here, Cheever ? And does he reply, I am here in the above corporation as a reformer, to cast out the old leaven of slavery, to join issue with them in their complicities with such wickedness. Dr Cheever made a little mistake, like Melancthon, in regard to human nature, and the unslumbering activities of the great adversary of souls. And, like Melancthon, it is no wonder that he felt "Old Adam" too strong for him. He also made a greater mistake in joining fellowship with men who condemn horse-racing, thieving, fighting, dancing, hooping women's silly skirts, but spare the great sin which gives all the others the whole width of the way on which to travel. Infidels and Pantheists, mo-

calists and secularists have marked the above inconsistency in Cheever, and severely criticised his motives, and used many hard words against him. But the greatest and most monstrous inconsistency in Cheever is to commend the missions and missionaries of the above Board, whilst at issue with them. And here is the proof.

TURKISH AID MISSIONS.

“To the Secretary of the Turkish Missions Aid Society.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have learned with regret since I left England that an impression has gone abroad detrimental to the Turkish Missions Aid Society—in its being represented as connected with the American Board of Missions, *with whose action in regard to slavery I have been at issue for some years.*

“It ought to be understood by the friends of the English Society and of the great cause of missions, that the constitution and operations of this society are quite distinct and separate from those of the *American Board*, and entirely independent of any *American complicity with any political or social iniquity.*

“*I am glad of the opportunity afforded me of publicly testifying my personal admiration and appreciation of such a charity.* Its friends send

forth their generous aid only for the evangelization of Turkey—entrusting their funds for application to the hands of *American missionary brethren—esteemed and beloved wherever they are known*; the funds thus bestowed being exclusively applied to the development of native Christian agencies.

“The existence of such a society at this *crisis* is most providential. It gives opportunity to the friends of the cause of Christ—at a time and in a direction where the most *important and successful instrumentalities for its advancement are in danger of being totally crippled—to supply a great deficiency*. The friends of missions in this country (England) are invited to take upon themselves the responsibility of *sustaining the Oriental missionary work, now in so great a peril in consequence of the withdrawal of supplies in America essential for carrying it forward*. The Turkish Missions Aid Society is *providentially* established for such a *junction*, and we trust its *importance* will be proved by its *present generosity and efficiency*. It does *honour to American missionaries by such a manifestation of confidence in their missionary work, and is important, as cementing international bonds of Christian interest and affection between England and America*, by the intercourse which this society labours so cordially to cultivate and increase.

“I most heartily commend it, and wish it, in the name of our common Lord and His cause, “God

speed." Its support at this time is one of the most manifest requisitions of Divine Providence upon English Christianity.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER."

The above letter affords matter for severe comment, and places the Board and Dr Cheever in a most painful position before the public.

Turn out the Letter Bag and examine the different items, one by one, and mark the words American Board, and their complicity with political and social iniquity—"his issue with it for several years"—that the Turkish Aid Missions, "in their constitution and operations are quite distinct and separate from those of the American Board," and yet entrust their funds for application to the hands of the American missionary brethren, esteemed and beloved wherever they are known, "although the agents of the above Board with which he is at issue"—that "the existence of such a society at this crisis is most providential"—that "it is providentially established for such a juncture"—that its "importance will be proved by its present generosity and efficiency"—that "it gives opportunity to the friends of the cause of Christ, at a time and in a direction where the most important and successful instrumentalities for its advancement are in danger of being totally crippled, to supply a great deficiency"—that "the friends of missions in England are invited to take upon themselves the responsibility of sustain-

ing the Oriental missionary work now in so great a peril in consequence of the withdrawal of supplies in America essential for carrying it forward,"—that "it does honour to American missionaries by such a manifestation of confidence" in their missionary work—that it is "important, as cementing international bonds of Christian interest and affection between England and America by the intercourse which this society labours so cordially to cultivate and increase"—that "it is one of the most manifest requisitions of Divine Providence upon English Christianity,"—that he is glad of any opportunity afforded him of publicly testifying his personal admiration and appreciation of such a charity—and that he can bid the Turkish Aid Missions 'God speed!'"

Examine them one by one, trace their connection one with another, and ring them, and say whether the above coin in his letter-bag contains the right sound in them.

In the presence of the above jumbled-up mass of contradictory evidence, the Turkish Aid Missions, like the American Board, does not harmonise in its operations with the simplicity of the gospel, the purity of its fellowship,—its unalterable requirements to come out and be separate from the unclean,—or its unyielding demands to let not your good be evil spoken of, give no offence to Jew nor Greek, and to abstain from the appearance of evil.

UNWISE POLICY.

Nothing is more adapted to mislead the Christian public than such a course. On the publication of the above letter in the *Leeds Mercury*, Oct. 2, 1861, there was the following editorial paragraph printed in connection with Cheever's letter:—

“**TURKISH MISSIONS.**—Many of our readers are aware that the Turkish Missions Aid Society, established a few years ago in this country, has suffered materially from an impression that it was affiliated with the American Board of Missions, and indirectly contributing to support slavery, with which system the Choctaw and Cherokee missions of this Board were formerly implicated. Such was never our own opinion, and consequently we have as occasion offered advocated the interests of the Turkish Missions Aid Society as peculiarly deserving the support of a people who like the English had done so much to maintain the political existence of the Ottoman empire. We are glad to find at this time when, owing to the civil war in the United States, the American missions in Turkey are greatly straitened for want of funds, and when also the facilities for spreading the gospel in the Sultan's dominions are greater than at any former period, that Dr Cheever, the uncompromising advocate of negro rights in America has expressed his opinion of the claims of the Turkish Missions Aid Society in terms which cannot fail to dispel all

errors respecting it, and excite fresh interest in its behalf."

In the above you will see that great stress is laid upon affiliation with the American Board, by the Turkish Missions Aid not being true. But, can there be an affiliation with their missionaries without a covert and indirect maintenance of the Board?

To remove all complicity on the part of the British churches with our American churches, let the Turkish Missions Aid take American missionaries into their pay, and support them, if our American churches cannot sustain them, and if they are satisfied that they are sincere in their statements that they are as much opposed to American slavery, or colorphobia, as any persons in England, which, to say the least, is very doubtful, until they come out from their unhallowed relationships with the American Board and give up their salaries which come from a general fund partially created by what are called Christian slaveholders; and, yet, made members and directors of the American Board of Missions on the payment of a certain sum of money kept back by fraud from slave-butlers, slave-wash-erwomen, slave field lands, and whipt out of their muscles.

BLOOD-MONIES.

It cannot be a pleasant thing for a truly en-

lightened and pious man to be maintained by the price of blood—to circulate tracts created by these terrible bloodmonies—or to preach out of blood-stained Bibles. And the Memorial Church of the Martyrs in Southwark, London, is the last place in God's creation, where such a Bible ought to have been received as a gift from the American Bible Society, through the Rev. Dr Paton. The Bible may be a superb work of art, splendidly bound and embellished. But then, there is no martyr spirit or principle in its origin, execution, or design; since it was printed, bound, and ornamented with monies from a fund which contained the "price of blood"—the avails of robbery and shame. Some, however, are very unscrupulous about the use of means. An American clergyman, who has recently been on a visit to this country, has put it on record that he would "go down to the chambers of hell for the Lord's money!" And it has been stated that a distinguished minister in Scotland once lifted up a piece of money, probably out of the saddlebags of Cunningham and Duff, men who were said to "pay homage to the great principles of the Reformers," to be "stars that would rise when other stars disappeared," and to have anchored the Free Church "over the ground of the old and sound theology which Paul revered, Calvin illustrated, Knox interpreted, and William Cunningham nobly defended," and, the author may add, so badly practised in America, and where the Free Church is now drift-

ing among the breakers, dragging Cunningham's anchor where he himself made such a fearful plunge. The author had read of the minister of the above church sacrificing his martyr principles and spirit in the advice which he gave to professors of Christianity at Philadelphia in 1860, "not to turn aside to side issues but march straight on to victory, as if the question raised on the motion of Dr Cheever was a side issue, and was foreign to the work of Christ, who came to destroy the works of the devil, 1 John iii. 8. But now, alas! we have got the climax on the above inconsistency in the acceptance of the Bible Presentation referred to above. As the other minister took up the piece of money, he said, "he could not see any blood upon it." Perhaps not, but it was there notwithstanding. And his saying so did'nt make it so. Neither did it cover up the inconsistencies of the above delegates, which will be remembered in the New World when their many virtues and excellences are forgotten. And the cry, "send back the money" in the Old World is proof positive that the blood-monies in the above saddlebags caused many a thrill of anguish in pious hearts, and created many sad thoughts, which like bolts cleft or rived their hearts to the centre with sorrow and grief, shewing that the "old and sound theology" requires to be practised as well as revered, illustrated, imported, and defended.

There is no mistake that what the noble Guthrie

calls the "eloquence of action," or deeds, was more important than the eloquence of the tongue. The latter may be worth five thousand pounds in the market of the Church, the same as at the bar, as Guthrie intimated when putting his hand on the head of Dr Candlish in the Free Church Assembly, May 3, 1862, but only fetches one thousand when discounted by prudential committees. But the former cannot be valued by one, five, or fifty thousand. Its purchase is beyond the price of rubies. It is the priceless blessing or gem. Even young striplings understand something of its worth, when they put their "mouths to the key-hole," as reported in the case of Dr Candlish's son, and shout "send back the money."

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

The old divines never inquired, is a thing expedient, but is it just. On principle they planted their feet as on solid rock, and this gave them a might and a power which was truly sublime.

And is there anything which can meet the exigencies of the present time but the above? Unless it underlays the operations of Christians now, there can be no fidelity to conscience, truth, or God, or lustre reflected on the names of those great characters or illustrious personages which have come down to us as a rich legacy. It is this cool, cold, and icy indifference to principle, and abounding

laxity in connection with a profession of attachment to it, that has proved our ruin in America.

In some of the old missionary maps of America there are figurative representations of the condition of the country before the introduction of the gospel of Jesus Christ into that land, sketching Indians armed with poisoned arrows, scalping knives, and tomahawks.

Ought there not to be some more maps issued, giving pictorial sketches of our country after the introduction of the above gospel, to show its misapplication and abuse, making it to supply war hatchets and war paint to our modern Christian divines, causing them to lift up their "knuckle-dusters" in approved style and form, and to drape our American pulpits and communion tables with the United States' banner, not to save men's lives, but in honour of their destruction. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

OUR NATIONAL TREE.

This was once a noble tree. But now it has become one towering upas, under whose shade spring "things perverse, most monstrous, abominable, unutterable, worse than fable ever feigned, or mind conceived."

Since it was first planted it has had the black graft of slavery engrafted into it, with all its concomitant evils, such as the brutal lusts of polygamy,

violence of murder, meanness of theft, blasted oaths of perjury, colorphobia, anglophobia, &c. &c.

Let us examine it.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL BRANCH.

This comes first. It has been said to yield the fruit of wisdom and goodness, and to be grand and great in itself. Surely, then, there will be some pleasure in the exercise. But in this you will be disappointed, as it has been made light with levity and vanity, and twisted into so many fantastic forms by violence, fraud, and the circumvention of falsehood, that it is surprising any one sees anything wise or good, beautiful or noble in connection with it. And if you lift it up you will see nothing but rottenness and decay. Of this we have abundant proof at hand in the fruit which it bears.

From the above branch the author has culled a little fruit, and placed it in juxtaposition, so that you may look on this picture and on that. By the aid of Lincoln's published speeches the work has been made quite easy.

LINCOLN'S CAMPAIGN BOOK.

"I hate slavery, because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself—because it deprives our republican example of its just influence in the world—enables the enemies of free institutions,

"If the territories having a fair chance and a clear field should do such an extraordinary thing as to adopt a slave constitution, I see no alternative if we own the country, but to

with plausibility to taunt us as hypocrites — causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity — and especially because it forces so many real good men amongst ourselves into an open war with the very fundamental principles of civil liberty, criticising the declaration of Independence, and insisting that that there is no right principle of action but self-interest.”—p. 74.

“He yields all, who yields to any policy that recognises slavery as being right, or as an indifferent thing.”—p. 267.

“The declaration of Independence, which contains self-evident truths, that all men are born free and equal, and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness, is the patriotic cord that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty loving men together, and will do so as long as love of freedom exists throughout the world.”—p. 23.

“A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall. But I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the farther spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the

admit them into the Union.”—p. 89.

“I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no right to do so. I have no inclination to do so.”—p. 194.

“I am not, nor ever have been, in favour of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people.”—p. 193.

“The negro is not my equal in many respects, certainly not in colour, perhaps not in intellectual and moral endowments, but in the right to eat the bread without the leave of anybody else which his own hand earns he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and every other man.”—p. 194.

States, old as well as new—North as well as South.”—p. 1.

Lincoln quoting the clause in the Constitution, which is made by pro-slavery parties to refer to the reclamation of fugitive slaves:—

“No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.” There again, says Lincoln, “There is no mention of the word negro, or of slavery.”—p. 229.

“Judge Douglas,” Lincoln says, “assumes that slavery is a rightful thing within itself, and was introduced by the framers of the Constitution. The exact truth is,” says the President, “they found the Institution among us, and they left it as they found it. But in making the Government they left this Institution with many clear marks of disapprobation upon it. They found slavery among them and they left it among them because of the difficulty, the absolute impossibility of its immediate removal.”—p. 229.

“I will tell you (Kentuckian slaveholders) so far as I am authorised to speak for the opposition, what we mean to do with you when we beat you. We mean to treat you as near as we possibly can, as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way interfere with slavery, to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution, according to the examples of these noble fathers. We mean to remember that you are as good as we, that there is no difference between us, other than that of circumstances. We mean to recognise, and bear in mind always, that you have a good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and to treat you accordingly.”—p. 263.

In his Inaugural Address on the 4th of March, 1861, he says, “There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitive slaves from service or labour. The rendition clause is as plainly written as any other of its provisions. It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves. And the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All Members of Congress swear to support the whole Constitution, and to this provision as much as any other. To the above proposition their oaths are unanimous.

BASE OF THE COLUMN ELABORATED ON WHICH TO PRESENT THE SPECIMEN FRUIT WHICH WE HAVE CULLED FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL BRANCH OF OUR NATIONAL TREE IN AMERICA.

To judge from the specimens given in the left hand department of our "International Exhibition," of the fruit referred to, you would suppose that an all-enduring monument might be uplifted in honour of his Excellency, Abraham Lincoln; but that right hand department is adapted to give his admirers and patrons the most nervous twitches in their souls. Let us look at the base of the column referred to, and, by a few characteristic items presented to your notice, you will see how the President has yielded all, by yielding to a policy which has recognised slavery as being "right," or as an "indifferent thing."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL WOOL.

He to whom, more than any military commander, the country was looking to hold the highest post next to General Scott, was first sent off to occupy a commissary post at Albany; and when the voice of the people demanded his appointment to a military command, he was housed up in Fortress Monroe.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND COMMODORE STRINGHAM.

On taking possession of Hatteras, he had the imprudence, so-called, to employ the help of coloured refugees in doing it, and of stating the fact to their credit in his report. The Commodore was put out of active service immediately.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND FREMONT.

This General proclaimed freedom to the slaves of rebel slaveholders in Missouri. The proclamation was immediately modified, and in humble obedience to the demands of the pro-slavery press and the legislature of Kentucky, he was superseded in his command, on the eve of a battle which, had it been fought, would probably have cleared Missouri of the Confederates, and gained important advantages to the Federal cause in Missouri, in accordance with their own line of military policy, from which the author dissents, as they are in the field passive agents to act out God's will in opposition to their own.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL LANE.

When he proposed to enter upon the same South-western expedition that had been contemplated by General Fremont, he took care to stipulate that he should be allowed to conduct it in his



180 GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND THE PRESIDENT.

own way, which was understood to be the employment of all recruits who would come to his banner. But just as he was about to start, the supreme command of the expedition was placed in the hands of General Hunter, who expelled from his camp all fugitive slaves.

THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY CAMERON.

He makes a report in which he vindicates the policy of employing slaves to put down the rebellion. The President strikes out that part of his report; and soon after, in obedience to renewed demands by the Kentucky legislature, he removes the Secretary from office, and sends him to an official penal settlement in Russia.

GENERAL SIEGEL AND THE PRESIDENT.

This energetic commander was reputed to be so unfriendly to slavery as to be caused to be snubbed by his superiors, which made it necessary for him to resign. And yet there was no dismissal of those superiors by the President.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN, THE HUTCHISONS, AND THE PRESIDENT.

When the Commander-in-Chief approved the act of General Franklin, who forbade the Hutchisons to sing a song in honour of freedom, com-

posed by Whittier, in our strange land to the soldiers, there was no interference by the President.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE PRESIDENT.

When this General issues a proclamation to propitiate the slaveholders of South Carolina, and forbore to push his conquest for a time beyond the neighbourhood of Fort Pulaski, he was not rebuked or dismissed, but continued to enjoy the confidence and approbation of the President and the Federal Government.

THE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL HUNTER.

“ A Proclamation by the President of the United States.

“ Whereas, there appears in the public prints what purports to be a proclamation of Major-General Hunter, in the words and figures following, to wit:—

“ ‘ General Orders—No. II.

“ ‘ Head-quarters, Department of the South,
Hilton Head, S.C., May 9, 1862.

“ ‘ The three States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, comprising the military department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it becomes a military necessity to declare them under martial law.

This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April 1862. Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States—Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida—heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared for ever free.

“ ‘ Official. “ ‘ DAVID HUNTER,

“ ‘ Major-General Commanding.

“ ‘ Ed. W. Smith, Acting Assistant-
Adjutant-General.’

“ And, whereas, the same is producing some excitement and misunderstanding,

“ Therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, proclaim and declare that the Government of the United States has no knowledge or belief of an intention on the part of General Hunter to issue such a proclamation, nor has it yet any authentic information that the document is genuine; and, further, that neither General Hunter nor any other commander or person has been authorised by the Government of the United States to make proclamation declaring the slaves of any State free, and that the supposed proclamation now in question, whether genuine or false, is altogether void, so far as respects such declaration.

“ I further make known that, whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether at any time, or in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable *to the maintenance* of the Government to exercise

such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps.

“On the 6th day of March last, by a special message, I recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution, to be substantially as follows:—

“‘Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State, in its discretion, compensation for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.’

“The resolution, in the language above quoted, was adopted by large majorities in both branches of Congress, and now stands an authentic, definite, and solemn proposal of the nation to the States and people most interested in the subject-matter. To the people of these States I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue. I beseech you to make the arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it

contemplates would come gently as the dews of heaven, not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all times past as, in the providence of God, it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it!

“In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“By the President—Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

“*Washington, May 19, 1862.*”

The proclamation of Lincoln therefore reserves to himself the sole prerogative of “declaring the slaves of any State or States free; and whether at any time, or in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the government to exercise such supposed power.”

It abrogates the orders issued by Major-General Hunter. It ingeniously puts the burden of all responsibility in connection with the slave's deliverance on the Slave States and the people more immediately interested in the subject matter, and tenderly appeals to those who have been so long accustomed to do evil to learn to do well, in the hope they will listen to his counsels; or as if they would be influenced by moral suasion, enforced by a man who stands over them with a drawn dagger at their throats.

It points them to the "signs of the times"—begs of them a calm and enlarged consideration of them, and reminds them that no reproaches are cast upon any of them, not even General Floyd, whom our Northern people have charged with robbing the Treasury of the United States, or Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, whom Lincoln's soldiers intended to have hung with the halts they took with them to Manassas, and whom the Hon. W. P. Cutler of Ohio, in his speech in the House of Representatives, Washington, April 23, 1862, would make to go down alive into the pit, with their men, goods, and every thing that pertained them, and cause the earth to close on them, as in the case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, in terrific testimony of their base and criminal rebellion, because they would not submit to the people's election of Lincoln.—Numbers xvi. 35.

It also disclaims all Pharisaism, calls up before them the vast issues within their power, and expresses a hope that the vast future may not have to lament their neglect of their great opportunity and its tremendous responsibility.

This is very gracious of President Lincoln, who has scattered arrows, firebrands, and death on every side in the invasion of their State sovereignties, and plunged the whole nation into the vortex of financial ruin, so that, whatever the vast future may do for us, the terrible present is ominously sad and horribly dismal!

SAD DISCLOSURE.

The above is amply corroborated in a letter from Postmaster-General Fremont, given in the documents of his published defence, in which Blair declared that the military operations of the Western Department cannot expect aid from the administration, because Secretary Chase cares more for keeping treasury notes at par than for the lives of soldiers, and never voted a democratic ticket in his life, while President Lincoln is of the Whig school, and that brings him naturally not only to incline to the feeble policy of the Whigs, but to give his confidence to such advisers."—*New York Tribune*, March 13, 1862.

THE HORRORS OF LINCOLN'S POSITION AND POLICY
DEFINED AND COMMENTED ON—SLAVERY AND
SNAKES.

"The following is one of Mr. Lincoln's illustrations in his late speech at New Haven. Speaking of the rights and wrongs of slavery, among other things, he said:—

"If I saw a venomous snake crawling in the road, a man would say I might seize the nearest stick and *kill it*; but if I found that snake in bed with my children, that would be another question. (Laughter.) I might hurt the children more than

the snake, and the snake might bite them. (Laughter and long applause.) Much more, if I found it in bed with my neighbour's children, and I had bound myself by solemn compact not to meddle with his under any circumstances, it would become me to let that particular mode of killing the gentleman alone. (Great laughter.) But if there is a newly made up bed, to which the children are to be taken, and it was proposed to take a batch of young snakes and put them there with them, I take it no man would say there was a question how I ought to decide. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

“That is just the case. The new Territories are the newly-made beds to which our children are to go, and it lies with the nation to say whether they shall have the snakes mixed up with them or not. It does seem as if there could not be much hesitation as to what our policy should be. (Applause.)”

“Such is his deep and anxious care for the results of freedom!”

What an association! “Snakes, children, and beds!”

What an infernal compact not to meddle with the snakes, slavery, in the slave States under any circumstances, but allow it to slime over, and devour the slaveholders and their children whilst dozing in their peaceful slumbers! No sword is to be put to the monster slavery's throat! “We mean to let you slaveholders alone.”

Lincoln's deep concern for freedom is also shewn in his resolution "to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution."

The fallacy of this position is shewn by Whately in his *Essays on Lord Bacon*, where he says,—“To expect to tranquillise and benefit a country by gratifying its agitators, would be like the practice of the superstitions of old women with their sympathetic powder and ointments; who, instead of applying medicaments to the wound, contented themselves with salving the sword which had inflicted it. Since the days of Danegelt downwards; nay, since the world was created, nothing but evil has resulted from concession made to intimidation.” *Essay 15*, p. 134. Charles James Fox, also, in a letter to Lord Holland, June 18, 1804, says, “To humour the disposition of slaveholders, or to compromise, is a certain, absolutely certain, confirmation of the evil. No nation ever did or ever can recover from slavery by such methods.” Lincoln further says, “You slaveholders in Kentucky are as good as we, and carry as good hearts in your bosom as other people, and as we claim to do”—men who inflict upon their slaves the deadliest injuries, subject them to the most scathing insults, rob them of their chastity, virtue, happiness, all; and are frequently reduced to the necessity of taking their own sons and daughters and selling them in the open market! “As good as himself,” and “carry as good hearts in their bosoms!”

What a black heart, then, the President must have! "And the only difference one of circumstances!"—But *such* circumstances, and attended with so much guilt!

Such is the Presidential Branch of our national tree, and a portion of the fruit we have culled. How these apples of Presidential hatred to slavery, freedom and equality doctrine, Constitutional, and Legislative freedom, turn to ashes in your hands, like the apples of Sodom and Gomorrah! And so they will do in the hands of our people in America! What hope can you have of a man who wires in and out, turns and twists, writhes and wriggles, is driven hither and thither, tossed up and down by the force of circumstances—Pharaoh-like, only bends to the pressure of God's Providences, as they are brought to bear upon him? And like Pharaoh and his hosts, he and his abettors and supporters, as well as the slaveholders who are confronting them in battle array, may be buried in one common grave of financial ruin, whilst passing through Henry Ward Beecher's "Red Sea of agitation," with its billows of war, "Redder than blood, and fiercer than fire."

THE GOVERNMENTAL BRANCHES IN OUR NATIONAL
TREE OF AMERICA.

These constitute the heads of departments or the main boughs from which a number of others branch

off. And if we turn to the Secretary of State, we find the same unsoundness in this Governmental limb.

In a speech which he made in the Senate Chamber of the United States, in 1859, just before his European tour—a speech which was called by the slaveholders “his Bloody Rochester Speech”—in the above, he avowed “that there was an irrepressible conflict between the opposing and all-enduring forces of liberty and slavery.”

On his return to America in 1860, he softened down his irrepressible conflict speech, and turned it into a non-repressible one. At this time he had his eye fixed on the Presidential chair, like Webster when he was at Alexandria, and learning what an embittered, angry feeling there was against him in the hearts of the vast bulk of the “Body Politic,” he made an ingenious attempt to win popular favour by artifice. Consequently, on his appearance in the Senate Chamber, he startled the whole country by the announcement that the slave States were “Capital States” and the free States “Labour States,” and consequently, our conflict in America is only fanciful and not real. What guilt, therefore, rests on Sec. Seward, who is now helping to stop so many breathings between the air and the lungs, and to close so many mouths against the stomach, and, therefore, rob Capital and Labour of so many sons of genius and toil, and throw such vast multitudes on the charities of society and the Government!

SEWARD'S CONDEMNATION OF THE POLICY OF THE
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IN INTRODUCING COMPROMISES INTO THE CONSTITUTION.

In a speech made at St. Paul, September 18, 1860, Seward said, "that the Federal Council at Washington have permitted statutes to be made, and judgments to be recorded in their name, declaring that men are not freemen, but that in certain conditions, and in certain places, they are merchandise." "That the Supreme Court of the United States never rises without recording judgments and directing executions for the sale of men, women, and children as merchandise. And this is done in your name and mine." "The constitution never declared, never intended to declare, and was never understood by its framers to declare, that any man could be a chattel or merchandise."

In his Capital and Labour Speech, Seward also said, that "if a fugitive slave, weary, hungry, tempest tossed, desponding, was to come into the neighbourhood of his dwelling, the Constitution not only forbade him to regard him as a man and a brother, but to confess him to be a chattel."

If so, then the Constitution degraded the man who recognised it more than the man whose rights it usurped, and made him inflict the deadliest injury on the slave, and divested himself of all manhood, decency, and propriety, by impelling him to confess

what he knew was an atrocious falsehood, since his calling him a chattel did not make him so? "A man's a man for a' that."

He further said, "You are sovereigns on the subject of slavery within your own borders, as we are on the same subject within our borders. It is well and wisely arranged. Use your authority to maintain what system you please, we are not distrustful of the result. If our authority shall be assailed within or without by any enemy, or for any cause, and we shall have need, we shall expect you to defend us. If you shall be so assailed, no matter what the cause or pretext, or who the foe, we shall defend your authority as the equivalent of our own."

This is a Personal Toleration Act with a vengeance, which connives at some of the most cruel enormities and detestable atrocities ever perpetrated by man! It is also a recognition of the sacredness of those state sovereignties who maintain and uphold the execrable system of slavery, with all its concentration of crimes and compendium of villanies, which sovereignties Seward and the administrators of the Federal Government are now trampling down under the black hoof of military despotism!

And in the same speech Seward made the following extraordinary statement, "The world, prepossessed in our behalf, by our early devotion to the rights of human nature, as no nation never engaged before its respect and sympathies, asks in wonder

and amazement what all this demoralisation means? It has an excuse better than the world can imagine, better than we are generally conscious of ourselves, a virtuous excuse. We have loved not freedom so much less, but the union of our country so much more, and surrendered the safeguards of freedom to propitiate loyalty of Capital," meaning the slave oligarchy, and "stay its hands from doing violence to the Union."

The "world's prepossession" in our favour in America cannot have been very substantial, or it would not have been withheld in our present trying emergency, as we have not had a single expression of condolence or sympathy from any nation in our present ordeal of trial and calamity, in honour of our avowed "devotion to the rights of human nature!"

And the so-called "virtuous excuse" of Hon. Secretary Seward, which is an excuse of virtue, will make more unsubstantial still the "world's prepossession" in our behalf, and diminish its supposed ocean currents of "respect and esteem" into infinitesimal drops in favour of our "early devotion to the rights of human nature," which has produced such demoralisation, and made us the pest-house of fraud, lazar-house of corruption—a great world nuisance!

There are two clauses in Seward's Despatches to Earl Russell, which put the climax on the sagacity and wisdom of Seward, whom Train says, can talk

diplomacy with Lyons, war with Palmerston, Latin with Russell, Greek with Gladstone, or Hebrew with Rothschild!

These are as follows: "The United States policy is based on interests of the greatest importance, and sentiments of the highest virtue, but those of European nations on selfishness and ambition." This is rich. He next conceded the "justice" of your demand in the case of the "Trent," but avowed that "if the safety of the United States required the detention of the captured prisoners, it would be the right and duty of the government to detain them!"

Under another governmental head of department, a contractor had bought a contract of the government for thirty-two thousand dollars, and in one half-hour after receiving it, sold it for twenty-six thousand dollars more than he paid for it, without moving from his chair!

And Congressman Dawes's report, in connection with a Committee of Investigation into the profligate waste of the public resources, has thrown open a Pandora box of speculation and fraud under all the governmental heads of departments; so that men everywhere have been brought to the conclusion, that either the foundations of society have given way, or that the moral sense was wanting.

In the above report, made by Dawes in the House of Representatives at Washington, he certified that "contracts for horses, beef, shoes, arms,

and all the requirements of an army in the field, were jobbed in our American go-a-head fashion, and that the fortunate and favoured contractors represented all classes, from ex-judges and ex-governors, to ministers and newspaper editors." What a subject on which to point a moral, and to tell a tale! A Nero fiddling while Rome was in flames—wreckers who disgraced humanity by preying on unfortunate vessels stranded on the coast—sailors rushing on spirit casks when the ship was on fire—or wretches who botanised on their mother's graves, reckless and mad as their course appears to have been, is yet insignificant and trifling when compared with our American people, who have wooed and worshipped the "Almighty Dollar" in our country's awful and rugged crisis, and played, and danced, and sung to the endless variations of the tune of self-interest amidst our country's conflagration.

Whilst all has been on fire around them, instead of helping to turn the fire-engines upon the burning pile, they have used them to water their own gardens. Our country "was dying from atrophy; and that was the time they chose to feather their own nests." What a tale to tell. And the moral to be pointed is as fearful and terrible as the tale that has been adorned. For if men will rob the blacks they will rob each other, and ride rough shod over patriotism, virtue, probity, honour, and all the tenderest feelings of humanity.

This indeed, is quite natural, and is only what might have been expected, for the men who make money as slave owners and slave brokers, are just the men to realise fifty-eight thousand dollars over the fair market price on an army contract for cattle. In the case referred to, Mr Dawes says the original contractor put into his pockets, without stirring from his chair, thirty-two thousand dollars!

THE JUDICIAL BRANCHES.

If we lift up these branches we have increased evidence of rottenness and decay in the Dredd Scott decision, which makes a black man have no rights which a white man is bound to respect ;" and in the fact already put on record by Secretary Seward, "that the Supreme Court of United States never rises without recording judgments and directing executions for the sale of men, women, and children, as merchandise.

LEGISLATIVE BRANCHES.

These also give proof of the moral unsoundness of our national tree. The Missouri Compromise was evidence of this. It was generally styled the "Landmark of Freedom." But would more appropriately have been named the Landmark of Despotism, since compromises have always been based on expediency, made a virtue of necessity,

united truth with falsehood, used the smooth tongue of flattery, built their castles on the air of fiction, and covered themselves with the cobwebs of sophistry and deceit. This Landmark, in connexion with our Federal-tree, however, has been removed, but it has left its deep scar on its legislative branches.

The Fugitive Slave Law is another proof of decay and rottenness.

This law is based on the idea that man may hold property in man, and therefore rises in unalterable hostility to every attribute of God's nature, and every principle of His moral government. It tramples under foot the veracity of God, and whilst He commands that you shall not return the servant that escapes from his master unto you, this law reminds you that if you do not return him you shall be subject to the penalty of a thousand dollars or imprisonment. Christianity is a system of love flowing from God to man—from man to God—and from man to man as the genuine fount of philanthropy—a system that comes blazing out of God's own heart to man, and reaches down His benevolent arm through all the grades of suffering, and takes hold of the lowest link of humanity, and says, stand up, for thou also art a man—whilst Jehovah does this, the Fugitive Slave Law seeks to arrest His arm and to rob Him of His rightful authority by asserting that the fleeing bondsman is a "chattel" and not a man.

“I will have mercy and not sacrifice,” saith the Lord of Hosts. But what mercy is there in the Fugitive Slave Law, which delivers the spoils into the hands of the spoilers—turns the Free States of America, so called, into hunting ground for slaves, associates America with the dark ages of the world, and makes her a byeword and reproach among the nations?

And who have been the main pillars to support this infamous law? Not Senator Mason who devised it, or the statesmen or legislators who pleaded for it, or the President who signed it, and made it legal. If our American clergy, churches, and people had not supplied the power and the men to execute the wicked law, it would have fallen from the hands of the Executive as a dead letter. To sustain it, therefore, a batch of reverend doctors, who had climbed to the pinnacle of popularity and touched its capstone, came forward in their pontifical robes, and with Bibles in their hands swore fealty to the terrible enactment! And if Mason who devised this infamous law deserves to be hung, the men who support and execute it, deserve the same fate, from the President down to the meanest official in the land.

LEGISLATIVE BRANCHES.

In these there is the same unsoundness as the General one.

Recently a gentleman had a "pet scheme" that would be advantageous to himself in a pecuniary point of view. To carry it out he required the endorsement of the State Legislature and the seal of the Governor. He went to the capital of Albany, paid his personal respects to the members, distributed amongst them eight thousand dollars, got his bill put through both branches of the Legislature, and returned to his home proclaiming the wonderful feat which he had accomplished, thinking that he had done something quite clever.

But the following puts the climax on the above! It is taken from the *Herald and Mercury*, April 12, 1862:—

CELEBRATING A VICTORY.

One of the most degrading scenes that ever disgraced a Legislative Assembly, says the *Montezuma (Iowa) Republican*, was enacted at Des Moines last week, on the reception of the news of the capture of Fort Donnelson. Both Houses immediately adjourned upon the announcement of the glorious intelligence, and made preparations for a general "drunk." Adjutant-General Baker mounted a desk in the House, moved the suspension of the Liquor Law for a time, put the motion to vote, which was of course carried, and licence was granted for a grand spree. Headed by the Governor, the Legislature and State officials repaired to the Des Moines

House, where in a short time the rattling of decanters, the tingling of glasses, the gurgling of liquors, and the bacchanalian shouts of revelry told but too plainly that the "upper crust" were "going in" on their honours. Governor Kirkwood "spread himself" in fine style before he guzzled down his fifteenth glass, and was followed by his pet Baker, who managed to make a fool of himself, but the members were too much "overcome" to notice it. After the gassy element was expended a minister of the gospel was "nabbed" while passing, hauled into the midst of the drunken rabble, and requested to make a speech, which he refused, when he was lifted upon the table and compelled to before he was released. Every one who came within hailing distance was dragged into the hall and made to "drink the health" of our brave soldiers at Fort Donnelson. After revelling as long as the liquor held out, the victims of Bacchus, one by one, slipped off to their rooms to hide their disgrace. The leading temperance member of the House staggered round to the Register Office and requested the editor not to publish his "precarious situation," as it might injure his fair reputation as a temperance man among his constituents. We are happy to state that about one-fourth of the Legislature refused to participate in this disgraceful proceeding—some Republicans declining from principle, and a number of Democrats because their sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the conquered rebels. What a picture

to present to the intelligent people of Iowa, and send forth to sister States—the State officials and legislators on a “drunk,” law-makers transformed into law-breakers, imitating the example of the besotted inebriate, and descending to the level of the reeling toper! For shame! We derived these facts from a responsible member of the Legislature, who denounced it as the most disgraceful scene he ever witnessed. He says he was sober.

EDITORIAL BRANCHES.

In our National Tree there are no branches more withered with fraud, decayed with corruption, or rotten with falsehood than these.—The vast mass of our editors, both religious and secular, have sanctioned and upheld slavery and colourphobia, supported, sanctioned, and blest the whole fraternity of slaveholders and negro haters who have used Christianity as a cloak to cover them up—swelled their chorus of appeal into a voice like thunder, exclaiming “preach the gospel and let slavery and colourphobia alone,”—taken up their abodes in the low grounds of expediency—associated themselves with duplicity and cunning, and cherished the grossest vituperation and abuse towards those who have entered their protests against their venality, abject servility, and utter destitution of what is noble, manly, great, and good.

The laxity of our American press has become

proverbial. This has been long and painfully manifest. Take the following illustrations as specimens of multitudes which the author could give. In the *Journal and Messenger*, April 21, 1834, a Baptist paper, published in Cincinnati, the editor says—“A man cannot love the Lord Jesus much, and enslave men, rob them of their earnings, task them to the utmost, lacerate their backs with stripes, feed them on a peck of corn per week, clothe them poorly in the meanest apparel, separate husband from wives and parents from children, hunt them with rifles and bloodhounds when they run away, and deprive them of the privilege of learning to read God’s word.” A man can do all these things and love the Lord Jesus, but not “much.” Who would associate the love of Jesus with dishonesty, drunkenness, or adultery. An, yet here is a sin which combines all vices in itself that is linked with love to the Lord Jesus Christ, but the editor admits it cannot be “much.”

Our editors have everywhere raised their warning voices on the hill tops, and made the deep broad tones of their indignation sweep through the vallies of our land against bad thoughts, which cause bad words, and bring up bad deeds in “the rear, often pointed to by the forefinger of time.” Bad thoughts, say they, like the editor of the *Child’s Paper*, an American Newspaper,—

“Bad thought is a thief: he acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;

And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in."

And yet, with their own consent, they almost universally let in slaveholding, slave-breeding, slave-brokering, and negro-hating robbers by the million. Welcome is written on the doors of their churches in the principal denominations, dwellings, *sanctum sanctorums*, columns of their newspapers, and hearts!

To shew their regard and piety for suffering humanity amongst the whites, our editors have skipped over hills of delight, leapt on mountains of joy, and like the bounding roe, gone through vallies of gladness, to put on record the following case:—

THE NEW FOUND RELATION.

In the year 1839, a poor Austrian officer, who appeared very ill, arrived one day in a town in Germany celebrated for its baths, to which crowds of invalids were constantly flocking, with the hope of being cured of their various diseases.

The officer seemed to be dying and very near his end, and he was refused admission into several of the hotels, as they feared he might die in the house. When he presented himself at the last hotel where he could hope to get rooms, he was told as usual that there were none vacant; but one of the gentlemen living in the hotel, having heard this answer given by the landlord, stepped forward and said:—

"This officer is my near relation, and he may share my room with me. He may have my bed, and I can sleep on the sofa."

The landlord could not venture to make any objection to this, and the half-fainting invalid was carried to the room of the gentleman who had claimed him as a relation. When he had rested a few minutes to recover his strength a little, his first question was—

"May I ask your name, my kind friend? How are you related to me?—on what side?"

"I am related to you through our Lord Jesus Christ, for I have learned from Him that my neighbour is my brother."

Not contented with thus kindly receiving a stranger, the generous man did all he could to assist him both in temporal and spiritual things. He nursed him kindly, and carried to him with his own hands the first glass he took of the healing waters. He cared also for his soul, and tried to lead him to Jesus, the Physician of souls, who heals all our diseases, who is the comforter of the afflicted, and the Saviour of sinners.

This good man had understood aright and also profited by the parable of the good Samaritan, and the command with which our Lord concludes it—
"Go thou and do likewise."

There are relations, however, which our editors have almost universally ignored. These are their relations to the slave, and men who own a skin not

coloured like their own. Theoretically, some of them have held that they are not men, but "niggers" or chattels, whilst others have maintained that they have as much right to their personality as themselves, but it must not be in the steamboat, railway car, church, State, or country, but far away in the jungles of Africa, or wilds of Central America. Practically, therefore, our coloured population are ignored, and are the victims of a cruel prejudice. And for this they are the most to blame themselves; since large numbers of their leaders have tasked their ingenuity to the utmost to found new Black Republics, and wormed themselves into the good graces of Blair, Seward, Lincoln, and the administrators of our Federal Government to aid them in their bubble schemes, that they might reign in Africa rather than serve in America. But as these men are so qualified, according to the testimony of Blair, to be the founders of a new nationality; surely they ought to be able to set a noble example to our Northern editors, clergy, and people, in pleading the cause of the dumb, in stating the laws of Christ's realm, describing the statutes of His empire, unfolding the decrees of His sovereignty, setting forth the rights of His subjects, and the justice of their cause, enforcing the demands of equity and truth by every principle of equity, consideration, and motive of the mightiest and tenderest import, that could be brought to bear on the human mind; unfolding the volume of God's writ-

ten word as the terra firma—the basis of unshaken and unshakeable righteousness on which to ground their support, claiming a judgment in their own favour, in accordance with the terms of the well and wisely arranged compact made known to all true and faithful witnesses or labourers in the cause of God, and anticipating the triumphs of success. But, alas! our coloured brethren and leaders have lain down squat under the white man's Ithuriel's spear, and continued motionless until all life has nearly been squeezed out of them, except to fawn and flatter their white "dominies," or to yelp and scream about the "peelings and scatterings of my race" when they get over to England. If speech, written or spoken on the above subject, had diffused righteous sentiments from righteous principles, and in a righteous spirit, deeply, broadly, fully, clearly, that heaven and earth might hear; what judgments would have been averted, benefits diffused, good flowed to man, exaltation to Christ, and glory to God, in America!

Nothing, however, has revealed more the laxity of our American press than the war. The Union cause in the North has been fearfully damaged by the records of misrepresentation contained in our American newspapers; and these have been so complete and general that communications have appeared in the newspapers of this country, headed "Wait a Week," to request a suspension of your judgment before giving credence to our American

news. And Lord Brougham, in his magnificent Inaugural Address at the Social Science Congress, held in Westminster Abbey, June 5, 1862, says, "the prevalence of epidemic slander and falsehood, in all their forms, makes it impossible to trust the accounts which reach us."

What a depth, therefore, our Northern editors and people have reached in the way of abounding laxity, when all self-respect, noble regard for truth, and that stern thing called principle, which alone forms a solid basis for manly virtue, with its stately mien and dignity to rest upon, that it may present a rosy hue and graceful aspect to the view of men—when all are buried out of sight!

The duplicity and fraud practised by our American editors, is in harmony with their laxity. It requires no eye of an Argus to discern this. It is apparent to the most cursory observer, familiar with our American press; and, therefore, cannot be concealed beneath the mantling ivy of charity thrown around it, or the fulsome show of flattery spread over it. Where are the newspapers that have not come to us with Janus faces, blowing hot and cold with the same breath, combining what is angelic with what is devilish, folding in their loving embrace "Christian slaveholders," so-called, and avowing that they have no sympathy with the detestable and accursed thing called slavery, ratifying dollar bonds between the Northern and Southern churches, and maintaining that the Northern churches have

been separated from the Southern ; and presenting that charming specimen of a man, our Northern negro-hater, to the view of their readers as a model and type to kings and queens, in his squatter sovereignty, virtues, and graces ; and yet, now and then, under some severe visitation, or qualm of conscience, holding him up to ridicule in the parody of Cowper, where he says,—

“ He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.”

If you consider the venality of our American press, a scene of unutterable meanness, transcending all human description, will present itself to your view. This is wide spread, universal. The press is held vassal by the “Almighty Dollar.”

Wendell Phillips, when recently addressing a large meeting on the grave events of our country, in the State of Massachusetts, exclaimed, “your press is vassal. The press of the Connecticut Valley is as base as that of the sea-board. If Massachusetts saves herself it will be in spite of her editors.” And this vile, abject, mercenary spirit is not restricted to the eastern or seaboard States of the Atlantic, but sweeps through the land. Everything is viewed by the editorial fraternity in its relationship to the “Almighty Dollar.” The question, “will it pay,” that was put to the author by a leading editor in New York, on his application

for an appointment as a correspondent, is the grand key to explain the servility of our American press.

And the vituperation and abuse of our American press, is without a parallel in the history of the world.

In the following letter, addressed by the author to the *British Standard*, March 24, 1862, there are one or two specimens from newspapers which profess to be in advance of the rest :—

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

“SIR,—A few numbers of the *Principia*, an abolition newspaper published in New York, and edited by the Rev. Wm. Goodel, an orthodox minister, have been put into my hands by a gentleman in this city ; and, as this newspaper has for its special correspondents the Rev. Dr. Cheever and his brother, the Rev. H. T. Cheever, who have never entered their protests against the ‘farrago of rabid intolerance and pitiable imbecility’ of its editor against this country and those of us who have had the honour of a birthplace in the Old World, I have taken the trouble to jot down a few items of scurrilous and mendacious falsehood, from one single article, contained in an editorial of the *Principia* February 6, 1862, that your readers may see to what, and to whom, and for what purpose their monies go, when they are made she asses to be

milked by the avowed leaders of anti-slavery societies on both sides of the water.

“‘America and liberty have enemies in England who have controlled their Government.’

“‘The despots of Europe have joined affinity with the despots of America,’ meaning the slaveholders.

“‘The British Government is guilty of a moral dereliction in taking advantage of a technical legal error, committed from motives of courtesy, magnanimity, and humanity, to make a demand on the Government of America for the surrender of Mason and Slidell, in order to throw the American Government in the wrong, and find pretexts for war in a matter originating in a violation of the Queen’s proclamation of neutrality.’

“‘That the British Government has covered itself with dishonour in the sight of Christians and philanthropists of all nations, who are now waiting to see whether it will consummate the deed by its already half-threatened recognition of the confederacy of pirates.’

“‘That it is bent on being again steeped in the dishonour of trampling under feet its own time-honoured doctrine of belligerent rights of search and seizure, for the precious pleasure of hugging to its bosom the rebel pirates Mason and Slidell, and arranging with them for a recognition of their piratical nation.’

“‘That sympathy with the piratical Confederacy

is the epidemic disease of Birmingham, with its heart of steel, and Manchester, with its heart of cotton, and other towns.'

"That the British heart has gone out after its covetousness, as all orthodox Christians might have foreseen and expected.'

"That there are British abolitionists who sympathised with the pro-slavery rebellion against the American Government, and preferred the Slave States to the Free, such as Lord Shaftesbury and Harriet Martineau.'

"That the spirit of abolitionism in England has declined.'

"That Britain of 1862 is not the Britain of 1832.'

"That the tide of absolutism and pro-slaveryism is returning and sweeping over this land.'

"That the American rebellion is the great test of the Christianity and abolitionism of both hemispheres.'

"That we have learned and are now learning the spuriousness of the abolitionism, the Christianity that quietly endures hereditary oligarchies, landed aristocracies, and pampered Church-and-State priest-hoods.'

"And that the oppressors of India, the invaders and violent poisoners of China, the oppressors of Ireland, the persecutors of the Christian Chartists, and the imprisoners of Arthur O'Neil, are not to be depended upon in the day of trial to sympathise

with American slaves, American abolitionists, or the supporters of the Government against the most base and criminal rebellion of the Confederates.'

"The above are all taken from one article flowing from the pen of this abolition Christian divine, and, had all hell been let loose, it could not have grouped together in the same space more atrocious falsehoods than this lying spirit, under the garb of Christianity and liberty.

"We had thought the case was bad against us in America when the Rev. H. Ward Beecher, from his oracle the *New York Independent*, Jan. 30, flung forth his slanders against this country in the following paragraph, where he says, 'Except in the madness of our Southern rebels it would be difficult to find a parallel for the malice which the whole English nation—Government, newspapers, priests and people, a few individuals excepted (such as John Bright, George Thompson, and Richard Cobden), have exhibited towards the American Union and its loyal citizens in the crisis of their greatest trial and danger;' but when the Rev. Wm. Goodel, a man whom we had been wont to consider of the Cromwellian stamp, cherishing a loftiness of principle, a nobility of soul, and a manliness of action which placed him as far ahead of the pastor of the Pilgrims' Church at Brooklyn as the stars are above the dunghill,—when he appears as a slanderer of nations and a persecutor of the saints, we cannot

but think that there is terrible judgment in store for our land. How lamentable that a good cause should suffer from such suicidal madness and folly!—
Yours for truth and liberty, J. R. BALME.”

In the *Principia*, April 17, 1862, there is a letter from an Edinburgh lady, signed L. P. C. C., who sends two pounds for five subscribers of the above, and accompanies the material aid with the following expression of sympathy and good will: “Sincerely hoping that the *Principia* may receive a large and ever increasing measure of that blessing which maketh effectual, and the wide dissemination of those principles which it advocates so seasonably and suitably for both hemispheres!” And in the *Principia*, April 10, there is another letter, from Dublin Avenue, Dublin, dated 15th 3d mo., 1862, and signed Maria Webb, addressed to William Goodell, which commences—“Dear Friend, The Irish Ladies’ Auxiliary Society has authorised me to request thy acceptance of five pounds as a small token of their appreciation and regard;” and concludes with “best wishes for the wide circulation of the *Principia* in its new form.”

In the *Principia* for April 17, 1862, there is a stanza of wretched doggerel rhyme, which appropriately sums up the above remarkable business. It reads—

“What poor shortsighted worms we are,
For we cannot *calculate*

With any sort of *sartainte*,
What is to be our fate!"

Mr J. Lindsay, Esq., the great shipping merchant, in a letter to the *London Times*, complained that he had been misrepresented by our American press in the lecture which he gave on "Our Country," and such was his sensitiveness that he must have blubbered and cried because a business-house at Portland in the State of Maine suspended all business relationships with the firm of Lindsay & Co., in consequence of his expression of opinions. The author can deeply sympathise with him, since he has not only suffered extensively in his temporal concerns, but has been slimed over by the editors of the press in all parts of the American continent that they might smooth their jaws in his destruction.

The following from Fred. Douglas' *Monthly*, June 1861, an abolitionist newspaper published in Rochester, New York, is ample evidence. It is from the pen of Julia Crofts, the wife of a New Connection Methodist Minister stationed in Leeds. The letter is dated from Salem Parsonage, Halifax, England, April 27, 1861:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—There are now so many lecturers traversing the country, and soliciting aid for their respective objects, that it is desirable all friends of the slave should make due inquiries as to *who* and *what* it is they are assisting. The singular man I named to you some time since, from the

Western territory, whose hatred of you is most intense, is carrying on his alleged determination to 'injure you as much as possible, wherever he goes.' You know far better than I whether it will be well for you to notice his attacks. You have in times past survived many violent attacks made by false friends, as well as malignant enemies, and I do not doubt your surviving the present one, made by a man 'off whose roof (some of his friends say) there is a slate.' The alleged object of his mission is to re-imburse himself for losses sustained in the United States from his fidelity to the cause of the slave, and to secure assistance for the future. He seems a kind of Ishmaelite; no *Balm of Gilead* falls from his lips; but he plentifully distils wormwood and gall, and is never likely to do good, either to himself or any one else. I again repeat, that I trust the anti-slavery friends will make inquiries before they give aid to any person who presents himself, recommended by himself! There are so many important objects needing aid, and calling for aid, in connection with anti-slavery, that it is a pity a single pound should be thrown away.

JULIA G. CROFTS."

Mrs Crofts has been a resident at Rochester, New York, and under the training of her "dear friend" Fred. Douglas, has perfected herself in our American mode of warfare to such a degree as to be entitled to a first-class certificate for her accomplishments in the

above slanderous and libellous letter, and which for falsehood could not be exceeded by the Father of lies.

With the above there was coupled in Douglas' editorial article, the following paragraph from the pen of Douglas.

"The individual referred to in the letter of Mrs Crofts, is the Rev. Mr Balme of Chicago. He is travelling and soliciting money among anti-slavery friends in England to indemnify himself for alleged pecuniary losses incurred at Chicago in consequence of his fidelity to the anti-slavery cause. From what we know of Mr Balme, his losses at Chicago were more the result of his temper and spirit, than of his fidelity to the slave. The shoulders of anti-slavery are broad, but they are hardly able to bear up under the weight of all the idiosyncrasies which some of the men who espouse the cause would fain lay upon them. Rev. Mr Balme is at the pains, we are told, of making us a special object of attack, as a means of recommending himself to those from whom he solicits assistance. His principal charge seems to be that we, several years ago, at an anti-slavery meeting, denounced or ridiculed the doctrine of the atonement. The charge is of course false, and wholly inconsistent with our invariable mode of advocating the cause of the slave, the constant aim of which is to unite men of all religious opinions and persuasions on one common platform of justice and humanity, in the work for the over-

throw of slavery. But we have no words to waste upon our defamer, and simply meet his allegations with our unqualified and emphatic denial.

On the above being brought under the notice of the author, he at once took up his pen, and through the Secretary of the Leeds Antislavery Society, addressed the following triumphant vindication of himself to *Douglas' Monthly*.

THE AUTHOR'S REPLY TO DOUGLAS.

TO FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

SIR.—Knowing that it is in vain to seek a place in your columns to rebut the falsehoods and slanders which you have *grouped* together against myself in your June *Monthly*; and yet, to leave the responsibility on yourself of adopting and following out to the bitter end our American mode of warfare—viz., that of crowding an opponent out of their columns when attacked, or mutilating his defences by giving insertion to as much of his communication as is convenient to suit their purpose, that they may annihilate him by misrepresentation, calumny, and abuse; or by falsifying his position by side issues. When I reached Halifax last year, I heard that whilst in that town, on your last visit to England, you partook of the Lord's Supper in Salem New Connexion Methodist Chapel. Not having heard of your reconversion to the faith you once professed, and even preached, I at once went

to the "celebrated parsonage" of Salem chapel, to make inquiry if such was the fact of the case. Being assured that it was so, and as no account was given of your conversion, I remarked that it was surpassing strange ; since we did not know you on our side of the water, in America, as a believer in Christ, in the Christian sense of the term. When this statement was called in question, I fell back on the evidence which I had in my possession, in the second number of the *Western Olive Branch*, where, in a review which I gave of a lecture which you delivered in Warner's Hall, Chicago, from carefully written notes which I took of the lecture, I find, in addition to the flaming brand which you threw at England, as Ireland's oppressor,—to the charge in which you placed to the account of the clergy of England, the monomania of a clergyman in Liverpool, who made an appeal to the authorities of that city to break up a soup kitchen, on the plea that some of his parishioners had been subjected to inconvenience in going to church, in consequence of the footpath being crowded by multitudes of starving Irish, who had come over from Ireland to Liverpool, during the famine, to obtain relief,—and, also, in addition to the ridicule and contempt you poured on a celebrated doctor in London, because, after giving the great big loaf of bread with one hand to the Irish, he stretched out the other and offered religious tracts to them—in addition to the above there is the following sentiment, "Chris-

tianity, in its grand distinctive element, its broad constructive principle, was the basis of the golden rule." The remark we made at the time in our newspaper, was one upon which we have no desire to improve—viz., "we had always thought that the atonement was the grand distinctive element, the great constructive principle of Christianity; and the example of Christ, presented in the living embodiment of the principles and precepts laid down in the golden rule, constituted the evidence of love to the Saviour." And therefore we confess that we were much startled with the announcement made in your antislavery lecture, not of the believing, but the working plan of salvation.

During your same visit to the West, you gave a second lecture in Plymouth Congregational Church, an evangelical place of worship, on the Sabbath evening. On that occasion, the Rev. Mr. Shippen, a Unitarian minister, and a Dr. Elder, a Pantheist, were with you on the pulpit platform. On commencing the service you called on the Rev. Mr. Shippen to engage in prayer. In the address you gave after the prayer, you "counselled us not to be led away with the doctrine of the atonement, but to build our hopes of heaven on the golden rule." Being present I sprung to my feet, and with the deepest earnestness appealed to you in the following language, and before you could utter the next sentence, "whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever was the golden rule exemplified apart from the

atonement, from which you advised us to turn away?" To this appeal you made no reply, but continued your lecture. At the close of your address you introduced your friend and brother, Dr. Elder, who in his brief speech spoke of "Christ's little ones as mediators." So that, in the above service, we had in the prayer offered a false foundation laid down as the basis of human hope, in the merit of human performances and sufferings which were dwelt upon, your own strange counsel, and Dr. Elder's mediation in Christ's little ones.

Severe comments were made on the above in the third number of our newspaper. The above also gave rise to a letter from the Rev. Eben. Conant, a Universalist minister, which was addressed to us in consequence of the above remarks; and which letter was inserted in the *Olive Branch*, and commented on by us, disclaiming all personalities in the matter, and avowing that our warfare was with principles and their moral bearings. It also gave rise to a sermon, which was prepared and published in the *Olive Branch*, and mailed to your address, with the expressed desire in its columns that it might help you to come to right conclusions on the doctrine of Christ's atonement, bring you to the best of all decisions, and stimulate you to higher and holier actions for liberty, temperance, and truth; justice, and right; virtue, love, and charity. The sermon, now before me, along with Conant's letter, is a standing monument of the falsity of your position,

in the unqualified and emphatic denial which you have given to the inveterate dislike and peculiar repugnance you showed to the atonement, on the occasions referred to.

There is also corroborative proof of the strongest kind in your own anti-slavery newspapers of the above. Out of many which I could select, take the following article in your paper for Jan. 6, 1854, the sentiments of which have never been repudiated by you or your fraternity in your newspaper. The article reads as follows, "I heard Theodore Parker last Sabbath. No man preaches more truth than this eloquent man, this astute philosopher. He is bold, fearless, daring, sometimes impetuous. The orthodox clergy refuse to give him the right-hand of fellowship, but this does not seem to disquiet his equanimity. He pursues his onward course, resolved to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. He is what is styled a radical reformer. Reform without radicalism is no reform at all. Though denounced and held up to the world as an infidel, he is a practical Christian. Those professed Christians who cry out unclean against him, are practical Atheists. They virtually deny the existence of a God." Now, when it is remembered that Theodore Parker was one of the bitterest opponents to evangelical Christianity ever raised up or known in America, here you are not only assaulting the atonement, but with the opponents of Christianity assaulting the men who make the atonement the

foundation of their hopes, and calling them atheists. What a strange use is the above of your press, which was bought with the gold of British Christians. Is such a maniac-like use of the dagger the way to unite the friends of liberty on one common platform? Moreover, during your last visit to England, it has been remarked to me by leading distinguished evangelical ministers and laymen in this country, that your obnoxious religious sentiments cropt out in your anti-slavery lectures like the "gnarled rocks in nature." And since your return to America, "your editorial prayer—when referring to the Branch Church Anti-slavery Society, formed at Rochester last year—is in entire harmony with your suicidal madness and folly in your anti-slavery advocacy as an avowed "practical Christian." Methinks I catch the tones of your canting hypocrisy, as you turn up your eyes in mockery towards heaven, "exclaiming," in your *Monthly*, Aug. 1860, "May God help the men inside the Church, that are moving against the infidelity that has well nigh made the Church and the ministry a laughing stock to those outside." A glorious prayer, truly, for one who crept inside the Church of Salem New Connection Methodist Chapel, and partook of the emblems of the blood shed and body broken of Christ for the remission of sins. O consistency, what a bright jewel.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. BALME.

The above was placed in the hands of Mr James Walker, the Hon. Secretary of the Leeds Young Men's Anti-slavery Society, to be forwarded to Frederick Douglas, at Rochester, New York, on the day the letter was written, and the following is the receipt :—

“LEEDS, October 1, 1861.

“DEAR SIR,—Pressure of business, together with the inclemency of the weather, prevented me from letting you have this certificate of my having sent your communication to Mr. Douglas, on Saturday night, as I promised.

“I read your letter, and forwarded the same in due course, but it has not as yet appeared in his *Monthly*, nor have I seen any remarks upon it in the two issues which have since come out.—Yours truly,

JAMES WALKER,
Hon. Sec. L.Y.M.A.S.S.”

The charge made by Mrs. Croft is as wicked as it is false, that the author has sought to reimburse himself for pecuniary losses sustained in the cause of freedom in America. Both himself and his heroic and devoted wife, have counted it an honour thus to suffer in such a cause, and the author's circular, given elsewhere, is ample proof of the falsehood of the statement referred to. And as he has come out of the wars of freedom, crippled in health, his afflictions have been turned into wornwood and

gall, and the vinegar is here given by Julia for the author to drink.

It is thus Mrs. Croft and Douglas have sought to cover up their own wickedness and hide their own shame by making the author the victim of calumny, or to convert him into a scapegoat to bear off their own sins into the wilderness.

"Friend," said a Quaker "to a dog," to which he had conceived some dislike, "I will not bite thee, neither will I kill thee, but I will give thee a bad name." Thus saying, he opened the gate and dismissed his enemy, doing him no other injury than calling after him, as loud as he could, "mad dog." The village rose in arms, and the dog received a hundred wounds on account of a madness which had no existence except in the fertile imagination of the Quaker himself. In the author's eventful life he has often been thus stoned and clubbed, and received injury for imaginary wrongs.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Matt. v. 11, 12.

In consequence of bitter persecution when in a state of single blessedness, the author has bounded along through this grand old country,

" By the streams and fountains,
By the hills and mountains,

By the wide-spreading plains,
By the finest domains,
By the groves and forests,
And the cliffs and turrets;
Under the sun's scorching heat,
The deep shady retreat,
The cool refreshing shower,
The fine, bright, sunny hour,
The low, ring of the storm,
And the sweet breath of morn.'

And whilst his spirit often brimmed with sadness, it was as often filled with joy when merrily, merrily, he made rocks, caverns, high towers, lowly dwellings, earth, air, seas, and skies echo with his once favourite hymn—

" A single being I,
My sole defence
Omnipotence,
Who hears my cry,
Whom shall I fear?
Not earthly woe
Nor mortal foe,
Since my defence is near."

No persecutions could damp his energies, nor difficulties deter, nor dangers affright him. And by the help of God he has run through many a troop of the Claverhouses, and leapt over the topmost ridge in many a mountainous range of difficulty. And now in his double state of blessedness, with a double pledge of protection from his Almighty Helper and Maker, God, what chance is there for

robbers, tigers, serpents, vultures, despots and demons. When John Brown was informed by an ex-governor of Kansas that a price was put upon his head, with a brilliant sparkle of fine frenzy rolling in his eye, he stretched himself out exclaiming, "but the Lord campeth around me," Ps. xxxiv. 7. "The Lord encampeth round the dwellings of the just."

During the ten years' residence of the author in America, he never knew of a case where the honourable amendment was made for injuries inflicted, or scandal poured out, except in the case of Lord Shaftesbury, whom they had slandered by placing to his account a libellous paragraph, and which they circulated like bad coin. As you will see from the following he has had the satisfaction of nailing it to the counter.

ATTACK ON LORD SHAFTESBURY AND HIS DEFENCE.

An extract of what was purported to be a speech delivered by his Lordship on the American question, has been extensively circulated in our American newspapers, for false news, like base coin, travels more quickly than the real and true, until it is stopped. It was as follows:—Lord Shaftesbury said,—“I, in common with almost every English statesman, sincerely desire the rupture of the American union. It has been the policy of England to brook no rival in the direction of her own

greatness. We justly fear the political and commercial rivalry of the United States. If not checked they will soon overshadow Great Britain."

His Lordship in reply states, "I express my sincere thanks for your fellowship and kindness in giving me an opportunity to deny altogether that gross and unprincipled statement made by one of your American journals. It is a fabrication from first to last. I have been to no meetings, delivered no speeches, and neither said nor thought any thing so foolish and mischievous as the contents of the extract of "Thurlow Weed's *Albany Journal*." Lord Shaftesbury is what our Americans call a real "live Lord." And as the multitudes of our squatter sovereigns ape the British aristocracy, but lack their manly sense of honour, probity, magnanimity, and virtue, Lord Shaftesbury's letter was welcomed, and the honourable amendment accorded. John Brown closed his brilliant career under clouds of misrepresentation, but now the sun of his reputation is rising above them and they are disappearing like mists on the mountain side. And so it will be with others.

COLLEGIATE BRANCHES.

These profess to teach the higher duties of life, but few of them make the higher laws of God the basis of all lower laws in their teachings, or training for the family, the counting-house, workshops, senate, church, pulpit, or the world. And in regard

to those who profess to do this there is a fearful discrepancy between their teachings and practice.

A gentleman one day called on a Dr Channing. On being introduced to him, he said, "Are you Dr Channing?" "Yes," was the reply. "You are strangely altered, then, in your appearance," said the gentleman. "Ah!" said the Dr., "I am the Dr Channing that practises, you want Dr Channing that professes!"

Profession and practice are two different things.

This is illustrated in the case of the Revs. Cyrus P. Grosvenor and E. Matthews, now collecting for the New York Central College and Baptist Free Mission in this country. At the annual meeting of the Baptist Union reported in the *Baptist Freeman*, May 2, 1862, Grosvenor said, "there was the American Baptist Free Mission Society, which was founded on the broad principle of universal brotherhood amongst men." In other words, on abolition principles totally, unconditionally, and without any concessions to the "god expediency." There is no sentiment more adapted to mislead the British public and churches than the above. Since any one on reading the above would suppose there were Baptist ministers and laymen under the above Society that were fairly, fully and honourably acting out great and noble principles in connection with the professed universal brotherhood amongst men, but this is not so. We have sad proof to the contrary, and in great abundance, which you will find

in the following letter addressed to the editor of the *Nonconformist*, Oct. 1860, by the author:—

“SIR,—In a recent number of the *American Baptist Free Mission Newspaper* there is the following remarkable language:—‘The old Roman god Janus had two faces: Christianity in our Free States has much the same appearance. It is hard to tell whether it is going backwards or forwards. We do not know that Baptists are more inconsistent than other denominations, but it is evident that we are an *enigma* both to our neighbours in the South and to our English brethren over the water.’ A very frank confession, and an ‘*enigma*’ all must assuredly confess them to be in the presence of the following proofs of their abounding laxity, astounding duplicity, and unparalleled hypocrisy. On the list of life directors, members, and committees of the Bible Union, published in the *Bible Union Quarterly* for November 1859, and February 1860, there are the following names, viz., Rev. N. Brown, D.D., chief editor of the *Baptist Free Mission Newspaper*, and corresponding secretary of the Baptist Free Mission Society; Rev. John Duer, sub-editor of the same, and one of the trustees of the society; Rev. J. L. Batchelder, formerly sub-editor of the same; Rev. W. S. Hall, one of its trustees; Rev. Hiram Hutchins, a vice-president; the Rev. Messrs. J. Q. Adams, M. C. Kempsey, and F. Remington, &c., all active Free Missionists, residing in New York, or its immediate vicinity. Are these a soli-

tary, fragmentary, erratic member spreading their meteoric flash on our vision? And to show their fraternisation with pastors and professors of slaveholding churches and colleges, in the same numbers of the *Baptist Union Quarterly* you will find the following black list of names of persons acting with them as vice-presidents, life-directors, and members of the Board of Management, or on committees of the Bible Union :—Rev. J. E. Rue, South Carolina; Rev. Q. H. Trotman, North Carolina; Professor C. L. Loos, Virginia; Professor Alexander Campbell, Virginia; Rev. R. Ryland, D.D., Virginia; Rev. T. Stringfellow, Virginia; Rev. T. G. Jones, Virginia; Rev. William F. Broaddus, D.D., Virginia; Rev. D. R. Campbell, LL.D., Kentucky; James Edmunds, Esq., Kentucky; Elder R. Marshall, Arkansas; Elder T. Fanning, Tennessee; Professor William C. Duncan, D.D., Louisiana; S. B. Brokaw, Esq., Missouri; L. P. Bayne, Esq., Maryland. There is not a blacker slaveholding list in connexion with any institution of a religious character in America, and yet here are the Free Missionists in large numbers and in full fellowship with them, and at the annual convention held in Broome Street, New York, in October of 1859, sat on the same platform with them, sung psalms with them, prayed with them, pleaded the cause of Bible revision with them, and sat on committees with them! Would they have done so with sheepstealers? If not,

why should they do this wicked thing with men-stealers?

“In a recent number of the *Baptist Freeman*, that devoted friend of the slave, J. A. Horner, Esq., says ‘that no man can be a real opponent of slavery who fellowships the slaveholder,’ and, I would add, their abettors. If so, what a set of beggarly shams and forgeries the above Free Missionists must be! And how mean and frivolous is the pretext which the Free Mission Society puts forth in their seventeenth annual report, printed June 26, 1860, viz., that their society and their paper are opposed to fellowship and intercommunion with slaveholders and their abettors, like the Baptists in and around London. The statement is as wicked as it is false, and *vice versa*. In a review of Dr Cheever’s book on slavery, the above editors say ‘that within the present year three Baptist Doctors of Divinity have appeared before the public (in connection with the Bible Union) for the purpose of showing that the servants of the Old and New Testament were slaves, and that slavery was an institution recognised and sanctioned in both the Jewish and Christian Churches.’ And yet, when these same doctors and their *beloved brethren* who hold the same views openly defended the institution of slavery at the annual convention referred to in New York, these Janus-faced editors and Free Missionists had not the courage to rebut them!

“Lest the editors of the *American Free Mission*

Baptist and the Free Missionists should say, 'We cannot help persons putting our names on the list of Directors and Boards of Management in the Bible Union,' they can most assuredly help their names being retained in such a connection.

"And to meet the plea that they were there as reporters, we ask if reporters sit on committees, like Rev. N. Brown, J. Duer, W. S. Hall, J. Q. Adams, M. C. Kempsey, and F. Remington; for which see the *Bible Union Quarterly* above mentioned.

"In the report of the Bible Union for 1859, a tender and earnest appeal is made by the American Baptist Free Mission Society for a donation of Bibles whipt out of the muscles of the slave and wrung from their life-blood; and the Revs. N. Brown and W. S. Hall, Free Missionists, sat on the special committee to take into account the application of the Free Mission Board on behalf of the Free Missionaries, Messrs Rose and Brayton. See *Bible Union Quarterly* for November, 1859.

"In the report of the American and Foreign Bible Society, another society which has an utter disregard of right and wrong, and which also fellowships the bloody and deceitful man with the just and upright man, we see appeals of a similar character from *coloured churches*, the missionaries of the General Baptists in England, the Free-will Baptists of the United States, European Missions in Germany, and also from the Baptist Free Mission Board for Goble, in Japan, and their missionaries in Hayti. See

twenty-third report of American Foreign Bible Society, 1860. Perhaps the missionaries preaching out of those blood-stained Bibles will feel as uncomfortable as some of the holy and excellent English divines would have done if they had worn those distinguished pro-slavery caudal appendages sent to them from the Pro-slavery Colleges of America. Perhaps the agent of the Free Mission Society in England will say whether the board which he represents is to be held responsible for its official actions in these *humiliating* appeals to these corrupt pro-slavery boards.

“The American Baptist Free Mission Society professes to have separated from the Baptist Missionary Union, because of its pro-slavery spirit and practices, and yet in the far West, to my own knowledge, it has persistently received the Missionary Union agents, in their Free Mission Conventions, invited them to preach, and allowed them to take up collections—thus extending to them the right hand of fellowship, and giving the Free Missionists an opportunity to support what they condemned.

“In a convention held by the Free Missionists in Chicago, in 1854, I called attention to this anomaly, but was met with a perfect shout of disapprobation. And when I proposed a test similar to the one adopted by the Baptist Mission Board in London, they called it by the mild names of ‘*fog and gummon*,’ and Elder Joslyn, who figured as a star of the first magnitude in that convention, ‘expressed his regret that he could not rise to an altitude to meet

the test proposed with the contempt which he said it deserved.' Rev. A. Kenyon was in the chair.

"In another convention, held by the Free Missionists during the same year, at Bloomindale, Illinois, I made the inquiry, what relationship do the societies and objects, represented in that convention sustain to slavery? I was modestly reminded 'that if I did not like to take the American societies as I found them, I had better go to Canada,' and was ostracised in consequence.

"Such was Free Missionism in 1854 in America. And from the facts given above, is it any better now? From the foundation of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, to the present, it has conceded a Christian *status* to pro-slavery churches and professors. In evidence of which see the entire issue of the "American Baptist," and you will find a column of proof *miles in length*, in the record given in the above paper of the appointment of professors in pro-slavery colleges and ministers in pro-slavery churches, their revivals in colleges and churches so-called—notices of Missionary Union meetings, and of all the old, rotten, corrupt boards, and even obituary notices of pro-slavery professors, giving them a bright record of usefulness, when from the beginning to the close of their religious career, they have used the Bible to buttress up a system that gathers in its embrace a depth of villany and a climax of depravity, the vilest the sun ever looked down upon. And this has been done with their

silent unqualified approval. And in these *inconsistencies* the Free Missionists frankly confess that they are not alone. This may be flattering unction to them and their fellow-delinquents in the editorial chairs, amongst the innumerable staff of professors in colleges and in the ranks of the American church, but it is no badge of honour or crown of joy. In the presence of such unhallowed relationships, and whilst hurried headlong into such a deep gulf of debasement, the Baptist Free Mission Society and its agent with his *challenge*, and the *antislavery editorial abettors* with their rhetorical flourishes, surrounded by the literary excellence of their articles, the comprehensiveness of their views, and their faithfulness to the slave, may be safely left to their own reflections; and also the Rev. E. Matthews with his insinuation that sympathy with the slave is inseparable from that willingness to do justice to those whose lives are devoted to the work of emancipation. Nothing can be lost by tossing up our thoughts to the sunlight of public opinion. It is the smothering process which does the mischief.

“ Besides, if its position towards the slave and the American church has been ‘consistent and persistent,’ which is claimed for it, the more light there is on the subject the better; but there is the rub. There is one remark more before we dismiss the Baptist Free Mission Society from our thoughts as a thing unworthy of our affections. It is this. In their last report I see mission stations for Canada,

Hayti, Japan, and India, but not a single station for the poor slave. In this respect it has come far behind the American Missionary Society, of which Lewis Tappen, Esq., is the treasurer, whose noble missions in Kentucky have placed them far in advance of all other missionary enterprises in America, and whose missionaries resemble in spirit and action those who lived in the primitive ages of the church. I must confess that I am no admirer of our American Missionary Societies going to the ends of the earth to seek up the heathen, when there are four millions of slaves in a state of heathenism at our very door. Yours etc.,

J. R. BALME."

On page 398 of "Facts for Baptist Churches," the Rev. Cyrus P. Grosvenor is given as Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and is guilty of uttering what is false in his statement in regard to the Baptist Free Mission Society. The Baptist Free Mission Society has never had any association with the above principles, except in the dead letter. With such men to fill the staff of professors in our colleges, however eminent their ability, what blessing can the colleges have in them, except as they may lead some men to aspire after the distinction of being called Rabbi; and making broad the phylacteries of their garments, which has been a curse more than a blessing, as it has led to the purchase of these caudal appendages

that are freely bestowed in our Collegiate Institutions, on the payment of fees that make them Life Directors, or the bestowment of a donation, or a gift, and other free contributions to win favour to our corrupt institutions. What monuments or rewards will such men have in the hearts of the friends of education and humanity throughout the world?

God Almighty knows, and you ought to know, that we have got a great deal too much of this sanctified learning in our American colleges, unless we had got more sanctified practice. For it is this severance of the two that has "adorned the pulpit and the bar in our new style of American fashion, by shooting down the Lovejoys of blessed memory, trying to crush out the entire race of abolitionists, and seeking to make succeeding generations better and happier by their superior wisdom in putting a mark on the foreheads of the above men, and giving an eternal quietus to all who presume to touch our very domestic, peculiar institution, which has been so long the corner stone of the Federal Republic, or dare to rebuke the prejudices of our people against colour; but which we hope now, by the hurricane of God's providential interpositions and visitations, will be swept away into the dead sea of forgetfulness for ever.

In connexion with the above divorce of profession and practice, men who have claimed to be the advocates of justice, liberty, humanity, and reli-

gion, have sought the ægis of your protection, sympathy, and support for themselves and the institutions which they have represented; and yet such has been their practice and zeal in covering up and sustaining false relationships and their policies that our colleges and missions have been brought into disrepute by them. Britishers may do as they please, but the author has resolved that should the above class of men fill the valleys with their attestations and rejoicings over the wonders of the sacrifices which they profess to have made, or re-echo their joys from the mountain tops, as they lift up what our Americans call "dough faces" towards the God of the universe, shouting, "God be praised," he will tear the mask from their hypocrisy, and denounce their villany from the house tops.

SCHOLASTIC BRANCHES.

These, too, are made to yield bitter fruit, and are the source of some most vexatious and cruel imposts.

"US BLACK BOYS DON'T GO TO SCHOOL."

So said a little boy in Kentucky not long since, to a gentleman who inquired of him if he went to school. Poor little fellow! "His voice seemed to falter as he spoke," and perhaps down deep in his

little heart were depths of sadness that the observer did not fathom. If he has been taught that there is a God; that He has given to man a book that tells about the Lord Jesus, who can say that he, with many others deprived of the same privilege, does not sometimes indulge reflections like the following :—

“ Alas ! I am a coloured boy, a little negro slave !
I cannot go to school like you, to whom our Father gave
A fairer skin, or sunny locks, or birth in Freedom's land ;
But *why* I should be treated so, I cannot understand.

“ I'm sure I'd love to learn to read !—they say there is a book
That tells about a Holy One—O, how I'd like to look
And see if they have told me *right* about God's blessed Son—
Why *won't* they let me go to school ? What wrong thing have
I done ?

“ 'Tis said that when He lived on earth, a long, long time ago,
He took and blessed the little child—O how I'd like to know
If He is ever coming back ! and can it be that He
Would kindly look upon, and bless, a poor black boy like me ?

“ And would He take me in His arms, and very gently say,
'I love you dearly, little child, I love you every day ?'
O, if I only knew He would, 'twould fill my heart with joy,
To think that God's own holy Son could love the negro boy.
M.

The author was one day standing near one of the school-houses in Saint Paul, at the period of a City election. A well-known banker, who was seeking to be elected to the office of a School Commissioner, came to him to solicit his vote. The author at once replied in the negative. He asked

for a reason. He was informed that "the author gave no votes to men who closed the schools against coloured children." When, with a degree of surprise, he exclaimed, "Do you go in for *amalgamation*?"

ELECTIVE FRANCHISE BRANCH.

The polling booths at Baltimore have acquired a distinguished celebrity in connection with "Plug Uglies," who have closed up every avenue of access to them, and elected their men by violence. And it has been recorded by men high in position, that as many fraudulent votes were given in the city of Philadelphia for Buchanan, when he contested the Presidential Chair, as secured his election.

MUNICIPAL BRANCHES.

These Branches also partake of the general unsoundness of our National Tree. In the *Albion* newspaper, New York, Dec. 16, 1861, an address is published of the Nominating Committee of Tax Gatherers in New York, making an appeal to the better classes of citizens to rescue them from the degradation into which the municipality had been placed by rowdies.

This Committee says: "We regret to say that the idle and irresponsible classes have for several years taken the most active part in our city elec-

tions, and those persons have been elevated to power, which have rendered office a reproach, and conferred nothing but disgrace on this important city. If you can have an enlightened, efficient, and upright government, there is a great future before you and your children; but if fraud and robbery, speculation and deceit, are to govern your city, the history of cities and states in past ages tell you we cannot be either prosperous or happy." O! that mine enemy could write a book?

ECCLESIASTICAL BRANCHES.

These are the most unsound and rotten of all. As a specimen, take the denominational branch of the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Report of the Leeds Anti-slavery Society for 1860, there is a letter from the pen of the Rev. H. Mattison, of New York, a travelling preacher in the above denomination, which gives sad and painful disclosures:—

"For myself, I am fully satisfied from figures that 'will not lie,' and from enquiries and correspondence upon the subject for years, that we cannot have to-day less than 10,000 slaveholders and 100,000 slaves in our Northern Methodist Episcopal Church, and the number is rapidly increasing every year. And, still worse, our people raise, and buy, and sell slaves, as others do, without rebuke or hindrance. The territory covered by our Church

in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas, contains one million of slaves—one quarter of all the slaves in the Union. This belt of States constitutes the great breeding ground of slavery for the citron, sugar, and rice regions of the farther South. About 50,000 slaves go hence annually towards the Gulf States. The annual sale from Virginia alone is 20,000, amounting to thirteen millions of dollars. Missouri sold some 12,000 last year to go 'down the river' to Mississippi and Texas; and yet her late census shows her to have more slaves to-day than she had five years ago. Now the slaves of Methodists in all this region increase as fast as do the slaves of others. What, then, becomes of them? Do they free them? Seldom or never. Are their slave families expanding twice as fast as those of others? Not at all. They are sold, as other breeders sell their slaves, and there is no denying it. I write it with shame and sorrow, but it is true; and the Christian world ought to know it before we are utterly debauched and ruined."

How frightful to contemplate the above picture! What low depths of moral degradation it reveals to us!

This is a spectacle of dishonour and shame unparalleled in the history of the church of Christ. And in the minority Report of the Buffalo Conference we find a large number of its ministers and delegates avowing that "the Northern Methodist

Episcopal Church has done more to diffuse anti-slavery sentiments, mitigate the evils of slavery, and abolish the institution from civil society than any other organisation, either political, social, or religious!"

If so, how lamentable and deplorable must be their condition? The above is the Church which the *Methodist Recorder*, April 25, 1861, says, has "ever held high principled views on the subject of slavery, to have suffered an enormous secession rather than have lowered her standard, and to have accomplished her desired work!"

The following letter on the subject from the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan travelling preacher in this country, made its appearance in the *London Star*, Dec. 1860:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'STAR' AND 'DIAL.'"

SIR,—In your review of Mr Edge's most important book on the 'Contest between Free and Slave Labour in the United States,' a quotation is given from his work, which, by implication, denies or ignores the fact that the English Wesleyan Conference has spoken out unmistakably on the subject of slavery in its fraternal communications with the American Methodist Episcopal Church. That your reviewer has so understood Mr Edge is evident from the appeal which he makes:—'The Baptists of this country have recently addressed a faith-

ful remonstrance to their co-religionists in America. Will the English Methodists imitate this good example? or will they, by their criminal silence, plead guilty to the charge of conservatism which Mr Edge brings against them?

For many reasons I believe Mr Edge to be incapable of a malicious intention to injure the character of English Wesleyan Methodism; but through a most unaccountable ignorance of this particular part of the subject on which he writes, such injury has been committed by him. No one reading his book, and unacquainted with facts to be ascertained from other sources, would suppose that there existed more than one General Conference of Methodists in America, and that its jurisdiction extended over the whole denomination of Episcopal Methodists in the United States. Mr Edge ought to have known that, in 1845, the several annual conferences, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the slave-holding States formally and legally renounced the jurisdiction of what, till that time, had been the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and formed these conferences "into a distinct organisation, to be known by the style and title of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." I quote their own form of designation. This secession arose from the increasing anti-slavery feelings of the North, as manifest by more stringent laws affecting official members of the Church holding slaves.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is most

notoriously a slave-holding Church; and if it be true, as I believe it is, that the American Churches are the bulwark of American slavery, the heaviest curse of God rests upon that Church.

“Now, what has been the attitude of English Methodism in reference to this secession?

“The British Conference has never had any communication with it. Members belonging to it, visiting England during the assembly of the British Conference, have applied for the courtesy of attending some of its sittings, and have been refused permission to cross the threshold.

“We blush that the name of Methodism should be connected with the pollution of slavery, not merely as that is tolerated but sanctioned and defended by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

“The Methodist Church, North, is a protesting anti-slavery Church. It is based on that principle, or it cannot defend having been the occasion of the Southern secession. With that Church the British Methodist Conference holds fraternal intercourse.

“In the territorial division which took place when the South Church *seceded from causes which I need not now state*, the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, included within it the slave territory of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas. In these border States, slavery and anti-slavery principles are in antagonism. There can be no question that a number of Methodists, avowedly belonging to the Northern Church, hold slaves in

these States. The number probably is not large, but on a question of principle the terms large or small, as affecting a violation of it, are inadmissible. A noble effort is being made by earnest men in the North to bring the letter of the law on the subject of slave-holding to affect the Church membership of any one retaining communion with their Church. The General Conference, North, which is held once in four years, assembled in Buffalo in May last. A distinct motion was made for the amendment of the rule, as I have specified. The delegates of the Border Conferences, as might have been expected, were united against it. The discussion lasted for seven or eight days. It is only fair to state that on both sides the horrid enormity of slavery was admitted, and that the discussion really turned "on what was the most scriptural and effectual way of discountenancing and overthrowing the iniquity." The vote was taken on May 20. Two hundred and thirteen members of the Conference were present, and 139 voted for the change of the rule, and 74 against it. A vote of two-thirds of the Conference, however, is required for the change of a rule, and the motion was lost by three votes only.

But what action did British Methodism take on this subject at the Buffalo Conference? An address from the Wesleyan Conference was presented, containing these words:—"We take the present opportunity of reaffirming our declarations against the

entire system of slavery; and from your own avowed principles, as well as from the efforts and sacrifices which you have already made in support of them, we entertain a confident persuasion that, at your approaching General Conference, you will use all practicable means to separate the Church and the land from so great an evil."

"Nor was this all that was done by British Methodism. Believing in the sincerity of the Conference in all its protests against the evil and sin of slavery, many of the Wesleyan ministers and office-bearers sent memorials on the subject to the General Conference. When presented to the Conference, it was decided by the chair that the speaker was not in order at that time. The rejection of the memorials, even as an *ab-extra* interference, was actually moved by a sensitive advocate of a change in the rule. The *London Review* says that 'the memorials were treated with mortifying, but not undeserved contempt.' A paltry sneer, unworthy of the literary organ of English Methodism, but indicating the arrogance with which some men, united with others for a common object, assume the wisdom of their own course, and the folly of that which others adopt. The friends of the memorials adopted a better plan than urging their reception on the Conference. They printed 8000 copies of a catalogue of the memorials, giving the names of places, ministers, &c., appended. Forty - six memorials were sent, signed by 104 Wesleyan

ministers, and 1047 mostly official members; and thus, in a measure, representing about 30,000 members in their several circuits.

"These were placed in the hands of all the delegates and visitors, and on the authority of a minister present, I may add, 'the moral effect was even greater on the Conference than it could have been, had the memorials been quietly received and referred when presented.'

"I fear that I have trespassed on your time and patience, but the importance of the subject must be my apology. 'The signs of the times' are significant for the future of Methodism in America, as well as for the States themselves. The election of a Republican President will strengthen the hands of the anti-slavery party, and whoever lives to see the General Conference of the Episcopal Church, in 1864, will witness the purgation of that Church in all its dependencies, so far at least as statute law can accomplish it, from all complicity with 'buying, selling, or holding men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them.'—I am, sir, yours, &c., "GEORGE BROWNE MACDONALD."

Manchester, Dec. 15, 1860.

The author addressed an elaborate comment on the above to the editor of the *Star and Dial*, and received the following letter:—

"LONDON, Dec. 28, 1860.

"The editor of the *Star and Dial* is unable to

devote time to reading, or space to inserting communications so lengthy as the enrolled. He waives the rule however, not to return rejected correspondence, as an acknowledgment of Mr Balme's kindness in offering it to the *Star and Dial*."

On receiving the above, the author condensed his letter so as to give a short but pithy review of the above, but it never appeared.

Had the author been in America, he would not have felt surprised at such an extraordinary proceeding, as there is no such thing as fair and honourable discussion in connection with our American press, but to meet with such indignity as the above in this grand old country, where "truth is let loose to grapple with falsehood," like sounds echoing from a hill, it woke up feelings of resentment to the burning insult from every crevice or faculty of his soul.

Much stress is laid on the separation of the Methodist Episcopal Church North from the South. This is not true since the Northern Church has seven conferences with their Circuits in the South.

The cause of the "enormous secession spoken of rather than lower her standard," was owing to the persistence of Bishop Andrews in maintaining his equal right to hold slaves with his brother local preachers, trustees, class leaders, and the wives of travelling preachers and bishops, allowed in the Book of Discipline in the Methodist Episcopal

Church until this day. The Book of Discipline, however, makes the ridiculous discrimination between bishops and other officials in the Church, deduced probably from the passage of Scripture, "a bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." But be this as it may, Bishop Andrews, doubtlessly, reasoned within himself that if it was right for other officials and members of the Church to hold slaves, it was right for him. Remonstrance was used. The Bishop was unyielding. Hence the secession. What anti-slavery sentiment, feeling, principle, or practice, is there in the history of the above secession, founded on the unimpeachable or incontrovertible facts of the case?

Just imagine Bishop Simpson and Dr. M'Clintock, towards whom Wesleyan brethren in this country have put forth their stem from the seeds of their affections, lifted up their trunk, struck deep their roots, flung forth their branches, that they may clasp them to their embraces and press them to their heart of hearts—imagine the above men reproving Bishop Andrews for trafficking in the bodies and souls of men—with burning indignation and withering sarcasm he would say, "Gentlemen be it so, it is infinitely more revolting and disgraceful for you to breed them for us." What a low depth of moral degradation!

Is it any wonder that the Methodist Episcopal Church, whilst sunk in such a depth, should in her last Buffalo Conference, take the address from the

British Wesleyan Conference, referred to by Macdonald, and put it on the table, nay, throw it under the table. And Bishop Morris, who presided at the Conference, asking if the discussion was at an end—on being assured that it was so—brought down his gavel on the desk with great force, and with deep, broad, and mighty emphasis said, “So may it continue, world without end.”

Viewing, therefore, our Federal Union, or National Tree in America from the topmost to the lowest branches, is it any wonder that the thunder storms of Jehovah’s wrath should roll over it, or the lightning strokes of His vengeance should rive it to its centre.

Wm. E. Dodge, Edward Everet, Mrs. Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Drs. Eddy, Baron Stowe, Cheever, and Wm. Goodell; the author’s friend and benefactor Wendell Phillips, Wm. Loyd Garrison, and the Quakers; Lincoln, Seward, and the Administrators of the Federal Government; John Bright, Richard Cobden, George Thomson, the *Edinburgh Herald* and *Mercury*, the *London Star and Dial*, and *Daily News*; and the majestic uprising of the masses of our Northern people, are in deep anxiety about the fate of our Federal Tree with its withered, corrupt, decayed, and rotten branches as the Almighty appears on the scene with his retributive axe upheaved like the woodman to cut it down.

Some of them, like Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs.

Stowe, and Wm. E. Dodge are in deep distress, and as they point to the Constitutional Branches of the Federal Tree earnestly and agonisingly cry—

“Do, Lord, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.”

No sooner does this party disappear than Cheever, Goodel, and their new converts to the Constitutionality of the Tree, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and Governor Andrews, come up in solemn acts of devotion, and in beseechings made soft with tenderness, and watered with many tears about the fate of the Tree, begin to urge their plea, “Lord, not at the roots, or the trunk, but yonder rotten branches.” But the Almighty knows where the blow is wanted, and Wendell as he casts his eye up the old rotten trunk has his misgivings about its soundness, for with all the assurances of his friends about the soundness of the trunk, he is ill at ease about the effects produced on the Tree itself, by the Black Grafts grafted into it, called the “Compromises of the Union.” But these, Cheever and Goodel think, can be removed, and the trunk saved with some of the branches! But such is the condition of the Tree, as well as the branches, that conviction is lighting up the universal mind among surrounding nations that the Tree is doomed, and that as God has upheaved his retributive axe he will not withhold the blow. And this must be nigh at hand,

when John Bright in his famous Birmingham Inaugural yields to despair! Others still, however, only feel concern in the Tree as it affects their half! These are like the two slaveholders who owned a slave between them. Each prayed that "the Lord would bless his half of the negro." So multitudes are praying that God would spare our National Tree, but only bless their half of it, and curse the other. But let what will come, can come, shall come to our Federal or National Tree, there is no pleasure in surveying its corrupt, withered, decayed, and rotten branches or trunk.

Not so, however, with the old "Grey Elm" of Pittsfield Park.

Hurrah for the Old Grey Tree.

"Tell us a tale, thou grey old tree,
 A tale of thy leafy prime;
 For thou was mate of the forestry,
 Ere our bold fore-fathers' time.
 Thou sawest the wild-wood all alight,
 With the bale-fire's direful glare,
 Where now the murkiest gloom of night
 Our household fires make fair.

Chorus—Then tell us a tale, thou grey old tree,
 A tale of thy leafy prime,
 Of the wild-eyed red man roaming free,
 Or our fathers' deed sublime?

"Say, when the gorgeous laurel flowers
 And sweet-briar's bloom were gay,
 What loves, in the forest's fragrant hours,
 Led the dusky maids astray.

Sadly, we know, the captive's sigh
With thy murmuring sound was blent ;
Oh, tell of the love and courage high
That the captive's bondage rent.

Chorus—Ay, tell us a tale, etc.

“Tell us the tale, how the forest fell,
And the graceful spire arose,
And, charmed by the holy pealing bell,
How the valley found repose.
Our heritage here, with the blow and the prayer,
Was won by the good and brave,
While over their toils, like a banner in air,
They saw thy branches wave.

Chorus—Then tell us a tale, etc.

“Ah, dearly we love thy wasting form,
Thou pride of our stern old sires,
Though torn by the rage of the darting storm,
And the lightning's scathing fires.
And dearly the sons of the mountain vale,
Wherever their exile be,
Will thrill as they list to the song or tale,
If it speak of their home and thee !

Chorus—Ay, tell us a tale, thou grey old tree,
A tale of thy leafy prime,
Of the wild-eyed red man roaming free,
Or our fathers' deeds sublime !”

ON
AMERICAN CHURCHES AND SLAVERY.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.

TRUE Christianity is the noblest gift of God to man. It is the bright ministering angel of God that breathes thoughts of kindness, drops words of sweetness, and scatters the blessings of goodness in its pathway, through this sin-stricken and sin-disordered world. But of all the blessings which Christianity brings with it from God to man, there is no blessing in its bestowment more sweet, lovely, or precious, than liberty—liberty personal and relative—temporal and spiritual—civil and religious. How calculated to fill the mind with the most elevated feelings of gratitude, love and joy!

“O liberty, the prisoner’s dream,
The poet’s muse, his passion and his theme;
Place me in climes where breathes the fiercest air,
And I will sing if liberty be there—
And I will sing at liberty’s dear feet;
In Afric’s torrid zone, or amid Georgia’s fiercest heat.”

What a talismanic word liberty has been in years past! What a mighty influence it has exerted on the minds of men! And how it has called forth their most devoted attachments! For it heroes have fought, patriots bled, martyrs died, confessors kissed the stake, poets strung their harps to sweetest and most melodious sonnets, and historians made more bright the page of history. And this word is and shall be felt

“While onward ages roll,
Till every chain and shackle breaks,
And drops from every heel and soul.”

When we think of liberty, the names of the mighty dead rise before us, and as their shadows pass over us, we take up their fallen mantles and cry, “God of our fathers, be thou the God of our succeeding race,” for none greater among uninspired men have been found than Russell, Hampden, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Grattan, Clarkson, Wilberforce, or a Knibb. With multitudes who have gone before we have flung our tributes at their feet, and garnered their names in our memories. And to those who come after us we will transmit them, to be revered and treasured up until their names, virtues, and deeds shall

“Linger o’er the world’s decay,
And gather brightness as old time grows grey.”

Is such Christianity, when presented in its truest features and sublimest dignity—the self-

telling evidence of its goodness and glory—the champion of heaven's rights, and the almoner of heaven's gifts? What is Christianity in its spurious form, when it comes to us divested of liberty? If you take the oxygen out of the atmosphere, what animal can breathe, plant grow, or fire burn in such an atmosphere? The above is like taking liberty out of Christianity. It is then robbed of its life-blood, vitality, value. It then ceases to be true, and becomes spurious and false. Such a Christianity never goes from bad to good, but invariably from bad to worse. It then becomes an engine by which deceit is engendered, morality inverted, liberty suffocated, and virtue heathenised. And God can never look on such a mass of seething corruption, huge imposture, beggarly sham or forgery, or piece of boundless rascality, but with feelings of infinite detestation and abhorrence. (Hab. i. 13). And to bring such an offering to God, and lay it upon his altar in the heart, or upon the heights of the sanctuary, is an abomination in the sight of God, and must bring down on those who offer it the indignation of God, which came down upon the hypocrites in Zion in ancient times, when He said, "Cursed be the deceiver who hath in his flock a male, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing." (Mal. i. 14). If you throw such a Christianity as the one referred to into the conscience of the "Christian" slaveholder, trader, broker, or negro-hater, so called, what

effect will it have in separating him from his sins, or in changing his habits, practices, and institutions in these respects?

But lodge a Christianity, which comes filled with a love of liberty, in the conscience of these men, and at once they will give up slave-holding, slave-trading, slave-brokering, and negro-hating.

From being old men in these respects, they would become new men in other respects. Their old habits, practices, and institutions would pass away, and they would become new men in Christ. The former may make them Pharisees, give them the cup and platter, and beautify the exterior, but will leave them full of rottenness and dead men's bones. But the grand old-fashioned Christianity of the latter puts men into the old paths, and causes them to stand in the old ways of wisdom, piety, and godliness.

The one robs the fires of the sanctuary, and kindles sacrifices to Moloch. The other brings living sacrifices, which are acceptable to God, and presents them as free men and women in Christ. How sad to think that we have got but little of this true Christianity in America, whilst the spurious or false is that which leavens the masses.

This is obvious from the fact, that wherever true Christianity is introduced amongst men, whatever their tribe or clime, if it does not find liberty it creates it—creating it, it opens facilities for its spread, and promotes its progress, until it culminates in the jubilee, in accordance with the grand

prophetic announcement of Christ, where He says : "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, for He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke iv. 18).

But where are the creations, progress, and jubilee of American freedom? Where, indeed, except in the way of God's judgments! And the Rev. George B. Cheever, in his Thanksgiving Sermon, Nov. 24, 1859, has nothing better to throw into the "heart of the South" on his own behalf, and of the abolitionists which he represents, but "horns of powder, torches of Greek fire, percussion caps, and explosive biscuits, to set the whole slave population into a sudden revolt for the assertion of their own freedom, and the obliteration of those horrible laws that make property of man, concubines of wives, adulterers of husbands, bastards of children, chattels and brutes of immortal beings." Such policy, "was it in their power," says Cheever, "was beyond question your duty and my duty." Just imagine Paul and Silas, Peter, James, and John, or Timothy Dwight, Jonathan Edwards, and the old Puritan divines arming themselves with these terrible weapons of warfare and instruments of death, instead of the word of God, would they not have prostituted their office and betrayed their commission? Is it less so in the Rev. Geo. B.

Cheever, his brother, Henry Cheever, Wm. Goodell, or Henry Ward Beecher? Did not Paul repudiate all associations with material warfare, and disavow all intentional use of such weapons on behalf of the followers of Christ, when he said, "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," 2 Cor. x. 5. What mental and moral obliquity is here manifest on the part of Dr Cheever and our physical force abolitionists which has so obscured their sun that they cannot intelligently decipher in their operations the noble principles sketched on their own "signboard" in the *Principia!*

What stupefaction rests on them, laying their senses, reason, and consciences asleep, and making them dose away in peaceful slumbers, dreaming that the "moral underlays the political, and it controls the military," and therefore the military is now the sole conductor by which the electricity of moral influence is to reach mankind or the world in accordance with the grand panacea of Henry Ward Beecher in his Peace Items to General M'Clellan, and the kettle-drum beat of Dr Cheever on the subject of "divine ordinances in the civil government" to take his "horns of powder, torches of Greek fire, percussion caps, and explosive biscuits" to turn the South into another St Domingo, or as they call it in the *Principia*, "a type of heaven!" How hor-

ribly mesmerised by the fascinations of Bellona they must be, when they can gloat with satisfaction on armed slaves entering the dwellings of their masters, murdering their households and bridging their way to liberty over the bodies of the slain.

The Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, however, speaks of Northern Churches as "preserves of fatted game for Satan," "confectionaries where the Word of God is boiled down into pro-slavery syrups and sugars," to be converted into "lozenges" for free distribution through the American Tract Society; and where the "self-sealing cans of perdition are sealed up for Satan's profit and use." And his expressed opinions of Lincoln and the administrators of the Federal Government in the North, as we have seen, not being very favourable or flattering to them, surely we shall have some fearful missiles and tremendous battering rams brought to bear on them and hurled against them by Cheever, more especially as they are within his reach, and he has no apology to plead in such a case for the want of power or authority, as May 6, 1862, he makes Christ say, "Go to Decapolis and preach as well as fight."

When the infernal apparatus is forged by his inventive genius and skill, and the terrible engines come forth as the result of his "boundless philanthropy," we shall have some very direful disclosures. Lincoln, Blair, Seward, and all the vast multitudes of our negro-haters in the North, like Jeff. Davis in the South, will have to put their houses in order, as he and Goddell and the brute force abolitionists

approach them with lighted torches to fire their terrible destructives and hurl their missiles in their mission to make another "type of heaven" in the North! Cheever says that it is "wonderful piety, amazing sanctity of soul for a minister of Christ," referring to Dr Gardner Spring, "who is said to have declared that if he could emancipate all the slaves with one prayer, he would not dare to utter it." But the above is far exceeded by Cheever, equipped with his weapons of death to hurl destruction on the slaveholders, and scatter firebrands, arrows, and death on their plantations in his efforts to do good. This is commanding fire to come down from heaven with a vengeance on the Southerners! But there is to be no hurling of ruin on Northern delinquents, or Federal Compromisers who throw their blazing shields to protect the man-hunter whilst plying his vocation in the national capitol, as shewn in the following tragical scenes:—

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT IN AMERICA.

The following, extracted from the *New York Independent* May 29, 1862 shows that Henry Ward Beecher is waking out of sleep, like John Bright:—

"There will be no end to slavery agitation till slavery itself is at an end. When slavery was abolished in the District, some sanguine persons imagined that the agitation of the whole question was set at rest. It was not so. This very *day there is more excitement, more agitation on*

the subject of slavery here than there was when slavery was defended by the statutes of the District. And there should be agitation here, for Washington, during the last week, has been turned into a pandemonium. There is not a capital in the world in which such atrocities are committed as those which have made honest men blush in our streets during the last few days. For the first time since the war broke out, I have despaired of success in this war against the rebellion—it has sometimes during the past week seemed as if God would not permit a Government and people who wink at such things to triumph.

“On Friday evening, while taking a leisurely walk upon our great street, Pennsylvania Avenue, I saw a white fiend pounce upon a coloured man, who, neatly dressed, was passing up the street with his young wife. The first act of the officer was to knock the negro down, or nearly so, to prove the white man’s superiority. He then collared him, every now and then shaking him, as if he were a dog, instead of a man. “I am not a slave!” cried the victim. “Hold your tongue!” was the reply. The poor wife followed crying, beseeching, “Don’t take him off—he is not a slave. Where are you taking him to! Don’t strike him in that way. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!” Reply from the white brute: “Keep still, now *mind*, will you? I’ll arrest *you* if you don’t!” That scene I witnessed while taking a little walk after dinner upon the Broadway of the capital, and it was but one case out of a hun-

dred that have made the last week one of horrors in the capital of a country professing to be Christian and free. The shrieks of wretched slaves have been heard night and morning, at noonday and at midnight, until it has become too terrible for a man with ordinary sympathies to bear.

"A few days since a Maryland slaveholder came here and got out a warrant for his fugitive slave. He succeeded in capturing him, put manacles upon his wrists, and just at night started off with him for his somewhat distant home. In the course of the evening the poor fellow escaped the second time, and the master being on horseback failed to capture him. After repeated struggles the captive broke his chains in twain, but the links still clung to his wrists. When the next morning's sunlight fell on the marble walls of the Capitol it revealed a sight to make a man ashamed of home, country, Government—almost of his race. There sat the panting negro *on the Capitol steps*, the iron links of his manacles jingling against the marble column upon which he leaned. Was he guilty of any crime? Nothing. He simply desired to own his own body and soul, and in attempting to assert this right he fled to the American Capitol. There was no protection for him there, and the wretched man was again recaptured and dragged off to jail.

"If this Government will protect such heaven-defying atrocities, does it deserve success in the war it is waging? What act of Jefferson Davis, Government is any more heinous in the sight of God than

the seizure of innocent men and women by the agents of the Government, that they may be returned to slavery.

"Congress is mainly responsible for this. It can repeal the Fugitive Law. If it does not, then we have the confession before the world, that under the Constitution every voter in the Free States is made directly responsible for the worst outrages of slavery."

In the midst of the darkness made visible on all sides round in America, the fact looms up to our view like a great mountain that can never be dissolved by any process of sophistry or argument, or annihilated by mental mists or fogs, that no nation under heaven, with the same amount of population, possesses more churches, schools, colleges, printing presses, bibles, books, newspapers, ministers, teachers, professors of theology and literature, with their plentiful supply of D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, and other titles as long as fiddles, and as high sounding, but as barren of distinction in multitudes of cases as the tutor's mind at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which was said to be "full of emptiness;" and an abundance to spare for all applicants from the Old World who desire them, and to be thrown at the feet of Revs. Mr. Brock, the Hon. Baptist Noel, and others if they will condescend to wear them.

Surely if this vast array of agencies, instrumentalities, and activities had been actuated and controlled by the enlightened principles of Christianity, we should have had less stealing of babies, whipping

of women, making "concubines of wives, adulterers of husbands, bastards of children, chattels and brutes of immortal beings" in the South; and also of such incarnations of depravity as those given above under the shadow of the capitol at Washington, and of the haughtier at the North, which Blair says, subjects the coloured people to "every imaginable insult," and of the servility of the coloured people who have lain down under the incubus of despotism, until all life has nearly been trodden out of them; and who are only constrained at last to shew signs of moral life when the white lords of creation talk of removing them out of the country to put the climax on their own guilt and shame, or fill up the measure of their iniquity to the brim, whilst the Rev. Highland Garnet pays lofty tribute to their memories, and a regiment of them volunteer their aid to help to keep the South in subjection to "Military Governors" in direct opposition to the vested rights of the Constitution, who are now reconstructing the union on the basis of compromise with slavery. Surely with all the mighty array of agencies and instrumentalities in our churches, we ought to have had less blisters on the backs of slaves, and fewer victims amongst women subject to a fate worse than death from licentious overseers and masters—but alas, these have been made the means to increase them, and to forge heavier chains wherewith to manacle their limbs, to make hotter the flames through which they have been made to *pass in sacrifice* to the Moloch of slavery, corrupting

all the fountains of justice and morality, and turning the Church of the living God into a heathen temple, where the false gods of the nation have been exhibited, worshipped, and adored, until the divine hand appeared:—

“ Painting the shadow of our country’s crime,
 Until, upon its blackness like a wall of solid night,
 There came a scroll of Mene, Mene, in lines of lurid night.”

When the Government of America was first formed there were only six hundred and forty-seven thousand slaves. Now, alas! there are four millions. What stronger proof can be given, or need be required, of the fact already recorded that Christianity in America has become an engine by which deceit has been engendered, morality subverted, liberty suffocated, and the churches heathenised? How vastly different to that Christianity which led primitive Christians to sell the vessels of the sanctuary to effect the deliverance of their fellow-Christians from bondage, and to set apart a portion of the Sabbath on which to offer special gratitude and praises to Almighty God on their being redeemed from slavery to liberty, an act which would be considered by the Scribes and Pharisees that now throng many Christian temples to be unseemly and an intrusion, and make them very wrathful and vindictive. And the numerous Pantheists in America have done nothing towards supplying men with a better faith or a sounder creed than our old-fashioned Christianity, which has been so much perverted and abused by its avowed friends and open foes. These

perversions, however, have furnished them with a pretext against Christianity, and led them with exultant delight to "speak of orthodoxy as pulverizing to the dust of ages," or "as a dead sea of rottenness."

But that orthodoxy in its grand old elements will yet march over the graves of Theodore Parker, Emerson, Wm. Loyd Garrison, and all the fecund tribe of Pantheists to final conquest and victory.

PROSLAVERY VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

In the dark ages of the world the opponents of Christianity used every effort, and resorted to every stratagem in their power to stop the circulation of the Bible; but perceiving that they might as well try to arrest the sun, chain the lightning, hush the voice of thunder, control the tides of ocean, or unite the poles, they abandoned their vain and impious project, and sought to corrupt what they could not destroy. Hence the Bible was printed and circulated with their gloss upon it. The slaveholders and proslavery professors of Christianity in America have taken a leaf out of their book, resolved that wherever the Bible goes their false interpretations of the Bible should also go! And there is not a tithe of the treachery or fraud in the Church of Rome that exists in the Protestant churches of America in connection with the wilful perversions, the fearful mutilations, the dangerous interpolations, and *the unwarrantable translations of Scripture.*

Out of many specimens which the author has collected, take the following:—

“In a critical examination of the 1st chapter of Genesis and the 24th verse, Dr Samuel A. Cartwright, a learned divine in New Orleans, says, in an article which he gives in *De Bow's Review*, entitled the “Unity of the Hebrew Bible.”

A NEW ORLEANS VERSION OF THE MOSAIC RECORD.

An “August” number of *De Bow's Review* contains an article entitled, “Unity of the Human Race disproved by the Hebrew Bible,” from the pen of Dr. Samuel A. Cartwright, of New Orleans. The doctor says:—“If we take the Hebrew Bible for a guide, and faithfully interpret it, there can be but one opinion on the question. That book positively affirms that there were at least two races of intellectual creatures with immortal souls, created at different times. Thus in the 24th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, ‘The Lord said: Let the earth bring forth intellectual creatures with immortal souls after their kind: cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind, and it was so.’ In our English version, instead of ‘intellectual creatures with immortal souls,’ we have only the words ‘living creatures,’ as representing the Hebrew words ‘naphesh chayah.’ The last word means ‘living creature,’ and the word ‘naphesh,’ which invests ‘chayah,’ or living creatures, with intellectuality and immortality, is not translated at all,

either in the Douay Bible or that of King James. But it stands more durable than brass or granite, inviting us to look at the negro and the Indian, and then to look at that, and we will understand it. Mississippi and Louisiana are half full of negroes, so is the Hebrew Bible, but our English version has not got a negro in it. Fifty years ago, Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned commentator of the Bible, from deep reading in the Hebrew, Arabic, and Coptic languages, was forced to the conclusion that the creature which beguiled Eve was an animal, formed like man, walked erect, and had the gift of speech and reason. He believed it was an ourang-outang, and not a serpent. If he had lived in Louisiana, instead of England, he would have recognised the negro gardener."

A NEW VERSION OF THE PARABLE OF THE TARES.

In a sermon preached on the above parable, by the Rev. Mr Remington, a distinguished Episcopalian minister, Brooklyn, New York, on a Fast-Day, in 1860, he said:—"We have got the tares of slavery; shall we pull them up? No, (said he) lest we pull up the wheat of liberty." He might have continued saying, we have got the tares of drunkenness, and shall we pull them up? In accordance with his version, they must not be disturbed, lest we pull up the wheat of sobriety! What a license to sin! What tremendous facilities *it opens up* to do the work of Satan! And yet no

doctrine, theoretically or practically, has had more numerous supporters in our American Churches!

OTHER VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

In the *Evangelical Magazine* for March 1861, there is an exposition given of a passage of Scripture from the Psalms, by the Rev. Dr. Palmer. The text is, "shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law." Ps. xciv. 20.

In the rendering of this passage of Scripture, the Doctor defines the throne of iniquity to be "emancipation;" and framing mischief by a law, "to be the opening up of facilities for its spread!" And, strange to say, abolition ministers, Christians, and churches have been regarded as the greatest criminals and plague-spots in the land—nuisances to be swept away!

The Rev. Peniel Coombe, of Philadelphia, a travelling preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, openly, exultingly, and without rebuke, in the last Buffalo Conference held in 1860, called the attention of the assembled ministers and delegates to what he called the fact, that the Golden Rule recognised slaveholding; and on the basis of that interpretation grounded an appeal, exclaiming, "let each one who opposes slavery look into this moral mirror, which God has hung up before all humanity, and ask himself this question, 'Were I in the position of our brethren in the Border (i. e., the "Chris-

tian slaveholders," and slavebreeders), would I have a right to desire that they who oppose slavery should do unto me what I am now trying to do unto them!" And most strange to say, not a hand less was given to him in fellowship, or a Christian salutation withdrawn from him, as a so-called "Christian brother," on the manifestation of his mental and moral obliquity, by the members of the Conference!

On a fast day in 1861, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said, "Did Christ say, 'I came to open the prison doors,'" that is the text now used to justify men in shutting and locking them up! Did Christ come to loose those that are bound; that is the text used out of which men spin cords to bind men, women, and children? Was it his mission to carry light to those that sit in darkness, and also deliverance; this is also used to create infernal meshes and snares by which to keep men in bondage!"

The Bible Union, of which the Rev. Thomas Armitage is president, produced three Baptist Doctors of Divinity in 1860, who translated the word servant into slave! And the above divine has been most earnestly commended, in the *Baptist Freeman*, January 29, 1862, to the sympathies and hospitalities of British Christians by its Boston Correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Eddy.

In 1860, the author met with an eminent Presbyterian clergyman in Philadelphia, who was a Bible defender of slavery. On asking for his authority, to his surprise, he quoted the well known pas-

sage "servants obey your masters." As the author observed that "his position was untenable," the Rev. gentleman, with an air of apparent triumph, exclaimed, "does not the original word *doulos* mean slave?" Falling back on the general rule of biblical interpretation—viz., that of interpreting one passage of Scripture by another, the author said, "let us put your interpretation to the test." There is that interesting passage of Scripture where Peter and John presented their fervent supplications to Almighty God, 'Grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word.' Acts iv. 29. In your interpretation, therefore, you must take out the word servants and put in slaves." "But were they not bought with a price?" said he. "Bought for slavery!" replied the author; "the thing is monstrous, horrible." And Paul, referring to the fact, triumphantly exclaimed, "now are ye freemen in Christ." To what terrible shifts these corrupters and defilers of God's heritage are reduced. The interpretation of the word servant into slave, has become so general in America, that the time-honoured name of servant is everywhere unpopular, except at the South, where they call their slaves servants; but in the North "*helps!*" And you could not give a greater offence in the Free States, so-called, than by calling a domestic a servant.

On visiting at a clergyman's house at Beloit,

Wisconsin, a few years ago, the author happened to call the "help" in the family by the name of servant, when she instantly turned upon him like a tigress, and the "dominie" had to come to his rescue, by saying "that no insult was intended, as it was common for persons brought up and trained in England to use the word servant." He had great difficulty, however, in cooling down her resentment; as with haughty contemptuous looks, and the fires of indignation blazing in her soul, she left the room, saying, "she would not be insulted that way again."

Tracts have been extensively circulated in America by pantheistical infidel men, full of specimen texts, with the interpolations of pro-slavery commentators and divines inserted. Take the following as specimens: "He that stealeth a man," except he has African blood in him, "and selleth him; or if he be found in his hands," except the laws forbid emancipation, "he shall surely be put to death."

"He that despiseth his neighbour," except he has a coloured skin, "sinneth!"

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me," except when slaveholders enact that a slave owes to his master, and to all his family, a respect without bounds, and an absolute obedience.

"Cry aloud," not against slave-holding, but abolitionism, "spare not," not the slave-holder, but the abolitionist, "lift up thy voice like a trumpet,

and shew my people their transgressions and sins," except they are slave-holders and negro haters.

However enlightened Christian men may mourn over the circumstance, they cannot disavow that such have been the theories taught almost universally in our American churches, and by whole ecclesiastical bodies in their synodical capacity, when they have advised their churches, ministers, and delegates wholly to refrain from delivering the poor and needy, when they cry for help, and from ridding them out of the hands of the wicked slave-holders and slave-breeders. And, what is still worse, where the above theories have not been openly taught, they have been almost invariably acted upon in the American churches! Hence, at the foot of one of the tracts referred to, there is the following reflection: "Such is the practical reading of the Bible by pro-slavery men. Thus do they derive comfort and encouragement in approving or apologising for a system of iniquity." "With all the foregoing texts before our eyes," say these men, "how can any person be so fanatical and stupid as not to see that the Bible is a pro-slavery book!"

With such interpretations and readings, what advantage hath a pro-slavery professor of Christianity over a pantheistical or infidel anti-slavery man? Who does not see that the vantage ground is on the other side? and were true Christians

shut up to such "*versions*" of the Scriptures, with their fearful mutilations and dangerous interpolations, infidels, pantheists, and the fecund tribe of universalists, would wag their heads in triumph, exclaiming, "So would we have it." But we are not thus shut up. And there is nothing these pro-slavery divines or pantheists so much dread as the men of God who take the fire of God's living truth to burn up the rubbish of such interpretations and perversions of God's truth. Sometimes, however, the former will come up to us who let loose the lightnings and thunderings of God Almighty's truth on them, and with tongues of slander, and faces of brass, like Ahab when he met Elijah, demand, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" and we have each a ready response like the old prophet: "I am not he that troubleth Israel; but thou and thy fathers, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and followed Baal." (1 Kings xviii. 17, 18).

And the latter have thrown open their newspapers for assaults on the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible, and attacks on evangelical men, as we have seen in the case of Frederick Douglass, and as also certified to in the *Liberator*, July 6, in the case of the Iowa Convention. They have also used the Sabbath for giving political anti-slavery addresses, of which we have many specimens given in Fred. Douglass' *Monthly* for 1861. They have also turned the platform of the Anti-

slavery Society into a medium of attacking the doctrines of the cross of Christ, and propagating Pantheism, as shown in the scenes which took place at the anniversary of the Anti-slavery Society, held in Boston in 1860, when Wm. Loyd Garrison protested in vain against the breach of impropriety, but was ruled out of order. And, strange to say, Mr. Garrison, at a later stage of the same anniversary, more egregiously erred in the address which he gave in honour of the late Theodore Parker; when he uttered the following sentiments, extracted from the *Liberator*. In the tribute which he paid to Theodore Parker, Wm. Loyd Garrison said: "But what of his theology? Mr. G. did not know that he could state the whole of Mr. P.'s creed, but he remembered a part of it:—There is one God and Father over all, absolute and immutable, whose love is infinite, and therefore inexhaustible, and whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hands; and whether in the body or out of the body, the farthest wanderer from the fold might yet have hope. He believed in the continual progress and final redemption of the human race; that every child of God, however erring, might ultimately be brought back. You may quarrel with that theology," said Mr Garrison, "if you please. I shall not. I like it. I have great faith in it. I accept it!" "It is nothing to me," said Garrison, "that any man calls himself a Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, or Universalist."

“Many years ago Thomas Jefferson uttered a sentiment which shocked our eminently Christian country as being thoroughly infidel:—“I do not care,” said he, “whether my neighbour believes in one God or twenty gods, if he does not pick my pocket.”

“I believe in immortal life not as a matter of logic or metaphysics, for it does not come within the scope of these—but I feel it in every fibre and nerve of my system, in every drop of my blood, in the very instincts, necessities, and desires of my nature. The soul secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.”

“This thought,” said Garrison, “in view of any mortal bereavement, however great, fills the soul with complete satisfaction, and inspires it with a new life.”

What had Theodore Parker’s theology to do with the anti-slavery platform any more than the fallacious doctrines of universal redemption and the denial of a future punishment against which Mr Garrison had protested at the above anniversary meeting? The author had read the statement which Mr Garrison had put on record in a speech printed in the *Liberty Bell* in 1856, that “in England and Scotland especially, extraordinary pains have been taken in public and in private, by an artful appeal to sectarian narrowness, to hold up the American Anti-Slavery Society as unworthy of all countenance in any degree on account of its infidel cha-

racter. Contributions designed for the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar have been withheld, or directed into hostile channels, and the most devoted advocates of the slaves treated with coldness, suspicion, or contempt. In all this no strange thing has happened. It is an old device to direct attention from the true issue. It is a malicious fabrication, a mad-dog cry to effect the death of the hated object." In the presence of the above sentiments, given as uttered by Mr Garrison, which the author heard delivered, and finds recorded in his anti-slavery newspaper as extracted—in their presence, what becomes of this disavowal previously made to such an unwise policy? And how are we to regard the foolish statement of Dr Cheever, made in Edinburgh in regard to Mr Garrison. In a letter by J. A. Horner, Esq, to the *Baptist Freeman*, during the time of Dr Cheever's visit to England, Horner says, "at a recent meeting in Edinburgh Dr Cheever paid a noble tribute to Garrison, with whom he had held many long and earnest conversations. He, Dr Cheever, could testify to his being anything but an infidel. On the contrary, he could testify to his being a man who lived in the fear of God and the love of Christ as his Saviour."

And the statement of Henry Ward Beecher is equally absurd and foolish, when he said, "By and by, when you and I are gone down below the horizon, and men see none of us, they will behold standing as high as a star Wm. Loyd Garrison."

Garrison has many noble traits in his character, and has set a noble example and made sacrifices to promote a noble cause, which ought to shame multitudes of men who profess to be swayed by nobler principles and influenced by a nobler faith, and ought to stimulate others of them to heroic endurance and to the performance of nobler deeds. But be this as it may, the smallest prattling babe that has begun to lisp the grand old fashioned doctrines of Christianity, is greater than Wm. Loyd Garrison, the late Theodore Parker, or the greatest unbeliever or Pantheist that ever filled a niche in the temple of fame.

The sad history of America, however, demonstrates that whilst, through the unfaithfulness of ministers and churches, our country has been overwhelmed with a deluge of universal ruin, men holding sentiments like Wm. Loyd Garrison have not been owned and blessed of God to roll back that deluge, close up the mighty floodgates, and save our ruined land. Amidst the universal wreck and gloom that prevail in our land, all eyes are turned to President Lincoln. And many are anxious that he should write peace by the sword of war, and use the slaves for the attainment of this object. But what hope is there of Lincoln, when God has appeared as the avenger of his elect who have cried day and night unto Him, and is now stretching His Almighty hand from the clouds to punish our nation for its sins. "And it shall come to pass at that time that I will search

Jerusalem with candles, and punish the men that are settled on their lees, that say in their heart the Lord will not do good, neither will He do evil." Zeph. i. 12. This day this Scripture is fulfilled in America, and as the candles of the ministry are snuffed out, the candles of God's divine judgments are lit up, and "God is making inquisition for blood." Ps. ix. 12.

But should God in His all-wise providence—through His furnace blast—and pangs of tribulation—give us an open door with his own instrumentalities and agencies, one of us could chase a thousand of the pro-slavery, pantheistical, or brute force men. And with such a field and no favour we could not doubt the issue of the conflict with slavery, color-phobia, anglo-phobia, or any other phobia, pantheistical, infidel, or otherwise; since God has given us mountain ranges of truth, where we can take hold of mighty avalanches of texts to crush out the positions of men who tamper with, waylay, or seek to hinder the progress of the truth of God. The pen is mightier than the sword—the printing press than a park of artillery—and a "thus saith the Lord," is mightier and more powerful than any Armstrong ever invented or brought into use.

The success of these Ahabs on the one hand, and pantheists on the other, however, has been so great in leavening the public mind with their delusive theories, by their subtle processes of reasoning, their shifting policies, and their terrible expediencies,

that the conflict will be fierce and furious. But God has committed his Bible, like his cause, to the same wonderful Providence, as in the days of the early reformers and martyrs in Europe. And He is now watching over it with the eye of an Argus to guard and preserve it with shield of flame, in all its entirety, uncorrupted, unmutilated, and unbroken. And we can take sweet solace and comfort in the assurance that His "Holy Book"—the "bright candle of the Lord," like his own cause, will never be extinguished, or wax dim, but shine with a clear and steady lustre, to fling its radiance, if necessary, across the fire-paved pathway of the consecrated sons of God, as in the case of those eminent Christian martyrs in the cause of freedom in America, Elijah Lovejoy, and John Brown, or to antedate the blessedness of heaven to those of us who have fought our way through the gigantic jungles of difficulty, which have hedged up our path in America, created by these pro-slavery divines, and pantheistical tricksters and demagogues—leapt over their abattis—taken them by the beard and smote them under the fifth rib of their consciences, or cloven them with the scimitar of God's truth from the "cranium to the oxcoxygus," shouting "Jerusalem our Happy Home."

A revival, in its widest and most extended signification, embraces life imparted and reproduced. It first begins in the Church, and then extends to the world. And when spiritual life is implanted in one human soul, what interest is excited in heaven, mighty anthems sung, and thundering hallelujahs rolled forth to celebrate the event, making heaven's mansions to resound with their everlasting songs of praise! Luke, xv. 10. It is life from the dead. Amen! So let it be! And as this life leaps up and courses through the veins of the newborn child of God, we will take up the sweet music of these angelic melodies and send back their chorus from earth to heaven, with those sweet messengers who visit this lower world, to bear to their own bright world of joy and blessedness the tidings of one, another, and yet another, when he or she is converted to God, shouting "another dead man is alive! Another lost one is found. Another pilgrim has left the City of Destruction for the Heavenly Jerusalem! Another soldier has enlisted into the army of Christ! Another witness has been raised up to testify to the richness of the Saviour's love and the power of His Almighty grace! Another herald has been created to help to roll the name of Jesus around the globe and his everlasting throne in heaven! Another monument has been reared on which is inscribed, to the praise of God's name, and glorious grace! Another trophy has been won to shew forth the honour of the

Redeemer's name and the triumphs of His cross !
Another jewel to adorn Immanuel's crown !”

On approaching the Heavenly City, heaven is astir. And as its gates fly back to welcome these angel messengers who sound their trumpets along its golden streets, the most gracious smiles light up the countenances of the blessed inhabitants of that city—fires of transport burn more brightly in their bosoms—rivers of harmony flow forth from their melodious harps—their praises go sweeping over the luminous hills of Paradise—and down through the flowery vales between—to be taken up by immortal groves 'midst fields of living green and sent back with an ever increasing tide of melody in honour of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb for ever !

What a day when such an event occurs. How blessed the day when the slave wakes up to the consciousness that his fetters are broken and limbs set free ! It is a glorious day to him. So it is to the newborn soul. It is the day of his deliverance and espousals to Christ. Day above all others to be remembered, treasured up, honoured, commemorated. And what a point of communication it opens between heaven and earth, not only in connection with the ministries of angels, but with the Saviour himself. For spiritual life imparted in conversion proceeds from union with Christ. And where there is union, there must be blessed communion with the Saviour. And what a sweet

solace to the spirit is communion with Christ! How it allays prejudice, opens the upper and nether springs of the divine favour, and assimilates the spirit to the likeness of our Lord!

A Revival is also a reproduction of life in the soul—a re-establishment of Christianity in its empire over the soul, the intellect, and the body. It is a thorough-felt awakening—a full and unreserved devotion of all that we are and have as stewards of the manifold mysteries of the grace of God to the great end of life, the good of universal being. It implies, as a necessary demand of its nature, an unqualified and perpetual consecration to the law of right in all its varied claims, so far as understood, as any thing short of this would leave us in servitude to sin and exposed to external death. A true revival, therefore, must give a new direction to human conduct, secure obedience to the law of right, the expulsion of selfishness from the soul, and the prevalence of universal disinterested benevolence, the willingness of the happiness of God and the universe. Towards God it produces love, reverence, and obedience. Towards man, mercy, kindness, honesty, pity, forbearance, justice, truth, and benevolence.

Now, between such a revival as that which we have attempted to describe, and those which have been of frequent occurrence around us in America, there is a world wide difference. Revivals in America have produced an excitement of the sensibilities, but the great objects of practical life and

action have been left uncared for. Deep emotional experiences have been cultivated, while the comprehensive claims of a world-wide benevolence have lain a dead letter in the Bible, unheeded and unneeded. By some unaccountable agency, multitudes have been stirred up to profess love towards God, and yet towards man they have taken slave whips, fitted out the slave ships, or put up slave boards at noonday prayer meetings, with the blazing inscription on them, "no controversy allowed here," which means in America, there must be no allusion to the slave, slave-holder, or, slavery in your prayers to God, or addresses to men; or fence off the communion table, the railway car, and even the State, as in the recent case of Illinois, with the inscription "No black man or mulatto allowed here!"

Dr Cheever, in a sermon preached on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 14, 1859, said, "We have had revivals, 'mighty years of grace.'" And yet even he, with his quick perceptions and penetrating genius, has been impelled to avow, on the heels of the above concession, that there has been no application of this spiritual power for the deliverance of the enslaved by the American Churches, or for the hurling to its foundations of that huge wall of caste that separates the black from the white. Dr Cheever adds, "after such a baptism of mercy and grace to exercise mercy to others, or to labour for the deliverance of the oppressed, there is in many

quarters a deadlier, deeper, and more terrible oppression. The churches and ministry have not only refused to speak out on behalf of the enslaved, but very generally demand silence and denounce the agitation of the subject. The Free States pass new black laws against the coloured race, and the Slave States pass deadlier slave laws to thrust the free coloured population into slavery for ever."

Dr Cheever's testimony does not go far to substantiate his own statement of years of baptism and grace! What a fallacy to suppose that such revivals are a baptism of grace and mercy, without the fruits meet for repentance.

Suppose that John the Baptist could rise from the dead, and was to read the flaming accounts that have been given in the *New York Independent, Observer*, and the *American Baptist*, and other papers scattered over the land, of the great revivals that have taken place amongst the slave-holders and slave-breeders of the South, and the slave-brokers, negro-haters, and knuckle-dustermen of the North. And that he should visit some of their crowded assemblies where the Caugheys, Finneys, and Knapps, were in the midst of what Dr. Cheever calls "mighty years of grace." And that John was to stand up and turn towards these men above referred to, who profess to have fled from the wrath to come, and ask them, "what is the nature of Christianity?" Of course they would reply, "repentance, faith, and loving obedi-

ence to the Saviour's commands." But "what of the fruits meet for repentance?" continues John. "Are the furrows on the slave's back, ploughed with your wire-twined whips; or the mothers who are weeping for their children, like Rachel in the days of Herod, and they are not; or the rude savages who are torn from their homes in Africa to be engulfed in the deeper abyss of woe, in connexion with American slavery; the expulsion of Christ's black little ones from the steamboat saloon, railway car, social circle, communion table, sanctuary, and from the State, and their banishment to the black penal colony in Liberia—are these, or any of them, fruits meet for repentance?" What would these arch deceivers and hypocrites say? We have heard some of them say, but more frequently read their sayings in print, "we are friendly to freedom, *but must not offend.*" And with their calf-kissing consciences they never do offend the parties who are in the ascendant, whether in Church or State. And as the slave power has hitherto borne the rule in both departments, at least up to the time of the disruption, those who have brought a pressure to bear on their consciences have had to meet a hailstorm of the missiles of their misrepresentations, and to bear up, Atlas-like, under a world of their obloquy and reproach.

But, by-and-by, when our cause becomes popular, these very men will press forwards into the front ranks, and we old veterans, who have been sub-

jected to the peltings of their "pitiless storm" will be crowded off the platform, hurled into the shades of obscurity, treated with indifference, or it may be with contempt, whilst they, gracious souls, will climb up into the tree of slavery, which we have made rotten by cutting off its roots; and as the old, blasted, withered trunk comes down with a mighty thundering crash to the ground, they will leap amongst the branches, and exclaim, like the Irishman in connexion with an old rotten tree, that he thus brought down on Staten Island, "didn't we bring her down aisy!"

In the dialogue of John the Baptist, therefore, we see that Revivals without reforms are "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals"—beggarly shams and forgeries—counterfeits—or as Sheffields say—"wasters." And those flaming Revivalists to which we have referred, have had nothing better to shew in America!

This is most surprising, since some of them make large pretensions to a superior sanctity in connection with the perfectibility of human nature, or complete sanctification as they call it. And therefore they have terribly baulked their work, when they have left standing, in the midst of these "mighty years of grace and mercy," those rough and rugged stumps of pro-slavery proclivity on which they have knelt, over which they have shook hands with these generations of vipers, and around which they

have made themselves merry with the songs of Zion, singing

“Blest be the dear uniting love.”

In the midst, therefore, of these years of baptism and grace, a Revival is still needed to “reform the sentiments, practices, and habits of the people; and even of church members, new converts, and Revival preachers.”

Why? O! why, should not Revivals and reformations be combined in one? But be this as it may, we must ever discriminate between Revivals that reform men, and those which merely proselyte them. “Mahometans, Pagans, Mormons, and proslavery men have their revivals, and multiply their converts, but produce in them no real change of heart or life. There are many important and useful reformations that fall short of a Revival of religion, or we should be able to classify many who make no profession of religion with Christians.” Let us then ever connect the two, since Revivals without reformation are spurious, whilst reformations without Revivals are atheistical, pantheistical, or infidel. What God hath joined let no man dare to put asunder. Judged by the above test, the author feels no hesitation, at the risk of being called a lunatic, in avowing that the American Revivals have been defective. Thrown into the crucible of God’s word they will not stand the test. The author has applied the test personally in Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting.

New York, by simply praying for the slave amongst other objects for prayer and has been expelled from the room. On rising from his knees, two grave men standing by the door presented the following questions, "Are you acquainted with the rules of our meeting?" He observed "that he knew of no rule in prayer but the word of God." "Are you aware that no controversy is allowed here?" "He said that he had yet to learn that there was such a thing as controversy in prayer, and that it was a bad thing that would not bear praying over." Then they said, "we shall not allow you to pray here." On finding that they trembled at his poor and unworthy prayers just as Queen Mary did with those of John Knox, he retired and has not troubled them since in Fulton Street. On another occasion he went to Cooper's Institute, where a "Revival Prayer Meeting" was held every Sabbath afternoon. After the meeting was thrown open and all were invited to take a part, the author rose, and on casting his eye slowly but solemnly around the vast crowd assembled, he asked what was the nature of Christianity? He pictured one individual rising in a far distant part of the building, saying, "O! Sir, it is a supreme love of Christ." And another rising in another part of the building, exclaiming, "O! Sir, it is a separation from all sin." He replied, "very good." But whilst we "have any amount of the former, have we got any amount of the latter;" remarking, "what is the former

without the latter?" He then gave an illustration, "Suppose a man comes into this assembly and says, 'Oh! Sir, I supremely love Christ,' but you know that he is a sheep-stealer, and he makes no concealment of sheep-stealing, would you give him the right hand of fellowship,—throw a plummet into the depths of his experience to ascertain how matters stand between God and his soul,—enquire of him if there were any Revivals of religion in the neighbourhood whence he came,—deal out Christian salutation to him,—or bid him God speed. No. You would meet him with lightning, thunder, and earthquake until he gave up his sheepstealing.

"If you would thus deal righteously with the sheepstealing professor of Christianity, let us see how the matter stands in another case. Another person makes his appearance, and says, 'O! Sir, Christ is my Saviour. I feel him to be precious,' and you know that he is a slaveholder, or a man-stealer—where is there a person in this assembly that would refuse to recognise him as a Christian or a brother in Christ? Where is the individual that would reprove, exhort, or rebuke him until he gave up his slaveholding or man-stealing? How is it that sheep-stealing is a crime, and man-stealing a virtue?" At this point, the persons near the author seized him by his coat, and dragged him with violence to his seat, whilst the gentleman who presided, shouted, "Time, time." And it is never considered the "time" to reprove sin in

America. This work is always considered unseasonable there. And if any one should dare to commit the above unpardonable sin, the claws and cloven feet of the Claverhouses will soon be upon him.

Dr Cheever, in a powerful speech, called "The fire and hammer of God's word," says, "An individual was met recently by a friend, who asked how it was with him, when he said he had been busy all winter in the revival, and was at a prayer meeting every morning at six o'clock. In the course of the conversation he was asked how he felt in regard to the iniquity going on in Congress, 'Oh,' said he, 'I don't trouble myself about that at all; and as long as I and my family get enough to eat and drink Congress may do what they choose. I have no concern about it.'"

Commenting on the above, Dr. Cheever justly observes, "Now of what possible avail can whole churches of such Christians be? What effect can tons of such piety have upon the morals of the community? How will Revivals of religion reach the sins of the nation, if piety is content with eating, drinking, and attendance at six o'clock morning prayers, while the nation marches steadily on to wrath and ruin." And the above is a sword that cuts two ways. What effect must it have on themselves? Can a connivance at, or forbearance with sin in any of its forms be well pleasing to God? No. God thunders in the ears of such "cribbed, cabined, and confined souls"—"If ye

regard iniquity in your hearts I will not hear you.”
“Bring no more vain oblations, they are an abomination to me. Your hands are full of blood!”
Isaiah i. 10-15.

ON THE RELATIONSHIPS OF THE CHURCHES TO
SLAVERY.—SLAVERY A CARDINAL VIRTUE.

It has been inducted into the churches of nearly all the principal denominations in America—and inaugurated as a cardinal virtue.

Dr. Cheever, in his own peculiar and emphatic style says, “This crime which has been gibbeted by the law of God, is taken from the gallows, galvanised into a hideous life by gospel resurrectionists, covered with the habiliments of piety, and put down in the churches of America by the side of faith, hope, and charity.” And even nursed in the angelic arms of charity and love. And when we take the fire of the living God, and thrust it within the hideous skeleton, and try to burn it up, we ourselves are denounced and thrust out of the churches as the greatest criminals! But, though all the churches on earth were to receive this crime into their communion, or all christians were to enshrine it in the innermost circle of their hearts, they could not transform it into a virtue.

INTERCHANGE OF FELLOWSHIP BETWEEN NORTHERN
AND SOUTHERN CHURCHES.

This is another characteristic of the leading denominations. Persons have generally taken letters from the Northern churches where they have been members when they have gone South, and become *bona fide* members of Southern, or slaveholding churches. And *vice versa* in regard to the vast bulk of the churches in the North, whilst Christian abolitionists, and churches based on these principles, have been often cast off, abhorred and treated as the offscouring of all things. And the interchanges in regard to the pulpit have been frequent and intimate. The Rev. Dr Fuller of Baltimore, one of the most popular clergymen in our Baptist denomination in America up to a recent date, has held numbers of slaves in his own right. And yet there has been no slaveholding minister more popular in our Northern churches than this man. When a new sanctuary is dedicated to God the preference is generally given to him above all others next to Henry Ward Beecher. In 1860, he opened a new Baptist church at Newark, New Jersey. Crowds of people flocked to hear him. Had he brought his slaves with him, there would have been no small stir perhaps, but was he less guilty when he left them behind him? If he did not bring his slaves he brought his slaveholding guilt with

him in his conscience, and was enthusiastically welcomed and received! In the first Baptist Church, Chicago, over which the author has presided, he found that one of its former ministers—a Rev. Mr Hinton, a relation of the honoured family of Hintons in England, went from that church to preside over a slaveholding church in New Orleans, where he died! Another clergyman who has been the pastor of the Chicago church, went also to be pastor of the same church in New Orleans, and has recently been engaged in fighting against the Federal troops, and was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, and is now in custody at Chicago as a prisoner of war, the very place where he was formerly a minister. The present minister was formerly pastor of a slaveholding church in Louisville, Kentucky!

There are exceptions taken by the Covenanters or Reformed Presbyterians and Free Will Baptists to these interchanges, but, with a few exceptions, the resolutions on their church books to disfellowship slaveholders have been a dead letter. The author has seen such discrepancy between theory and practice in this respect that he has the profound conviction that those resolutions have been like a large wall around a prison. And the churches themselves the author could compare to nothing but prison houses, or the cavern mentioned in an ancient legend, in which was to be discerned a large army of men, equipped at every point for

active and instant warfare, but under the influence of some enchantment, dead. Beside them lay a trumpet, and he who should sound a certain note might awaken these all to life. The mail-clad warriors referred to, with a few exceptions, have lain supine in the prison-houses or caverns of their churches, where neither pledge, hope, nor interest could move them. What a grand opportunity the British delegates had of taking the keybugle of the gospel, and, as with an apocalyptic blast from their trumpet, have roused them from their deep slumbers, brought them to their feet, formed them into line, and marshalled them for the conflict, that column after column, and battery after battery, might be brought to bear on the strongholds of slavery, until the flagstaff of freedom was planted on the battle height, and the slaves come forth from the deep dungeons of their misery, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation." But, alas! instead of sounding an alarm fell a prey to evil influences and unwise counsels until lulled to sleep by opiates, they went to sleep with our American divines and churches.

And thus your avowed intrepid heroes slumbered and slept, thinking, doubtless, that *a still tongue makes a wise head*. And still they were, for we had not a single bark or yelp from Cunningham, Duff, Oncken, Hannah, Arthur, Waddington, Robinson Scott, Grattan Guinness, Edgar, Dill, and others. None but the Rev. Dr Burns ever raised his voice,

so as to give a clear sound from his shrill clarion-trumpet. Dr Jobson claimed that if he went again to America he would get into prison from his preaching to a coloured church in Baltimore. But there is no danger of that so long as he lets slavery and colourphobia *alone* in the white man's church. Robinson Scott lost one of the grandest opportunities that ever fell to the lot of man, when at the Buffalo Conference in 1860, of making his mark to all coming time, and handing down his name to posterity. When he arose to take his leave of the Conference there had been a debate extending over seven days between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. A rule on the Methodist Book of Discipline prohibited men from buying and selling men, women, and children with a view to enslave them. This rule was sought in that long debate to be changed as follows:—We prohibit men buying, selling, and *holding* men, women, and children, &c. When Scott arose he had a full perception of this *gigantic quibble*, as he said "on his part he could not see in what the Brethren differed. Probably it was because he weighed it with the logic of an Irishman. Perhaps it would be considered an Irishman's impertinence to speak about it. He hoped they would forgive him." Dr Edgar, at a large meeting in Fulton Street said, "he was determined to be pleased with everybody and everything." And Dr Waddington, as we have seen, might have won double honours as the representative of the Church of the

martyrs, but trifled with the occasion, causing his "Memorial Church" to rise up like our long poles of contradiction in America, in mockery of his proceedings in Philadelphia. When a collection was taken up in Henry Ward Beecher's Church for the Memorial Church in London, Beecher took out his pocket-book, turned over a large roll of dollar bills on the pulpit stand, and threw some of them into the plate, saying he would want to preach on his next visit to England. And as he will bring his knuckle-dusters with him, it will be a most fitting place to try his hand to make a few martyrs that they may be enshrined in the Memorials of the above Church!

NEGRO CASTE.

This is another characteristic of our American churches. There are few coloured men in attendance at Ward Beecher's church. In Dr Cheever's church the battle has only recently commenced against colourphobia. Until 1860 no coloured person was allowed to sit in the body of the Church of the Puritans. An English nobleman on his way to Bermuda had to spend a Sabbath in New York, and went to the above Church with his family and black servant. Presently one of the trustees directed the coloured servant to go up into the gallery, reminding him that "no coloured person was allowed to take a place in that part of the Church." The

nobleman thinking he had got to the wrong place of worship, asked if "that was Dr Cheever's church." On being answered in the affirmative, he at once with his family and servant left the place. In the evening of that day, Dr Cheever for the first time in public denounced these cruel and inveterate prejudices against people who owned a colour different to themselves. Since that time all obnoxious imposts in regard to colour have been swept out of the church of the Puritans, and now it is as free for the blacks as for the whites. Who has not heard, however, of the respectable white man's pew in connexion with the Rev. Dr Baron Stowe of Boston, who tried to pass himself off for an anti-slavery clergyman in England, but was challenged at Leeds and stript of his mask. In the Rev. Dr Stowe's Church on Boston Common, a coloured person rented a pew but was not allowed to take possession of it and occupy it. And time would fail to tell of the cruel system of caste which meets them in every walk of life.

But our coloured brethren are not free from blame. Instead of manfully standing up for their rights, they tamely and quietly submit to the deprivation of their rights in the churches, schools, and institutions of our land! and even allow white men to become trustees in the churches and schools which they erect for their own use! nay, in all respects to be treated as "niggers." These separate interests are being extensively carried out in America,

where persons speak the same language, and are destined to meet in one common home in the skies; and are even being introduced into Canada, and fostered by British Christians; although the system builds up and strengthens the wall of caste, and must be offensive to Him who is no respecter of persons, and who has declared by his Apostle John, that he who hateth his brother is a murderer. 1 John iii. 15.

Our coloured brethren in America have made grave and serious mistakes in the adoption of the above policy. And some of the most enlightened and influential amongst them, seeing that it does not help to secure for them either social, political, or religious equality, have sighed to reign in Africa rather than serve in America. Hence the formation of African Emigration Aid Societies, and the invention of Abbeokuta schemes and bubbles, rather than face the stern work before them and battle for their rights or die in the struggle. Their present course of building up separate interests, as we have seen in the speech of Blair, is fatal to their hopes of success and suicidal to their interests.

To the blacks as well as the whites, therefore, the author would say, down with the separate churches and schools, that we may have free access to the wall of caste with the battering rams of God's truth, double-shotted guns of sound argument, and with the exercise of mortar principles, that we

may hurl to its foundations this tremendous wall of caste, and blow it into millions of fragments.

THE NEGRO'S WEDGE OF GOLD AND GARMENT.

This is another characteristic of our American churches. And how fearful to contemplate an association with criminality so base, or guilt so tremendous! Who do not tremble for our churches and nation when they think of the robberies which have been so long perpetrated on helpless negroes—robberies of their persons, dearest friends, and bosom companions, wages, virtue, and rights. Is not God the same as when he avowed his hatred to robbery for a burnt-offering—caused the clouds of his disapprobation to look dark and threatening against the Israelites because of the wedge of gold and Babylonish garments—and made his judgments a great deep in the punishment of Achan for his sin? Josh. vii. 10–26. And is there no analogy between the condition of Israel and our American churches? But whilst there was only one Achan who troubled Israel, we have got myriads in our American churches. And God's red hand stretched out from the clouds to punish us for our sins, is the strongest proof of God's abhorrence of our sin. How earnestly ought we to pray that our valley of Achor may be to us a door of humiliation and purification from our sin, and thus become to us a door of hope to God's returning favour and love.

It is in vain to point to our long spires, which almost cleave the sky, and speak of them as conductors to ward off danger. Such a course is imbecile and foolish, when the churches are so full of materials which attract the thunderbolts of Jehovah, and draw down upon them the lightning flashes of His vengeance!

Such being the characteristic features of our American churches, ought fellowship with such churches, Christians, or ministers to be maintained in America, England, or by Christian churches in any part of the world?

Hear what Dr. Adam Clarke in his day said, when referring to these slaveholding and negro-hating professors of Christianity, "Ye most flagitious of knaves, and worst of hypocrites, cast off the mask of religion, and deepen not your endless perdition by professing the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, whilst you continue in such practices." Cowper sublimely sketches their characters, pronouncing them to be "most guilty, villanous, dishonest men, wolves in the clothing of the gentle lamb, dark traitors in Messiah's holy camp, lepers in saintly garb, Satan masked in virtue's robe, vile hypocrites accursed."

As with giant's might, hurling mountain on mountain, Spurgeon says, "I would fling my most vehement protests against men owning professors of Christianity."

The Apostle John says, "If there come any unto

you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed. For he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." 2 John 10.

And are not the doctrines of human bondage, one man's inferiority to another, and the propagation of the gospel by the material sword, different doctrines to those which the apostle taught? Do you say most assuredly? Then, although they may be as learned as a Rabbi, rich as Croesus, or eloquent as an angel, you must meet them on the threshold of your dwellings, churches, and hearts, with the cry, *Procul profane*, like the good Bishop of Milan, who thrust back the blood-stained emperor from the portico of his church.

"Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly." Is the conduct of those whom we have referred to above, in accordance with the spirit and practice of the gospel? Then the command is peremptory to "withdraw."

Paul triumphantly made his appeal, "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness—and what concord hath Christ with Belial—what part hath he that believeth with an infidel—and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?"

But what do we see in the churches of America? We see even the Church Episcopal treating seces-

sion towards man as criminal, and suspending their connexion with her clergy who favour or befriend the South; but secession towards God is overlooked, treated with indifference, allowed wide berth. But can oil and water, fire and gunpowder, coalesce? These are not more antagonistical than slavery and liberty, hatred and love!

THE AMERICAN RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES AND SLAVERY.

—BIBLE SOCIETIES.

These have an especial claim on our notice. But in this department of benevolent enterprise we shall only notice the American and Foreign Bible Society. This society is formed of members, life members, and life directors. The constitution of the society is set forth in the following preamble. The Board says, "Confined exclusively to the work assigned them, the officers, managers, and agents of the Society are obviously exempted from all misconstruction; and should have no inclination, as they have no authority, to *turn aside* from their appropriate duties to interfere officially either with the moral or civil rights of communities or individuals. Among contributors to the treasury of the institution, no distinction is recognised except that which arises from superior benevolence. In application for funds we are restricted by no peculiarity of sentiment, or sectional limits, but presenting everywhere the claims of the Society, we receive with

gratitude whatever donations any may be disposed to make, and leave, as in duty bound, all our patrons in the undisturbed possession of their inalienable rights of private judgment."

On this basis, and with these clearly defined objects, a board of management is appointed and created by the votes of members and directors, who become so by the payment of a stipulated sum.

Before the author is a report of this society for 1860. In the published list of members and directors there are hundreds of slave-holders, who are all eligible to vote.

In the obituary list there is a bright record of men who have lived and died as pastors of slave-holding churches, such as the Rev. T. Curtis, D.D., of South Carolina. And the sorrowful lament is uttered of missing their accustomed faces and voices at their annual gathering! Ought they not to be missed and marked?

In the financial department, reference is made to monies expended by them through the Missionary Union— viz., English Baptist Missionaries £10,000. In Germany, France, and parts of the North of Europe, chiefly through Mr. Oncken £20,000.

In their estimates for the New Year, they say we shall need for the missionaries of the General Baptists in England, and Free Will Baptists of the United States £500, and for European Missions, including Oncken's work, £1000.

In the epistolary department, there are expres-

sions of "invaluable service," rendered to the Orissa Mission by this "noble society," from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Buckley; and an appeal, urgent in the extreme, from Stubbins, the successor of Sutton in Orissa.

In the sermonic department, there is a brilliant oration by the special correspondent of the London Baptist Freeman, who divides his discourse into two departments. In the one he makes a vigorous assault against infidelity. In the other against the corrupted Christianity of Rome. But not a word about the nefarious system sanctioned and fostered by a multitude of the supporters, and patrons, and members of the society, that do more to create infidelity and pervert Christianity than all the Infidels and Pantheists throughout the world!

In the agency department, the author was introduced to a Mr. Chauncy Blake in 1852, who was sent by this society to New Orleans. He was placed under the direction of a committee in connexion with the slave-holding churches of that city. Being supplied with Bibles and Testaments he distributed some amongst a number of slaves. The police arrested him, and threw him into prison. He was taken before the magistrates. The committee went into Court; and when he was placed in the dock, they turned to the magistrates and said, "Our agent had no instructions from us to give a Bible to the slave." The magistrates then appealed to him, and "asked him what he had to say for himself." The agent

“observed that if they would forgive him that time he would never do so any more.” He was then dismissed with a caution, that “if he was found doing the same thing again, it would go hard with him.” He never got into prison again, or subjected himself to suspicion on that ground.

In the directory department, and on the board of management, there is the Rev. D. M. Graham of New York, who in 1860, when this report was printed, was in England, shouting anti-slavery through the land, and speaking of his devotion to the cause of liberty, and his suffering in it; as if he had narrowly escaped martyrdom, or was prepared to lay his head on a block, like the Rev. D. E. Neil, for his attachment to liberty! Attention was called to his position when in England. And an appeal was made to him to reconcile his profession and practice, in connection with this pro-slavery board, and his avowed attachment to liberty. Thinking probably, that discretion was the better part of valour, he remained silent, and made no reply to what must have been an unpleasant reminiscence to himself. It is to be hoped that when he left England, though a sadder, he would become a much wiser man.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES AND SLAVERY.

The cause of Missions has a special glory in it. Its field is the world. Its agents enter at a thou-

sand gates. Obstructions have to be removed—rugged paths smoothed—valleys raised—and mountains levelled to the plain before the cedar, olive, or the pine, by their instrumentality, can be planted in its wilderness, or the savage rock clothed with verdure, spreading the beauty and flinging forth the fragrance of Carmel and Sharon.

Happy they who are honoured to sweeten and subdue the cold and sterile soil, to toil patiently, and yet successfully, in reclaiming its barrenness, and under God's blessing to soften and change the stern features of its desolation. Not only are such men happy but honoured. But can the end contemplated in the cause of missions crown the un-sanctified means which are used in connection with most of our religious organisations in America? What a pity that the worm of corruption, the canker or rust of slavery should rest on, pollute, blast, wither, or impair, the usefulness of institutions which profess to point to no other object than the glory of the Lamb, and to seek no other success in their recompense, than the rescue and immortal happiness of sinful men for whom Christ shed his most precious blood!

Alas that such should have to be the testimony the author, from a sense of duty, is impelled to give.

And as these Societies are in deep distress from the war, which is causing multitudes of our American professors of Christianity to cover themselves with war paint, and to provide themselves with

the war hatchet, and even to drape our American pulpits and cover the tables at the communion of our Lord, as in Dr Osgood's church, New York, with our United States' banner, as they are thus paralysed and plunged into financial difficulty they are now turning to you for aid. Let us, therefore look at some of these societies.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

In the October number of the *Baptist Magazine* for 1861, the above Society is introduced to the notice of British Christians, and its claims urged on their attention, and yet it has a history written in the blood of the slave!

A few years ago, a Baptist clergyman brought his Christian slave with him to the annual meeting of the above Society, which was held that year in Philadelphia. And whilst surrounded by a vast multitude of ministers and delegates, he rose in the assembly and said, "here is a Christian slave, who desires to go and preach the gospel in Africa. I will sell him for two hundred dollars, if you will buy him for that purpose." There being no response, he continued, saying, "now is a chance for you in the North to try your hand in buying this slave!" One would have supposed that this exhibition in a religious assembly would have been met by a most vehement and indignant protest. But neither Dr Wayland, who was present, nor any other one had

the courage to rebuke this fleshmongering clerical salesman! A slaveholding missionary was sent by the Board of the same Society to the Cherokees. John Mitchell like, he coveted a plantation and stocked it well with slaves. When this became known, it produced some excitement and opposition in a few of the churches of the Northern States. This, however, evoked counter opposition amongst the clergy and churches of the Southern States, who threatened to secede, if Bushyhead was dismissed.

The Board was between two fires! What was to be done? Done! Our American people are never at a loss for expedients. If they cannot succeed by fair, they will by foul means! The Board therefore hit on a plan of buying him off. And by this process of legerdemain got him to resign, and then, turning to the slaveholding churches and clergymen of the South, they roared out like sucking doves, exclaiming, "as we have treated you before, we are willing to treat you now, on the same grounds of moral and social equality." But the Southern Churches and ministers discovered their trick, lost all confidence in them, and charging them with a want of honesty withdrew!

In the address which the Rev. Cyrus P. Grosvenor gave at the Baptist Union Meeting, recently held in London, he spoke of a solitary missionary which the Missionary Union had sent to Africa, but was afterwards withdrawn. One Sabbath morning

in Dec. 1859, the author went to a Concert Prayer Meeting held in the Rev. Highland Garnet's Church, New York. A returned missionary from Africa addressed the meeting. He said "that when the missionaries reached Africa from America they were called 'God-men'—that 'the natives were very suspicious of them until they proved them'—and that if they found that the missionaries had nothing to do with stealing men, they called them 'God-men true.'" The missionary was a stranger to the author. And he was so deeply interested in his narrative, and so anxious to glean a few more scraps of information about these American "God-men true," that he rose in the meeting and asked permission to put a few questions to the missionary. Consent being given, the following questions were put. What are the names of the missionaries from America in Africa who are "God-men true?" What Society employs them? And do the Societies employing them contain any slaveholders on their lists of life membership, or Boards of Directors? He said he had been sent out by the Missionary Union, and that it had separated from the South. At this stage of the proceedings, the coloured gentleman who presided interposed his veto, and said that was not the time or place to introduce such questions, and the Rev. Highland Garnet, although not present, yet, afterwards expressed his strong disapprobation of the author for introducing the questions given above. The author was overwhelmed

with surprise that such an ebullition of temper and bad feeling should have been the result of his inquiries, in such a place, and amongst such a people. But his surprise was not long continued, as a few days afterwards he learnt that the above missionary was Secretary to the African Emigration Aid Society, of which the Rev. Highland Garnet was President! "God-men true" are scarce in America. The cases of Messrs. Mitchell, and Dr. Pennington are additional proof of this as shown in the *Baptist Freeman*. Their rarity enhances their value. But they don't grow on the bush of the Missionary Union Tree, or of the African Emigration Aid Society. As well might you look for grapes from thorns, figs from thistles, fruit under the icy poles, or substance in a world of fleeting shades, as look for "God-men true" in either of the above departments of beneficent enterprise.

The Missionary Union has undergone no change constitutionally. Synodically it is to-day what it has always been. And yet, covered with the leprosy of slavery, it comes franked and endorsed in its appeals to your purses, and stretches out its dove-like wings, and tenderly implores you to take it under your protection to be sustained by your contributions in this hour of its peril and danger.

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS AND SLAVERY.

"This Board, from the beginning of its history

until now, has sought out objects of compassion in almost every part of the world, but left four millions of slaves at their own doors without the Bible, or a messenger of mercy to teach them the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. It has always allowed slaveholders and slavebreeders as life directors and life members; and also as members of its Choctaw and Cherokee missions.

“It expressly admits that no instruction has ever been given to its missionaries in regard to slavery.

“By a unanimous vote it rejected a resolution presented by one of its members, ‘That slaveholding is a practice which is not to be allowed in the Christian Church!’ It discontinued its mission to the Choctaws in 1859, to get rid of ‘embarrassments’ and ‘perplexities,’ whilst it continues the equally slaveholding Cherokee mission, without rebuke to its slaveholding church members, or to its pro-slavery missionaries!

“On the first Sabbath of 1859 a Christian slave, who was the mother of eight children, and a member of the Rev. Mr. Byington’s Church, one of the Society’s missionaries, was burnt alive, on the alleged crime of conniving in her master’s death. She, however, persisted in her innocence, and died with the language of prayer and praise on her lips; and yet there has been no report of the murder of this slave made by the missionary to the Board!

“The Board has uttered the language of con-

demnation against licentiousness, drunkenness, dancing, and silly women's skirts; but it has never put on record a single protest against American slavery.

"The Secretary of the Board, the Rev. Mr. Treat, to whom the Rev. H. W. Beecher has awarded the honour of being the author of a New Epistle to the Corinthians, in a report of the Society says—'It does not appear to be the aim of the brethren to exert any direct influence, either by their public or private teachings, upon the system of slavery; and they discovered, as they suppose, a sufficient warrant for this course in the New Testament!' If so, it was not in the old Epistles of St Paul, but in the New Epistle of the Secretary 'St. Treat!'

"During the summer of 1860, some inquiring converts in Syria appealed to an English resident to know the truth of a statement made in the *London Times* concerning a number of free coloured people expelled from the South, simply because they were coloured. On the statement being affirmed, they turned to each other and said, 'This is just what the priests told us.' They then avowed 'that they would go no more to the American chapel, or read the American books.' The English gentleman then tried to make them understand the difference between the North and South in this respect which he thought obtained; but the reply was, 'Let those of the North then go home and convert those of the South before they come to preach to the Arabs.'

A sensible conclusion. 'Even the Turks,' said they, 'never do such things as these.'

"The Rev. David T. Stoddard, who spent his life in the East, said, 'We do not dare to let our converts know that slavery exists in America, for how could we reconcile it with our professions as a Christian nation!'"

"How," inquires Brayton, an American missionary, "is the following objection to be met, which I hear wherever I go among the Karens, 'If we become disciples, when you get a large number of us, you intend to entice us away, and make slaves of us in your own country.' This objection is often urged with as much seriousness and confidence as though they were actually acquainted with the system of American slavery. Did these ignorant, but *slave-hating* heathen, but know the slaveholding character of the American churches, would they not say to our faces, '*Go back, thou hypocrite—Go back, and teach the heathen of your own country, and give them the Bible, before you come here to impose upon us.*' I am fully persuaded, that if they did know it, this would in substance be the language of many a wild Karen."

Kincaid says, "If the heathen were aware of the slaveholding character of our churches in America by whom the missionaries are sent out, the usefulness of the missionaries would be at an end."

Mason, on receiving a box of clothing, says, "No sooner did I put on these articles than associations

connected with slavery spontaneously arose in my mind. I thought of the articles I had on as being the fruit of the blood and sweat of slaves till the thought was unendurable, and I pulled them off, resolving not to wear them again," &c.

Another writes, "That the fruits of robbery are unacceptable as an offering to the Lord, appears clear; and that slavery is robbery of the most aggravated description we know; that its gains are the reward of iniquity, and the price of innocent blood. And if it is wrong in others to make such an offering, it is wrong in others knowingly to receive them from their hands. By sharing in the spoils we countenance their deeds and participate in their guilt. That is a fearful charge which God brings against his professing people, Ps. l. 18, 'When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers.'"

Another writes from Persia, saying, "We dare not tell the Nestorians that such an institution as slavery exists in free, happy America!" Slavery, freedom and happiness linked in fraternal embrace!

How astounding in the presence of the above incontrovertible facts that such missions should be taken under the patronage of enlightened men, that the plate should be held out in this country to aid such missions, and that the discovery of a *new mantle* should have been made to cover up such inconsistencies in the divine household. Is it any

wonder that infidels or Pantheists should raise their pæans of triumph as they marshal their forces with humanity for their watchword, and the conscience of the world on their side, and swell the chorus of exultation, shouting, "All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the glory of the whole earth." How necessary that the demand from conscience, reason, and revelation, and from the scarred bodies and crushed rights of millions of our fellowmen, should be pressed with sevenfold force on your attention to wash your hands of all pro-slavery missionary enterprises, and negro-hating professorships, that you may stand clean, clear, and pure of all complicity with these heinous sins and crimes.

TURKISH AID MISSIONS.

As we have already seen these are not American but British. They are not real *bona fide* missions, but Tulchans, and designed, like them, to be auxiliary, so that the churches may give freely the milk of support to our American missions. Under the above euphonious name, therefore, they are well calculated to mislead and deceive the Christian public! The above missions place the managers and supporters of them in a false position before the Churches and the world, with a figtree pretext for

a covering, and however softly and blandly they may assure you that they are free from all complicity with slavery, remember the Apostle's injunction, to prove the spirits as well as the doctrine that you may see whether they be of God. And if the case be of doubtful distinction, you must cry, Paul you know, and Christ you know, but who are you? The missionaries of the Old American Board, however, are knowingly wrong, and deliberately sinning against their strong convictions and better judgments, since the astounding disclosures we have made are matter of public notoriety, and have long been the scoff of infidels, as they are of demons. Besides, a number of missionaries in the Sandwich Islands have dissolved their union with the American Board of Missions from a feeling of embarrassment that it was supported in part by slaveholders and they "could not with a good conscience receive their support from a treasury which received the price of blood!" And memorials, year after year, have been sent to the Board by the churches which support the American Missionary Society which separated from the above for the same cause—these churches have memorialised the Board to purge itself from all contempt, but have done so in vain.

EARTHLY GUIDES.

In vain is allusion made to the Rev. Henry Ward

Beecher, who has pronounced the "American Board" clean, clear, and pure; or to Dr. Cheever, who, as we have seen, smites the "Board" but spares the missionaries; or to Dr. Candlish, who in an introduction to a book, written by the Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D., New York, says—"I esteem it an honour to have my name associated with his." And, yet, the same Dr. Alexander, in the above book, commends the missionaries of the "American Board" of Missions to the American churches for their excellence as a disclaimer against infidelity, the dram-shop, and drunkenness—admits that the negro women can be made wise unto salvation, and lays down rules for the white poor, which neither Alexander, nor the American Board, nor their missionaries ever sought to carry out towards God's "black poor!" We are not to take men for our guides in these matters but Jehovah. Besides, it has been seen of late that the above men do not wear the robes of infallibility, so that if you are guided by them, you will be more likely to copy their errors of judgment and practice than the good there is in them. Whilst in Edinburgh, the author took up a newspaper one day in which there was the following record. "The Rev. Dr. Candlish seconded the adoption of a resolution in the Presbytery to take considerable time in honouring the men of 1662." Two or three days after the author was present at a meeting of the Turkish Aid Missions, where the Dr. moved the adoption of a resolution commendatory

of the Rev. Mr. Ford, a missionary of the American Board, and of his missions, recommending them to the cordial support and esteem of the friends of Missions.

NON-CONFORMISTS OF 1662 AND THE AMERICAN
MISSIONARIES OF 1862.

What a difference! The former were men of mark and honour. But the latter are not on the way to distinction or esteem, since they are terribly bemired in the deep slough of expediency. The old Non-conformists never stooped to vulgar arts by which to acquire an ephemeral popularity or for selfish ends. But not so the above missionaries. And yet, with all their covert zeal, private intrigue, and adroit skill or stratagems, they cannot mask their position! Pity they should attempt it. But how unfortunate their euphonistical name!

GOOD THEY DO.

This is a plea which has often been urged on behalf of men engaged in works of philanthropy, piety, charity, and love. And when urged on behalf of men who abjure all sinful expediencies and questionable policies, like such men as the martyred Williams, the immortal Carey, the world renowned Moffat, the heroic Knibb, or the world's benefactor, Livingstone—in such a case it is befitting and

beautifully appropriate. And it will command weight and importance. But when urged on behalf of a Dr Perkins, who is said by the editors of the *Baptist Freeman*, March 18, 1862, to have given a written language and printed Bible to the Nestorians; and to be so celebrated for his usefulness as to lead them to avow that he was "a man of whom the United States is hardly worthy," or of other missionaries in the pay of the American Board, whose hire is with the price of blood, and whose written languages and printed Bibles are dependent on monies wrung from the grasp of unrequited toil, then we say the plea is misapplied, perverted, and abused.

"O! live for those who love you,
For those who know you true,
For the heaven that smiles above you
And awaits your spirit too.

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future and the distance,
And the good that you can do."

Never was there greater or more urgent necessity for good to be done in any country in the world than in America.

Never were there more direful evils or wrongs that need resistance! And the heaven instituted and ordained churches which had a commission to sweep them away, have awfully betrayed their trust and wickedly prostituted their influence in nursing

them into life, shielding them by their mighty power, and, now that they threaten the country with ruin, fly from the moral to the martial forces for aid, so that amidst the dark scenes of God's Providences and the sweeping storms of His wrath we have no voice to plead for us but the hoarse and terrible voice of God's retributive justice.

The flag of distress has been raised by the churches and Mission Boards, and appeals have been made to your sympathies and benevolence, but the author maintains that the Missions referred to, their missionaries, vast machinery for evangelization, new translation, and written languages, had better go to the bottom of the sea than they should be allowed to do evil that good may come; and thus bring a reproach on the cause of Christ, dishonour the name of our blessed Lord and Saviour, wound and cicatrice their own consciences, and place themselves in peril of the fearful and terrible retribution of the Almighty amid the solemn disclosures of the last judgment, when He, the Great Judge, will turn to men who have written languages, printed Bibles, and done wonderful works, and yet say unto them, "I never knew you, depart from me ye workers of iniquity." Matt. vii. 22, 23.

CAUTION TO BE USED AND DISCRIMINATION TO BE
EXERCISED.

There is a needs-be for this. It is a source of

deep lamentation and poignant sorrow and grief that such men or missions should have been tolerated or encouraged for a moment in America. But more so in this country where slavery was never allowed a "habitation" in your churches, either home or foreign—where the names of a Knibb and Wilberforce are your bright but common heritage—and where even now you think that an allusion to our so called "Christian slaveholders, breeders, brokers, and negro-haters" in America is a matter so far beyond the pale of decency in your thoughts, and as a thing not fit to be named, if true, just as it is not meet that it should be seen by star-light, much less by sun-light, and in the presence of a large fashionable assembly where there are soft cushioned seats and beautifully painted and dim religious windows—is a desecration of your solemn assemblies, subjecting those who dare lay bare such frightful enormities and diabolical wickedness to personal dignity in fiery ebullitions of temper, hard words about the reverence and sanctity of the place, and the slamming of the vestry doors on our heels, as the author can attest to.

GRAND DRAMATIC SCENES.

We have had many such in America, not merely in large buildings called theatres, places which the author never frequents; and concerning which, he unhesitatingly avows, from what he has seen of the

tendency of such places, that the best side is the outside, and ought to be shunned like some contagious disease, noisome pestilence, or deadly upas. It is not to such scenes the author refers, but to dramatic scenes in churches. We have referred to one such, when the parson-salesman cried, "O! what a chance for you who are anxious for the slave to try your liberality. My slave is very pious. Who will bid two hundred dollars for him to send him to Africa to preach the Gospel."

That was another, when the great feat of jugglery was achieved which, by a process of legerdemain, got Bushyhead, the slave-holding missionary, to resign in the hope of avoiding wrangling dissensions, fierce disputations, and hurricanes of angry passion, and volcanoes of disruption.

That was a grand master scene, when Henry Ward Beecher assumed the military champion, and, with his eye on the belt, entered the list single-handed with "Johnny Bull," as Americans designate this country, and bent his fist in grand pugilistic style in his broad, good-humoured face, amid the overwhelming plaudits of his people. But the climax to be put on these dramatic scenes is the Great Farcical Comedy that is being enacted in the churches of this country, in the Great Pantomime that has recently been celebrated with so much state, pomp, and ceremony, in the "Grand Union" which has taken place between the churches of this country and America!

THE NEWLY ELECTED BRIDE.

In these masquerade scenes lift up and cause to pass in review before you the bride. As you have seen she has got many very ugly features and evil propensities, and some terrible claws, but frantic with delight at the prospect of such a realisation of her wishes, her countenance beamed with ineffable delight, and with exultant voice and spirit she clapped her hands and shouted for joy.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

This is personified in the churches of this land, which breathe an atmosphere of purity, lift up an aspect of benignity, consolidate a strength of principle, cherish noble impulses of generosity, command an influence which makes them resemble the sun surrounded by a belt of ever-spreading splendour, and are a chosen instrument to bear Christ's name before Gentiles, kings, and the children of Israel!

THE GREAT OFFICIAL DIGNITARY.

This is a person high in office and esteem, stately in his mien and character, a man of mark and honour. His name is Prof. Rob. S. Candlish, D.D. And what gracious smiles the bride puts on to mask her darkened visage and her iron-hearted soul

as this clerical dignitary, clothed with robe pontifical, and armed with full credentials and delegated power, steps forth to consummate or crown the nuptial scene.

Never, oh! never, did the Bride before feel such thrills or flashes of emotion in her soul, cast such bewitching glances, or hold her votaries more captive in the thralls of her enchantment, than when he joined the pure hand of the bridegroom with her own hands of impurity, his person of dignity with hers of shame and ignominy, and his character of righteousness with hers of iniquity, sorcery, witchcraft, and crime, in the bonds—the blessed and holy bonds, of matrimony and love, exclaiming with measured word and voice, “I unite you for better and worse.” And when the nuptial tie was formed, with what solemn majesty and commanding dignity and graceful felicity, he called high heaven to witness the deed that has been performed, whilst congratulations were offered, sympathies expressed, and their oneness defined in language most forcible, as in the address given there is the weighty paragraph, “However the nations of the earth may be divided, the Church of Christ is one. Whatever discord there may be in the world, there is unity in the Church. Alas! that the world should so often succeed in thrusting its discord into the Church! Let the Church try if she may not put some of her unity into the world by shewing that in spite of all the hostile tendencies of human nature, the



328 SPECTATORS WHO WITNESSED THE SCENE.

divine law prevails in the divine household all over creation. When one member suffers all the members suffer with it." Thus this great transaction has been completed. The intelligence has been proclaimed in heaven, and its dark deed made known in hell, whilst the address, duly signed, has been handed over to all immediately concerned. The address bears date, Nov. 20, 1861.

THE DAY AND CITY IN WHICH IT TOOK PLACE.

The day bears even date with the address, and the place was Edinburgh, the Queen City of the North, the city of palaces, distinguished by one of ancient date named Holyrood, and celebrated by halls of science, literature, sculpture, painting, works of art, religious culture, deeds of noble daring, and persons of heroic fame, whose statuary forms stand erect and present themselves to view on every side.

THE SPECTATORS WHO WITNESSED THE SCENE.

The Commissioners of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland were amongst the privileged ones—bright angels from their crystal spheres of light and beauty and glory in heaven—multitudinous spirits from the vast depths of woe—and Old Arthur from his seat. Some let fall their tears,—others were elate with joy. The Commissioners had their deep channels choked too full for utterance. But, hark! old Arthur

growls dissatisfaction, and swears that his majestic seat may as soon be hurled into yonder sea, as this day's dark transaction be blotted out, or its foul stains removed!

THE GREAT SEAL OF AUTHORITY.

Here it is, look at it, and examine it well.

Free Church



of Scotland.

This is very significant. Report says that old Dame Kirk "had got many wrinkles on her countenance, put on superior airs, and was sometimes very haughty in her manners; that she had such grand relations with the prince of this world, like her twin sister, Church of England, and withal was so snobbish in her temper that she could brook no control from within, and disdained all pressure from without. Hence, with frowning aspect, and strong avenging hand, she resented all attempts to reform her manners and change her in her behaviour. The very thought agonises her soul, throws her into paroxysms of grief and fits of desperation, causing her ducal patrons and lordly

squires to shout in her defence: 'Tis ours to rule, and yours to obey. Here is the tyrant's rod, kiss it or be gone;' like the society in Dr. Cheever's church, which sought to usurp undue authority, and lord it over the church, but was vanquished, as all the rest will be, because 'thus saith the Lord,' the mighty thunderbolt of heaven, thunders from God's mighty heavens against them, threatens to take off their chariot-wheels, or to throw them into some Cardross sea of difficulty, where they can neither move back nor forth. But should they perchance obtain a victory, like old Dame Kirk, it will be her great defeat. And, though they may renew their strength, and shine with meteoric flash, their Establishment principle is not a fixed star among principles called 'Celestial Bodies,' but a meteor like themselves, and must soon for ever pass away. And strange that Guthrie, in surveying those heavenly bodies with wrong end of telescope, should mistake a meteor for a star." Such is the news picked up from rolls of dusty parchment and books in halls of library, in marts of merchandise, on 'Change, in columns of newspaper, by the fire-side, on steamboat, in railway car, at reading rooms, and halls of public meeting, where tangled skeins of opinion, statement, or history are unravelled to reach the threads of fact embodied in the rope of fiction—processes of reasoning elaborated, which make new thoughts start forth like insects from their chrysalis state, winged with marvels of new

beauty, leap up like gems in a coronet, spread out and lift themselves on high in one grand pile of crystal glory, the creations of master minds, with Koh-i-noors of intellect, now flashing forth the red blaze of indignation, against the wickedness of men and things—now paying homage to the scintillations of virtue, refreshing like the emerald green, and then to character, with its softening splendour, like rays of sun in the deep blue, cerulean sky unfolding scenes most lovely, beautiful, grand. Now comes a stroke of wit and genuine humour that makes the audience roar with laughter, and then a ponderous heavy blow on some gigantic form of error, vice, or tyranny, that knocks off its head, or splits it up, evoking thunders of applause. Now a thrilling story leads the audience captive, and binds it down as by the witchery of some mighty spell; and then an electric force of argument strong, clear, definite, enamelled with the touch of rhetoric, is thrown into their midst, which stirs their fires within, makes their eyes sparkle with delight, voices shout with exultation, hands clap with joy, feet dance with gladness, and their spirits deepen and widen into one grand sea of respect, esteem, admiration, love and gratitude, which they present as their libation in homage to lofty principle, commanding genius, and sterling worth, more valuable than necklaces, bracelets, or diadems, sparkling with diamonds of the finest water, crusted over with brilliants, or thickly set with opal, torquoise,

ruby, emerald, or all the precious stones of dazzling beauty, or works of art in the London Exhibition, or throughout the universe, although their price is fabulous, displaying their inestimable worth. What an illustration of a happy moment, if not a happier life—a plan infinitely more powerful to reform, purify, elevate, ennoble, and dignify mankind, than to bind them with the chains of military despotism, pin them with bayonets, threaten to treat the gentler sex “as women of the town,” and do deeds, as Othello says, “Which makes heaven weep, all earth amazed, for nothing canst thou to damnation add greater than this.” It shows that Old Dame Kirk had noble sons and daughters, who had souls that they could call their own, were men and women and not serfs—individuals who knew their place, but defied the usurper’s whips, thongs, tongues of scorn, hoofs of iron, coats of mail, and faces of brass.

It reveals the heaven-born purpose conceived of leaving manse and glebe, and stately pile of ancient fabric, made venerable by years and centuries of time, and sacred by scenes of hallowed interest and love; and also its noble execution in the disseverance of many links of strongest friendship, ties of warmest love, the interment of fondest hopes, and the banishment of feverish dreams within her pale.

It displays their inward might or power for good. Their fancied weakness was their strength, and their apparent discomfiture their glory. Samson’s

riddle was fulfilled and here made known. Out of the eater came forth meat; and out of the strong came forth sweetness. And where can you find better gospel food than in the Free Church, so-called, or more sweetness or fragrance than in the graces of her cherished sons and daughters? Her fame went forth to earth's remotest bounds. And high heaven is jubilant with songs of praise to God. And the more you view their sufferings in their nature and causes, the brighter will the lustre of their graces shine. Clad with beauty and in honour bright they may view with sunny smiles and joyous looks their future prospects with transports glad or feelings charming with delight. But where much is given of them much shall be required. How sad, then, to think that she should trifle with her high behests through any of her members or her gifted sons, and by authority with her seal perform an act of which she must repent, or for ever bear the shame. Her graces have been tried and shone brighter from the flame. O! would that you could say, no fearful sin or crime, or awful deed, had been conceived or planned, or brought forth, or made known to cloud her sky, pollute her name, or dim the lustre of her fame.

THE WOOFERS WHO HELPED TO BRING ABOUT THIS
NUPTIAL SCENE.

These were Cunningham, Duff, Oncken, Wad-

dington, Edgar, Grattan Guinness, Jobson, Scott, Arthur, Hoby, Cox, Hannah, and others.

The event was looked forward to by some with deep anxiety and interest, but owing to the ill-starred and bad-omened condition of the Bride, hope deferred made their hearts sick, and their spirits heavy and sad with delay. But through the tender wooings and earnest beseechings of the above, and the solemn asseverations, boundless assumptions, and delightful assurances of a Stone, Stowe, Armitage, Eddy, Church, Cuyler, Thompson, Simpson, and M'Clintock, the way was opened, arrangements made for the grand ceremony, the authority of the Commissioners issued, the official dignitary engaged, the day fixed, and the seal given which was to ratify the bond that made complete the alliance. The wooers were exceedingly adroit and skilful, and won golden opinions amongst the Bride's admirers, supporters, and friends! And the newly elected Bride bestowed upon them many favours, shewn in their richly embroidered saddlebags, embellished with beautiful engravings and interspersed with hieroglyphics, which, when deciphered, read—"charity suffereth long, is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, never faileth." If the above charity did not cover their

multitude of sins, it covered their multitude of dollars in their saddlebags, which were weighed down with monies stained with human blood. One wooer, named Waddington, used a great big goblet filled with flattering unction, boiling up from depths of hell, and made Satan's mouthpiece to pour it forth to her heart's content, whilst, in a letter to the *New York Independent*, Aug. 22, 1860, he says, "You Americans are a-head of us immeasurably. You have statesmen, jurists, orators, and poets, seriously occupied, and with talents of the highest order devoted to the work of freedom. And yet we hear it said in ignorance of the march of intellect among you, that it is not safe to give utterance to anti-slavery sentiments; and that any man who is faithful must be regarded as a prodigy and a martyr." Dr Edgar, in 1860, at a grand public reception in John Street, New York, said, "that he was determined to be pleased with everybody and everything." Dr Scott excused himself from saying anything about "foibles," and what some call her "indifferent peccadilloes on the eternal nigger question," on the ground of his "Irishman's logic and impertinence to intermeddle." The beloved Arthur, with his "Tongue of Fire," looked smilingly and approvingly on, and spoke very complacently of the bride elect. And so on and on they went, and round and round again on the eddying circle of pleasure, sacrificing duty and principle to expediency and custom, and thus pav-

ing the way for the Gordian knot that was to follow, and the grand connubial scene!

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE EVENT, AND THE DOWER
OF THE BRIDE.

The bride, be it remembered, like Dame Kirk, had got "church militant powers," which she abused, and fond of squatter sovereignty rule, when open resistance was shewn to the civic power, resolved, by wave of hand, word of voice, look of eye, nod of head, blow of fist to make the civic President's cause her own to annihilate his enemies and write victory on his banners.

But in this sad business, her hopes and happiness have been well nigh wrecked; her strength enfeebled, and her finances crippled. Hence her terribly exhausted state and distressed condition. And as she is very philanthropic abroad, and cherishes a burning zeal for the far-off heathen, although "gingerly miserly," and crabbedly selfish, and snobbishly surly in regard to the black heathen at her own doors, yet her funds must be replenished, and her credit for generosity sustained. Under the authority of the Great Commissioners who made ready for her nuptials, therefore, the mandate went forth that a dower was to be given, which dower was also ratified by the great seal referred to on the 20th day of Nov. 1861. The decree stands—

“THE FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN
CHURCHES.

“*At Edinburgh, the 20th day of Nov. 1861.*

“Which day, the Commission of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland being met and duly constituted,

“It was moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to, that the Commission recommend a Congregational Collection to be made throughout the bounds of the Church in support of the Foreign Missions of the American Churches on the fourth Sabbath of January next. And the Commission appoint a Committee to take charge of the necessary notices with respect to the transmission of the funds which may thereby be raised.”

THE MANIFEST TO THE CHURCHES.

This is signed Rob. S. Candlish, Convener, and is accompanied with an intimation that Ministers and officiating Probationers are requested to intimate the collection on Sabbath, the 19th of January.

The programme of the manifesto reads as follows:—

“It is believed that the loss upon the annual revenues of the two great Missionary institutions, which may be said to represent the missionary

spirit in America, is very considerably greater than the sum named in the letter. And, with all their efforts, our American brethren have been quite unable to make it up. A large proportion of the loss is occasioned by the entire withdrawal of Southern contributions.

When the Commission resolved to recommend this collection, there was peace between our country and the States. We had avowed our intention of observing a strict neutrality in the struggle between the North and South, and there seemed to be no room for our position being misunderstood by either party. Since that time there has been the most imminent risk of our being involved in sad hostilities, against our earnest desire. The sword has been all but drawn; the din of warlike preparation has been heard in all our borders; an army, it may be said, fully furnished and equipped, has crossed the wide Atlantic. All Christian men have been holding their breath in anxious suspense, while they have been praying with their whole hearts that justice might be done, and peace maintained. Had the gathering thunder-cloud burst in a bloody storm, our Church's well-intentioned movement might have been cruelly arrested. Let us warmly bless God who, in answer to prayer, has averted the dire calamity which we have been fearing. Let us, in these happy circumstances, make this collection an offering of praise and thankfulness to our Father in heaven, as well as an offering of friendly love to

our brethren. Let us seize the opportunity of casting oil upon the troubled waters. Let our prompt and liberal help to their missions be the proof and pledge of the cordial regard for our fellow Christians in America,—our lively sympathy with them in the present most unhappy condition of their country,—and our earnestness in pleading at a throne of grace that it may please God speedily to stay the plague of civil and intestine war, to redress every wrong, and to restore a safe and permanent tranquillity to the great nation in which, as springing from among ourselves, we can never cease to feel a fraternal interest. Who can tell what influence such testimonies of unabated goodwill, on the part of Christians and Christian Churches here, may exert in calming and softening the minds of men on the other side of the Atlantic, and leading, by God's blessing, to the speedy prevalence of reasonable and pacific counsels over the wild clash of arms?

Since it has been put into our hearts, as we may hope by the Lord, to do this thing, let us do it heartily, as unto the Lord. Let it be done in faith and love. However the nations of the earth may be divided, the Church of Christ is one. Whatever discord there may be in the world, there is unity in the Church. Alas! that the world should so often succeed in thrusting its discord into the Church! Let the Church try if she may not put some of her unity into the world, by showing that, in spite of all the hostile tendencies of human nature, the

divine law prevails in the divine household all over creation: 'When one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.'

ROB. S. CANDLISH, *Convener.*"

THE DOWER OF THE BRIDE.

This amounted to one thousand pounds from the collections of the Assembly of the Free Church. Five hundred pounds, or more, from Taunton, Somersetshire, and two thousand pounds were offered by the Committee of the British Bible Society, under stipulation that she would remove from her painted cheeks some of her rouge, cast off her mighty airs, and open the sources of her sympathy and benevolence to her outcasts, but which she rejected with assumed air of affectation, and conceited smile. O tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in the streets of Askelon, that such credulity has been imposed on British churches, and that so monstrous and grievous an inconsistency has been associated with men in the above comedial scene—men who have taken the key bugle in one hand, and sounded the death knell of slavery as with a blast coming from an apocalyptic trumpet, and with the other taken the Bride's flag of distress and waved it high to excite your pity and enlarge her dower, although she has long been associated with tears, groans, and blood of slaves, and under her black hoofs trampled down without pity on the crushed rights, and

scarred bodies of God's poor "little ones!" "O: that our heads were waters and our eyes a fountain of tears, that we might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of God's people," Jer. ix. 1.

DIVORCE NECESSARY.

In the midst of such dishonour done to the cause of our great Lord and Master shall no thunderbolts fly forth or lightning flashes blaze in connexion with the magazines of your indignation to smite down such an act of wickedness? Shall no plea be put forth on the basis of an unshaken and unshakeable righteousness to demand a separation from such a polluting embrace, or dignified remonstrance, or solemn earnest protest made against such stupendous sham, beggarly forgery, gigantic swindle, delusive snare, and abominable fraud?

TENDER AND EARNEST APPEAL.

Descendants of the Puritans and noble Covenanters, is this the day or age in which such a crime, sin, and abomination can be wrought in Israel and you look coldly, indifferently, or silently on?

Are these the times you are to receive in the midst of your Bicentenary scenes the impersonations of the Tulchans, whether they come from Germany, Syria, Persia, or America?

Will you be satisfied with those fearful complexities with so called Christian slavery and negro-hating propagandists—persons so deeply stained with the above leprosy, so corrupted with its manifold evils, burdened with the weight of its monstrous and enormous guilt, and disfigured as well as covered with its polluting stains?

Are there no Missionary Societies in America, clean, clear, and pure of so great an evil as slavery and of treating colour as a crime, that you should pass by the true one and take up with Tulchans or false ones?

If oil and water, fire and gunpowder will not coalesce, can you expect to unite God and mammon, Christ and Belial in the Union, cemented between the liberty loving churches of this country, and of the slaveholding and negro-hating churches of America?

In these evil times of Erastianism, latitudinarianism, pro-slaveryism, Africanizationism, and Anglo-phobiaism and diabolism, will you not send your noble impulses through all the veins and arteries of society until you stir up the big heart of the great world against these corrupters and defilers of God's heritage, who make large pretensions to freedom, virtue, humanity, and religion, and go shouting through the land in the name of mercy and justice; and yet, perform deeds at which mercy weeps and on which justice frowns? Whilst numbers of your fellowmen are thus drawn down into the terrible

whirlpools of corruption and fraud, and whirled round with their currents in their mad and turbulent sweep, will not you who profess to have attained to a higher level of self-sacrifice and Christ-like devotion, shew yourself worthy descendants of noble sires, by lifting a beacon to warn others of danger, even though the cry of wolf or mad-dog be raised against you, or the forked tongue of slander should be busy and active to defame and injure you?

Away, then, with these Tulchans—these compromises—these coverings up of moral delinquency—these tamperings with conscience, truth, and the interests of immortal souls—these gibbetings of manly thought and action, and burkings of noble emotions, convictions, and practice, which entail an inheritance of remorse, guilt, shame, and woe.

Voices from nature, history, and God within you, around you, beneath you, above you, before you, and behind you, appeal to the angels of your better nature, the desires, affections, hopes, and interests of your immortal spirits to stand near to the oracles of God, catch the faintest whisper, mark the inflections of the tone in which the divine will is expressed, interpret it in its most delicate exactness, demand that you dare to think, speak, and act in obedience to your heavenly calling, lead the way as God will give you opportunity in the onward march of his ransomed people, lift up your voices to sustain, rally, cheer, and animate the sacramental hosts of God's elect in their death-grapple with the armies of the alien,

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throw yourselves into the breaches of the walls of the enemy, plant your feet on his ramparts, scale the battle heights with the banner of victory, and wave it triumphant over death and hell—be faithful to the trust reposed in you, fulfil your great and noble destiny and prepare the way for the coming of our Lord, the greatness of his kingdom, and its exceeding glory when the voices of universal nature, Jehovah's providences, and Christ's elect bride, the Church of the living God, in the language of John Milton, will be heard reverberating through earth and in high heaven: "Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth. Put on the invisible robes of thy Imperial Majesty. Take up thy unlimited sceptre, thy eternal Father hath bequeathed thee, for now thy bride calls for thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed."

AMERICAN CLERGY, LAITY, AND SLAVERY.

In the key to "Uncle Tom" Mrs Stowe says—
"There is no country in the world where the religious influence has a greater ascendancy than in America, and where the clergy are more powerful." As we have already seen what kind of a religious influence has hitherto been wielded by our churches, let us look at the character and teachings of our American clergy, for whom the authoress of "Uncle Tom" claims such a world-wide reputation, and examine the basis of their lofty "moral superiority"

which gives their religious influence such an "ascendance" in our churches, country, and the world?

This inquiry is most important, as, with Cowper, the world must ever "acknowledge the pulpit to be the safeguard and ornament of virtue's cause." But as virtue's cause has been crucified between the two thieves of Church and State in America, we tremble for the pulpit.

Amongst our American divines there are three classes—the men who uphold the doctrine that man may hold property in man—the anti-slavery men made easy—and the abolitionists.

Until recently our clerical defenders and abettors of slavery have been the most numerous. This class has comprised nearly all our leading Professors of Theology and Doctors of Divinity. Professor Stuart, Andover College, leads the way, in a letter, dated April 10, 1837, maintaining that "the precepts of the New Testament recognise the relation between believing masters and slaves, *salva fide et salva ecclesia*, without violating the Christian faith or the Church"—and that after all the spouting and vehemence on this subject, the good old book remains the same. The late Wilbur Fisk, D.D., President of the Wesleyan University, Connecticut—a name, which, Dr. Barnes says, stands deservedly high—Fisk avowed that "the New Testament enjoins obedience upon the slave as an obligation due to a present rightful authority." The Biblical

Repertory of Princeton College, with its celebrated D.D.'s, for April 1836, in an article on slaveholding and slaveholders—says that slavery is not necessarily sinful—that the Scriptures nowhere forbid or condemn it, but sanction and acknowledge it to be consistent with the Christian character and profession—that it is in vain to contend that slavery is a sin and profess a reverence for the Scriptures—that to declare it to be a heinous crime, is a direct impeachment of the word of God—and that those distinguished moralists, Dr. Channing and Dr. Wayland, “admitted that the apostles did not preach a religion proclaiming freedom to the slaves—that Paul did not assail slavery—that the Gospel did not proclaim the unlawfulness of slaveholding, and that it did not forbid it.”

Dr Lord of Dartmouth College, says, “slavery is in accordance with natural and revealed religion, and is perfectly consistent with the law of love.” The Rev. J. Vandyke says, that he finds slavery “in Providence and nature;” Dr Nehemiah Adams, in the beneficent workings of society; Dr Baron Stowe in social intercourse, as “he does not find his New Testament authorise him to deny any courtesies to a *Christian* brother because he is a slaveholder;” and Dr Thornton Stringfellow, one of the vice-presidents of the Bible Union, says, “slavery is a divine ordinance,” boldly asserting, “that abolitionists make themselves wiser than angels and apostles, that the slave views with grateful affection his master

and chain more than the feeble attachments of wife, home, and friends, and that he looks with disdain on the free labourer, whilst his heart swells with pious exultation at the thought of being a slave." Such men deserve the stool of Jenny Geddes, and ought to be visited with the "Devil's colic," as Jenny once prescribed.

With such teaching need we wonder at the sentiments held by Edward Everett, Hallett, Cushing, Dodge, in the North; or Jefferson Davies, Stephens, Toombs, and the innumerable major-domos of the south, now so ostensibly put forth by a clique of partisans both in America and Great Britain.

"How long, O Lord, how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And in Thy name for robbery and wrong
At Thine own altars pray?"

ANTI-SLAVERY MEN MADE EASY.

These are the men that put themselves on both sides of the fence, like the toll-gate keeper at Mannasses, who said, "that was the way to catch the fox."

An amusing anecdote is told of Porpora, who, in composing the music for many of his operas, used, without hesitation, to interpolate a *non* or a *si* extra in the libretto when he wanted a syllable for a note more in the music. On one occasion, when composing the music of a mass, he took the liberty,

in setting the Creed, to introduce a *non* to fill up the rhythm of his music, and thus, unluckily, made his version of the Creed run:—Credo non Credo, non Credo in Deum, &c. This innovation attracted the dangerous notice of the Inquisition, but Porpora was allowed to escape the consequences through pleading his inability to understand Latin.

There are points in the above that apply with tremendous force to the class of men under consideration, for these men are strong believers in liberty—true liberty and equality—but with the nonbelief in their practice they commence their solos, Credo non Credo, non Credo in Deum, &c., Then, with the bright angel of liberty wrapt in swaddling clothes in their arms, they commence their duettos, trying to hush it to sleep, singing:—

“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed.”

But when they come to the chorus, “Cling to the Union,” which they sing to the tune, “Wait for the Wagon,” there is quite a “hullabaloo.”

Here is the song:—

“There is a right and wrong in parties,
And the right is on our side;
So let us mount the wagon,
And let the Union ride.
The nation is the wagon.
And the people are its springs;
Every lover of his country
For the Union sings—
Cling to the Union; cling to the Union—
Cling to the Union, and let the factions slide.

This wagon is a noble one—
 'Twas built in Seventy-six ;
 'Twas driven by George Washington,
 Through stormy politics ;
 With Eastern oak and Western pine,
 And Northern ash 'tis bound,
 Palmetto, cypress, cotton wood,
 In spokes and wheels are found.
 Cling to the Union, &c., &c.

When Webster shook the friendly hand
 Of noble soul'd Calhoun,
 'Twas here, upon this wagon box,
 They sit in sweet commune.
 Henry Clay he drove the wagon, then,
 And Cass was by his side,
 And never did the Union take
 A safer Union ride.
 Cling to the Union, &c., &c.

We tell the Northern fanatics
 To let our slaves alone—
 The Southern fire-eaters
 Had better hie to their home ;
 We are all true conservatives,
 Whatever may betide ;
 God bless our glorious Union,
 And may it safely ride.
 Cling to the Union, &c., &c.

By the noise which this class of clergymen keep up you may judge they are pretty numerous, and embrace many influential names, such as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Alonzo Potter, Dr Barnes, the great commentator, and a multitude of others.

The Rev. H. Ward Beecher, in 1855, said, "If

any slaveholder professing Christianity, comes and knocks at the door of Plymouth Church for admission, the door must be shut against him." In 1860, at a large meeting held in his own church, Beecher said, "there is nothing good in itself, and nothing bad; slaveholding is not necessarily sinful. A man may hold slaves and be a Christian. And if he comes to Plymouth church, Beecher said, he would commune with him, and Christ would commune with him." In 1855, he nails his thesis to the church doors, and says, no admission to the slaveholder; in 1860, he takes it down, and says to the slaveholder, come in thou blessed of the Lord. And the editors of the *New York Herald*, *Express*, and *Observer* shouted this our brother was dead and is alive again; was lost and is found.

BISHOP ALONZO POTTER.

In a beautiful sermon which this Bishop preached from the text, "Brethren, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another," he uttered some noble sentiments. "The neglected and ill-fated race for whom I plead, are brethren with us of one family. The hand of the Creator may have imprinted on their features a line of complexion less delicate than ours. Man's rapacity may have torn them from their native land, and reduced them to the condition of slaves and menials here. And weighed down by oppression, bereft of hope, and

having none to care for their souls, they may too often have sunk into vice and debasement. But my friends, standing in this holy place, in His immediate presence who has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and given his Son to be a ransom for the inhabitants of every one alike, I can listen to no such facts as an excuse for apathy or avarice." In the above we see what Bishop Alonzo Potter is in theory, let us examine his practice. In the course of God's Providence they wanted a new prayer book in his diocese. Commissioners were appointed to get it up, who entrusted the work to the Bishop,—the Episcopalians in America being fond of nice velvet for covers, and gold for clasps, and a picture for a frontispiece. After selecting the velvet and the gold the Bishop looked abroad for a picture. The one drawn by Ary Scheffer, a celebrated artist, fixed his attention. It was called Christ the Comforter. In this picture Christ was represented as standing in the centre of a group or circle that represented the different tribes of the human family. When the new prayer-book came out multitudes examined it with eager interest. After praising the soft, delicate smoothness of the velvet, admiring the clasps, they turned to the frontispiece, when, to their surprise, they found that the negro was lost out of the picture. This event has called forth severe comment on the Bishop, and when the author left America there was a rumour that another picture was to be got

up, representing the lost negro found, with Christ bearing him on his shoulders, surrounded by myriads of angels with trumpets in their hands who proclaim the glad news, while Christ exclaims, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." The Rev. Dr Barnes of Philadelphia has written like an angel on the subject of liberty, and yet, on page twenty-one of his "Scriptural Views on Slavery," he says, that "few writers on morals in America, and probably none of reputation, would undertake to defend a position that was plainly against the teachings of the Bible," whilst his own book is full of examples of men who have done that very thing—gives a powerful illustration of it in the rule which he has prescribed for himself to conceal his sentiments on slavery in the pulpit, and also in his apostolic strain for the silence of Northern pulpits; and yet he admits that "there have been more published defences of slavery from the Bible at the North than there have been at the South." Here is the passage which conveys the all but universal feeling that has been prevalent in America in regard to preaching against this sin. Dr Barnes says:—"The people to whom I minister will bear me witness that I have not concealed my views from them on the subject of slavery. I have endeavoured to give it the place which it appeared to me it ought to occupy in my ministrations in the circumstances in which I am placed. But my lot is not cast in a slaveholding community. I do

not know that I have an advocate of slavery in my church, or that there is one who *steadily* attends on my ministry, who would willingly be the owner of a slave. I confess also that it seems to me that any one topic, except the Cross of Christ, however important in itself, may be introduced too frequently into the pulpit, and that an undue prominence is given to this in many churches where slavery does not exist. I do not suppose that this occurs too frequently in those places where slavery *does* exist; but where the pen is free, it is better to endeavour to influence the public mind in some other method than by making any one topic a very constant subject of discourse in the pulpit. Slavery, though a great evil, is not the *only* evil in the land * * * * But I may be allowed to suggest that the prominent evils which we should assail in preaching are those which are near, and not those which are remote." Sentiments like these, whatever might be intention of the author, are in effect an apology for not preaching against the sin of slavery. This is the very style adopted by those who have never preached against it on the Sabbath. They say, "Go South and preach. We have no slaveholders in our congregations. It is not a suitable subject for the pulpit."

At the same time that Mr Barnes furnishes this apologetic strain for the silence of Northern pulpits, he goes on to say that "there is at the North a hesitancy in speaking of slavery as an evil; a desire

to apologise for it, and even to defend it as a Scripture institution, which by no means meets the convictions of the great body of men at the South, *and for which they do not thank us.* * * * * They little thank the professors in Theological Seminaries, and the pastors of the churches, and the editors of papers, and the ecclesiastical bodies at the North, who labour to convince the world that it is not an evil, and that it is one of the designs and tendencies of Christianity to rivet the curse on them for ever. * * * * There have been more published defences of slavery from the Bible at the North, than there have been at the South." Mr Barnes closes the above statement with the letter of Professor Stuart, referred to already, so that slavery is not a sin which is the proper subject of preaching at the North—not a sin to be marked and branded, condemned and cast out as the accursed thing by northern pulpits. In the above category may be classed a Mr Graham, Dr Eddy, the late Frelinghuysen, and others.

The author seldom thinks of the above class of men without calling to remembrance the anecdote of the "Cincinnati Deacon," who fell asleep one Sabbath in church.

The deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork-packing establishment, and placed himself at the head of the scalding trough, watch in hand, to "time" the length of the scald, crying "Hog in," when the slaughtered hog was to be

thrown in the trough, and "Hog out," when the watch told three minutes. One week the press of business compelled the packers to unusually hard labour, and Saturday night found the deacon completely exhausted. Indeed he was almost sick the next morning, when church-time came; but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual Sabbath service, if he could. He went, but soon fell asleep. The occasion was one of unusual solemnity, as a revival was in progress. The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His peroration was a climax of beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening, he recited to the breathless auditory—

"Hark! they whisper; angels say—

"Hog in!" came from the deacon's pew in a stentorian voice. The astonished audience turned their attention from the preacher. He went on, however, unmoved—

"Sister spirits, come away!"

"Hog out!" shouted the deacon; "tally four." This was too much for the preacher, who sat down disconcerted, whilst the audience was convulsed with laughter. Some broke for the door snickering all the way and laughing most heartily outside—whilst others tried to bring the deacon to a sense of his unconscious interlude. The "Hog in," and the "Hog out," however, unfitted preacher and hearers

for the service, and the congregation was summarily dismissed. The above class of clergymen, acting from expediency and in view of all circumstances, when it has suited them in regard to slavery, like the deacon, have cried "Hog in"—and *vice versa* "Hog out." And amidst the grand dramatic Providences that are now sweeping across our land, there are many such asleep like the deacon, and playing the same fantastic trick amidst the convulsive laughter of mankind.

ABOLITION CLERGYMEN AND LAITY.

These are men who treat slaveholding as a crime—slaveholders as men-stealers—and denounce all distinction of blood or race. From a variety of causes, the above class of men have been infinitesimally small. So fierce and furious have been the storms of popular vindictiveness, fury, and hate against the taint or smell of abolitionism, that few have cared or dared to face them. Besides questions of worldly interest have their influence on ministers as well as other men, as a Presbyterian clergyman observed one day to the author, "If I was to take your stand-point I could not live." And it cannot be concealed this *living* has had a great deal to do with reducing the dimensions of the above class of men and contracting their numbers. If liberty should become popular, abolition clergymen as well as laymen will be as numerous as blackberries.

Let us look, therefore, at the little band of Christian heroes who have chosen like Moses to endure privations, have their names cast out as evil, and to face persecution, and in a few cases death, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sense or sin.

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY.

This noble martyr in the cause of freedom, was a native of Maine, and a graduate of Waterville College. For some time he practised law in St. Louis, but subsequently entered the Church, and finally became the editor of a religious journal in that city.

On a negro being publicly burned to death, he fearlessly but faithfully rebuked the savage outrage. But, for this act, he had his press thrown into the Mississippi, whilst he himself was driven out of the State. He next established himself at Alton, the Egypt of Illinois, and flung his banner to the breeze in the publication of the *Alton Observer*. But for his fearless exposure of the evils of slavery and withering rebukes of its abettors and supporters, his office and press were thrice destroyed. By the aid of friends it was again replaced, but whilst it was landed, and being conveyed to a warehouse, the news was spread by the enemies of freedom through the city, and a mob was collected who went to the warehouse to destroy it. Lovejoy and his friends had taken possession of the warehouse to defend

their property. The storm of popular violence arose and swept through the streets and a cry was raised to burn the warehouse. Lovejoy on hearing this cry went to the door of the warehouse and presented himself to the crowd to try to allay the excitement, but the infuriated masses were frenzied with madness, and he was shot dead by a person in the crowd. This was on the evening of November 7, 1837. When his mother received the tidings of his death, she exclaimed, "It is well, I had rather he should die a martyr in such a cause than he should prove recreant to his principles." Lovejoy was a man of great intellectual ability. In his life, he was a grand living embodiment of what he professed, preached, or made known by tongue or pen. And in his death, through the merits of that Saviour whom he loved and honoured, he received the martyr's crown.

JOHN BROWN.

This man was both a hero and a martyr. And when his spirit joined the glorious company of martyrs who have sealed Christ testimony with their blood, he left a name which will be eulogised in history, chanted in song, inscribed on marble, repeated in household story, and treasured up in human hearts as the watchword of the free.

John Brown was born at Forrington, Connecticut, May 9th, 1800. His father was a pious, sincere,

devout, and earnest man—a great stammerer, but it is said, never stammered in prayer. Blest with pious instruction, Brown soon became the subject of religious impressions. An example was set, principles inculcated, and prayer offered, which, under God's blessing, were successful in leading him to chose a religious life as the most rational, useful, and happy one that can be spent on earth. At the age of sixteen he made a public profession of his attachment to Christ, and became a member of a Congregational Church at Hudson, Ohio. He firmly and tenaciously held fast both his profession and principles. And in his last interview with his wife, he enjoined that those principles which had been his support and guide should be impressed on their children and children's children.

BROWN'S DESIRE FOR THE MINISTRY, AND ITS
ABANDONMENT.

A deep and earnest desire springing up in his heart to do good and be good, he sought to prepare himself for the ministry ; and in the pursuance of the above object he received preparatory instruction from the late Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainfield, Massachusetts. At this time he was attacked with inflammation in his eyes, which ultimately became chronic, and precluded him from the further pursuit of his studies. This providence changed his plans and altered his pursuits in life. And, in advancing

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life, we find him a tanner, farmer, shepherd, and ultimately a deliverer of captives, a teacher of righteousness to the nation, and its pattern saint and martyr.

HIS NOBLE CHARACTER AND PRINCIPLES.

He was a man of sweet simplicity, unbending integrity, unsullied purity, and genuine and unaffected piety. He pre-eminently lived in the love and fear of Almighty God. The above virtues were so conspicuous in him, that they raised him on high, and placed him on a lofty pedestal of moral worth amongst men. And this was all the more beautiful because it was rare, and stood out in bold relief and striking contrast with the race of men around him, who claimed the honour and homage of being descendants of noble sires, but lacked their virtues, principles, sacrifices, and consecrated zeal. In this respect he was a bright gem in an age of paste—a huge reality amongst beggarly shams—a cedar on the mountain-top, seen and known from afar—God's gapman—a beacon fire, to light up millions of other fires in the cause of freedom. And such was the depth of his penetration, soundness of judgment, maturity of principles, consistency of character, unfaltering purpose in life, and sublime devotion to the cause of his divine Lord and Master, that it would have been as easy to drive a shadow into the centre of a granite block

as a pro-slavery thought into his heart. He not only had a supreme regard to the glories of the Saviour's divinity, but also to the sorrows of suffering humanity. As our Saviour came from a height so lofty, to a depth so low, to raise men up from the deep debasement in which their nature is sunk; so he went down to the lowest link in connection with the chain of human existence, to be the means of their deliverance and elevation, both physically and spiritually, temporal and future.

BROWN'S RELIGION PRACTICAL.

Such was his humanity that he would not allow a white man to endure privation, or suffer injury, when it was in his power to give relief. On one occasion, when a neighbour was in distress who had seen better days, he hit upon an ingenious plan to convey to him relief. He sent a friend to make an inquiry if he wanted help, and commissioned his friend to inform his distressed and suffering neighbour that if he did, John Brown would lend him a little money. On the assurance of the person who had been deputed to wait on him, the person in distress called on Brown, and asked him if he would do so. Brown inquired "how much would help him." He replied "thirty dollars." "When will you be able to repay me," said Brown. He fixed a time. A promissory note was drawn up, signed, and the money paid. At length the time

came when the money was to be refunded. And when the person called on Brown to say that circumstances beyond his control rendered it impossible for him to meet his engagement, Brown checked him by saying, "not another word, since my religion teaches me to feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

JOHN BROWN IN KANSAS.

In the removal of the Missouri Compromise, a statute which prohibited slavery in "all Territory of the United States north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes," the pent up waters of agitation on the slave question broke forth afresh, and a race was commenced between the North and South for the possession of those fertile regions which are included in, and bounded by the domain of Kansas.

For a season the South outstripped the North in the race, and "Northern men were driven back, tarred and feathered, their claims seized, their cabins burnt down, and themselves ordered to leave the territory under the penalty of death." This caused a furor of excitement in the North. An Emigration Aid Society was formed. Meetings were held. And Henry Ward Beecher contributed his twenty-five "Holy Rifles" to help on the cause of freedom in Kansas.

John Brown regarded these stirring events in God's providence, as a "call" from the Almighty on

himself, and on the people in the Free States ; and forthwith girded himself for the arduous conflict there was before him, in the open door and wide field for which he had been waiting twenty years. He at once volunteered, and, on obtaining the requisite funds, joined his four sons in Kansas, who had already preceded him to that country. He established himself at Ossawatamie—a place made illustrious, and will ever be held sacred in remembrance of the heroic deeds of this brave old man.

BROWN MADE A CAPTAIN.

On the invasion of Lawrence by what were called the "Border Ruffians," from Missouri, Brown made his appearance with his four sons in Lawrence, fully equipped for the contest. A small military company was formed, and Brown received the appointment to the command. A compromise, however, was made by the political men of Kansas with the invaders, against the most earnest remonstrances of Brown, and a temporary peace was obtained between the parties, which was soon annihilated, and the conflict broke out afresh, and was waged with deadly effect, as by the desultory warfare practised, many Northern men were murdered in cold blood.

WINGS OF THE SHADOWING FEDERAL EAGLE.

Encouraged by these, Lawrence was laid siege to a second time. A newly finished hotel, and the offices and presses of the Northern papers were destroyed; property was plundered to a large amount. And to rapine and lust was added the violence of murder. Presently a rumour was borne on the wings of the telegraph, to all parts of the Continent, of the murder of five persons belonging to the Border Ruffian party in the Pottawattamie district. The Missourians, or "Border Ruffians," soon made their appearance on the scene. Captain Brown's party were at the house of Dr. Graham, to hear preaching and for "prayers," when one of their watchers came running in, shouting the "Missourians are coming." Presently six Missourians galloped to the place where they were assembled, when Brown and his party rushed out of the building, and took four of them prisoners. The other two made their way back again with all speed, amid the whizzing of bullets, to report the capture of their companions.

BATTLE OF BLACK JACK.

The "Border Ruffians" being encamped in the neighbourhood, took up their position in the above place, under the command of Captain H. Clay Pate.

They were about sixty in number. On the side of Brown there were only twenty-six men in all.

On the alarm being given, on the following morning, that the "abolitionists" were coming, both parties made ready for battle. Brown attacked them from two points, drove them from their entrenchments, behind their waggons, into a ravine, where they surrendered to this little band of intrepid devoted men.

OSSAWATAMIE SACKED.

After the battle of Black Jack the Missourians poured into Kansas in larger numbers. The United States troops made their appearance on the scene, released the prisoners taken by Brown, and obtained a promise from the above parties to disperse. But their word of honour was violated in their attack on the above place, where they perpetrated the most atrocious outrages, and practised the most horrid cruelties; as the "tears and shrieks of terrified women, folded in their polluting embrace, failed to touch a chord of mercy in their brutal hearts; whilst the mutilated bodies of men were hung on trees, or left to rot upon the prairies or deep ravines, to furnish food for vultures or wild beasts." And the climax was put upon the above dark scene in the breaking up of the legislature at Topeka, by the United States troops.

BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT OF BROWN.

When the dark cloud hung heavy on the prospects of freedom, and the hearts of the free had been brimmed with tears, Brown, undaunted, husbanded his resources, and resolved to strike terror into the hearts of the oppressors. About this time his son Frederick had been shot dead by a pro-slavery preacher named White. This roused the brave old man to an elevation of heroism and grandeur, which made him daring, impetuous and almost invincible. With a party of sixteen men he kept in check an opposing party of five hundred, killing thirty-two, and wounding fifty others before he gave the order to retreat, which was done in safety and without the loss of a single man. In consequence of his retreat Ossawatamie was sacked and burnt. But the above feat of bravery turned the tide of success in favour of the Free State Settlers, which led them to sweep the invaders from their soil, and preserve Kansas to freedom.

LAWRENCE DEFENDED.

This place was next attacked by the Border ruffians. And Brown, who happened to be in town, was made commander-in-chief on the occasion. After stationing his men in different parts of the city, with his little company of fifty riflemen he

took up a position a half mile in advance, on the prairie where the Border ruffians were encamped in large numbers. Brown arranged his men from two to three paces apart from each other, in a line parallel to the enemy, and instructed them to lie down on their faces until the order was given to fire. A simultaneous movement brought them face to face. Night came on, but amidst its darkness a continuous line of fire and rifle balls told with deadly effect. Assistance was sent from Lawrence, but before it reached the battle-field the victory was won, and the little Spartan band had put four hundred to flight.

Brown was thus the grand instrument of scattering these lawless banditti, and giving tranquillity and peace to the people of Kansas.

BROWN THE CHILD OF PROVIDENCE AND A MAN OF EARNEST PRAYER.

He was a great observer of God's providences. This was manifest in his interpretation of the providence which subjected him to the chronic disease in his eyes when preparing for the ministry, and when the hordes of despotism broke through the bonds, to which they subjected themselves in the Missouri compromise, for the purpose of acquiring new states, to be blighted with the fearful curse and woe of human bondage. And God in his good and gracious providence often observed him. On one

occasion when reminded that there were parties in hot pursuit to capture him, with a glance of enthusiasm and defiance in his eye, he said—"Any who will try to take me and my company are cowards; and one man in the right ready to die will chase a thousand. Not less than thirty guns have been discharged at me, but they have only touched my hair. A man dies when his time comes. And a man who fears is born out of time."

He knew where his strength lay. And those who shared with him in his dangers and toils have left it on record, that he often retired into the "densest solitudes to wrestle with God in prayer." It was in these resources, obtained from the Almighty, that he acquired the power to string his arm in grand exercise to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the outcasts, stand as a wall of fire between the oppressor and the oppressed, execute God's purposes, and do His will. Prayer was offered up in all companies of men with which he was connected, and no food was tasted by him without asking a divine blessing on it. He had no graceless meals, and performed no graceless exploits.

BROWN'S DISCRIMINATION.

His keen eye soon detected every artifice, whether in regard to the avowed resolve of the Free State men to drive persons of colour out of Kansas; or of the duplicity and fraud practised by the United

States officials, which exposed them to the assaults of the Border ruffians, and subjected the abolitionists and republicans to such frightful atrocities, and untold calamities and sufferings. He set himself, therefore, resolutely against all selfishness of rule and caste and interest; and nobly battled for freedom and truth for all men, and before all men. He abhorred all hypocrisy and villainy, and he so mortified and disgusted some Free State Democrats from Indiana, that they went over bodily to the pro-slavery party, and joined the "Border ruffians." The truth, therefore, everywhere flashes forth in the history of Kansas, that John Brown preserved the bright angel of liberty from being sacrificed by the political intrigues of wily demagogues and subversive tools, secretly leagued with the slaveholders and "Border ruffians," under the cover and with the sanction of the United States Government, for the preservation of slavery.

BROWN'S DEEP STRATEGY.

He frequently entered the camp of invading forces without raising a suspicion as to what he was, or what was his object; and, unchallenged, conversed with them, found out their plans, and then mysteriously disappeared. On one occasion, accompanied by two persons, he went out to the prairies where a number of invaders were encamped, and pretended to survey the country, when he drove

his imaginary lines through the middle of their camp. At that period all the officials of the United States Government in Kansas and their understrappers were "ultra pro-slavery," and the Border Ruffians in league with them. These men not doubting that Brown was a Government surveyor, his "political orthodoxy was never questioned." The men in the camp freely told him their plans. "There was an old man of the name of Brown," they said, "who had several sons here, whom it was necessary to get out of the way. If they were driven out or killed the other settlers would be afraid to offer any resistance. They told him that Wilkinson, the Doyles's, and a Dutchman, named Sherman, had recently been in Missouri, and succeeded in securing forces to drive out the Browns; and that it was determined to kill them in the latter end of May. They mentioned several other prominent Free State men who were to share this fate."

Brown left the camp, notified the settlers who had been marked out for destruction, of the murderous design of these Missourians. A meeting of the intended victims was held; and it was determined on the first indication of the massacre "that the Doyles's—a father and two sons—Wilkinson and Sherman, should be seized, tried by 'Lynch law,' and be summarily executed;" which in their own self-defence was done by some party or parties unknown who had charge of the business.

On the evening of the 24th of May 1858, the houses of the Browns were invaded, indignities of the grossest character in word and act were offered to a daughter and daughter-in-law of Brown, and vile threats of murder and brutality were used. They had no means of redress or protection. The law was in the hands of Wilkinson, one of those ruffians, who was the magistrate of the district. Brown had left home for the purpose of procuring aid, but the sentinels on guard stepped in and secured the miscreants, subjected them to a trial, in which they confessed their guilt, were ordered to prepare for death as a warning and example to all midnight assassins and robbers of the fate which awaited them, and inspire them with a salutary dread, and save the community from a repetition of the brutalities and murders which were committed. After making confession they were allowed time to pray, and then were executed.

BROWN MIGHTY IN THE SCRIPTURES.

The Scriptures were his constant study, and his daily meditation. But those passages of Scripture which refer to the slave so entered his heart, and became like fire in his bones, that his love and zeal became intensified on their behalf. And in remembrance of those that are in bonds, and to deliver some that were drawn unto death, he went into the State of Missouri, and there, without firing a shot,

rescued a number of slaves and conducted them to the Queen's dominions.

"By this act," Brown says, "all pro-slavery, conservative, Free State, dough-face men, were filled with holy horror," and a price was put upon his head, premiums were offered for his capture, and a party organised for his pursuit.

THRILLING INCIDENTS.

To prevent an alarm being given, Brown took Jarne, a slaveholder, prisoner, and carried him into the territory of the United States, where he was released. Whilst on their way, one female who had been his slave tried to console him, but he was not to be comforted. On perceiving which the sympathetic negress exclaimed, "Gosh! massa's in a bad fix—hog no killed—corn no gathered—nigger run away! Laws-a-me! What'll massa do?" Another, who had been rescued, named "Jim," who was driving an ox-team, supposed to belong to his former master, and taken in compensation for unrequited toil. Jim, in charge of the team, asked one of the liberators, "How far it was to Canada?"

"Twenty-five hundred miles," was the reply.

"Twenty-five hundred!" Laws-a-massa, not get dar 'fore spring!" cried Jim, as he raised his heavy whip and brought it down on the ox's back, and shouted impatiently, "Whoa, ha, Buck, get up dar, g'lang, Bell!"

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A little boy of the party grasped his father by the leg and asked, "Hows ye feel, fadder, when you's free?"

The liberated slaves constituted four families—one man, his wife, and two children, a widowed mother, two daughters and a son, a young man, a boy, and a woman who had been separated from her husband. When the slaveholder was released, he served as a clue to put the pursuing party on the track of the liberators.

They rested for a while in their fortified position known as "Bain's Fort," on the little Osage in Kansas. On the 29th of January 1859, they left for Canada by way of Nebraska with their precious charge, the number having been increased by the birth of a child, which was named Captain John Brown, during their brief residence in Kansas.

ATTACK OF THE PURSUERS AND IGNOMINIOUS FLIGHT.

On the third day of their journey they reached a place called Holton, which was known as a resting place of "Jim Lane's army." Here a party of thirty pro-slavery men from Lecompton came so near them that it was necessary to "halt and make a defence." Five white men and three negro men against thirty!

Brown took possession of two log cabins in the wood, which they surrounded in the distance, and whilst in this position a reinforcement of twelve

joined the attacking party, making forty-two against eight. Whilst preparing for an assault Brown and his party issued from the woods for the purpose of shewing fight, when the pro-slavery Lecompton banditti turned and fled without a shot being fired, with the exception of four men who stood their ground, and they were made prisoners.

Brown caused them to dismount, and put the negroes on their horses. They swore. He ordered them to be silent, as he would permit no blasphemy in his presence. They swore again. "Kneel!" said the old man, as, with stern earnestness, he drew his pistol. They knelt down, and he ordered them to pray. He detained them for five days, and compelled them to pray night and morning. They never swore again in the old man's presence. On returning to Atchison one of them made known the above incident, when it overwhelmed them with ridicule which drove them out of the place.

REINFORCEMENT TO HELP BROWN.

News had spread that Brown was surrounded by the Lecompton Posse of Kidnappers; and from Topeka a company of forty mounted men were despatched to help Brown. But on their appearance Brown had won his victory, and had possession of his "lawful prey." Some of them advocated that an example should be made of them, but Brown resisted. On being released they asked "the old

man to restore their horses and weapons." "No," said John Brown, gravely. "Your legs will carry you as fast as you want to run. You will not find any more old Browns between this and Atchison."

Seventeen of the above reinforcement volunteered to accompany him. As they travelled slowly along, the men of violence and blood swarmed around his track, and followed like a pack of hungry wolves, panting for the price of blood; but the fear and terror of Sharp's rifles kept them at a proper distance. In the different villages through which he passed, he was kindly helped by the friends of freedom. At Grinnell, a collection in church was taken up for them. When they reached Chicago his company disbanded, whilst he with two others proceeded to Detroit, which place he reached March 12, 1859, when he immediately crossed over to the Queen's dominions, and placed his charge under the lion's mane, secure from the talons of our American eagle.

JOHN BROWN'S SAYINGS.

In the above remarkable journey, some of his utterances were treasured up, and afterwards published.

These utterances make him say, "That it was nothing to die in a good cause; but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American slavery."

"Providence," said he, "has made me an actor, and slavery an outlaw."

"A price is on my head, and what is life to me."

"An old man should have more care to end life well than to live long."

"Duty is the voice of God, and a man is neither worthy of a good home here, nor a heaven hereafter, that is not willing to be in peril for a good cause."

"The loss of my family, and the troubles in Kansas, have shattered my constitution; and I am nothing to the world but to defend the right, and that, by God's help, I have done, and will do."

He said, "he scouted the idea of rest, while he held a commission direct from God Almighty against slavery."

This scouting of rest led him to,—

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Viewed from his hand no worthy action done,"

and soon brought him into more prominent notice, and placed him before the world as the grandest "actor in God's providence" ever raised up in America.

With his "direct commission from the Almighty" he went on the same sublime mission to Harper's Ferry. But this time was taken prisoner by the United States' troops and thrown into prison. Poor James Buchanan, who ordered out those troops, has gone down to the fossil remains of society, where he is unnoticed; or, if noticed, is

kicked under the foot-as refuse and dung. But what honour cleaves to the name of the noble Brown! And how his virtues are being brightly developed; whilst his character and fame are historic.

It has been avowed, however, that if Brown had had those three hundred and eighteen trained servants of the old patriarch Abraham with him, he would have whipt Virginia and the United States unitedly.

Multitudes have thought that if the reinforcement expected by Captain Brown from Frederick Douglas had been at hand, according to arrangement, the issue would have been different, and Brown's life would have been spared; or if Brown had taken Cook's advice, "to retreat to the mountains with his prisoners, and what arms they could gather, they would have been able to succeed; and that, as it was, the enterprise only failed through the cowardice of the negro abolitionist, Frederick Douglas, who was to have arrived at the school-house with a large band early on Monday;" but Cook said, "I conveyed the arms to the school-house for him, and waited till nearly night, but the coward didn't come."

Such was the information given to the reporters by the persons who took John Brown and his men prisoners, and published in the *New York Herald*, and other papers at the time. And the taking of the arms by Cook to the school-house, a place pre-

viously fixed upon, where the above were to repair, and also Cook's hovering about the above building on that eventful Monday, give strong circumstantial evidence in favour of the above report.

"The coward didn't come!" There is the sting for the man who, on a great public occasion, stretched out his brawny arms, and pleaded for the necessity of brute force, whilst a female negro cried out, "Is God dead, Fred?"

As it was, Brown nobly contested the scene with his heroic party of seventeen men against overwhelming odds. For two days two thousand Virginians were awed into submission by this noble band of men, and held in "durance vile." And when the troops of two States were gathered against them, they barricaded themselves in the United States Armoury, until their stronghold was forced by the United States troops, when many of them fell covered with wounds. Captain Brown was here in the thick of the fight. With one son dead by his side, and another dying, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held his rifle with the other, commanding his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

When the affray began, Brown urged the prisoners to keep themselves out of the reach of danger. At its close he received a severe bayonet wound in his side, and when brought out with the rest that were taken prisoners, his face and hair

were clotted with blood. Thus Brown, "finding himself abandoned, fought with a handful of heroic men, struggled, fell, himself riddled with bullets, his two sons, martyrs of a holy cause, dead at his side." This was Harper's Ferry! The Thermopylæ of America!

The news was flashed along the wires. The most intense excitement and interest was everywhere awakened. Every incident was treasured up, and with the greatest eagerness and anxiety the world looked forward to the coming trial of this heroic man; multitudes crying "away with him, crucify him." Others exclaiming "let no man pray that Brown be spared. Let Virginia make him a martyr. Now he has only blundered. His soul was noble. His work miserable. But a cord and gibbet would redeem that, and round up Brown's failure with a heroic success." Whilst others of us, knowing that as Brown was placed in the ravenous jaws of Virginian slave-holders, by the United States authorities, felt that Brown's fate was foreshadowed; and that, whilst our prayers ascended to God on his behalf, nothing was left for us but to fling the tribute of homage to his romantic genius, high daring chivalry, and sublime moral worth, since John Brown was heroically true to his mission, conscience, country, and God. Prospectively, therefore, we could sing that he was right on the scaffold.

"But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God, within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

SCENE IN THE HARPER'S FERRY ENGINE HOUSE.

Immediately on Brown being captured, Governor Wise, Senator Mason, Johnston, a United States Marshall — Vallandigham, a Member of Congress from Ohio, and others, visited him in the above place. A number of questions were put to him, to which he made noble replies. Being asked "what was his object in coming to Harper's Ferry, he at once replied, to free the slaves. How do you justify your acts? You, the slaveholders, are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity. I say it without wishing to be offensive, and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you, so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I hold that the golden rule, do unto others as you would that others should do unto you, applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty."

To the questions, "do you believe in the Bible, he replied, Certainly I do. Did you get up this expedition yourself? I did. Do you consider this a religious movement! It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render unto his God. Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence? I do. I was here carrying out a measure which I deem perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian; but, on the contrary, to aid those suffering under a

great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better all—you people of the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of this question. It must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it, and the sooner you commence that preparation the better for you." During the above conversation, Brown "lay on the floor," his gray hair matted and tangled, his hands and clothes smeared with blood and begrimed with dirt, the effect of continued exposure to the smoke of powder. And yet, the reporters tell us, "that his conversation was courteous and affable, and that he appeared to make a favourable impression on his visitors," as Governor Wise, on retiring from the scene, said "that he was the gamest man that he ever saw."

BROWN'S HASTY TRIAL.

He had revealed to the world the weakness of the slaveholder's cause, and excited their unmanly fears. The most terrible apparitions, phantoms, and nightmares haunted them, and as Victor Hugo has graphically said, "Brown stretched upon a truckle bed with six half closed wounds—a gun shot wound in his arm, one in his loins, two in the chest, two in the head—almost bereft of hearing, bleeding through his mattress—the spirits of his two dead sons attending him—his four fellow-prisoners crawling around him—Stevens with four sabre wounds—justice in a hurry to have done

with the case—an attorney, Hunter, demanding that it be despatched with sharp speed—Judge Parker assenting—the defence cut short—scarcely any delay allowed—forged or garbled documents put in evidence—witnesses for the prisoner shut out—the defence clogged—two guns loaded with grape brought into Court, with an order to jailors to shoot the prisoners in case of an attempt at rescue—forty minutes' deliberation—then sentenced to death.” To the above, add the trial of Faithful in Bunyan's “Pilgrim's Progress” and you have a perfect exhibition of the mockery and insult of the trial of John Brown, five days after he was consigned to prison on the charge of treason.

BROWN'S NOBLE PROTEST.

In connection with the above trial there are two things worthy of note.

When Brown was brought into Court he addressed the Court as follows :—“ Virginians, I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken, I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial, but under no circumstances will I be able to attend my trial. If you seek my blood you can have it any moment without this mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one, know nothing about the feelings of my fellow-prisoners,

and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my defence. My memory don't serve me. My health is insufficient, although improving. If a fair trial is to be allowed us, there are mitigating circumstances I urge in our favour. But if we are to be forced with a mere form of a trial for execution, you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial, I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power!" What a noble protest against such mockery.

Brown's address to the Court was more noble still.

BROWN'S DEFENCE.

"May it please the Court I have a few words to say:—

"In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clear thing of the matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took

slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

“I have another objection. That is: It is unjust I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—had I so interfered on behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges, I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here, which I suppose to be the Bible, or, at least, the New Testament. That teaches me that ‘all things whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do even so to them.’ It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as being bound with them. I endeavoured to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done,

in behalf of this despised poor, was not wrong but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit. So let it be done."

These were noble words, and ought to be written in letters of burning light to be scattered on the pathway of life. Thus it was he appealed to the better judgment of these men and the noblest feelings of their nature. But, alas! in vain. Whilst, however, the appeal will go down to the last syllable of recorded time, as the utterance of one of earth's noblest heroes and martyrs, the name of Judge Richard Parker, who pronounced on him the dark decree of death, will be covered with infamy.

BROWN IN PRISON.

Numbers of slaveholders visited him in prison, and among them Governor Wise. Some of them called him a robber and a pirate. He at once, with the utmost self-possession of mind, indignantly repelled the charge, saying, "You, the slaveholders, are the robbers." Governor Wise rebuked him, saying, "He had better not make those hard allusions, as his grey hair was crimsoned with blood, and devote his time to a suitable preparation for

another world." Brown observed, that "there was an eternity in the past, and an eternity to come, and this world was only a little speck in the middle. I am prepared for the eternity to come, but you, Governor Wise, have got to begin; and as he thought he would not survive him more than thirty years, he had better give up his sin of slavery and attend to the interests of his soul."

And Brown was right, for he felt that no person could be so educated into the belief that slavery could be right, when the instincts of their own natures, conclusions arising from principles of natural justice, and the bright blaze of light flashing from the full orb'd precepts of Christianity, told them that it was inherently sinful and wrong. He, therefore, was no believer in the Shelbys of Uncle Tom; or that men, whether they were called pious or profane, could hold property in man and be guiltless, or had a claim to our respect and esteem, for the fairest side of slave life, with all its "easy indulgence and good-natured forbearance," is marked and spotted with the dark ulcerous stains of crime. What a position for Mrs Stowe to assume as the apologist of sin and the conniver at crime! To what disadvantage, therefore, Mrs Stowe appears in the presence of John Brown. When Colonel Smith asked him in the jail "as to whether he had any desire to have a clergyman to administer to him the consolations of religion," Brown said, "he did not recognise any slaveholder, lay or cle-

rical, or any man sympathising with slavery, as a Christian, and would as soon be attended to the scaffold by blacklegs and robbers of the worst kind as by slaveholding ministers, or ministers sympathising with slavery, and that if he had his choice he would prefer being followed to the scaffold by large-footed, bare-legged, ragged negro children, and their old grey-headed slave mother than by clergymen of this character." And when a number of pro-slavery clergymen visited him in jail, and offered to pray for him, to one he said his "prayers would be an abomination;" to another, that "he would not insult his God by bowing down with one who had the blood of the slave on his skirts;" and to the third he said, "I respect you as a gentleman, but it is as a heathen gentleman."

He had no sympathy with "easy indulgences, and good natured forbearances" with such criminality.

When the day arrived that he was to be hung, he took leave of his fellow-prisoners, and then commenced his journey to the scaffold. On coming outside the gates, a black woman with a child in her arms stood near his path. He paused for a moment, and with the tenderness of one whose love was as "broad as the brotherhood of man," he took up the child and kissed it affectionately. "God bless you," cried the black woman, "I wish I could help you, but I cannot." As he passed along with cheerful step, radiant countenance, and a tender,

loving heart, a Mr Saddler, one of the procession said, "You are a game man, Captain Brown." "Yes," said he, "I was so trained up; it was one of the lessons of my mother, but it is hard to part from friends though newly made." "You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," responded Mr Saddler. "Yes," said the brave old man, "I ought to be."

As the procession entered the field where he was to die, he saw a vast concourse of military men, but with his discriminating eye, he remarked, "I see no citizens here; where are they?" "The citizens are not allowed to be present, none but the troops," was the reply. "That ought not to be," said Brown, "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others." On the scaffold being reached, he bid his attendants "good bye," and with unfaltering step, mounted the scaffold, and there with calm eye and majestic mien surveyed the scene before him, impressing all with the dignity of his bearing, his courageous fortitude, and insensibility to fear. With graceful motion he took off his hat and threw it on the platform, and prepared himself for death. And when his elbows and ankles were pinioned, the white cap drawn over his eyes, the hangman's rope adjusted around his neck, and all made ready for his triumphant death, the Sheriff asked, "shall I give you a handkerchief and let you drop it as a signal?" "No," said the glorious martyr, "I am ready at any time; do not keep me needlessly wait-

ing." In mockery, however, of some imaginary foe, the execution was stayed by a martial order, "not ready yet," when a vast military show of parade and sham display began under the orders of the commanding officer. On this being ended, the order of execution was given. And as the rope was severed with a hatchet, the trap fell, and its hinges gave a wailing creak, and he was launched into eternity.

Thus lived and died this man of God, who to a blameless life combined a victor's death. How noble thus to die in a cause so holy and divine, and in honour of the noble principles of justice, truth, and liberty. Who would not take his place against the chances for another world of all the slaveholders and their abettors and promoters that have ever lived? And what ignominy is there in a scaffold whose steps lead triumphantly to the throne of God, or a prison which is exchanged for a palace of glory in heaven? In such a case the cap is transformed into a crown unfading bright, and the pinions on his arms to a sceptre of immortality. But with the creaking of those hinges another sound rose on the breeze, not only expressive of the grief that rose from sympathising hearts, but of victory.

"They may hang him on a gibbet, they may raise the victor's cry,
When they see him darkly swinging like a speck against the sky;
Ah! the dying of a hero, that the right may win its way,
Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and mellow May!

Now his story shall be whispered by the fire light's evening
glow,
And in fields of rice and cotton, where the hot noon passes slow,
Till his name shall be a watchword from Missouri to the sea,
And his planting find its reaping in the birth-day of the free!

To counteract, however, the influence of this noble martyr, numbers cried "crazy," "madman." But was Leonidas crazy in the pass of Thermopylæ? or Arnold at Winkelreid, when he gathered in his side the fatal "sheaf of Austrian spears," and perished before them? And can we call that man mad who dropt like a bombshell into the bastile of slavery at Harper's Ferry, shook its mighty bulwarks to their foundation, sent a terror through the hearts of tyrant despots, and created a panic in their ranks? No. And the sword which he held in his hand on the whole of that prophetic Monday, when he defended himself in the armoury of the United States, with his little band of noble men—that sword which was presented by Frederick the Great to General Washington, bearing the inscription, "from the oldest general in the world, to the greatest," its history now proclaims that from Washington the greatest general, it had descended to John Brown, one of the purest and kindest.

False shepherds, like the Rev. J. B. Taylor of Richmond, Virginia, with the synonymism of kindness, and wisdom of counsels, placed to their account by the *Boston Watchman and Reflector*, June 7, 1860,

stuffed Brown's dead lips with blasphemous sentiments, putting into his mouth the most monstrous falsehoods, which made him say, "Christ was a pretty good teacher, plenty of others like him, I don't believe Him as a Saviour, I don't want anybody else to bear my sins, I am not such an extra sinner, etc." How dexterous was this move on the part of the enemies of freedom, hoping thereby to blast his fame, and destroy his reputation! But the grand religious elements of his character, which had been the ruling motive of his life, made him a Christian patriarch in his family, a consistent member of the church to which he belonged, an earnest expounder of God's truth, both in public and private, as opportunity presented itself, and a faithful martyr to his principles, so that these false shepherds are just as much at discount in their testimony as the Papists in the case of Luther and the early Reformers—Sir Walter Scott in the case of the Covenanters—or the Puritans in the case of the immortal Roger Williams.

Others cried "traitor!" But where was his treason? And in what did it consist? If to release or deliver slaves unrighteously held in bondage as property, be treason, then the patriarch Abraham ought to have been hung when he armed his hired servants, pursued Chedorlaomer, and rescued his brother Lot. John Brown could not commit treason in seeking the deliverance of captives, because the law of God required it, and his obedience to it demanded that

he should set at nought all the wicked desires of men as unrighteous and forbidden of God.

There were those, however, who charged him with the murder of Doyle and others. But he has received a triumphant acquittal at the bar of public opinion and justice.

The author's remark in the case of Lord Shaftesbury applies to living men. John Brown terminated his career under dark and heavy clouds of misrepresentation, associated with torrents of abuse which came down upon him on every side, swelled up against him and threatened in one mighty deluge to sweep him away. Interested and heated passion did its worst to conceal his virtues, misrepresent his opinions, destroy his usefulness, and injure his character. But now this is entombed with him in the grave. A change has come over the scene. His name is the synonym of all that is great and good. His sayings are household words. And the multitudes who shouted, "crucify him," are now celebrating his virtues and noble deeds in heroic song. John Brown when living had been charged with the death of Doyle and others. But no sooner was he hung on the scaffold than the following vindication of his character appeared from the pen of Judge Conway :—

VINDICATION OF JOHN BROWN.—TESTIMONY OF
JUDGE CONWAY, OF KANSAS.

The following letter from Judge Conway, of Kansas, in vindication of the memory of John Brown, appears in the *Boston Journal* :—

“SIR,—I am very much surprised to find, in a late number of your paper, a letter from your excellent correspondent, A. D. Richardson, Esq., in which my name is used to corroborate a most atrocious slander upon the memory of old John Brown, of Osawatamie. Mr. Richardson does not himself indorse this wicked calumny, but refers to a conversation he had with me, in which he says that I informed him that Brown admitted to me that he was engaged in the killing of Doyle and others, on Potawatamie bank, in 1856. He also cites a conversation with Captain Walker, to the same effect. This, sir, is a mistake, so far as it relates to me, which I cannot see how a gentleman of Mr Richardson’s intelligence could contrive to fall into. Mr. Richardson must, therefore, pardon the directness of my answer, when I assure him emphatically that I *never told him any such thing*. Captain Walker will also pardon me, when I say to him, most courteously, that I do not believe that Brown ever told him any such thing. It is, indeed, a wonderful circumstance, taken from any point of view, how many persons have recently sprung up to whom

John Brown long since confided a dreadful secret—a secret which, if exposed, would have cost him his life, and which, not being exposed, made any one in it liable to the penalties of a capital offence. And still more wonderful, that those persons are of a class with which Brown never had any sympathy, and toward which he always maintained a profound aversion!

“These witnesses are certainly too swift. They pretend to have been the bosom friends of the old man; to have shared with him the most awful secret of his soul, and yet they are among the loudest in execration of his memory. They pretend to be in possession of a secret which could only have been conveyed under bonds of the most sacred private friendship; and yet they are ready to expose this secret to blacken the name of their friend. This is unnatural and impossible; I distrust all such testimony. From what I know, *I am convinced that Brown never had any personal participation in the killing of the men on the Potawatamie*, and that, of course, he never told anybody he had. My recollection of what I said to Mr Richardson, on this topic, is very distinct, and to this effect—namely, that John Brown said to me in Boston, two years prior, that he was *not* at the killing on the Potawatamie, but that he approved it. Mr. Richardson could not have been doing me the honour of giving me his attention at the time, or he would not so far misapprehended me. This statement made to me by

Brown was precisely the same made by him to all his best and most confidential friends touching the subject, and may be very safely taken for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the matter.

“The fearful story of his seizing five or six men in their beds at night, tearing them away from the arms of their weeping wives and children, killing them by slow degrees, within hearing of their families, and then wantonly mutilating their dead bodies, was invented and propagated by one of the most notoriously lying rascals in the United States ; an individual who has been doing all manner of base work for three years past, in this vicinity, for the Democratic party, and getting paid for his wretched services in hard cash. It was of course seized on by all the enemies of Old Osawatamie as soon as it appeared, and hawked about the country as embodying the indubitable record of the ‘Potawatamie Massacre.’ But it is utterly unworthy of credit, and should be discarded by every honourable mind as a malignant attempt to injure the fame of one who, whatever, in the estimation of some, may have been his errors or his crimes, was the purest embodiment which the country affords of exalted self-sacrifice ; and, as such, dear to any friend of humanity.

“It may, perhaps, add something to the estimation in which this tragical romance of the Potawatamie should be held, to inform the public that,

since it was first published, the author has fled the country in disgrace. The weekly journal edited here by him has become extinct, and his wife has filed a petition in the County Court, praying for a divorce, charging him with being an 'inhuman monster,' which, from my own knowledge of the animal, I will very promptly testify to, if summoned as a witness in the case. Retributive justice is sometimes speedy, as well as always sure. Very respectfully, yours,

M. F. CONWAY."

LAWRENCE, K. T., Jan. 23, 1860.

When John Brown was questioned in regard to the above murders before his death, he said, "I had no hand in it, but, in view of the circumstances of the case, endorsed it; and that time and the honest verdict of posterity would approve every act of his."

The efforts of his enemies, therefore, were completely thwarted in their attempts to fix the stigma of reproach on his name. And his name, like his noble virtues and manly character, will be endeared to myriads yet unborn. But the example of his personal activity and usefulness have left a mighty track behind it on the ocean waves of life, which will quicken thought, lead men to institute deep searchings of heart on account of sin, and deep sorrow therefor—to make Christ their only hope and trust, and cherish a manly and open avowal of attachment to Him—to show the heavenly origin

of the divine life, which Christians claim in their purity, the holiness of the heart evincing itself in the holiness of the life; their spirituality, founded on a vivid realisation of unseen and eternal things, and the recognition of God in everything; in their meekness under provocation, gentleness amidst strife, forbearance and endurance whilst suffering wrongfully, not "eager for a martyr's name, but willing to bear a martyr's sorrows amidst a martyr's ignominy;" and in zeal enlightened with knowledge, strengthened with fortitude, tinctured with prudence, and enflamed with love and holy boldness in the diffusion of the knowledge and influence of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and in seeking to remove all obstructions which impede its progress. No man understood better the law of happiness, which led him beyond himself to promote the good of others, than John Brown. He was not slow to learn from nature. For the sun shineth not for itself. The rivers flow not for themselves. And the cattle on a thousand hills browse not for themselves. In nature everything is tributary. And so it is in grace. For those that are made good must evidence this by doing good, in imitation of Christ who went about doing good, not speculating about it, but effecting it—doing good, not periodically, but incessantly and systematically, making it the element of their being and bliss.

Here was the secret of John Brown's strength and usefulness. In a pre-eminent degree he made

the cross of Christ his resting place, and the glory of Christ his aim. He not only owned Christ as his Saviour, but, in an extraordinary degree, walked in his steps. This threw a peculiar charm around him when on earth—made bright his prospects for another world—filled him with joyous hope in view of death—secured for him a triumphant exit when he bade adieu to the sorrows of this life, in his departure from this world to heaven, where he has exchanged the mists and clouds of earth for the full blaze of the heavenly glory ; and it caused him to leave a rich legacy of principles behind him, which, to use his own language, are more “precious than a crown set in a socket of gold.”

His epitaph is not yet filled up,

“But though the sceptic’s tongue deride
This martyr who for conscience died ;
Yet, long for him the poet’s lyre,
Shall wake its notes of heavenly fire.
His name shall nerve the patriot’s hand,
Upraised to save a falling land ;
And piety shall learn to burn
With holier transports o’er his urn.”

THE LATE REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.

This honoured minister was driven from his church and congregation, as Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, for preaching a sermon on “National Sins and National Duties,” on the evening of Lord’s day, June 29, 1856 ; nearly

the only service which he ever rendered to the cause of freedom, but which noble act has made his name fragrant, and secured for it a place in the niche of immortality.

During the delivery of the above sermon, he was publicly interrupted by some of the members of his church and congregation, and afterwards, in a vestry meeting, September 15, 1856, they sought to justify the above act, alleging that the interruption was "demanded by the unprecedented character of the discourse, both the subject and manner of treatment being unsuited for the Lord's day and the sanctuary. And as the above resolution was allowed to be put on record by the vestry, though not adopted by them; the following exceptions were directed by the late Rector to the vestry of his church, to be inserted on the minutes, to wit:

"That they describe him as introducing sectional politics into the pulpit, when, in defence of suffering humanity, his theme was National Sins and National Duties, a theme in his view entirely becoming one commissioned to reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.

"That such censure is beyond the pale of the legitimate action of a Vestry, inasmuch as nowhere, either by the Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the charter and by-laws of the Church of the Epiphany, or by the fundamental principles of the church of Christ, are

the members of a vestry invested with any censorship of the pulpit.

“That he would further declare, with all deference for the recorded disapprobation of those whose approval he would gladly have in his official action, that in the preparation and delivery of the said discourse on our ‘Country’s Troubles,’ he acted under a solemn sense of his duty to God and his country, and the souls of his hearers; and that now, after a careful review of all the circumstances, he stands justified therefor at the bar of his own conscience. Hoping that the vestry will not deny him the privilege of recording, for those who shall come after, this defence of his conduct, he remains, in the bonds of charity, their fellow-servant in Christ, Dudley A. Tyng, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia.”

“Sectional Politics” was the badge of dishonour and infamy sought to be put on this noble minister by the Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites who rose against him, and tried to blast his reputation. But nobly did he repel the charge, and lift up his emblazoned shield to defend himself from their attacks. The above class of men are numerous in America, and the author has met with some of a similar spirit in this country. If you approach them, and try to interest them in behalf of suffering humanity, they will meet you with dark withering frowns, shrugged-up shoulders, and fling the uncouth word “no answer,” from tongue of fiery hate, or drop it from their lips of icicle; or more uncouth

still, present the barbed arrow "we don't know you, and we don't care to know you."

"National sins and national duties" was Dudley Tyng's theme, and what more appropriate, or more necessary, and as he said, becoming one commissioned to reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come? Acts xxiv. 25. The theme was unusual and startling in a slumbering church and nation, and as unexpected in an Episcopal church "whose unbroken unity," Dr Cheever says, "was supposed to be as sacred and insured from the intrusion of such a pestilence of benevolent fanaticism as the quarantine at Canada, or the North Pole itself in the dead of winter from an incursion of yellow fever." The theme was most noble. With such a theme the "greater ascendancy of our religious influence and power of our clergy" ought to have put our nation, if not on an equally "intellectual and moral superiority" with yourselves as Mrs Stowe claims for them in her key to Uncle Tom—if it could have done this it surely ought to have stepped forth holding in its hands the censer of God that the plague of God's wrath might have been restrained or stayed. But alas! for Mrs Stowe, her brother Henry Ward Beecher, our American clergy, the "religious ascendancy of our nation," and the "more powerful clergy," amongst the nations when the judgments of God are necessary to bury us in one common ruin.

And innumerable precedents are furnished to

justify him at the bar of conscience, as in the case of Paul at the bar of Felix, when by his persuasive eloquence, pertinent illustrations and faithful applications of the truth of God he made Felix tremble on his judgment seat—Paul a prisoner at his bar, and yet Paul the preacher, and the judge the convict! Nor are there wanting examples in more recent times. Biography gives us records of noble characters illustrative of noble men who knew their Master's will, and knowing dared to avow it. On March 11, 1797, Dr. Rippon preached a sermon "on Cruelty a natural and inseparable consequence of Slavery, and both diametrically opposed to the Doctrine and Spirit of the Christian religion." His text was Ps. lx. 16. The Rev. John Lidden of Hemel Hempstead, Herts, about the same period, preached a sermon "on Compassion the Duty and Dignity of Man, and Cruelty a disgrace of his nature, from Jer. l. 33. But above all there is the example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who opened the roll of His commission, and solemnly and earnestly read the sublime description of his own character and work as the emancipator of men. Luke iv. 18, 19.

This conscientious and faithful discharge of duty brought down upon the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng not only the political brand referred to, but the open censure and rebuke of his parishioners. And why? For doing what Dudley Tyng believed the constitution and canons of the Episcopal Church—the

bye-laws of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia—the word of God—and his own conscience required him to do. The author knows little of the first, and less of the second. But from a more intimate acquaintance with the Word of God and the rights of conscience, he unhesitatingly avows that it is beyond the legitimate action of any party or parties in Church or State to interrupt, censure, or seek to injure a man for doing what he deems in his conscience a duty, and an intelligent belief that what he does is in accordance with the revealed will of God—not making his conscience the rule, but the broad definite utterances of the Almighty inscribed on the scroll of Holy Writ, which read, “It is written; it is written; thus saith the Lord.”

There is some sense in an appeal to the law and the testimony; but there is none in tongues of fiery abuse, or slamming of vestry doors. But when the irrational and vulgar appeals come, we will cry—

“If on my head for Christ’s dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If Christ remember me.’

“Open thy mouth wide for the dumb,” saith Jehovah. And the command is re-echoed for the dumb in Hungary, Poland, and the supposed dumb in Ireland. But when the mouths of some have been opened for the dumb slave there are some of

in the street with the late Lindley A. Trog that were following like thunder have waked up on every side not only in the dark and degraded South, but in our moral and religious North," exclaiming, "what will our father say, shall him up, cast him out, put a mark on his forehead, club him, wash every vestige of his reputation to the winds, and hunt him to death."

"He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream," said the old prophet.

But let him not proclaim it as the Word of God when it is only a dream.

He that hath a fact let him communicate it whether in America or Scotland, in imitation of Solomon, Ecclesiastes iv. 1., for all truth has its relative importance and bearings upon the cause of Jesus Christ; and none more interesting or important is, or can be with greater interest fraught, or of richer value, or of greater esteem to man, than those which take in, assuage, alleviate, bind up, soften, comfort, sustain, or remove sources of deepest sorrow or poignant earthly grief amongst the human race. God's glory is enhanced, his kindness made more kind, whilst his benevolence and love are more conspicuous and with brighter lustre shine, when His Almighty arm brings sweet relief to those who have no other source of comfort, hope, or love to call their own. For such are poor indeed who have no earthly friend whose dearest ties are

often severed, crushed down with sorrow, and bereft of hope.

“Remember them that are in bonds,” is the divine command. Under the sun’s bright effulgence, the softer radiance of the moon, at morning’s early dawn, and amidst the darkness of the evening shade remember them, feeling as though their sorrows and their chains were all your own. On the house tops proclaim their burdens and their griefs. By the wayside forget them not; around the social hearth remember them and in the railway car, on land or sea, in the forum or the chamber of the senate, but above all, and beyond all other places, scenes, or spots on earth, be this your thought, aim, purpose, desire, and prayer to remember them when you go up and stand in God’s most holy place, his blessed sanctuary, the place of His delight. It is at your peril you forget them there. But may you not ask the squire, lordly deacons, the Right Rev. Bishops, or the Pope? No. You must not ask them if you may speak, or if they will hear, but speak the Word—the Word which God hath given, with utterance clear, deep, broad, definite, grand, majestic, divine as the God and everlasting Father of us all, the Prince of Peace, that none might here mistake their calling, or their way, misinterpret His vast purposes of love or merciful designs towards men. Unclasp the book, or unfurl the roll, and as you read, or make known to men God’s mind and will, point to the bright record which

can never be erased or blotted out by wicked priest or king. For "it is written, it is written"—written so that men might not diverge to right or left—written so that you may fix your eye with steady purpose and determined will on God's most holy hill and oracle divine—written that when men hear God's will made known you may catch the softest, sweetest whispers of his approving love, or bend down the soul to His almighty power, with supreme regard amid the thunder tones of his rebuke, gladly confessing that you know no other will. For it is his prerogative to command, yours to obey. And oh! what happiness is linked with knowledge such as this and obedience sincere.

Tyrants may oppose, bigots frown, dark plots be conceived, deep stratagems with subtle skill laid to ensnare and ruin, and crowds infuriated may cry traitor, fanatical preacher, imprudent political madman, let him be marked, rejected, deserted, and disgraced.

"But let the hostile lion roar,
How vain his threats appear!
He cannot match Jehovah's power,
Then wherefore should I fear?"

Yea, even then, his joys are crystallised with his tears, his drops of grief made big with rivers of delight, and his imprisoned sighs exchanged for songs of noble praise.

Such was the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia. Thus thought, spake, felt, and lived that holy man

of God. And as the Rock of Ages was the centre of his every hope and trust in life, even so in death it was the threshold of his everlasting bliss.

Calmly he lay down to die. Sweetly he commended his sorrowing wife and friends to his blessed Lord and Master, and resigned himself into His hands. And with the song of bliss on his lips :—

“Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hid myself in thee”—

he bounded over the deep dark gulph of death, into the sea of bliss beyond, inconceivable, unfathomable, where he has gone to hide himself in Christ—and to be with him. “Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his.” Num. xxiii. 10.

REV. D. M. CONWAY.

Conway has long been well and favourably known in the cause of freedom. And the author has an abundance of material in his possession to shew the nobility of the principles which he has cherished and the sentiments he has diffused; his promptitude to seize on all passing events, and to embrace every opportunity in his power to rouse a slumbering church to a sense of its duty, and save his country from that inevitable abyss of ruin into which it has been so long drifting. In a noble comment on the act of Bishop Alonzo Potter, already referred to, in

connection with the "Christus Consolator" of Ary Scheffer, the artist, he says—"It is our mission to engrave the complete 'Christus Consolator' on the heart of America, to restore the figure of the fettered negro back to the place from which the unchristian church has erased him. We must paint that picture on the land, though, if need be, our heart's blood go for pigment. I am glad that literature and art have expurgated the negro. It is the outspokening of a fact. He is erased there because he is erased from the heart and conscience of the popular church. If he had been left in the Pennsylvania Prayer Book, it would have been a falsehood. Be ours, therefore, the sublime enterprise of restoring that effaced figure, to print the complete frontispiece on every heart within its pale of influence, to do away with a spurious and expurgated Christianity."

What utterances were ever better adapted to smite down the huge imposture touching colour, which our American people are now trying with such artfulness and earnestness to impose on themselves and the credulity of others! And never did the imperious necessity of the times in America demand the rebuke of such cruel prejudices as now. And John Bright, George Thomson, and Richard Cobden, whom our American people claim as their special friends in this country would be much better employed in using their mighty talents in helping to remove these prejudices than joining their sympathies with the Unionists in this insane war

which God has brought down as a punishment on the North as well as the South for their united sin of oppression.

CONWAY'S TRUE NOBILITY AND SUBLIMITY.

There is heart, life, soul, will, purpose, and principle, and a combination of all in one that places Conway, not only in the front rank of Abolitionists, but far ahead of others to whom has been conceded the honour of marshalling the good men and true for the conflict before them in America. Whilst our American Israel has forsaken the true God, and worshipped the false gods of slavery, colour-phobia, and the Union, Conway has stepped forward for the redemption of God's people, like Gideon. And in doing so, we have never seen any mantles of covering, pleas of extenuation, concessions of Christian status, or fraternisations with the class of religionists to whom Cowper makes such a thrilling appeal, where he says :—

“ Canst thou, and honoured with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman born, and feel no shame ;
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?
So may the wolf, whose famine has made bold
To quit the forest, and invade the fold :
So may the ruffian, who, with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed side ;
Not he, but his emergence forced the door,
He found it inconvenient to be poor.”

Neither have we seen from Conway any appeals to the material sword. But amidst the general defections that have obtained in this respect, it is difficult to say who amongst the little band of Christian emancipationists have stood true to their mission of peace and good will! As far as we know, however, his appeal has been to the law and testimony. And the two edged and keen-bladed sword of God's Spirit he has used with mighty power.

REV. DR. CHEEVER.

The author, in his private and public references, has been wont to pay grand and lofty tribute to the above clergyman, in consequence of the noble sacrifices he has made for his attachment to the truth, and the fiery ordeal through which he has had to pass, like those of us who have tried to maintain a course of unswerving fidelity in the cause of Christ, and consciences void of offence towards God and man. But many things have combined to modify the opinion of the author in regard to Cheever—things which have overwhelmed him with surprise, and caused him to mourn over the irreparable injury he is doing to the cause which he has espoused.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever is minister in a church which bears the honoured name of the Puritans. And yet, in his church we find a society existing separate from and independent of the church—an

irresponsible and governing power, to which the church is, and must be, subservient to some extent, and can only be brought into harmony with its wishes by electing persons to the society or board of trustees favourable to themselves. This irresponsible power is an invasion of all the rights of a Christian Church, and makes the Church its vassal or bond slave when necessity demands it, or circumstances require it. And when the occasion arose in the Church of the Puritans, New York, the victory was only obtained by the appointment of new trustees, when the time came for a new election to be made, "according to the articles of agreement between the society and the church." What an anomaly in a church that bears the name of the Puritans! Did the old, original Puritans hand over their "Church Rights" by "Articles of Agreement" or otherwise, to any privileged class or order of men? Is it any wonder that Dr. Cheever or his church should have had trouble in connexion with such a sacrifice of vested rights, and more especially when the pastor and church were brought to conflict in opinion or sentiment with the society or board of trustees. In such a case it is no wonder that the conflict was long and severe. And more especially when the society or trustees were aided by an influential minority in the church, and could claim the active sympathies and co-operation of two or three deacons, who put on superior airs of piety in order to mask ulterior designs. This

was so obvious in Cheever's church, that the author spoke of it to one of the members of the above church, and was thought of, if not spoken of, harshly and censoriously at the time for the remark. But the open revolt of the deacons referred to soon demonstrated his remarks to be true.

How strange, with Cheever's knowledge of congregational principles, and avowed attachment to them, that he should be a party to submit to such an arrangement as that which hands over the rights and independence of the Church of the Puritans, by articles of agreement, to a society or trustees! It is no wonder, therefore, that he and his people should have had their difficulties and trials enhanced when they were in the power and at the mercy of their foe, until the time of a new election.

Another thing which struck the author's mind, was the loose discipline of the Church of the Puritans. There is an old adage which embodies a great truth, "like priest, like people." If the members of the church, who composed the society or board of trustees, with one honourable exception, and the deacons in their open revolt, had been drummed out of the Church of the Puritans, just as the Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson and the ex-parte council ought to have been drummed out of the denomination to which they belong—or officially strung up by excommunication as an example to future generations for taking part with a society against a church, to help the society to lord its authority over the church,

and make the church its bond slave—if this had been done, Dr. Cheever and his people would have been saved a world of trouble, and flaming paragraphs would not so often have appeared in the public newspapers, under the title of “more trouble in Dr Cheever’s church.” But they erred on the ground of leniency, either from fear of the society, which they had invested with extraordinary powers, or from their own incapacity or disinclination to discharge their obligations and duties in consequence of abounding laxity. The investiture of a society with an authority supreme over the church, is an anomaly in a church that claims the honour of representing the principles and polity of the Puritans, and reflects no credit on the name of Cheever or his people to have allowed such a departure from New Testament polity or precedent. But their laxity, as well as falsity of principle and practice has added immensely to their difficulties and troubles in the Church of the Puritans, and made more severe and trying their conflicts. The author was so convinced of this, that one evening in the Spring of 1860, at the monthly prayer meeting for the slave in Cheever’s church, he called attention to the laxity that everywhere prevailed in our American churches—laxity of principle as the foundation of practical operation, and medium of Christian fellowship in accordance with the requirements of the gospel. He had no sooner, however, sunk his shaft, in his address, through all the sub-

stratums of worldly policy and expediency, down to the solid rock of principle, and begun to make his appeal to them on the urgent necessity of a reformation, by the application of scriptural principles, in order to purify the churches and prepare them for high and holy enterprises, than he was rudely interrupted; and after emphasizing the sentiment, that until the Church of Christ was purged of evil-doers Christianity would be shorn of her moral strength, sat down. His excellent friend, E. Gilbert, Esq., a member of Dr. Cheever's church, was in the chair, and called on him to finish his remarks, but he refused. The subject, however, led to an animated discussion, as Oliver Johnson, the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, rose and said, "he loved the Saviour, and held sweet communion with him; but he did not know of any church where he could conscientiously take a 'church right,' or become a member." The Rev. Mr. French, a Methodist minister, said, "come and take a church right with us." Dr. Cheever then made his appeal to him, "to go and take a church right in Dr. Harvard's, or Dr. Tyng's church." Johnson replied, saying, "would you have me go and take a church right in a Roman Catholic church." "Yes," said Cheever, "if you can do good," quoting the passage of Scripture, "where two or three meet together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. xviii. 20. "And can we doubt," said Cheever, "that there are the two's and three's in the places

above mentioned who love the Saviour and meet in his name." What an application of such a passage of Scripture! How ingeniously it was made to support the doctrine of devils! Rom. iii. 8.

The above theory Dr. Cheever has faithfully carried out in practice as a Member of the Corporate Board of American Missions, by smiting the committees, directors, and members of it with one hand, and binding them up and mollifying their wounds with the ointment of Christian fellowship with the other.

During Cheever's visit to this country his reiterated advice to the British Government, regarding the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, called forth one of the grandest homilies of the times from the editors of the *Leeds Mercury*, explanatory of the nature and duties of civil governments, and their relationships to each other, giving an elaborate exposition of the enlightened policy and lofty statesmanship of Great Britain, in her noble bearing and conduct towards *de facto* governments. The above was one of those noble contributions to literature which have helped to make the *Leeds Mercury* a "power" in Yorkshire, and grand old Yorkshire a power in the government of the United Kingdom.

The above editors out-distanced Cheever at a single bound, in their far-seeing views on the above subject; and out-generalled him, as by one single blow they annihilated his positions, stripped him

of every plea, and ought for ever to have silenced his misrepresentations of the British Government and people; since his insinuations and sneering allusions to their envying and coveting America, like Ahab coveting the inheritance of Naboth, is both unjust and unkind. And it shows a "cribbed, cabined, and confined" soul when Cheever would not only put the strait jacket on individuals, but nations, because they are sinners, and cut them off from all intercourse with the outer world!

Dr Cheever's references to the cotton morality of Manchester, and a selfish commercial jealousy, are also unfortunate. In a discourse delivered by him in the Church of the Puritans, New York, in the autumn of 1861, on his returning from this country, a synopsis of which is given in the *Leeds Mercury*, Oct. 14, 1861, he says:—"The cotton morality of Manchester is not our friend, and a selfish, political, or commercial jealousy can never be our friend." We Americans ought to be the last people in the universe to hurl a charge of selfishness or jealousy, either politically, commercially, or morally, against any other nation, for there is no nation in existence more demoralised, selfish, or cruelly sensitive and jealous than ourselves. And never was statement more thoroughly disproved than Cheever's in regard to the "cotton morality" of Manchester. The scene has become morally sublime in the cotton districts of Lancashire, where the starving masses are shewing such meek resignation and

and long continued and patient forbearance under their severe privations and sufferings, brought on by no imprudence or crimes of their own, except it may be that of blind confidence in our countrymen, measuring them by their own standard of intelligence, probity, liberality, keen sense of justice and honour. Here the Manchester men and the people of this country have trusted to a broken reed, and there are strong symptoms of increasing evidence that your unbroken stillness and quiet of resignation is interpreted by our people as a sign of weakness and will subject you to renewed exercises of trial. Would to God we had the cotton morality of Manchester in America. It would be of great service to us in our present hour of need.

Dr Cheever's advocacy of the war power of the Federal Government to put down slavery involves him in deep criminality as an avowed minister of Jesus Christ. It is a virtual abandonment of the use of those means which have given heroic distinction on the page of history to the Waldenses and Albigenses, Scotch Covenanters, Smithfield martyrs, and Mayflower pilgrims, and associated their names with imperishable honour in the cause of Christ.

It is also a confession of weakness—an acknowledgment of the inability of truth to grapple with error—that it lacks the power to teach that “right is more than right, and justice more than mail.” But necessity is pleaded, and want of power on his own part and on the part of his people, as we have

already seen, or the necessity would be no hindrance to their hurling the missiles of death into the heart of the South. An alleged necessity has throughout all time been the apology for wrong. Such was the plea and practice, according to Milton, among fallen angels—

“ So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.”

We had fondly hoped that the age of brute force—the reign of bullets was over—that ideas were gradually ascending to absolute power—that it was the privilege of Christians to rely upon moral agitation—the omnipotence of abstract principles, in seeking the overthrow of evil—that the truth of God, and fidelity to it from conscience within, were to guide their actions, and regulate their conduct, and not circumstances from without—that a higher level of self-sacrifice to do good and to overcome evil with good was to be the battle-cry of the followers of Christ—that the ‘lights of history kindled on the hill-tops of the past, were to be a warning that revolutions effected by force, always ended sooner or later in re-establishing the tyranny they undertook to overthrow, of which the Rev. Wm. H. Furness of Philadelphia says “our American Revolution is an impressive instance”—that the avowed followers of Christ in the vanguard of the faithful were seeking to stand nearer and nearer to the oracles of God, “that they might

catch the faintest whisper, marking, as it were, the inflections of the tone in which the divine will is expressed"—that wakeful vigilance in maintaining and holding fast the doctrines of the crucified One, Jesus of Nazareth, combined with deep earnestness in prayer and unslumbering activity in the cause of Christ, were not only to lead them to equal but to surpass in deeds of valour, moral heroism, the mighty eloquence of action of the Christian heroes of the past—and thus demonstrate to succeeding generations anew, like the fishermen of Galilee, their heaven-born natures, mission, and uplifted deeds, and that—

'New occasions teach new duties—Time makes ancient good uncouth—

They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.

Lo! before us gleam her camp fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be;

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.'

But, alas! here is the Rev. Dr Cheever, his brother the Rev. Henry T. Cheever, the Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and Wm. Goodell, with the "Blood-rusted Key of the Past" in their hands to open the "Portals of the Future," leading the van in the battle-cry of an unrighteous war.

How lamentable when Christian men drink deep into the cup of blood, and, like Robespierre, run to

and fro crying blood, blood, blood, avowing that the "war is the only way of peace"—the sword of war must write the bond of peace—what the pen of the legislator could not do, the sword of the warrior would do—and that this sword of the warrior must put the crown on heroic sacrifices, precious blood, and the doctrine and faith of the Fathers." There was a period when Wm. Lloyd Garrison and party, who make no pretensions to evangelical religion, held nobler sentiments than the above, clung to nobler principles, as they disclaimed all appeals to brute force, repudiated all associations with "rash and bloody hands"—the "folly that seeks through evil good," whilst, in strains of heroic appreciation, they avowed the noble resolve in the following language, as they advanced to the moral conflict to promote the deliverance of the slave:—

" Not by the sword shall your deliverance be,
 Not by shedding of your master's blood,
 Not by rebellion, nor foul treachery
 Upspringing suddenly like swelling flood;
 Revenge and rapine ne'er did bring forth good,
 God's time is good, nor will it long delay."

But when avowed Christians lead the way in their stern appeal to the arbitrement of the sword, what shall we say of pantheistical men trying to keep pace with them, and branding all as cowards and knaves who refuse to quaff the cup of blood with them, and adopt the motto of war to the

knife; misquoting and misapplying the language of Burns—

“ Who would be a traitor knave,
Who would fill a coward's grave,
Who so base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die.”

Never was language more perverted or misused. Can there be treason to a government where the law-makers and administrators have been persistently law-breakers—where at the present time the executive in the person of Lincoln confesses that the constitution cannot be applied to the South, and where that sublime instrument has always been made the instrument of cruelty and injustice! Who ever heard of treason committed against a government or people who have been traitors—a government that has thrown down all the mounds of authority, trampled under feet all law whether human or divine, made its judges “evening wolves,” given an unbounded license to the slave States to usurp the sacred, inalienable, and heaven-born rights of men, and never made one single attempt on the broad grounds of humanity or justice to protect a black man in the possession of his rights as a man, or of delivering the slaves from the galling yoke of their oppressors? So that whilst our

United States Government has always been powerless for good to the slave and the coloured population, it has always been mighty for evil in protecting and shielding the iniquity of slavery and the oppression of the coloured population. In the presence of such an astounding, incontrovertible fact, what becomes of the claim of supreme allegiance and authority by the United States' Government? With such an example before us on the part of our Presidents and administrators, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and party have proclaimed for thirty years the Stars and Stripes to be a "flaunting lie"—denounced in the most eloquent and vehement language the iniquity of our political rulers in their "covenants with death and agreements with hell," and anticipated the period which would throw them into the seventh heaven of bliss when the South would be separated from the North, to relieve the North of the shame and disgrace of its companionship and co-partnership with the South. But now these same men, whilst our Government and administrators have made no radical change in the application of the Constitution, and still ignore the rights of men as sacred and supreme, are standing under the stars and stripes, and hailing the tread of military men, in utter opposition to their former opinions and sentiments, and renouncing their peace principles at any price. And here is Cheever, also, charging rebellion, treason, and disunion on the South, and

shouting liberty, fraternity, and equality in the ears of corrupt demagogues and political tricksters, in imitation of the French Revolutionists, during the Reign of Terror in France, when the streets run down with blood. And yet Cheever, in the *Principia*, May 22, 1860, says—"The States are supreme for wickedness, but the United States is impotent for protection and justice. The Government of the individual State may compel the Government of the United States to respect slavery, but the United States cannot compel the individual State to respect freedom. The Government of the individual State may prevent the United States from making a slave of one of its citizens, but the United States cannot protect one of its citizens from being made a slave by the States." What a country to claim an analogy between England, Ireland, and Scotland, either in the Government or the governed. How futile, hopeless, imbecile, and absurd the task for such a people to talk of rebellion! Besides, the Constitution of the Federal Government interposes its veto to fence round, protect, shield, and make sacred the spot where the rulers have the consent of the governed.

The remarkable clause referred to reads, "when the end for which the rights of Government are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed—or when any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to

institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organising its powers in such form as to them shall assure most likely their safety and happiness."

There is no nation under heaven where the ends of civil government have been more lost sight of than in America, or the forms of Government perverted or corrupted. What then? "It is the right of the people to alter, abolish, and institute a new Government." This is just what the South has done. And what they believe they have a right to do; and most assuredly what the Constitution empowers them to do.

There is another remarkable clause in the Constitution. It reads, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," Art. 10. The above, says the Rev. Wm. Goodell in his lecture on the Constitution, delivered at Washington in the spring, "is no bar to the Federal abolition of slavery." Whenever did any State or States delegate its powers to the Federal Government, and abandon its own reservations of state rights to forego the allegiance of its citizens? And supposing that an instance could have been found of a State or States handing itself or themselves over to the keeping of the General Government without reserve, what then? In such a case, would not the pact be virtually and practically at an end, when the

governors and the governed throughout the whole country set aside the legal document and make agreements subversive of the end of civil governments by selling their birth-rights for a morsel of red pottage, as our Northern States and people have done invariably with the Southern, as shewn in the history of our country and Government.

What was this but a virtual understanding that the "black gift, the poisoned garment," or what Lincoln calls the "snakes and the beds" of the Patriarchs in the South should not, and which he, in his celebrated Rhode Island speech, said, was not to be interfered with.

But who shall storm the black citadel of the oppressor now and overthrow the mighty foe when slavery has acquired such colossal strength in Church and State? If the best and wisest men that ever controlled the Government of the United States confessed their weakness, and avowed their disinclination to attempt to remove what they considered insuperable, where are the men of might and wisdom equal to the mighty task now? Since then, all the fountains of justice and morality have been perverted in its favour, and Church and State have been used as the mighty shield to protect, support, defend, and extend the domain of slavery, and to a large extent its victims. Through the teachings of our Northern D.D.s and Professors in Dartmouth, Princeton, Andover, Shurtleff, Waterbury, Bethany, and other Colleges, slavery has been let into our

Churches with all its monstrous brood of evils—its family of serpents, inwardly consuming and self-destructive. “For when they list into the womb, they breed a dreadful progeny, and return and howl and gnaw!” The result, therefore, of this direful calamity has been made manifest in the fearful and tremendous howlings and gnawings of persecutors, turning almost every Church, College, Mission Board, Tract and Bible Committee Room into a castle where Giant Despair held his levees, deep laid his schemes, sent forth his emissaries with dark design, or used his forces to decapitate, lay prostrate, and blast the reputation of faithful men. And when the Church has thus become possessed and obsessed, what can we expect of the State? We have seen that whilst under the influence of despair, as shewn in the Circular of the Church Anti-slavery Society, our Christian emancipators have contemplated turning away from the line of legitimate action in the Churches with some pleasing degree of hope to the Federal Government to make it do with the pen of legislation and the material sword, what they virtually confess in the Circular previously referred to they are unable to accomplish! But can the legislator, or the military hero, grapple with the tremendous difficulties before us? Cheever and party say they can. What, then, is the work assigned by them to the civil government and military hero? Turning to the “freedom power of the Constitution,” these men say to the adminis-

trators of our Government and legislators and senators in Congress, "Proclaim justice and liberty to the people throughout the land." But then, as we have seen, our administrators and law-makers have been the law-breakers from the days of Washington down to the present; and when our present President took the oath administered on his election to the Presidency, he renewed his political and moral partnership with the Federal compromisers to maintain the black heritage of slavery intact with all its woes—and in the two great acts of his administration since which rescinded the orders of Fremont and Hunter, he has reaffirmed his own declaration, that "emancipation would be a John Brown's raid on a gigantic scheme"—and that rather than adopt such a scheme of "suicidal madness, the ligaments of the country had better be taken up to prevent bleeding to death."

And with no moral stamina in the Church or State, or in the presence of its confessed inefficiency to grapple with vast and mighty issues before the country, Cheever would have the President let loose all the brutal passions of men, and call forth new and more terrible agencies still, and bring them to bear in the savage warfare in which we are now engaged. And because he clings to "expediency and necessity as the rule of justice and humanity, instead of the obligation of justice and humanity as supreme," in his favourite *Principia*, June 5, 1862, he presents the President in the attitude of a meek



but earnest suppliant standing with outstretched arms beseeching "the rebels—men and States in armed rebellion and war against his own country and Government, to set free the slaves whom" Cheever says, "he has himself just cast anew into bondage." Thus it is that President Lincoln, says Cheever, "turns preacher to them, casts no reproaches, gives back their slaves as slaves, and then implores them to make them free as gently as the dews of heaven, beseeches them to embrace the opportunity given them of God by one effort to deliver the wretches whom he has just enslaved and thrown at their feet in bondage. He tells them so much good has not been done by one effort in all past times, as in the Providence of God it is their privilege to do. The sermon to these hordes of rebels and rebel states is said by our public presses to be solemn and affecting. If President Lincoln delivers a few more such, accompanied with the unction of such prayers, the people of Europe as well as of this country will deplore the inscrutable providence, or popular mistake that spoiled so pathetic a field preacher for the sake of a political leader." Dr. Cheever lays great stress in the above on "hordes of rebels" in the South. Now, what are our Northern people? Do they not stand in the relationship of the teacher and the taught to the South? Where have the Southern people learnt their bad manners and contracted their bad habits? What are the names of the ministers who instilled into

them such bad principles? And where have their young men mostly graduated who now make up those hordes of rebels? Dr. Cheever is very eloquent in denouncing the Southern and arraiging them for treason against the Government of the United States. But this treason has been very contagious in America. It led the Northern people to adopt the compromises of the Constitution, and for many years to tread out under their black hoofs almost every spark of abolitionism lest the flame of liberty should be lighted and go crackling, roaring, blazing across our vast and mighty continent and consume every particle of their wood, hay, and stubble of pro-slavery proclivity—make their roots go up as rottenness and their blossoms as dust? What has so often put the Federal Government of the United States in vile subserviency to the separate States, making the separate States supreme over the Federal State according to Dr. Cheever's own testimony, as we have already seen? Was this legality or treason? And it is this that put the administrators of the Federal Government now in an obsequious, servile, beseeching attitude towards the South!

What a country! On the one hand, Cheever says the Southern are "hordes of rebels!" And on the other, the Southern say the Northern are "hordes of traitors!" To reach the one, Cheever and party direct the force of their appeals to "Honest Abe," so called, and concentrate all their

energies to bring an influence to bear in the work of throwing, through him, the terrible messengers of death into their hearts! To meet the others, the Southernns respond, "we will make you smell Southern powder, and feel Southern steel," and shew you something of the difficulty, peril, and dangers of your hazardous undertaking—an undertaking from which the fathers and founders of the Government shrunk when slavery was in its infancy, avowing, that as they "found slavery among us, they would leave it among us because of the difficulty, the absolute impossibility of its removal." And what horrors the fratricidal conflict unfolds! How fearful the tragedies which are perpetrated! And how dreadful the calamities which follow in the wake of these scenes of carnage and blood! But have Cheever and party counted the cost? If the work was confessed to be insuperable by the fathers, the accumulations of difficulty are much more great now, and the task more stupendous. But speculation is rife, and the fleshly mind is at work, and what God's Word and Spirit cannot do, the "horns of powder, torches of Greek fire, explosive biscuits, and iron globes are to do!" When Cowper in his day contemplated the sickening scenes of war, with its untold calamities and frightful horrors, he exclaimed:—

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,

Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled."

If Cowper had been now alive, in what sombre and melancholy strains would he have dwelt on the harrowing scenes of the unnatural and bloody strife that is now taking place in America! But whilst Cheever and party have raised the war cry to put down slavery, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the overwhelming mass of the Unionists have raised the war cry to put down the rebellion, and slavery only as it interferes with the Union. On Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1861, Beecher says:—"Our country has long lain in the ever-tightening serpent folds of slavery. The perplexing questions of race, caste, condition, and climate cast into the nation by the African bondman, which the wisest and strongest knew not how to deal with, were likely to be solved by the war. A direct political emancipation was impossible. We were bound to conduct the war in accordance with the Constitution, or else acknowledge the failure of our Republican Institutions. He wished he could declare political emancipation. He wished Adam had not sinned, and his posterity had not been affected; but that did not help the matter. He wished our fathers had stood out against the compromises of the Constitution, for a serpent just hatched was not half so dangerous as a full grown serpent.

We had declared our fealty to the Constitution, and we could not now break the pact. The war had not driven us into revolution. The Constitution was not superior to right, conscience, or liberty. We must keep by our plighted faith, and when we could not abide by our promise we had better stand apart as two separate peoples. Were we, then, shut up by this reasoning? No. What the pen of the legislator could not do, the sword of the warrior would do."

The Constitution was not superior to right, conscience, or liberty. Questions of race, caste, condition, and climate, perplexing to the wisest and strongest, but all to be unravelled in their intricacy and solved by the magic touch of Mars! A direct political emancipation impossible because the Constitution, with its compromises, won't allow of it; and if we don't maintain the Constitution, with its compromises or "Pact," the world will witness the failure of our Republican Institutions! If this wonderful Pact can't be maintained, the two peoples had better stand apart! Because we have not hitherto succeeded in that line, it is because Adam had sinned and his posterity had been affected! And what the pen of the legislator could not do, the sword of the warrior would do! Wonderful logic! Wonderful Pact! Wonderful results! And wonderful means to repair the breaches of the Union and cement the Pact!

There is evidence that Wendell Phillips, Esq.,

the author's friend and benefactor, has long withstood the evil counsels of these Christian men of violence; and though he himself makes no pretensions to evangelical religion, he has given wholesome counsel and advice which ought to put to shame these men in their dreadful haste to shed blood and plunge the nation into the gulph of ruin, disaster, and woe. In an excerpt from a speech made by him, given in the *Edinburgh Review*, June 28, 1862, he says, "Many times this winter, here and elsewhere, I have counselled peace, urged, as well as I knew how, the expediency of acknowledging a Southern Confederacy, and the peaceful separation of these thirty-four States." But a change has come over his dreams, and he says, "One of the journals announces to you that I come here this morning to retract these opinions. No. Not one of them. I need them all—every word I have spoken this winter. Civil war is a momentous evil. It needs the soundest, most solemn justification. I rejoice before God for every word that I have spoken counselling peace. And I rejoice with an especially profound gratitude that for the first time in my anti-slavery life, I speak under the Stars and Stripes, and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men marshalled for war."

What a position for our country to be in! One party in their remedial measures are shouting their "Eureka," in the "Freedom Power of the Constitution, and demanding it to be put in force.

Press "the letter and spirit of it," they say, "by all the available force of the army and navy of the United States!" Another party is shouting "No, the remedy is not there, since the Constitution has no power for such a purpose. It shields slavery. But what the pen of the legislator could not do, the sword of the warrior would do." Therefore, "on to Richmond—on to the South!" One party makes the Constitution utter the clear, ringing, thrilling shouts of liberty. The other finds in it nothing but whips, thongs, thumb-screws, court-martials, and the groans of despair. And the South shouts amen! Hallelujah!

The first party ignores the obsolete character of the constitution for good—the fact that it has been made powerful for evil, the immense difficulties of the work before them, and making no allowance for human passions, weaknesses, and errors, are concentrating every energy to bring an influence to bear on the Executive to take the Constitution in its latent and undeveloped forces and apply it in the South, though a thousand bloody battles should be the consequence! The Executive, as the representative in his own private opinions of the other party, thunders in their ears, "the constitution cannot be applied in the South." And the South-erns re-echo the reply again.

Amen! Hallelujah! "You taught us that slavery was a divine and holy thing. You made slavery sacred as an institution of the South, and fenced it

about without, whilst we made it secure within! You helped to enthroned slavery in the supreme government of the States and Churches of our land! And when you quickened us into life, and nursed us into power, you bowed your necks to the yoke in servility, crouched at our feet and crawled in the dust to pick up the "almighty dollar" in your commercial policy that we might bear political rule over you! Where was the constitution then? And where were your black hoofs? And as you have long set us the example of trampling upon what you call "constitutional rights and forms of enlightened government," now you think to rob us of our commercial dues when you take back your political power and rule! But in this you are mistaken. At least we shall see what we will see." And such is the history of the case—the inexorable logic of facts and events! But it is alleged that there have been great and mighty changes amongst ecclesiastical as well as political bodies of men in regard to slavery.

In regard to ecclesiastical bodies the following intelligence has been recently flashed along the wires in this country, and chronicled in the newspapers both of a secular and religious character:—

"The American Baptist Missionary Union, a body whose high intelligence and character every one must have been impressed with who attended its recent session in this city, has, if *we mistake not*, generally abstained from any severe expressions

against slavery. But on Wednesday night it declared with unanimity that slavery was the origin of the rebellion, and that "a safe, solid, and lasting peace cannot be expected short of its complete overthrow."

"The General Assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church has just been in session in Cincinnati. That church, most respectable in numbers, talent, and character, is decidedly firm in its opposition to slavery. The Assembly, at its last session, adopted a series of resolutions drawn by the venerable Dr Beman, of Troy. One of them states that "this whole insurrectionary movement can be traced to one primordial root, and only one,—African slavery, the love of it, and a determination to make it perpetual,"—and that everything, slavery if need be, must bend to the great purpose of restoring the Union and crushing out the last living and manifested fibre of rebellion. Another resolution is so aptly worded that we copy it entire:—"Resolved, That while we have been utterly shocked at the deep depravity of the men who have framed and matured this rebellion, and who are now clad in arms, manifested in words and deeds, there is another class, found in the loyal States, who have excited a still deeper loathing: some in Congress, some in high civil life, and some in the ordinary walks of business, who never utter a manly thought or opinion in favour of the Government, but they follow it, by way of comment, by two or three

smooth apologies for Southern insurrectionists, presenting the difference between an open and avowed enemy in the field, and a secret and insidious foe in the bosom of our own family."

But in the Old School Presbyterian Assembly, at Columbus, O., we have the most remarkable change. This body is one of the few religious organisations which had not before the war been separated into a Northern and Southern division by avowed differences on the slavery question. So late as a year ago, weeks after the war had begun, a very large number of the members stoutly opposed a resolution introduced by Dr. Spring, declaring it to be the duty of Churches "to uphold the Federal Government in the great exercise of its functions under our noble Constitution." They feared that it would cause troublesome discussions. But this year a paper, presented by that veteran patriot, Rev. Dr Robert J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, has been adopted, in spite of opposition from some of the Border States' members, by a vote of 199 to 26. Among its declarations is this:—"The system that makes or proposes to make the relation of master and slave hereditary, perpetual and absolute, must be wrong, as it is a negation of the principles and precepts of the gospel, and of the very idea of civil liberty and inalienable rights."

In the above we at once reach the "primordial root of their opposition to slavery, as well as of the insurrectionary movement. These are defined to be

the rebellion and slavery. Slavery, therefore, is a sin which is only palpable and grievous in their estimation because of the rebellion, but neither disqualifying for civil or church rights, companionship or fellowship!

Had the above changes recognised the obligations of justice and humanity towards the slaves, and those who wear a skin not coloured like their own, the case would have been different. They would have confessed before heaven and earth their former criminality in aiding and abetting the sinfulness of holding slaves—protested in emphatic and vehement language against all classes who have sought to enthrone slavery in the Church and State—and demanded that all slaveholders, traders, brokers, and negro-haters be at once disfellowshipped. But whilst, in former years, the ecclesiastical bodies referred to have advised their constituents wholly to refrain from discussing the vexed question of slavery—decapitated those who have dared to offend, or advised them to go to Canada, as in the case of the author at the Bloomingdale Convention, Illinois, they have not mourned over their sins and turned away from them.

And the following report of an interview which took place at Washington on the 20th of June, between the President and the religious society called the Progressive Friends, on the subject of general emancipation, will be read with interest:—

The delegation was composed of Thomas Garrett, of Delaware; Oliver Johnson, a well-known aboli-

tionist of New York; Alice Hambleton, Dinah Mendenhall, William Barnard, and Eliza Agnew, of Pennsylvania; and was presented to the President by Senator Wilmot, accompanied by Representatives Kelly, Davis, and Campbell, of Pennsylvania. Mr Johnson addressed the President, and said that they did not come representing any personal or party interest. Their clients were 4,000,000 slaves, who could not speak, but lifted up their chained hands in agonising supplication for freedom, which prayer it was in the President's power, in this solemn crisis, to grant. He then read a memorial adopted at a late meeting, calling on the President to issue a proclamation freeing all slaves, and stating that in his speech, delivered at Springfield, before his election to the office of chief magistrate, the President expressly declared :—

“ A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or the other.”

After the memorial had been read the President said, as he had not been furnished with a copy of the memorial in advance he could not be expected to make any lengthy remarks. He was pleased that the delegation had not come as office-seekers, for they occasioned him much trouble and perplexity. The next most troublesome subject was

slavery. He agreed with the memorialists that slavery was wrong, and differed only in respect to the ways and means of getting rid of it. The extract from his Springfield speech in the memorial he said was incomplete, not including the sentence in which he had indicated his views as to the effect upon slavery itself of resistance to its extension. If a decree of emancipation would do the work, John Brown would have done it at Harper's Ferry. The Constitution was binding upon the people of the South, but it could not be enforced at present. Did they think a decree of general emancipation would be any more effective? Mr. Johnson said: "True, Mr. President, the Constitution cannot now be enforced at the South, but you do not for that reason give up the struggle. The memorialists believe that the extinction of slavery would attain your object." The President said that he felt the magnitude and importance of the task before him, and hoped to be rightly directed in the embarrassing circumstances surrounding him. He felt deeply his need of divine aid and guidance, and had sometimes thought he might be an instrument in the hands of God in accomplishing a great work, and certainly he was willing to be one. Perhaps God's way of accomplishing the end which the memorialists had in view was different from theirs; at any rate, he should endeavour to do his duty with firm reliance on the divine arm, and seeking for light from above to do his duty. The delegation then retired.

Oliver Johnson has at last turned up with his "church rights" in a religious society called the "Progressive Friends!" We hope they will teach him the progressive theory that slander is not truth, nor abuse argument, as in an article in the *Anti-slavery Standard* extenuating the conduct of the Rev. D. M. Graham, and defending his anti-slavery professions and practice, he says, "We would not for the world injure Mr. Balme, but he does harm to the cause he has espoused, by his injudicious advocacy." This is very easily said, but the burden of proof is with him, and we challenge him to produce a single sentence the author has ever uttered, or statement made that he would recall or wish to expunge, and few that he would desire to alter. But no party of men on the American Continent of which Oliver Johnson has been one of the leaders, has done more to try to efface the Church of the living God as an institution by representing it as "effete," and trying, but in vain, to light up the universal mind with the conviction "that it has had its day!" They have spoken of the Church, like Fred. Douglas in his *Monthly*, June 1860, "as a broken tooth," or a "foot out of joint," branding her as unprincipled, and sunk in the slough of *theological* expediency, but have never themselves taken those grand old theological principles and doctrines, with a sound theological practice that would have repaired the "tooth," or replaced the "foot out of joint."

"The house divided against itself cannot stand ;"

and yet, all the disposable force of the army and navy of the United States is now used by President Lincoln to make, what he himself confesses, cannot stand to stand! And here are the "Progressive Quakers" urging upon the President to apply the same forces for insurrectionary and revolutionary purposes, what they virtually confess cannot be done by the might and power of the word and spirit of God!

"Their clients were four millions of slave." And we have long pitied the poor slaves, that they have had no better representatives; for, however the Church as an institution has failed of its duty, Oliver Johnson and party has not done much to help them. In Fred. Douglas' *Monthly*, before referred to, when reviewing the labours of this class of emancipationists, says—"Little progress has been made in twenty-five years of anti-slavery effort. There have been many mistakes to be corrected. And there has been much force used up by needless faction, between contending factions." And in *Douglas' Monthly*, for August 1860, Fred. Douglas says that Wendell Phillips, Esq., an emancipationist who has stood head above shoulders amongst the class of abolitionists referred to, for candour, magnanimity of soul, self-sacrificing efforts to do good, and benevolence of feeling and aspect—he says, Wendell Phillips the other day spoke of twenty years of "bootless effort" in the cause of freedom. "And, why," says Fred. Douglas? "Because the effort has not come from the bondsmen themselves," quoting

the couplet that was so often used by Daniel O'Connell in the Irish agitation a few years ago—

“Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not who would be free
Themselves must strike the blow?”

“The Constitution was binding, but could not be enforced at present. The physical or brute force sentiment was not strong enough for emancipation purposes yet. It only took the direction of the South, and threatened them on account of their ‘base and criminal rebellion.’ But by and by, when the tide of public opinion rises against slavery as it has done towards the rebellion, then ‘he should endeavour to do his duty with firm reliance on the divine arm, and seeking for light from above to do his duty.’ ‘He felt,’ however, ‘the magnitude and importance of the task before him, and hoped to be rightly directed in the embarrassing circumstances surrounding him. He felt his need of divine aid and guidance, and had sometimes thought that he might be an instrument in the hands of God of accomplishing a great work, and certainly he was willing to be one. Perhaps God’s way of accomplishing the end which the Memorialists had in view was different from theirs. But at any rate he would endeavour to do his duty.’”

We have seen already how the President has done his duty—how he could utter noble sentiments as a sentimentalist, when “sprung on by sudden impulses.” And we have also seen how he has

“given ground when pressed by stern opposition !”
 But when the proper time comes, like Pharoah, he
 hopes by God’s grace and favour to do his duty !

“The ends the Memorialists or the Progressive
 Quakers have in view.” This is to press into force
 the civil sword for the deliverance of the slaves.
 But, “if a decree of emancipation could have done
 it,” says the President, “John Brown would have
 done it at Harper’s Ferry.” These are the peace
 men at any price ! How would they look covered
 with war paint, the war hatchet in their hands,
 wading up to the knees in blood, quaffing the cup
 of blood, to satiate their thirst for war, and plung-
 ing their implements of death into the quivering
 muscles of the body politic of the South, whilst the
 still small voice of the angel of peace was drowned
 beneath their hideous roar ! What a degrading
 appeal to the beggarly elements of this world !
 What an imbecile mode of righting the moral sense
 of our American people, and rousing their con-
 sciences against oppression ! Unspeakable as the
 degradation of slavery is, and ignoble as is its
 badge of human bondage and woe, the author fear-
 lessly maintains, in the words of Shakespeare, that
 it is better all evils come on us in the Northern
 States than a dishonourable alliance or sanction to
 dishonourable warfare.

“ Better all evils come on us than these,
 Better dearth, pestilence, and famine,
 Better the plagues of Egypt,

Better the sword of the enemy,
Better that we sink beneath the waters."

Better all that could be endured than dishonour.

Cheever and party, however, are still at the van with the war cry for their motto, urging its "duty and necessity," as shown in the *Leeds Mercury*, October 14, 1861. And if the Southern won't listen to the pathetic appeals of our Presidential preacher to his refractory Southern citizens, then, like spoilt children, say the overwhelming masses of Unionists in the North, they must be made to. But whilst Northern and Southern people have made the Constitution the harp of a thousand strings, to play a thousand different tunes, all parties have been played out, and the work has passed out of human hands actively, into the divine hands retributively! And to-day forty thousand ministers, and five millions of Christians, with all their "poets, orators, jurists, and legislators, who are ahead of you immeasurably," according to Dr. Waddington, have no visible hand in shaping the policy of the nation according to the laws of God, or the principles of immutable equity and truth!

But Dr. Cheever is not to be beat. He has not only abandoned the moral for the brute force, as we have already seen, or put the *onus operandi* of this work on the shoulders of the Federal Government, shifting the responsibility from himself and the church of the Puritans, to the administrators of the civil power at Washington, proven in the synopsis

of his discourse given in the *Leeds Mercury*, October 14, 1861—the leading idea of which, the editors say, “appears to be the war power a duty and necessity.” Dr. Cheever has not only made these rapid strides in his progressive speculative theories, answering to the description of those whom an inspired writer has so vividly sketched in Col. ii. 18, 19; but he has taken another step in advance. Amidst the Babel confusion of tongues and strife, the clangour of trumpets and the clash of arms, the crack of rifles and the roar of cannon, the bursting of bombs and the rain of iron globes, he puts himself into the attitude of a meek, patient, humble, earnest listener to his divine Lord and Master, anxiously enquiring, Lord “what wilt thou have us to do.” “The answer is,” Cheever says, “Deliver others as I have delivered you. Go to Decapolis and preach, as well as fight, (announce) deliverance to the captives, as well as submission to the rebels.” Is this the answer of Christ? It was the answer Cheever put into our Saviour’s lips, in a speech delivered in Cooper’s Institute, New York, May 6, 1862. But is there no mistake? No, since the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* says, in a paragraph at the head of Cheever’s printed speech, “we are permitted to print the more important parts of the above address referred to, as prepared by Cheever’s own hand.” Consequently there is no possibility of throwing any blame on reporters, who

are often made scape-goats to bear off other men's sins into the land of forgetfulness.

We have got pro-slavery versions of Scripture—and pantheistical versions, as we have already seen, in Wm. Lloyd Garrison's description of Theodore Parker's creed—and now we have got the Christian abolitionist's version by Dr. Cheever, "Go to Decapolis and preach as well as *fight*," and therefore fight as well as preach. This a new kind of armour for Christian ministers, and, however the two Cheevers, Henry Ward Beecher, William Goodel may look, surrounded by their "starvation shells, hot shot, chained thunderbolts, and hail of iron globes," we hope theirs is an example that will never be imitated. But, oh! what a monstrous perversion of the language of Christ, to interpolate his words of peace and goodwill with the bloody and brutal words of human warfare, and make Christ say, "preach as well as fight," or fight as well as preach!

It has been said that all parties and classes of civilians and Christians are standing shoulder to shoulder in this war. There was once such a grand conjuncture in the history of our world, like that now presented to our view in our "free, happy America," so-called. It was when Herod and Pontius Pilate united their influences to crucify the Lord of Glory. May we not have to mourn over the crucifixion of the white man's liberty as well as the black man's in America, and the re-establishment of tyranny under the heel of military despotism.

DR. CHEEVER ON THE RECENT ANGLO-AMERICAN
CRISIS.

The *New York Herald* gives a report of a "harangue" delivered by Dr. Cheever, in his church, on Sunday evening the 29th December:—

"From the applause which greeted him during its delivery, we fancied ourselves at a political meeting in Tammany Hall, rather than in an edifice supposed to be dedicated to God. The reverend Doctor chose his text from 2 Sam. xxiii. 3. The reverend gentleman said, that the injustice of this Government to the African race had brought this country to the verge of ruin; but God had arisen to avenge the violation of this law in a way almost as awful as the crime itself, which cried to Heaven for vengeance. The Government, in refusing to abolish slavery, took upon itself the whole guilt of a deliberate establishment of it; and this renewed guarantee of slavery in the war made it, so far as slavery was concerned, atrocious, and brought it directly beneath the reprobation of the Almighty. *Slavery had taken away all our manliness, nobleness, and independence, and made us tremble at our enemies, and, at the command of Great Britain, justice had been defrauded of its due, by the release of two of the greatest criminals.* The slave-owners being the prime movers in the rebellion, a price ought to have been set on their heads; for if all

the slave-owners were condemned to death, it was but carrying out what God had appointed to be done beforehand. *The course of dignity, and honour, and justice, before God and man, would have been to have apprehended Mason and Slidell immediately, and solemnly have tried them for the crime of high treason ; and if their complicity in this vast conspiracy had been fully proven, they should have been taken from the prison to the scaffold, and hanged till they were dead, no matter whether all the nations of the earth threatened to make war against us !* (This sentence was greeted by the audience with two rounds of applause.) It was God-appointed justice. It was justice already allotted by the Government to the slaver, Captain Gordon ; and why should not Mason and Slidell meet the same fate ? The crimes of the author of the Fugitive Slave Law were against the race, but those of Captain Gordon only against individuals. It was not justice that the understrappers should be hanged and the principals feed upon thanksgiving turkey, and be set free. (Applause.) *Now, in regard to Great Britain, who claimed to be injured by the taking of these State criminals, if this country had committed an error they were bound to make reparation—to acknowledge it, and ask forgiveness. But in the present case, the reverend gentleman contended that, no insult being intended to England, there could be no cause for war. America had exercised too much leniency in the*

matter, and the whole thing could have been made so plain, that every nation upon earth would have cried shame on Great Britain for demanding reparation for this supposed insult. It would have been considered the most boundless cruelty on record—excepting, perhaps, the war on China for the sake of forcing opium on that unfortunate people. But if war came, it would be owing to our madness in not striking at slavery. Had this been done three months ago, there would have been no danger of offending England or France, and no hazard of the recognition of this slave-trading Confederacy—this nation of pirates. *It was not to be supposed that the nations of Europe, with their low views of moral duty and political obligation,* would much longer delay the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and the consequence would be a breaking up of the blockade; and we should thus have the shame and humiliation of doing for the Confederacy, by our re-organising slavery, what it could not do for itself—*giving it a place among Christian nations.* It looked as though Great Britain would embrace that nation of slave-traders. If we had declared for the freedom of the slaves, we should have had the sympathy of all Europe; but now we had only their scorn, and must only have the anger of the Almighty. The speaker said it was the duty of the President to issue a proclamation, not for the partial, but for the total, emancipation of the slave, which should be circulated

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among all the generals of the army, who, together with their commander-in-chief, should be called upon to aid, by every means in their power, in carrying into effect such proclamation." (Loud applause.)

On the appearance of the above paragraph in the newspapers of this country, the author took up his pen and wrote the following letter to the *Scotsman*, which was inserted January 4, 1862:—

DR. CHEEVER ON THE SAN JACINTO OUTRAGE.

SIR,—We had fondly hoped that with the unworthy fling of the Rev. Dr. Cheever against England in his *Wanderings of a Pilgrim*, on page 35, we had seen the last of his anti-British feelings, and more especially after his kind reception and the tangible manifestation of practical sympathy shown to him during his recent visit to the "old world;" but to our extreme sorrow, and mortification, and disgust, we have been pained to witness a renewed manifestation of it in his comments on the Trent outrage in a sermon preached by him in the Church of the Puritans, New York, December 29, 1861. In the summary given of this sermon in the *Morning Chronicle*, January 16, 1862, the Rev. Dr. Cheever maintains that "we Americans were right in boarding the Trent, and in taking out Mason and Slidell with their understrappers!" That "no insult being intended, there was no cause for war!" That "justice had been defrauded of its

due in the release of these men in compliance with the demand of the British Government!" That this release "made us the scorn of other nations—gave Great Britain an advantage over us, and drove us to the humiliating necessity of submitting almost to any concession, even when we were in the right!" That when Mason, Slidell, & Co. were landed from the San Jacinto "they ought to have been solemnly tried for high treason, and if their complicity in this vast conspiracy had been proved, should have been taken from the prison to the scaffold and hanged until they were dead, no matter whether all the nations of the earth threatened to make war upon us!" That "these things ought to have been made so plain that every nation on earth would have cried shame on Great Britain for this *supposed insult!*" That this demand made by the British Government on America "was considered by him, and ought to be considered by others the most boundless cruelty on record except the war on China, for the sake of forcing opium on that unfortunate people!" That but for our being stript of all manliness, nobleness, and independence by slavery, we should not have trembled before our enemies (as at Bull's Run), or at the command of England; and therefore the Doctor has left the inference that we in such a case, but for slavery, would have driven the Southernns into the Gulf of Mexico, blown Johnny Bull and his little island to atoms, or have sunk them fifty fathoms under water! That, in the

midst of our disgrace and weakness "we had exercised too much leniency already towards England." That "from the *low views of moral duty and political obligation of the nations of Europe*, they would not delay much longer the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, or the raising of the blockade." That to England would be reserved the "special shame and humiliation of doing for the Confederacy what it could not do for itself—namely, *that of giving it a place among Christian nations!*" and that as England, according to Dr Cheever's theory, by treaty engagements with other nations, had god-fathered the infidelity of France, the polygamy of Turkey, and the superstitions of Spain, so now she was about to put the crown on her shame and guilt "by taking into her embrace *a nation of slaveholders!*"

This is the last feather which is to break the camel's back of England!—the culminating guilt of your crimes which are to hurl you from your pre-eminence amongst the nations, and to associate you with the things that were amongst the powers that be! How dismal to think that such sentiments should be associated with the name of Cheever! What a public misfortune that he should be the man to utter them! How it makes our hearts sore to think of the injury such madness and folly do to the cause he is professing to serve! Our cause has often been injured by injudicious advocates in America; but no Frederick Douglas, Pills-

bury Parker, William Loyd Garrison, or Joseph Barker, or any pantheist, infidel, or atheist, has the power to produce such irreparable injury as a Harriet Beecher Stowe showed in her letter to Lord Shaftesbury, or a Henry Ward Beecher made manifest in his defence of that old, rotten, and corrupt pro-slavery Board of "American and Foreign Missions," for which a collection is now being made by the Free Church of Scotland; and now, alas! a Dr Cheever, as is demonstrated in his furious tirade against Great Britain in the sermon referred to. We had begun to think that better and brighter days in the cause of liberty were beginning to dawn upon us when God in his providence raised up Cheever, and brought him to espouse the cause of the slave; but, alas! our hopes are dashed to the ground, and we are left to mourn over such exhibitions of folly, whilst the admonition falls on our ears, "Cease from man."—Yours for the slave,

J. R. BALME."

The publication of the above subjected the author to the vindictive wrath of the ladies of one of the Edinburgh Anti-Slavery Societies, as will appear from the following letter to the *Scotsman*:—

REV. J. R. BALME, DR CHEEVER, AND SLAVERY.

2 St. James' Place,

Edinburgh, February 11, 1862.

SIR,—Last month, I received a kind invitation

from Miss Wigham, Secretary of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, with which she is connected, to give an address to the ladies of the committee, and availed myself of the opportunity to do so, when the following minute was put on record by them:—

“‘ We have had a visit from the Rev. Mr Balme from America. He has given us a touching account of his sufferings and losses from his adherence to anti-slavery principles. We feel much interest and sympathy for him and his wife under their trying circumstances of persecution. The credentials he has produced from well-known friends of the anti-slavery cause confirm us in the opinion that he has a claim on the sympathy of all interested in the struggle for emancipation in the United States.’

“A copy of the above, signed on behalf of the committee by Eliza Wigham, secretary, was forwarded to me on January 9.

“On the 24th of last month my letter appeared in your paper, calling attention to the *anti-British feelings* of Dr Cheever, in a sermon preached by him on the 29th of December last, in the Church of the Puritans, New York, on the San Jacinto outrage, an extract or summary of which is now being extensively copied into the papers. In the above letter, I expressed my deep sorrow that Dr Cheever should be the man to utter the sentiments contained in that summary.

“This brought a letter from Miss Wigham on the 25th of January, requesting the withdrawal of the

copy of the minute forwarded to me, charging me with being 'an accuser of the brethren, holding up to reprobation the friends of the slave,' and 'taking advantage of the intensely British feeling, in order to enlist sympathy for myself;' maintaining, also, 'that no good could ensue to the cause of the slave or of peace from the publication of the letter in question;' and assigning as a reason for the withdrawal of the copy of their minute, 'an implied sanction' of the above 'denunciations' and 'proceedings' on my part.

"On receiving the above, I wrote to Miss Wigham, to make the inquiry as to whether she was authorised by the committee of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, of which she was secretary, to make the demand contained in the above, and on the 1st of February I received a reply saying that it was 'on behalf of the committee' that she had written her former letter; also expressing her regret that she had 'imputed motives to J. R. B., but in other points her letter expressed her present sentiments and those of the committee.'

"To the above charges I give my most emphatic and indignant denial, and, *in the absence of proof*, the ladies of the committee of the above society, with the honorary secretary, must take home to themselves the above unworthy accusations.

"It is conceded by those who know the history of Dr Cheever that he has been an *ill-used* man, and has been much vilified by the *pretended* friends

of freedom ; but his *ordeal* has almost been like a paradise compared with what some of us have had to pass through in America.

In 1860, when Dr Cheever was denounced and vilified in a string of resolutions by William Loyd Garrison & Co., denouncing him as an "enemy of freedom," at the anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society, held in the Assembly Rooms, Broadway, New York—William L. Garrison, Esq., in the chair—I sprang to my feet and commented on the discrepancy contained in the resolutions; thanked them for the concessions made in the resolutions that the Gospel must destroy everything hurtful to man; urged the inquiry as to where we were to look for the men to apply it but to such men as Cheever; reminded them that he was only a "*babe*" newly born in the cause of freedom, but a *promising one*; and appealed to them if it was wise, Christ-like, or God-like, to put the brand of infamy on his brow, &c. At the close of my address, the large assembly unanimously vetoed the resolutions, with the exception of three persons, viz., Parker Pillsbury, Charles Burleigh, and my friend and benefactor, Wendell Phillips, Esq. But in the San Jacinto's outrage on the Trent—an indefensible act, and condemned by the whole civilised world, it appears, but the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society's Committee and their secretary, and our American people—in the above act, to *endorse* Dr Cheever's *language, sentiments, or spirit*, in the summary of his dis-

course referred to, would be to show myself unworthy of the name I bear, and of Old England, the country which gave me birth.

In a recent letter addressed to your paper, doubts have been thrown out as to the utterance of such statements by Cheever; but those who are acquainted with his *peculiar style* can have none, since both the language and style is *Cheeverian*, *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, and in keeping with the general sentiments of our American people during their "*crowing*" time over the great feat of sending a cannon ball across the bows of the unarmed *Trent*, and taking the Commissioners out of her.—I am, &c. J. R. BALME."

Another letter appeared after the above, requesting the public to suspend their judgment until Dr Cheever was heard from, and contained a sarcastic fling at Mr Balme for unworthy haste. The newspaper containing the letter has been mailed off to America, and he has not been able to obtain another copy.

DR CHEEVER.

" 2 St James' Place, Edinburgh,
February 26, 1862.

"SIR,—There is a report in circulation that Dr Cheever has been heard from by the party who wrote to your paper to ask the public to suspend their judgment until his letter came in regard to his

“ignoble defence of the *Trent* affair” and “unworthy attack on this country.” Is it right that his letter should be withheld, now that it has come, since I was charged with unworthy haste in calling attention to the summary of his discourse?

J. R. BALME.

DR. CHEEVER ON EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Edinburgh, April 14, 1862.

“SIR,—In the *Scotsman* of the 24th January there appeared, under the above title, a letter respecting Dr Cheever of New York, signed ‘J. R. Balme, an American clergyman.’

“The letter mentions that Dr. Cheever lately preached a sermon in New York, in which he commented on the affair of the Trent, and goes on to show that, according to the summary of the sermon in the *Morning Chronicle*, he uttered some extraordinary and offensive sentiments with respect to the conduct of Great Britain, and to the position and feelings of Americans on the affair. Take, for example, the following, which is given as having been uttered by him:—‘That but for our being “stripped of all manliness, nobleness, and independence by slavery,” we should not have trembled at our enemies as at Bull’s Run, or at the command of Great Britain; and, therefore, he has left the inference that we Americans in such a case, but for

slavery, should have blown Johnny Bull and his little island to atoms, or have sunk them fifty fathoms under water.' In the letter Mr. Balme expresses his 'extreme sorrow and mortification and disgust' at the sentiments of Dr. Cheever, the 'more especially after his kind reception, and the tangible manifestation of practical sympathy shown to him during his visit to the Old World.'

"It was impossible for any friend of Dr. Cheever in this country to make any reply to the letter at the time other than this, that Dr. Cheever was not a man to talk of blowing Johnny Bull and his island to atoms, or sinking them fathoms under water, or to use words leading to any inference of that sort, and that Mr. Balme might have been a little more slow to believe ill of a man of so high and estimable a character.

"I am now, however, in a situation to state, and I do so at the desire of a number of Dr. Cheever's friends, that he never uttered the sentiments imputed to him.

"A copy of the *Scotsman* found its way to America; and there has been sent to me an excerpt from the *Principia* (Rev. W. Goodell's paper), in which, referring to the letter in the *Scotsman*, the editor of that paper observes:—'Mr. Balme repeats, as authentic, a summary of a sermon of Dr. Cheever, given, as he says, in the *Morning Chronicle* (which we take to be a British paper), but which we judge must have originated in the *New York Herald*, or

some kindred paper, and in which Dr. Cheever is represented as using offensive language towards Great Britain. It is almost needless to say that nothing of this kind was uttered by Dr. Cheever.'

"Another copy of the *Scotsman* was sent to Dr. Cheever himself, and in a letter which has been received from him he says:—'At length we see light on our horizon. The President's Message is out, in favour of a Governmental emancipation, and it settles the policy of the Government in that direction. You will rejoice with us that the great cause is moving on. We were glad to get your letter, though sorry to learn what Mr. Balme had done in Edinburgh. I am surprised that any credit should be attached to any report of my doings or sayings in the *Herald* newspaper, from which the slanderous account of my sermon was copied. Be assured that I always speak the truth in regard to the state of feeling in Great Britain as I know it in reference to this country. There is a better feeling now in regard to England. I have made some most interesting visits to Washington, and enjoyed rare opportunities of preaching in the Capitol on the duty of abolition, also of lecturing in the Smithsonian Institution on the same subject. Next week I am to speak before the Legislature of this State. Everywhere there is a hearing ear if not an understanding heart, and the sentiment of abolition, and the demand of justice to the enslaved, are growing in favour and power. But the outrages still perpe-

trated are atrocious. Our Generals send back fugitives, and the fugitive Slave-law, infamous as it is, is not repealed. Now that the President's proclamation favours emancipation, all our victories, it may be hoped, will tend the same way. At any rate, we are grateful for any ground of encouragement. "We wait beneath the furnace-blast the pangs of transformation." Our country's institutions and principles are in the crucible, and we hope they will yet come out bright. We are sure that the arm of the oppressor will be broken, and the oppressed will go free.'

"I should hope that these proofs of what are the true facts of the case will be as gratifying to Mr. Balme as to Dr. Cheever's personal friends in this country.—I am, &c.

"WM. DUNCAN."

DR. CHEEVER AND THE REV. J. R. BALME.

2 St. James' Place,
Edinburgh, April 16, 1862.

SIR,—I trust you will give me an opportunity to reply to Mr. Duncan.

The "slowness of belief" and the imputation of "illness" of feeling in regard to Dr. Cheever, he has got to take back, like the Edinburgh ladies, as being unworthy and dishonourable, since my statements and inferences were fair and logical, from the paragraph given in the newspapers concerning

Dr. Cheever's sermon on the "Trent affair," and amply illustrated in his misguided policy when in this country, in the gratuitous advice which he was constantly urging on and giving to the British Government, as if they had no rule to guide them in their recognition of and treaty arrangements with nations; and also, in a more offensive manner, on page 35 of his "Wanderings of a Pilgrim."

Again, Mr. Duncan says, "I am now, however, in a position to state, and I do so at the desire of a number of Dr. Cheever's friends, that he never uttered the sentiments imputed to him."

And, in proof, he produces an excerpt from the *Principia*, a *Christian abolition* newspaper, edited by the Rev. William Goodell, to which the Revs. Dr. Cheever and H. T. Cheever, his brother, are *special* contributors.

In the excerpt, the editor says, "It is almost needless to say that nothing of this kind was uttered by Dr. Cheever."

In the following extracts, taken from a *dozen of a similar nature*, given in an editorial article in the *Principia*, February 6, 1862, you will see whether the Rev. W. Goodell is a reliable witness:—

This reverend firebrand says—"That America and liberty have enemies in England which have controlled their Government." "That the tide of absolutism and pro-slaveryism is sweeping over this land." "That the spirit of abolitionism has declined in England; and that the England of 1862

is not the England of 1832," "That the American rebellion is the great test of abolitionism and Christianity in both hemispheres." "That the oppressors of India, the invaders and violent poisoners of China, the oppressors of Ireland, the persecutors of the Christian chartists, and the imprisoners of Arthur O'Neil, are not to be depended on in the day of trial to sympathise with American slaves and abolitionists." "That there are British abolitionists who sympathise with the pro-slavery rebellion against the American Government, and preferred the Slave States to the Free, such as Lord Shaftesbury and Harriet Martineau." And "that he," the editor, "would not have been surprised had not Dr. Cheever travelled in this country for the *purpose* of correcting the misrepresentations of our enemies."

In the presence of such a farrago of intolerance, imbecility, and falsehood, can the testimony of such a man be taken on behalf of Dr. Cheever or others? If so, I envy not the men who can do so, or Dr. Cheever with his "high and estimable character," who can keep company with such a man, or fellowship with him, or support his lying sheet by his pen, tongue, or influence.

So much for Mr. Duncan's first proof, let us examine the second.

But before we do so, it is necessary to bear in mind that a letter was addressed to your paper requesting your readers to suspend their judgments

until Dr. Cheever be heard from; also, that his letter has been received for some time, and yet has not been published. But now that an excerpt from Goodell's scurrilous sheet has been found congenial to their purpose, another is taken from Dr. Cheever's letter, in order to make out a case in the doctor's favour, which is both unfair to myself and the public, and dishonourable to the parties concerned. *Publish the letter.*

In Mr. Duncan's second excerpt, Dr. Cheever says, "We were glad to get your letter, though sorry to learn what Mr. Balme had done in Edinburgh." I have no doubt that the paragraph in question and my inferences from its statements, were unpleasant to Dr. Cheever and his friends, but so much the worse for Dr. Cheever and them in the unmanly course adopted.

In the excerpt given, however, he owns that he preached a sermon on the "Trent affair," in his reference to "my sermon." Why not give his real sentiments, if those put to his account were not his own? "He" says, "that the account given by the *New York Herald* was a slanderous one." But in what? and how? Was it in the applause which greeted him, turning the house of God into a theatre; or in the sentiment reported; or both?

Dr. Cheever also says that no credit should be attached to any of his sayings or doings in the above newspaper. Is his favourite newspaper, the *Principia*, any better?

Dr. Cheever, again, says, "Be assured that I always speak the truth in regard to the state of feeling in Great Britain, as I know it, in reference to this country." If so, does his intimate friend, the Rev. W. Goodell, do him justice in what he states was the *purpose of his visit to this country*?

Finally, Dr. Cheever says, "there is a better feeling now in regard to England." Why not come out nobly and manfully, and say, I was wrong, and am sorry for my utterances in the "Trent Affair" and in my "Wanderings of a Pilgrim," towards this country, which have done so much to create anti-British feeling, and alienate persons allied in ancestry, language, and literature.

But if this feeling has changed in regard to himself, it is doubtful in regard to others, as shown in the *Principia*, the organ of the Christian abolitionists, and the fiery harangue of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, recently given in your paper, revealing the wildest demonstrations of applause in response to his pugilistic or *Heenan style* of combating this country. And if the charge be *real*, we shall have his *deeply earnest* and *broadly emphatic* protests against the course adopted by the above clerical gladiators and libellers.

And if my protest in your paper—although it has subjected me to many rude personal indignities, and the slanders of an Edinburgh anti-slavery committee of ladies, who have lost all sense of decency and propriety, and raised the mad-dog cry on both

sides of the water ; yet, if it further the ends of justice, no one will rejoice more than myself, as it has been an additional bitter ingredient in the cup of my persecution in America, to have battled for this grand old country when she has been right, as well as for liberty, until I was battled from my pulpit, press, and home, and driven into exile.—
I am, &c. J. R. BALME.

In the above attack made upon the author, there is sad proof that the race of Cain, Ishmael, Esau, and Claverhouse is not dead. It appears there are some of them still alive in their representatives. And had he been in America, he would have had a very slim chance of obtaining a hearing at the bar of public opinion. But bigots and partisans here cannot have all their own way. Their only chance anywhere is in the indulgence of personalities. And in reviewing the controversy in regard to Dr. Cheever, you will see how soon the author's opponents invaded the domain of conscience, as well as his personal right to examine the utterances of any man or class of men. Now, what had they to do with my personality? Is it not as dear to me as theirs is to them? Has he not a living soul enshrined within him as well as themselves? And as he would not trifle with their feelings, why should they trifle with his? If the author has an empty purse, it is no sin to be poor,

although it is too much the way of the world to treat poverty as a crime.

" Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part; 'tis there the honour lies."

Besides, he that is down to-day may be lifted up to-morrow, and those who are up come down a spoke or two in connection with the wheels of Providence. And though the author's circumstances have caused him to be trodden under foot as refuse, and treated as dung by many, by a turn in the wheels of Providence, he may become their superiors in position. And therefore the author can commend, with all his heart, to the above class of personages, the following beautiful allegory:—"A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. 'I cannot think of it,' was the reply, 'as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt.' 'Impossible!' exclaimed the humming-bird; 'I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you.' 'Perhaps you do now,' said the other, 'but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors.'" Vile insinuations were placed to the author's account, because of his criticisms of Cheever in the ignoble defence which he made of the St. Jacinto outrage on the Trent. This was done to prejudice the religious community against the author, and silence

his utterances on any public question. And this is easily done in the most enlightened communities, since there are a class of men almost everywhere to be found who scent carrion in every breeze, and are disposed to treat every man as a rogue, until he proves himself to be an honest man. But whilst discrimination is to be used, it is to be made subservient, to embody and illustrate the injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some entertain angels unawares." And if now and then a wolf does come to you in sheep's clothing, it is better to lean to virtue's side than punish the innocent for the guilty. To the insinuation of "bad feeling" and base motives, were added an imputation of "unworthy haste." But this has come with bad grace from his opponents, since the above imputation was entirely one-sided, like the St. Jacinto outrage on the Trent. The English mail steamer, the Trent, was going quietly and peacefully on her voyage on the great highway of nations, bound from one neutral port to another. Our American commander fired a shot under her bows, stopped her in her course, and took Mason and Slidell, with their understrappers, out of her, in open violation of international law, against the protest of the commander of the Trent, and in defiance of the British flag. This wonderful feat of stopping an unarmed steamer gave rise to public banquets, votes of thanks from Congress and the Navy Department, crowned with exultation the heart of Governor

Andrews of Massachusetts, excited the most jubilant feelings throughout the land, and brought dissertations, homilies, sermons, orations, speeches, proverbs, maxims, and poetic muse to justify and embellish the wondrous act. Meanwhile, the news was wafted across the mighty deep, and across this island of the sea, and borne on pinions of the telegraph, swifter than eagle's wings to earth's remotest bounds. This grand old island-home, with her sober sense, solid judgment, and merry hearts, slow to resent but quick to feel when touched in her most sensitive part, and wounded in her honour, instinctively turned her eyes to Lord Palmerston, who, with firm step, planted his feet on the serene heights of patriotic duty, and, with unquivering muscle and unfaltering voice, kindly, firmly, and promptly made his demand for the surrender of the Commissioners.

The demand created a chorus of vituperation that pealed forth its mighty thunderings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and was re-echoed from the Arctic regions to the Gulf of Mexico. The Rev. H. W. Beecher was the first to give the key note.

In the *Independent*, Dec. 26, 1861, he says, "Should the President yield to the present necessity as the less of two evils, and bide our time with England, there will be a sense of wrong, of national humiliation so profound, and a horror of the unfeeling selfishness of the English government in this great emergency of our affairs, such as will inevi-

tably break out by and by, in flames that will be extinguished only by a deluge of blood." "We are not living the whole of our life to-day. There is a future to the United States, in which the nation will right any injustice of the present hour." Mark the words "wronged,"—"humbled,"—the "unfeeling selfishness" that must be punished—the volcano of indignation that will leap up in resentment—the deluge of blood that will follow, and the nearness of these sanguinary scenes, as this deluge of blood, says Beecher, is to be poured out in "our life,"—and, that, then the injustice of Lord Palmerston's demand will be righted! Since December, however, our clerical Robespierre has come to the conclusion that it would not be Christian to let out the volcano, which is to be extinguished only by a deluge of blood. In a paragraph in the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, April 9, 1862, extracted from the *New York Times*, it is stated, referring to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, it is stated as follows:—

"The Rev. H. W. Beecher has been lecturing and preaching on the conduct of the British Government in the affair of the Trent, 'When our rebellion broke out,' said he, 'if there was any nation under heaven that we looked to for sympathy and help it was the mother country—Old England. But how did she treat us? She sympathised with our enemies, and when we were all engaged with the rebels, and had as much as we could do on our hand, she kicked up that *contemptible fuss* about

the Trent, and took our rebel citizens from us. 'Oh,' said he, with sarcastic emphasis, '*it was mean! it was mean!*' The audience cheered the sentiment. 'And now,' said he, 'what are we going to do about it? When we get this war off our hands, and have time to attend to these matters' (*suiting a strong pugilistic action to the word*), 'shall we give England what she deserves?' The house came down with thunders of applause of assent. As it subsided, 'No!' said he, '*we will do no such thing. That would not be right; that would not be Christian.*' 'Do not nail his ears to the pump,' it would not be Christian. But is it Christian in this Boanerges of the Tabernacle to lash up the popular mind to a frenzy of hatred in this manner? There are many here who think not, and I am of the number."

As we have seen, the Rev. Dr. Cheever on Dec. 29, 1861, was the next to grasp the sword, spear, and tomahawk, and try his hand with "perfidious Albion," as England is often called.

Next came upon the scene, with his poisoned chalice for you to drink, the Governor of Maine. In his annual message to the State Legislature for 1862, he says, "On the breaking out of the slaveholder's rebellion there was not a loyal man in all the North, who did not rely with unquestioning confidence upon the warmest sympathy and heartiest good wishes of England; but in all this they have been grievously and sadly disappointed. And it is

not to be denied that their feelings have been sorely wounded. They thought that the land of Russell, Sidney, Charles Fox, Gladstone, Milton, and Tennyson, would have denounced the insurrection as inexcusable in its motive and infamous in its aims. But in its stead they find the sympathy of the British nation not with the free North, fighting for the preservation of their government, and upholding the cause of civilisation and humanity, but with those who are endeavouring to destroy that government."

Then Governor Ramsay, taking up the language, whispered by the Rev. Newman Hall in the whispering gallery of the Old World, which went thundering down the sides of the New World until it reached Ramsay in his chair of state in Minnesota, when he took up the sound and shouted, "that cowardly blow of England."

Dr. Eddy of Boston, the correspondent of the *Freeman*, vowed that henceforth there could be no brotherhood between England and America, as seen in the above journal, Feb. 22, 1862.

A gladiatorial scene came next, with oath affirmative in the style of Hannibal of "inextinguishable hatred" from Lovejoy to the country that gave his country birth. The wretch—the wretch. And then the press, how clamorous and vengeful, speaking of "outstanding accounts," and "power to prescribe the extent and limits of European power"—and scattering "seeds of everlasting hatred;" but

settling down into "submission from necessity in the hope of avenging the surrender hereafter."

But in the face of these indignant scowls, and hurricane of blasting reproaches, the righteous demand of Palmerston was complied with, and acknowledged to be such by all other civilized nations—and by Thurlow Weed, the right-hand man of Secretary Seward, who said, that the "bottom of the case we Americans had relied on to justify the seizure, had tumbled out"—and by Seward, who conceded that your "claim was just," but avowed that "if it had been to the interest of our countrymen to have detained the Commissioners, they would not have been given up."

The opposition the author has met with in Edinburgh has been, therefore, precisely the counterpart of the position of our American people towards this country. How unpatriotic, senseless, on the part of Cheever, but more especially his Edinburgh anti-slavery friends. But what can we think of Goodel, Cheever's friend, who bore false witness for his neighbour Cheever and against his neighbouring English friends? Is he a proper companion, counsellor, and friend? And the above were not the only falsehoods uttered by this man. A paragraph, the half of which was given by Duncan, contained other falsehoods as base, mean, and infamous as ever were uttered by man. It is as libellous as it is false, that the author ever spoke, wrote, or dreamt of the word "English clergyman,"

after he was ordained in Chicago, took out his naturalisation papers and availed himself of his pre-emption rights as an American citizen. And that the author got into trouble by speculation is equally false. Let any one read the brief sketch of the author's history and say how they would have withstood the peltings of the pitiless storm so long and so well under such fearful odds. It is of the Lord's doings and marvellous in our eyes! Two clergymen in Edinburgh have doubted the existence of our property, the author addressed the following letter to one of them:—

January 10th, 1862.

REV. MR. ROBERTSON,

SIR,—I called yesterday with demonstrative proof of the fact that I mentioned to you, that I do not come to you as a pauper, but a victim of persecution, as I have incontrovertible proof in my possession of our being owners of property, never *called in question* before; and as to a man having property in America, your friend Wm. Duncan can assure you that a person may own a vast amount (like one of his own friends who has property in Wisconsin), and yet not be able to sell it, and if forced on the market would not fetch a "*note song*." You and Dr. Candlish may doubt this, but others better acquainted do not. And just as God in His Providence has shut up real estate men who,

own property in America, by the unnatural, and fratricidal internecine war going on in that land, so as to prevent them realising, even so previous to the above wicked and cruel war, I was shut up by the overwhelming powers of persecution, so that from a twofold cause I have been *crumpled up*, and made destitute.

But if you or Dr. Candlish want a fine estate to *retire upon*, now is a splendid chance for either of you, *and at a great bargain*.

So that if you have any desires in that way, *now* is your opportunity, and "*legal proof*" in the conveyance will soon be forthcoming (from Mrs. Balme, who is in legal possession,) in addition to the demonstrative proof now on hand.—Yours, &c.

J. R. BALME.

At Mrs. Ferguson's, 2 St. James's Place.

It is a matter of deep regret for their own sakes, but not the author's, that they should have adopted such a course. The old book says, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion, Prov. xxviii. 1. The author after braving a thousand storms and facing ten thousand foes across the water, would have deserved the censures and scorn of mankind if he had yielded or fled, or feared in the assault, so thoroughly unprovoked, and so totally unmerited at the hands of the avowed friends of the slave in this city. What becomes of their friendship of

the slave when a love to, or sincere desire to benefit him is inseparably linked with a love of justice to those who have laboured on their behalf. Such a course must ever be considered disgraceful by every honourable mind, and be a sword lifted up that will come back again with a fearful rebound on themselves. Besides, insinuations are not evidences, no more than slander is truth, or abuse argument. But generally, when a person is marked out for the slaughter, insinuation comes first, and then some false malicious charge afterwards. "Whom the gods intend to destroy they first make mad."

Having miscalculated in their application to Cheever for a denial in the hope and with the assurance that the "lying *Herald*" of New York could not speak the truth—that the man who gave the synopsis of Cheever's discourse on Thanksgiving Day for the celebrated victory at Corinth, which was extracted and applauded in the *Principia*, could not have given a faithful rendering of Cheever's discourse in his synopsis on the *Trent*. But, alas, put off with a "believe me, I always speak the truth in regard to the state of feeling in Great Britain as I know it in reference to this country." Or, "if any of my friends volunteer an answer, they do it on their own responsibility and out of their own spontaneous friendship, but I go on just as nothing had been uttered, and declare the truth as God gives me opportunity and ability." Here was

an opportunity for him to declare the truth. And can any one doubt that he has not the ability? But it is not convenient; and we have seen what a mess his special friend Goodel has got him into by denying what he himself does not dare to say. The author, therefore, has not come out of this ordeal unscathed! Instead of standing up to their guns and facing the music, they have had to sound an ignominious retreat!

And what disgrace attaches to their dishonourable mode of warfare! By such a course the author will neither be deterred from vindicating what he believes to be the truth, nor discussing any question which he deems may be needful or profitable, nor examining the false positions or utterances of men. And if they think that their despoiling of the sacredness of his right will in the end either crush or strangle him, they are equally out of their reckoning, and demonstrate the obscuration of their sun with mental mists and fogs. It has subjected the author to many petty annoyances and not a few rude insults, but made more sweet and more great in themselves many little acts of kindness shewn to the author to which he would accord the mark of grateful tribute and high appreciation for their kindness.

THE AUTHOR'S POSITION DEFINED AND THAT OF HIS
EXCELLENT PARTNER.

In May 1852, the author and his heroic and devoted wife left England for America in the *Great Britain* Steam Vessel, after her voyage of discovery in seeking a new passage to America by Dundrum Bay. After spending a few weeks in the State of New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, they went West. On reaching Chicago, the author had the unwelcome task of preaching a farewell sermon for the minister, who was on the point of leaving the first Baptist Church. This led to an engagement. On entering upon his work, he soon found that a large number of the Members in the Church, and some of the Deacons, were warm and earnest defenders and apologists of slavery ; and his faithful dealing with the conscience, and pungent applications of the truth of God, were so different to what they had been accustomed, that it soon became evident that his labours there would terminate.

Had he known their true position, and the relation in which they stood to the very tender, delicate, and patriarchal Institution of the land, which by many was boasted of as their chief glory, but is now proving their greatest curse, neither he nor his partner would ever have put themselves in the false position which they occupied in that Church,

a thing they never looked back upon but with feelings of deepest sorrow and unfeigned regret.

On reaching America they were everywhere assured, in the Free States, that if they wanted slavery, they must go south for it. They had to feel their way and learn by painful experience.

When they found out their true position, it caused many deep searchings of heart and deep and earnest prayer for guidance and assistance.

On mutual consultation and prayer, we came to the conclusion, that as our position in the above Church was in the order of Providence, although we could not justify or defend the abounding laxity of doctrine, principle, or practice that prevailed, or the perverted fellowships which obtained amongst its Members; yet we resolved, let what would, could, or should come, ours should be one of unswerving fidelity to the cause of Christ. The news was soon spread that we were Abolitionists, which immediately caused a distance to be observed and a feeling of alienation to spring up in the minds of some of the Members; but more especially so in the case of one Rev. Jirah D. Cole, the agent of the Missionary Union in the North West. This man assumed lofty airs, especially at the author's ordination, which took place in the first Baptist Church, Chicago, September 29, 1852, when the Revs. C. H. Roe, Solomon Knapp, Silas Tucker, and J. F. Childs took a part in the service.

When the author put the brand of condemnation

on slavery, placing it in the same category with other gross sins denounced in the Decalogue, some of the leading influential Members began to remonstrate, saying, "Preach the gospel, and let slavery alone."

That was a new and novel process of reasoning to him, and sounded strangely in his ears, and he could not help but smile at their credulity, to suppose that he could "preach the gospel, and let slavery alone," any more than he could let drunkenness or any other sin alone. But in that they were just as much out of their reckoning as one of the Knapps, of Washington Market celebrity, New York, who wanted a preacher one Sabbath in 1859, but refused the appointment to the author, except he would pledge himself not to preach against slavery, which the author respectfully declined to do, although his empty purse would have made the engagement doubly welcome. An argument was also used, as novel as the reasoning, "You will soon be converted to our theory," said they; "other ministers that come from the old world soon fall into our modes of thought, and conform to our customs and practices. Besides, you will find it to your interest to be silent on the vexed question of slavery." On remaining true to our convictions, and what we considered to be the truth of God, clouds gathered, dangers threatened, hard names were used, until at length a crisis was reached. A clergyman from St. Louis was on a visit to Chicago,

and it being customary to invite clergymen who were strangers to take some part in the services on the Sabbath, one Sabbath morning he was brought up to the pulpit stand by one of the Deacons, who introduced him, saying, "We wish you to invite him to officiate on some part of the Sabbath." Knowing that he was pastor of a slaveholding church in St. Louis, the author at once promptly but respectfully replied, that "he should not do any such thing." "But," said the Deacon, "you must do it."

The people were collecting for worship, and not wishing to have any altercation, the author left the pulpit-stand and went into a pew. The author's refusal became matter for grave comment—a storm of indignation arose, and the opposition, gaining strength and becoming more violent, the author resigned his position and requested letters of Dismission according to the custom or practice that obtains in the Churches in America. At the same time the author addressed a letter of deep regret that caused the necessity for such a course in connection with those who claimed to be the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. This letter was returned by the Church without note or comment, accompanied with the letters referred to above. And thus terminated their connection with the first Baptist Church, Chicago.

The author then paid a visit to the Egypt of Illinois, and supplied for a month a vacant church

at Jacksonville, where he was informed that the Church were unanimous in their wishes to give him an invitation, with the exception of one rich "Nabob," who opposed him because he was an Englishman by birth. And that is considered a great bar to promotion in our American Churches, except when the ministers from the old country have got what our Americans call "the plastic forms of soft diplomacy." Then those bars could easily be overcome, as is shown in the sad history of many European ministers who have emigrated to America. The author has often been pained with the wholesale flattery of these men in their hero-worship of Washington and Judson to minister to American vanity; but let a minister from the old country have the smallest taint or smell of abolitionism about him, and he will soon be "spotted," isolated, and caricatured in America; and also have his position jeopardised, and his reputation at fault.

The author had the following letter of introduction from L. D. Boone, Esq., one of the deacons of the First Baptist Church which he had just left:—
"As our highly-esteemed brother, Rev. J. R. Balme, is about leaving the city with a view to making the acquaintance of brethren of our Baptist Churches, and as he is comparatively a stranger in the country, I take great pleasure in stating that we regard him as a brother of high-toned piety, and possessing an order of pulpit talents eminently qualifying him for usefulness in any field where God in his providence

may appoint him to labour. Mr Balme has preached in our pulpit with much acceptance, and we greatly desire that the proper field of usefulness should speedily present itself to himself and his excellent companion.—L. D. Boone, Chicago, Oct. 26, 1852." Boone is a descendant of the famous Kentucky Boone, whose name is historical in connection with the early settlement of the western regions of America. And though Boone was considered a "Conservative" in the West, and can show his tiger instincts in the case of parties whom he deems his lawful prey, yet at the time he wrote our letter he was labouring under the delusion that our abolitionism was "ephemeral." Boone's letter, however, and the wishes of the Church at Jacksonville, were of no weight with the rich "Nabob," and, therefore, the Church had to acquiesce. The author then paid a visit to the Slave States, where he saw for himself "slavery as it is"—that hideous monster which had been baptised into the Churches of the land and enthroned in the State.

And never will he forget on reaching St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, the thrill of horror that flashed through his spirit, when a slave came up to him and modestly but earnestly put the question, "Will you buy me?" "Buy you?" "What do you mean?" The slave continued, "I've got a bad massa, and Ise be glad to get a better." The author thanked the slave for the compliment, but observed, "that slave-holding was not in his line of

business, that his soul loathed and detested it, and that he abhorred the wicked thing with all his heart."

The echoing thunders in connection with the above blaze of indignation which the thought awakened against the system of slavery, appear to rise up from every crevice of his soul every time the author thinks of it. One scene after another passed under review in the Slave States in connection with negro yards where slaves are kept, their sales on auction blocks, working in chain gangs, and the demoralising scenes which sprung out of the system, until he became so affected by the sight that flitted before him by day and haunted him by night, that he felt impelled to leave the South.

On his return to Chicago, he found that a little, small band of disciples had met for prayer. He was invited to preside at their meetings. A building was rented for worship. At length a church was formed. Then a large warehouse was bought and moved through the streets to a vacant lot which the author leased. It was fitted up for church, school, and printing offices, which involved a considerable outlay. One hundred and forty pounds were collected in the city towards it. The rest was advanced by the author, who was to hold it as security until the debt was liquidated. Services were held on the Sabbath and week days; a Sabbath School was formed; an abolition newspaper was issued, of which the author was editor and proprietor.

A Ladies' School was also established, under the superintendence and management of Mrs. Balme. The Church department was environed with difficulty from its commencement to its close, in consequence of our non-fellowship with slaveholders and negro-haters. Every member was tormented and harrassed in their business relationships by those who were opposed to us. Our abolition newspaper presented a bold front to the enemy, and was a terrible thorn in the sides of our opponents and persecutors. Lifting up the supremacy of God's law over man's law, and principle over expediency, it raked down in turn the general Government, State Governments, Churches, colleges, mission boards, tract societies, the so-called free Press, whether secular or religious, Sabbath and free mission conventions, our national gigantic feat of jugglery in introducing the compromises into the original draft of the Constitution; fugitive slave law, and every institution and thing which excused slavery, tolerated it, or allowed it to sleep at their side and in their midst as undisturbed as pearls in the caves of ocean, a thousand fathoms down beneath the storms which agitate the surface of the ocean. The effectiveness of our continuous battery was shown in an editorial issued by the "Democratic Press" of Chicago, one of the leading secular papers of the West, requesting the American Government to suppress our newspaper, maintaining that no

person born in the old country ought to be allowed to publish a paper in America.

This brought out the Rev. A. Kenyon, of Chicago, in our defence, and also many tributes in homage of our principles and personal devoted attachment to the cause of freedom. We give the following as a specimen.

The Rev. D. F. Newton, editor of the *Golden Rule*, an excellent anti-slavery newspaper, wrote as follows :—

“Dear Brother Balme,—I am pleased very much with the *Olive Branch*, especially with the decided stand you take against oppression. Such a paper is greatly needed in this day of perpetual back-sliding. ‘Lord help, for the godly man ceaseth.’ The Lord bless your labours.—Yours, &c.,

D. F. NEWTON.”

Another clergyman wrote to us :—

“Rev. J. R. Balme,—Sir,—To see a minister of the gospel willing to give up his bread and butter, sacrifice his dignity, honour, and all popular applause, to be hissed at and denounced, not only by the world, but by the majority of professed Christians as a false brother and disturber in Zion, turning the world upside down, fit only to be dealt with as an heretic, is what my soul longs to see.—P. M. B. Nicholville, St. Laurence County, New York.”

On the signboard of our *Western Olive Branch* we had this motto—“Justice and mercy have been

classed amongst the highest attributes of majesty and might in all ages, whilst the despotism and tyranny of the strong over the helpless and weak, have been regarded with indignation and disgust." And the publisher and proprietor's name was given in each number, in connection with his residence on the Church Premises, Chicago. Our Ladies' Seminary succeeded the best. During the first year it brought in two hundred pounds, and our prospects were still more encouraging the second year, until some coloured ladies applied for admission, which broke up the establishment, as the white ladies walked out when the coloured ladies came in, and this closed the concern. Then commenced our disasters, as the church and newspaper were both pensioners on our bounty; and as the bulk of our property consisted of real estate, which was unproductive, we soon began to see the breakers ahead, as we could not realise. After a season of indefatigable toil in the church and by the press, the press had to be suspended for the want of means to carry it on—not that it was a failure, but because we had based our calculations on its maintenance from the resources supplied by the seminary, until it could establish itself, and pay its own bills. But when the school went down, it dragged down the newspaper with it, as it took from three to four pounds a week to sustain it, in addition to our subscription list. Sorrowfully and mournfully, therefore, we had to close a second de-

partment, and one in which we had the promise of the greatest usefulness, for never was a paper more needed in any country, or at any period of the world, as the *Western Olive Branch* was and is now required in America. There is a terrible lack of the right kind of agency in the press. And in regard to those who have entered this department of labour, so many of them have been like Joseph's coat-of-many-colours, that, from lack of principle, they have been powerful for evil more than good; whilst others, such as the *Principia*, have placed themselves beyond the pale of public sympathy and encouragement by their unscrupulous and unblushing slanders and falsehoods.

When our hopes were annihilated in the other departments of labour, we had to abandon the church also, because of our crippled finances. A church meeting was called. T. G. Jones and N. Holden, Esqs., from the two other Baptist Churches, were present, when the author tendered his resignation, and gave an intimation that the premises in which the above enterprises had been conducted would be conveyed to any party they might appoint, on payment of the monies advanced by the author on the building for alterations, and a reasonable compensation for his toils during the eighteen months he had presided over the church without fee or reward. As no party came forward to undertake the responsibility, six months were offered to them to try to make arrangements.

honourable amendment referred to above." And his brother-in-law took the author's part against him, "saying that I was entitled to fair play." Fair play is a bright jewel. But such jewels are rare in America. And of inestimable worth in that country. The agent in whose hands the author had put the premises in Chicago used for the purposes above specified—not being able to dispose of them, rented them for an hotel. This appropriation of them caused blind and bigoted partisans to brood over it with "malice prepense;" and with "obdurate pride and steadfast hate" they henceforth sought to make capital out of it against the author. Buoyant with hope that the above appropriation might give them a plausible pretext to blacken the character of the author, and gathering "resolution from despair" they uttered their dark forebodings, and lifted up their hands with dismal howls of lamentation, and in lachrymose style shed their tears that they could be so "*duped*" in such an artful way in the appropriation of the above premises. Some said that he had sold the property and run away with the money. The building, however, remained in possession of the author until it was afterwards burnt by incendiarism; so that the "fanatic and villain," so called, lost all remuneration for his labours during a period of indefatigable toil of eighteen months to build up a church, and a portion of his own investment in the property. This, however, did not distress him or his worthy

partner, as they esteemed it a privilege to endure worldly loss for Christ.

In our new home at West St. Paul, the author tried to cultivate a portion of his large estate, which he owned in Minnesota, but in this he was unsuccessful, as persecution broke out in its most violent forms, in the midst of which one of Churchill's vigorous satires often came up with tremendous force to his spirit—

“ The man whose hardy spirit doth engage,
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know,
That every rogue he meets will be his foe.”

There were many who tried to rob the author, and when they failed, fell savagely on himself and all he had, in the way of vituperation, abuse, and the destruction of his property. For two years in succession his fences were torn down, and crops destroyed by hogs and cattle. One year he was so vigilant that the work was difficult for them to succeed in their fiendish operations. But just before the crops were matured, a neighbour, whose wife had often sought our protection from the brutality of her husband, removed the line fence seven feet back, so that at one end that amount of space was thrown open to the common, and the author could not block it up without a trespass. The cattle and hogs soon found their way in, and made sad destruction amongst the crops. Four neighbours blocked up the gap, but the owner of

the ground soon threw it open again. The case was taken into Court. Persons were brought up to swear away the value of our crops. Our principal witness, a Mr. Freested, although subpoenaed, failed to appear, and the author's own testimony was thrown out because of his unpopularity by the aid of a singular law in Minnesota, made to all appearance to protect rascality. The law referred to places every plaintiff at the mercy of the defendant, so far as the plaintiff's testimony is concerned, if the defendant can bring up two or more more witnesses to swear that the plaintiff was a man of "no reputation, and that they would not believe him on oath." And as by violent partisans abolitionists have been regarded in America, if not now, as the greatest monsters of wickedness, except when they march in stately steppings to the music of the Union, which is now a redeeming quality, this law was put in operation on the vile testimony of a number of persons who swore to the above effect, although it was rebutted by J. C. Burbank, Esq., and others, in counter evidence. The author was only allowed twenty minutes to bring up his witnesses, and was taken under a disadvantage. But as it was, the villainous design of the defendant was most signally defeated, if justice had been done. But judgment was turned away backwards, and justice stood afar off in the streets of Saint Paul. And neither truth nor equity entered into the above case, shown in the voluminous testimony given, and

now on record in the Courts of Minnesota. Nominal damages were given to the author, and he was involved in the costs of the case. A yoke of oxen were taken from the author one day by an Irishman and his son, and as he drove them off, swore that "no jury would ever give" the author "a verdict, because he was unpopular;" and the sequel proved it. When the case came into Court, he trumped up a story that he had bought the oxen on credit; and although there had been no transaction or agreement, and the circumstantial evidence was against the belief that the author would have sold to a man a yoke of oxen who had no money to pay for them, yet the jury, consisting of eleven Irishmen and a Dutchman, which had been impannelled by an Irish Sheriff, gave a verdict in favour of the Irishman. And the lawyers employed by the author in the above cases put the climax on Minnesota justice by sending in an extortionate bill, equal to the value claimed for the crops and oxen, so that the author was in bad hands, and was victimised.

Whilst these acts of outrage and robbery were going on, our loose cash kept getting less, and, as we could not dispose of any of our property, we soon felt the pressure of difficulty. This caused the author, in June 1858, to work his way to England, with the title-deeds of his property in his possession, and with introductions from H. H. Sibley, Esq., then Governor of Minnesota; Franklin

Steele, Esq., of Fort Snelling ; E. Rice, Esq., President of the Pacific Railway Company ; J. C. Burbank, Esq., the Expressman, all leading influential citizens of Saint Paul and its immediate vicinity. His object was to try to negotiate a loan on his property, but failed. He then worked his way back to Minnesota, but when he reached home after his long and weary journey, he was in the same position of difficulty as when he left. Stern necessity, therefore, impelled him to leave home a second time to obtain a subsistence for himself and excellent wife. Four years have nearly passed away since he left her sorrowing on the beach of the river, whilst he jumped on board one of the steamers of the Mississippi, without a red copper in his pocket. He had a letter of introduction to a church in Ohio, where they wanted evangelistic aid. But how was he to get there ? The place was twelve hundred miles away. Onwards, however, he went, overcoming one difficulty after another, until he reached Chicago. When in that city he called on Mr. Sargent, the superintendent of one of the railways, to try to get a free pass. He promised him a half pass, if he could get a line from his old friend, L. D. Boone. The author at once waited on him, and received from him the following letter :—“ Mr. Sargent. Dear Sir,—Mr. Balme, the bearer hereof, has called on me this morning for an endorsement, which will commend him to your favourable consideration. I desire to be very care-

ful in all such cases ; and, as I do not feel as well qualified to speak with reference to Mr. Balme as L. C. P. Freer, and John M. Van Osdell, Esqs., are, I would prefer to refer you to them, or either of them; for information.—Very respectfully yours, L. D. BOONE. Chicago, Nov. 20, 1858.”

You have already seen that Boone was qualified to speak for the author in a former letter. Boone's second letter, addressed to the *Chicago Christian Times*, gives sad evidence of Boone's dexterity and sublime audacity in the way of slander and abuse. The Father of lies himself could not have invented a letter more fraught with subtlety, cunning, and falsehood. The author regrets that his copy of this letter has been left in some luggage lying in New York. But now we see, in this last letter of Boone's, “that he is not so well qualified to speak with reference to Mr. Balme as L. C. P. Freer, Esq., and John M. Van Osdell, Esq., are.” Mr. Sargent handed over Boone's letter to the author, in order to see the above gentlemen referred to. The following are the results of the author's interview with them.

The first letter is from L. C. P. Freer, “To whom it may concern,—I was some few years since well acquainted with the Rev. J. R. Balme, a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, then resident in this city. I found him an honourable, fair man. I am not a member of his denomination, but aware that, by reason of certain differences of opinion be-

tween Mr. Balme and his Baptist brethren in this city, he was treated by them rather as a Dissenter than otherwise. Mr. Balme is on his way to take charge of a church in Ohio. From a considerable acquaintance with him, I am firmly convinced that he is better entitled to the immunities afforded to clergymen while travelling than the average of our doctors of divinity.

L. C. P. FREER.

“Chicago, Nov. 20, 1860.”

Our next letter is from John Van Osdel, Esq., architect, Chicago, and a member of the First Baptist Church where the author officiated. It is dated “Chicago, Nov. 20, 1850.—To whom it may concern. This will certify that I am acquainted with the bearer of this, Mr Balme, and know him to be a minister of the gospel of good reputation in the Baptist denomination, and in good standing. Being short of means whereby to reach his destination, I would recommend him to the courtesy and consideration of superintendents of lines of travel to aid him in reaching his destination, as he is on his way to take charge of a church in Ohio.—John Van Osdel.” The above letters enabled the author to make another start forwards; but on reaching his destination at Conneaut, he found that the mere pittance which they gave for evangelistic aid prevented the author from making himself known to them.

The author concluded that it would be as comfortable to be starved to death inofficially as offi-

cially in such a place, and therefore took up his pilgrim's staff, and bound on his sandals afresh to renew his journey, when he started for New York where he arrived with blistered feet and crunching pain in his limbs from rheumatic fever, the very picture of penury, sorrow, and grief. These things were written on his countenance, pockets, and appearance. He looked around for the "kind and gentle hearts that feel another's woe," but the author was an abolitionist, and was shunned as the plague by the mass of the clergy and laity in New York; and the author found it no better with the abolitionists with few exceptions.

There were but few pulpits to which he could get access, and when he did there were but few engagements that ministered relief. It was the same in Philadelphia. In Boston it was a little better, as God in his gracious and all-wise providence raised up Wendell Phillips, Esq., to act the part of a benefactor. The author had been impelled from necessity to borrow some money, for the use of which he had to give large securities for a mere note song of debt. He tried incessantly to negotiate a loan to get the securities transferred, but in vain, until he reached Boston, when Phillips advanced the money necessary to liquidate the claim, and unencumbered property was made over to him as security, which is now in course of liquidation. This was a noble act of Phillips, and when accomplished through a joint letter of introduction, signed

by the Revs. Stockbridge, Manning, Eddy, Murdoch, and Duncan, clergymen in Boston, he obtained the means to secure a deck passage to England, where he is now trying to raise means to re-establish his mission in America by the agency of the press. Full particulars are given in his circular at the close ; and those whose sympathies may be enlisted on his behalf may there see how they can reach him. Whilst here the author has literally had to hew his way through a gigantic jungle of difficulties, in consequence of the unwearied efforts that have been made to prejudice the public mind against him. Besides, he has come out of these buffetings and trials,—exposures to wind, and weather, and changes of climate,—a great sufferer in health ; but his hand is on the staff of the divine promise, and his feet are standing in the faith and power of the Almighty. And sometimes he feels in the midst of these earthly sorrows and trials the laughing waters of joy in his soul, which are infinitely more refreshing than the laughing waters of Minnesota at the falls of Minnehaha, where the stream goes on its way rejoicing, laughing itself away in childish glee at the graceful feat it has performed in bounding over the precipice. Longfellow, in referring to the scene, says :—

“ Stars in the silent night
Might be enchained,
Birds in their passing flight
Be long detained ;



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And by this scene entrancing
Angels might roam
Or make their home
Hearing in waters dancing,
'Mid spray and foam,
Minnehaha."

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Such is the picture the author has to present. And, yet, how full of vain boasting! And what swelling words of vanity we use! Our coin is stamped with glaring capitals of liberty, from the cent to the dollar, and the dollar to the eagle! But if each piece of coin could speak, what a history it would give! One would say I represent the value of that beautiful babe, which was torn from the embrace of its mother, and sold on the auction block, because the condition of the child follows that of the mother in accordance with the well-known law maxim in operation amongst us in America, "partus sequitur ventrem," which determines that every child descended from a slave mother shall be a slave; and therefore puts the brand of ignominy on the child as well as mother. The following nuptial tragedy, taken from a New Orleans newspaper, will illustrate the workings of this law:—

"A wealthy American merchant, of the city of New Orleans, married a Creole lady of fortune, and with the estates and servants, came into possession

of a mulatto seamstress and her daughter, a child of seven years. The gentleman was so much struck with the extraordinary beauty of the child, which had the purest Italian features and complexion, that he resolved to save it from a life of degradation which was before it, and to free it and educate it. He sent the child to a Northern school, and there she remained until her sixteenth year—by all supposed to be a patrician Creole maiden. She herself knew not to the contrary, so young was she when sent to the North. Beloved by all her companions, the idol of the institute, and caressed by every one, she left it, to return South, as she supposed, to the roof of her uncle. A young Louisiana gentleman, who had seen her in Philadelphia, and loved her, and was beloved by her, sought her hand on her return. The marriage day was fixed, nay, arrived, when the mother, who had been long sold away in La Fourche interior, in order that she might never appear as a witness against her child, reappeared, and in the bridal hall, in the very hour after the ceremony had been performed, claimed the magnificent and now miserable bride, as her own daughter—a bound slave by birth, and an African by blood! The scene, as described by one who was present, surpassed the power of pen to portray. That night the bridegroom, after charging the adopted father of the bride with gross deception, shot him through the body, and disappeared, carrying, no one knew whither, his infamy and bitter

sorrow. The next morning the bride was found a disfigured corpse in the superb nuptial chamber which had been prepared for her reception. She had taken poison. Education, a cultivated mind and taste which made her better understand how great was her degradation, now armed her hand with the ready means of death. The unhappy planter recovered from his wound, and has gone to the North, where he resides, buried in the deepest seclusion—the residue of his years embittered by the keenest regret.”

Other pieces of coin would exclaim, “we represent the value of that accomplished and handsome lady’s maid, sixteen years of age, raised in a genteel family in Maryland; and now proposed to be sold, says the *National Intelligencer*, published at Washington, not for any fault of her own, but simply because the owner has no further use for her!”

And lots of this coin clinking in the saddle-bags of European delegates, would proclaim, “we were stolen by Christian slaveholders, breeders, and traders, so called, from slave nurses, coachmen, butlers, mechanics, and field hands for pious and holy uses in Scotland and Germany,”—whilst masses of it would shout, “And we belonged to the slaves for their unrequited toil, but were pirated to print Bibles, tracts, and to send the Gospel to Syria, China, and India, sacrificing the end to the means employed, and worshipping the means as the end in direct opposition to the revealed will of Jehovah,

where, in solemn affirmation, the Almighty says, I the Lord love judgment; I hate robbery for a burnt-offering. Isa. lxi. 8.

Under the dawning light of the Sabbath the prayer is offered on the heights of every sanctuary, "O Lord, we thank thee for our civil and religious liberty!" But what kind of a liberty is that? In the history of the past it has run up to commanding heights to bear down with chain and thong on millions of men, women, babes, and children—to subject those who have a different colour on their skin, according to the testimony of Blair, "to every imaginable insult, to expel abolitionists from the field, and then brand us as extremists."

The plea of despotism, in all ages, has always been, that the men who have met wrong-doing with the thunder tones of rebuke have been ultraists, heretics, fanatics, fools, and madmen, and, consequently, on the basis of the above plea, have had to experience indignities, reproaches, privations, and the loss of friends and property.

And these things are what persecutors say have ever been a *just* penalty for what they call the reckless folly and madness of these men. At least, doubtlessly, so thought the Ephesian rioters, when they rose against Paul—and Romish persecutors, when they burnt Protestant preachers—and the Puritan Fathers, when they drove the incorrigible Roger Williams into exile; and our persecutors and oppressors in America no doubt think the same.

And one of the Ladies' Anti-slavery Societies' Committees has fallen into the same snare in Edinburgh?

These *crazy* men, say the persecutors, cannot change the customs and habits of society, alter the character of our institutions, or benefit society or the world; and therefore we must get rid of these *pestilent fellows* by *fair* means or *foul*; and if not by fair, then we must use tar and feathers, or ride them on rails, or put them in barrels and roll them from the tops of hills into deep rivers beneath, or drive them from their homes, or put a brand on their persons to destroy their reputation, or roast them to death over slow fires; for "it is not fit," say they, "that these men should live."

Besides, we must have peace in our families, churches, and country, be subject to the powers that be, and not allow our business to be interfered with, which must be, say they, if our institutions are meddled with; and, moreover, we have a great metaphysician and an astute philosopher in the person of the Hon. W. H. Seward, whom the eccentric George Train says, can "talk diplomacy with Lyons, war with Palmerston, Latin with Russell, Greek with Gladstone, and Hebrew with Rothschild, and whose despatches are model specimens of patriotism and eloquence"—the *illustrious patriot and statesman*, "to whose form and features," Judge Goodrich says, "the artist of our day is eager to give immortality!" and before whom "the vast con-

course of Americans shall dissolve from the face of the earth," says the same Judge, "the daguerrean impression fade away, the photograph vanish, the bronze corrode and become as dross, and the marble that shall symbolise him shall crumble into dust beneath the all-conquering hand of time, during the reign of that immortality which awaits his deeds—the man that is revered by the great and good of all parties—by the North and the South, the East and the West—by the soldier in his camp, the peasant in his cot, the ploughman in his field, the mechanic in his shop, the merchant and banker who whiten the bosom of every sea beneath the sun with the rich sails of our commerce—by they who go to the sea in great ships, by the stern warrior who is clad in mail, and the sage in the halls of the national councils." Yes, this *demigod* says, that "epochs have arisen repeatedly in the history of our country when the safeguards of freedom have been surrendered at the demands of slaveholders, *not that we love freedom less, but the Union more.*" And this is what Seward calls "a virtuous excuse," and if so, the *excuse of virtue!* But, could virtue speak whilst under the black hoofs of this *demigod*, would she not enter her most solemn and earnest protest against such an exercise of exalted philanthropy on the part of Seward—such a mode of its manifestation—and such whining hypocrisy and cant like the above; and also like that which he has shown in one of his model despatches to Lord

Russell, in which he charges you Europeans with being "governed by selfishness and ambition;" whilst we Americans—dear, sweet, innocent creatures—"have all our policy based on interests of the greatest importance, and sentiments of the highest virtue!"

And would not outraged virtue have something to say about that other wonderful man we have got in America, whom Train says is every inch a President, possesses many more cubic inches of solid brain, and a larger amount of Puritan honesty and Christian patriotism, along with the members of his Government, than ever filled the Cabinet before? Oh, yes! virtue would have something to say to President Lincoln, who, at the close of the Republican Convention held at Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858, avowed that his "hands were free in the cause of freedom, that his heart was in the work, and that he had an anxious care for the result." And yet, forsooth, in his last presidential message to Congress, he said "that emancipation would be equivalent to a John Brown's raid on a gigantic scale—that our position was surrounded with a sufficient number of dangers already, without taking up such a revolutionary scheme—that abolition would throw against us the four States of Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland, which it is costing the nation such efforts to regain—that we have our hands full as it is, and might as well cut loose all at once, and begin taking up the arteries to pre-

vent bleeding to death." But, oh! virtue, in vain wouldst thou plead, remonstrate, protest, for the rubicon is past, and thy fate is sealed; and with thee, thy country, America's doom!

Our fourth of July is annually ushered in with music and banners, triumphal arches and long processions, booming of cannon, and what are called shoutings of the free, and the orators of the occasion point with dramatic power and attitude to the day, deed, and men bound up with the era of our independence, and fling their magnificent bouquets made up of "Spread eagle oratory," with all their mellifluous sweetness at the feet of our young giant Republic as he lifts himself up to take hold of England with one hand and France with the other, exclaiming, like Joshua of old, "Sun and moon stand still!" And whilst all this is going on we have got our feet as a nation on the necks of four millions of slaves who are subject to a tyranny unequalled in the annals of the world; and are devising schemes and plans to sacrifice the friendships, endearments, and all those sacred and inalienable rights which our American free-coloured population claim in common with the rest of mankind.

On looking at our Missionary Institutions you would be ready to imagine that America was the paragon of nations—the grand Eden of the world, heaven appointed and ordained to bless and save mankind. But look at the sources whence the funds are created to carry out our missionary work

—sources which contain the fruits of unrequited toil—the avails of robbery and shame—the price of blood! Consider the so-called Christian slaveholders, breeders, brokers, negro-haters, and Missionaries who bring and take these terrible “blood-monies,” extracted by sweat and toil, lash and thumbscrew, from the strained sinews and furrowed backs of slaves. How horrible the thought that the above men should be called “Christian!” What “hotels of beatitude” our American Mission Boards must be with such men for life members, directors, managers, agents, and missionaries!

Can their missionaries be “thoroughly educated,” as the Rev. Dr. Hannah avowed from his pulpit in Free St. John’s, Edinburgh, January 1862? And are they entitled to be called the “noblest missionaries on the face of God’s earth,” as the excellent Dr. Guthrie maintained in his speech before the Chamber of Commerce at Dundee? Nay, we go farther, and assert that those who recognise them want a finishing touch in their education. They are not up to the mark. And to put such missionaries first and foremost on the roll of missions is a libel on their honoured name. No Carey, Morrison, Knibb, or Williams would have polluted their hands by the touch of monies from such sources like Judson, Perkins, Scudder, and other American missionaries, with the exception of those who have been sent forth by the American Missionary Society of which Lewis Tappan, Esq. is treasurer.

that God would meet their mockery with his own more terrible mockery, whilst in righteous indignation he demands, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts. And I delight not in the blood of bullocks, lambs, or he-goats. When ye come to appear before me who hath required this at your hand to tread My courts? Bring no more vain oblations. Incense is an abomination unto me. The new moons, sabbaths, and calling of assemblies I cannot away with. It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth. They are a trouble unto me. I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when you make many prayers I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood." Isa. i. 11-15.

And our grand army of the North and great armada on the seas were to girdle the South, and as with the power of the Anaconda, were to strangle the rebellion at one mighty bound and with one terrific blow. But twelve months have passed away and the sweet music of the Union has not yet "played the artillery requiem of death to treason," so-called. But should complete success crown the efforts of our Federal Government with all their vast superiority of force by land and sea, what glory can be associated with such a war? No laurels can bloom on such a field of carnage.

Victory in such a cause is defeat. "We are not in the field to put down slavery," says the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, "Ours is not a war of emancipation." Who has not heard of the countryman, who took up a viper which was apparently lifeless and placed it in his bosom, when it came to life and stung him. This has been precisely our position in America, and we have not had the manliness to kill the viper slavery, whilst it is now stinging us to death. A bear on one occasion went into a log cabin. The man who lived in it stole away as he saw the bear approach, in a cowardly manner, and left his wife to protect herself in the best way she could. On perceiving her danger, she took the kettle filled with boiling water from the fire, and threw it at the bear. It seized the kettle and hugged it in its embrace, but the more it clutched it, the more the water scalded it, and the more it screamed with pain until the kettle with the boiling water killed it. The Southern States of America are not unlike that kettle filled with boiling water. And our Northern people have not the sense apparently to let them go. And, therefore, there is every probability they will be our death financially, and overwhelm us with ruin, disaster, and woe. But supposing our financial life should "know of no retiring ebb," and that we will be able to conquer and hold the Southern people in subjection and maintain our control over them. And as there is no Union life in the South, this difficulty is clear to all nations,

but our Northern people. The war, therefore, is a blunder morally, financially, and politically.

No enlightened or judicious men can give us any sympathy in our insane, fratricidal conflict, or offer their God-speeds in connection with our fire, slaughter, and blood.

LACK OF SOUND JUDGMENT.

It is becoming an incontestable fact, that the safest and wisest policy of our Northern people would have been to let the Southern go. All other nations see this. And so from clinging to the South, we in the North ought to have been glad of an opportunity to get rid of them, since our alliance with the South involves the most fearful complicity with the sin, crime, and the curse of slavery, and binds us together in a partnership, which includes a companionship and a degradation the vilest the world ever saw. And, therefore, rather than have tried to retain, or whip them back into co-partnership, we ought to have given them a premium to go. But alas! our wise men lost their wisdom, and our men of might found no strength. And no parties have disgraced themselves more than the avowed friends of the slave, since every shade of them whether Christian, infidel, or pantheist, as shown in the *Principia* and Mrs. Stowe's letter to Lord Shaftesbury, have gone insanely and wickedly into the war. "God," says Wendell Phillips—"God

appealed first to the pulpits—they were barred to his messenger. He appealed to ballots—they were too slow for his method. He appeals to bullets—and the slaves of the district are the first trophies of his victory!" But how barren that victory!

Bullets—bullets! nothing but bullets. These are the ten commandments—and the sermon on the mount, as we have seen in the beatitudes of Henry Ward Beecher.

JEREMY DIDLERS.

When the disruption first broke out, leading statesmen, popular divines, distinguished editors, and influential citizens spoke of it as "artificial" and "ephemeral," a thing for the imagination or fancy, like the bubble that rises on the air, becomes the sport of the fancy, and then disappears. And when it approached them in the shape of hurricane and covered one-half of the country with thick clouds and darkness, like a funeral pall, the other half made figures of rhetoric and danced for joy, under the illusion that it would only be a "nine," and then a "ninety days wonder."

The following is a specimen of the manner in which our country's crisis and danger was regarded by the *New York Evening Post*, which ridiculed the disruption in comparing it to a little island in the neighbourhood of New York, where the fishermen pick up clams for baits.

SECESSION OF CONEY ISLAND.

“It is stated on trustworthy authority that his Excellency, the Governor of Coney Island, has determined to withdraw from the Union, without waiting for any overt act on the part of the incoming administration. Governor Davis will establish a strictly despotic Government, commerce with the United States will strictly be prohibited under the severest penalties, and direct trade with Europe and New Jersey will be established. The tariff on clams will be increased, so that importation will be virtually abolished. Governor Davis has invited the intervention of his Holiness the Pope, and he, on leaving Rome, will proceed with all the Papal forces to Coney Island, where he will in future make his permanent residence; in consideration of which foreign liquors will be admitted free of duty, &c.

“Later.—Since writing the above, we learn that the standard of rebellion has actually been raised, and that Governor Davis has issued the following proclamation:—

“Whereas long and painful experience has demonstrated that it is impossible for the people of Coney Island to remain in the Confederacy of the United States, and at the same time preserve those sacred rights which have been wrested from them by violence, and whereas the people of the said United States have recently elected a President

in utter disregard of the well-known and oft-avowed sentiments of this island, 'I, Governor Davis, the lawful governor and ruler of Coney Island, do hereby issue this proclamation, declaring the said island to be henceforth and for ever a free, independent, and sovereign empire. I further order all bridges connecting these free dominions with the United States to be cut down and destroyed; and I forbid any of my subjects, under the penalty of death, to trade, deal, or barter with the inhabitants of the United States. And I farther declare all laws and statutes of the United States to be null and void in these dominions of free and independent Coney Island. The sons of Coney Island will stand upon their arms.'"

What buffoonery, imbecility, and madness!

THE BLOWERS THAT HAVE FILLED OUR WIND-BAG OF
NATIONAL VANITY.

In years past the Rev. Dr. Cheever has been a mighty power in helping to fill this wind-bag, in confirmation of which take one illustration:—The scene is laid in the Church of the Puritans, New York, which is said to be becoming rich in grand historic interest. The church is densely crowded. The preacher is the Rev. Dr. Cheever, described to be a man of high genius, noble character, and boundless philanthropy. He is giving one of his celebrated lectures on Switzerland. As he proceeds, he climbs

with his hearers the mountains, until he hears the eagle scream in the mountain pines, the tempests roar, or the avalanches thunder. At length they reach the shadow of Mont Blanc, and whilst on this commanding point of vision the rev. doctor puts his finger on one of Wordsworth's sonnets, and with marked emphasis reads—"Two voices are they. One is of the sea; one of the mountains; each a mighty voice." Commenting on this stanza, Cheever says, "When Wordsworth penned this 12th of his Sonnets to Liberty, he thought the voice of Switzerland had perished; but how wonderful God works? Whose voice is now the mightiest—that of the mountains or of the sea—Switzerland or England? The voice of the mountains (*i.e.*, Switzerland) surely" —(applause.) Again, he says—"The voice of a nation is the voice of its great men; and the voice of the great men of England just now is the hoarse melancholy cry of expediency in the sacrifice of principle, while that of the great men of Switzerland is the clear, ringing, thrilling shout of spiritual liberty"—(renewed applause.) Carried away with the enthusiasm of his audience, the doctor continued—"I cannot help warning you against the sneers of some Englishmen and books—Murray's Handbook in particular—in regard to the moral and political condition of the country. In some parts it is bad enough, we all know; but I have thought that sometimes the English seemed vexed and envious enough at the existence of so much freedom,

happiness, and greatness *in a little unaristocratical republican* canton like Geneva. May I be forgiven if I judge them harshly; but such envious hatred is a hateful thing. In regard to America they are glad to have some shadow of excuse for their own bitterness, as is afforded them in Mississippi repudiation, Irish riots, and negro slavery"—(tremendous applause, amidst which the curtain drops.) The above is given in Dr. Cheever's "Wanderings of a Pilgrim," p 35.

The next scene of blowing is in connection with Cochituate Hall, Massachusetts. It is filled with a vast assemblage to hear the recitation of a "brilliant and beautiful poem" on Liberty, by the poet orator, William E. Badger, Esq., which he had composed and dedicated to the Goddess of Liberty. The poem is said to present to our view "Earth's noblest citizen, in the person of General Washington," who is supposed to be sleeping on the banks of the Potomac, where our "grand army of the North" long slumbered and slept, when Columbia's guardian angel approaches him, accompanied by a pale shrouded figure, and reveals to his soul a series of visions emblematic of the history of Liberty. The first vision represents ancient Greece in the zenith of glory—the nine Muses surrounding the chariot of Liberty, rejoicing only in her smiles, and languishing only when Liberty suffers. Badger says:

"Who stabs at freedom ends the Muses' days,
They have no breath to sing the tyrant's praise."

—(Applause.) Then follows the melancholy picture of Grecian glory, when liberty was banished, but found a welcome at last in Italy, where “Rome adopted Athens as an orphan child.” The rise and fall of the Roman empire are then symbolised, and the poet passes to the next vision, exclaiming—

“Thus spoke the picture, as it passed to gloom,
And now the stars are shining o'er a tomb;
Dark gleams the night, when dawns the Attic day,
And History's lamp but shines to gild decay.
Unless some saviour come to raise the dead
The soul of freedom hath for ever fled.”

—(Cheers.) The next vision represents the resurrection of Liberty after the world had worn sack-cloth for a thousand years, and Liberty had moved a mourner amid the sister spheres—when she again found a home in Europe, and the Arts and Sciences once more flourished. And here the poet pays a passing tribute to Shakspeare—

“Whose name shall linger o'er that isle's decay,
And gather brightness as old time grows grey.”

(Cheers.) Next is revealed the flight of Liberty from the Old World to the New—not from England to Geneva, where Dr. Cheever builds her *chosen home*—but from grand Old England with her sunny memories to the United States of America, where Badger says she has established her empire. Here the vision ends, and Washington awakes to clasp fair Freedom to his heart.

Rising up under the influence of these visions, Badger says :—



“He strikes for liberty, for home, and God ;
With eye inspired, he only sees the gleam
Of that bright image of his youthful dream ;
And on his sword the flame of vengeance burns,
While hostile Britons tremble where he turns.
As Memnon’s harp with inspiration sang
When early sunshine played its chords among,
So his high heart, its greatest purpose woke,
When o’er its springs the light of freedom broke.”

—(Tumultuous applause.) The poet then traces the progress of freedom in Columbia after having been triumphantly crowned by General Washington, and pays a tribute to the memory of Webster and Clay, which concludes with the following prayer :—

“God grant these men, too precious to be sold
By love of office or by lust of gold ;
Great men, whom Satan cannot bribe nor buy,
Who dare to speak, and yet dare not to lie.
Men whom the heavenly inspirations teach
To preach the truth, and practise what they preach ;
Then o’er the world shall float their honest fame,
And tyrants still shall tremble at thy name.”

—(Waving of hats, and showers of bouquets from the ladies.)

The next scene presents to our view the late eloquent Daniel Webster with his blowers in full blast ! He is kneeling down in the presence of the slave goddess at Alexandria, a watering place in Virginia, whilst surrounded by a multitude of her votaries, offering his devotions at her shrine, and throwing his homage at her feet, exclaiming, “ This

North mountain is high; the blue ridge higher still; the Alleghany higher than either; but this higher law that men speak of ranges farther than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghany. No common vision can discern it; no conscience not transcendental and ecstatic, can feel it. The hearing of common men never discerns its high behests, and therefore I should think it not a safe law to be acted on in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code of the factious and fanatical abolitionists of the North." Never did the obscene goddess of slavery put on more gracious smiles, or were her numerous worshippers more electrified with joy than with these utterances of Webster—a man whom the poet Badger made "too precious to be sold by the love of office or the lust of gold," and "who dared to speak, and yet dared not to lie."

HON. W. H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE

He is the next blower that claims our attention. The scene is in the grounds of the Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota, September 18, 1860. On the memorable occasion Judge Goodrich took the censer and waved it before him. And whilst the cloud of incense rose up and made Seward drunk with personal vanity, he stepped forward and said,—Gentlemen, Wide Awakes, follow citizens. Standing here and looking far off into the North-West, I see the

Russian as he busily occupies himself in establishing seaports, and towns, and fortifications on the verge of this continent, as the outposts of St. Petersburg, and I can say, "Go on and build up your outposts all along the coast, up even to the Arctic Ocean—they will yet become the outposts of my own country—monuments of the civilization of the United States in the North-West." So I look off on Prince Rupert's Land and Canada, and see there an ingenious, enterprising, and ambitious people, occupied in bridging rivers and constructing canals, railroads, and telegraphs to organize and preserve great British provinces north of the great lakes, the St. Lawrence, and around the shores of Hudson Bay, and I am able to say, it is very well; you are building excellent States to be hereafter admitted into the American Union. [Applause.]

I can look south-west and see, amid all the convulsions that are breaking the Spanish-American Republics, and in their rapid decay and dissolution, the preparatory stage for their reorganisation in free, equal, and self-governing members of the United States of America. In the same high range of vision I can look down on the States and the people of the Atlantic coast of Maine and Massachusetts, of New York and Pennsylvania, of Virginia and the Carolinas, and Georgia, and Louisiana, and Texas, and round by the Pacific coast to California and Oregon. I can hear their disputes, their fretful controversies, their threats that if their own



Liberty!" This idol was described to be majestic in its conception—beautiful in its proportions—solid in its foundations—and so magnificent, grand, and glorious in its superstruction, that the glory of it was to excite the admiration of mankind, and go down to the last syllable of recorded time, as a monument of the wisdom of the Almighty! Its trumpet of fame had been blown by the Hon. Edward Everett and John Bright! And the world was never to hear the last! When the foundation of this temple was first laid, it was placed on the sacred principles of freedom! But in the process of time, this corner stone was replaced by the black marble stone of slavery, which has endangered the whole building—opened up tremendous fissures in its walls—caused many of its grand national pillars to fall out of the building—and its old grand walls to crumble into dust! And nothing now remains of this once far famed temple but its historic memorials of the past. And if you go in amongst the broken splintered columns, or once massive ornaments of this temple, you will see fragmentary parts of the goddess of slavery and liberty that were once linked arm in arm, and made to sing "blest be the tie that binds our glowing hearts in one!"

Here is a piece of the noble statue of Washington that had a slave chained to it by his collar! There the splinters of an eagle that once had its talon buried in the heart of a slave! Here is an angel bust of liberty that terminated in the slimy

fold of slavery with its head knocked off! And yonder is the part of a printing press that was controlled by a demon of despotism and threw off proclamation fasts which called on the people to observe fast days, to smite with the bands of wickedness—to invoke the aid of the Almighty to rivet faster the chains on the slave—and thus to bring vain oblations, and sacrifice corrupt things to the Lord, instead of offerings in righteousness, as God commanded by his prophets of old. Mal. iii. 3; Isa. lxxxviii. 6, 7. This magnificent idol-temple, which was set forth as an object of wonder and a centre of attraction, the boast of the age and the glory of the world, has crumbled into ruins and is levelled with the dust; not from any blow of violence from without, but from inward rotteness and decay! Nothing now remains of its grandeur, but these tokens of its shame!

THE UNION.

Next idol to which the author was in-
 this," they said, "was the guardian
 land! The angel, which we have
 combined the angelic with the devilish—
 merate with the adhesive—and bears in
 s the Stars and Stripes," fit emblems of its
 and shame.

shrine of this "Guardian Angel" long
 have been made by its devotees, or

worshippers. Recently the Guardian Angel has lost the homage received from multitudes of its votaries. Besides a great rent has been made in its flag, tearing the stars from the stripes! The late ambassador Dallas, when leaving this country for America, said he would help to patch up the rent in the flag; but it has taken a great deal of *darning*, and the work is not yet accomplished!

The witchery of the charms of this mighty enchantress has been broken? Over several states of the Union she no longer keeps guard by day, or watch by night! With multitudes of her former votaries she is now in deadly combat. Their passions are enflamed with the keenest resentment and the most rancorous malignity against each other! Whilst to subdue and reclaim them is costing the presiding genius, or the guardian angel of the Federal Union much blood and treasure!

Supposing she was victorious, and uplifted and unfurled her flag as before, of what advantage would it be to the public, since the battles of liberty would have to be commenced anew? Besides, there would be the additional stigma and reproach of fighting for an ignoble object—and of ruling over the slave states with the foot of military despotism on the necks of the people—a thing more difficult than that of subduing them, and more expensive.

Some have predicted that, at the close of the present war, the guardian angel called the Union, would come up on the banks of the Potomac robed

in light, with thirty-four stars for her diadem, millions of broken fetters under her feet, and an olive branch in her right hand. If so, she would be no longer the grand old idol the people have worshipped. Her stars then would be severed from her stripes, and multitudes would be delirious with joy.

But as yet there are no signs that this prediction will soon be fulfilled, as the war now waged is to re-establish the Union, with her hole in her coat, and the great big grease spot of slavery on it, as illustrated in the case of the missionary in China, whose coat had been worn into a hole in the elbow, and blemished with a great grease spot. Having some new cloth, he called in a Chinese tailor, and requested him to make him a new coat after the pattern of the old one. When he brought the new coat, it had a hole in one of the elbows, and a big grease spot on it like the old one which had been given to him as a pattern.

So say the old worshippers of the Union, "the first duty of the Federal Government is to secure the Union on the basis of the Constitution," which, with their interpretation of the Constitution, means union with slavery, and the preservation of slavery as a Constitutional right. This is neither desirable nor practicable, although many in their judicial blindness and hardness of heart, have defined the old Union to be the chief hope of humanity. The *Times'* correspondent, Nov. 12, 1861, refers to an

American General, saying "that it would be humiliating to reflect that the world would go on, if the Great Republic was to break up." And it is lamentable to think that this grand old idol should get such a strong hold of the poet Longfellow's affections as to cause him to say that

"Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Hangs breathless on its fate."

We are, therefore, on the verge of a terrible crisis, not only in America, but throughout the world, since God is putting forth His hand to shiver to pieces this tremendously powerful idol, which has ministered so much to our national vanity in America.

But the world will go on, and America and other nations will flourish more when this great national idol is smashed to atoms!

The attempt to preserve it places the true friends of America between two burdens, like Issachar of old—burdens which are very oppressive. These are "slavery and an imbecile administration." The Rev. Mr. Conway says "that the Government is not strong enough to preserve the Union and slavery too."

The *New York Times*, Aug. 13, 1861, maintains that it is abundantly able to perform the mighty task. "In looking over the whole field," the editor says, "it is surprising to see, not how much we have lost, but how immensely we have gained.

We can now count on the tried loyalty of twenty-two millions out of twenty-seven of our white population."

We have taken from the contest in a great measure its aspect as a slavery question. "And these," says the Editor above referred to, "are the peaceful victories which we have been quietly achieving—victories that outweigh in importance twenty such reverses as Bull's Run, which, says he, taught us a great deal of wisdom at a comparatively small cost."

The *New York Times* is one of the most ardent supporters of the Federal Government, and ought to know what it is about.

The *Principia*, June 19, 1862, says—that Governor Johnson, who is President Lincoln's Military Governor of Tennessee, in a speech made at Columbia, June 2, 1862 says, in reply to the citizens of that State, who had raised the cry of having lost their rights. "Let me tell these clamourers that there are 800,000 white people and only 33,000 Slaveholders in Tennessee. You are disturbing the stability of Slavery by your senseless cries, and making it valueless. Its sole protection is the Union." And another leading Union man in Kentucky, shouts, "I am a Union man, for my property, my niggers and other property are worth nothing without the Union."

Contrast these sentiments with Harriet Beecher Stowe's statement in regard to the "majestic up-



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separate interests are not gratified and consulted by the Federal Government they will separate from this Union. I am able to say, "peace, be still."

How foolish must the people be in submitting to the enormous war expenditure, and be at the trouble of taking multitudes from the peaceful avocations of life, and of sacrificing so many lives by the foul demon of war, when here is one man, who can still the tumult of the people, and say, "peace, be still!"

The above blower, whilst on a visit to Canada, August 22, 1857, is reported to have "dropt the opinion as a national conceit, that Canada was soon to be taken in by the Federal Union;" and that then, there, and on that day, came to the conclusion that British-America would become a sort of protestant and civilised Russia. But this does not harmonise with his sentiments at St. Paul's in 1860. The most perceptible enlargement is manifest where the London Examiner, in poetic strains, stretches out the goblet of flattering unction to your gigantic daughter in the West, shouting:—

" We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood.
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all around,
God the tyrant's cause confound;

ON THE CHRISTIAN IDOLATRY OF AMERICA. 525

To our great kinsmen of the west—my friends;
In the great name of England, round and round.

Arise, our great Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs;
O speak to Europe through your guns,
They can be understood by these.
You must not mix our Queen with those
That wish to keep the people fools;
Your freedom's foemen are her foes,
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all around,
God the tyrant's cause confound;
To our dear kinsmen of the west—my friends
And the great cause of freedom, round and round."

This caused our American wind-bag to receive a tremendous swelling, until it was well nigh bursting. Guthrie says, "God's great knife of retribution is ripping it open;" and what he says is true. But what will be the effect—the upshot of all these heavings and upheavings in America? When our over-weening vanity and supercilious airs have made their escape out of the wind-bag, we shall have a fearful destruction of our grand national idols.

ON THE CHRISTIAN IDOLATRY OF AMERICA.

Let us look at our idols! In America we have idols, many—but not of wood or stone—not in honour of Mercury, Minerva, Apollo, Mars, Bellona, or Jupiter! No! But, nevertheless, we have idols that hold the people captive—entrance and spell-



bind them with the witchery of their charms, and wrap them in the thralls of their enchantments! When the author first went to America, a number of the people said, "we have got some curiosities in America which we would like to shew you." On enquiry, he found these were the grand national idols!

The first pointed out to him was the "Eagle." "Yonder," said they, "is its grand nest, built on the Alleghanies—and the eagle, perched on one of its lofty peaks or mountain ranges, has one wing stretched towards Cuba, and the other towards Canada; its tail touches the waters of the Pacific, and its bill is in the Atlantic; and should the British lion wag its tail, or utter the least growl, our eagle will open its bill and swallow up "Johnny Bull and his little island!" But where is the Eagle now? Has it flown towards the blazing sun of liberty? Has some fowler from beneath brought it down from its pride of place? No. When it essayed to balance its wings, and plume itself for flight, they were so stiffened with the blood of the slave, and its limbs so weighed down with the fetters of his ignoble bondage, that it tumbled headlong from its lofty eyrie, and in a whirling, circling flight, went down into the gulf of Mexico, where this grand idol lies dead and buried. And, to all human appearance, all efforts to recover and regalanise it to a hideous life, will be vain and abortive.



Another idol, described to the author, was the "Ship of State!" Yonder it is: don't you see it? How beautifully and gracefully it lies in the still waters of freedom, and how majestically it rides on its mighty billows; skimming the ocean and ploughing the seas of freedom as a thing of life! The first Captain was General Washington. When he took his first voyage, his papers, like the deck of this celebrated "ship of State," were "clean, clear, and pure;" and the hold was freighted with a cargo of lofty principles! But in every succeeding voyage, the ship's papers became *blotted* and *blurred*, and the decks filthy and bloody; whilst the hold became the cage of every unclean beast—a den for filthy reptiles and the hissing snakes of wickedness. Moreover, slavery, like the dry rot, got into the timbers of the vessel, and spread from plank to plank, and deck to deck, until the ship became rotten with corruption, and black with fraud! But what was the worst of all, Buchanan, the late President, threw the state vessel amongst the breakers. The flag of distress was hoisted! A cry for help was raised! President Lincoln grasped the helm with a complacent smile! And Secretary Seward, the first mate, made himself merry with laughter at the thought of danger! But nevertheless, the "ship of state" parted "mid-ships," and foundered! And thus this idol is prostrate, amid the terrible confusion and dismay of its worshippers!

Another idol made known was the "Temple of

have "grasped much and yielded much, asserted the most extravagant rights, and abandoned the most obvious principles!"

But what will be the upshot of all those tremendous convulsions, outbursting volcanoes, vast and mighty upheavings, sweeping whirlwinds of the vengeance of Jehovah? If individual States have been supreme over the General State in the past, will the Federal Government be able to reduce the Southern States to subjection, and have the power and resources to control them? Multitudes think not. To reconstruct the Union on the old basis is undesirable, if not impracticable. To attain this object we have war on the grandest scale, and associated with the most tragic scenes, features, and events—results of the highest science in the military, naval, engineering department, and the resources of wealth have been brought to bear on the work, but there is no submission on the part of the States in the South as yet, whilst each battle fought, or act of personal gallantry on either side, will deepen the resentment already enflamed against each other, make more wide the gulf that now separates them, and be succeeded by hereditary strife for years to come. The great juncture in our history was to let the South go. This was the voice of Jehovah in his providence. And had the Northern people done so, then they could have formed a government on the basis of freedom and equity, turned the free states into cities of refuge,

where the fleeing bondsman would have found rest for the soles of his feet, and the coloured people have been admitted into the magic circle of human brotherhood, and have sat down under their vines and fig-trees, none daring or desiring to molest them, or make them afraid. Such a course would have been productive of the most cheering results, for no slave state could long exist side by side with a free state. In such a case the slaves would have come into the Free States at ten thousand gates—free labourers would have entered into the South—arid land would have been turned into the fertility of the garden, “the angel of beauty would have come down every morning, and swung in mid-air her censer, diffusing the odour of the sweetest flowers,” whilst commerce would have leapt up on every side, and have overleapt its boundaries, making busy the marts of merchandise, and filling our warehouses with richly laden stores. But, alas, the great juncture has come and passed, the golden opportunity has been neglected; and smiling fields are now laid waste, skeleton forms of famine, like spectres, haunt the scenes of desolation, the widow’s wail floats on every breeze, and orphans vow vengeance for loss of friends on these misguided, reckless, and blood-thirsty men. In our dire extremity, however, the angel of peace has once more spoken, and her voice has been heard above the harsh and dissonant sounds of war, but will her voice be heeded? Mediation is talked of. And it is becom-

ing a question of deepest and profoundest interest, whether if our American people have the right, wickedly and insanelly to punish themselves, the right belongs to them in accordance with the comity of nations to make the innocent suffer with the guilty. Rapidly changing scenes and mighty events to come will soon determine.

Unsound commercial policies and systems amid the remorseless sweep of events will undergo a revision, both in regard to banks and tariffs, and men. It is no part of the office or duty of civil governments to turn bankers, to build up tariffs, or to buttress one of the most gigantic forms of oppression that ever disgraced our world. Our prospects are dark and gloomy at present, but the day is not distant when our legislative magi will feel the ruinous effects of their own policy in giving money a fictitious value, impairing the national credit, and throwing the whole nation headlong into the abyss of insolvency and financial ruin. Nor is their policy less ruinous in seeking to increase the tariff, seal up our ports and country, laying an embargo on commerce, which will promote a fearful and tremendous stagnation of trade amongst ourselves, cut us from intercourse with the outer world, and help to accelerate our ruin. For America no more than China or Japan can grow or flourish as a spring shut up, or fountain sealed.

Besides, as thought is to kindred thought, and mind to mind, so is intercourse with nations. But

no tariff can hide the golden link in the chain of dependence, or erase the feeling that there is a brotherhood of nations as well as men. Men may make the vain and impotent attempt, but should they build a tariff wall as high as heaven, heaven's great, all-wise, and fixed decree, that nations must have intercourse with each other, as free as man with man, will spring a mine to blow it up, and topple it down amidst the derisive cheers and convulsive laughter of mankind.

The grand old-fashioned system of Christianity will be more brightly developed. In outward forms, emotional experiences, and abstract theories, we have been fully up to the mark amongst the overwhelming mass of professors in our country, and more—as we have superadded the doctrines that man may be the property of his fellowman, and that one man is inferior to another by virtue of his colour, but in the grand sublime embodiment of a sound practice there has been a general deficiency. What makes your fountains of justice and morality in connection with the outer world so pure in this country? It is because the churches are pure within. And if our vast multitudes of professors had purified their spirits through obedience to the truth, God's avenging hand would not now have been stretched forth to punish us for our sins. O for that love which assimilates man to God, and puts us in our Master's steps in the sheepfolds, and going out beyond the outermost verge of refinement,

of ruin. God's red hand would not have been stretched from the clouds. But blinded as our people have been by the teachings of false prophets, and ensnared, perverted, and corrupted by political tricksters and demagogues, the iniquities of our State and churches will be laid bare, unholy ties and relationships will be dissevered—questions which have been allowed to slumber like pearls ten thousand fathoms beneath the surface will be brought to light, discussed, and entertained—gems of truth will be unlocked whose “charms the star-born diamond mock”—the appeal to the ministries of angels will go forth, tell us ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall slaves and coloured men have no redress. O yes, these shining angels will back reply. To us is knowledge given that God's decree will be fulfilled when every tyrant's chain is sundered, and every negro right restored that has been plundered. Meanwhile,

We wait beneath the furnace blast
 The pangs of transformation :
 Not painlessly doth God recast
 And mould anew the nation.
 Hot burns the flame
 Where wrongs expire ;
 Nor spares the hand
 That from the land
 Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared
 Its bloody rain is dropping ;
 The poison plant the fathers spared
 All else is overtopping.

East, West, South, North,
It curses earth ;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel ?
What points the soldier's cannon ?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon ?
What breaks the oath
Of the North and the South ?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life ?—
Hark to the answer : **SLAVERY !**

On lesser foes we've wasted blows,
In strife unworthy freemen,
God lifts to-day the veil that shows
The features of the demon !
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let Slavery die !"
And union find in freedom ?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going ?
We who have shared the guilt, must share
The pangs of his o'erthrowing.
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter ?

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken ?

TESTIMONIALS.

Letter received from Rev. Jonathan Watson, in reply to an invitation to a meeting in the Hall of Augustine Church.

41 ANN STREET, 28th July 1861.

My Dear Sir,—I cannot be with you on Tuesday evening to help you. You need nobody's help, for you are thoroughly master of the question. As for me I am sick of the American abomination, and intend to touch with it no more.—Truly yours,
J. M. WATSON.

July 16, 1861.

I know Mr. Balme and his family well, and if you can help him in his good cause, you will be assisting a *true* and *worthy* minister in a gracious work.—W. INMAN, *Independent Minister, Ovenden.*

Mr. Inman was many years minister at Wilsden, where Mr. B.'s mother resides.

TESTIMONIALS FROM AMERICA.

ST. PAUL, July 12, 1858.

To whom it may concern. I have known the Rev. Joshua R. Balme for several years, and he has sustained the character of a reliable and respectable man, and a good citizen. He goes to England upon business connected with his private affairs, and he has my best wishes for his success.—HENRY H. SIBLEY, *Governor of the State of Minnesota, U.S.*

Office of the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad.

ST. PAUL, July 5, 1858.

This is to certify that I have been acquainted with the bearer, Joshua R. Balme, for about five years. He has purchased considerable landed property in this State, and in addition to his labours as a clergyman, he has been a useful and active citizen, and borne a good reputation.—EDMUND RICE, *President of the Pacific Railway Co.*

ST. PAUL, July 6, 1858.

The bearer, Rev. J. R. Balme, has been a resident of Minnesota for several years, and, so far as I have an opportunity of knowing, has proved himself a worthy and useful citizen. He has real estate of considerable value in different parts of Minnesota, is a clergyman by profession, and as such has conducted himself accordingly.—Signed, GEO. L. BECKER, FRANKLIN STEELE, and J. C. BURBANK, all honorary, leading, and influential citizens.

TESTIMONIALS.

EDGE HILL, *Aug. 12, 1858.*

My Dear Sir,—The Rev. Mr. Balme, the bearer, I have known for some years; he has come over from America to negotiate a loan upon his property there. He will explain the matter to you; and I take the liberty of introducing him to you for that purpose, assured that you will give him your best advice in the matter.—I am, my dear Sir, ever yours most truly,

THOMAS RAFFLES.

D. James, Esq.

The above letter was returned to Mr. Balme by Mr. James.

NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, *June, 1859.*

The bearer, Rev. Mr. Balme, comes to me highly recommended as a worthy and active Christian Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as such I would commend him to the kind consideration of brethren generally.—U. D. WARD, *Sec. of the American and Foreign Bible Society.*

AMERICAN CONG. UNION, 35 GRAND ST., NEW YORK.
May 14, 1860.

To whom it may concern,—I believe the bearer, the Rev. J. R. Balme, to be a warm-hearted Christian, faithful in his devotion to the truth, the cause of Christ, and of humanity; and I would commend him to the sympathy of those who can aid him in his distressing embarrassments.—N. A. CALKINS, *Treas. Am. Cong. Union.*

YORKVILLE, *May 13th, 1860.*

To all whom it may concern,—This may certify that I have been acquainted with the bearer, Rev. J. R. Balme, for a considerable length of time, and from what I know and have seen of him as a Christian and a man, and a preacher of the Gospel, I can cordially recommend him to the confidence and sympathy of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, and are willing in any way to aid one who has suffered much for his unflinching devotion to the truth, and firm and faithful denunciation of evil. He has exhausted all the means of relief in his reach in this land, and is compelled by the necessities of the case to appeal to his countrymen for relief.

Perhaps I may say that his opposition to the sin of slavery

TESTIMONIALS.

has brought him into difficulty, and has shut up most of the avenues of relief against him. I trust he may find aid among the benevolent, and be relieved from all his embarrassment, and long live to serve God.—WILLIAM LUKE, *pastor of the Yorkville Baptist Church.*

BROOKLYN, *May 15, 1860.*

To whom this may concern,—This is to certify that I have known the bearer, Rev. Joshua R. Balme, from the time of his first arrival in the United States of America until now. He has during that period sustained an unblemished moral Christian and ministerial character; but as an uncompromising and fearless opponent of slavery, he has been called to suffer almost the loss of all things. He goes to England, the land of the *free* and the friend of the wronged, to tell the tale of his labours and his losses—his persecutions and privations—his earnest, honest efforts to obtain a provision for declining age, with the imminent danger to which he is now exposed of being obliged to sacrifice a valuable property for a merely nominal sum.

May the Lord prepare his way, and give him favour and secure for him friends and helpers in the prayer of his sincere friend and brother in Christ.—T. F. CALDICOT, *pastor of the South Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

37 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, *May 7th 1860.*

To all concerned,—I have known Rev. J. R. Balme as a resident of this city with slight intermission for about a year, during which time he has suffered much from pecuniary distresses and troubles.

I know of no reason for the proscription which has been meted out to him, socially and ecclesiastically, except the fact that he is an abolitionist, and by birth an Englishman.

I have known Mr. Balme, both privately and from his public efforts as an uncompromising enemy to slavery, on Bible grounds, and as holding views of the most decided and radical hostility to every thing in Church or State going to palliate or apologise for the crime and sin of holding property in, and making merchandise of men, women, and children.

I learn that he is about visiting England to get aid, and I heartily commend him to the sympathy of his former countrymen.—Very truly, EDWARD GILBERT, *Counsellor, &c.*

I have great pleasure in endorsing the testimony of my friend Mr. Gilbert in favour of Mr. Balme.—HENRY A. HART, M.D.

TESTIMONIALS.

I believe Mr. Gilbert's statements in regard to Mr. Balme to be true, and that his opposition to slavery has brought him into no little difficulty and trouble, out of which I should be rejoiced if he could be relieved. I commend him to the kindness of his countrymen.—GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

BOSTON, MASS., U.S., *June 21.*

I cordially endorse the recommendation of Dr. Cheever and others.—JAS. REDPATH.

BOSTON, *July 6, 1860.*

From what I have seen and heard of Mr. Balme, I am satisfied that his course in this country, in regard to our national iniquity of chattel slavery, has been bold, uncompromising, and most commendable, and therefore unavoidably subjecting him to much religious ostracism and popular persecution; and I trust he will find in England many warm and sympathizing friends, who will rejoice that, as an Englishman and a Christian, he was true to his Anti-Slavery profession on American soil, and generously aid him to the extent of his necessities and sufferings.—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

July 10, 1860.

I cheerfully endorse my friend Garrison's testimony.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BRADFORD, *August, 1860.*

I have known the Rev. J. R. Balme for several years. He is a native of Bradford, and has resided in the states of America for some time. His conscientious and unwavering opposition to the sin of slavery, especially as sanctioned by the professedly Christian communities of America, has exposed him to persecution, violence, and loss, which entitle him to the sympathy and practical aid of British Christians. He is the bearer of indisputable testimonials from America.—H. DOWSON, *Minister of the Gospel, Westgate Chapel.*

BRADFORD, *August, 1860.*

I have much satisfaction in adding my testimony to that of Mr. Dowson to attest the thoroughly respectable character of Mr. Balme, and his claim to sympathy and encouragement from his countrymen.—JAMES R. CAMPBELL, D.D.

TESTIMONIALS.

LEEDS, *December 31, 1860.*

I have known something of the bearer, the Rev. Joshua R. Balme, for about fourteen years, and think that no man ever deserved more heartily the aid of his fellow-Christians, for his self-denying and unflinching labours on behalf of the slave, than he does.—ROBERT R. BREWER.

May 2, 1861.

The Rev. J. R. Balme is well known as the uncompromising opponent of slavery, especially as sanctioned and sustained by the professing churches of Christ in America. I commend him and his mission with all my heart to the support of all who respect their fellowmen, and who fear Almighty God.—Rev. J. P. MURSEL.

8 CLAYTON PL., KENSINGTON ROAD, LONDON, S., *Feb. 9, 1861.*

I do most cordially recommend the case of the Rev. Mr. Balme to the liberal countenance and sympathy of all in this country who desire to sustain an anti-slavery advocate in the United States, whose great object is to bring the churches of that country to a knowledge of their duty to God and man on the question of slavery. His principles are of the highest and purest Scriptural character, and in the maintenance of them he has suffered and sacrificed much.—GEO. THOMPSON.

SCARBORO, *September, 1861.*

I have known Mr. Balme for many years, and have been acquainted with his movements in the United States, through the medium of the Press, and can most cheerfully recommend his case to the sympathy of the Christian public.—B. EVANS.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, *Nov. 18, 1861.*

The Rev. J. R. Balme was known to me as a respectable Christian minister prior to his going to America. There he has endured much, and in consequence is well entitled to the sympathy of the Christian public.—A. REID, *Minister of St. Paul's Chapel.*

I cordially concur in the above.—JAMES PRINGLE, *Senior Minister of the U. P. Church, Clavering Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

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Mr. Balme's labours and sacrifices in the cause of liberty entitle him to the sympathy and liberality of the Christian public.—G. MAITLAND, *pastor of the Cong. Church, Fawcett Street, Sunderland.*

Sympathising with Mr. Balme in his present position, I gladly avail myself of endorsing his case, and of soliciting on his behalf the kindly feeling of Christian friends.—J. H. MUIR, *late Minister of Queen Street Chapel.*

SHEFFIELD, *March 7, 1861.*

Similar testimonials were given and subscribed to by the Revs. C. Larom, Brewin Grant, T. M. Herbert, James Breakey, and other ministers in Sheffield; the Revs. Alex. M'Laren, W. M'Kerrow, D.D., Arthur Mursell, Patrick Thomson, John Gutteridge, and Joseph Fox, of Manchester; Revs. Jonas Smith, and George Hayward, of Bacup; Rev. John Howe, of Waterburn; Revs. John Stroyan, J. T. Shawcross, O. Hargreaves, and R. Evans, of Burnley; Rev. Richard Brown, of Padiham; Revs. F. Bugby, and Geo. W. Clapham, Preston; Revs. W. Mitchell, P. W. Grant, and H. Kendall, Darlington; Rev. John Hammond, and B. Hudson, Esq., Birmingham; Revs. R. Skinner, Robert Bruce, James Collier, and John H. Hanson, Huddersfield; Rev. Geo. W. Conder, Leeds, Rev. Mr. Laing, Stockton; Rev. James Everett, Sunderland; and many other influential ministers and laymen.

When Mr. B. landed in England in 1860, he was penniless. On waiting on his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Raffles, he counselled him to wait on J. Cropper, Esq., who kindly supplied him with the means to reach Wilsden, his parental home, in Yorkshire, and thus acted out the sentiments contained in the following hymn, composed by Dr. Raffles.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY DR. RAFFLES.

Must I my brother keep,
And share his pain and toil?
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile,
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

Must I his burden bear,
As though it were my own;
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done;
And faithful to his interests prove,
And, as myself, my neighbour love?

Must I reprove his sin?
Must I partake his grief?
And kindly enter in,
And minister relief,—
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him, not in word, but deed?

Then, Jesus, at Thy feet
A student let me be;
And learn as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of Thee;
For Thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all Thy life was love to man!

O, make me as Thou art,
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow,—
The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's woe;
And thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

ERRATA.

- PAGE 180, *for* General Hunter *read* General Hulleck.
" 214, *for* J. Lindsay *read* W. S. Lindsay.
" 282, *for* oxcoxygus *read* oscoxygus.
" 324, *for* dignity *read* indignity.
" 427, *for* gigantic scheme *read* scale.
For R. T. Cheever in all cases *read* H. J. Cheever.
For Carlyle *read* Carlisle.







