

left, a bribe is held out to the rest to go to Texas! Well, if they will go, all I can say is, Northern farmers, come here and settle. Such land as you can sell in New York and Pennsylvania for fifty, and seventy-five, and a hundred dollars an acre, you can buy here for from three to ten. It is a shame, I say, that this beautiful country, so blest in climate, and needing so little, only the fertilizing hand of man, should be without people. Here is an old venerable river running past my door, older than the Hudson, now lined with towns and villages—much older than Ohio, (older in settlement and geography, I mean,) but where are the people! For a hundred and fifty miles from Richmond to Norfolk, the first explored river running into the Atlantic Ocean, the home of Powhatan and Pocahontas, and the scenes of the truly chivalrous John Smith—where are the people? Gone, I say, gone to the South and West, the trumpet blowing among them now to go to Texas! Virginia has here depopulated herself to make homes elsewhere. The cry of one set of her politicians is, manufactures that would keep the people here are nothing; Texas is everything. Were I a Virginian, I should esteem as worth more on James river, one good white man, than all of Texas, from the Sabine to the Rio del Norte. Why here is Texas all about us, land as cheap as in the distant Texas, and as good."

#### SOUTHERN HUMANITY.

"Immediate measures should be taken by our government to restore to liberty the white children now held in captivity by the Cumanches. In their marauding expeditions against Texas, this tribe has carried off a number of children, who were spared from the tomahawk and scalping knife only to endure a life of cruel hardship and bondage. The humanity of the American people is strongly appealed to, and in such a cause, the appeal cannot be in vain, nor receive a tardy response. We trust that such instructions will promptly be sent to our Indian agents and military posts on the western frontier, as will expedite the discovery and release of the kidnapped children.—New Orleans Com. Bulletin.

"Liberty to the white children? Why not liberty to the black and yellow children, in the hands of white savages? Why should our government interfere for the liberation of a few white children beyond its jurisdiction, and refuse to do anything for the liberation of the millions of men and women and children, at home, who, to say the least, have as good claim upon its humanity? Or rather, why liberate the one and lend its power to enslave the other? The New Orleans editor is quite tenderly affected in view of these Texan children being doomed to endure a life of cruel hardship and bondage, while he seems wholly unmindful of the thousands of poor children thus doomed within the precincts of his own city, and some, probably, even in his own family.

"The humanity of the American people is strongly appealed to," he says. And pray, has not this 'humanity' been appealed to for years in behalf of the millions of Americans, groaning in worse than Algerine bondage, and all in vain? And has not this same editor sneered at, and denounced these appeals? Why then, talk of making appeals in behalf of the white children of Texas?

No; if our government was designed to protect the liberty of one human being under its jurisdiction, it was designed to protect all without distinction of color or condition.—And no person, of common sense, and common intelligence, can honestly contend, that it is any more the duty of our government to interfere in behalf of the most wealthy and influential white person, than of the poorest and most despised black one in the nation. True Christianity and true humanity are strictly impartial. The action of our government was never intended, by its founders, to contravene those principles, or in any way depart from them. And he who would counsel such contravention or departure, must be false to all.—Hampshire Herald.

GROWING DEVOUT.—Since the separation of the Southern Baptists and Methodists from their Northern brethren, the former have been growing devout. They seem to have waked up wonderfully to the work of the Lord.—Bishop Andrew, for instance, who was suspended for his slaveholding from the exercise of Episcopal functions, has not only exercised them in defiance of the Methodist General Conference, but in a letter recently addressed to his slaveholding brethren, he stirs them up to a new zeal for souls. He says in referring to the strifes through which he and his brethren have passed,

"It is now time to stop the overwhelming of these turbid waters, and, in their stead, to bring over the land the healing streams of peace and holiness."

"A writer in the Christian Advocate of this city, reviewing this letter of the Bishop, comments on the above passage as follows:—

"Now time." How emphatic that word 'now' is! Now that the Church is severed, and half her influence lost—now that "Southern rights" are secured, and a bishop may hold as many slaves as he pleases, let us "bring over the land the healing streams of peace and holiness." Really, this reminds us of the pious grocer who, in the morning, said to his clerk, "William, have you sandal the sugar?" "Yes sir." "Have you watered the molasses?" "Yes sir." "Well now come in to prayers!"

"But says the Bishop, 'Let us remember that our cause may have been good and our provocation great, and yet we may not be justified.' What is this good cause? Slavery in the Episcopacy! neither more or less!—Call that good if you will. What was the nature of this 'great provocation?' A mild, respectful, but resolute effort to keep slavery and the episcopacy apart. Nothing more than that. The little book asks, 'What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?' The bishops' names are in that book. They 'earnestly recommend' it.—They 'wish to see it in the house of every Methodist.' That question with the rest of the book they wish read and considered.—But lo! one of these bishops becomes a slaveholder. The Church protests. Another bishop supports him in his new position. A

convention is called. The Church is torn asunder. Slavery is baptized, justified, and sanctified.

"Hosannas ring through hell's extended borders, And Satan's self has thoughts of taking orders."

Observe the above is not from an abolition paper, but from the central organ of the Methodist Church of the United States—a paper that four years ago was among the foremost in its abuse of abolitionists.—Anti-Slavery Reporter.

#### SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, AT THE ANTI-TEXAN MASS MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.

You told us, Sir, at the opening of this meeting, that Texas stood on the threshold demanding admittance to the Federal Union. That I understand to be the precise point which our action is to touch. We come to rally our State to meet that emergency; to rouse the people to protest against her entrance.

Your words, Sir, recall to my mind an anecdote of one whose living image looks down upon us from these walls,—I mean, Samuel Adams. When once his wife told him she expected, that day, to come into the family, a colored girl that one of her neighbors had given her,—"not as a slave!" said the high-souled patriot; "if she passes this threshold, she leaves her fetters behind her."

I hail this movement, friends and fellow-citizens, as one of kindred spirit. It says to Texas, standing at our door with her constitutional provisions for Slavery, "Only free women can pass this threshold:—only free men ought to dwell under this roof!"

I anticipate and advocate, in this movement all that energy and moderation, which you, Sir, have invoked; but I confess the difficulty of being moderate, about Slavery, and in Faneuil Hall. (Applause.) It is hard to be moderate here—and as Luther said to Erasmus,

"To tread on eggs without breaking them."

It was the word of Wellington to his troops on the eve of Waterloo. "What will they think of us at home?" We are here, I trust, to put it under bonds, signed, sealed, and delivered to our Senators and Representatives, what we shall think of them at home; what we expect, and what only we will sustain and if they do not resist the entrance of Texas as a slave State, I hope such a voice will go up to the Capitol from Massachusetts, as shall if necessary, rouse its "very stones to rise and mutiny!" (Applause.)

I come, to-night, with various emotions to sustain the resolutions before you, and I share somewhat in the hope they express. But if it be indeed too late, there still are reasons why I wish to come again and again to Faneuil Hall, to protest against this deed of Texan Annexation. I believe that only in struggle can virtue live in a land like this, where Slavery is incorporated into the Constitution and Government of the nation.—Here, as on the Pontine marshes, sleep is death. One of those whose names have just been read to us as examples, has fallen from his high estate, a warning to us not to sit down in the lap of corruption. No, Sir, there is no safety but in battle array.—There should be no slumber but on your arms.

I now hold in my hand a letter, part of a correspondence with the Secretary of this Commonwealth, who has just addressed us. It comes from the attorney of slaves in Virginia, fifty in number, the descendants of a woman of color who, two years after the adoption of our Bill of Rights, was stolen from the town of Southwick, in Massachusetts; and now, after the lapse of two generations, each handing down the memory that their mother was free, these, her posterity, ask a certificate of the State of Massachusetts, that the Constitution of 1780 was broad enough to cover the rights of the long forgotten slave of 1782.

God bless the noble hearts that framed it! They rest from their labors, and the blessings of their great work do follow them forevermore! The Constitution they framed in 1780 for the Bay State, in 1845 sweeps fifty human beings from the grasp of the Old Dominion, and places them beneath the broad shield of its own State Freedom. (Applause.)

I commend the example of that forlorn and enslaved family to the State of Massachusetts, during the darkness of national Slavery, through which she must struggle in order to preserve even her own freedom inviolate. Still, through the long night of forgetfulness to which they were consigned, have they clung to the little thread of tradition that bound them to the Hancocks, the Adamses, and the Otises of Massachusetts; and still, in like manner, let us hand down to our children, by the constancy of our protest, the memory of our freedom's birthright, and swear them upon her altar that they thoughtfully "bide their time," and omit no effort to take, at last, upon Slavery, a freeman's deep and abiding revenge! (Applause.)

I believe there is power in the continual testimony, even of a single individual, to do a mighty work for Freedom. One vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the long Parliament.—Little thought the holder of that vote that his hand was to send Charles Stewart to the scaffold, in front of Whitehall; and, who that stands here to-night can say that his own is not the will, whose expression shall finally turn the chances of the lot! What then will be the moral might of the united voices of a State, in arousing the falling heart of a nation! "Divide the thunder into single tones," says the German Schiller, "and it becomes a lullaby for children; but pour it forth in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall shake the heavens!"

So shall it be with this Commonwealth.—Let her pour forth her people's voice in one undivided note of protestation, without waiting till parties practice self-denial, or politicians become brave; moderate I would have it, with you, Mr. President, but most emphatic in its energy; "for the people, like the air, are never heard but when they speak in thunder." Clear, emphatic, and undoubted, I would our act might be; so us to claim and arrest the attention of all Christendom—so that, hereafter, when on the world's highways

we shall see the finger of scorn pointed at the United States with the taunt, "Behold the Republican hypocrites—the Texan slaveholders!" I would fain have it to reply, "not me!—I come from old Massachusetts!" (Universal and enthusiastic Applause.)

I hope much may yet be done to avert the disgraceful catastrophe. The idea of Annexation has come suddenly upon the great body of our people, like the sharp, quick crack of the avalanche to the Swiss peasant, on a mid-summer's day; while to those who have long watched the formation and the decline of parties, and the progress of political intrigue, it has been the subject of long years of apprehension, till, at length, they could only hope that the mighty fragment might, at least, awaken the North by the shock of its descent.—We have seen the North, meanwhile, engaged in driving Manchester from the market of Canton,—in sending ice to Calcutta, and granite to Louisiana,—while the green and gilded snake of Slavery has glided upwards, till, from the top of the Capitol it hangs 'hissing at the nobler man below.' We have seen the allegory of the muck-rake of Bunyan, made a reality by men of our own times, who suffer the temptation of the sticks and straws beneath their feet, to divert their eyes from the freeman's crown that hangs above their heads. We have seen men spell-bound by the mean magic of place and gain, even while over the mirror of the present, steals the giant shadow of the coming despotism!—(Applause.)

But I trust, Sir, we shall gather, in good time, a throng of earnest men, and defeat the project of Annexation in its latest stage.—The throng present at this moment, so densely filling the floor of this hall, in spite of all the fury of the storm without, gives promise that our hope shall not go out in night. I trust the river-gods of the Connecticut, the sons of our Hawleys, our Ellsworths, and our Sedgewicks, will speedily be heard responding to the call now made on them. And when that spirit which first anchored in Plymouth Bay, the stern old heart of Puritanism, its cold high purpose, its remorseless determination, its iron will, grids itself for the conflict with the hot zeal of the fiery South—let who will, tremble, I shall cheerfully abide the result. (Overwhelming applause.)

It is to aggregate that spirit into one united and intelligible voice,—to gather together the isolated opposition of our land, and let it know how strong it is, that we are here to-night. Our work is the work of freedom.—God bless it!—and help us to nurture our children to carry it on!

The history of the past does not discourage me. There has nothing happened that thoughtful men might not have foreseen. When, in the compromise of 1789, the South chose power, and the North bartered right for the certainty of gain, how easy to anticipate the overbearing insolence which would soon mark one party and the trucking and shuffling policy, the "bated breath" of the other. The Roman girl, at the foot of the Tarpeian, asked the enemies' bracelets, as the reward of her treachery—why should we be surprised, that like her, the virtue of the North lies smothered beneath the very reward it craved!

True, no partial efforts can save us now.—The slave power is and always has been, mighty in the land. It has scattered to the winds the mightiest parties—it has laid low the fairest reputations—it has thrown down the bulwarks of Saxon liberty, "covered with the hoar of innumerable ages,"—and now it looks on this last triumph as a check-mate.

God grant that it may overleap itself—and that this effort to rally all honest men to the conflict, may be crowned with complete success. (Loud and universal applause.)

#### THIRTEEN DAYS LATER FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO.—We copy the following from the New Orleans Picayune of the 9th inst:—

La Voz del Pueblo (an opposition journal of the city of Mexico) furnishes the foundation of the report that negotiations are likely to be resumed between the United States and Mexico. It states that in a secret session of the two chambers of Congress, on the 14th of October, the Minister of Foreign Affairs communicated to them that the Consul of the United States, resident at Mexico, had transmitted to him despatches from the Cabinet at Washington, the tenor of which was as follows:—"That, desiring to avoid hostilities between two Republics which ought to be firmly united by sympathy and a thousand ties of mutual interest, the Government at Washington was disposed to submit the affair of Texas to negotiation; and that, in order to arrive at a determination of the matter at once reasonable and honorable to both parties, it would send an envoy extraordinary, should the Mexican Government be disposed to receive him.

The Government of Mexico replied that the relations between the two countries being broken, it could not receive the envoy in a public character, but would admit him as the simple private bearer of the message in question, upon the condition that, first of all, the U. S. Government should withdraw its squadron from the waters of Vera Cruz. The minister added, that, without prejudice to these informal communications, the Mexican Government would continue to take measures to protect the nation from a coup-de-main on the part of the United States.

#### N. CAROLINA.—BALTIMORE.

James Canning Fuller, well known by reputation to most of our readers, stopped a day in this city on his return from North Carolina, where he has just been to attend the Yearly Meeting. He gives a most encouraging account of his visit and the state of the cause in that part of the country. He says he never attended a Yearly Meeting in this country, where there was so much said against slavery, and where there seemed to be a better anti-slavery spirit among the members. In this respect he was most delightfully disappointed. Where he expected frowns, he met a cordial reception, and where he looked for opposition he found sympathy.

The state of things in North Carolina he considered much more encouraging than in Baltimore. In the latter place public sentiment seemed, from some indications, to be retrograding. Slave auctions (one of which

he attended and described,) he was told were less repugnant to the people, and the slave-trade obtruded some of its most odious features before the public, without the wonted manifestations of abhorrence. We were not prepared to hear so discouraging an account of Baltimore, and are inclined still to hope, that friend Fuller may be misinformed.—What are the facts in the case, Dr. Snodgrass? Perhaps you can tell us in the next number of your excellent "Visitor."—Pa. Freeman.

MAN FOR SALE AT THE CAPITOL OF THIS NATION.—"The Daily Union," of Tuesday, the 7th inst., President Polk's official organ, publishes the following advertisement:

"Notice.—Will be sold, at the jail of Washington county, D. C. on Friday the 7th of November, 1845, at 10 o'clock, A. M. a negro man, committed as a runaway, who calls himself John Smith. He is a dark mulatto, about 6 feet high, and about 28 or 29 years of age. Had on when committed, a striped summer coat and pantaloons, a black fur hat, and has other clothing with him, principally home-made. He says he is a slave, and belongs to a Mr. John Smith, who lives in Henrico county, between Petersburg and Richmond. He has a scar under the left eye, and one in the upper lip, and says that his master's nearest neighbor is Mr. John Richardson.

The owner or owners of the above described negro man are hereby requested to come forward, prove him, and take him away, or he will be sold for his prison and other expenses as the law directs.

ROBT. BALL, Jailor,

For A. Hunter, Marshal, D. C."

#### THE AFRICAN'S LOVE OF HOME.—

The following beautiful and affecting passage is from the writings of the unfortunate Mungo Park:

"The poor negro feels this desire in its full force. No water is sweet to him, but what is drawn from his own well; and no tree has so sweet and pleasant a shade, as the taboo tree of his own hamlet. When war compels him to leave the delightful spot where he first drew breath, and to seek safety in some other kingdom, his time is spent in talking of the country of his ancestors; and no sooner is peace restored, than he turns his back on the land of strangers, hastens to rebuild his fallen walls, and exults to see the smoke of his native village."

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### ANTI-SLAVERY A MORAL ENTERPRISE.

Standing on the platform of human rights in a country whose public declaration is that all men are born free and equal, I regard it as a duty to define my position in the anti-slavery ranks. I am an abolitionist on moral principle. I claim it as my privilege and consider it my duty to say and to do all that I honestly can for the destruction of the diabolical system of American Slavery. To do less than this, would bring guilt on my soul, and render extremely doubtful my Christian character. In saying this, I not only pledge myself to each and every one of my anti-slavery brethren who go the same length with me in fulfilling anti-slavery duties, but I also hold myself responsible for all the moral evil that may necessarily follow emancipation on moral principle. It is a sound maxim that in faith and practice, individual responsibility is not lost in voluntary association, civil or ecclesiastical, for what is done by one's agent, is done by one's self. Ecclesiastically, if I am a member of a pro-slavery church, or of one that is in fellowship with pro-slavery churches, I shall be chargeable with the sin of slavery. I shall be contaminated with its guilt, as an accessory whatever I may say or do for the cause of abolition. My influence will be counteracted, it will be a spot on my feast of charity, a stain on my garment which must be washed out, a sin that must be repented of, consequently forsaken. I am aware that by taking this ground I shall be subjected to the charge of infidelity, and with a design of attempting to destroy the church of Christ, under the cloak of anti-slavery. Now does not the attempt to bring such a charge against us, imply that the church is pro-slavery; and the fear of its being destroyed, that it is not owned and sustained by Christ! Let anti-slavery go through the churches with her spirit of reform, and the next generation will rise up and call her blessed. Furthermore, I am not answerable either for the sustentation of the church, or the destruction of slavery.—I am accountable only for the moral character of my words and actions, and the rectitude of the measures I pursue. My concern is with truth and duty. Then if the influence of the church is on the side of the oppressor, or if she takes neutral ground and refuses to rebuke the sin, in either case she will be guilty. How then can I act with her and be innocent! How then can I be identified with her and escape contamination!—Perhaps some one will say, you must remonstrate. Suppose I do, and she continues incorrigible! Does not every one see, that having brought a charge against the church, it must eventually in our final separation unless one of the parties repent!

I repeat it, I am an abolitionist on moral principle. The instrumentality I would wield, is superior, and lies back of the ballot-box. Slavery is an infraction of a law older than the Constitution of the United States, and can never be abolished but by a recognition of human rights. The spirit that breathed the declaration "all men are born free and equal," and then disappeared, must be recalled, or all our legislation will be in vain. When our revolutionary fathers compromised the rights of the colored man for a Constitution to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their white posterity, the genius of impartial freedom fled from our shores. She did not stay even to preside over the formation of that Constitution, which makes slave hunting ground of all the northern and western States. Nay, she did not tarry even until the 20 years of slave migration from Africa ended.

That the Constitution of the United States is a pro-slavery document, who can deny?—The fugitive slave cannot deny it! The conductors of the underground rail-way to Canada cannot deny it! The twenty-five members in Congress who hold their seats by virtue of the three-fifths slave representation cannot deny it! The members of the Convention, who refused to vote for the adoption of the Constitution, cannot deny it! Neither could those men who made flaming speeches against slavery when it interfered with their interests in the matter of taxation; but cast a damning vote against human rights, in favor of perpetual slavery, deny it. Hear them.—Mr. Patterson, (of New Jersey) says, "He would regard negroes in no light but as property. They are no free agents, have no personal liberty, no faculty of acquiring property; but, on the contrary, are themselves property, and like all other property, entirely at the will of their master. \* \* \* He was also against such an indirect encouragement of the slave trade; observing that Congress in their act relating to their change of the eighth article of confederation, had been ashamed to use the term slaves, and had substituted a description." Mr. Morris, (of Pennsylvania,) says "that domestic slavery is the most prominent feature in the aristocratic countenance of the proposed Constitution. The vassalage of the poor has ever been the favorite offspring of aristocracy. And what is the proposed compensation to the Northern States for a sacrifice of every principle of right, of every impulse of humanity? They are to bind themselves to march their militia for the defence of the Southern States, for their defence against these very slaves of whom they complain." I will call upon the stand but one class of witnesses more—the leading politicians in the free States (so called.) At what period since the revolution, has the prejudice against the east and color of the African race ceased to be rife? Let the broken up school of Miss Crandell, the destruction of a New Hampshire Academy—let the black laws of Ohio—let the decisions of magistrates in favor of claimants of fugitive slaves—let the negro pews, and the echoes of pro-slavery pulpits, tell the story. In view of a capitulation of this mass of undesirable, though unimpeachable testimony, we cannot avoid (though would to God we could,) the conclusion that the Constitution of the United States is pro-slavery. How then can I vote under it, or swear allegiance to it! My duty to God forbids it. My relation to my robbed and down-trodden brother forbids it. Justice forbids me to strike hands with the robber, and the oppressor of my brother and sister.

My complaint against the Constitution is not that it is obscure or imperfect, but that it designedly consigns to unmitigated bondage a large class of my brethren, native born Americans, a portion of whom fought in the battle fields of the American Revolution side by side with our sires. Why then deprive them of their portion of the boon? Will the God of justice wink at such hypocrisy, robbery and oppression as this? In what article and section of the instrument, drawn up to "establish justice," is the grant of freedom secured? If the Constitution does not secure freedom to the slave, it matters not what it secures. It is a pro-slavery document, and cannot be sustained with moral integrity.

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J. S.

#### DISUNION.

##### FRIENDS EDITORS:—

I send you a copy of a resolution which has been discussed for some two or three months in our Anti-Slavery meetings at Unionville, and which was recently adopted.

Whereas, we believe that the framers of the United States Constitution were not men of their word, but hypocritical in their conduct, and untrue to their profession of the love of liberty; and believing as we do, that moral power is the only means by which the abolition of slavery can ever be accomplished; therefore,

Resolved, That no true Anti-slavery man can consistently act under the present Constitution of the United States by holding any office, the entrance upon which requires an oath or affirmation to support it.

This resolution created much excitement in this neighborhood; some were anxious it should be adopted, others exerted their influence against it. I will give you a brief sketch of the grounds assumed by its opposers, that you may comment upon them if you see fit. They admitted that the preamble to