The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

HOMELY GRAPHS.—NO. 3.

It is a chill January afternoon. The snow is falling fitfully at intervals, and just enough lies on the ground to give nature a cold and gloomy appearance. So I have drawn the curtains to shut out the external world, and leaning back in "the old arm chair," have been engaged for some hours in watching the various profiles and other fantastic figures that are continually forming and passing away amongst the glowing embers. And whilst thus engaged, memory has stood beside me, holding aside the veil that commonly conceals her gallery of pictures, gathered from scenes of the past.—There in distant perspective I see the little brown cottage where some of my earliest years were passed, the green yard with its towering Lombardy poplars, the sloping meadow, where we gathered dandelions and blue-bells, and where the old gander used to chase us, when we ventured too near in admiring his downy offspring, the clear stream that wandered away into a dark wood, in the borders of which stood a spring-house, whose loft from some now forgotten legend or association, was regarded by all the children of the neighborhood with a kind of mysterious awe. Close beside our home was one of loftier pretensions—one that seemed to my young fancy, of boundless extent—and there dwelt a family in those days, but not a happy one. The father was a physician, a *perfect gentleman*, so everybody said; and he certainly was a very fascinating man, to strangers, though his busy, toiling wife, and rude neglected children experienced but little of that wonderful urbanity that so charmed casual acquaintances. Glancing over many other pictures, I will now merely notice those connected with this family. Not one of the sons has become a sterling man. Some were gifted beyond the ordinary class, but for want of parental training, indolence has become a besetting sin, and selfishness, its almost invariable accompaniment, obscured the bright hope of life's early morning. Of the daughters, the eldest had been afflicted before my recollection with St. Vitus' dance, that had affected her intellect and soured her temper, and she was shunned and dreaded by all little folks, whom she seemed to consider as merely brought upon life's scene of action to worry older people.

There was another daughter, of winning mien and gentle nature, a very rose-bud in the midst of a bed of thorns, to whom both father and mother looked as giving bright promise of a helper and cheerer in life's decline. But when were ever such anticipations realized? Does not the Destroyer ever delight in marring our brightest pictures, and dashing to earth our fondest hopes? Consumption marked her for its victim, though it was long before any of her family would admit it. She seemed the uniting link in an imperfect circle, and skilled as was her fond father in detecting lurking disease in others, he shut his eyes to the sad fact that he was about to be robbed of his heart's treasure. But what avails self-delusion in such matters? The form wastes away, the hectic deepens on the cheek, and new fires light up the lustrous eye, as rapidly when those around will not admit it as though they were all tracing the Ravager's footsteps day by day. Before she had attained her sixteenth year, Jane was laid to rest in the little burying-ground we could see from our front windows, where wild roses and laurel rioted, as though they gathered sustenance from poor, decaying human beings.

There was still another daughter—one whose cheerful spirit, active step, and willing hand, shed around her what little of comfort was to be found in that almost cheerless abode. Too necessary to be spared to go to school, her acquaintances would have been very few if it had not been that her father, proud of her intellect and wit, taught her to read and write, and furnished her from his well-stored book-case, such excellent authors as cannot fail to develope the understanding and cultivate the taste of those who can appreciate them—and with the keen relish of a kindred genius, Sally found time to store her mind with much valuable knowledge, without neglecting any of her numerous household duties. She was one of my mother's dearest friends, as a correspondence from their early childhood to the period of Sally's death, bears ample testimony. Her letters were ever amongst dear mother's most cherished treasures, and not until we arrived at that imaginative and appreciative age, "in the teens," did she entrust her own daughters with them. And can I ever forget the delightful treat we enjoyed, on rainy days, in the perusal of those sheets, sparkling with freshness and originality, and enlivened throughout by the most ready wit I ever knew?

But I am wandering away from my picture-history. There came at last to our country place, one who had heard of and could appreciate this flower, that had seemed

"born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

and despite her unfavorable surroundings, he prized the unset jewel for herself alone, wooed, won and carried her away to a more fitting abode, where she seemed likely, by a life of happiness, to be rewarded for the filial devotion of her youth. Her letters of this period breathe of a happy, tranquil, grateful spirit, and longings to be to him who loved her, the world he seemed to her. But though, in the birth of a lovely boy, they appeared to be drawn still more closely and lovingly together, and to nearly realize an Eden upon earth, such bliss could not be of long duration. The disease that seems, above all others, to fasten upon the lovely and gifted, had taken root in the fond wife's frame, yet did not develope itself until she had pressed within her arms a sweet infant daughter. Then she sank rapidly, and was soon numbered among those who have been. Her death preyed upon her father, and he soon followed his children to the silent solemn tomb. The sons scattered away over the face of the earth, and for years none remained in that large, old house, except the feeble-worn-out mother and the querulous daughter. At last the latter passed away, and the former being helpless from a stroke of palsy, one of her sons, with his family, came to reside with her and attend to her necessities; not, however, to administer to her wants with that grateful, affectionate care a mother should ever merit and receive from those she nurtured in infancy, and cherished through long years of care and toil. Poor old woman! Sadly have passed the weary hours these many years, with no one to soothe her sad heart. But Death has kindly come at last, and within a few months she has gone to join the loved and lost.

My fire has burned low, and in the smoldering ashes I cease to trace the images that gave rise to my reflections. Night is closing in, and who shall number the broken hearts that weep the close of to-day.'

HOMŒOPATHY AND HYDROPATHY.

Mr. EDITOR: I have no party to serve, and no interest, so far as I know. I simply want the truth to prevail. I was educated an Alopathic physician, and practiced some time upon that system, and adhered to it all my life, until within the last few years. I have now abandoned it, I guess forever. My wife and children have been sickly, and we have used drugs pretty liberally. The sugar pills and water are now our only remedies, and we think we are healthier, happier and richer than we were under the old system. We think our change is a good one, and for this reason alone, so far as we know, we are disposed to recommend it to others. With this view, I suspect I cannot do better than to give an extract from a letter from a distinguished gentleman in the State of New York:

"The time has been when the medical world believed that *water was death in fevers*, and old people have mentioned cases in which the patient has been compelled to fry out his existence, unless he was too tough to be killed by frying. Now, we know that that maxim is false, and that the reverse of it is true The wonder is, that well educated people should have been so blind, and led by their bell-wethers so completely as to make no observations of their course. In 1828 I visited a niece near Philadelphia. She and her husband met me at the door; but the cold stage of ague was upon him, and he quick retired to his room. With his father and aunt I had long been acquainted, and we sat conversing in the parlor. After a while my niece came and said her husband was in a burning fever and wanted to know whether I could do anything to relieve him. I said yes; and directed them to get two wash-basins of cold water, and placing his aunt near his head, and myself at his feet, we washed him thoroughly, and he was comfortable in a few minutes. His father was astonished, and said he should have thought it would have killed him. My friend was an observing man, and knew that water was good to extinguish fire." But the letter still goes on:—"A relative of Susan M.'s was with Dale Owen in his geological explorations of the western country, several years, and there studied physic, being now in practice in Ohio. She read me a letter from him the other day, and allowed me to keep it for a few days. He is a Homœopathist, and says that it is seldom that a patient who has tried that treatment, ever returns again to ordinary drugs. Among physicians, I have never yet heard of one instance. The united testimony of all who have tried in their practice the two rival systems, is in favor of the new. My partner, who has practiced as a *regular* thirty-five years, and who, during many years looked upon Homœopathy as a system of quackery, said that, when he compares his success during the last five years with that of any other five years of his professional life, it makes him uncomfortable to think of how much misery he might have saved by turning his attention earlier to what he then despised."

Dr. M. then goes on to mention that Dr. G., of New York, was the first, or father of Homœopathy in America. Y. was a young physician of good practice, but had a patient with some chronic disease, whom he could not cure, and honestly told him so. After a long time, he met his former patient, and was surprised to find him in good health. Mr. A. told the doctor he had been taking medicine furnished by a German, and wished to introduce them; but the doctor refused, calling the German "an ignorant Dutch quack." Some time after, however, to please his old patient, he consented to go and see him; and in the course of conversation, repeated the offensive epithet. The German then took from his trunk several squares of parchment, showing that he had graduated in a celebrated medical school in Germany, and that he had also been honored with a diploma from a celebrated medical school in Paris. Dr. G. was softened; and they parted mutually pleased—G. agreeing to call again, and give his medicine a fair trial.

Shortly after, G. had a case in which he tried the sugar pills with success; but a single case could not convince him. He tried them in other cases with a similar result, but he could get no book to explain it—what the German had being in manuscript, and in a strange tongue. At length he had a case of puerperal fever in a highly respectable family. At that time, at least nine cases out of ten in that disease were lost; and since then thirty out of thirty-one have been lost, in the New York Hospital. Dr. G. again applied to the German, declaring if he would assist him in curing his patient, he would close his office and apply himself to the study of Halenemann. The patient recovered, and he fulfilled his promise. Dr. G.'s practice is now said to be worth $30,000 a year.

Dr. M. says that, about eighteen months ago, at the Royal College of Surgeons of London, a resolution was proposed, to expel all those who had practiced Homœopathy, but it was found that there were fifty in that category; so they resolved to be quiet.

He also says that the London Non-conformist gives an account of eight hundred Homœopathists in that city holding a meeting for the purpose of establishing a Hospital, and that £4,100 were contributed.

The great difficulty in people having faith in the Homœopathic system is, on account of the smallness of the doses; but this difficulty would dwindle into insignificance, if they would observe and reflect a little. If they would turn their attention to the subject, they would see that all diseases, so far as we know, are produced by infinitesimal causes. How inconceivably small is the quantity of matter that produces the small and kine pox, the measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, &c.! Why, then, may not a small remedy produce a cure? If any one doubts the fact, let him go to the hundreds of physicians who practice upon the Homœopathic system, and let them go to the thousands of their patients who have been cured by it.

A LOOKER ON.

From the Pittsburgh Journal and Visiter.

DESPOTISM OF SLAVERY.

LECTURE BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The largest audience of the season assembled on Thursday evening to listen to the lecture by Cassius M. Clay, as announced. E. H. Irish, Esq., one of the committee, introduced Mr. Clay to the audience as the lecturer for the evening, on the subject,—"Despotism of Slavery."

Mr. Clay, after some preliminary observations, proceeded to say that whatever the issues between the relations of master and slave were, they were no longer confined to themselves, but extend through the thirty-one sovereign States. In the South there were three millions and a half of slaves of all colors, from the black of the tropics, to the light complexion and blue eyes of the blonde.—There were also four or five millions of non-slaveholders in the South—a class distinctly and strongly marked. Then there were fourteen millions or fifteen millions of northern freemen, residing in the so called free states; and lastly, there were three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders who controlled the destinies of all the others.

The people of the northern states, who were fortunate enough to inherit a land of freedom, look on the subject of slavery as a far off question, not concerning, affecting or formidable to themselves. The speaker referred to the time when slavery existed North, and said the antecedents of the North—they being the descendants of Luther, Mather, Penn and that class of men, who already acknowledged the equality and brotherhood of man in their institutions, were favorable to its abolishment The great masses of the people had no sympathy with it; but if the question had been left to the slaveholders themselves, it would have existed to the present day.

In the South, the antecedents were different. They were the descendants of Walter Raleigh and of the aristocracy of England, who never entertained the idea of equality and man's brotherhood. The framers of the Constitution desired universal freedom, but they were far in advance of the country, as is always the case in politics and science. They did not dare to make open and declared war with the institution of the slave states. They covered any allusion to that question in obscure correspondence with friends. But Pickney, Rutledge and others of the South repudiated the ideas of our fathers, and said that men were never governed but by the principles of material interests; it was these men who forced the slave upon the South and upon our fathers. It was a prophetic remark of Jefferson as to this question, that they of '76 discharged their duty in their day—having carried on a seven years' war—and they left to younger men the final triumph of that revolution begun in 1776. These were the sentiments of a Southern man

The speaker had heard from sources worthy of consideration, this dicta—that conventions had been held in the South, at which bills had been drawn up and other measures taken to overthrow this institution. He challenged proof of the assertion; he denied utterly, it having any foundation on fact. As to Virginia and Kentucky, first what had been done? Nothing to warrant such assertions. In Virginia, in 1832, a resolution was made in the Lower house calling the attention of the people to the destructive influence of this institution. This liberal advance however assumed no shape, and left no vestige on the constitution of that State.

In Kentucky, 1798, Clay with all his eloquence could not prevent the defeat of the liberal side. Dr. Rice made efforts in opposition to the institution, but they were regarded rather as an emanation of religious faith than a determination to effect its overthrow, and the constitution was formed without a vestige of this liberal spirit.

Despotism was everywhere the same; it never does anything for its own extinguishment. It would be as reasonable to expect to prevail on the slaveholder to abandon the despotism of slavery, as to prevail upon the forty or fifty crowned heads of Europe to assemble in convention and lay down theirs, voluntarily. The speaker gave a short review of the various aristocracies, showing by their exclusiveness and intermarrying they had reduced themselves nearly to physical and mental imbecility. The British oligarchy, however disregarding the national laws, refreshed its aristocracy by amalgamating all, who with energy and determination had worked their way up to a distinguished position—as in the case of Elgin, Brougham, Scott and others; and so with the aristocracy of the South. Whenever persons in a lower rank of life aspire to a higher destiny, acquire property, they are taken into the aristocracy, forthwith purchase a slave and reject the masses from whom they sprung. In the North there is no comparative difference between a lawyer and shoemaker, philosophically speaking; both are on equality, and contributing to the general welfare; but in the South it is quite the reverse. This feeling results in the self-exile of all who will not own slaves, and are in consequence outlawed in social standing. Here in the North are railroads, canals, telegraphs, turnpikes; its citizens take possession of, not man but the great principles of mankind, and enslave them and apply them to their own use. In the South the slave value is two thousand millions, and for their protection the owners have made themselves a vigilance committee; they don't care for money there; the resources of the country are undeveloped; their manufacturers are dearer, and he articles that they might make are imported. They have nothing but their home markets, and that is usurped by oligarchy, and supplied by slaves; thus the white who competes is driven out, or is trampled down to the condition of the slave. It may be asked, why do they not become slave-holders also? Here it is not understood; from the diversity of capital and commerce, land is less profitable—it has only its commercial and economical value; therefore poor men cannot buy land. But their land has in addition to its real, a fancy value; all bidding for its possession, for the increase it gives to slave labor and the extension of influence. If the real value of an acre is $10, the fancy value brings it to 880. The speaker knew from the best estimates that all lands do not average three per cent profit, while money is worth eight to ten per cent; how is it possible to buy on credit? the property is therefore forced back to the oligarchy, there was no help for it; all was utterly prostrated at the feet of this power.

Mr. Clay read an extract from a recent speech of Mr. Wise, of Va., reported in the *Herald*, which went on to say that the unparalleled resources of Virginia—her coal, iron, gypsum, were all yet undeveloped. There was the Blue Ridge, milking the clouds, unmined, and its numerous streams running to the ocean, turning no spindles of mills: her people did not make the clothing for her slaves. Commerce had taken wings—drooped and perished. Two travelers were passing through a portion of country together; and one wondering at the dilapidated state of agriculture, the fields covered with weeds—the houses ruined and deserted, enquired who owned this farm? It is mine, was the reply. And this? Mine also. And this? "Look here, stranger," was the reply, "don't suppose I'm so damned poor as to own all the land about here.' That was the way—the slave skins the master, and he the land, and they are all going to the devil. What was the cause? Slavery; and this cause had already expelled 1,500,000 Virginians from the place of their nativity.

It was recorded in history that barrenness and desolation follow in the footsteps of slavery. It may be asked why not educate public mind and curb this aristocracy;—easier said than done. In the North, schools are provided for all people, and much as he admired her great cities and manufactories; the speaker considerered them as nothing in comparison with her common schools. But in the South fifteen efforts had been made to introduce the same system, and fifteen times had they failed. In Virginia, at the last census, education had actually receded during the previous ten years—more children were uneducated then than in 1840. The cause must be looked for only in the determined rule of the slaveholding oligarchy, for it is a well established principle that intelligence and slavery cannot co-exist. In Paris, Mexico, St. Petersburgh, the press is curbed and made to speak favorably of tyranny by direct means; and in the South the same result is obtained indirectly.

South Carolinia, which has given tone to the sentiments of the country through Calhoun, is not a republic, but an oligarchy, governed by an aristocracy—it is to be proved by the records. The ruling class is a minority. It elects everything. Senator, representative, Governor—what care they for the people there. The ruling class say openly and above board that intelligence and slavery are incompatible, hence down with the schools.—This is the text for all—the other states say the same; the experiment has been tried again and again.

In Kentucky, three times did the liberal party establish a school fund, but in every instance did the oligarchy appropriate it to other uses. They obtained the third time, $3,000,000, and said to the oligarchy they would give one half for turnpikes, slackwaters and railroads, if the other could be retained for educational purposes. But the oligarchy appropriated the whole of it to the general improvement fund. The speaker and others had been stricken down with bowie knives, in contending against it. But evidences of the debt were procured, the people were got together and the subject of education discussed about, and exploded upon, when the oligarchy came again insidiously, and they were obliged to abandon the subject in dismay. Never can the white or black be elevated, the speaker assented, while the oligarchy holds the sway.

Representatives, officers of all kinds, diplomats, all are ignored, unless they become the supple tools of the slave power.

A convention of one hundred was called at one time to represent 700,000 or 800,000 non-slaveholders. But of that number, not fifty, not twenty, not one, represented the non-slaveholding people—but all were slaveholders. Here was a race intellectual, and not a man to represent them; what a melancholy spectacle; but if but one was able to represent them, how overpowering that despotism which could crush 800,000, citizens. Slavery degrades them below the grade of slaves—impoverishes them. They asked that their children might have the advantages denied them, by a gradual emancipation, but the oligarchy by bowie knife and pistol struck them down. They said "have we not a right to vote?" Yes. "Then give us a secret ballot." No we have you by the hip. S.C. Marshall said they had their foot upon the necks of the liberals; he wished the aristocracy to preserve the influence of the landlord over the tenant. Two or three tenants are on the man's property; the owner says vote for whom you please, but if for Cass, Clay or Lovejoy, you must move bag and baggage. By this process have more than 1,000,000 citizens of Kentucky been expelled from the place of their nativity. There are 1000 voters less in the speaker's county, than twenty years ago. Such is the case whenever there is good land; the oligarchy monopolize it.

What were they to do—they were powerless, socially and politically. In Old England since 1776, all those rights exist that do not in slave States. Indictment by Grand Jury, counsel afforded by the State, every man the lord of his own castle, whether palace or hovel, the habeas corpus, and above all others, liberty of speech and of the press, exist in England, but in the South they are utterly gone, except so far as they are held in force by force.

So long as the oligarchy confined their action to states, the speaker had felt ashamed to present himself before a Northern audience, but now as they progress and seek to increase their territory, he felt bound to expose them everywhere. Though the law prohibits the wilful killing of slaves, thousands of cases occur, out of which number, but one has met the penalty of the law, and he in in South Carolina; but the master can inflict the direst punishment, leaving but a spark of life, and if the slaves resist, it is rebellion, and he may kill him on the spot. It is not folly to say that this institution is not despotic—giving as it does, dominion of life and death? He who enslaves a black to-day will enslave a white to-morrow; he who slays a negro now, will kill a white again, when circumstances permit. The murderer of Butler, scouted by the non-slaveholding portion of the community, is received with open arms by the aristocracy; they uphold and defend him: the press justified him, and said whenever you catch a yankee school-master, kill him. Rev. Mr. Marshall, in a convention at New Orleans, uttered a similar sentiment, but broader in its application.

The speaker read an article in the Tribune, an extract from the Kansas Pioneer, which went on to say that three abolition presses were in one small town, and yet their editors live. This, Mr. Clay said, is the spirit of despotism—a spirit of violence—a cowardly spirit; a spirit of bandits, when by a superior force they crush their opponents. See the assassin idea of the paragraph—"they still live"—and it was the same in Virginia. Here the speaker continued in a strain of eloquence, depicting the outrages and calumnies heaped upon himself.

In Mississippi when a man interferes between master and slave, he is shot. It is against the the law, but the offender is never arrested. When Birney aspired to discuss the question, they drove him out. They ducked the Rev. Mr. Mathews eleven times in a pond. Bayley, of the Newport News, was attacked. He who dares defend this right must die. A few months ago, in Kentucky, the speaker and others bailed a woman thrown in jail for distributing tracts, not to blacks but to whites; their lives were threatened: the oligarchy endeavored to intimidate the Judge from taking bail, and offered to indemnify him for his refusal. They got together and denounced them, and wrote saying that if they interfered their blood would be upon their heads. The threatened party determined, if they could not live free, at least to die free got together and denounced their opponents, and resolved that whenever they found a slaveholder in their country they would put him to death. The oligarchy replied they wouldn't begin the 'fray, if they (the threatened) wouldn't. Of course they would not fight for what could be obtained on easier terms.

This was melancholy enough. There are three millions of slaves and five of non-slaveholders—and there is not a particle more of freedom with the one than with the other. Are the northern people better off. Is there any language that could be applied to them, that cannot to the north? Look at the struggle in the Territories. Where is he man who will defend this cause south of Mason and Dixon's line? The right of petition is virtually annulled; even in England this right is carefully maintained, and the petitions of the Chartists, whose avowed object was the overthrow of the government, sent up by cart-loads, were respectfully received, because it was the exercise of a constitutional right. Here that right is trampled under foot. Three thousand clergymen, representing a large majority of northern sentiment dared in the name of their common right as citizens, to petition against the Nebraska bill. It was thrown under the table as a cast off garment—not received—not reported on—rejected.

The Post office is violated in its inmost sanctuary; the home correspondence is violated. The North does not ignore men's rights: Blacks go South in their trading vessels—they are imprisoned, business detained, vessel's safety threatened illegal fines imposed: still the North acquiesces—though most certainly a violation of the Constitution.

In the division of the powers of government between the nation and the several States, one of those reverting to the latter is the right to hold fugitive slaves, and if the national government interferes to establish the reverse, it outrages common rights as much as if it placed a king in Pennsylvania. Webster affirmed this opinion.

Northerners do for the South what the South would not do for itself. It furnishes slave catchers for the oligarchy—mercenaries who take possession of the streets; they are taxed for, and army and navy are called out to recover fugitive slaves—all without color of law! Yet the North acquiesces.

A Bill is now pending in the Senate, that binds still more upon the North the slave power. To maintain it, the bill takes away from the State Courts the power to protect its own citizens, and yet the people of the North talk calmly of Sevastopol, and of commerce! They have God-given rights, yet, day after day—week after week, months and years they bow to this oligarchy. It has more than the power of the Czar it is only the spirit of the people that can free them. It peopled the District of Columbia with slaves, against the expressed wishes of a majority of its citizens. It did the same with Louisiana, Missouri and Arkansas. A war, the cost of a hundred millions of dollars, was carried on, to obtain Texas for slave territory. Despotism cannot afford to be magnanimous; they forever cry, "give." Northern rights are prostrated. It has more than all the North, and still it is not satisfied. It aspires to Kansas and Nebraska. Northern statesmen are wise; not fanatical; they care not for these matters. Territory larger than the thirteen original States, commanding the trade of the Pacific, with the untold millions of China, is wanted by this power too.

The speaker hated the word "compromise"—a principle should never be compromised, whatever else is. It has a sanctity that should not be violated. Mr. Clay went on to show how the various compromises had been honored by the South, and its present aspirants.

The Northern allies have bound the agitators of the South hand and foot, handed them over to the Philistines. What do now the advocates of Popular Sovereignty? They come from Missouri by thousands with bowie-knives and revolvers, take possession of the polls, and drive away the free voters. This is pitiable. Give them Kansas, New Mexico, Utah. Brigham Young has only to pass a law to sell children as slaves, to reduce him low enough for the embraces of the slave oligarchy. Give them all this, and will agitation be suppressed? They mean to silence agitation by laws which shall cast one into prison and deprive him of his property. Popular Sovereignty will do now and until the tide turns, and then it will not do.

The peroration was very eloquent and forcible, calling upon the people to consider their action on these views of the subject, and lamenting his inability to express in stronger words his sentiments.

During the delivery of the lecture, of which we have given an abstract, he was repeatedly interrupted by the applause of the audience. As an orator, Mr. Clay is pleasing; occasionally, however, in excitement, his pronunciation is quite indistinct.

The lecture was two hours in duration, but was listened to with unflagging interest from first to last.

CO-OPERATION WITH ALL.

The following from the London Anti-Slavery Advocate, gives a common-sense view of the question of anti-slavery co-operation, among persons adopting different views and measures. The writer is replying to a correspondent who commended the Rochester Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle, because of its "determination to co-operate with *all* whose love for the anti-slavery cause rises superior to their connection with any particular party or sect of abolitionists."

"Now, we wish that our position in this respect should be clearly understood. We welcome all earnest anti-slavery effort, and are glad of all that is done to promote the anti-slavery cause. But our love for the cause does not rise so far superior to our connexion "with any particular party or sect of abolitionists" as to preclude a very decided opinion that there is a better way of doing everything, and that the anti-slavery society is no exception to this rule. Ever since an interest in that cause was first aroused in our minds seventeen years ago, by the eloquence of George Thompson and the pen of Harriet Martineau, we have been a reader of anti-slavery newspapers, and in constant communication with Abolitionists of great diversity of opinion. The result is that, amidst much change of views on many important subjects, we have seen no reason to change our opinion that in no way can the abolition of slavery be so well promoted as by an adhesion to the principles of the American Anti Slavery Society. They labor, by indefatigable, honest and fearless appeals to the public conscience, through the medium of the press, the pulpit, and the platform, to reform the corrupt public opinion of the United States; they show that the halls of legislature, the seats of justice, the synods, conferences, and yearly meetings, are polluted by contact with slavery; they *come out* from pro-slavery sects; and abstain from the most cherished privileges of American citizens—that of participation in political privileges—rather than swear to uphold a Constitution which they consider pro-slavery in its tenor and operation. Nothing can be more catholic than their organization; they admit of no religious tests, and every one is welcome to their platform who is willing to help them. So firmly are we convinced of the wisdom and honesty of their course, that they have our entire sympathy. We think it an honor to be counted as one of their fellow-laborers in ever so humble a way, and believe the welfare of the race to be identified with the attainment of the objects at which they aim.

At the same time we are far from insisting on unity with the American Anti-Slavery Society, as indispensable to our sympathy and good wishes. Some very good people are unwilling to draw in the same yoke with persons who differ widely from them in religious opinions. We respect their scruples, and are glad to see them trying to help the slave in their own way. There are others who place greater reliance than we do on the free-labor produce movement; and to these we nevertheless wish God speed.

But it is quite another matter when we are asked to assist a means of helping the anti-slavery cause which in our opinion does more mischief to the slave by its hostility to his best friends, than it can counterbalance by its own direct efforts in his behalf. The Rochester Anti-Slavery Sewing Society, which has held the Bazaar which our Liverpool friend wants us to commend to our readers, devotes we believe a large portion of its income to the support of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. This paper and its editor are strenuous in their efforts to depreciate that anti-slavery instrumentality which we esteem above all others, and those abolitionists whom we respect most highly for their works' sake. For the truth of this assertion we need only refer to the letters of COMMUNIPAW, which have lately appeared in its columns, and which, in our opinion, are disgraceful to the writer, and no credit to the paper or its editor.

In proof that we are animated by no narrow or exclusive spirit, we point to the reports of the anti-slavery lectures of the Rev. Edward Mathews, and to the articles from his pen, which have appeared in the *Advocate*, from the commencement of this paper. This gentleman does not belong to our knowledge any special sympathy with it. But as we believe him to be a zealous and devoted laborer in the anti-slavery cause, who has proved his faith by his works and is determined to test the churches both in England and the United States by their own declared principles, we are glad to co-operate with him by every means in our power.

We do not demand unity of views from any, but we do deprecate bigoted and malignant hostility; and we will not knowingly promote the objects of those who make it a part of their business as abolitionists to assail the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to vilify some of the very best and truest friends of the slave.

MAN HUNTING.

When a man is converted into a beast it is to be supposed that in case of his running away he will be hunted as a beast. The Slave-hunters, however, do more. We do not remember ever to have heard of a man in pursuit of runaway horses or oxen or even pigs, shooting down the animals when they prove difficult to catch. Yet a U. S. Deputy Marshal in Boston, when a man in his custody as a slave seemed likely to escape, ordered an assistant to shoot him. And at Wilkesbarre in Pennsylvania a similar northern official actually shot a man who was pursued as a fugitive. As this fugitive man was undoubtedly human, and no proof whatever had been offered to any Court in Pennsylvania, that he had ever been a slave, some indignation was felt at the murderous act of shooting him, and the State Courts were appealed to punish the brute who had so prostituted himself to the base purpose of the slave holders. A United States Judge interposed to release the offending Marshal in the first instance, and whether the State of Pennsylvania will ever have pluck and self-respect enough to vindicate its laws remains to be seen. But the federal government of this great country, now unfortunately at the mercy of the men who claim others as property, is on the move to fortify itself against all such state action. The grave Senate of the United States has just passed an act, 29 to 9, wresting from the State Courts the power to punish for murder or any other outrage committed in serving any process under a law of Congress, and marshal or deputy that may be arraigned in the same, by transferring the case to a United States Court. No power but Slavery would ever ask that, United States officials should be exempt from punishment by State Courts for crimes committed against State laws under color of enforcing laws of the United States. The Judges of State Courts, sworn to sustain both Federal and State laws, are surely better qualified to try crimes against State laws than judges who are placed under no obligation whatever to respect such laws, while in this case of fugitive slaves they hold office on the very condition that they will trample on the rights of the States by enforcing an unconstitutional act of Congress at all events.

It is a deplorable thing that the Free States have sunk so low in their degradation that only *nine* Senators can be found to vote against so gross a usurpation for so base a purpose! The Federal Government is said by the jurisconsults to be a Government of limited powers, but if this act passes it will have ultimated powers of villainy, that is, powers commensurate with the inclinations which it has for some time manifested. As soon as slave-catching deputy marshals can slaughter people accused of being slaves, amenable only to slave-catching courts, the business of slave-hunting will be reduced to a safe and practical system, and the same excellent federal Government will be ready for the acquisition of Cuba, and the re-enslavement of Hayti. We never had the slightest fault to find with the Federal Union or the terms of it, written down in the Federal Constitution, but we would thank any one to inform us what the Federal Government has been, for several years past, over and above a convenient agency for people who get their livings by plowing the backs of negro slaves.—*Fireside Journal.*

The people of the South are utterly ignorant of the character of the people of the North. Their most accomplished statesmen talk wretched nonsense upon the matter.

Northern "Doughfaces" in Congress have given rise to this misunderstanding. Each man has had his price. Congressmen have been bought and sold like cattle in the market. Southern men have so long lorded it over Northern men and the latter have been so abjectly servile, that any measure, however repugnant to freedom, is looked upon as sure of Northern support.

The Fugitive Slave Law was passed to allay agitation! A brand so blazing with discord was never applied to the phlegmatic materials at the North. It outrages freedom and justice. The Northern mind in mass loathes the deeply infamous measure. It will never be enforced without provoking a deeper hatred of wrong and a more wakeful looking after the right.

The power of the United States Government can enforce that law. Along bristling bayonets and rows of loaded cannon, the slave may be dragged by force to bondage. But back of serried rank and yawning tube the people stand with frowns and compressed lips. Every new case under the act kindles hatred into a fiercer blaze.

The slave catcher flatters himself that he intimidates when, by arms, he captures his runaway chattel. A great mistake. The Northern people, in the main, are law-loving, law-abiding. They rob and burn no mails—mob no stage agents.—But as sure as fate, they are verging to that state where every fugitive recovered by the slave hunter will cost blood and life. While the rescuers of Glover were going to jail, two thousand of their fellow-citizens, with marshals and bands of music, escorted them through the streets, while "groaning audibly" told their loathing of the Judge who sentenced them. Convictions for such rescues make martyrs of the convicted, and consign the Judge to lasting infamy. If the South wish to allay agitation, and "crush out" abolitionism, the Slave Law must not be exhibited to the North in its native ugliness.—*Cayuga Chief.*

Gov. Gardner of Massachusetts, has appointed the 5th of April, as a day of fasting and prayer.