

the slave, and who will not be bound by Conventions, rules, by Society regulations, or Yearly Meeting advices. These are they who are destined either in, or out of the Society, to do a great work.

Do not the leaders of that Society feel that they must choose between repentance and destruction, and that right speedily? Have they not noted the signs of the times?—have they not watched the upheavings of their organization, indicating by convulsive throes that a mighty power is at work beneath the surface?—are they not conscious of the warring of the elements around them, and do they not feel their utter inability to ride on the whirlwind which is sweeping toward them, and to direct the storm that is becoming more and more terrific. Let them be aroused, *the people are coming!* Let them learn wisdom from the past! Let them be instructed by the scenes in which they were themselves recently actors, and not attempt to establish over others a despotism whose chains they would themselves spurn. If they would save their society from disruption, let them bear, in deed and word, a faithful testimony against the oppression in the land, and refuse longer to strike hands with those who make merchandise of God's image, and sell man for gold.

Court Week--Master Day.

Our village seems still and quiet now, to what it did a week ago. We had then all sorts of sights and sounds, and every thing so mixed up as to make confusion worse confounded; presenting altogether when Judge, Jury, Soldiers, and Spectators arrived, a scene as noisy and exhilarating as that described in the nursery rhyme.

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
For strangers have come to town;
There's some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

The Judge and Jury came to try the little rogues, who were not strong or skillful enough to break through the meshes of the law, and also to grant or refuse licenses to rum-sellers and other hotel keepers. We don't know how many licenses were granted or how many refused. We hope that every applicant who was not a temperance man was dismissed without one, for liquor shops—whether low groceries or fashionable hotels—are a curse to the community in which they are located; and beside, rum barrels are an unsteady foundation upon which to build the Anti Slavery cause, or any other cause of moral reform. No man who is a slave to rum can be a good abolitionist. His moral perceptions are too dim to permit him to see our enterprise in all its glorious beauty, and his intellect too much muddled, to suffer him to become an intelligent defender of Freedom.

We don't know how many prisoners were tried, nor for what crimes they were arraigned, but we will risk our reputation for veracity, that if there were any horse thieves among them, they were more darkly scowled upon, and more severely punished, than if, under the name and in the person of Henry Clay or James K. Polk, they had stolen both horse and rider. "One murder makes a villain, millions a hero," and by parity of reasoning, it is vile and criminal to steal a horse only, but honorable and praiseworthy to take both horse and rider. In this country,

"Tis theft to rob a hen-roost of a hen;
But they who plunder God's afflicted poor,
And bolt and bar the captive prison door,
Are christians all, and honorable men."

The Judge and Jury came to prepare the way for the execution of the laws; and the soldiery came to prepare themselves to execute their fellow men.

We are so constructed physically and mentally, that we must laugh at what is ridiculous, and really such playing at soldiers—when we forget the murderous abstract principle upon which these military musters are based—is one of the most ridiculous things upon earth. The morning of the 21st was ushered in—we were going to say, by sounds of music, but it would be a libel upon all sweet sounds to call such discord music; it was rather

"As if a squeaking life should strive
To down a cracked bassoon."

The soldiers had come, and every boy in town knew it. At an early hour, they hastened to their various places of rendezvous, and had Falstaff been there he would have rejoiced exceedingly over them, as men after his own heart. If variety be the spice of life, as the poet tells us, none could complain that these soldiers were not highly spiced, for a greater variety than their uniform presented, human eyes seldom behold. The only uniformity we could perceive in their dress was, that every man was uniformly unlike his neighbor. After mustering their forces upon the Public Square, and making sundry maneuvers characterized as was the Dutch girl's dancing "more for strong than handsome," but nevertheless infinitely to the gratification of some overgrown as well as undergrown boys, they performed the great feat of the day—a feat which was also performed on a certain time by a certain monarch, and recorded in the following poetical lines,

"The king of France with twenty thousand men,
Marched up a hill and then marched down again."

We certainly think their place of muster was admirably selected,—and the whole scene well exemplified the FUGITIVE LAW. There was the Court House to represent the *Civil law* of this nation, the Meeting House to shadow forth the *Divine law*, and the Soldiers, who appeared as the supporters of its *Military law*; and without irreverence we say, "THESE THREE ARE ONE!" Yes, they are one, and the slave pining in his chains has found it so. If he dares to give wing to the noble aspirations of his nature, and peaceably claim his rights as a man, he is told that his enslavement is an ordination of Providence—that it is in conformity with the *Divine law*. And then his tyrants go and sit down in their Legislative Hall, and most impudently enact, "he is hereby declared to be a slave;" and that is *Civil law*, and the Chaplain makes a prayer over it, and his Amen is as long as the purse which is given him for his pious labor. Although the slave is told that the *Divine law* which our Clergy teach sanctions his enslavement, yet he knows that his robbery is wrong; and although the *Civil law* declares it to be just, he feels that that law is a lie; he strives to obtain the rights his God gave him, by an appeal to force, but he is crushed by the strong arm of brute strength, and that is *Military law*. We repeat it "THESE THREE ARE ONE!" The slave knows it to be so; and as his life's blood is gurgling out upon the soil which his tears had before moistened, as he feels the cold steel in his quivering heart doing its pledged work, he understands that *that steel* is a just representation of the three fold power of this nation, of the Triune God whom the people worship—of their Military, Civil, and Divine Law!

Had War been divested of all its "pomp and glorious circumstance," mankind would not have been so cursed with it, but the sword is entwined with a wreath of flowers, and the system has been enveloped in much that is beautiful and attractive. The waving of banners—the nodding of plumes—the glancing of bright steel—the tasteful dress—the uniformity of motion, thousands moving as one—the multitudinous gathering—the swelling strains of martial music, all these, in themselves are attractive to most minds. But these things to be attractive, and therefore hurtful by their connection with the system of War, must possess the genuine quality of beauty, and not be miserable attempts at imitation, as were the efforts of the troops we saw.

Country places—and we rejoice to say it—are not fitted for this military display which is a curse to our cities and larger towns, nor are the people fitted to become mere military automata. They look as uncomfortable and as much out of place in such costume, as would a Quaker in a court suit, or a dairy maid in the trappings of a Dutchess. We don't know but we shall offend some over sensitive minds by our plain talk. We would like however to ask these trainers a few questions. Does not your every day coat feel more comfortable than your military dress? Are not your services more valuable, is not your occupation more dignified when driving your team, or guiding your oxen, than when marching up and down a dusty street under the command of a Corporal or Captain, stared at by those who think the exhibition a ridiculous one, and followed by a troop of noisy children? Are you not more in the line of your duty as a christian and a man, when tilling your farm and taking care of your family, than in learning the art of killing your brother? Friends, this going to trainings, this attending of military musters is a bad business. It is wicked in itself to learn the art of war, and by it you are furnishing to the Southerner strength to hold his slaves, for it is by the power of the North, acting in part through this military organization, that he is enabled to retain his cruel grasp. The Editor of the Maryville Intelligencer, a Tennessee paper, declares, "That to the non-slaveholding states, particularly, the South is indebted for a permanent safeguard against insurrection." And here you have been training yourselves to shoot down the man who strives to win his freedom, to acquire sufficient dexterity to thrust your bayonet into his heart. You have been practising military maneuvers in order that you may be better able to do the bidding of the men who have imprisoned your fellow-citizens in Parkerburg Jail. Engage no more we beseech you in such dishonorable, such wicked business; but rather imitate the example of Him who came to establish peace on earth, and promote good will among men.

Mexico.

As might be expected, there are rumors of war having been declared against this nation by the Mexican government. A considerable portion of the U. S. troops have been ordered to the Texian frontiers or vicinity. We have stolen a province, and now have to fight for its possession—the common fate of thieving brigandages. Various reports are in circulation.

The Jeffersonian quotes from a Vera Cruz letter of the 22nd of July, received by a gentleman in New Orleans, which says,

"I have to conclude this letter in a hurry, as the news is just in town that WAR HAS BEEN DECLAR-

ED against the Americans and the vessels are going off immediately to prevent being seized."

We however have information up to the 27th ult., five days later than the letter quoted above which tells a different story. The New York Tribune of August 20th, says:

"We learn that a gentleman who arrived in this city yesterday morning from New Orleans, which city he left on the 11th inst., states that news had been received at Mobile that the French brig of war *Mercure* had arrived at Pensacola from Mexico with dates to the 27th July. Up to that date there HAD BEEN NO WAR DECLARED and he heard of no action of any kind on the subject of the difficulties with this country."

The Palladium.

This paper, published in New Lisbon, which but a little while since found it impossible to pronounce the Shibboleth of Abolitionism, has been making some recent efforts to overcome the difficulty, but its pronunciation has such a strong Whig accent, such a political twang, that the wayfaring abolitionist, though a fool, would not be deceived thereby. A politician may write or speak in opposition to slavery, but Abolitionism is something, which as a politician, he knows nothing about.

We perfectly understand you, neighbor! The fall elections are drawing near, and you would like to gull some of the abolitionists into voting with your pro-slavery party under a pro-slavery Constitution. Yes, your pro-slavery party, for your great leader Henry Clay, has publicly declared, that neither the Whig or Democratic parties are Anti-Slavery, and that party which is not for Anti Slavery, is necessarily against it.

Your trick has been tried too often, it will not succeed.

Samuel Brooke.

For the information of the Editor of the Liberty Herald and "all others whom it may concern," we will state that Samuel Brooke, one of the publishing committee of this paper, is the Samuel Brooke who was a Liberty party man.

"How is this?" asks the Editor. We will tell him. Samuel is converted to the true faith, and the doctrine he formerly opposed he now advocates. Is there any thing strange in this? Is it very remarkable that when a man desires to do right, and finds he is on the wrong side, that he should abandon it and take the opposite? We think not.

Cassius M. Clay.

Although it is pretty well understood that we do not regard Cassius M. Clay as an abolitionist occupying the true position, but as one who opposes the institution of slavery to a manner and by means which we utterly disapprove; yet as an honest foe to that accursed system which has cast its blight, not only over Kentucky, but the entire Union—as one who knows his rights and knowing dare maintain them—as a brave man who fears not to beard the lion in his den, and who is determined to uphold what he believes to be right, "come life or come death," our entire sympathies are with him. And he who is the true friend of a Free Press, whether he be Whig, Democrat, Liberty party man, or Disunionist, will always stand by that press whose liberty is attacked.

Since the publication of the "True American, Extra" which, together with some other matters of interest in connection with that paper we have transferred to our columns, further intelligence of the proceedings of the mob have been received. At the meeting which the articles referred to, mention as about to be held, a committee of sixty was appointed to enter the office of the American, pack up the type and press, and ship them to Cincinnati. This was done. None of the mob, except the committee, were permitted to enter the office. The articles were carefully packed under the superintendance of a competent person, and sent to Cincinnati there to remain subject to the order of C. M. Clay, who in the meanwhile was lying upon a sick bed, as the cowards well knew.

The more angel-like the Devil appears, the more dangerous he is, and the more carefully should we avoid him. The more gentlemanly a mob is, and the more regular its proceedings are, the more dangerous it is to the cause of freedom, the more necessary is there for denouncing and exposing it, and the less excusable are its conductors. The man who strikes me in hot blood, or the mob that in quick anger destroys my press and office, is more worthy of my respect than the villain who deliberately plots my murder, or the gentlemanly mob that while trampling under foot my dearest rights, is very careful to prevent my property being injured. All it asks is, that I shall submit to its cool and calculating tyranny, and exercise my rights only so far as it sees fit to grant me the privilege.

The Lexington mob was one of the most systematic and villanous attacks upon the freedom of the Press we ever read of, and we trust that it will call forth such a thunder peal of indignation throughout the

whole land, as shall make these cowardly Lexingtonians who attacked a sick man, quail with fear, and shrink before the just rebuke of an awakening people.

Frederick Douglass

Left Boston on the 16th inst., in the Steamer *Cambria* for England. He will spend several months in Great Britain where it is his design to lecture on American Slavery. That he will be cordially received, there is no doubt, and his society will be courted by the very elite of the British people, an admission into whose circle would be vainly coveted by those Americans, who in this country would scorn to associate with a "nigger," even so much as to ride in the same cabin or car, or dine with him at a public table. How these fellows would stare to see him upon the same platform with O'Connell and Brougham, occupying a seat in Lady Byron's carriage, or enjoying a *tete a tete* with the Duchess of Sutherland.

We are glad he has gone to Europe; we want that the people there should see for themselves what degraded beings they are, whom Americans hold as slaves. It is well for Douglass that his character for veracity is unquestionable, else would it be difficult for him to satisfy our transatlantic brethren, that in America, he was really held as a piece of property. They have even now a very mean opinion of our Christianity and Democracy, but when they see what a noble being we have endeavored to degrade to a level with the brute; when they see one who possesses intellect of a high order, talents of no mean character, kindly disposition, and amiable spirit; and when they learn that our Democratic slave whips have left their marks upon his back, and that our nominal Christianity sanctioned the deed, they will turn from us with ineffable loathing and disgust, and brand us as a nation of hypocrites and infamous dastards.

"The Branded Hand."

We place on the first page of this week's paper, an interesting account of Jonathan Walker, the Prisoner of Pensacola. On our fourth page will be found a poem in relation to his wrongs, from the pen of the Quaker poet, John G. Whittier. Some of our exchange papers give a likeness of "the Branded Hand," which we would also gladly do if our means permitted. This "Coat of Arms of the United States," as Walker calls it, ought to have copies of it multiplied indefinitely, so that the people may fully understand this new device in Republican Heraldry. We sometimes use wafers with anti-slavery mottoes for sealing our letters, and we would suggest to some of our Eastern friends who have the proper facilities for so doing, whether they ought not to get out a new edition of wafer sheets, consisting of a neat emblazoning of our National Coat of Arms, accompanied by an appropriate motto such for instance as "SO TO ALL SAMARITANS."

Meetings at Salem and Mt. Pleasant.

The agents of the Am. A. S. Society design holding meetings at the above named places, during the Yearly Meeting weeks of both divisions of the Society of Friends.

Perhaps all do not comprehend the design of these meetings. They are not intended particularly for the people of those places, but are called with a special view and desire to benefit those who will be in attendance at the Yearly Meetings from different parts of the country; an opportunity which occurs but once a year, and which should not be suffered to pass unimproved.

Latest from Europe.

The *Hibernia* arrived in Boston on the 18th, bringing advices to the 4th instant.

Mr. M'Lane, our new Minister to England, had arrived, and was lodged at Thomas' Hotel, Berkeley Square.

The Annexation of Texas to the United States has not at all excited surprise.

The price of American cottons was rather tending downward, and the market closed heavily for all descriptions.

The wife of George Catlin, Esq., the celebrated painter and delineator of Indian customs, died in Paris on the 30th ult.

The British Government design taking vigorous measures to put an end to the Foreign Slave Trade upon the coast of Brazil, and the measures contemplated, are punishing the traders as pirates.

Serious fears of a failure of the harvest now begin to be felt. The weather, at present, and for some time past, has been far from favorable for the harvest, and although the crops are generally described as good, yet they must severely suffer should the present weather continue. This already producing its effect—a demand for money. During the past week, the demand has so much increased that discounts have been raised 1 per cent. The supply of grain at present in the country is limited, and a failure of the coming crop would be a serious inconvenience.

Letters from Rome state that the health of his Holiness the Pope is such as to cause very great alarm. He suffers much from a cancer in the nose with which he has been for some time afflicted. The disease has been latterly somewhat checked, but within the last few days has again acquired fresh violence. He is now nearly 80 years of age.