The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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☞Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor. All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

What the World thinks of it.

It puzzles even the most cross-eyed in Europe or elsewhere out of this Country to see how a portion of our people can heartily welcome and protect fugitives from Austrian, British or Russian despotism and at the same time enter heartily into the business of catching and binding fugitives from the more stringent despotism of Georgia or South Carolina.—The following appeal from the Anti-Slavery Women of Glasgow to their Christian sisters in the United States has just been received, and we print it from the original manuscript. We do not know that we violate confidence in stating that it is from the pen of Rev. Dr. WARDLAW, whose reputation as a scholar and a divine is already widely extended among us.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Ladies of the "Glasgow Female Association for the Abolition of Slavery," to their Christian Sisterhood in the United States of America:

DEAR FRIENDS: We address you as our fellow Christians, and, we trust, in the spirit of our common faith, which is essentially the spirit of love—love to God, to Christ, to the people of God, and to mankind

It is a principle of which you will at once admit the soundness, that whatever influence for good man or woman possesses, the possession of it constitutes its owner God's steward, for its appropriate and faithful use; and at the same time that the "meek and quiet spirit" which the Divine word requires as a characteristic of Christian womanhood, is not at all incompatible with decision of Christian principle, and with the determined advocacy, within woman's peculiar sphere, of a corresponding practice.

As American citizens, you feel a deep and warm interest in the honor, as well as in the general prosperity of your country; and, as subjects of the King of Zion, you feel an interest still deeper and warmer in the glory of His name, the credit of His truth, the authority of His laws, and the progress of His kingdom. We sympathize with you in these feelings; and our object in now addressing you, is to point your attention anew, with all affection and with all earnestness, to the stain upon your country's honor, the hindrance to your country's prosperity, and the peril to your country's safety, as well as the foul stigma that is affixed to the name, the truth, and the authority of our divine King, and the obstacles thus thrown in the way of the advancement of his spiritual dominion, by the prevalence among your countrymen, to so frightful an extent, of the accursed system of SLAVERY.

You cannot but be aware that so long as this state of things continues to exist, AMERICAN FREEDOM must continue to be, as it now is, the taunt of the civilized world—the admirable principles on which your National Constitution is based no better than "great swelling words of vanity"—and LIBERTY a word which no American can utter without a blush. We speak plainly and faithfully.—Be not angry with us. We earnestly wish this foul blot wiped away from the otherwise glorious escutcheon of your country; and we wish you, and urge you, to put forth whatever description and amount of legitimate influence you possess, for effecting its speedy and entire removal. And while we press this upon you as a duty you owe to true patriotism, we press you also, as fellow-Christians, that you steadily seek, by the same influence, the severance of so flagrant an outrage on the spirit of Christian Truth, and the letter of Christian Law, at once from the personal and the national profession of Christianity.

The spirit of Christian Truth is the divine spirit of righteousness and mercy in unison; and "the letter of Christian Law" is, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." We lay it down, therefore, as a maxim, on the principle of this law unassailable, that, regarding Slavery under the one simple aspect of PROPERTY IN MAN, apart from all the "wrong and outrage" which in practice have so lamentably characterized it, the only man on earth who can consistently hold a fellow man as a slave, is the man who, before God and the world, can lay his hand upon his heart and say, "*I should like to be such a slave myself.*" Is there such a man to be found?—such an anomaly in his species—such a recreant to all correct principle, to all manly and noble feeling, to all the very instincts of his nature? Not in Britain, we are sure. And will you allow it to be said or thought that the solitary satire on humanity is to be found in the American Union?

We had gladly, in common with all the friends of America on this side the Atlantic, indulged the hope that there was a progress among your countrymen toward a better state of things. But your recently enacted "FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW" has, in no small degree, dashed these hopes. It may indeed turn out—and would it may!—in the providence of Him who so frequently and so mysteriously brings good out of seeming evil, that the violent collision between this iniquitous and oppressive statute, and the principles of liberty in the national mind, may have the effect, by a natural and salutary reaction, of forwarding the cause which it appears framed and fitted to retard.

By the terms of this statute, "ALL GOOD CITIZENS" are laid under obligation to do what ALL GOOD CHRISTIANS are bound, by a higher obligation, to refuse to do. The authority of man is on the one side; on the other, the authority of God; so that the choice, however reluctant and painful, cannot for a moment be doubtful, with any one who owns the validity of the maxim, "We ought to obey God rather than men." It is by a HUMAN right that the *property* is the *master's*; it is by a DIVINE right that the *liberty* is the *slave's*. The right of the slave is imprescriptible. It is his birth-right as a creature of God. The unjust infringement of it by another does not cancel it. When, as a fugitive, he acts upon it, he does not resume what he has lost. He has not lost it. He has lost the liberty, but not the right to liberty. If by force or by fraud a man is robbed of his property, the property is still his; and he violates no right of another, but only asserts his own, if, when opportunity offers, he resumes it. This is what is done by the fugitive slave. He reclaims his property—no matter whether it be from the original robber, or from the re-setter.* It is still his.—And he who, in such circumstances, intercepts his flight, takes part with the robber and the re-setter against the rightful owner—he acts in the face of every natural and revealed obligation; he prefers obeying God; he violates, in spirit and in letter, "the Royal Law"—doing to another what he would deprecate being done by another to himself.

By this Bill, the Christian portion of American citizens, and even such of them as acknowledge no higher laws than those of nature and conscience, are thus placed in a most embarrassing dilemma. We fondly trust that there will be principle enough, among the former, especially, to whom we more immediately address ourselves, to act up to the emergency, and that thus the rising tide of *public opinion and feeling* (now to so great an extent the arbiter of the destinies of nations) may ultimately and speedily roll away on its bosom the national reproach.

What a glorious lesson might America now read to the civilized and the uncivilized world, were she but induced to bring her practice up to her principles—to act consistently—to testify her regard for righteousness by the sacrifices which righteousness demands of her—to show her love of Freedom and her appreciation of the blessings which Freedom bestows, by freely bringing the offering, where't even a hecatomb, to Freedom's altar.

Let the gentle force (the gentler, remember, the mightier, as well as the more in accordance with woman's character) of feminine earnestness and feminine persuasion, warm from the heart of pity and piety, be assiduously put forth by each and all of you, in the spheres in which you are respectively called to move, with the view of bringing about this "consummation so devoutly to be wished." God "send prosperity" to your efforts! Let that prosperity be sought and secured by prayer. Then may American and British Christians come together in unfettered and delightful communion. And then may the two countries—the mother and the daughter—united by the bonds of a common freedom and a reciprocal feeling of obligation and dependence, become, in friendly rivalry, under the smile and blessing of the God of nations, the glory and the joy of the world!

In name and by appointment of the Ladies of the Association, we are, dear friends,

Sincerely and affectionally yours,
B. ARNEIL, Acting President.
AGNES ROBERTSON, Treasurer.
MARY MUIR, ELIZABETH SLIMAN, } Secretaries.
Glasgow, Wednesday, March 12, 1851.

* "*Re-setter.* In *Scots law*, a receiver of stolen goods."—*Webster.*

Self Emancipated.

James Maguire, a fugitive from slavery, who left New Orleans only ten days ago, is now on British soil. He escaped from the firm of Horral & Gill, of New Orleans, who claimed and held him as their slave. He wishes us to say to them, he has arrived safely in the "promised land"—so they need not give themselves any more trouble about him.

Mr. Maguire is a young man about twenty-three years of age, quite good looking, and would pass off in almost any crowd, after dark, for a white man; having passed through the bleaching process of slavery. He was formerly owned by Bird Williams, who allowed him to hire his own time for several years at $20 per month, allowing him a chance to earn money to pay $850, for himself. Within a few years he saved up and paid over to his old master the $850 which was all that he pretended to ask for him.—But before the slave was legally manumitted, after the ransom price was paid, his old master was suddenly taken ill and died. No notice was taken of what the poor slave had honestly paid for his ransom, and he was forced into the hands of Harral & Gill. His business was hair dressing and waiting on parties, &c.

Mr. Harral, with whom he lived, was perfectly delighted with his shaving and hair dressing. He was also quite a favorite of Mrs. Harral. She too was in the habit of having her hair dressed at least once every day, by Maguire, which was one of the main causes of his running away just at this time.

It was her custom every day after breakfast, and after Mr. Harral had left the house, to make this slave go into her bed-chamber and comb and dress her head for more than an hour at each time. Being quite a modest young man, at length he refused to attend to it, for prudential reasons. So she declared that she would have him sold on to a cotton plantation if he did not continue to obey her orders. We decline stating just how he escaped from that city to a free State, lest it might expose our under-ground rail-road.—It is enough however to know that James Maguire is now free, in Canada.—*V. of the Fug.*

From The Independent.

Rev. Dr. Pennington Again.

We are informed that the statement of Dr. Pennington's case made by us a fortnight since is called in question by ministers in his ecclesiastical connection. They suppose him to have manumission papers, and to be beyond the power of the Fugitive Slave Law. It might possibly relieve the awkwardness of some of his clerical brethern who have undertaken to justify and uphold that law, if such was the fact. But even then the case hypothetically would lose none of its force as an illustration of the possible working of the law. And what if Dr. P. had free papers? *Could he use them in his own defense* if he should be kidnapped under this law? But we beg to assure his friends of the entire correctness of our previous statement. That statement was made in the first instance on the authority of the *Religious Herald* published at Hartford, where Dr. P. resided for many years, in which paper it appeared over the signature of a minister of that city, who made it of his personal knowledge. We have received ample confirmation of that statement from private sources, and also from Dr. P.'s own declarations to friends in Great Britain. The name Pennington is of course an assumed name, and he has had the sagacity to keep his true name from becoming public. He is a fugitive slave. If we are rightly informed he escaped from his master when the letter had brought him to the North as a traveling servant. At all events he followed the advice of Paul to those in a state of servitude, "if thou mayest be free, use it rather,"—if you have a chance to get your liberty, do so. Since then he has lived at the North unmolested, openly preaching the gospel of Christ. An attempt was once made by some friends in Connecticut to purchase his freedom, which failed, either because the sum offered was not deemed sufficient, or rather, as our informant supposes, because his master refused to sell him on any terms, but avowed his purpose to get him back again into bondage as a punishment for his ungrateful desertion. Until the passage of the late law there was no hope of this; but now Dr. P. could be seized in his very pulpit, and even while ministering at the table of the Lord,—or perhaps while sitting as moderator of the third Presbytery of New York,—dragged before a commissioner and remanded to his 'owner,' to be put up at auction in a southern mart, or worked under the lash far away from wife and family, from church and Christian friends, perhaps denied even to read the Word of God. He is too valuable a chattle to be lost. Should his owner consent to his ransom, almost any amount could be raised for that purpose in the churches of this city. But should the Union Safety Committee after securing his conviction by eminent counsel, deem it advisable for the preservation of the Union that he should be '*sold south*,' he would command no ordinary price. Put up on the auction block at Richmond, as a man of good muscle and good stuff he might bring from $800 to $1000; but as an acceptable minister of Christ some pious slaveholder wishing to get a chaplain for his household, might give for him $500 more; and when to this was added a doctorate in Divinity from Heidelburg University, a skillful auctioneer might run him up to $2000. Perhaps, however, we rate the latter above its par value. This is no caricature of the Fugitive law. Its infamy does not admit of caricature. What was done to Henry Long could be done also to Dr. Pennington. A man bought with the precious blood of Christ, a freeman in Christ Jesus, a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, the pastor of a Presbyterian church in this city, might be seized here in open day by the officers of law, and in the name of *law* and of the government of the United States be sent into hopeless slavery under the flag of the American Union. If there is anything worse than this in Austria or Russia we should like to know it. No wonder that Dr. Pennington is afraid to return to New York. He may have thought that the fact of his having escaped from his master when on free soil would shield him from the gripe of this law; and on that point he may have written to Hartford for a legal opinion. But much as his church here needs his services, and great as is his anxiety to resume his pastoral labors, we presume he has no thought of risking his liberty.

A letter from a gentleman of Scotland to a friend in this city, conveys the following information:—

"We had Dr. Pennington with us a short time here. He stayed with us over night.—He is a runaway slave, and is minister of a congregation in New York. He does not intend to go back during the force of the new Fugitive Bill, lest he be laid hold of. We were all well pleased with him. He seems a man of sense, talent, and piety."

What encouragement has Dr. Pennington to return to his field of labor here? The law is against him. Power is against him.—The vast commercial interest of the city is against him. Scheming politicians seeking preferment by a zeal for the Union are against him. And what is there on his side? The pulpit? Alas! from the pulpit of the Brick Church,—from one of the oldest ministers of the city, the pastor of one of its wealthiest churches, sounds forth the edict,—"*We would have it understood that the North is not the place for fugitive slaves.* Some of them are no doubt good citizens; but *prima facie*, they are bad. They are a *trouble* to us; they corrupt our population, overload our prisons, are a nuisance to our almshouses, *and had better be at home, where they are better employed and better governed. Nor is it among the least of the benefits of the Fugitive-Slave law, that they are so rapidly disappearing from the midst of us.*" Indeed in the view of Dr. Spring the fact that Dr. Pennington is a Christian and a minister is so much the greater reason why he should be sent back into slavery, and that by the active endeavors of his brethern in the ministry. For which recklessness of assertion that is astounding in one who makes any pretension as an interpreter of Scripture, he says, Paul "*required* Onesimus to return to his master, and by repairing the evils of his former negligence, to conduct himself as a faithful *servant*. . . . . Let not this lesson be lost upon us. . . . . One reason why God *converted* Onesimus was *that he might be thus sent back to his master* a reformed man, and thus hand down the truth that Christianity, however much it may ameliorate the condition of the slave, does not interfere with, but distinctly recognizes the *rights* of the master." These are Rev. Dr. Spring's compliments to Rev. Dr. Pennington in reply to the question whether he shall come back and minister to his church in New York. 'You had better go South, sir, where you will be better governed. God converted you and put you into the ministry in order that you might be sent back to your master as a conspicuous example of His tender regard for the rights of slaveholders and the institution of slavery. If you come to me, sir, I will not secrete you nor help you to escape your bondage. I will *send you back*, sir, *yes, I.*'

Such language as this was not uttered in a passion. A religious newspaper commends the discourse in which it is found, as "more discriminating and better guarded in its principle than the most of those which the same occasion (Thanksgiving day) produced." A secular-religious paper in this city also contends for the Christian duty of returning fugitives into slavery. What encouragement has Dr. P. to return to the congregation of which he is pastor, and the Presbytery of which he is a member? We even fear that the patriotism of his former pastor, and the zeal for law of some of his co-Presbyters, would yield him up a sacrifice to the Union.

Knowing full well the peril of giving advice to fugitives, we do yet distinctly advise Dr. Pennington not to return to New York. It will be for his Presbytery to decide, however, whether they will retain in their fellowship a man who is living in open disregard of the laws of God and his country, by refusing to come back and deliver himself over to slavery!

Let all Christians ponder this case. Let them take it to their closets and pray over it with an honest desire to ascertain their duty toward the Fugitive law. As a help to such reflections we print the following lines.

From the N. Y. Independent.

Impromptu Stanzas.

BY THE WORKSHOP BARD.

Written on Reading 'the case of Dr. Pennington.'

Bring out the fetters—clank the rusted gyves,
Rain down your curses on the doomed Race,
Hang out a terror that shall haunt their lives
In every place.

Unloose the bloodhounds from Oppression's den,
Arm every brigand in the name of Law,
And triple shield of Pulpit, Press and Pen,
Around them draw.

Ho! Politicians, Orators, Divines,*
Ho! Cotton-mongers of the North and South,
Strike now for Slavery, or our UNION'S shrines
Are gone, forsooth!

Down from their glory into chaos hurled,
Your thirty States in shivered fragments go,
Like the seared leaves by Autumn tempests whirled
To depths below.

Closed be each ear—let every tongue be dumb,
Nor one sad pitying tear o'er man be shed,
Though fainting at your threshold he should come
And ask for bread.

Though woman, fleeing from the cruel grip
Of foul Oppression, scarred and stained with blood,
Where from the severed veins the Driver's whip
Hath drank its flood—

Though helpless childhood ask, (O, pitying Heaven!)
The merest crumb which falls upon the floor,
Though faint and famished—bread must not be given—
Bolt fast the door.

And must it be, thou just and holy God,
That in our midst thy peeled and stricken poor
Shall kneel and plead amid their tears and blood,
Forevermore?

Shall those to whom the Lord himself hath given
To preach His Gospel the wide world around,
To point the erring in the way to heaven,
Be seized and bound?

Placed on the Auction Block, with chattels sold,
Driven like a beast of burden day by day,
His flock be scattered from the shepherd's fold,
The spoiler's prey?

How long—thy people cry—O Lord! how long!
Shall not thine arm shake down the bolted fire!
Can deeds like these, of God-defying wrong,
Escape His ire?

Must judgments—such as swept with fearful tread
O'er Egypt when she made the people slaves,
Where thy hand strewed with their unburied dead
The Red Sea waves—

Must fire and hail from heaven upon us fall,
Our first-born perish 'neath the AVENGER'S brand,
And sevenfold darkness, like a funeral pall,
O'er spread the land?

We kneel before thy footstool, gracious God,
Spare thou our nation, in thy mercy SPARE;
We perish quickly 'neath Thy lifted rod
And arm made bare.

Troy, March 31, 1851. J. M. ELLS.

We write this line in no spirit of unkindness, nor with any feeling of disrespect to those clergymen who have volunteered in support of the cruel Fugitive Slave law. May God forgive them the deep wrong they have done to his suffering poor, and lead them to see their errors and renounce them!

The Old and the New Webster.

Ten or twelve years ago, at a time when the Annexation of Texas had not yet been seriously meditated by any considerable portion of our People, Daniel Webster made a set speech in our City, wherein he volunteered a declaration that resistance to the Extension of Slavery and Slave-Power under our Government was with him a matter of conscientious principle and patriotic duty, which could not be waived nor compromised, but must be lived up to at all hazard and at all cost.

Seven years ago he spoke at intervals through the struggle of 1844, making resistance to Slavery Extension the great, controlling issue, and thereupon calling on Northern freemen to rally to the Whig standard. Well do we remember the bitterness he felt and expressed on the receipt of Mr. Clay's first Alabama letter, which seemed to take the true ground from under our feet.

Three years ago, Mr. Webster came into the support of Gen. Taylor with unfeigned reluctance, in view of the pro-Slavery influence which, to a great extent, secured his nomination. 'The North!' said Mr. W., in one of his first speeches of that campaign; 'there is no North! . . . . . but I think I see indication that hereafter there will be a *North!*' &c., &c.

In that campaign, Mr. Webster ridiculed the claim of the Van Burens and their Buffalo drove to be distinguished as Free Soilers, claimed the Wilmot Proviso as not Davy's at all, but *his* thunder, and insisted that he and his Whig brethren had been upholding the Free Soil banner for years before the Wilmots and Van Burens ever thought of such a thing—that the Whig party was the true party of resistance to the encroachments of the Slave Power, and the Buffaloes were Bogus.

In 1849 Mr. Webster, even after making his great plunge, declared in the Senate that any Fugitive Slave Bill to be passed ought to guarantee to the persons claimed as fugitives a Trial by Jury, and, in this connection, took from his drawer a bill which he said he had drawn long before, expressly securing this right.

—Another Mr. Webster—diverse in spirit, though identical in body—has just been making a Speech to the assembled slave-breeders of Maryland—a Speech very full of Union, and very empty of Liberty. This speech speaks of the Federal Constitution as a compact between Slave on the one hand and Free States on the other, when in truth the whole, substantially, were Slave States—nearly all holding men in bondage, and no one of them having then thoughtfully considered the ethical and social bearings of Slavery. This speech talks as if hostility to or even a disposition to ask modifications of the present Fugitive Slave law, which utterly denies and subverts that Right of Trial by Jury which the other Mr. Webster insisted should be inviolate—were synonymous with disloyalty to the Union—with moral treason!

—Both these men make able and plausible Speeches, but—in spite of our progressive tendencies, our fondness for novelty—we can't help liking the old Webster better than the new one.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Letter from Daniel Webster.

Mr. Brown informs us that Mr. Webster was so well pleased with the effect of his letter to his first school teacher, Master Tappan, that he has set about preparing a series of semi-monthly letters, one of which we give to-day, and the succeeding ones, to be addressed, one to the man who made his first top-boots, another to the man who made his first long-tailed coat, another to the doctor who attended him when he first had the measles, another to his first client, and another to the man he first borrowed money of. Each letter is to contain at least four lines of good quotation Latin, and when complete, the series is to be bound up at the expense of the Union Safety Committee, uniform with Dr. Spring's recent work on First Things.

Mr. Brown adds, in a postscript, that Harvey was told to give himself no trouble about looking up nurse Tabitha, as she had been dead, probably, for at least half a century, as she was old and infirm when he was born.

WASHINGTON, April 1, 1851.

NURSE TABITHA—In a few months I shall reach that momentous period of life, beyond which, as we are told by the Psalmist, all is "labor and sorrow." It will be exactly three-score years and ten on the 18th day of January next, since I was first deposited in you arms, and I can no longer forbear expressing to you my gratitude for the kindness with which you watched over my welfare during that critical portion of my career. I do not remember you very distinctly, for if I am not mistaken, you left our house when I was only six weeks old. Time must have changed you not a little since then, as it has myself, and it is very doubtful if we should be able to recognize each other now, if we were to meet. I could have said, many years since, with Horace:

* * * * Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor, arida
Pellente lascios amores
Canitie facilemque somnum.

But neither the length nor the accidents of time, can ever extinguish my gratitude to her who first held the bottle to my infant lips, who pinned upon me the first integuments with which my infant nakedness was covered. If, since then, I have attained any distinction as an expounder of the Constitution of this government; if, during the checquered life of near seventy years which I have led, I have been enabled to observe the precious habits you then helped me to form, of eating when I was hungry and drinking when I was dry, I feel that, under Providence, I owe it all to you, and to the impressions which I imbibed in your arms. I have always felt that I could never have so thoroughly apprehended all the mysteries of the federal Constitution, if I had not commenced its study, as I did, some sixty years before that memorable instrument was framed, and under such favorable auspices.

My friend who bears this will hand you fifty dollars, which you will accept as a mark of my special regard, for as yours is the first debt I ever contracted, so it will be the first I ever paid. Fortune has recently smiled upon me, and should I continue to retain the position I now occupy, as the adviser of the President until the close of his term, I indulge the hope of being able to gratify some of my later creditors with a similar surprise. I hope your family is a comfort to you, and that you enjoy the privilege of sound and regular preaching in your village church.—If you have that inestimable blessing, there is little else in this world to desire.

Your friend and baby,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

N. Y. Evening Post.

George Thompson.

The following extract from Mr. Thompson's speech at Syracuse will give aid and comfort to those who denounce him as an aristocrat and British Emissary, paid by British gold to abuse American institutions:

"For twenty-five years I have devoted my energies to the human race. Instead of being a hireling, I have labored for nothing, and have never received for my labors anything to make me richer than I was when I entered the list to do battle for human rights. This day, God bear me witness, with the wife of my bosom and five little ones, I am as poor as when a young man, I issued from my father's house, without wealth or rank, to take my place upon the active stage of life. Yet, when denying myself the companionship of those I love, I come to this land to speak for the common cause of all men, the rights of life and liberty, dastard editors and hireling scribblers, who can only, like serpents, be traced by the slime they leave, blacken me without stint or measure, creep away to their dark rooms, and concoct lies and foul slanders upon an innocent man.—But misguided men may mob him, and perchance the dagger of the assassin reach his heart. But I am 'a foreigner!' O that is it, indeed—a foreigner—so are your missionaries in the lands where you have sent them. In all that makes a man a true American, I am an American, for to be a true American is not simply being born here. Is it American to hate tyranny and battle against all oppression? Then I am one, for my life has been devoted to this service. Is it American to wish well to your country, and that she should be more, and never less free, than now? then I am an American. Is it American to subscribe to the doctrine of the perfect equality of the human race? then I am an American. Is it American to preach against the union of Church and State? then *I* am an American, for I have preached that doctrine to the mitred bishop and proud priest, beneath the ivy-mounted wall of old cathedrals! Is it American to prefer the poor man to the rich?—the fustian to the broadcloth?—then I am an American, for I came from the *people!* I have labored for the *people*, and living or dying, I am the friend of the *people!* Have I attacked the franchise? No! I plead in my own country for its extension to all. The right of trial by Jury? Never! I claim it as the right of all, not excepting, by any means, the Slave. Have I attacked any truly American institution—any thing of which Washington, Jefferson, or Franklin approved? No! you know I have not. It is because I advocate the right of all men to freedom, that the slave-holding tyrants of the North and South must hunt me down. But to me it is, after all, of little moment what is said, but to you it is of vast moment. Keep still, endorse these papers, and screen these editors from the scorn and contempt they deserve at your hand, let the monster mob set upon me and my friends, and let him tear me in pieces, let him taste blood, and he will turn in good time and glut himself upon You!

SHOW us the colored man who would stand by and see one of his brethren kidnapped and dragged off into hellish slavery without trying to help him to escape, and we will show you a human being that is more false to the instincts of human nature than the swine is to its kind; for even the dumb beasts will rally and even risk their lives to rescue a captured one of their kind when it gives the alarm cry of distress—and shall we as rational creatures be false to ourselves, false to the promptings of humanity, and deserter of God's poor in the hour of danger? I say no, never. Then let the slave hunting posse come on their piratic mission, backed up by the executive power of the United States, let them send forth their proclamations and threaten us with death itself, yet we will not be detered from obedience to God.—*Henry Bibb.*

AN INVERTED BLESSING.—Mrs. Sarah Graffam, a widow lady of Camden, Maine, published in the Belfast Republican Journal of the 21st inst., a card, thanking gentlemen in Maine and Washington, captains and clerks of steamboats, agents, railroad directors, hotel keepers, &c., who have assisted her in going to Cuba and procuring the release by the Spanish Government of her son, one of the Contoy prisoners. She particularly invokes the blessing of Heaven upon President Fillmore, Acting Secretary Derrick, and Messrs. Hamblin and Sawtelle, but coming to Daniel Webster, she says:—

"As for Mr. Daniel Webster, who has the honor to be Secretary of State I can say nothing, either of his kindness or sympathy to me, for I should blush to state the truth as it stands; suffice to say, if he remains in office may God give him a new heart; as he did Nebuchadnezzar when he was transformed from a beast back to the capacity of a man."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

George A. Chapman, formerly editor of the Indiana State Sentinel, died at Indianapolis on the 10th ult. Poor Chapman, he will 'crow' no more!