

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

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THE BUGLE.

Kossuth on National Robbery and Lying.

TECUMSEH, Mich., Feb. 27, 1852.

DEAR MARIUS: I have just read the speech of Kossuth at Salem. In it he says, "Take care of National as well as of petty robbers, beware, if you do not attend to and punish them, they will gather strength and attack you." Look, and see the position, Austria, assisted by Russia, robs Hungary—of what? Her Nationality. That is all. Kossuth encompasses sea and land, to rouse nations and kingdoms to restrain and punish the robbers,—and to deliver their victims out of their hands. He comes here, and appeals to this Republic for aid to suppress and punish the robberies of Austria and Russia. He knows the character of the nation to which he appeals. He knows that for twenty years by its organic law, it tolerated and sustained the African Slave-trade; that it sanctioned, and sustains that traffic in slaves and the souls of men, in its national capital, and over one half its territorial domain. He knows it to be a great Slave-trader and slave-hunter; that, at this moment, it robs one-sixth of its entire population—even of the right of personal ownership. He knows this Republic is a huge pirate, itself being witness, and according to its own definition of that crime. He knows no robber, or pirate, ever existed, so unblushing, so cruel, so bloody, and so hostile, in spirit and practice, to the eternal principles of Justice and Humanity, as is this Republic. Yet—to this Robber, and piratical Marauder against the human race—Kossuth makes his appeal, to lend him in restraining and punishing the petty robberies of Austria and Russia. He asks a robber, to help sustain and punish robbers!!

Marius—How did you, and the people of Salem feel when you heard that cringing eye-painter, fawn upon this Robber Republic, and dandling it all over with what he knew to be flattering lies, and blowing his lungs to inflate its insatiable vanity, to get its aid to snatch Hungary from its plunderers? Poor Kossuth! How art thou fallen! Crawling to the feet of the earth's meanest, and most execrable and cowardly plunderer of the poor, the innocent and defenceless for help! Marius—tell us, how you and the people of Salem felt when you saw that pitiful humiliation? Did you blush? Did you weep? I hope you did; for it was a sight over which all that is just, pure, and manly should weep and blush.

Then that colossal lie which he is ever uttering? Calling this—"an asylum for the oppressed of all nations!" Is there one among all his worshippers, that does not know that he utters what he knows to be a lie when he says it? To gain aid for Hungary—merely to establish her Nationality, he means, like a poor soul, stoops to repeat this dastardly lie—because he knows it will tickle the nation's vanity! No man, knowing the facts as Kossuth does, can utter this, and not be a willful, deliberate liar, and those who do this, should be spoken of, and treated as such. It is the utterance of this national lie that has perpetuated slavery and debauched the national conscience.

Some time ago, a writer in The Bugle, censured my remarks on Kossuth, as being too severe. I make no defence, but am willing to make known my abhorrence and disgust at the truckling, sycophantic course of Louis Kossuth in his efforts to enlist this nation in the cause of Hungarian, national independence. His mission is—National freedom; his whole course demonstrates his heartless indifference to the enslavement of individual man. Three millions of chattelized human beings are ever before his eyes. Not a look, not a word, not a sentiment of pitying sympathy has he yet manifested for them. NATIONALISM is his only object of worship; to this he sacrifices Humanity, with all its sacred instincts, sympathies and rights. The advent of Kossuth to this slave-trading, slave-hunting Republic to obtain aid for the Nationality of Hungary, is truly a world's wonder. I hope some American Slave will yet write its history. Humanity sacrificed to Nationalism! MAN—to an Institution? And Kossuth, the High Priest of

the revolting sacrifice! Down with Hungary and every other nation, that cannot exist without connivance, even by silence, at the enslavement of individual men. Be MAN sacred—though NATIONS be dashed in pieces and consumed forever. My soul loathes this truckling to tyrants. "GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH." HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Influence of Free Colored People on Emancipation.

Mr. Birney, in his late pamphlet, introduced the idea, that the presence of the free colored people was no longer useful in this country, as an Anti-Slavery element. Frederick Douglass in an able review of the book, has the following reply to this reason for emigration.

Mr. Birney tells us that our presence is no longer needful to the slaves; that our good conduct in this country can be of no avail; that while it was once creditable to remain here with a view to the slaves' emancipation, the case is now otherwise. This, to us, sounds misanthropic in the extreme. What is our doom then sealed? Is there no hope for the slave, no justice for the free? Better far, Mr. Birney, that you had wrapped yourself in your own gloomy speculations and remained silent at Saginaw, than to have even whispered this chilling thought in the ear of our very impressive people! For our part, we can only think of the free people of color leaving the slave alone in his chains with a shudder.

It does seem obvious to the commonest kind of common sense, that the presence in these United States of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND FREE COLORED PEOPLE, gradually improving in education and increasing in wealth and refinement, furnishing pulpits with learned and eloquent divines, the bar with able advocates, the press with powerful writers, the platform with speakers, the majesty of whose eloquence is acknowledged even by their enemies, must greatly tend to raise the slave population into consideration, and serve to awaken an interest in the nation at large in behalf of emancipation. If, not why, are slaveholders so deeply interested in our removal? Why are they at this moment doing their utmost to establish a line of steamers between this country and the western coast of Africa? Who does not know that they are moved, goaded, animated and controlled in all they do by one single and solitary motive and that is to establish slavery immovably in this country? They see a hindrance to that purpose in the presence of the free people of color, and that hindrance they are resolved to remove if they can.

They have already heard of the sympathy felt among this class, for their brethren in bonds; they know that, from the nature of the case, this feeling must increase. They have seen that, within the last ten years, Colored people at the North, have made astonishing progress towards an influential position. They have seen starting from our stable ranks, Doctors, Lawyers, Professors, Divines, Lecturers, and Editors, and they are afraid, and justly so. They know from what has been, what may be; that if against the terrible odds against us, so much has been gained, more will be achieved.

Letter from an English Lady to Louis Kossuth.

The following, faithful picture of American Slavery as it is, was addressed to, and read by Kossuth, previous to his embarkation from England. It was written by Mrs. Massie, the wife of a distinguished London Clergyman.

Permit me to ask your acceptance of a small book, *Liberty of Conscience*, being the substance of a lecture, delivered at Liverpool by my husband. He would have been among the foremost to welcome you; but he felt that you were overwhelmed by a nation's greetings. Your name is indissolubly associated with liberty—so must it be with "Liberty of Conscience." Both are the gifts of God to every human being, and he who would alienate the one or the other, robs Him who gives and Him who receives. I have traced your noble patriotism for more than two years, on your beloved Hungary, and felt deeply grieved that English statesmen suffered you to be crushed by perfidious Austria, backed by the depot of Russia. But when those tyrants felt that their only safety was in banishing you from Widdlen to further Kutayah, my soul sunk within me, and I cried, "Kossuth will one day perish by the hand of the Austrian assassin." Yet God, who hears the sighing of the prisoner, raised your head out of the prison-house, that, as Joseph, you should yet save a people chosen by Him; that in the midst of darkness and superstition they may know and love His name. In your captivity, He restored to you the wife of your bosom and children, thrice dear to you. And because He had a favor for you, He gave you, even there, hope in His mercy, mental capabilities, and facilities to master that tongue, through which your Heaven-born principles should thrill every soul, as with electric fire and love—should carry conviction to every mind, and cordial co-operation to every heart, head, and hand of the great Anglo-Saxon family.

That you were not permitted to pass through France, has in the providence of God, worked for good. Cowardly despots quailed at your approach. The French people appreciated it; and, with the people of England, marked the cloven foot that would destroy the principle of liberty. Nor does the standing aloof of a haughty aristocracy from the illustrious representative of European freedom, pass unheeded. But you are proceeding to a country boasting of its liberty, while it confines that inalienable gift of God to one color. The senators of Amer-

ica have framed iniquity by a law, and this law denies freedom to 3,170,000 human beings. The wretched slave of the free republic knows no liberty—can possess no property; dare not claim the wife of his bosom; and the mother of the child cannot call her own the infant she cradles in her womb. Bought and sold as the beasts that perish (no man caring for their souls), they are forced for the market, and, when they follow the dictates of liberty, are hunted by human bloodhounds, and are torn and mangled as by beasts of prey. When was Hungarian serfdom equal to this? And yet your first act, as a ruler, was to emancipate the three and a half millions of serfs in your fatherland. Has the Great Jehovah, think you, given a property, a chartered right to America, above all other nations, in the soul and body of her fellow-man, that she may hourly and daily, and through all generations, plunder the negro of his rights? and yet be held up as the model of a free nation! Nay, your righteous soul will loathe American Slavery. Your noble nature cannot endure it. You hear the wail of an oppressed people. You cannot forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death and ready to be slain, and say, Behold, we know it not!

You will turn with indignant abhorrence from the very legislators of that country, who, to uphold the internal slave trade, have turned the States into one vast brothel, raising their own progeny for the market, and selling the fruit of their body and the mother of their children to the highest bidder. All this work of darkness they will be careful to hide from you; nevertheless, your penetration and discernment, and your exalted moral feeling, will soon trace the demoralizing influence of the accursed system in the heartless and cruel, the polluted and boasters of the free Republic. Haynau has slain his thousands; Fillmore, Clay, and Cass, their ten thousands. Haynau dragged one woman before his brutal soldiery—America is a nation of woman floggers, a country plied with gore. Russia's ruthless monster glees the knight over a poor degraded people. The land of the free and the brave employs the cowhide, the bowie knife, the chains, the bloodhounds, and the Lynch law. Can the mighty Kossuth look with complacency on such a people? Far be that from him.—Can he enslave the people of that land as free, when three and a quarter millions of immortal souls born in America, as their own Judge Jay says, "stripped of every right, and reduced to the condition of a venal beast of burden. Where the liberty of the slave is concerned, and all his hopes of happiness for the life that is, and that is to come, no jury is allowed to settle the controversy. But in all other cases, if the point in question be worth twenty dollars, a jury must decide." Such are the laws and the people that make them, while the ministers, the teachers of religion, are the bulwarks of the system. In many instances the unrequited labour of the Negro provides a living for some of their proudest sages, and, as did the great adversary of man, they wrest the Scriptures, and vainly try to prove that God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth. We know who has chosen it as the duty of the good and holy, to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free, even to break every yoke.

The God of the oppressed strengthen you for the work, for the conflict that is before you! May He keep you as in the hollow of His hand! The men who would retain their fellow men in chains are not the free men whom the truth makes free, and the works which they do are deeds of darkness. However they may disguise themselves they are base and ignominious as oppressors. Let them not entrap you in their foul snare, or work their enchantments on you, till your moral vision is destroyed, that you may wink at their nation's sin. The virtuous Kossuth will not, then, stand as he now does—freedom's champion. In consenting to the sin of America, his own garments, pure and unsullied as they are, would be stained by the blood of the slave. And the nations of Europe would have cause to mourn the Hungarian Sampson, who, after emancipating in spirit his own country, slept on the treacherous lap of slaveholding America, till she had shorn him of his strength. Let it not be said, a blinded Sampson is the impersonation of European liberty.

But it never can be said that Kossuth, whose first ruling act was to set his country's serfs free, had joined hands with the basest of slaveholders under the canopy of Heaven. I know you feel pledged not to intermeddle with the internal government of any country. But what if God has raised you as a means to break the yoke from off the neck of nations? Who shall say that it was not for this purpose He called you from Kutayah to America? Not yet suffering you to triumph in Europe till, by your bright example, your eloquent pleading with that truly free, at whose moral power tyrants shall tremble? He who bestowed on you the indomitable love of liberty, the talents of the head and the heart, the eloquence that carries the will and the mind as by a resistless and ennobling impulse, He says, "Occupy with these till I come." May yours be the blessed task to open the prison doors to them that are bound; and many are the nations of Europe who pant for deliverance. My husband, my children, and myself, commend you to God, who is able to keep you from falling, and guide your feet in the right path.

YOUR SINCERE FRIENDS.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues indeed no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances, which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

Abstract of Mr. B. W. Emerson's Lecture on Economy.

Mr. Emerson commenced by saying that he had read elsewhere in the city two of the lectures of this course, which consisted of six in all; Fate, Power, Wealth, Economy, Culture, Worship. He should now, in order to take up the fourth, Economy. The interest which trade has for the student of life is in the relation it has with the course of life. The sublime laws play indifferently through atoms and through galaxies. The boy's game of ball is as much a study of laws as the analysis of Newton and Herschell. Nature in chemies and botany, is the first of economists. She never wastes hair or nail. Her superiority to our clumsy art is in the equality of her spending to her income. In the fish-bone and the arch of the rainbow lie the secrets of architecture. Our nature and genius force us to respect ends while we use means. They are too strong for them. For the gods deal straightly with us—they make out quarterly bills—they hold us each personally liable for the last cent and mill. The youth, charmed with his intellectual dream, denials why he should be annoyed with his cranberry field—why not organize affairs and have somebody of skill enough to manage cranberries? Take away the feeling that each man must depend upon himself, and he relaxes his diligence. Every man comes into the world to do something. I say it often, but nature offener. If the youth thinks the City of New York a humber, but a sonnet or a song the flower of the world, let him scorn the Erie Railroad, and breath his life out in a jingling sonnet. Economy is to do the thing that belongs to you. Economy is not in saving coals or candles, but in turning the time in which they burn into life. Prodigality is not in spending time, but in spending it off the line of your career. The virtues are economists, but so are the vices. Pride is next to prodigality. In large cities it is worth \$1,500 a year. Pride can go without domestics, can talk with poor men. But vanity costs money—it is a long way leading nowhere.

Mr. Emerson spoke of the Areadian fanaticism, which seizes certain scholarly persons, carries them into the country and makes them farmers. But anon the scholar wakes up from his idiot dream of chickweed and bread-fruit, remembers his morning thought and finds that he has been duped by a dandelion. In fact, genius and gardening are antagonistic. Adhesiveness is a large element of success. Genius has glue on its feet, and will take root on a marble slab.—Out of a pine log a Yankee will whittle a judgeship, a seat in Congress, a mission to England. The first point of economy is to acquire your peculiar work; the second is to do it by system. A farm is good when it does not need a shop to take it out. Mr. Cockaigne is smitten with the country. He retires upon his farm and buys a cow. In three months the cow goes dry—what to do with a dry cow? But he invests in oxen. They grow lean, slow, are going fast—what to do with decreed oxen? The farmer fits his and sells them for beef. Mr. Cockaigne knows nothing of fattening for beef. Alas, for the perplexities of Mr. Cockaigne! The third point is not to insist upon carrying out all your plans. Nature has her best mode of doing everything, and has some where told it. Use has made the farmer wise, and the foolish citizen learns to take his counsel.—Fourth, you must expect seed of the same kind you sow.

In conclusion, the lecturer said that he regretted to have said in abstractions. I think, he said, domestic life the true object of study and secret of reform. The one royal rule of Economy is that it should ascend—all your being should have a higher aim. The merchant's economy is a course but faithful symbol of the soul's economy—to take up particulars into generals—to acquire and absorb. The way to ruin is short and pleasant. But a man's body and every organ is a jar in which the liquor of life is stored. The bread he eats is first strength and moral spirit, then courage and endurance. The true economy is to spend on the higher plane, and to know yourself by the actual experience of higher good, to be on the way to the highest.—N. Y. Tribune.

FRANKLY STATED.—It is very noticeable, that all the opposition to Kossuth, in Congress, has come from the Southerners. But we have never seen the reason fairly and frankly stated, until we found it in a late number of the New York Weekly Mirror.

"But let us not depart from the landmarks of the past, nor despise the peaceful policy of our fathers. A crusade in behalf of 'down trodden' humanity of the Old World, must be followed or preceded by the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE NEW. The slaves of the South and the serfs of Hungary, before God, have equal rights. If we once break away from the Political code, and accept the Moral, where shall we be?—Our own Republic will be rent asunder and the Sun of Liberty in Europe will go down in blood."

A catastrophe, Mr. Mirror, to follow upon the adoption of the Moral code!—Well then do you stick to the immoral one. The Opal is satisfied with the moral, with all its horrible consequences of liberty to the white and black.—Opal, published by inmates of Ulica Asylum.

The following is a sample of the arguments of the "conservative" journals on the question of "intervention." We cannot, of course, object to it from such a source.—[Rich. Democrat.

INTERVENTION.—There are two sides to this question—reason is one thing; clap-trap "axes to grind," and demagoguery are quite another. We have in this Republic 3,000,000 of slaves. Suppose Frederick Douglass should go to Virginia and excite the slaves to rebellion—the rebellious should be put down, and Douglass

should make his escape to England—and then should traverse the land, making speeches, and set forth the wrongs and oppressions of his race, (and heaven knows they are many,) should ask and obtain from England, "material aid" to wage war against this government, and France, Russia and Austria, and the States of the Church should say to the republic. The slaves must be free, or we will crush you. What would the Kossuthian interventionists say? And what are the wrongs of Hungary compared to the wrongs of this land to the slave?

STATISTICS OF PEOPLE OF COLOR.—The colored people of Philadelphia, in a memorial to the Legislature of Pennsylvania protesting against a fenshish and unconstitutional Bill introduced into that body to prohibit the immigration of colored people into the State, give the following figures, to show that the colored people are not bad citizens, and not growing worse:—

	1840	1845	1850
Public Property,	800,000	148,000	239,000
Amount of House Rent paid,	2000	20,000	600
Water Rents,	20,000	600	3
Volumes in Private Libraries,	20,000	600	3
do Public do,	20,000	600	3
Debating Societies,	20,000	600	3

Average number of Colored Prisoners sent to the County Prison, from 1835 to 1840, 121; from 1840 to 1845, 94.4; from 1845 to 1849, 79.67.

Average number of Colored Prisoners sent to the Penitentiary, from 1835 to 1840, 64.2; from 1840 to 1845, 41.8; from 1845 to 1848, 31.

Average number sent to both prisons for the first five years, 185.2; for the second five years, 135.2; for the third five years, 110.67.

These are the entire number of people of color sentenced to hard labor in the prisons, and the rapid and steady decrease is certainly remarkable.

Saxon Talk of the Matter.

The Essex County Freeman, one of the most spirited Free-Soil papers in Massachusetts, gives us "a taste of the quality" of a book on slavery "published in London," in 1792, by F. W. Hall, which took strongly the position that as African slavery begins in violence and robbery, no just rights can be acquired by it.—T. Dem.

"That audacious tyrannical and accursed avarice which has set up its dominion over men and property, has extended into the very corners of the British Senate, contrary to the laws of justice and reason, bringing them into considerations and concessions as if robbers, thieves, and depredaters had a right to the profits of their piracy."

"The refinery of civilization has extended protection and support to a combination of man-stealers and slave-holders, contrary to all law, reason, and justice; and the efficient execution of THE JUST LAW has no authority over them, because those who ought to be the judges and administrators of the law are the depredaters and extortioners, AND PATTERNS IN THE MATTER; and the only true law, either in its severity, or wise and merciful mitigations is not regarded. How long shall it be, O Lord God of Hosts! that the people and nations will rule against thee and forsake thy law?"

"In proportion as any government admits tyranny, injustice and oppression, the people under its jurisdiction will be tyrannical, treacherous, covetous and unjust. And when such barbarity as the abandoned traffic of slavery is any where tolerated and suffered with impunity, and without hindrance by the government of any nation, and where almost nothing else in comparison could be reckoned as crimes among men, may not every villain exult in his wickedness, and triumph in the guilt of his covetousness?"

From the Literary Germ.

History of Salem.

BY C. E. SIPLE.

SALEM was laid out in the year 1806, by Zadok Street, Sen., and John Straight, both of whom were members of the Society of Friends from Red-Stone, Pa. The town improved but slowly for several years. But as the place became known in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, Carolina, and the New England States, many came to purchase a home in the unbroken forest, at the rate of \$2.00 per acre. They endured many hardships in opening roads, bridging beaver-dams, bringing their provision from the Ohio River, and building their cabins. Many families were obliged to live for weeks under a shelter made of their wagon beds, or of clapboards, until they cleared the land. They were all united in friendly feeling as one family—ever ready to lend a helping hand to each other. In some cases twelve or fifteen men would collect, and build a house in one day from the stump, and put on the clapboard roof. The Indians moved about 20 miles West. During the first winter, a deep snow fell, which prevented the Indians from finding game, and they became destitute of food. The Chief came here to see if he could find any of "Penn's Family," who were ever ready to assist in time of need. About seventy white men met and put their nites together, and took them some corn, flour, bacon, and some loaves of corn bread.

They gave it to the Chief, who cut it in pieces, and gave to each in proportion to their ages and sizes, being particular to give the mothers the largest, and then took a small piece himself.

Salem has always been noted for its benevolence. It was very actively engaged in the building of the earth turnpike from Wells-ville to Cleveland. From time to time additions were made to the town, by the following individuals, at different periods: John Straight, Samuel Davis, John Ellyson, John Straight, Samuel Davis, Wm. Waterworth, Tolerton & Kidd, John Street, Wm. Kidd, Friends' South addition, Friends' North addition, B. Hawley, John Street, and Samuel Waterworth.

Salem has six streets running North and South; seven running East and West. It contains 1800 inhabitants; 7 flourishing Schools; 6 Churches; 4 Hotels; 2 Printing Offices; 6 regular Physicians; 2 Dentists; 3 Lawyers; 1 Bank, which was put in operation in 1846; 17 Stores; several Groceries; 7 Tailor, 9 Blacksmiths, 3 Saddler, 4 Carriage, and 2 Machine Shops; 3 Tanneries; 3 Foundries and 7 Engines. As an evidence of the commercial prosperity of Salem, we may state that, 63,250 lbs. of Pork; 551,000 lbs. of Wood, and 187,000 lbs. of Butter, passed through the hands of its Merchants during 1851.

Colonization.

Extracts from a Circular of Gerrit Smith, Esq., to Governor Hunt of New York.

But for its great length, we should be glad to give the whole of this eloquent, able and faithful rebuke of American prejudice:

PETERBORO, Feb. 20th, 1852.

GOVERNOR HUNT.—Dear Sir,—I see, in the newspapers, that some, (I trust not many,) of the members of the legislature are disposed to respond to your call for help to the American Colonization Society. Just here let me say, and I take pleasure in saying it, that I do not number you with the despisers and haters of the colored people. In my pleasant intercourse with you, you have given me proofs, substantial proofs, unknown to the public, of your benevolent interest in that oppressed people.

Scarcely had the Anti Slavery Society proclaimed the doctrine of immediate and universal emancipation, ere the Colonization Society made open war upon the doctrine; and opposed all emancipation, unless accompanied by expatriation. Its members then dropped off rapidly—so rapidly, that in the history, which Judge Jay soon afterwards wrote of the Colonization Society, he mentions himself as the only immediate emancipationist remaining in it. To the shame of my head and the shame of my heart, I did not quit the Society, until the year 1835.

But we will pass on to look at the Colonization Society, as it now is. There is not one person in all its membership, who is a confessed abolitionist—not one, who is willing to bear the reproach of that name. It says not a word against the social, or political, or ecclesiastical wrongs of the colored man; not a word against the crime of refusing to eat or ride with him; not a word against his exclusion from the ballot-box; not a word against the erection of the negro-pew. It says not a word against the "Fugitive slave statute"—a statute, which is of all statutes Satan's master-piece. Indeed, the warmest defenders of this statute are to be found among its members. It sees men and women chased down under this statute, and plunged into the pit of slavery, and it is utterly careless and contemptuous of their poor fate. It sees one State after another imposing, or attempting to impose, discriminating and onerous taxes on its already crushed and helpless free colored people; one free State after another excluding, or attempting to exclude, this persecuted people from its borders; and it never remonstrates against this devilism. Nay, this devilism is its own work; prompted by the spirit, which it begets and nourishes; and performed by none more eagerly than by its members and advocates. The Colonization Society apologizes for slavery, and denies, that it is sinful. It is, in a word, an infidel and inhuman, as the current religion—that conventional and spurious religion, which looks upon the battered and bleeding slave, and then passes by on the other side; that conventional and spurious religion, which is divorced from humanity, and which forgets, ay, and devalues the poor and the small, in order to keep on better terms with the rich and the great. And who are the officers of this Society? Many of them are slaveholders; and the President is Henry Clay himself, that notorious buyer and seller of men, women, and children, who has done immeasurably more than any other person to uphold and extend slavery. And who is the Colonization Society Agent, that has been in Albany, the present Winter, for the purpose of gaining favor with the Legislature for your unhappy recommendations? It is the same man, who argued, in his Colonization Newspaper, a year or two ago, that it is dishonorable and dishonest for a slave to run away from his master. As if this Reverend hypocrite would not, were he to become a slave, run away from his master, if he could. Ay, and as if he would not make mince-meat of his pursuers, rather than suffer himself to be carried back by them.

Such is the American Colonization Society! And such a Society fit to be entrusted with the interests and disposal of our poor, hunted, tormented, "skilled-all-the-day-long" colored brethren? If it is, then are we the fit guardians of lambs. Nevertheless, your Message holds up this Society as the friend, the best friend, indeed the only faithful friend, of the colored people! Said I not truly, that, that you have been deceived by it? Sorry, however, as I am for this deception, I nevertheless, am not astonished by it. I know well the Janus-face of that So-