

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

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## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

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J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

## THE BUGLE.

From the True Democrat.

Change in Public Opinion—St. Louis Republican—Condition of Slaves.

St. Louis, May 23d, 1853.

Messrs. Editors—I wish the readers of the Democrat would step into my Missouri home to-night, and witness with their own eyes my surroundings. Fancy some of them would be astonished beyond measure, and some who have almost folded their hands in despair, would buckle on the armor of faith and charity, and with renewed hope, go forth to battle still for the right.

Here in St. Louis—here, where a few years ago, the infuriated mob, burned alive the mulattar, McIntosh, and chased the hated Lovejoy from his own hearth-stone, destroying his property, and outraging every law of man and God, here I sit, calmly and fearlessly, with my left hand resting upon the "Key of Uncle Tom's Cabin" beneath my stand, lies the "Pennsylvania Freeman," and beside me the "Cleveland True Democrat," and the "Astorian Sentinel." Slavery is not abolished in Missouri; but public opinion has changed, and changed mightily. The people of St. Louis would not at this day allow the star of their rising fame to be dimmed by such an atrocious act as that, which a few years since startled the whole United States with horror.

"Uncle Tom" is here a familiar guest of many a household, and the "Key" is exposed for sale in every bookstore I believe, save one, in the city. The St. Louis Republican (by the way, one of the best dailies in the United States, teeming unusually with sound doctrine and high moral sentiment, on all other subjects; yet giving to its readers sickening doses of pro-slavery—blackening itself with the advocacy of the accursed system) publishes every day long accounts of the triumphs of Mrs. Stowe, and does them up fairly and candidly, often without note or comment. Frequently comes a half column or more of criticism; but for that, humanitarians should be thankful; such things are the most enticing pills for the public that can be written, for all will run to get and read a book that the erudite editors think worthy of so much note and comment, and dare to advertise from day to day, and those who read must see and feel, and see and feel, must in time bring about a change. It is a fact of deep significance, that the most popular paper in a mighty slaveholding city like this, will, or can dare to publish such an account as that of Mrs. Stowe's reception in Liverpool, and the stirring speeches there made, and give them entire to their slaveholding readers as the most interesting items of news of the day. No matter if their columns do give out now and then such dark passages as "Slaves, Sec, and auction."

"AUCTION.—Monday 10th of April, at the north door of the Court House, St. Louis, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, will be sold for cash, four negro men, aged respectively 22, 23, 25, and 33—one woman aged 21 years, with her infant; one woman aged 70 years, and two girls, aged respectively 10 and 19 years. At the same time will be sold one pew in St. George's Church.

LUCY B. RUSSELL.

Wife of J. Russell, deceased.

Roots, Acy."

There is a precious morsel for you!—But for that one brief diabolical paragraph, they have given their readers at least five columns, if not more, devoted to "Uncle Tom" and its Key. Let us hope that the abundance of light given will extinguish the darkness.

My next door neighbor is a slave owner; even while I write, a plump round faced, curly headed, bright eyed mulattar girl stands in full view, talking to a boy evidently her brother, who sits perched upon the board fence, which forms the only wall of partition between us. Happy, hearty looking children are they. The widow lady to whom they belong (one of the old French settlers here) seems kind and genial, and evidently looks well to their present comfort. Maria (for that is the girl's name) is a splendid singer. She has caught all the popular airs of the day from her young masters and mistresses, who play the piano, guitar, and violin. All day long I have her notes of melody as she sings to her work. But most of all, she sings that touching strain—

"Oh, take me to my kind old mother,  
Date let me live and die."

Ah! I would like to know that young girl's history. She sings and laughs joyously; now, but what of that. It is because "lines have fallen in pleasant places;" because her owners are better than the laws. But let the hour come when that tender hearted old lady shall lay down her burden, when those bright eyed young girls, "her young mistresses" shall be wedded, perchance to cold hearted masters, when the fall of the auctioneer's hammer shall separate her fortune from that roughshod laughing eyed boy that looks over the fence with astonishment to see my white boys at work; oh, then will the deep, dark bitter-

ness wring their hearts; then will their souls quiver with anguish; then will they realize that they are slaves. But these abuses are not the worst features of slavery. It is the word itself—slavery—a word that calls up to the mind that terrible to human heart; the chained hand, the fettered foot, the dwarfed mind and the crushed soul! God pity the slave! God pity the master! The chain that binds the best of the one is riveted into the heart of the other. That chain must be broken; shivered link by link before either master or slave is free. But the time is coming, it must come, when men will hearken "to the higher law," which stifle it as they may, is even beating at the door of their hearts for admission; when the slave owner and the abolitionist shall join hands to wipe out the dark stain that now dims our nation's flag, and universal liberty shall be our proud motto before the world.

F. D. GAGE.

From the New Orleans Crescent.

Thrilling Narrative—Noble Slaves.

Circumstances now and then occur—once in a life time it may be—which seem to exalt individuals from the humblest walks of life to a level with those heroes whose careers have illustrated the noblest virtues of humanity.

Such were our reflections while listening to the narrative of an occurrence in the Fourth District a short time since.

It will be recalled that ten days ago a boy was drowned by the upsetting of a boat; and his companions rescued. The facts were these: On the night of the occurrence four boys, between the ages of seven and sixteen, took possession of a canoe in the vicinity of the cattle landing in Jefferson City, for a nocturnal excursion. The night was intensely dark, and most of the dwellers round had retired to rest. Shortly after a cry of distress, frantic and loud, was wafted on the still air. People leaped from their beds, and soon the levee, above Eighth street, was thronged by anxious listeners. "For God's sake, send a boat for us; we are little boys, and a drowning. We can't hold on much longer. Oh! help us."

Such were the cries that carried dismay to the heart of every listener on the land and on board the shipping. Skiffs were there in abundance, but each by a lock and chain. The solitary watchman on board the ship stood appalled. He was incompetent, without the aid of a crew, to lower a boat. Painter and fainter grew the cry. It was evident to all that the tragedy drew near its denouement. At this moment it happened that two slaves belonging to Mr. Fortier, near Carrollton, who had been permitted to come to the city in a skiff, deeply laden with the product of their gardens, with a view to traffic, were aroused from their slumbers in a little nook among the shipping, where guarding their (to them) valuable cargo, they had sought a harbor for the night. They listened only long enough to hear the appeal for succor, when, of their own accord, they pushed forward into the darkness, in a raging, boiling, foaming current, of five miles an hour, reckless of peril to themselves or their little all. Long they paddled about in the gloom. There was no longer a cry to direct their course. Nothing was heard save the roar of the current, its dashing on the adjacent shore. Most men would have been discouraged, but not so with those noble Africans.

"Thinking, perhaps, the sufferers had passed by them, they directed their course down the stream, until about the foot of Jackson street, more than a mile from the scene of the disaster, they came abruptly upon the object of their search. There were two boys of fifteen or sixteen years, clinging with benumbed but desperate energies to the frail wreck, while a little urchin of seven or eight had managed, by twisting the chain of the canoe around his arm, to secure for the time his perilous position. They were instantly removed to the already over-laden skiff by the noble-hearted slaves, and conveyed to the shore. On landing, so complete was their exhaustion, indeed not more by their efforts for preservation than by the temperature of the water at this particular season of the year, that for some time two of them were unable to stand erect. They related, that soon after starting from the shore, their frail bark had been overtaken by the waves caused by a steamboat, and that one of the little companions of their anticipated sport had immediately sunk to rise no more.

But the benevolence of their tawny rescuers did not stop here. Seeing the little fellows shivering from their exposure, the negroes immediately doffed their blanket coats, in which, after being closely enveloped, they were taken possession of by the watchmen, and restored to their homes. Since that moment nothing has been heard of the names or whereabouts of those saved from immediate death, or of the garments so disinterestedly vouchsafed for their after comfort.

We venture to say that no one familiar with the localities and circumstances of the case, will hesitate to pronounce this feat of noble self-devotion rarely equalled. In the days of ancient Rome, it would have secured to each of the actors a civic crown; but the negroes poor slaves are destined to remain unknown and unremembered, unless our Common Council take action in the matter.

If we mistake not, there is a provision in the laws of our State securing freedom to a slave who shall have saved the life of his master or any of his family. In saving the life of his owner, a slave may be impelled by motives of fear, duty or affection; but more exalted attributes than these are called in requisition when a slave perils his own safety to save the lives of more strangers from destruction.

The copper mines of East Tennessee are getting to be very valuable. It is stated that, in a single day, one man took from the mine ore enough to net in New York market one hundred and seventy dollars.—True Democrat.

## The Slave Trade Transformed.

It is known that the English government sanctions arrangements for importing "laborers" or "apprentices" from Africa, for employment in the West Indies. It is understood that those "laborers" come freely, and are not "apprentices" from Africa, as clearly stated the process by which each African was to be bargained with; but, in the following proclamation of President Roberts, we are somewhat enlightened.—Commonwealth.

"Proclamation. Whereas, Messrs. Hyde, Hodge & Co., of London, contractors with Her Britannic Majesty's government, to furnish laborers from the African coast for the West Indies, have sent some of their ships to the coast of the republic, offering an advance of ten dollars for every person who may be induced to emigrate; and, whereas, the extinction of the slave trade has left large numbers of pre-empted and other laborers in the possession of the chiefs and principal men of the country—while the offer of ten dollars each is nearly equivalent to the amount paid for slaves, during the prevalence of the slave trade, and which operated mainly in producing and sustaining the war, by which the country was distracted; and whereas, certain refractory chiefs are reported to have engaged with the agents of said Company to furnish a number of laborers, and are further known to have in concealment, near Cape Mount, a number of the untappy victims of predatory excursions; and whereas, complaint has been made to the government that persons are to be sent off without their voluntary consent, or the consent of their natural guardians; therefore to prevent the abuses and evils which might otherwise result from the enterprise;

Be it known by this proclamation, to all whom it may concern, that the law regulating passports must be strictly observed—that vessels carrying or intending to carry away, laborers, must come to this port with their emigrants on board, to obtain passports, in order that an opportunity may be presented to the government to ascertain whether the emigration be free or constrained. Every violation of the law regulating passports will be visited with the utmost penalty of the law in that case made and provided. Done at Monrovia, this twenty-sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and of the Republic the fifth.

J. H. ROBERTS.

(L. S.) By the President, H. T. LEAKE, Secretary of State.

President Roberts evidently regards the business of Messrs. Hyde, Hodge & Co., as not much different from the slave trade, and he is evidently resolved to do what he can to trouble it. It is vastly manner than the slave trade, while, in all other respects, it is the same. Under a new name, Messrs. Hyde, Hodge & Co., procure their "emigrants" precisely as slavetraders have procured their cargoes of slaves. President Roberts' proclamation will call attention to the matter, in England, and draw forth some expression, both from the people and the government, which we shall be anxious to see.

## White Slavery.

If any atrocity is committed in connection with slavery, our doughface editors deprecate the exposure of it, lest it should produce agitation &c. In Great Britain, on the contrary, even the most inveterate Tory journals employ special commissioners to probe and expose the evils connected with their social system. The evils of slavery are the results of expense, arbitrary, cruel legislation; the evils of British Slavery are the results of various causes, developing through many centuries. Slavery exists with the consent of the United States government, and is vigorously sustained by the several States in which it exists. In Great Britain, "white slavery" is not sustained by express laws, although it is greatly the result of aristocratic and moneygrubbing selfishness. Let our doughface presses take a lesson from even the London Times, the most unprincipled paper in Britain, in the boldness of the following exposure of the evils of white slavery.—Mass. Spy.

"THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON.—One of the most remarkable effects of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' (says the London Inquirer) has been to make the inhabitants of countries where there is no nominal Slavery, conscious of the presence of great social evils almost worthy of that name. Several correspondents of the Times have lately been engaged in depicting the shameful treatment of milliners' apprentices; one of the correspondents proposing that the ladies of England, with the Duchess of Sutherland at their head, should refuse to give their patronage to any houses in which the twelve hour system is not strictly adhered to. The Times thus sketches the scenes of misery which exist in the most fashionable quarters of luxurious London:

"The young female slaves of whom we speak are worked in gangs in ill ventilated rooms, or rooms that are not ventilated at all, for it is found by experience that if air be admitted, it brings with it 'blacks' of another kind, which damage the work upon which the seamstresses are employed. Their occupation is to sew from morning till night and night till morning—stitch, stitch, without pause—without speech, without a smile—without a sigh. In the grey of the morning they must be at work—say at six o'clock—having a quarter of an hour allowed for breaking their fast. The food served out to them is scanty and miserable enough, but still, in all probability, more than their fevered systems can digest. We do not, however, wish to make out a case of starvation; the suffering is of a different kind—equally dreadful of endurance. From 6 o'clock, then, till 11 it is stitch, stitch. At 11 a small piece of dry bread is served out each seamstress, but still she must stitch on. At one o'clock twenty minutes are al-

lowed for dinner, a slice of meat and a potato, with a glass of toast-and-water to each workwoman. Then again to work—stitch, stitch—until 3 o'clock, when 15 minutes are again allowed for tea. The needles are then set in motion once more—stitch, stitch—until 9 o'clock, when 15 minutes are allowed for supper—a piece of dry bread and cheese, and a glass of beer. From nine o'clock at night, until one, two, and three in the morning, stitch, stitch, the only break in this long period being a minute or two—just time enough to swallow a cup of strong tea, which is supplied lest the young people should 'feel sleepy.' At three o'clock, A. M., to bed; at 5 o'clock A. M., out of it again to resume the duties of the following day. There must be a grand deal of monotony in the occupation. But when we have said that for certain months of the year these unfortunate young persons are worked in the manner we describe, we have not said all. Even during the few hours allotted to sleep—should we not rather say to a feverish cessation from toil their miseries continue. They are crowded up in sleeping pens, ten in a room, which would perhaps be sufficient for the accommodation of two persons.—The alteration is from the tread-mill—and what a treadmill! to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Not a word of remembrance is allowed, or possible. The seamstress may leave the mill, no doubt, but what awaits them on the other side of the door? starvation, if they be honest—if not, in all probability, prostitution and its consequences."

## A Deserted Slave Pen in Washington.

A correspondent of the Syracuse, N. Y. Chronicle writes from Washington thus: "Climbing over on the 'Island,' the other day, I noticed that Williamson's slave pen had been dismantled, preparatory either to a removal or reconstruction of the building. It is situated in a lonely, though pleasant spot. An air of sorrow pervades it—as though the groans, and sighs, and blood of its victims were still rising from its cells, and weighing down the atmosphere with their burden of grief. Could the old walls speak, what tales of horror might they not unfold. For many years they have daily enclosed within their jaws many weary ones, who would gladly have parted with life to escape the fate upon which they there found themselves entering. Thither—in sight of the free Capitol of a nation of freemen—has been hurled many a victim of man's rapacity or lust. There the soul-trader has often roared, splintered the family tie, parted the wife from the husband, and the babe from the mother, without hope of reunion this side of the grave. It was there that Solomon Northrup was dragged while under the influence of drugged liquor, and sold from freedom into absolute slavery, from which he escaped almost by miracle, after twelve years of servitude with a monster to whom Mrs. Stowe's Legree would have been an example of kindness and humanity. How often the trials of a nation's eyes have resounded to the howls of the driver's lash, as he led into submission the kidnapped being, who like Northrup, asserted his freedom, until covered in silence, God only knows. Would to Heaven those walls might be removed from view, and their very site be purified by fire from on high. One cannot look that way without a shudder, lest the 'pen' be devoted again to human cattle. When the French Bastille was levelled to the ground, the noble and good Lafayette sent its key to Washington, as a token that the people had triumphed and the den of horrors was no more. The visitor to Mount Vernon, even now, if he enters the main hall of the mansion may see this token enclosed in a glass case near the door. When Williamson's slave pen falls, its key, also, should be preserved as a memento of this sad plague-spot in the Capitol of free America, and the triumph achieved in procuring the act of Congress which decreed the extinction of the slave trade within this District.

## The Faithful Slave.

The Hon. Edward Everett, in a recent speech, told the following affecting story:

"A citizen of Rapides, in Louisiana, with his servant, started for California, hoping to improve his not prosperous circumstances, by sharing the golden harvest of that region. For a while they were successful, but the health of the master at length failed. What in that distant region, under a Constitution forbidding slavery, and in that new and scarcely organized society—what was the conduct of the slave? Pious and Levitic, the master lay ill of typhus fever, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But the faithful servant tended, watched his stricken master, by day and night—his companion, nurse and friend. At length the master died. What then was the conduct of the slave, as he stood on those lonely wastes, by the remains of his long when living, he had served? He dug his decent grave in the golden sands, gathered the fruits of their joint labor, (these he considered the sacred property of his master's family,) toiled a few more weeks under the burning sun of a California summer, to accumulate the means of paying his passage to the States, and then returned to the family of his master, in Louisiana. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. I have heard of tales which, if not true, were well invented. This, sir, is too good to be invented. I believe, I know it must be true; and such a fact proves far more the possession, by the African race, of the moral sentiments by which the lands of their fathers is to be civilized, than volumes of argument. Sir, that master and that slave ought to be in marble and brass. If a person so humble as myself, so soon to pass away and be forgotten, dare promise it, I would say their memory shall never perish. There is a moral wealth in that incident beyond the treasures of California. If all the gold she has already yielded to the insatiable industry of the adventurer, and all that she yet

locks from the cupidity of man in the virgin chambers of her snow-clad sierras, were all molten into one ingot, it would not buy the moral worth of the scene."

## Slave Packing—Thirst.

The Africans are accustomed from the earliest period of life to drink water in very large quantities; they require it. Their sufferings from the want of it are much more dreadful than ours would be in like circumstances. It is said that a boy of ten or twelve years of age would drink more than a gallon a day. On board the slave ships a tin cup full, once in three days, is all that has been given. It has been found that this supports; but the agony thus occasioned is indescribable. It is ten times more horrible than that which is caused by want of food.

In the case of a death, the body lies across the living until an alarm is given, and sometimes until it becomes putrid.—When landed, the unhappy slaves are in a state of most awful emaciation and suffering. The knee bones appear almost like the head of a person; the muscular part of the arm is gone; it is a mere bone covered with a bit of skin; the abdomen is highly protuberant. There is a complete wasting of the animal system; a mere mass of bones remains. A man takes them up in his arms, and carries them out of the vessel. They frequently require three months' care and feeding before they are fit for the market.—The most favorite cargoes at the present time are boys from eight to twelve years of age. They peck more conveniently. [Exchange paper.]

By the above monstrously cruel means, this pious nation stocked the land with human slaves stolen from their distant homes; and now the descendants of these stolen people are held in bondage by the laws, swords and guns of religious denominations in all parts of the nation! Hail Columbia!—Pleasure Boat.

## Priesthood and Kingship.

Rev. George Bush, in his New Church Repository for the current month, has a labored essay on "the Priesthood and Kingship," which arrives at the conclusion that there should be no Priesthood or consecrated Ministry in the Christian Church. Here is his most material paragraph:

"We have thus exhibited, in strong relief, all the more important passages usually cited as supporting a warrant for the institution of a Priesthood or Clergy, comprising an order of men distinct from the so-called laity. To our own mind, the proof, whether from the Word or the writings of the New Church, is utterly wanting of the intended existence of any such class of men in the Christian Church, and we do not therefore hesitate to consider the whole sacerdotal order, as at present established, both in the Old Church and the New, as a stupendous fabric, replete with tendencies of the most pernicious character to the interests of the Lord's kingdom. We are constrained by what we consider the strictest logical necessity, to deny the validity of the claims set up in behalf of a separate clerical caste, while at the same time we leave intact a leading or teaching function in the Church, and one, too, that is to be exercised by the men of the Church. There is a true Ministry—not Clergy—in the Lord's Church on earth, consisting of those who, in accordance with the representative character of the ancient Levites, are possessed of the endowments of spiritual love, enlightened intelligence, and active charity, which shall enable them to exercise a kindly pastoral office towards the lambs of the flock that naturally turn to their feeding hand. Every other form of priesthood we are forced to regard not only as an anti-Christianian institution, but as having the effect of an organic hyperthry in the Lord's mystical body. By attracting to itself an over-measure of vital influx, it will rob the other portions of the system of their spiritual involution, and a paralysis of the members will be very certain to ensue. How such of enlightened discernment indeed, is even now requisite in order to perceive that the broad line of distinction held to exist between clergy and laity, acts disastrously upon the interior life of the church by discharging the great mass of its members from that degree of responsibility which properly pertains to every one without exception? What is more evident than that the fact of having an individual sacerdotal and set apart to preside over the spiritual interests of a Society, operates as a duty but that of punctually paying their subscriptions and sitting devoutly in their seats from Sabbath to Sabbath, receiving with quiet assent whatever is dealt out to them. The practical working of the system is precisely such as to confirm the drift of our organic objections. It goes all along on the assumption that the actual work essential to the building up of the church is to be performed, not by the body collectively, but by a particular class acting as proxies for the rest.

If we make the analogy of the human body the criterion in this matter, it would be as if all the organs and viscera of the trunk should be left in being the brain to perform their functions for them, while they should enjoy an exemption from their appropriate work. It is possible for any one who is accessible to truth to avoid seeing that this cannot be consistent with a true Divine order? That order is well expressed by the Apostle to the Gentiles, 'From whom the whole body—'fity joined together and compacted by that—'which every joint supplieth, according to the—'eff actual working in the measure of—'every part, maketh increase of the body to the edifying of itself in love.' This is the true model of a Christian church or society, and the end of such an institution can never be fully realized until there be a return from the primitive order."

Mr. Bush may be quite right in his Theology, but he will allow us to observe that

being married by a Justice of the Peace or other political functionary always had an awkward, coarse, intercal look in our eyes. It may be a prejudice of education, but we can't help it.—Tribune.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Free Produce.

MEETING OF THE "FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS OF NEW-YORK, YEARLY MEETING."

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

This association owes its existence to a belief entertained by its members in the doctrine: "Who gives the motive makes his brother's sin his own"; and under this belief they feel bound to withhold the money patronage that operates as such a powerful motive to the slaveholder to retain his hold upon the slave, regardless of the remonstrances so frequently addressed to him. They believe that it is equally correct to say "the demand is parent of the supply," when applied to the commercial intercourse existing between the slave holder and the consumers of slave-grown productions as in the most familiar illustration of that maxim—"that Cotton growing and Slavery are cause and effect, and that the growth of the latter has been coincident with the consumption of the former." And in these resolutions they are strengthened by a part of the discipline of their own religious body, viz: "Friends are advised to avoid any act by which the right of Slavery is acknowledged."

Under these convictions they are seeking for opportunities to supply themselves with such dry-goods and groceries, the produce of free labor, that are generally the result of slave labor.

They do not flatter themselves that the few hundred dollars they are employing in this way will do much toward overturning the gigantic institution they desire to see abolished, but if by these means they can enable some others as well as themselves to dissolve the guilty partnership existing between the producers and consumers of slave-grown productions, their labor will not be in vain.

The meeting was held at the Friends meeting-house, Orchard-st., on the evening of the 1st. inst, and attended by Lewis Tappan of this City and Samuel Rhodes of Philadelphia, both of whom addressed the meeting and furnished information of a highly interesting character, confirming the statements in *The Tribune* of the 30th, and other papers, relative to the favorable views entertained by Prof. and Mrs. Stowe, of this place, of carrying out the resolution to have "No union with slaveholders."

The members of the Association are no friends to coercive measures, but they claim the right of refusing to purchase the cotton of stolen sheep, and of exercising the same privilege when the blood-stained cotton of Slavery is offered to them, and of supplying their wardrobe and their tables with the cotton, sugar, or rice, the result of paid labor. In their humble effort to make their practices agree with their protestations against Slavery, they are cheered by the favorable reception the plan is receiving in England and in many parts of the United States.

The annual report of the Association contains some interesting details, which the limits of a newspaper will probably exclude.

If the friend of the slave is in earnest in his resolution to have "No union with slaveholders," let him touch not, taste not, handle not the productions of slave labor.

H. MILES.

East Broadway, June 3.

THE EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE SLAVE MARKET.—We recommend the following paragraph to the notice of those of our churches who fellowship with the slaveholders:

"The East Gibson (Mississippi) Herald insists that the disadvantages of religious instruction to slaves are, on the whole, rather more than counterbalanced by its favorable effect on the prices at market. It has been known to make a difference of eight or ten per cent."

Northern professors, believing slavery justified by the Bible, can now insert a new clause in their daily (3) prayers, to wit, the conversion of slaves (2) for the market. It will not only be for the glory of God, but will add from eight to ten per cent to the pockets of their owners!—Lowell American.

A KIDNAPPER CAGED.—Solomon Snyder, late a constable of the borough of Harrisburgh, has been located in the Lancaster county jail for kidnaping. Sol has made it a business, to catch and worry all the strange negroes who visited Harrisburgh for years, more particularly since passage of the iniquitous slave law by Congress, and if ever a fellow deserved Penitentiaries, he is the man. He has been the right hand man of Slave Commissioner M'Alister, who didn't get to be Governor of Missouri, for his anti-negro propensities.—Hollydaysburgh Whig.

The following story is told about a clergyman who had the misfortune to lose his horse:

"After hunting in company with a bay until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job: 'Oh that I knew where I might find him! The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out, 'I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn.'"

The editor of "The Shepherd of the Valley," a Papal paper published in St. Louis, says: "The fact of Napoleon is upon the necks of the enemies of God, and his throne crushed them. May his God remain firm there, and his throne steady, we beseech Heaven on a knees!"