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THE NORTH AMERICAN

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Miscellaneous.

THE PRESS.—We will venture to say that there is not a leading newspaper of either political parties that dares discuss frankly the question of human misery, and the means of alleviating it. There are at present in this city thousands of persons out of employment, pressed by want, harassed by anxiety and exposed to semi-starvation; there are little children growing up in ignorance and destitution; there are young girls who are forced to resort to prostitution to escape absolute want; there are mothers who see the helpless beings to which their hearts cling, exposed to privations of all kinds. Wretchedness under all these forms surrounds us, wasting away the frame and torturing the soul of thousands of our fellow creatures. Something should be done, and done quickly; remedies should be sought, and sought conscientiously, for suffering and misery are sad realities, mournful facts.

The political press dares not take up this great and all-important subject; the literary press has to enter for public abuse and cannot take it up. So that on the important question of human misery, dead silence prevails, and no where is a voice raised in behalf of suffering humanity.

This neglect on the part of the political press, is in the highest degree reprehensible, and is the most shameful and selfish characteristic of our societies. It has to pretend that Politics can remedy existing evils, that a Reform in the administration can effect all desirable ameliorations. The pecuniary interests and personal ambition of the men, who conduct the press, are so linked with the success of political parties, that they must labor for party, not for the welfare and elevation of the poor, the oppressed and the wretched. It is painful that it is so, but so it is, and so it will remain, until a deep feeling for the cause of suffering humanity is aroused in society, which will force politicians to take up the question and discuss it as earnestly as they discuss the frivolous political questions which are now the order of the day.

We shall endeavor to point out some practical means of remedying the misery which exists. We have no doubt that we shall meet with the opposition of a large portion of the Press; that abuse and false accusations, that the epithets chimerical & visionary, will be plentifully heaped upon us; but all that is of no moment, if we can but succeed in reaching the hearts of the mass. The press can never accuse us so strongly as it accuses itself; for there is one dark, undeniable reproach, which rises up against it, and that is that, surrounded by poverty and misery under all their varied forms, seeing daily the woes and sufferings of the mass, it speaks not of it, asks not if there is a remedy, heeds it no more than if it were a necessary and natural fact in the order of things, and passes on in silent indifference. If things were seen in their right light, this would appear a terrible accusation, and if they are not, if public sentiment is humbled by the selfish atmosphere of our societies, it is not the less a terrible accusation. The Press is shackled by party interests, and public prejudices, and being so, it cannot serve the noble cause of the social elevation of the Race, but must sacrifice the great mission which it should fulfil, to subjects of minor and ephemeral interest.

We selected the above from the *Future*, a paper published weekly at New York, and devoted to the social interests of the human race. Its object is, to raise the wretched classes up to their proper position in society—and to relieve the poor from wretchedness and want, by placing before them the proper incentives to industry.

The object or design of this paper, is worthy of commendation, and although our paper is exclusively devoted to Canadian affairs, yet as we feel an interest in the welfare of the whole human family, we cannot do justice either to our own feelings, or to the philanthropic motives of the Editor of the *Future*, without bidding him God-speed in his noble undertaking. We can but regret, that Mr. BRYAN, has any reason to apprehend or anticipate opposition, yet such is the

case. No individual, however high or noble his motives may be, can take the broad grounds upon which the *Future* is based, without meeting with more or less opposition even from professedly liberal Journals. Such is the tenacity with which men cling to old notions, old doctrines, old habits and old customs, that to broach any new theory, however correct or just, subjects the author to opposition, insult and persecution, from the ignorant, superstitious and bigoted.

ENGLISH SLAVERY.—Seldom do we peruse a file of English newspapers without having our sympathies excited by their narrations respecting the abject misery of some portion of the operative classes.

It is not here and there one individual or family, who, by improvidence or misfortune, have been cast down, but whole trades and districts familiarized to distress by the natural operation of the systems by which they are governed. It is a sad picture to contemplate—one that causes the heart of the philanthropist to ache as he reviews it, as it was unalterably fixed. It is an undecided question whether there is in any civilized nation upon the face of the earth, a more complete and fixed system of abject slavery than that existing in the manufacturing districts of England. There are features of it that are infinitely worse than any which really characterizes the general system of African slavery in the United States. In many cases they work harder—more hours—and for a more scanty pittance, than many a hundred slaves in the South—and yet perhaps in their journals there appears a liberal profusion of written sympathy for the woes of the oppressed of the human family in whatever clime, concluding with a tirade of abuse upon the citizens and institutions of this country, to whom the most opprobrious epithets are profusely applied, because of the servitude which exists among them. Such exhibitions of cant and hypocrisy are quite common, as every peruser of British journals must have observed.

These pseudo philanthropists of Britain—who have such an ample field at home for the exercise of their benevolence—are not contented with merely speaking through their journals of our institutions, and exhausting their unchristian rhabdology upon the citizens of our States—some of whom they hesitate not to attack personally—but we are every now and then visited by some rascally fanatic, delegated with authority from a congregation of sinners, or a clan of queer old gentlemen just launching into their dogma, who imagine themselves called by Heaven to reform the world, who prowls through our northern cities—a fit candidate for the penitentiary—stirring up a spirit of incendiarism, and preaching upon a subject which he knows just as much about, in point of fact, as he does of the civil institution of the most distant habitable planet of the solar system. This fellow follows of the baser sort,—perhaps the inmate of a work-house before he was sent to us on an errand of mercy—spends a few months in retailing lies—vilifying citizens—sowing the seeds of disloyalty—and living in a rather more genteel state of pauperism than he was used to at home, make, sudden exit, in view of the storm of tar and feathers that is gathering round him, and we are left undisturbed until another mercenary serb is dispatched on a similar errand. This is no fiction, but the words of sobriety and truth based upon facts already transpired.

We do not refer to these facts as matters calculated to produce surprise, but merely to show the gross hypocrisy and inconsistency of that people. We know not that there is any occasion for surprise when we remember the exceedingly jealous eye with which our institutions and their prosperity are viewed by the minions of despotic government, and the exultation which our ruin would produce among them. It is their special aim to sow, if possible, dissension in our midst, to cripple our prosperity, and thereby cast discredit upon this free and enlightened government, and it behoves our statesmen, in view of this fact, to be watchful and circumspect.

There are other deplorable scenes of English slavery beside that of her own immediate kingdom—enough of itself to tempt the sympathy and exertions of every philanthropist within its look at the condition of Ireland, now manfully struggling to regain its long lost rights. At India and its millions of slaves given up to the cruelty of English speculation; the heat of English missionaries, smothering the Bible, and others the poison, to that unhappy people. And to her West India dependences, even under the so-called humane apprenticeship system, and then say if she has any room to point at our institutions, or any portion of our population. We do aver that there never has been

at any time since the formation of our Government, anything like as much distress and suffering among any portion, black or white—as there has been periodically for the last few years among some classes (weavers in particular) in England—if we are to credit the reports given, and vouchered for by their own newspapers. The very idea that any section of our country was to be the scene of so much keen distress, would cause a shudder to run through the community, and the heart of many a one to melt with pity. So much for that order of things which sustains a race of titled nobles, with the pageantry and paraphernalia of royalty, by grinding the face of the poor.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

We copy an article in this number on this subject from the *New-England Farmer*. It is a subject which we have often brought forward, and one which rises in importance the more we reflect upon it. We cannot disguise the fact that the great bulk of the younger part of the community are very far from being as athletic, hardy and robust, as were the older part when young. We see it every time we look around upon a group of young persons. It appears in every assembly, and it speaks a loud and warning voice every time we compare the effeminate and sickly forms of the delicate, lily checked and lily fingered youth, with the hardy and strong sinewy forms of that generation who are passing away from us like old oaks that have withstood the winds and the storms of a long life time, and are bowing to the effects of old age rather than to any disease.

We think that this, though observable in both sexes, is more so among the females than among the males. A pernicious belief that it is disgraceful to work, and that a young lady is elevated to the scale of respectability and dignity in proportion to her ignorance of domestic duties, and her neglect of labor, has led to this. Among the farmers' daughters you will find something of the old system of hard labor at home, and a corresponding degree of health and strength. In the little villages you will perceive less of it, and a predominance of effeminacy; in the large villages we see more of it, and in the cities you will find a wide, wide difference between the forms, shape, color, health, strength, and physical powers of the girls and those of the country.

We know that there is a false pride among certain individuals of the community which prompts to this—which leads the young miss to value herself the more highly, the more delicate she can make herself appear, and the more she can "whiten out," even at the expense of health and physical power which God has given her. We agree with the editor of the *N.E. Farmer* in the sentiment, that such should go down to the grave unmarried, childless, solitary and alone. They may toss their head and curl their lip with as much scorn as they please, the laws of nature will not be infringed, with impunity, and however delicate may be the subject, truth will not change, and the truth is, that puny and feeble parents can raise none other than puny offspring. That father would be called a fool indeed, who culled out the poorest and blighted and withered seed to plant again, and saved the weakest and most feeble of the lots to propagate for the future; and yet this is the very error which is blindly pursued in the continuation of the human species. We are highly, for it must be owing to a blind impulse that rational beings should so conduct rather than to any reasoning upon the subject.

It is a subject which should engage the attention of every philanthropist. Shall we become a nation of invalids? or shall we rise above the silly pride that seems now to direct public opinion, and by manly and useful labor, coarse but nutritious diet, neat but comfortable clothing—reform us as to become something again as our fathers were? They were not ashamed of labor. They were not too proud to be seen eating coarse but substantial food, and they were rewarded with health and strength accordingly.—*Maine Farmer*.

IRELAND.—The present movements of her people are indicative of brighter days for this long oppressed land. The temperance reformation among the Irish is one of the moral miracles of the age. The millions who were comparing their own appetites by resisting the intoxicating bowl, will not long remain slaves beneath the ruling tyranny of Britain. With Father Matthew for a moral guide, and O'Connell as a political champion, the glorious period must be close at hand, when the Epitaph of the gallant Emmet will be written by the Pillars of Irish Freedom.
Rochester Eccl. Post.

AMERICA.—The Montreal Herald mentions a report that Marshall S. Bidwell and Mr. Pappas, have been requested by the Governor General to return to Canada.
N. Y. Sun.

HYPOCRISY

The murderer who sheathes his knife in the heart of the unconscious sleeper—the incendiary who kindles the flames upon the unguarded dwelling—the thief who prowls at midnight—or the avowed robber, who robs and plunders even in the face of open day—we detect, and hunt down as foul depredators in society. But these are not the only persons who inflict deep and lasting wounds upon their fellow citizens. He who has about him the shining face of hypocrisy, and the smooth tongue of deceit—with plunders under the specious pretence of fair dealing, who disregards the bounds of honorable surety when it ambles upon the vows of plighted faith, who in a thousand ways, by an ambiguous word, a well turned suggestion, a meaning look, deludes and injures, and perhaps ruins another—he is a prowling depredator under the garb of peace and honor, a marked robber, who takes advantage of a sacred principle to injure and destroy—who, to a greater or less extent, breathes blighting and death upon faith, hope, and joy, that had sprung up confidently under the light and warmth of the social compact. We are armed and prepared for the assassin, the eye of our police is upon the incendiary and robber; but these are unexpected aggressors. Or, perhaps, they were re-adopted and cherished by our charity, and now, like the thawed viper, they have turned and stung us! We have discovered too late that they are possessors of no integrity.

IRISH CHARACTER.

From the N. A. Review.

"When we send our glances back through a long line of centuries," exclaimed this generous youth, "such of them swelling the mighty heap of Ireland's wrongs, our prejudices relent. Our sympathies are awakened for the unhappy beings whose wretched aspect and reckless bearings have at first been so repulsive.—We fancy there is more than meets the eye beneath their rough exterior. If we take the friendless exile by the hand, no angry scowl repels our glance, no sullen murmur strikes upon the ear; but a smile of confidence lights up the stranger's haggard face. He tells us of the old country which it cost him tears to leave. He paints the hopeless misery into which he was sunk, and of which he seems to stand before us as the visible emblem; and wonder, not that he is no better than he is, but that he has come out so clear as he has from the furnace fires of such affliction. From century to century the fetters of a moral slavery have left a festering wound, and corrupted the dignity of his nation. But whatever faults may be charged on the Irishman, his worst enemy dares not call him selfish. The virtues of hospitality and generosity cast light upon the gloom of his desolation; like flowers springing from a heap of smouldering ruins.—Misery seems only a nursery for the growth of his fine sympathies. And laugh as you may at the humble *shantee*, you shall learn within its walls lessons of magnanimity and self-denial not to be found in the mansions of the wealthy and refined. In one word, the sin of the Irishman is ignorance,—the cure is Liberty. Let her bit come, to wipe from the Emerald gem the dust which for ages has obscured it, and to place it sparkling in the sunlight; let her wake again the lyre that trembled to the touch of Emmet, Curran and Grattan, and in the light of the pathway shall be seen Education, to break the fetters of the slumbering soul, and call out its hidden glories! And will not the heart of America beat with the heart of Ireland, as she hails the new dawning light? Show us, then, in thy new career thine own native character, purged from the dross with which the long night of oppression has darkened it. In the noble generosity of thy sons, purify to shame our narrow, selfish, worldly maxims. Show us a race of whole-hearted men."

OUR INDIAN RELATIONS.—The *Globe* calls attention to this subject as one of paramount importance at the present crisis. It gives of course a party bearing to its remarks, with which we have nothing to do. But the facts to which it alludes are of deep interest to the American government and people.

Who that remember the Indian atrocities perpetrated by the Indians under the sanction of the British during the last war can fail to ask, in view of the possibility of another conflict, where these red demons are? Although it has been the policy of the United States to break up the powerful confederacy leagued against us in that war, and to remove them from their proximity to the British government, it is well known that the British government has taken unwearied pains to retain their friendship, and that they have not in fact changed their allegiance in the crown.

The tribes that have been removed from our north and north-western frontiers, are the Winnebagoes, Chippewas, Ottawas,

Pottawatomies, Delawares, Shawnees and Kickapoos to these we add the Wyandots of Ohio, part of whom had previously emigrated to Canada, and the whole of which band were ever the bitter enemies of the American Government.

Communications have been constantly kept up between the wild lands of this and other nations, and it has long been notorious that they have been courted and cajoled by British emissaries. To those resident in the country of the Great Lake, says the *Globe*, the fact is well known, that emissaries of the British Government have, for several years past, left no means untaken to entice the Chippewas and Ottawas, residing in the northern part of the peninsula of Michigan, to remove within the Canadian territory. For this purpose an establishment has been fixed on the Man-to-tonde islands of Lake Huron, where the Indians are yearly supplied with presents. These agents have also endeavored to bring over the numerous hill breeds of the Lake Superior country, and the Chippewas of that region. As yet they have failed, but it is impossible to tell how long an Indian will resist temptation.

Such a state of things demands the most vigilant and persevering care on the part of our government. We have never yet sounded the war trumpet, believing as we still do that the madness of a bloody conflict between this country and England will be avoided. Still it must be admitted that the clouds lower darkly at present, and war may be the result. No precautionary measures should be omitted in view of the possibility of such an event. And no man can doubt that the first effort of the British Government would be to bring again these tomahawks and scalping knives upon us.

It is not our business to join with the *Globe* in denouncing the Administration for its management of an Indian relation. We cannot suppose but that they desire to do what would be for the honor and safety of their country. But knowing that in case of a war the British place their chief reliance upon the Indians and negroes, we cannot too strongly press upon the government the importance of keeping asleep and watchful eye upon all movements in regard to them.

N. Y. Sun.

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"PERSEVERE TO THE END."

TRUCKING TO ENGLAND.

We would that every Journal in the Union, would speak out in terms not to be misunderstood, their deep indignation at the cowardly, cringing, trucking policy of this Government towards England, both under the past, and present administration. We condemned the conduct of Mr. Van Buren in regard to his passive submission to British insults and depredations,—his course was dishonorable to himself and degrading to his country.—But for his base surrender of the honor & dignity of his country, his countrymen have awarded him a signal defeat. We have no party feelings to gratify,—nor have we any political interest at stake in the domestic or internal policy of this Government, but indirectly, we have a vast interest intimately connected with its foreign relations with England, more particularly in the affair of McLeod and the Caroline. On this subject then, we shall fearlessly express our views let them run where they may. And whether they censure Mr. Van Buren for instructing Mr. Stevenson not to "press" the reparations for the burning of the Caroline,—or Mr. Tyler, Webster and Co. for sending the Attorney General to save one of the perpetrators of that dark and damning deed from merited punishment.

Why has not Mr. Crittenden been sent on post haste to Missouri to wrest from the judicial authority of that State, the perpetrators of the St. Louis tragedy? Both in point of law and justice, the Executive has as much right to interfere in the one case as in the other.

We think the following remarks from the *Old Dominion* contain quite as much "truth as poetry."

"From the first officer in the Cabinet at Washington down to the magistrate of a petty court, we see the most craven, abject cowardly subservience to the domineering insolence of Great Britain. It was most shamefully manifested under the administration of Mr. Van Buren; but he vindicated