The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

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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 antislavery 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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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

MRS. STOWE IN LEEDS.

A few days before her departure from England, Mrs. Stowe visited Leeds, on which occasion the following address and testimonials were presented, and followed by the accompanying reply. The Mayor of the City presided on the occasion, who, with others, made interesting addresses.

From the Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

Mr. WILSON ARMISTEAD, President of the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association, and author of some valuable works and tracts, then came forward, and, addressing Mrs. Stowe, said he felt it not only a pleasure but an honour to have to present an address from the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association to the noble advocate of the slave whom they had to welcome among them. The sentiments expressed in the address would, he doubted not, meet with the approbation of many thousand more, who would gladly have been there to take part in the privilege which he then enjoyed. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Armistead then read the address, of which the following is a copy:—

"To MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"DEAR MADAM:—The Leeds Anti-Slavery Association hail with warm and deep feeling the visit to this town of so powerful an advocate as yourself of their righteous cause. Desirous at once to cheer you on in the glorious work to which you have devoted your pen, and to quicken their own zeal and that of their fellow-townsmen by personal communion with you, they had hoped to meet you in the presence of thousands who have flocked to show their grateful and admiring sympathy with the authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and its invaluable 'Key.' Being denied this gratification, owing to the state of your own health, and that of a member of your family which hastens your departure from England, they prize the opportunity of expressing in this more private way the gratitude they feel for the inestimable services you have rendered to the cause of human freedom.

"It is their duty to assure you of their entire concurrence in the great principles which you have maintained in your admirable works. Not only have the vivid and truthful pictures which you have drawn of slavery wrung the hearts of millions of readers, but your appeals to the judgement and conscience have met with a response so loud as to sound like the voice of God. Translated into every European language, your work has struck a chord which vibrates throughout the civilized world. Human nature has arisen, wherever it started up to vindicate its rights, outraged by the crime of slavery.

"We think it right to declare our conviction, that in all your representations of slavery you have kept within the sacred limits of truth. Patriotism has prevented you from exaggerating the evil which philanthropy compelled you to unfold. Indeed, the truest patriotism called for appeals to your countrymen to extirpate the cancer that is spreading towards the vitals of their confederation.

"Claiming to participate with you in sincere regard for our transatlantic brethren, whether free or in bonds, we glow with you in hope for their future, and blush with you in humiliation for the past and the present. We trust your countrymen will believe that the English people cherish a true fraternal feeling for the whole American people: and on this very ground they feel that their duty is the same as yours, to protest in the most solemn and earnest manner against an institution which degrades communities as well as individuals, and the slaveholder as well as the slave. So long as man is held as a chattel, so long as laws exist which deny every right and inflict or screen every wrong, so long must the wrong-doers draw upon themselves the indignant reproaches of mankind. Their honour is stained; they themselves are exposed to an ever increasing danger.

"It is true the efforts made in your country to bring apout the abolition of slavery produce alarm and resentment, which for the time may seem to throw back the cause, and to confirm the system they conduce to overthrow. Such is the common lot of all reforms. We cannot therefore wonder that the blow which slavery has received from your unequalled exposures, should have been followed by a recoil. But we believe that God will sustain his servants in the high warfare to which they are called, and that in the end he will crown them with victory.

"To you, Madam, whom a divine impulse, acting on the heart of the Christian woman and mother, has placed in the foremost rank among the opponents of slavery, we offer the assurance of our affectionate sympathy. In returning to your native land, take with you to the field of duty or of suffering, the aspirations which British Christians will breathe for your success. May your health be confirmed, and all domestic happiness attend you! May you be carried safely across the waters! And when embarked again on the rougher sea of American controversy, and toiling, perhaps in darkness and danger, against the waves of prejudice and wrong, may He who walked upon the waters to give aid to his disciples, enter your bark, and steer it in safety through the storm!"

The MAYOR having handed the address to Mrs. Stowe, who rose to receive it, his Worship next called upon

Sir GEORGE GOODMAN, M. P., who, addressing Mrs. Stowe, said, he had now to undertake the gratifying duty, and which he also felt to be a very high honour, of presenting to her, on behalf of the ladies of Leeds, a testimonial of their respect and admiration. According to a resolution of the meeting of the "Stowe Testimonial" sub-committee, held at the house of Mr. Thomas Harvey, August 8th, 1853, he was solicited to mention, that he had been requested by the ladies who had taken an active interest in the testimonial, to present it to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, "in the name of the grateful inhabitants of Leeds, who are indebted to her for a common point of interest which has united all ages, classes, and parties in a manner unprecedented in the history of the town." The inscription on the Basket containing the testimonial, which he had also been requested to read aloud, was as follows:

"Presented by a few Ladies to
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
The friend of the Slave."

[This was followed by the Leeds Arms.]

"The readers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'
place £100 in this basket
as an offering of gratitude.
Leeds, Sept. 3d, 1853."

"'The Lord bless thee and keep thee.'—Numbers, xi., 24.

"'The Lord grant the according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.'—Psalm xx., 4."

He (Sir George Goodman) continued—He felt exceedingly gratified in being selected to present this testimonial to a lady of such distinguished talent and worth, and one whom they were all proud to see amongst them. He was sure they all felt the full force of what their excellent Chief Magistrate had said, and they also approved of the sentiments contained in the address presented by Mr. Armistead. (Hear, hear.) They could not but remember that the people of the United States were a people who had gone out from this, the mother country, and had with us many things in common. With regard to the scientific discoveries of America, it was well known to them all that the inventive faculties of the people there were very great.; they were in the possession of much civil freedom and enjoyed Christian institutions like our own, and the only regret to be felt was, that the stain of slavery still rested upon them; however great and glorious they might be in skill, in enterprise, and in privileges, still the stain of slavery existed, which nothing but its entire abolition could wipe out. The same stain once rested on this country from whence they had gone, but we had, at an expense of twenty millions, abolished slavery, and he hoped that in this matter the people of the United States would soon see it to be their duty to follow our example. He had no doubt that those present would agree with him that the able work of Mrs. Stowe, which had been so appropriately commented upon by their Chief Magistrate, and which contained descriptions of the condition of the slave which were calculated to harrow up all the best feelings of the human heart, would produce a powerful effect, and be productive of great good even amongst those who now held the slave to be a mere chattel—the slaveholders of the United States. With these views, he had had great pleasure in presenting the testimonial basket, which bore the inscriptions he had read, and contained one hundred sovereigns, which he hoped Mrs. Stowe would accept.

The testimonials being accepted by Mrs. Stowe,

The Rev. CHARLES BEECHER, on behalf of his sister, read the following reply:—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS:—The last few months have been among the most interesting of my life. In these few months the imaginings and dreamings of many years have become present realities; countries and people, once dim visions, have become near. My heart has found not only the silent beauty of art, but the warm glow of friendship and affection, in lands once foreign, but to me foreign no more.

"It was with a thrill of feeling that I first set foot on the shore of England—land of our fathers—land of our language, of our history, laws, and literature, whose poets have so thoroughly embalmed and consecrated it, that each new object seemed to me well known and familiar. The green ivy and holly, the crimson daisy, the primrose, the 'hedge-row-elms,' the historic ruins, where all what I had read of from infancy; so that had, there been none to welcome me, I should have felt as if coming back to a home. But the homes of England and of Scotland—that succession of bright, warm, secluded nooks and dells of social love and peace, which have opened themselves to me—these, these are never to be forgotten, nor can those dear friends which are encircled by them.

"Now I am going; and to the last I find myself surrounded by kindness,—leaving England, as I found it, amid the tender cares of friends only too kind.

"Of the sympathy which has been shown here in this country with the generous cause of freedom, I cannot think without emotion. Every friend of the cause in America has felt it. It has often been said that the expression of England's feeling does more harm than good. It will be time enough to think of this, when the objection comes from the friends of the cause in America. (Hear hear.) So long as it is urged loudest and with most force by those who are giving their whole influence in support of slavery it is not very alarming. (Hear, hear.) The friends of the cause in America *know when they are helped*, and they know that the public sentiment of England does help them.

"I have confidence in my country. We are, after all, a great and generous people; we can afford to have our faults told that we may mend them. Slavery is not a part of us—we do not desire it—and we shall be free from it. England has her excrescences too, the growth of past ages; and she never makes any outcry at their being criticised by us, we see that she is labouring in all good faith and honesty to make every thing right at home, and therefore we take no offence at her friendly freedom with us.

"Nothing is more evident to the sojourner in England than this, that no order of men or things is here considered too sacred and immaculate for free inquiry and discussion. Every thing here, however consecrated by rank, or station, or antiquity is given up to the freest public handling and the most rigorous inquiry; and it does not become us, who profess to be the most progressive nation on earth, to shield any of our institutions behind the barrier of privileged silence, and require all mankind to take them on trust.

"I have visited in my pilgrimage the home of Clarkson. I passed a night in the chamber that for years was consecrated by his prayers, and from whence he ascended to heaven. There I reflected how the great cause of emancipation once looked as impossible and hopeless in England as it does now in America; how Clarkson nearly lost his life in a public tumult in Liverpool; and yet *that* victory has been gained: faith, and prayer, and labor triumphed in England, and I trust shall triumph yet in America.

"It has I hear, been said by some, that I have given to this cause time, health, and strength, that ought rather to have been given to my family; that a wife and mother should confine her thoughts and efforts to her own circle.

"Of this I have thought most seriously, for I am conscious that I have truly given life-blood which I needed in the care and education of my children.

"But, during the dreadful ravages of the cholera in Cincinnati, and when nine thousand were buried in three months, I went out to a neighboring cottage, and found a mother lying alone helpless in her bed, and a sick baby by her side. I thought, is it not my duty to nurse this sick child? It occurred to me then, that I had but little strength, that if I spent that, the destroyer might at any moment, enter my own circle, and then who would nurse my children? Was that a selfish thought? Nevertheless, God helping me, I took the baby home, and we nursed it under my roof; it died there, and we buried it: in one week more my own darling, before so healthy, sickened of the same disease, and went the same way to the grave, and the destroyer passed through my family.

"But I did not lament that work of mercy, even though it had brought sorrow to me and mine. So is it in this cause. A wife myself, I have spoken for other wives;—a mother, for other mothers;—and if it shall prove at last that I have thus spent strength and life that my children wanted, then may God remember them as I have remembered the children of the poor slave!

"Let me thank these dear friends, whose generosity has thus shown itself to me in the moment of my departure. Never will the memory of these friends in England and Scotland be effaced from my heart; and among those many memorials of kindness which will adorn my quiet home, none will be more pleasant than this from the friends in Leeds."

[The reading of this reply was listened to with profound interest and emotion, which found their expression not in loud applause, but in tears.]

Hon. Truman Smith, in a letter to the N. Y. Tribune, announces the discovery of silver in unusually large proportion among the ores of the Lake Superior region.

Mr. Miller, of Washington, fell backwards and died while praying at a camp meeting near Belfast, Me. He had been powerfully exercised about the conversion of two of his daughters.

A committee of the holy Inquisition have again condemned Uncle Tom's Cabin as damnable and pernicious.

THE SLAVE POWER.

Every day brings new and humiliating evidence of the tremendious influence of the power of the Slave monopoly, over the country; and especially in restraining the better impulses of our public men.

Last Thursday, there was a great demonstration, in New York, as a testimonial of approbation of the conduct of Capt. INGRAHAM, at Smyrna, in affording protection to Kostza, seized by the Austrain police as a political fugitive. In a notice of the meeting, the *Tribune* says:

"Some of the Democratic prime movers in the affair, who were to have figured as principals, backed out at the eleventh hour, because the proposed meeting was voted unpopular in negrodom! So accordingly Ex-Senator Hale was called upon a few hours before the meeting opened, to fill up the defection-gap! Mr. Hale's speech alludes humorously to this fact. The people will learn who are the real friends of the oppressed. Mr. Hale was cordially received and vehemently cheered as he spoke.

CURIOSITIES.—Two women are advertised for exhibition in Boston, one of whom is seven feet high, the other only thirty inches. The seven-footer weighs six hundred pounds; the thirty-incher but forty!

The Leeds (Eng.) Mercury states that John B. Gough has decided to remain in England until next June. He is delivering temperance addresses to large audiences.

The Grand Jury of New York city have indicted overo ne thousand persons for illegally selling liquor.

EMANCIPATED.—Francis Gideon, late of Atlanta, Georgia has by will, emancipated twenty-nine slaves, and provided for their emigration to Liberia.

From the Liberator.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

I find the following Sonnet transferred from the Indiana *Free Democrat* into the *National Era*, and copy it, for the purpose of making a short comment upon it:

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

OR, AN OLD TEXT WITH A NEW GLOSS, FOR ALL ANTI-SLAVERY MEN.

CHANNING, the wise, firm foe of Slavery,
And GARRISON, the Hanibal of that Rome,
In purpose one, for years could never come
To see alike—nor yet to the liberty—
So dear and yet so rare—to disagree;
Till, at an hour sf Freedom's darkest gloom,
They met in Massachusetts' Senate Room,*
And plighted hands in Faith and Charity.
Strangers before, they were estranged no more,
But toiled together, till one left the shore,
Bound heavenward. Then, for Christ, for victory won,
Friends of humanity, bid strife begone;
Leagued in a common cause, keep trust in one another;
Each strive in his own sphere, and own in each a brother.

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*The accident referred to may be found related in the Memoirs of Channing, vol. 3, pp. 229, 230.

The incident, to which reference is made in this kindly Sonnet, was first related in 'The Martyr Age,' by Harriet Martineau, but a great deal more was extracted from it than the facts warranted.—The case was simply this:—In 1845; a committee of the Legislature of this State had submitted to them the expediency of reporting a bill, making it a penal offence to print and circulate any anti-slavery publications, or to agitate the subject of slavery in this Commonwealth—in accordance with the demands of several slaveholding States, made through their legislative assemblies. That such an audacious proposition should have been gravely entertained, for one moment, in the face of the Bill of Rights and of the U. S. Constitution, rendering the liberty of speech and of the press inviolable, indicated that a solemn and momentous crisis had come involving the very existence of a free government. That crisis was met in the most spirited manner by the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, at whose request, Prof. Follen, Ellis Gray Loring, Wm. Goodell, Samuel J. May, Samuel E. Sewall and myself, appeared before the Committee aforesaid, to enter a defiant protest against the passage of any such law, and to warn them that there were not prisons enough in the old Bay State to hold the men and the women who would glory in trampling such an enactment beneath their feet. Among those who attended as spectators was the Rev. Channing, who, though not willing to be identified with the abolitionists, had his spirit roused by an emergency so extraordinary and alarming. As he entered the Senate Chamber, 'he stood,' says Miss Martineau, 'for a few moments, muffled in cloak and shawl-handkerchief, then walked the whole length of the room, and was immediately seen shaking hands with Mr. Garrison. He afterwards explained, that he was not, at the moment, certan that it was Mr. Garrison, but that he was not the less happy to have shaken hands with him. A murmur ran through the gallery, and a smile went round the chamber. Mrs. Chapman whispered to her next neighbor, "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." Dr. Channing had censured the abolitionists in his pamphlet on slavery. Mr. Garrison, in the *Liberator*, had rejected the censure and here they were, shaking hands in the Senate Chamber.'

This is described with dramatic effect, which unfortunately, is wholly dissipated by the truthful statement, that, when Dr. Channing took me by the hand, it was only an act of ordinary civility on his part, as he did not catch my name, and did not know me personally; and therefore, *meant nothing at all by it*. No interchange of opinions took place between us, on that occasion. If, afterwards, on ascertaining distinctly who it was that had been introduced to, himhe remarked that he was not the less happy to have shakhen hands with' me, I can only say, that never, at any subsequent period, to the hour of his death, did he intimate a desire to see me again; and neither by accident nor design did we ever again meet each other, face to face.

The truth is, I was no favorite of Dr. Channing, at any time. He never gave me one word of counsel or encouragement. He never invited me to see him, that he might understand, from my own lips, my real feelings and purposes, and afford me the benefit of his experience and advice. My early, faithful, clear-sighted friend, Prof. Follen, tried to induce him to make my acquaintance, believing it would be mutually serviceable; but he never manifested any desire to do so. Of this, I never made any complaint. My self-respect and strong sense of propriety would not allow me to thrust myself upon his attention, or the notice of any other public man. I do not think he cherished toward me any personal unkindness—far from it. But my mode of dealing with slavery and its abetters was very distasteful to him; and between my philosophy of reform, and his own, there was a very great difference,—the difference between principle and sentiment,—between calling men and things by their right names, and dealing in abstructions,—between an uncompromising principle and an accommodating policy,—between making the sin and sinner inseperable, and only the sin to be visited with censure. His first work on slavery was radically defective in principle, and while evidently written with a strong desire to do good, it helped to increase, rather than lessen, the popular prejudice against the abolitionists. It accused them of headstrong recklessness and sweeping denunciation; it counselled them to disband all their associations; it besought them to substitute gradual for immediate emancipation, and it recognized the right of holding slaves under certain circumstances. Nevertheless, it contained much that was true and impressive, in opposition to slavery as a system. But I felt it a duty to review it in plain language, and to expose its numerous contradictions and fallacies. Whether this made him shrink from a social interview with me, I do not know—probably not; for I think his difficulty was one of idiosyncracy, and also one of charitable compromise. His nerves were delicately strung. The sound of a ram's horn was painfully distressing to him. He was firmly persuaded that nothing but a silver trumpet was needed to cause the walls of Jericho to fall; and so he did his best upon his own, and was complimented by Gen. Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, on the floor of Congress, as merely 'playing second fiddle to Garrison and Thompson'! He thought leviathan could be drawn out with a hook, and need not be so stirred up as to 'cause the deep to boil like a pot'; but he grew wiser as he grew older—more and more in sympathy with the oppressed, more and more in favor of the speedy and eternal overthrow of slavery, better satisfied with the course and spirit of the abolitionists, less and less disposed to find any apology for slaveholders. At the cruel death of Lovejoy he exhibited rare moral courage in confronting a murderous public sentiment, which exulted over the dead body of that patriotic martyr; still later, he paid the full tribute of his gratitude and homage to the abolitionists for their noble vindication of freedom of speech and the liberty of the press; and, last of all, in his final testimony against slavery, at Lenox, on the commemoration of West India Emancipation, he spoke with a fidelity and power which indicated that he had been fully baptised into the cause of suffering humanity.

So much for the incident on which 'An old text, with a new gloss,' is based. But my object in copying this Sonnet, was mainly, to disclaim the imputation apparently cast both upon Dr. Channing and myself, that we were unfriendly to each other personally, on account of our difference of views on the subject of slavery, until we shook hands together in the Senate Chamber; and also to say, that while I hope ever most cordially to reciprocate a kind and magnanimous spirit, and would have each strive in his own sphere,' according to his own convictions of duty, I at the same time trust that no man, claiming to be the friend of the slave, shall be exempted from criticism or rebuke, either to prevent schism or secure apparent unity, when his course in any important particular is deemed to be inconsistent with his profession, or where he is believed to compromise the principles of the anti-slavery enterprise. Personal bitterness is one thing; fidelity to the slave is another. 'Let God be true though every man a liar.'

ISAAC T. HOPPER'S HUMANITY.

'One day, when his father and the workmen had been cutting down a quantity of timber, ISAAC discovered a squirrel's nest in a hole of one of the trees that had fallen. It contained four new-born little ones, their eyes not yet opened. He was greatly tempted to carry them home, but they were so young that they needed their mother's milk. So, after examining them, he put them back in the nest, and with his usual busy helpfulness went to assist in stripping bark from the trees. When he went home from his work, toward evening, he felt curious to see how the mother-squirrel would behave when she returned and found her home was gone. He accordingly hid himself in a bush to watch her proceedings.—About dusk she came running along the stone-wall with a nut in her mouth, and went with all speed to the old familiar tree. Finding nothing but a stump remaining there, she dropped the nut and looked around in evident dismay. She went smelling all about the ground, then mounted the stump to take a survey of the country. She raised herself on her hind legs and snuffed the air, with an appearance of great perplexity and distress. She ran round the stump several times, occasionally raising herself on her hind legs, and peering about in every direction, to discover what had become of her young family. At last, she jumped on the prostrate trunk of the tree, and ran along till she came to the hole where her babies were concealed. What the manner of their meeting was, no body can tell; but doubtless the mother's heart beat violently when she discovered her lost treasures all safe on the warm little bed of moss she had so carefully prepared for them. After staying a few minutes to give them their supper, she came out and scampered off through the bushes. In about fifteen minutes she returned and took one of the young ones in her mouth, and carried it quickly to a hole in another tree, three or four hundred yards off, and then came back and took the others, one by one, till she had conveyed them all to their new home. The intelligent instinct manifested by this little quadrouped excited great interest in Isaac's observing mind. When he drove the cows to pasture, he always went by that tree, to see how the young family were getting along. In a short time, they were running all over the tree with their careful mother, eating acorns under the shady boughs, entirely unconscious of the perils through which they had passed in infancy.

'Some time after, Isaac traded with another boy for a squirrel taken from the nest before its eyes were opened. He made a bed of moss for it, and fed it very tenderly. At first, he was afraid it would not live; but it seemed healthy, though it never grew so large as other squirrels. He did not put it in a cage; for he said to himself that a creature made to frisk about in the green woods could not be happy shut up in a box. This pretty little animal became so much attached to her kind-hearted protector, that she would run about after him, and come like a kitten whenever he called her. While he was gone to school, she frequently ran off to the woods and played with wild squirrels on a tree that grew near his path homeward. Sometimes she took a nap in a large knot hole, or, if the weather was very warm, made a cool bed of leaves across a crotch of the boughs, and slept there. When Isaac passed under the tree, on his way home from school, he used to call 'Bun! Bun! Bun! If she was there, she would come to him immediately, run up on his shoulder, and so ride home to get her supper.

'It seemed as if animals were in some way aware of his kindly feelings, and disposed to return his confidence; for on several occasions they formed singular intimacies with him. When he was six or seven years old, he espied a crow's nest in a high tree, and, according to his usual custom, he climbed up to make discoveries. He found that it contained two eggs, and he watched the crow's movements until her young ones were hatched and ready to fly. Then he took them home. One was accidentally killed a few days after, but he reared the other and named it CUPID. The bird became so very tame, that it would feed from his hand, perch on his shoulder or his hat, and go every where with him. It frequently followed him for miles, when he went to mill or market. He was never put into a cage, but flew in and out of the house, just as he pleased. If Isaac called 'Cu! Cu!' he would hear him, even if he were up in the highest tree, would croak a friendly answer, and come down directly. If Isaac winked one eye, the crow would do the same. If he winked his other eye, the crow also winked with his other eye. Once, when Cupid was on his shoulder, he pointed to a snake lying in the road, and said 'Cu! Cu!' The sagacious bird pounced on the head of the snake and killed him instantly; then flew back to his friend's shoulder, cawing with all his might as if delighted with his exploit. If a stranger tried to take him, he would fly away, screaming with terror. Sometimes Isaac covered him with a handkerchief and placed him on a stranger's shoulder; but as soon as he discovered where he was, he seemed frightened almost to death. He usually chose to sleep on the roof of a shed, directly under Isaac's bed-room window.—One night he heard him cawing very loud, and the next morning he said to his father: 'I heard Cupid talking in his sleep last night.' His father inquired whether he had seen him since; and when Isaac answered 'No,' he said; 'Then I am afraid the owls have taken him.' The poor bird did not make his appearance again, and a few days after, his bones and feathers were found on a stump, not far from the house. This was a great sorrow for Isaac. It tried his young heart almost like the loss of a brother.'

From the Leeds [England.] Mercury.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE IN LEEDS.

THE visit of MRS. STOWE to this town will not be forgotton by those who had the privilege of seeing her. It is only to be regretted that, owing to the circumstances attending her then approaching departure from England, the number who had the opportunity of meeting her was necessarily so small. The proceedings at the presentation of the Address of the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association, and of the Testimonial from the readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin, were full of interest; and being reported in our columns, many will be able to peruse them who were prevented from personally testifying their regard for MRS. STOWE and their sympathy with the slave. The town was well represented by its excellent CHIEF MAGISTRATE, its Honourable Member, SIR GEO. GOODMAN, the officers of the Anti-Slavery Association, and the collectors and chief contributors of the STOWE testimonial. The sentiments expressed by those who spoke must have been highly consolatory and encouraging to the lady who has so identified herself with the cause of slave emancipation. Deeper feeling and warmer sympathy could hardly be exhibited. We hope the assurances given to MRS. STOWE in the Address and in the speeches will be fully borne out by future activity.

THE Reply of MRS. STOWE to the Address was in the highest degree eloquent and touching. It may be regarded as her valedictory address to England. She has evidently received the utmost gratification from her visit to this country. Its scenery and its homes, its institutions and its hearts, have given deep pleasure to her susceptible mind. As an American, she cherishes a filial feeling towards the parent-land; and as a Christian philanthropist, she has rejoiced in the healthy tone of public sentiment which she has found prevailing in English society, in regard to the greatest questions that interest mankind. Her assurance that the sympathy of England is calculated to aid in the emancipation of the slave must be regarded as very important.—There have been symptons which may have led some to doubt the practical utility of any manifestation of that sympathy. But Mrs. STOWE has well said—

"Of the sympathy which has been shown here in this country with the generous cause of freedom, I cannot think without emotion. Every friend of the cause in America has felt it. It has often been said that the expression of England's feeling does more harm than good. It will be time enough to think of this, when the objection comes from the friends of the cause in America. So long as it is urged loudest and with most force by those who are giving their whole influence in support of slavery, it is not very alarming. The friends of the cause in America *know when they are helped*, and they know that the public sentiment of England does help them."

Our firm belief is that the earnest, kindly, yet frank and outspoken expression of English feeling, disinterested as it necessarily is, and dictated by Christian principle and humanity, must have a powerful effect in encouraging the friends of freedom in America, and in shaming and convincing the Partizans of slavery. And if so, the multiplication of Anti-Slavery Societies in England becomes extremely desirable. So long as the conflict lasts in America, so long will it be the duty of the whole Christian world to display its interests in the issue; and there never yet was a gross injustice committed in a free and Christian land, that could bear to be held up continuously to the indignation of mankind. It is just a question of time.—It is a question how many UNCLE TOMS shall perish—and the death of another, brutally murdered by his owner, was recorded last week—before the crime of slavery is abolished. Let no man by his indifference be changeable with any portion of the guilt of such tragedies.

Although in most of the Slave States the obstacles at present seem almost insuperable, there are States where there is more hope. For example, in Kentucky there is a powerful and energetic Anti-Slavery party, which, though now a minority, may at some time become a majority in the legislature. Kentucky borders on Ohio, a free State, where the anti-slavery feeling is strong. It may be that the contagion of freedom may spread; and if one of the Slave States should of its own accord abolish Slavery, the example will be very likely to be followed. In Virginia, too, though a breeding State, the party of freedom is considerable. It will be remembered that changes of opinion have sometimes taken place in the United States with marvellous rapidity. There is, therefore, no reason for despondency in regard to the ultimate success of emancipation. Let the friends of the negro do their duty; and it is impossible that they should not ultimately prevail.

The slaveholders seem determined to keep up the excitement in the Free States by the use they are making of the Fugitive Slave Law. In Cincinnati, the other day, a man who had for four years been living in Ohio as a freeman, and had there conducted himself unexceptionally, was condemned by the Supreme Court of the Union to be taken back into slavery, and was accordingly carried off by his former master into Kentucky!—Such events, outraging the feelings of humanity, and insulting the dignity of Free States, must act like a perpetual blister on the public sentiment, and hasten the day when Slavery itself will appear a monster too hateful to be endured.

MRS. STOWE goes back, to use the high gifts with which she is endowed, and the large acquaintance she has gained with the law and practice of Slavery, in renewing the war of humanity. May her life and vigor be spared for many years! And may her example stimulate both sexes in America, and even in England, to emulate each other in the honorable work of hastening the downfall of slavery throughout the world!

Sing on, thou true-hearted and be not discouraged. If a harp be in perfect tune and a flute or other instrument of music be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without awakening an answer from the other. Behold thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say, and thou wilt wake a slumbering echo to be carried on forever through the universe.

A man in Guernsey Co. has contracted with a Philadelphian to deliver 1,000 hogs in Pittsburgh at 4½c gross.

Deferred Articles.

☞ Among the latest publications announced by a Boston bookseller, is a work entitled "Twelve Discourses on Goverment, by Thomas Jefferson, *of the Spirit W r d*, (formerly of Monticello, in the State of Virgina,) translated by J. M. Spear, medium.

☞ A clergyman from Missisippi commenced legal measures against the Canada and Amboy Railroad Company, for injuries to himself, his wife and child, by the collision of the 8th of July. They have agreed to pay $ 10,000 upon which he has discontinued the suit.

The fees of witnesses subpoened in the Jerry Rescue Trial—which has been postponed on account of "Jerry's" reputed owner—amounted to $834.80 Four of the witnesses each charged for 1260 miles travel and two for 2518 miles.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

☞ The residence of G. P. R. James, Esq., British consul at Norfolk, was fired on Friday for the fifth time. The flames, however, were extinguished without doing serious damage.—*Exchange.*

The cause of these repeated attemps to fire Mr. James' residence, is said to be in the fact that many years ago he wrote a poem against slavery. The arguments submitted in reply by the chivalry, "are verry *firey*, and remarkably convincing.

It is said horses to the value of $5.000 have lately died in Duck Creek Hundred, Del., from blind and mad staggers.

Irish linens and other goods which Mrs. H. B. Stowe brought with her baggage from England, it is said, have been seized by the New York Custom House officers as contraband articles.

Thirteen hundred Dancs are about emigrating to Utah, to join the Mormons.

TOO SENSITIVE.—The New York *Evening Post* tells us of an incident at a place of public amusement in that city. On Monday evening, when J. Sheridan Knowle's five act comedy of "Love, or the Countess and the Serf," was performed in the presence of a large assemblage of citizens and strangers. The editor says:—

In the third act the Duke discovers that the serf loves his daughter, and to prevent their union he calls Huon before him, and requests him to sign a paper for his marriage to Catherine. This cute Huon to the quick, as he loves the Countess, and he refuses to obey the Duke. The latter threatens the serf with death for his disobedience, but it has no effect. Here a little excitement arose when Huon, replying to the Duke, said:

"What is death compared to *slavery!*"

The last word was delivered with such emphasis that almost the entire audience began demonstrations of applause, while a few persons in the boxes probably southern gentlemen, hissed energetically. There was no allusion to slavery in the South, and we could not divine the cause of their displeasure, unless the hated word, in any form, grates harshly upon their consciences.

"COTTON AND CHARITY."—The New York Journal of Commerce was very prompt the other day in counting all help for New Orleans from abolitionism. "Cotton," it said, was equal to the emergency; and the pro-slavery men of the country must have a monopoly of the work of charity. And yet it most singularly happens that the largert individual donation in behalf of New Orleans comes from the most ultra abolitionist of the country,—Gerrit Smith, who gives the munificent sum of $1000. Even the committee to make collections in New York, which at first was so intensely pro-slavery that it would not make its announcements in the Tribune, that being an anti-slavery sheet, acknowledge with deep emotions the receipt of this donation, and speak of it as "a noble act of charity," which "will ever be remembered by this association, and properly appreciated by the sick, dying and destitute, to whose relief it will be immediately sent." "Cotton" is outdone in benevolence by those whom it so insultingly spurned.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

From the New York Tribune.

THE COLORED NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The proceedings of the National Convention of Free People of Color, held at Rochester, the 6th, 7th and 8th days of July last, have been published in pamphlet form, and invite renewed attention. Our correspondents who attended its sessions gave some sketches at the time, but subsequent information leads us to believe that they failed to assign its due prominence to the most encouraging aspect of this first assemblage in a representative national convention of our fellow-citizens of african descent. What seemed to strike them most forcibly was the oratorical ability and skill in debate there exhibited. They represented, and concurrent testimony corroborates, their statement, that this Convention, though a smaller body, demonstrated quite as much talent of this sort as an ordinary House of Representatives. This, however, is little more than we looked for. The fervid constitution of the African is adapted to oratory; his affectionate nature is developed beyond that of the white, and his capacity for expression—mere command of words—seems also in excess. It must be considered, moreover, that this body undoubtedly included the very best specimens of the dark-hued citizens, while the House of Representatives—well, we are not prepared to say as much in its behalf.

The *vital* question in regard to the Convention related to its practical ability—to its power to detect the essential wants in the condition of the people whom it represented, and the courage, energy and perseverance it could bring into action for supplying them. That its members could talk well was of small consequence, if they could not concert wise plans, and combine heartily for their execution by sacrificing the pride of opinion and the desire for personal distinction and official prominence which might be expected to be active and exacting in a class which has such rare opportunities for indulging in those luxuries as the free negroes. If one will reflect how many escape-valves we whites have for *gas*, he will the better estimate the risk of explosion where the vents are so very few as those provided for the man of color. Think of our militia system, for example, and how disastrous it would prove, if all the conceit, and lust of command, that are blown off harmlessly through that channel, should be pent up to swell and fester until they found relief when men met to organise combinations for carrying on the serious business of life. Think what a glorious chance this Convention presented for men to show off their vanity, their love of power, their pig-headed obstinacy, who had seldom a chance before, and the merits of retaining will appear enormous. That the Convention should be able to suppress such manifestations of individuals, and arrive at harmonious conclusions upon points involving much sectional jealousy, is creditable proof of its genuine force, quite as of a kindliness of nature in which the best Conventions usually our superior. A white Convention would have broken up in an uproarious row upon