<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Volume II</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
<td>JWJ MSS 105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Beman, Amos Gerry, 1812-1874</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>1838 - 1857</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Collection Title</strong></td>
<td>Amos Gerry Beman Scrapbooks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rights</strong></td>
<td>The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or to site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Extent of Digitization</strong></td>
<td>Complete work digitized.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Container information</strong></td>
<td>Box 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Generated</strong></td>
<td>2021-10-31 11:48:36 UTC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Terms of Use</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access">https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>View in DL</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2016993">https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2016993</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
New Haven’s Colored Population.

THere are some 2,400 colored people in New Haven, and they are not getting a fair chance. Although in the Civil War period and earlier they were encouraged to come here by agents of a family ofslave generation, a sentiment of emancipation has not been among the descendants of these good people, and the concerns of the colored people are nobody’s business. One who returns to New Haven after 20 years is disappointed to note that little progress has been made; that few of them possess property, that they have developed few local leaders, that in Yale at their very doors are only two or three of the many—groups where the trouble lies.

There are those who dispose of the matter of by setting them lazy and incapable of doing. The negroes have showed down South that they can amuse property; everyone has noted individual colored men who are able and active. Frederick Douglass was the most impressive man the writer ever met. A roughneck would as soon think of insulating 3000 feet as that god-like man. A race that has produced some can produce many. Already in New Haven there are admirable types of colored men, cultivated, controlled, respected. There are lawyers, dentists, missionaries, business men that answer this description—not many, but enough to show what can be done if conditions are right. Their churches are a Congregational, for 15 years under Rev. E. E. Gantt, a man whom any man can talk with to profit; St. Luke’s, under Rev. H. G. Blunt, the Baptist Church, under Rev. J. J. Farr; and two Methodists Churches. Those churches are naturally the centers of the life of these people—religious, social. They also have their fraternal orders, a $40,000 Odd Fellows hall, paid for by themselves seven times.

It is fortunate that one negro is not vitally in his makeup. He suffers much, but gives all. It is good that he has humor. People often call negroes shifts—and with reason, for their origin was tropical; yet those who employ them report individuals whose services are invaluable. They are faithful, without intermission. Their faults are cases of development; they are clumsy, they talk “big,” they lack thoroughness and precision. But there are admirable. Anyone who has talked with Prof. Du Bois or other colored colored men of character realizes that these patients are external. Some who discuss the negro question seem to think they closed the matter by observing that only those not so, yet as all colored men are.

This is the negro carry-stock, the girdle around the waist, with some blood and ancestry. Even in New Haven white families welcome a negro physician of skill. It is a sad condition of affairs at present. In the Great War 40,000 of these men saw service. In the campaigns for bonds, Red Cross and the like, the negro church and lodge were centers of enthusiasm. These people thought that at last they would win a place by their sacrifices in the regard of the whites. Yet signs the armistice the lynching down South and the outrages have surpassed all. A feeling of hurt, of resentment drives these people together—black and mulatto alike. They may not worship; they cannot be with the whites. The Young Woman’s Christian Association shows them favor; but they are starting local co-operative business because, while the storekeepers take their money readily, colored clerks are barred. It seems useless to encourage their young men to fit themselves for high things, a wall of prejudice awaits them. The case of a very able colored youth who distinguished himself at Shaff, a few years ago, has made a quiet comment. He was fitted for high-class electrical work. His professors and white friends repeatedly urged him to apply for any opening. He was not admitted. He was fitted for high-class electrical work. His professors and white friends repeatedly urged him to apply for his place;—such services are in keen demand—but when it appeared he was colored, by mail and even by wire the appointment was canceled. The dresses, progressive and broad-minded Am Ken Wire company is especially good to these people.

It will not do to coddle the negro. Other races have sought their way to recognition with as great handicaps. Some callings are open to them. Let them make good in those. Booker Washington’s advice to manage property was good; let them by industry develop some resource of this sort. What they say will then be listened to. Let them select each year a dozen of the most promising youths and push their training to the highest point. Knowledge is power. But with it all let the white men and women of New Haven turn to this neglected duty. It is not humane nor American to American to bar any man from coming to his full stature. There should be at least a permanent committee of wise-disposed citizens to confer with colored leaders as to the advancement of their people.

Don’t Delay Your Income Tax.

ONCE more the joy of completing their quota to support of government is citizens March 15, which is not far away. In the final date to make return. There is a
While sitting in the Anglo-African office on Wednesday the 1st of December, 1862, we received a kind invitation from Wm. P. Powell, Esq., the proprietor of the Globe Hotel, No. 2 Dover street, New York, to dine with him—

"nothing lost" we went, asking no questions. On arriving at his "Home" we found "all things ready," and to our surprise two-twenty of our "brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh,"—some of the ocean—whose journeyings had been on the great deep from one and two years, to twenty, visiting all lands, beholding all climes, amid perils by day and by night, and amid false brethren, for one of them had been captured by the notorious "Alabama." A meeting was organized by appointing a Chairman and Secretary, when we were duly introduced to the company and required "to make a talk" by our kind host, which we attempted to do; after which remarks were made by two of the company and by Mr. Powell upon the importance of Union among our common and modes in which their condition might be improved, and their welfare secured. A committee was appointed to prepare and present a suitable constitution for an organization, which, we trust, will prove a great blessing in the city of New York and elsewhere. We were greeted by them with a handsome present, and amid mutual good-wishes bid each other adieu to meet no more until the voyage of life shall come to a close. Heaven bless and guide us all, and soon may there be such an institution formed, as will prove a "Safe Harbor" to many of the Sons of the Ocean.

More anon.

A. G. B.
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1859.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Mr. Editor — Once more I send you a few lines relative to our friends in this city — for I take it for granted that you are one with them in all their struggle and toil for their improvement and elevation — for let it be understood that your pen and scissors are henceforth to introduce you to their families — and wherever the Anglo goes you are sure to have friends. They have made good beginning, and I trust will in a few days do much better in the numbers of subscribers; they cannot do better, and there are none anywhere who can do better in spirit than those whose names you now find on your list.

I omitted to mention the Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Green, who is doing a good work here — for I am told that he takes a deep and intelligent interest in the contraband, scores of whom are flocking to this place, and many of them are fired with the spirit of improvement, desiring it especially for their children, and lamenting much that the best of their days have been spent in the dark and gloomy prison house of bondage. "Put out the light," cries the spirit, "invest the immortal soul in starless night of ignorance!"

My second visit to the Bible Class which Rev. Mr. Tanner is teaching, confirmed all the favorable impressions which my first visit to it awakened. The lesson for the evening was the ninth chapter of Genesis, and most thoroughly did the class examine its testimony with intense interest to the remarks of the teacher, especially as he dwelt upon the sacred text the light which centuries have shed upon the history of Man's descendants. Would it not be well for many other ministers to imitate his noble example, and gather large Bible Classes together and instruct them from week to week in a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures? Heaven bless and sustain him in his blessed and important work.

For a few months the schools established here have been doing well — much better than could have been expected; still there are many obstacles to overcome; many others should be gathered into the schoolhouse; some of the parents of the children are unable to pay; some are, of course, indifferent; many are themselves ignorant, and cannot appreciate the value of an education. At the present time the following ladies and gentlemen are engaged or interested in the schools as teachers among those who are "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh": — Mrs. Jane A. Crouse, Miss Amanda Bowdoin, Miss Mary B. Chase, Mrs. George W. Parker, Clem Robinson and James H. Hill. A wide field is here open for the co-operation of the wise and benevolent in sustaining these schools by contributing funds for their support — there would these teachers be enabled to take and instruct many others who must remain in ignorance unless such assistance is given.

Notwithstanding all the hardships and difficulties under which our people have lived here, they have accumulated property, real estate, to the amount of more than thirty thousand dollars, and still they are "hastening slowly" forward in the right direction.

But whoever visits the place and has an eye to see, will see that the work of improvement is a stern work — that to promote the cause of temperance, education and morality requires great self-denial, great patience and perseverance. The work to be done must be completed in a day or a year; it will require a long time to remove the evils which slavery and habit have so deeply engraven upon the very foundation of everything. The friends have rejoiced much in the influence of the military governor of the city, Colonel Gregory, a noble Christian gentleman, who grants them all the protection in their persons and in their religious worship which their circumstances demand. Now, Mr. Editor, from week to week speak words of good cheer to them, as you are so faithfully doing to your hosts of readers.

A. G. B.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1859.

A. G. B.

Mr. Editor — I desire to present a few items, I trust, of interest to your numerous readers, and will do it with your permission very briefly. I have been spending a few days in Hartford, Conn., among the good people of this city. My errand there was one of mercy. Having seen much of the condition of the "contrabands" in Rhode Island and Connecticut by request, also to went there to speak of their condition, and do what I could to cause the kind feeling for them to take some definite and practical shape. Their condition was presented in the Talbot at Congregational church, Rev. A. N. Freeman, and in the First at Methodist church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. F. Lloyd. Both of these brethren have hearts in the right place, and their people are like them — all look both of the matter in good earnest, and are now engaged in preparing boxes or barrels of things which will cause the hearts of the women and children for whom they are at work, to "leap for joy."

Nowhere have I met with more intelligent, practical friends of the nation’s freedom, as Doctor Young calls them, or the "Lord’s poor," as all their and history and for a long time to come, the "truth of history" will describe them. Long, long must they suffer from the effects of that bondage which to this day has crushed them beneath the heel of the proud oppressor. Long must the Christian hands fall to bless them, nothing the naked — instructing the ignorant — preaching the gospel to the poor, and blessed are they who take part in this holy work.

There is much in Hartford which is deeply interesting. If all that the most ardent friends of humanity conceived and labored has not been accomplished since the great and difficult work of elevating the colored people, and improving their social and moral condition, was commenced by the men of the past generation, still they did not "labor in vain — nor spend their strength for nought." The social comfort and refinement of many families, bear witness that industry and frugality is rewarded, and the general intelligence of the people proves that they "read, inwardly mark, and digest" those things up which their highest welfare depends. Inter mingling with them I often thought — how shall all this cultivation be made effective and useful! Surely there are many here who as teachers of sacred music, and instructors of schools, can exert a wide influence for good among those who are "bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh," if it were open to them. Not to mention all, I will name E. H. Plato, who holds in his right hand a diploma which he received when he graduated from the High School of the city of Hartford; and if my friend, E. M. Thomas, of Washington, who takes such enthusiasm in works of art and artists, could see the manifestation of skill and genius which Nelson Angustus Primus shows, his heart would rejoice, and his tongue, if possible, grow more eloquent and enthusiastic in relation to artists among us as a people, and an examination of Master Charles P. Cleverget would flash a new joy into his mind. With that fostering care and diligent culture which genius requires and humanity can and Hartford will yet be proud of these young minds.

We expect to see our friends here again, and complete our work in behalf of the contrabands, and perhaps write you a line, Mr. Editor, for I find that what is published in the " Anglo" becomes familiar as household words with the good people of Hartford.

A. G. B.
Mr. Editor—Although you are aware that my present stay in this place has been brief and at the writing of this, yet your remark, that even one day here might afford an item of interest to the numerous and widely-scattered readers of the “Angler”—stated as if by fire upon my mind on entering my boating place, Mr. Perry Brown’s, of whom I shall have occasion to speak, as well as of several others, who have for many years “borne the burden and heat of the day” in all matters pertaining to the welfare and progress of our people in this city.

Your encouraging remarks came up before me on being introduced to the Rev. M. J. Wilkerson, formerly of New-Orleans, but known to thousands in all parts of the country, and whose name is ever and will be, another, one of deep interest to one man. He was born a slave in old Virginia and sold four times, the last time sent in chains to New-Orleans, where, before he was twenty-one years of age, he had succeeded in purchasing himself, and afterwards bought his mother; paying for both a sum which would, by this time have amounted to a snug little fortune. He learned to read and write, has become an author and preacher, traveling very extensively, establishing churches and schools, devoting many years of his life to the founding of an institution in West Jefferson county, Ohio, now under the supervision of the Rev. Edward D. Davis, of the A. M. E. Church.

For more than thirty years Mr. Wilkerson has been laboring for the elevation of our race, amid trials, and hardships, and trials, which fully justifies the oft-repeated remark that “truth is stronger than fiction.” How many such names, the past fifty years have produced among us—names which the poetry, the eloquence, and the philosophy of the “good time coming,” when the Walter Scotts and the Dickenses and the Thackerays shall consecrate by their creation and embodiment by their genius—no, not these, but those, who tell us, if brown shall gather up their records, a treasure to our race and the world of patient toil and suffering, of noble bearing and sublime faith and disinterested love. Mr. Wilkerson now affixes to the masses, who have shown themselves ever his true friends and helpers in his laborious enterprise. At present he is making them a visit, lecturing and laboring as he journeys forth through the land. Multitudes among your readers will have read his name with a sincere “God bless the old man eloquent”—as thousands will hail him with joy in that day when “Christ shall make up his jewels.”

I will not say more this morning, but collect such facts as I may and send them to you for publication, which will, I trust, interest your readers and perhaps stimulate some humble degree, able and more polished pens in different parts of the world, to gather up such facts as shall have an elevating and encouraging influence upon our people generally.

Newport, R. I., Feb. 27th, 1863.

Mr. Editor—A second meeting was held in this city for the purpose of encouraging the enlistments of soldiers to join the colored regiment which Gov. Andrew of Mass. has been authorized to raise. The meeting was held in the St. John’s House on Monday evening, March 1st, at 8 o’clock, the house was full. The following gentlemen were appointed officers: P. B. Brown, President; Vice-Presidents: Richard Vaughs, Col. Isaac S. Barros, Silas Dickerson, Richard White, Thomas Church and Albert A. Stevens; Secretaries: Mitchell S. Haynes and Freeborn A. Ricketts. Dr. J. B. Smith, of Boston, and Hon. W. H. Johnson Esq., of New Bedford, and Rev. Amos Gerry Benam, of New Haven, Conn., addressed the meeting. Several Copperheads, and a host of their “dying breed,” were present. The “gray tops,” well inspired with the fixed gendts, where, with the democracy replenished its Dutch courage, and were therefore fully out upon destroying the meeting. In this they failed. The great majority of those present had come to hear, and were not to be disappointed by the rude conduct of those Northern, dough-fac’d ascetics, and in the speeches of Messrs. Smith and Johnson, they were not only furnished with something to make their “ears tingle,” but something, upon which their reflection organs can ruminate for many days to come. We did not wonder that the Copperheads himself, as loud as their rum turned lungs permitted: but “let the galled jade vince” for “redder yet the fires of truth shall glow.”

Do not “insult,” Mr. Editor, while reading the following extract from the Newport “Daily News” of the 3rd inst. The Editor in giving a favorable account of the meeting, makes the following remark: “The addresses were able, earnest and eloquent—terms that could provoke a smile perhaps upon many a face, on account of their being applied to men of color; but we are not alone in their opinion that in regard to the speeches made these terms are applicable in all truth.” The truth is, Mr. Editor, that this community is full of ignorance, and prejudices as far as the whole question of the colored man is concerned in the history of this rebellion, or of his position, and circumstances are to be observed. What the Abolitionists have done, what improvements the free colored people have made, and what are making, appears to be Cimmerian darkness in these “Edgins.” We would that Day, and Duncan, and Guey, could be heard by the elite of this city a few times. We would that Guey, could re-open the address, which he made in Buffalo before the National Convention there, when he moved that an address be sent to the Slaves inviting them to rise, and strike for Liberty—an address one of the most powerful and eloquent, which ever fell from mortal lips. Stoned men were moved by it, and, shackled as the wild storms which the winds of the forest, every soul was thrilled, every heart moved, every eye suffused with tears, as in language as vivid as lightning, he portrayed the wrongs and
ings of the slaves, the tyranny and wretchedness of the Slaveholders—No; "snail" would pay upon their features, no joy would illuminate their hearts, while they were listening to the marshalling of those thunders which justice and truth has enounced in the word Emancipation. Messrs. Dickerson and Collins S. Burrill were appointed to enlist men by Dr. Smith.

Newport, R.I., March 6, 1863.

Mr. Editor,—On Tuesday evening, the 3rd inst., a goodly number of the citizens of Newport, colored and white, gathered in the Union Congregational Church to hear an address upon President Lincoln’s Proclamation of Emancipation, by Rev. A. G. Beman—and justice to the audience requires me to say that their patience politeness lasted to the end. Several came forward and subscribed for the Asylum. Glory enough for one hour. No peace, the dogs have been held here to promote our welfare, with the exception of those mentioned in this correspondence. It is said that no mention was made of the proclamation at a large gathering of our people assembled to see the old year out and the new one in.

You will perceive from the following statement that there are those here who will give interest to the “Anglo-African Art Exhibition,” when it shall be held. Freeborn Allen Bicknell, now of this city but a native of Providence, has quite a number of drawings and charcoal pen sketches, which show that he has the hand and the eye of an artist, needing but patient toil and industry to enable him to shine, adding grace and glory to the exhibitions. The other young gentleman to whom I wish to call attention as rising star of genius, who will shine in peaceful beauty, is Benjamin Boardley. But here is an account of him from an editorial in the Newport Daily News, which is better than anything which my pen can furnish, and which I am sure will interest multitudes—all who desire the improvement of our people.

INDUSTRY AND MECHANICAL SKILL OF A COLORED MAN.—We had the pleasure of examining yesterday a very remarkable mechanical curiosity, which, having been produced under circumstances of an interesting nature, calls for at least a mention in our columns. The Curiosity, for such shall term it, is a small steam-engine, the total weight of which is only three-fourths of an ounce and so diminutive in size that it could be accommodated with sufficient room for motion under an ordinary sewing-machine. The whole machine is supported upon an upright boiler, by the tabular point of an ordinary silver lead-pencil, the opening through which forms the steam-pipe of this little musical motor, the power of which is rated at one seventy and eighteen twenty-eighth parts of a horse-power. The machine is no more toy, but a perfect high-pressure engine, containing all the parts and characteristics of the most improved patterns; although the bore of that cylinder is only one-twenty-sixth, the stroke two-twentieths, and the motion of slide valve one thirty-second of an inch.

The inventor of this engine, or perhaps more properly the builder, who yesterday exhibited to us this, (this third similar) work of patience and industry, is, as before mentioned, a young colored man, Benjamin Boardley, by name, connected with the Naval Academy in a subordinate capacity and notwithstanding his humble origin in slavery, is certainly a mechanic of more than ordinary intelligence and skill. His history, so far as we know it, is simple and does much to confirm the doctrine of the inferiority of the colored race. Benjamin, as a Maryland slave, was hired from his master while the Academy was stationed at Annapolis to do mechanical duty for the professors and assist in handling the apparatus used for experiments before the midshipmen. He arrived so much intelligence and was so attentive and desirous to obtain information for his own improvement, that he became a general favorite, in consequence of which a purse was made up and he was purchased from his master. Since his freedom has been secured he has continued to remain in his old position at the Academy, improving himself by the advantages which surrounded him in various intellectual acquirements. As a mechanic, he is a very valuable man, and if we do not greatly mistake will eventually make his mark in the world.

A.G.B.

The War and Colored Men.

Mr. Editor,—I fail in this letter to say a few words of the war and its relation to colored men. It is too late in the day for any to satisfy themselves, too late for the most benighted ignorance to deny the truth—the fact, that in the existence of slavery is to be found the potent cause of the war—the cause of all its evils, and with all the good, which is to result from it, for notwithstanding the many and evils and affliictions to many individuals, it will prove an unspeakable blessing to thousands, the colored race, to the country and to the human race in general, with burning hearts, and souls of fire, many of the most profound thinkers among us looked upon its inauguration, in its relation to the cause of liberty in this land, with joy. In the first flash and thunder of the guns of rebellion upon Fort Sumter, they saw and heard the doom of the slave-holders, the death knell of slavery. When the bloody drama opened, they saw that before its close colored men, whether bond or free, were called upon to act an important and glorious part. From that hour the events of each day have turned their faith into sight.

The stern cold voice of prejudice in which their offers of assistance were hailed in derisive mockery, have been turned into the dulcet tones of entreaty, not to my supplication: “Oh! come and help us save our country,” not the land of the white man. They are now told, not that you are the cause of the war, not that the two races cannot live together, but that justice declares that all the slaves of the rebels are free, and that policy and expediency assigns them a place in the army and navy, and to thousands of them employment in the service of the government; in this we rejoice and are exceeding glad,” and hope the day is not distant, when the marshalled hosts of thousands of infantry, artillery, and cavalry of colored men shall be seen duly equipped, disciplined, and officered, prepared fully for the “ordered field,” or to garrison forts, or to fill the navy. We hope the day is not distant where there shall be a thoroughly organized element of military prowess in this country of colored men. Let our young men “gird up the loins of their minds,” and “try the midnight lamp,” and peruse the writings of the most scientific authors on the subject of war, of military tactics, study the history of the great campaigns, the strategy of the commanders, see the Jewish conflicts, read old Homer and Tacitus, Grecian skill and Roman bravery, of Hannibal and Carthagian patience—let a knowledge of war theories, both ancient and modern, be examined in good earnest. Every soldier intending to be a member of the army is required to do military duty for the present, all the hopes of the future harmoniously blend and appeal to—read, to think, to drill long and patiently under the teaching of the best instructions.

There are some books and publications of special importance in the present crisis of our affairs, which should be in the hands of all, especially of all our soldiers: First that book of facts, by W. C. Neil of Boston, also that volume of poetry, "Walker’s Appeal," and "Garrett’s Address to the Slaves" should be scattered over the land, as thick as autumnal leaves. Call and send forth as chaplains the Penningtons and Logues—men who have seen service in the homes of bondage, men who can “stir the blood” of slaves, as they “march along” amid the rice swamps, through cotton fields, and over sugar plantations, amid ten thousand silent records, with which the South is filled, records of which “every dry bone in the valley, the tongue of eloquence would cause to live and to plead against their taking off in trumpet tones,” and if such soldiers did not demand indemnity for the past, and security for the future, than we have no faith in human nature.

Study the facts seen in the present conflict, how many thrilling deeds there are, how many names “that were not born to die,” have come up to the admiring gaze of the world—the Tilman, a Robert Small, and many others will live and shine forever. Deeds have been performed which show that the blood of the Denmark Varnets, the Nat Turners, the Crones, and the Touissant L’Ouvertures is not yet extinct, nor degenerated. Let every such fact be noted, let the band of patriotic genius gather up the worthless gems, and place all these sacred facts, where the “thanks of millions yet to be,” may crown their authors with an immortal crown.

This war is for the good of man. The proud Anglo-Saxon shall be humble in his national pride, the front of sympathy shall be opened in the heart of millions, those who did not feel for those “in bonds as bound with them, will have learned a lesson. From the valley of Chickasawhania, from the plains of Arizona, from the heights of Friedrichshagen, from the shore of the Potomac, from abounding battle fields, voices will ever sound in the ear of thousands in all parts of the land, and melt and mould them, and educate them into the great principles of humanity.

They shall learn to feel for those who had long been held beneath the iron heel of oppression. This war shall do good for all before it shall end—Justice will be established, and freedom declared to all the inhabitants of the land. Let the heroic deeds of colored men be performed in every department, civil and military, and let them be written in everlasting memorial.

A. G. B.

Newport, R.I., April 3, 1863.
The venerable Charles W. Garman, the old man eloquent, stood by him nofly, bravely: while in the State, not to mention all the names of Benjamin Burton deserves honorable record, for with Mr. Downing, at their own private ex-

expense, they prepared a place and paid a teacher and opened a free school to all who chose to send, thinking that the self-respect of the parents would have with joy a place where their children could be taught and their self-respect maintain-

ed. But, alas! the plowshares of oppression had been driven too deep. So deep was the pit of degradation and ignominy into which long years of prejudices had crushed the great majority, that their part of the drama was soon closed.

How to gain their rights now became a ques-
tion of serious moment. Stand on the ad
tame rock of Truth, leaning on the pillar of Jus-
tice, he saw, standing, in a storm of letters of fire, “Thus saith the Constitution of Rhode Island: It shall be the duty of the General Assembly to secure the people the advan-
tages and opportunities of education.” “Every person within the State ought to obtain right and justice freely and without purchase, completely and without denial, promptly and without de-

lay.”

With these principles on their banner, they flung it to the breasts of the outer walls of justice. Interviews were held with the various committees of the public schools; public meet-
ings were held in different parts of the State, addressed by Mr. Downing; discussion invited, challenged; objections called for in vain; petitions were sent to the legislature; before committees time and again, Mr. Downing pleaded the cause of the children, their right to the enjoyment of equal school-privileges. He sometimes met open and fair discussion, when he presented such an array of facts, such irrefutable arguments, such truth unanswerable eloquence, that, notwithstanding his distinguished orator on one side, his biting sarcasm soon left him without “a cozenum worthy of his steel.” They soon learned that “the firm rock from its base would fly” as soon as he.

In all these encounters, in personal conversa-
tions with members of the various legislatures with whom he met, and among men in the State, the measure made and was making rapid ad-

vancement towards that “consummation devoutly to be wished for” by every one in whom there yet remained a spark of self-respect or one ray of honesty and truth. By his eloquence, by his pen—“instant in reason and out of season”—he moved forward with the strength of a giant. The Parkers, the Waugh, and the Banks of Providence, and other noble ones of that city, stood by him in this work of solemn importance. Some of the most intelligent men of the State were his friends and voters. Dr. Wayland drew up a petition filled with unanswerable rea-

tions, to be presented to the legislature, but would not sign his own name to the document which he had prepared.

From the first, those of the opposition neither slept nor slumbered. Every means which pro-

justice or malice could invent or wield, was em-

ployed to defeat this measure. To accomplish this, prejudices among the whites was kept alive, their ignorance of the character and condition of the colored people kept up, the noble stand of Massachusetts misrepresented, and the facts in relation to the colored children in the public schools ignored or denied. The wily foe sought for aid and comfort among the victims of their hate and found some “followers of the bower sort” object enough to petition the legislature not to grant equal rights. A Benedict Arnold was found, a petition framed, the names of the vile, the ignorant, the names of the dead attached to it. It is said that a letter was written by a fe-

male who had long been a teacher of colored children, saying that seven-eighths of the colored youth were so immoral, that they would detest-

erably affect and injure by their presence the morals of the children of the white school, if ad-
mitted among them!

Lying and slander and injustice for a time triumph. Colored children are in separate places, called schools, or in the streets, or in some few instances privately taught, or sent out of the State, for the enjoyment of those rights which are denied them at their own doors. We do not now intend to speak of the present schools, for we have not seen them all. Honest, manly dis-

cussion was made to his soul, but when, like Cesar, he saw those for whom he was battling stab his dearest honor, malign his motives, and it is said that his enemies applied the torch of the incendiary to his magnificent property, caus-

ing him a loss of some fourteen or fifteen thou-

sand dollars, he said, “Et tu, Brute?” and left the other matters to other days, to other hands, to more auspicious times, when a nobler sentiment and more worthy deeds shall fill the minds of those whose interests are at stake in this matter.

Whatever might have been the feelings of those in Newport, who were made to feel the weight of his ponderous blows in this conflict, no honor has been conferred upon him by the city authorities, which will descend through the long coming years, and the wealth, the beauty, and the magnificence of the public, as it rolls up and down Touro street, the most fashionable promenade in the city, their eyes can see in hansom-cab letters, “Downing Street,” fronting which is his own home and the dear ones, for whose educational rights and privileges, in common with all the children of the State, he fought and toiled so nobly. When this State has a “Historical and Statistical Society,” then shall many a name be mentioned, but none shall shine with more beauty, or inspire more exclu-

sion, than the name of George Thomas Down-

ing.

Now in his prime, cultured and disciplined by wrestling with minds of great legal acumen, of historic research and practical ability, he is fitted to do more than a yeoman’s duty where truth needs a voice, justice a defender, or the right a champion.

A. B. R.

Newport, R. I., March 34th, 1863.
In the history of Mr. Torrey the circumstances which fill up and surround the last years of his life, there are principles developed, and for the defence of which he fell a victim, which demand an investigation; and if they are true, then he was a martyr—a noble sacrifice on the altar of Truth: if they are not righteous principles, then we may pity the folly which led him to wrong and act upon them,—or blame him for coming in contact with those laws which are made to guard and defend those interests which the carrying out of his principles invaded.

If a mistake not there is in this event of Divine Providence, much to afford profitable thought, and reflection—the soul of wisdom; in this event there are lessons which the finger of God is writing on the historical pages of the times in characters of fire, and which in the great day, if not before, will be found to have been intended as a warning, solemn as the Eternal Throne! Let men that all who run may not read, and all that read should run.

*What was done by Mr. Torrey?*

Here it must be remarked that in this Christian and civilized land there are three millions of slaves—immortal beings made in the image of God—deemed by the precious blood of His Son Jesus Christ, and susceptible of sanctification, and eternal life through the power of the spirit and the truth.

These men and women and children have all the rights and sympathies of human nature vested in them by the hand of the Almighty Creator—they are those who, in the language of the Declaration of the American Independence, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and who are, in the language of slavery laws, deemed, sold, taken, and judged in the law, to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners, and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assignees, with all intents and constructions and purposes whatsoever. [Edward's dirt, p. 229.]

This law is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent to the system, no escape, no remedy, no hiding place, where the ‘star-spangled banner’ of the United States floats as a sign of donation over the soil, the spirit of this law in various ways is felt, and through what is believed by multitudes of the American people to be the provisions of the constitution, the slave is seized and held in bondage, the injustice and the cruelties of which the sun never looked upon before, or in the language of John Wesley, the sum of all villainies.

If a slave therefore were to be free and enjoy his life, secure his liberty and pursue his happiness, he must flee from his native land, and under the protection of a foreign government find that security and safety which is denied him upon the soil of his birth. In the top of the north star he must pursue his lonely way exposed to continual and alarming dangers, to fearful sufferings, and deprivations,—liable to be pursued by Christians with pens and blood hunts—to be levied, even taken back and cruelly punished for attempting to pursue his happiness and secure his liberty,—all that gives value to life.

Amid all these difficulties and dangers,—amid the darkness and storms of night, the tempests of day, through swamps and valleys, over the mountains and rivers, like Gideon’s army ‘faint but still pursuing’ their lonely way onward and still onward, weary from toil and the want of rest—a prey to continual fears and alarms, filled with distress and anxiety, they make their escape. Thus thousands have,—and the cry in Canada is still they come.' Let night, and our sight, from the rigors of republican slavery to monarchical freedom, many have found, and still find, the pathway, and who seeing they have all their days fallen among those who have robbed them of their rights, robbed them of their happiness, robbed them of mental culture and moral enjoyments, robbed them of the sweet charities of social life and the sacred guardianship of civil protection,—have given them the cup of cold water and the cramps of breath which fell from the rich table which a kind Providence has spread for them, and often advice and money to assist them on their perilous journey.

To do this to one of God’s suffering poor to rescue them from a worse than Egyptian bondage is, in the view of music, a crime, and in the eye of slave law, a daring one, for the committal of which there is no forgiveness—no mercy—in pardon—no escape but in the grave.

This is the deed which was done by Mr. Torrey. Poor, trembling, bleeding slaves were by him assisted in their flight from the dark and freqiving Barble of American Slavery—from the merciless grasp of the Republican Eagle to a shelter, and protection beneath the canopy of the British Lion.

'Tis this the head and front of his offending—'tis that extent no more.' We have no occasion to add the words, 'nor shall we set down aught in malice against those who in this 'land of light and liberty' pursued him to death, and offered him a morsel to the bloody maw of slavery. The tragedy is closed—the bloody drama is ended. Let the great heart of humanity speak: Let the voice of the blessed Savior set in judgment, and decide! It is admitted, then, that the Rev. Chas. Turner Torrey did vioate the laws of the state under various circumstances of trial and peril, assist slaves to make their escape; they are guilty of no crime, or, if they are, wearing a hue upon their foreheads which their Creator had placed there; and be it remembered that the Declaration of American Independence declares that ‘all men are born free and equal, and endued by their Creator with cer
with the right to "punish his own happiness" to any extent, which does not lead him to violate the sacred rights of his fellow men. God has also declared, "Thou shalt not deliver his master the servant, which is escaped from his master unto thee." (Deut. xxiv. xv.)

"Therefore," says the Saviour, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should unto you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets." Mat. v. xii.

What, if your father had been a slave all his days, would you wish to have done for him? What, if your mother had been for many years in hopeless bondage, would you sometime friendly bondages do right for her? What, if your brother had worn away his youthful vigor and manhood's prime beneath the lash of the slave driver, would you choose for him? What, if your sister was born to a life of unrequitted toil, and degradation, would be your prayer and wish for her? What, if the chain—massive and strong—be bound upon your own limbs, and the command of justice, but by the hand of injustice, would be the most fervent and sincere desire of your heart? If you saw an arm that could save you from a life of untold wretchedness!—What would you have that same friendly arm do for the wife, or the bosom, or your noble little boy? your sweet little girl? What would you do if one of the crushed and steeled slaves were to implore your assistance? What would you do with the voice of sympathy pleading within you to remember those in bondage as bound with them? Could you refuse to you would wish another should do unto you if you were placed in similar circumstances? Is yours the iron hand that would blot from his brow the first beam of joy, and coldly strike from his mind the first ray of hope, as it began to smile, and pick happiness on his heart?

Who was Charles Turner Torrey?

Charles Turner Torrey was born in Simagen, Mass., Nov. 21st, 1813. At the age of fourteen years, he was left an orphan by the death of both his parents. He was received and educated by his maternal grand parents. He was educated at Exeter Academy, in N. Hampshire, and at Yale College, New Haven, and pursued his theological studies at Andover Seminary, Mass. He was settled in the ministry at Providence, R. I., where he continued only about six months, and then was settled at Scarsdale, Mass., where he continued one year and a half—he left in the month of August, 1839.

In 1842, Mr. Torrey was seized and imprisoned for one week by the slaveholders' convention at Annapolis in Maryland. He was arrested in Baltimore, June 26th, 1844, and tried November 20th, and 21st, and on the 1st Dec., 1844, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for six years, upon the charge of enticing slaves to run away, and of assisting them to do so.—He was removed to the prison on the
30th of Dec., 1844. His health began to fail in the autumn of 1845. He died May 9th, 1846, having been in prison one year and ten months.

Things to note in his life—his education.

He was often told, dejectedly by his grand parents, as other New England boys are told, of the early history of this country. In his veins flowed the old pilgrim blood, and many a tale well fitted to stir his blood, excite his mind, and stamp the most vivid and living impression upon his soul, were told him—scenes of truth and power which were destined to live in his imagination in all their original freshness and vigor—scenes which would go far to shape his future character.

In the academy that same process was kept up and enlarged upon, for now, by his own reading and reflection, its thrilling scenes, its bright deeds, were incorporated into the elements of his thoughts, and destined to shed an important influence over the whole field of his meditations and reflections. The history of New England, in particular, is well fitted and does take a powerful and strong hold upon all there is in the human mind that loves the exhibitions of a sublime and patient suffering a disinterested heroic spirit in the secular or religious history of any people which have ever existed on the face of the globe.

Standing on old Plymouth Rock he had surveyed the events which stand up like columns of light amid the mass of corruption and oppression since the torch of the reformation waxed from Luther's hand. Many an event in English history is immediately connected with the settlement of this country; many a trial for conscience sake, many a dethroning of a royal monarch, of sublime suffering, of calm and patient endurance for Christ and for Truth's sake, an effort to secure freedom civil and religious, which no tortures, no chains, no persecution, no thunders of power in thrones, no criteres of the rack, no human vengeance could crush or destroy. He had read of the Pilgrims and Sydneys, of the Miltons, the Knoxes, the Cromwells, and a host of others, before and since their day, which tended to develop and strengthen the holy principle of virtue in his mind. How could he read the pages of history and fail to learn that it was noble and generous to be applied to live for the good of his fellow man? What other lesson could he learn from the fourth of July orations and the celebrations of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock? What could he learn from pages of classic lore as he trimmed the midnight lamp to catch the great truths which the hand of genius has stamped upon them as thoughts that breath and words that burn?

What else could the stern old Roman teach him? What else had the souls of Cato and Scipio to say? What other spirit brushes from the immortal Ma- ro's vein? What other influence fell upon his mind from the sweet tones of Cicero's voice? Even the philosophy of Rome taught him the sentiment, ut justitia tueat salutem.

What to be expected from a thorough acquaintance with the Greeks in their history and literature, their arts and sciences, their poetry and philosophy? Democritus had rolled the thunder of his eloquence over his soul; and the fire of the prophet of the prophets commences the study of Theology. If he had drank large draughts from the Psalms which his mind was filled with, the be- rote, the beautiful and the grand, he gathered gems and pearls of sacred lusture. Now he converses with Mo- ses and David, with Isai and Jeremiah, with the spirit of Hebrew grandeur and nobility, the truth of Jesus' good adorns and strengthens his soul. On these eternal heights these sacred mountaintops blushing in heaven's own light—his mind is filled with the divinity that pervades within him, the air of Palestine breathes upon his spirit, and hustled and moulded the powers of his mind into union with angels, and of God! He here walks in companionship with the son of the Most High. From the sacred pages, from the lips of his venerable instructors, from the hand of the eternal spirit which had consecrated him to the service of Truth and of God, great and majestic principles of right moral action, were stamped in letters of fire upon his heart, the natural and legitimate, the intended design of which were to lend him to the performance of deeds sublime in their moral character.

Examined and licensed to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, ordained and charged by the professed servants of the sovereign Judge, was it not to be expected, in his life, by his deeds, the very soul of action, that he would show that he believed the doctrines which he taught? Did not the declaration of Paul ring in his ears, 'If any man have not the spirit of Jesus Christ he is none of his?'

Is it any wonder, then, when he saw the oppression in this land that his spirit was stirred within him, that he was moved with compassion for them? Is it any wonder that he should become a mouth for the dumb? Is it any won- der that he should feel for those in bondage as one bound with them? Is it any wonder when he heard the voice of his Saviour and Judge saying, therefore whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do even so to you same unto them. With him to hear was to obey. He resolved to consecrate himself to immediate emancipations. With a mind of more than ordinary power, pointed and enriched by a lib- ertarian education, qualified to inquire and compare to reason and to judge able, easily and eloquently, as well as clearly and powerfully to express the great and glowing thoughts of his most excellent soul with his pen or tongue; he soon as a lecturer, a writer, and editor, acquired high distinction among Freedom's Spartan Band. Having girded on his triple armor of light and truth and love, he passed a moment. A nor- row, raw wall came up from the South, and fell in accents of woe upon his heart. In looking over the land, he saw bowed down to the earth under a weary load of oppression, the hearts of poor old fathers crushed,—he saw the children's bosom range with anguish,—he saw the parents torn cruelly from their children, sold and separated to meet no more until the last great day! He saw the tear on woman's cheek bell in eloquence sincere of deeds of shame and wrong which their tongues might not utter. He saw the darkness which rested upon their souls in clouds of moral gloom, which left their immortal minds to group in ignorance down to the grave. He saw them before the burning bar of eternal justice, and heard the righteous Judge saying, 'inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me.' He knew the pain was silent, that the press was dumb, or perverted, that on the side of the oppressor there was power—that coldness and scorn were heaped upon the heads of those who pleaded the cause of the slave—that the ponderous weight of the general and state govern- ments were upon them—that long years of darkness and sorrow had been their bitter lot — that the voice of the multitude cried there is no hope, they were born to be slaves, the Bible sanctions, the land by which all poverty which this law declares to be property and two hundred years have sealed and sanctified slavery—that it is wrong to vote against slavery, or to preach against it, or pray against it, even when this world of poverty and ignorance and darkness preys upon the explanation of the world—that the gains of oppression were the legitimate means to be used for the salvation of the heathen in foreign lands! These things he saw,—and while he saw them he heard from the throne of eternal mercy a solemn voice inquiring:

'Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought Which will make slaves, that Heav'n's elect? Shall freedom lack the indignant thought? Shall Mercy's boom cease to swell, When honor blood—when Truth mourns? Shall pen and press, and saw be dumb?'

'Nearby each spot of lamentation, Where Freedom weeps her children's fall— By Plymouth's neck—and Barker's moulded— By Garvagh's slain and shattered wall— By Warren's gate—by Langford's single— By all the memories of the dead—'

By these unblushing words which brent.
He was arrested, as we have seen, on the 25th of June, 1844, and on the 30th of December, placed in the penitentiary at Baltimore.

Now cut off from a life of physical, intellectual and moral activity—from the social enjoyments of his own friends—from communion with kindred spirits, his health began to fail. Aware of this, his friends raised the money to pay Heckrothe for his slaves, if by that means Mr. Torrey might be released and placed in Philadelphia. His wife, the daughter of Dr. Ide, petitioned the Governor of Maryland for the release of the husband of her youth, and the father of her little ones. This petition was signed by some of the most distinguished men in Massachusetts—it was sanctioned with the certificate of the physician of the prison, that unless Mr. Torrey was soon liberated he could not live—but no! there was no mercy for him! The slave pirate from the coast of Africa, or the horseman, on the borders of the desert, more need of pity, more entitled to mercy, than the poor man who had dared to assist in a land of freedom the toiling bondman! The petition of that wise and mother—the prayer of those little ones, that their father might be released, and if he must die, be on the bosom of those whom he loved, and whose Lord was about to receive him into the presence of the living God, was not hearkened. The voice of sympathy and affection, was coldly—sternly—cruefly—denied!

This was hard, for

“On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some placid eye the closing eye receives.”

Who would wish to die among strangers? Slavery prepared this bitter cup for Mr. Torrey, and thus presented to the public an殷切的 challenge to his dying lips!

The state of his mind.

You are now to behold him, emaciated and worn, in the sick room of the prison. His wife is not there, with tender hand to minister to his wants; no sister is there with sweet assiduity to cheer his drooping spirits; no brother to support his weary head; no father to sympathize with him in his sufferings; he has no mother there—she died long, long ago; his little ones could not be there, even to kiss the brow of their dying father; and the friends whom he had bound to him with bonds of love, were not there; to no, he is far from the place of his childhood and youth—the home of his beloved New England; and all earthly hopes of seeing the scenes of nature, the valleys, the mountains, the rich valleys, the broad rivers, the smiling landscapes, the lovely villages, the busy cities, with which he had been conversant, are now out forever! He shall go on bright and beaming stars no more—

The sun's golden rays shall bless him again never. The sweet music of the birds for him exist not. There he is on his pallet of straw—surrounded by female, a prey to the ravages of disease. Never again shall the loved voice of his wife thrill his soul; the tongues of his little ones he shall never hear; their fondness he shall never behold; their affectionate grasp he shall feel no more. The hope of these things so dear to the heart of man when away from home and all the hope of peace, of repose, of repose, the hectoring, the hectoring, are there. His intelligent mind understood these signs. His wife, unable to visit him, commissioned her brother to carry him her last message, and to say to him that she loved him still; that for him her heart, though warm and broken, heart truly; and to bid him an affectionate adieu until kindred spirits should meet in realms of light and glory.

The church at Worcester, Mass., of which Mr. Torrey was a member, sent him their Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Smalley, to comfort and cheer him. He administered to him the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. The scene was solemn and impressive. The soul of Mr. Torrey was filled with peace and joy. Says one who was present, “I have scarcely ever seen a death-bed more triumphant.”

In view of the language of our Saviour concerning those who in this world of trial had been sick and in pain, might have thought of me,” said Mr. Torrey. Yes, and he did think of thee, thou noble suffering one in Freedom’s cause. He saw thee in that trial hour, and said, “it is enough—come home,” and he sent his angel to bear thy spirit up to the mansions of peace, where the wicked was cut off from troubling and the weary are at rest. He fell asleep in Jesus on the 9th of May.

The lines of Whittier, Freedom’s poet, on the death of President Wm. B. Storrs, are in a good degree applicable to Mr. Torrey.

“Thus has fallen in thine anvil,
Thou martyr of the Lord,
With thy last breath crying ‘unarmed’
And thy hand upon thy sword.

The heavy heart departs,
And gentle lips recede,
But the bloom of the perishing
Around thy soul antique.

When the refuge of falsehood
Shall be swept away in wrath,
And the temple shall be shaken,
With its idol to the earth—

Shall not thy words of warning
Be still remembered then?
And the now unheeded message
Burns in the extremity of life?

Oppressor’s hand may scatter
Its settle on thy tomb;
And even Christian bosom
Dearly mercy’s room;"
nullness. She saw him in the pulpit, and heard his voice in praise, in prayer, and in the proclamation of the truth—she saw him in her own house and was happy! A few years pass away; and what were her sensations when she heard that he was arrested in Baltimore? What were her emotions as the time of the setting of the court drew nigh? With woman's devotion she followed his side, and was present at his trial. She saw the stern looks of the cruel men by whom he was surrounded, threatening vengeance. She saw the cold frown, the withering sneer on their iron features, and heard the horrid growl of blood-minded defenders of slavery. She heard these words which are more bloody than Draco's code, placed above the laws of God—the mandates of Heaven. She saw the State's Attorney turn to the husband of her youth, and with bitter sarcasm say to him, "Vain man, who taught you that the laws of God were to be obeyed before the laws of man? This is the true spirit of slavery, the spirit of old Pharaoh, who said, 'Who is the Lord, that I should fear him? The Bible Society, and Foreign Mission Board, perhaps may learn that the knowledge of God and the supremacy of his law are to be taught this side of China or the Western islands, and in other places than Con- stantinople and Ceylon." Vain man, who taught you that the laws of God were to be obeyed before the laws of man? Would to Heaven that Torrey might have been permitted, like him, before a heathen court, to reply for himself, and would to God that even the voice of truth might declare the doctrine as it is taught in Yale College, at Andover, in all the pulpits of New England, in all the churches of America! But alas! when will the voice of truth dare utter such a voice before God and the universe? What must have been her feelings while the infidel sentiment was uttered as the preceding grandiloquent place—uttered in a court of justice! what were her feelings when she heard him condemned? Then came the parting, the last shaking of the hand, the last fond pressure, the last grasp, the last kiss, the last adieu, the last lingering look—they part! She returns to her desolate home—be to be the companion of felons. What bitter and burning thoughts of anguish fill her mind! How could she meet her little ones? What could she answer when they ask mother, when is father? and when will he come? Alas, poor little ones, thy father shall never come; you shall behold him no more until you behold his likeness in the coffin arrayed for the tomb! That and heart will soon come! It has come and passed. They have followed him to the house appointed for all the living. How lonely and sad are their hearts now! Have you not seen the widow smitten by the storm which tore from her hand the oak upon which she try she leaned. Now the bitter past is her sad inheritance; the deeper in its gloom from the brightness with which life commenced.

"O what is memory, but a gift. Within a ruined temple left, Reminding what in beauty wore, And then meaning what they are! Oh tell me not that memory Stands a joy ever the past: What is revealed by faded flowers, Save that they could not last! Were it not better forget."

Then her remembrance and regret?

How often at the twilight hour will her little ones climb her knee and ask for their father? What, must she tell them that slavery has done; and may the grace of God sustain her, as but too often the great deep of her soul will be broken up by the almost unconscious prattle of her innocent little ones. Drayton men carried Stephens to his burial, and made great lamentation over him, not for him. In the case of Mr. Torrey we shed no tears for him but for the slaves for whom he died—for the murderers who have sacrificed him—for the country disgraced and shamed in the eyes of the nations of the earth— as a testimony of approval of his principles, and generous sympathy for his heroic deeds, his patient sufferings, as a tribute to his memory which is precious, as an honor to his talents which were consecrated to humanity, to show the country and the world that all have not in this land bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery; no, we weep with the widow and the orphans; but all cannot repair the wrong which has been done them.

"Can sorrow, or parental love, Back to the mansion call the feeted dead? Our benevolence is grieving for the dead!"

"Or sorrow more the soul, cold ray of death?"

Three Remarks.

The principles which he held, and for the maintenance of which he was slain, are true, and must be sustained and vindicated.

He held the principle that all men are born free and equal; and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. If the light of this broad and eternal definition of truth, there is not a slave at the south who has not the right to this moment to leave behind him his fetters, his whip, his chains, and march forth to freedom.

"Says Sir William Blackstone, these rights which God and nature have established, and are therefore called natural rights, such as Life and Liberty—need not the aid of human laws to more effectively invest them in every man than they are; neither do they receive any additional strength when declared by municipal law to be inviolable. On the contrary, no Legislature has power to abridge or destroy them, unless thecorner himself shall commit some act which amounts to a forfeiture."

I need not stop to prove that the Bible—the religion of Jesus Christ involves every man with these rights. If this is a true principle then, it ought to be sustained; it ought to be vindicated whenever or wherever it is called in question.

Every human being has an interest in its vindication. Here the voice of universal humanity speaks out—the call of justice is heard above all petty sectarian pedagogues—the eternal sympathies of the heart—the clear dedications of the reason speak in behalf of man, and by all that is sacred in our own homes and happiness to sustain and vindicate this principle. "The call is from the soul and its immortal interests; from the past—from all the future hope of man—from the universe—from the down-trodden and crushed slave amid his blood and tears—from the living God to maintain and uphold this principle! To you shall the appeal be made in vain? Will you pass the call unheeded by?

This was the noble Torrey’s principle, and for acting upon it he was slain! in America and in the nineteenth century! As a truthful principle it must be, and will be maintained until the time shall come when Columbus will to be true as Cowper declared of Briton—that "Slaves cannot breathe in England."

May the period soon come when the language of Coram shall be true here: "I speak," he said, "in the spirit of British law which makes liberty common human with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims a stranger and sojourner the moment that he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what excommunication has been pronounced upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust—his soul walks abroad in her own majesty—his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disinherited, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."
2. The power which destroyed Torrey must be overthrown.

From year to year, in all the appropriate operations which the friends or foes of human slavery have put forth—through the great evils and the darkness of the slave system are manifestly more and more. It is showing itself at war with a republican form of government—with the church of Jesus Christ—with domestic prosperity—with the education of the people—with their happiness and their rights, and it makes this otherwise glorious land a byword among the monarchs of the old world, and it exposes the nation to the wrath of God. Enslaving men,” says the venerable Dr. Rush, in the first instance sinful by their doctrine, but he that takes up and perpetrates the crime, is guilty of no wrong, though the cause of slavery is sent down through the slave population till the judgment day! Some of them tell us at which link in this horrid chain the wrong loses its nature and becomes right? I tell you at whatever link the slaveholder lays hold of for the purpose of slaveholding, it will attract the electricity of God’s wrath. Is not the doctor right? Years ago Jefferson said that he trembled when he remembered that God was just, and that his justice could not sleep forever! Washington, in speaking of the wrongs and injustice of slavery, says: “There is not a man living who wishes to see slavery, and will be more sincerely then I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrages will go, shall not be wanting.” Is this the way they lived to see and hear what we do, what would have been their feelings? Look at the action of the General Government, the State Legislatures, the ecclesiastical bodies, newspapers, the city of Philadelphia, the burning of Walker’s hand by a “northern man with southern principles,” the massacre of Pennsylvania Hall, the cruel imprisonment and death of Torrey, the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico, the increasing number of slaves, and tell me if the power which has caused all these bloody things, and ten thousand more, should not itself be destroyed. Does not the voice of duty demand the utter destruction of the great Battle of American Slavery?

3. Torrey has not suffered and died in vain.

In this event we recognize the hand of Providence—we may not be able to solve all the questions that arise in the mind—the clouds that surround it may

be dark, yet there is light in their bosoms, for the throne of God is there—bright with the splendor of His wisdom and goodness. This event is a part of His wonder-working Providence, which will bring slavery and all its abominations to an end.

No, Torrey has not died in vain; as well might you say that Dr. Kall and Lafayote, and Kosciusko, and Luther, and Washington, or any one that has toiled nobly, and lived faithfully, for the good of the human race, have died in vain, whether they perished by the hand of violence—or went down to the grave full of honor and length of days.

No man that lives the embodiment of a great truth, or dies in defence of a great principle, lives or dies in vain, under the righteous moral government of God. The slave power that smote Torrey, reached and crushed him through the triple armor in which he was panoplied of Righteous Law—the Declaration of Independence, and Religion of Jesus Christ.

What though the body is slain—a Phœnix spirit shall arise from his ashes, which shall fire the hearts of freedom’s host, and never there for a thousand battles. From his tomb at Mount Auburn, a voice shall go forth and thunder in the North, and in the South, at the East and the West, waxing louder and louder like the genius of the storm, until slavery’s altars are destroyed. He shall be remembered. Those who break him are now enjoying their liberty, will remember him as their noble benefactor. He shall be honored even in Baltimore the monumental city—for him a monument shall there yet arise, and Maryland shall recognize him as one of her best friends, and in her college halls her sons shall wrench his brow with the garlands of praise. In the Temple of Humanity, which the friends of God and man are rearing—on its loftiest columns in letters of gold his name shall be inscribed. It shall be enshrined by the radiant hand of genius, and consecrated by the inspirations of the Poet. It shall be told in the forest of Canada, and on the shores of Africa, it shall be known in the isles that “gaze on the blue sea,” and in the halls of Europe. It shall be hailed by the oppressed as a bright star—betokening the speedy coming of Freedom’s glorious day. It shall be a watchword of hope to the faithful that slavery’s night is fast passing away.

And in the great day, when the slave and his oppressor shall appear at the Bar of Justice—when he shall up his then, unfettered hand and tell the story of his wrongs; and when the recog-
The Colonization Society.

"The more you endeavor to improve the condition of these people, the more you cultivate their minds, (unless by religious instruction,) the more miserable you make them in their present state. You give them a higher relish for these privileges they can never attain, and turn what we intend for a blessing into a curse. No, if they must remain in their present situation, keep them in the lowest state of degradation and ignorance. The nearer you bring them to the condition of brutes, the better chance do you give them of possessing their agility."


What friends the colonizationists are to the colored people in these United States—wonder why they do not win their confidence?

Was not this Society established out of pure and disinterested love?—Are they not all our most devoted friends?—Why not believe they are? Do they not say they mean to do good? In a communication styled "Great Britain and Liberia," written by the late Judge Upsher, and copied from the New York Courier and Enquirer into the New Haven, Ct., Daily Herald, of Thursday, March 21, 1848, the following authoritative declaration, in regard to the object of the "American Colonization Society," was made. This communication was written by Mr. Upsher to Mr. Fox, at that time the British Minister at Washington. It says, that Mr. Upsher "gave a brief history of the settlement" of Liberia, "stating that it was established in 1821 by the American Colonization Society, a voluntary association of American citizens, by a fair purchase of the territory; that its object was to introduce civilization and Christianity into Africa—to relieve the slaveholding states from the increase of free blacks—to improve the character and condition of the blacks themselves, and to furnish an asylum, safe and comfortable, for those who wished to leave the United States."

What is meant by a "fair purchase of the territory" is not stated—but is left to be seen in the light of the fair purchases made of the Indians in the early history of this country, or perhaps more recently in Georgia—and perhaps Florida, might shed a little light—and

Texas is an example of the way the Anglo Saxon race acquire territory.—This was one "object,"—another was "to introduce civilization and Christianity into Africa." A good object, most certainly; but alas, how has it proved but "hope deferred." If civilization had been their "object,"—if they meant to reach or secure this through the influence of Christianity, why did they not take the same means which have been used to accomplish a similar object at the Sandwich Islands? "Like causes produce like effects." In those Islands the genius of Christianity, with her features radiant with the charms of celestial peace and love, went forth, and darkness fled away, and the wildness bloomed and smiled as the Paradise of God. Why have not thoroughly trained missionaries, and those alone, been sent to accomplish the same benign and glorious work on the shores of Africa? Why send these for whom there is no hope in this land of civilization and Christianity? But still another "object" had in view by these gentlemen dawns upon our vision—an object doubtless very dear to their tender hearts, while breaking over the woes of Africa and lamenting the hard fate of her children in exile, and that object is to "relieve the slaveholding states from"—what? their slaves, and their sin of slaveholding?—oh! no,—but to "relieve" them of "the increase of free blacks." Yes, this was an object just with these slaveholders, as many of them were—this brought them together—this is the moral affinity which holds them together—this is the animus of their association. They see in the free people of color the elements of future trouble unless the slaves are set free. Of the power and wish of this society to improve the character and condition of the colored population, we have only to know that if we remain in this country, "the nearer we are brought to the condition of brute the better."

That Liberia is an asylum safe to many who go, is undoubtedly true,—safe as the grave and as comfortable as the tomb. Whenever colonization meetings are held and speeches made, let the object of the society come up before the public—let it be understood that they want money to send away the free colored people whom they have called in their publications time and again a "nuisance,"—let it be remembered that they wish to relieve slaveholders from the alarming presence of the nominally free in their midst,—let it be remembered that if we will not go, the society says, "the nearer we are brought to the condition of brace the better."

Let it be remembered that the Connecticut Colonization Society, in an address, published to the world as a fact, that "the habits, the feelings, all the prejudices of society, prejudices which neither refinement, nor argument, nor education, nor religion itself can subdue, mark the people of color, whether bond or free, as subjects of degradation, inevitable and incurable."

What dear friends the Colonizationists are to the colored man! May Heaven save us from our friends while we watch our foes!

Success.

How much of our success in life depends upon our fidelity and faithfulness in the discharge of those duties incumbent upon us.

All have something to do, or should have, by which they are to gain their daily bread; and, in most instances, every one chooses his own field of labor. Having entered upon it, all depends upon the enterprise and perseverance with which he fulfills the duties which now devolve upon him.

If he would prosper—he must give his business the benefit of his own personal presence and supervision. Many, and especially young men, are too apt to think that they may omit some of what they are pleased to call the drudgery of their business, that they may avoid some of the weary routine, which claimed and received the unreserved inspection of those who have been successful in life—and who from a small beginning, and often from no beginning but their hands, a knowledge of their business, and a sound moral character, have risen to an honored station in society.
Having landed from the Boat, a procession was formed under the direction of the Marshall, Mr. F. Baker, of Troy, which proceeded to "Davis Hall," where the assembly was called to order by Mr. W. S. Baltimore, who presided over the meeting in his usual gentlemanly style. The Brass Band of West Troy, which accompanied the party and "dissolved sweet music," again poured out strains worthy the cause we had gathered to celebrate. Prayer was offered, deep and fervent, before the Throne of Divine Grace, by Rev. Benjamin Webber, of Hudson; after which another tune was played by the Band, when an address upon the subject of "Human Rights," was delivered by Amos Gerry Beeman, of New Haven, Ct. Mr. Webber of Hudson, who had in England told with the friends there for twenty years before the West India emancipation was achieved, made some very appropriate and encouraging remarks. A procession was again formed and moved to the large and splendid Hotel kept by the very embodiment of a gentleman, D. B. Stranahan, Esq., who had a dinner all prepared, and who welcomed the company to his house in a manner which did equal honor to his head and heart. The company here were gladened and cheered by the presence of Rev. J. Newton Gloucester, of New York city, who meant to have been present at the "Hall," but was detained by the slow movement of the boat.

At four o'clock all were on board the steamer Hope bound for the pleasant city of Troy. When near the city, the "Slave Mother's Lament," was sung most pathetically by a few friends whose hearts sympathized with the poor slave; and all who listened showed that pity for the suffering, and a determination to labor on for their redemption is deeply fixed in their minds.

At an early hour all found themselves at their own sweet homes, filled with deep gratitude, in view of what God has wrought, and hoping that the day will soon come, when in this land of "light and law," Freedom shall be proclaimed to all the inhabitants thereof.

West India Emancipation.

The friends of freedom in Troy celebrated this glorious event with the good people of Hudson, on Monday, the 21st inst. They left the city of Troy in the nice little steamer Hope, Capt. Wake- man, which they had chartered for the excursion. The morning indeed was fine—the sun poured his rays abroad gloriously, rolling nature everywhere with his golden smile. The company was all gladness and joy in passing down the river to Hudson, where they found many warm hearts ready to receive them, under the polite attention of Misses. C. Vanhusan, J. Jackson, A. Scott, and J. Pell.

We have received "The Narrative of William W. Brown," a fugitive slave, written by himself and published at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston.

The same sad story of wrongs and cruelties which a Douglass and Beecher and the Clarks have told in the ear of sympathizing thousands, and which none can read or hear without feeling his whole soul aroused against a system of such vile oppression; such daring outrage upon humanity, and such an insult and mockery to Heaven—such blasphemy to the religion of Christ—What a chapter will the narrative of American Slavery make in the book of God's remembrance in the last great day! How awful, that "holy men," in his name, "give Scripture for the deed!"

"Go teach as well"
Of holy truth from falsehood born!
Of heaven restored from sins of hell!
Of virtue naused by open vice,
Of demons plaguing Paradise.
Energy.

How much depends upon the energy which a man shows in the affairs of life. We know that it is often said, that "circumstances make men"—a doctrine which we by no means subscribe to. Common sense teaches us to contemplate man as he is—in all the elementary powers that inhure in him and constitute him what he is, God's noblest work on earth. This every man is capable of doing. He knows—he feels—he is conscious of having powers, and susceptibilities, and sympathies—whether he exercises and gratifies them or not. Constituted as man is, with intelligence, reason and will, he finds himself placed amid other beings like himself; and it is among them, as well as amid the works of the material world, that he is called upon to act his part. He soon learns that whether that part is noble and praiseworthy or not—whether it be sublummary upon the pure motives by which it is controlled, or gives painful evidence that the propelling power which hurries him along is generated by the baseful fires of a ruinous passion, that others will continue to act their part according as they have determined. It is wisdom then for every man to take a clear and correct view of things as he finds them, and calmly and deliberately consider what ought to be in the light of Eternal Wisdom; and then, by all the strength of a determined will—by all the power of unbending energy, wield all his influence in favor of the Renais or the New Life. In this way he will strengthen and develop the original element of his own nature, to show that the circumstances by which he is surrounded, instead of making him what he is, have only given him an opportunity to show forth the mighty powers that slumbered in his arm.

The development of this energy manifests the true man. He is no dead fish, swept down the current of a corrupt public sentiment as the popular breath may chance to blow, but a live one, moving up the stream against wind and tide, borne forward by the native energy of a sterling character. Such a man can be depended upon. He stands like an ocean-rock, unmoved amid the sun-drenched roar of the angry surges that foam and break around him. Honest men crown him with their confidence and love. Without energy, distinguished good, lofty achieve- ment, noble deeds, are not to be accomplished in this world; for, says Dr. Young,

"None are equally good."

But the energetic, the brave, the active, the true, accomplish life's lofty aims and achieve and work out its most glorious results. Go and, in the language of LINCOLN

"In the world's great field of battle.
In the bower of life,
Be not like dead driven cattie,
Be a hero in the strife."

The National Convention.

One of the most prominent questions which has engaged the attention of those among us who have labored and who are still determined to labor on for the elevation of the nominally free, and for the emancipation of the slaves, for months past, has been the propriety of holding a National Convention. As far as we can judge, the most who have had anything to say about the matter, at least those who have in their past life given evidence of their earnest determination to do something as well as talk, have all spoken in favor of the principle and the expediency of holding a Convention. Of the time and place there has been, there is, a difference of opinion among the most faithful and self-denying friends of Moral and Intellectual and Civil Freedom among us. This, perhaps, is incidental to our present position, although there is every reason why we should, as a people, see eye to eye and stand shoulder to shoulder in the stern conflict with the powers of darkness by which we are surrounded. In union there is strength, and in a multitude of counsellors there is safety. A moment's reflection will show any one that if we are to wait until every body is agreed upon a time and place, no Convention would ever be held. In these respects it must, if held, be at a time and in a place that will be convenient for some and an impossibility for others to attend. What shall we do then? Hold a Convention or give up the idea of one? We say hold a Convention by all means. Let all that can come, and let them come prepared to lay the foundation of a future Convention in such a manner that the greatest number of the States may be accommodated. We are in favor of holding a GRAND NATIONAL CONVENTION every year; until all the peculiar disabilities under which, as a people, we labor in this land, are entirely and forever removed. We would have this Convention held, not in the crowded cities of the Atlantic States, but out in the country, sometimes at the East and sometimes at the West, when it would be a real sacrifice for any one to attend.

There, from year to year, we would have the representatives of our people from all places, assemble and consult upon the best methods to be employed for the achievement of our elevation. What, under the present circumstances, is it best for us to do? "I do not like the time," says one. "I do not like the place," says another. Well, what then? Do you not long for the elevation of the people? If you stay away from the Convention will that help the matter any? Will your example have an inspiring or a discouraging effect upon those that know you? Will it cheer or friends of the people or not? But you say—"The Convention is not, as to time and place, in harmony with my expressed opinion." Would not all or have said the same, at some other time and place had been selected?

Why not let every one now see what they can do to make the Convention, which will be held in Oct., the most glorious and efficient one which has ever been held? There is intelligence and love of Freedom enough, and self-denial enough, to bring together an assembly which shall do honor to our whole people, we most certainly think.

There never was a time since the first hour—that dark day for us when the first slave was brought to this country, which called upon us so loudly to be united and vigilant; to lay aside the spirit of disunion and come up as the heart of one man and strike a giant blow for Truth and Liberty.

From this hour let every friend of our elevation begin and collect and prepare thoroughly digested statistics of
Integrity.

Every one in society finds himself placed in such relations to others of the human family, that certain duties are to be performed—obligations are to be met, and responsibilities sustained. It matters not that all these are not written and defined in formal contract—it matters not that each item may not have been set down in the bond—society demands of each of its members, an honest and faithful fulfillment of all the duties implied and understood as belonging to the social compact; and whenever an individual falls either through neglect or design to honor in all sincerity and fidelity relations to the "common brotherhood." he will find that the "common brotherhood" will visit him for his iniquity by withdrawing from him their confidence.

The wax eyes of suspicion will then be fixed upon him—henceforth he is a marked man—shut out from the confidence of those who have known him; he must live an object of distrust to all who have weighed him in the balance of justice and integrity and found him wanting in honesty and fidelity. "Confidence is a plant of slow growth," and can live only on the soil of integrity. Integrity is the foundation upon which society is built, and the ligament which binds it together. Society must demand—it has a right to demand—of all its members, integrity of conduct in the fulfillment of all trusts assumed or imposed upon its members. Wo to the man that heeds not this reasonable demand—who turns a drill and cold ear to this righteous voice and violates the sacred principles of integrity. We say to all men, be men of truth, of justice, of honor and integrity—discharge with all fidelity the obligations which rest upon you, and reap a rich reward in the peaceful smiles of an enlightened conscience, and in the firm unwavering respect and confidence of an intelligent community.
Mr. Editor—As it may gratify the friends of impartial freedom and universal liberty, and cheer them on amid their trials to know that something more has been done in this city, where public opinion, and the supposed selfishness of the inhabitants is on the side of the oppressor, to enlighten the mind and awaken the sympathies of the people in behalf of the oppressed and downtrodden. Our friend Henry Bible has been here and held three meetings. His labors have been attended with a blessing. He has spoken to a larger number than any other speaker upon that subject in this city. He held two meetings in the Temple street church, which proved to be too small to accommodate the multitudes that thronged to hear him.

A committee was appointed which prepared the Church street church, where the last meeting was held. There was a very large audience present. The pastor of the church, Rev. Edward Strong, opened the meeting with prayer, and read Mr. Bible's certificate, stating that the facts and circumstances in his history were true; and that he was worthy of confidence. Mr. Bible spoke an hour and a half, detailing his bitter experience as a slave, the cruel sufferings which he had endured, his sufferings, and separations from his wife and child, his mother and friends, by those who occupy a place in the professed christian church and some of its officers.

Ministers, Physicians, and Students, from all parts of the country, listened with the deepest attention to the story of his wrongs. "Many eyes not used to the melting mood" freely poured out their briny flood. Many hearts that never before sympathized with the slave amid his outrages, felt that night, and will never cease to feel for the bondman while warm with life. All desire him to come again. While I cannot say that public opinion has been regenerated, it may be said that a good impression has been made and the door has been left open, so that other efforts may be made until the fundamental principles of the anti-slavery enterprise shall be stamped upon all minds.

New Haven, Conn., June 24, 1847.

A. G. Beman.

Church Discipline.—The New-York Observer suggests that churches should compel their members to pay their honest debts, and make it a matter of church discipline.

How much money would be left in the hands of his brethren of the South if they should pay those who have toiled for them for these many years without wages? If discipline should be applied to all that refused, how many members would there be in Southern churches? Has Henry Clay, since his baptism, done justice and showed mercy to his bondmen?

President Douglas has become assistant editor of the Ram's Horn; an assurance that truth and argument will be found in its columns. Here, as elsewhere, may success crown his labors.
Mr. Watchman:—The following resolutions were passed unanimously at the last meeting of the ministers of the Association of New Haven East, and ordered to be sent up to the General Association of Connecticut, with the request, that that body should take action upon them.

Resolved:—That every human being has a right to the Holy Scriptures, and a right to acquire the learning necessary to peruse them.

That the people of the United States are under special obligations to supply the slaves of our country with the Bible, according to their respective opportunities and abilities.

That all laws which forbid the distribution of the Bible among the slaves of the several States, or the reading, or the acquisition of ability to read it by the slaves, are directly contrary to the laws of God, and therefore morally null and void.

That we are gratified to learn that contributions have been transmitted to the American Bible Society for the express purpose of enabling it to supply the slaves of the Bible, which are to be called "the unopened.

That we recommend to all our churches and this noble enterprise by special donations to this object, and urge the American Bible Society to prosecute such supply with speed and vigor.

They were accordingly introduced into that body at its meeting at Suffield, June 15, 1847. After they were read, Rev. G. W. Perkins advocated their adoption in a noble and eloquent speech.

The first and second resolutions met with no opposition, but the third one was strongly objected to. By some, it was thought that an "ecclesiastical body ought not to condemn these laws which had been enacted by a sovereign State!" While at the same time, they all admitted that the resolution contained the truth. Others took the ground that it was inexpedient to pass it, as it looked so much like preaching abolition.

It could not say the masters, who had been made a great deal worse by agitating this subject here at the North, and this made the condition of the slaves worse.

The final action of the body upon this subject is expressed in the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That every human being has a right to the Holy Scriptures, and a right to acquire the learning necessary to peruse them.

2. That the people of the United States are under special obligations to supply the slaves of our country with the Bible, according to their respective opportunities and abilities.

3. That we are gratified to learn that contributions have been transmitted to the American Bible Society for the express purpose of enabling it to supply the slaves with the Bible, and that we will cordially aid any efforts that Society may make in prosecuting this work.

4. What a false view of things should be present to the South. All expressed the opinion that the laws which forbid the reading of the Bible by the slaves of this country are "null and void," yet they were unwilling to express that belief in the form of a resolution, and have it published with the minutes of the Association, where it could be seen and "read of all men"—where their "slaveholding brethren below" would learn their real sentiments.

5. How the noble and generous stand taken by Mr. Knapp, who says in reference to giving the Bible to the slaves—

"I moreover approve of your movement, because it is a right of man to prevent any man from learning to read, and from learning the word of God. And every human being has a mission from God, to do all that is in his power to communicate the word to every other human being who wants it."

The fact that there are laws enacted against it, whether in ancient Rome or in modern Rome, in Mecca or in Charleston, in no way affects our duty; and he that hindered us in this good work, must answer to Christ for it. I am, therefore, most cordially in lending my aid to encourage the American Bible Society in the work of distribution among the slaves of free America.

Enclosed is a slight testimony of my sympathy, to aid in defraying the expenses of the Committee.

Very respectfully,

EDWARD N. KIRK.
Boston, Feb. 20, 1847.

We see why we need not go to the South. There is much to be done here, and while there is much to encourage the heart, and show the friends of the slaves that their labors under God have not been in vain, there is too much of the spirit of slavery in Church and State to allow of rest or slumber.
OUR NEW HAVEN CORRESPONDENT
New Haven, Connecticut
January 13th, 1851

Rev. S. R. Ward

Dear Sir,—I have only time this week to say a few things, and one of the first is to express, as another has reminded me, how hearty concurrence in the course which you have adopted, on the subject of colonization to Africa. With deep interest I shall look back to the day when you published your long-neglected letter to Mr. Clay, as the signal from which we are to be published from one of the friends of the slave, and to the early analysis which you have recently given to your readers. The whole subject is one of the most important, and one of the most difficult, of our time. It has been, and is, a subject of discussion and debate, and the result of that debate will be to determine the fate of the African race.

The question of the treatment and education of the African race is one of the most important, and one of the most difficult, of our time. It has been, and is, a subject of discussion and debate, and the result of that debate will be to determine the fate of the African race.

The Colonization Scheme.

New Haven, Ct., Feb. 14, 1851

Rev. S. R. Ward

Mr. Dean Sir,—In my communication of January 13th, I intimated your approval of your course with the friends of the Colonization Society. Since I wrote, we have had an address in one of our churches upon this subject by the Rev. Mr. O'Far, an agent of the Society. Quite a number were present, and his statements were of the usual Governor-Hamilton stamp. The great aim of the sloth of the Co. of New York, has recently spoken, and is reported to have delivered himself in the following style:

"What? cried Mr. Clay, 'to be done with these colored people? I again ask, what is to be done with them?' Then you told us, in your vivid voice; and in this District, in the course of the last ten years, they have doubled. In a number of the States laws are being passed—rigorous laws—of exclusion from their territory. Some States, instead of introducing their fundamental laws, into their Constitutions, provisions against the reception of any slave people within their borders. What is to become of them? I ask again. In the name of humanity and justice, what is to become of them? I ask again. I see no other remedy than that of sending them back to the land whose sons their ancestors, for any portion of the people of the United States, will not be benefited by such transfer of the free people of color from the United States to Africa. The whites at the South will be benefited—the slaves at the North will be benefited. The poor creatures themselves will be benefited; for, instead of returning in a country where they never can be elevated to the high social and political condition of the whites, where they must for ever remain a degraded, corrupt and dissolute class—

The correspondent of the New Haven Palladium—a paper which has championed the Union interest in this city—of whose editor recited some of the lines of the 'gallows' that are put to the Union Meeting held here—thus writes from Washington of Mr. Clay's speech and the colored population of this country:

"The subject of the colonization of Liberia with our free black population is receiving more attention than ever before, and there will be time soon for the consideration of this subject, and with Mr. Clay to head the movement, we may expect something effective to be begun, at least. His remarks a few days ago at the annual meeting of the Colonization Society were cogent and effective, and the feeling expressed on that occasion was highly commendable, and encouraging. The present crisis shows an alarming increase of this class of miserable vagrants in some parts of the country, especially in Virginia, Maryland, and the District. It is to be hoped, and the subject of colonization, with the friends of the African race, will be brought to the attention of the public.
From the New Haven Advocate, May 31, 1851.

HEAVY BIBL. Exp. The sentiment once uttered by a slave, "I am a man, and whatever concerns man concerns me," perverted and baptized with the spirit of Christianity, is one, which meets us with an approving response in your heart, as it has often found an eloquent defense by your tongue and pen, and a still more sublime manifestation in your actions. The cause of Freedom and Truth is one; wherever anything is achieved through human efforts, and the blessing of Heaven for the advancement and maintenance of Humanity's interest—there all have a right to rejoice, and feel encouraged. Every blow which the self-sacrificed one strikes for their elevation in Canada, will tell with wonderful effect in behalf of the land-trodden and oppressed in this land of Slavery and blood. "No man liveth to himself;" but throws an influence out upon all around him; an influence stimulating and inspiring, or that is withering and destructive.

It is most fortunate, that, at this crisis, when so many are compelled to fly from their native land and seek a home amid strangers, especially when we consider their numbers, their position, and, to a very great extent, the eyes of the world are turned upon them, it is most fortunate, that you have established a Press in their midst, which will make their true condition known, and pour into their bosoms streams of light and love to encourage them in the pursuit of those plans, upon which alone their moral elevation and prosperity can be secured.

Much of this country you have seen; the condition of the nominally free you understand, and the slave's life, you are but too well acquainted with. Circumstances then, as well as an innate love of investigation, have qualified you, in no small degree to speak forth, "the words of truth and soberness."

It affords me great pleasure to say to you and to all the friends and foes of the colored men, that are in this city, and generally in the state, and throughout New England, that the spirit of improvement has gained wonderfully within a few years. Never since my acquaintance with New-Haven, have I known so much well directed effort put forth, in the work of improvement.

Within a few months several of our friends have purchased real estate, and paid for it. Several, who have never taken an interest in this matter have shown a praiseworthy zeal to secure for themselves a Home. Some two years since we commenced holding what was called "Election Meetings," at which free and voluntary remarks were made by all who felt willing to speak of our difficulties and trials, the evils in our midst, and those which gather around us in consequence of slavery and prejudice. The effects of these meetings have been marked. Many facts have been presented, and many statements made, which told with power upon the minds of the people. We have seen, and felt, that there was much that could be done, and many in the strength of Heaven resolved that it should be accomplished.

As a result of these meetings, we are now prepared to report progress, a progress founded upon enlightened principles of action. As an old man once remarked to me, "We must come to the ground." We must own and cultivate the soil. Let every man, and every woman then, resolve, if possible to have some spot on
To Rev. A. G. Green.

Dear Sir,—Having enjoyed the society and friendship of the Rev. T. M. D. Ward of the New York Convention, since he first came to this city, I have through him had the privilege of reading your valuable paper. It has cheered my heart and encouraged my mind, and I trust it may add to your zeal to labor more earnestly for the highest and best interest of our whole people. "Union we stand, divided we fall." Wherever the freed field of this great country, I behold my brother smiling amid many discouragements, and, notwithstanding their numerous trials pressing around, is still upward and onward; I feel a lively joy in my heart, and the influence of a brighter hope playing like sunshine in my bosom, and desire to say to them in the name of Israel's God, "Heaven bless you and smile upon you, and strengthen your hands, and crown your toils with abundant success." Such are my feelings toward you and your faithful coadjutors. I have never one day "face to face"—hope still lives in the flesh, yet I love you in the Lord. One of the most interesting things which I have noticed in the Herald, is the "Call for a National Convention," to be held at some proper time and place.

The object, "meets every hearty concurrence," whatever held or wherever assembled, Doc. Visitation, I shall be there to participate with the brethren and friends, to be enlightened by their knowledge—strengthened by their experience—enriched by their wisdom—enlightened and stimulated by their noble examples. We, in this city, a few days since were refreshed and encouraged by the advice and counsel of Rev. Samuel H. Ward, who spent a Sabbath here, and on Monday evening 21st inst., delivered an address on the "American Colonization Society," that old handmaid of slavery and prejudice. The address

p. 20
THOUGHT AMONG COLORED MEN.

A soul without reflection is like earth, is in a sentiment which in early days I used to find in the schoolbooks—and its truth is the aid of observation, as well as the better experiences, which every day's report bears to heaven. The highest state of perception, claimed by the advantage of slavery—the almost pure bliss into which it introduces its victims—is that of a state of thoughtlessness, and this, to a reeling mind, is the severest condemnation which can be pronounced against the whole system, and all who applaud or approve it. Men were unable to think, to reflect, to resolve in his own ideas of truth and sublimity—of Love and Justice. He was enveloped with facilities but a little lower than the angels, that, by their right own, he might be surrounded with glory and honor, immortality, and peace. Slavery prevents this. All opportunities for self-culture it denies. *What right have you to think?* was a question to his slave in New Orleans. Thought among them is forced more than good words or sounds. Reproach all thought, put out the light, and then, put out the light in its language and actions, just as far as an innocent spirit can be darkened and dimmed in night. The very lowest possible degree of intelligence, consistent with their utmost value, as chattel of the rich, is all that may be permitted or endured, lest they should apply their thoughts and to the stern work of self-control. This deplorable influence of slavery shews itself against the four colored people of all the States is a rebellion of less or less extent. Having never been trained to thought—their mental powers having never been developed and strengthened, it is not to be expected, by any reasonable mind, that there should be that state of connexive thought—that deep reflection—which sees and grasps and holds principles as with books of stone, applying them to all the noble purpose of human existence. But notwithstanding all the unfavorable circumstances under which we have labored, and which still, like a sombre night, hang around us, there have always been those who have thought and reflected, and the number is rapidly increasing, in all parts of the country. There are those among us who take the liberty and exercise of the right of observation and thought, and with voice and pen give utterance to the burning ideas within them. This is well. It is the dawn of a better and brighter day. All such minds are tolms and pledges that slavery shall end. Intelligent men and women cannot always be kept in the prison-house of bondage. All such minds must see those things, which have been accomplished, will secure our elevation and happiness. I have been led to these thoughts from reading the following letter from one who has long toiled for the best interests of his people, who has endeavored to encourage them, by his deeds and his words, to be an example of industry and integrity, of progress in all those things upon which our highest and permanent prosperity depend.

DEAR BROTHER:—

I thank you and sit down to write you. I meant to have written you before; I have not forgotten you; I have your excellent and kind letter before me every day, for which I heartily thank you.

To my wife I tell you that you are doing a good work in the way of informing the people, for which I truly rejoice. As to myself, I do not enjoy the situation in which I am now placed. I am cut off from gaining that information which I desire. I hear preaching on the Sabbath, but it is not like being at home, to mingle in our prayers, our songs and our talks together: *How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?* I do not know that I feel right, for I do not put much confidence in the white people—their preaching and praying, it does not effect me much. To, I began to be quite attached to the minister. I thought he was quite a feeling man—he seemed to be engaged in the subject of religion. Well, I had an opportunity to converse with him on the subject of slavery, and I improved it, as I had never heard him mention the subject in any way or fashion; when, to my surprise, he took the ground of Dr. Taylor, and was in favor of sustaining the Fugitive-Slave Bill—though he was opposed to slavery as much as any body.

After that, his preaching and praying, to me, were like pouring water on the back of a grizzly bear, it made no impression on me.

When I read the speech of Dr. Taylor, I was shocked and surprised. What are we to expect when such men as Taylor are on the side of Southern patronage to Yale College? Who would have thought that poor fugitives from slavery could have been taken from New York and Boston, and sent into perpetual bondage? Who would have dreamed that devoted teachers of the Gospel of Christ would so far depart from its spirit, and stooped so low, as to advocate slavery and oppression? the sending of the poor waiting fugitive back to keener torture and more cruel stripes? I think this is, but little sympathy for the. Multitudes speak of us simply for political advantage, not that they care any thing for our welfare or the emancipation of the slaves. Some are appealing their consciences by supporting the Colonization Society—that all their poor black brethren may be sent back to Africa.

But, my brother, I still, as ever, think that if the colored man is ever to be anything, either in this country, or in Africa, or in any place on the face of the globe, he has got to work for self-improvement to do for himself and all for his people. Whoever has an eye to see, or a mind to read the signs of the times, can perceive that wealth, politics and power, are the great objects for which the white man too. As you have often told us, time and again, we must get property and education, and be men of integrity and honor. We must improve our condition. We must have more colored men to lead our cause. We must support the press, and be in earnest in the most of all those means which rightly employed, will achieve our elevation. We must fight our own battles; it may be slow, it may be hard, but victory is sure. We must have that knowledge which is power; I have had the pleasure of hearing, for the first time, the noble, the eloquent, George Thomas, M. P. He spoke with the tongue of an angel; none could gainsay or dispute his arguments in favor of universal freedom, guarded and protected by righteousness laws. But I must close. Go on, be faithful until death. Yours, truly,

ANON. C. BERAN,
New Haven, Ct., May 29, 1851.

CONCERT OF PRAYER FOR THE SLAVES.

NEW HAVEN, June 2, 1851.

Dr. Ward—Notwithstanding the unfavorable appearance of the weather, a goodly number of the friends of freedom gathered in the Temple street Church, last evening, to observe the monthly concert of prayer for the emancipation of the slaves, and for the mental and moral improvement of the nominally free.

Prayers were offered, I trust in sincerity, to that Being who has revealed himself as the God of the oppressed, and

*Who moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.*

It is from a sense of consolation to know that His ear is open to the cries of the down-trodden, the scattered and dispersed. A statement of those facts which have transpired since the last concert for prayer was held was presented.

To correct any false impressions which the reading of the statistics of the United States for the year 1849, just published in the papers, may induce the following remarks were made. It is stated that the whole number of five colored persons in 1848 was 252,605, and in 1850, 46,461—showing an increase of only 32,860, or 7.4 per cent, while that of the slave population is 22 per cent. The increase of the first period of the country is, including
Rev. J. M. Dow:  Judging from the case of the colored people in the Southern Colonies, it is the last and most fatal of all to be used against the abolition of slavery. The number of slave laborers, as of free colored persons, is 2,000,000. At first, it would seem that the increase of the free colored population was comparatively very small; but a statement of facts of such, if they could be procured, would most materially change the aspect of things.

1st. Many of those who are slaves, and number with the white population, use the children of white fathers; and, in some cases, half of them should be deducted from the number returned as the natural increase of the slave population.

20. The large increase of the white population has been derived from several sources. For instance: The territory that was formed from Mexico contained 3,000. Then add the importations of Irish, Dutch, Swiss, Germans, Jews, Hungarians, Poles, French, and Italians. Deduct all those which have been landed in the United States during the last ten years from the ratio of increase of the whites, and the difference increase between the free colored people and that of the whites would be much diminished. Let it also be remembered that the Colonization Society has taken away some of the free colored people, but very few of the slaves. Facts do not prove that the free colored people are diminishing, or cannot increase in this country; but no need of that interfering with their souls.

We are here for our work, and identified with all the interests of the country. Here we shall, under God, work out our elevation—here we shall do much to hasten the day when all our brethren shall be emancipated—and we shall remember them in bonds, as bound with them.

The efforts of the Rev. H. H. Garnett in the cause of Free Labor were alluded to, and the probable effect which the recent discovery of a mode to manufacture cloth from flax, by M. Le Chevrier, P. Casta, in the slave-grown cotton of the South—an interesting statement of which was published in the Citizen of May 31st.

The election in Congress of the Hon. Charles Sumner and the Hon. Robert Erskine, from good old Massachusetts was duly noticed; also, the increase of anti-slavery, which the speeches of the Hon. Daniel Webster at Buffalo and Albany evidently confirm, showing that he feels the pressure, which not the grand null of Virginia, with its October sun, can any discipline.

As you were here so recently, I need say no more of New Haven, and will therefore content by sending you the following notices of your lecture here on the 20th ult., from the Morning Courier of May 30th.

[We have no room for the extract referred to this week.]
There seems to be a lack of a clear, coherent thought on the part of the reader. The text is fragmented and difficult to follow. It appears to be a mix of different ideas and sentences, possibly from different sources or copies. It is challenging to extract a meaningful narrative or coherent information from this text. It might be a page from a document or a letter, but the content is not clear or consistent.
disposition, she was well calculated to make home pleasant. But this world was not her home—she held converse with God, through the Redeemer, and formed her life upon the principles of the gospel. The eye of affection saw that her days on earth were short—that she was ransoming for the skies. Nature may recall at the sombre drapery of the tomb, but the transcendent spirit gathers strength from that rod and staff which accompanies the saint through the dark valley and shadow of death.

"Say, can the world one joyous thought borrow, To friendship weeping at the couch of woe? Not! but a brighter source the last aden, Inspired by immortality, she spoke to you. Worry not, she says, at nature's transient pain, Congenial spirits part to meet again."

The last words of the dear saint of the West High war were, "Do you know anything else?" and may she not until her happy spirit shall know of a truth, "regarded from mind to heart to meet again." Where shall she be seen, our brother, who, as you are touting to promote the best interests of mankind. May the same confidence, with which she shall be seen, be the bond of love to the world, and transitory home, and the home so loved and cherished, to break upon the bread of eternal life, is the fervent prayer of their children, and the brother in Christ.

A VOICE FROM NEW HAVEN

Mr. Enron.—A communication in your paper of the 15th inst. signed by David Ruggles in behalf of the majority of the agents of the call for a National Reunion Convention in the city of New York, to be held in the city of New Haven on the 1st Monday in September, 1855, calls for a few words to be added in reply, not from the innate merits of the communication, but from motives of self-respect, and a just regard to the many noble-minded readers of the Colored American, who are likely to receive it with satisfaction, and any criticisms that of course the publishers of the present are perfectly to pass in silence.

With regard to the meeting which was held, it cannot be said that the language, which is the largest, and most respectable ever rendered in the city. The resolutions which we passed, we shall "adhere."

It is claimed by the writer of the communication that our so-called "arrogant opinions" are regarded as the arrogant opinions of the opponents of the proposed Convention, and is therefore not a matter of regard. The arrogance of expression involves that it may not be so. Because the writer, and those in whose behalf he writes, "regard our opinions as arrogant opinions," and in consequence we have no right to express an opinion upon any public matter, if we are under the influence of "arrogance," and consequently, that we are not capable of expressing an opinion as being actuated by the base feeling of vanity and envy.

Such must be said of the communication of David Ruggles—but perhaps it is unnecessary. They, those who are opposed to the Convention's being held this year, in New York, are not the representatives of the British India scheme, it is nothing to us, and we are probably not to be traveled, but if the fact is known and understood, in the same manner as the vile charge of wearing emasculating and unbecoming, it is a want of knowledge which is so

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 20, 1855.

BROTHER RAY.—The following is an extract of a letter which has been received from Rev. Thomas P. Hunt; and although containing melancholy news, it will doubtless be read with deep interest.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 9, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER RAY,

I write to inform you of the loss of my wife; she departed this life two weeks since, after a short and painful illness. I now think of returning to America as soon as possible, and I am, therefore, in the course of another month, and I wish to make some preparations for mounting. Remember me to my friends, and if I live I shall call on you, I am disappointed in this respect—especially when I see you. I wish your brother in the Lord,

THOMAS P. HUNT

The subscriber desires greatly to thank the undersigned, to wit, representatives of the "Colored American," for the liberality of the Messrs. Hunt, of New Haven, and the "Colored American," for the liberal and gratuitous aid in the following resolutions.

RESPECTFULLY,

A. G. B. RASmus.

Resolved, That we view with pleasure and satisfaction the efforts which have been made by our valued friend and brother, Rev. C. B. Ray, to sustain the "Colored American," the only paper which truly and impartially represents the feelings and views of the Colored Americans.

Resolved, That we consider it to be the duty of all who are the friends of the colored man, to subscribe for the "Colored American," and readily pay its valuable column.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to sustain that paper.

Resolved, That, so long as the character and influence of the colored population against the false opinions which our enemies so unmercifully show upon us, it shall have our influence and money to sustain it.

Resolved, That these resolutions be signed by the President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and presented to the editor of the "Colored American," in an expression of our feelings and principles, in regard to the great and noble enterprise in which he is engaged.

B. F. Foster, President.

A. G. BEAM, Secretary.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 30, 1855.

The Connecticut State Temperance and Moral Reformation Society will hold its annual meeting at Hartford, on Wednesday, September 5th, 1855, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

This notice is to request all the auxiliary societies to send a large delegation to attend the general meeting.

Many things will conspire to make some of the most interesting and important meetings held by the colored people are to be present.

Questions of vital importance to our welfare are to be discussed and settled. A National Convention—abolition—the mechanic and agricultural—everything that permits to our interests.

Let us come together, brethren, and consult upon great principles of action—let us make up and pursue the rigid course of conduct.

H. FOSTER, President.

J. C. BEAM, Secretary.
In the address, the following is a part, was delivered in the city of Hartford, on the 1st of August, 1839, by a young ministering brother and associate. The remains, rather the ruins of the whole, will appear next week. We hope for the whole a careful proof.

Ralph Waldo Emerson—An event the most deeply thrilling and interesting, which the world has ever witnessed, has called us together to-day. It has always been, and still is, in our Nature, for situations to set apart some days, or days in the year, when our attention is to be constantly directed to the work of the mind, to the efforts of the mind, to thesprite upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and in the cause of civil and religious freedom.

As a people, we have no such day to celebrate. We have no such national day—when the sun of prosperity longs, or obscurely seen amid the clouds of adversity, broken through, to pour its gentle rays upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and important theme, which is in the history of the page, and live in immoral men.

As a people, we have no such day to celebrate. We have no such national day—when the sun of prosperity longs, or obscurely seen amid the clouds of adversity, broken through, to pour its gentle rays upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and important theme, which is in the history of the page, and live in immoral men.

As a people, we have no such day to celebrate. We have no such national day—when the sun of prosperity longs, or obscurely seen amid the clouds of adversity, broken through, to pour its gentle rays upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and important theme, which is in the history of the page, and live in immoral men.

As a people, we have no such day to celebrate. We have no such national day—when the sun of prosperity longs, or obscurely seen amid the clouds of adversity, broken through, to pour its gentle rays upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and important theme, which is in the history of the page, and live in immoral men.

As a people, we have no such day to celebrate. We have no such national day—when the sun of prosperity longs, or obscurely seen amid the clouds of adversity, broken through, to pour its gentle rays upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and important theme, which is in the history of the page, and live in immoral men.

As a people, we have no such day to celebrate. We have no such national day—when the sun of prosperity longs, or obscurely seen amid the clouds of adversity, broken through, to pour its gentle rays upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and important theme, which is in the history of the page, and live in immoral men.

As a people, we have no such day to celebrate. We have no such national day—when the sun of prosperity longs, or obscurely seen amid the clouds of adversity, broken through, to pour its gentle rays upon a united, happy mind. I have not, then, wandered through the "dream of the past" to linger around the battlefields—but to find a new and important theme, which is in the history of the page, and live in immoral men.
Will it be pretended that they did not possess the power of mind? Did not Bonaparte and Alexander? And because they did possess their powers, does it prove that they did not possess splendid talents? Does the possession of talents prove that they do not exist? Can men possess powers which they do not possess? It is said that the two heroes mentioned—circumstances have transformed us. Then, I ask who has done this horrible thing? Who has transplanted in the dust immortal minds?—and as far as possible assimilated it to the earth? Who dug the grave? What guilty, what infamous hand invented death to immortal souls upon the tombs of our minds? When the perpetrators of this heinous daring work shall confront the virtuous of their power before the righteous tribunal of Him who is no respecter of persons, will they contemplate their doings with shame and pleasure? What a smile of approbation eradiates the face of Jehovah! Can He, upon the principles of eternal justice, any unto them, well done good and faithful servant! Is it sent to trample upon deathless souls? Is it well to destroy those for whom Christ died? Is it well? But they cannot be elevated here. There is something so peculiar in their minds, that here in the midst of schools and colleges; here where the church-going bell is heard from the bell-towers of places here where the Sabbath breathes its anacer solemnity over thousands of villages; here where Bibles are numerous, and the gospel is prevalent in multitudes; here where the sky-piercing mountains, the majestic rivers and glassy lakes and all the elevating scenery, in which God has cloathed this land, we cannot be elevated. It is said that no splendid genius has arisen among us whose burning rays of genius and beauty have illuminated, with all glory and lustre, the dark clouds which encircle us. What said the Americans, when England was avenged upon them with being unable to point to their Lockes and Newtons to their illustrious statesmen and philosophers? The reply was, as a nation, we are young; we have not had time: we do not enjoy the facilities: we have not the men who devote their whole time to the investigation of the sciences and the cultivation of literature. No wonder that we have no Reids—no Stuarts—no Burkes—no Addisons, and Johnsons. If they have not satisfied, and not been able to raise the men on this plan—standing upon the steps of York and Cambridge with a million of slaves to suppress and to support, and slaves of others; of a French country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific—need we be astonished without some academy or seminary of learning, and schools of excellence? Those who are our very right to remain in the country boldly challenged? Whether our reproach is just or not I submit to the candid, and thoughtful, and whether it ought to come from the Americans.

3. Our Moral Elevation.

That we can be morally elevated, all who with St. Paul, "are not ashamed of the gospel," and believe it to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," must admit. To our observance, there are some who have doubtless made greater attainments in a Christian faith than others. But the law is the same to all—the requirements are the same. God cannot accept of less, or require more than holiness, his moral creation. It is upon this principle, that angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, asst, and while there may be, and is, a wide difference between the souls of Gabriel, and the newly arrived mast, there is some who are both loved, because both are holy. That the gospel of Jesus Christ is a source of immortal bliss, as the ancient philosophers declared, is probably true, and to be desired by all who embrace its principles, and breathe its spirit cannot be denied. The history of its progress in this world, it has found some of its brightest ornaments and ablest defenders among the African race, many who have witnessed a good profess, and who have sealed the testimony of faith at the martyr's stake. Many in this day are "living epistles known and read of men. Did not the gospel display its power in the life and triumphal death of Elizabeth Low? What caused the benignant smile of resignation to shed a calm serenity over her placid features? What caused a beaming hope to enkindle in her dim eye when surveying the rocks, which, at her own request, had been prepared to beckon her to the tomb? What power enabled her thus, on the very brink of the grave, in the twilight of both worlds, to declare that these garments were beautiful? Yes; who gathered around her dying pillow, tell: Ye, who were permitted to witness the scene quite on the verge of heaven's answer! Is there not a moral power in the gospel! If these principles are correct, we can be elevated by it. By each and every prudence, good and patient labor, we have the means of increasing in wealth, thus raising ourselves to a higher sphere of life. We can "hasten slowly"—we can value our time, and know what becomes of our earnings. We can improve our reason, and study and reflection. We can read the productions of the giants in the fields of literature and science. Standard authors can be read—men who have with the best of advantages, given years to the investigation of great and fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, these can be perused and read—throughly read—studied. It will cost trouble—there must be "patient thought"—it may cost health, but the immortal mind ought to be cultivated. Why should we not hold converse with the "mighty dead?" Why not have them for our companions! They have no prejudices now. Especially study the Bible. It will improve the heart as well as the head. Subjects the most awful and grand—interest the most amazing that can be conceived of, are unfolded in that "book of books." Interests embracing all periods of time, all the inhabitants of heaven, earth, and hell. Interests which concern the universe, which concern Jehovah! Interests vast as creation—broad as eternity.

This book, all can study with the responsibility of intellectual beings—subjects of the moral government of God! What solemnity clothes our existence! The eternal existence of the soul stands a banner over it, confers a dignity upon it. What are all the treasures of the world, the honors, and emoluments of the earth compared with this! The throne crumbles, dynasties perish, scepters fall, crowns decay; but the throne of the soul is eternity, its crown age infinite of time, its age infinite of years! The gospel comes and opens the portals of paradise. Their thrones never crumble, crowns never fade, happiness endures. These others are to each—to all. The gospel comes to pardon, renew, sanctify, and save. It has power to elevate to the perfect law of God. To restore the lost image of Jehovah in the soul. To-day the man of wealth may point to his treasures—tomorrow none so poor as to do him reverence.

He dies, but the immortal genius may cause his wit to flash, and blaze, and burn; and as Pollock says by Byron, "He stands on the Appian nine, and talks with thunder, as with friendly to friends, and weaves his garland from the lightning's flash in sportive glee; and then die as he desired—immortal! A cultivated mind, and an unshrunk heart may become one of the most awful and splendid characters in human society; as Walter Byron, such was Rossam, and such Velaro, and many others; and such an one may there never be born among us to hold such "bad pre-eminent... not one who shall devise the powers of his mind to the destruction of his race."

Intellectual superiority, however, is no sign of spiritual happiness;—here we see the wisdom and goodness of God. He has opened the door of happiness to all without distinction. Moral elevation, then, is the only point of view the most valuable. Those in this world in which the three dwell in the greatest perfection have it in their power to do the most good and may be considered the most elevated. That society or community which has the greatest number of such individuals in it, is the most elevated of all; then a people, or a nation. It is evident, then, that if no individual or society claims to be elevated, that they must rest such claim upon a foundation of these things, their virtue, intelligence, and wealth. If any people propose to elevate themselves it must be upon these grounds. Those who rest them in their efforts, must be considered valuable, as they aid them in acquiring civilized, intelligent, and sacred. Are the facts within or without the compulsion, whose principles and practice war against these things? They are the ones who point the doers, who are responsible to God, who daily bow at the very foundation of happiness. They clothe the prospect in darkness and gloom—they cause the heart to sink, and to be sick at every sight. Who, then, is elevated? Upon what is the claim founded? Upon wealth! Have we seen the great wealth? Will we be from this time? Shall this be the commencement of a new era in our habits? Is our present era a stepping stone to the future? Have we been diligent and studious in the cultivation of our mental powers? Have we improved the golden moments as they have passed away?

Are we morally elevated? Have we all submitted to the claims of the gospel? Is there a power in our faith which works by love and purity in the heart? Who is striving to become elevated? Who is seeking to promote the elevation of the rising generation? Can they not be "trained up in the way that they should go"? Are there no motives to urge us to seek our elevation? Because we are deprived of some of our political rights! Because we cannot rush to the stormy conflicts of the political arena, shall we be without it and nothing? Can they not be "trained up in the way that they should go"? No motive to the instructing, and prudent that we may have the means of personal comfort; that we may be able to educate our children; that we may be prepared for the day when we may have a shelter from the rude and cheerless storms which howl around and sweep the desolate winter of life? If personal comfort and respectability, if we have in our bosoms love for our families and children, there is a strong motive to urge us to pursue the path of industry and economy. No motive for intellectual elevation! What sources of pleasure and happiness are open to an intelligent mind amid the works of creation and the sublime wonders of relation? No reasons for the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and arts? Sentiment unworthy an immortal mind?

Ascend, then, another step and view yours. Mortal being! The soul wakened from the sleep of eternity, can say with a voice which has endless ages, "I live forever a spark of the Deity's own thought—soul—reason!" Moves upon you as moral beings broad as the universe—wide as creation—high as heaven—deep as hell! Move yourselves there, and with a voice that is going on with you to the exhibitions of eternity, to the claims of society, to the interests of the Church.
from our number, death will select his this year's victims!
But I cannot not to pronounce a funeral oration.
I ask no friend to pause and weep again though it be at the grave of opening manhood, or youthful brilliancy. May their friends be forgotten—their virtues imitated—their memories cherished and we, one and all, prepare to meet our God and Judge in Peace.

Mr. Estpan.—In your paper of the 22d inst., there is a letter over the above signature, which occurs at first sight, to be advancing the propriety and necessity of holding a National Convention by the colored people of the free States, for the purpose of considering and settling upon what principles and measures we ought to pursue for our elevation. I am not, at this time, going to express any opinion, either for or against a National Convention, but to notice what appears to me two very objectionable remarks of Mr. Annesley, and to ask him to give the proof upon which his “ بأنه לא נבנוי” notion is based, for notions that mind may be sure in error, and that their sincerity cannot be urged as proof of reason for their belief. I return to you, therefore, Mr. Editor, that statements involving such grave and momentous consequences ought to be accompanied with the proof or reasons by which they are sustained.

The two assertions which appear to me to be fundamental errors, are these.

1. That “the main principle upon which the Anti Slavery Society was founded, is wrong. That principle being contained in immediate abolition.”

2. That “whether the principle is true of not, it has prevaled the cause from being free this day.”

If “instant” will show us by what he holds these things to be true, and leave his name—-he may expect to hear from one who at present differ entirely against the sentiment of his whole communication. Yours for the bonds, as in bonds with them.

New Haven, Ct.

A. B. B.

For the Colored American.

Dear Sir,—I was almost overjoyed to receive the “Colored American” again, as it was a few days since I put it into my hands. What not it has gone up! It is not only of course, but has increased in price. Still, however, it is a most excellent paper, and I am reminded of the words of the President of the United States:—“Our country needs the Colored American.”

Your paper is a model of excellence, and I can only say, as a friend of the colored people, that I will do all in my power to support it, and encourage it in every possible way.

A. B. B.
The situation of the colored population of this country—slave, laboring, and free—is one of the most difficult problems which we find. The slavery and its remnants continue to exist, and it is a problem how to deal with them. The laboring class is also a problem, and the free colored population is also a problem. The solution of these problems is not easy, and it will require the cooperation of all races and nations to achieve a satisfactory solution.

The situation of the laboring class is one of great hardship and toil. The work is hard and the conditions of life are often difficult. The free colored population also faces many challenges, including discrimination and prejudice. It is important to address these issues and work towards a more just and equitable society.

In conclusion, the situation of the colored population in this country is one of great complexity and difficulty. It requires the cooperation and effort of all races and nations to achieve a solution that is just and equitable.
Thoughts... IV.

Nature has placed man under the power of two great laws—first, of his nature, and second, of his reason. These two laws are equally powerful, and the second is superior to the first. The most of man’s evil and suffering come from the first law; the most of his improvement and happiness, from the second.

The first law is incapable of being modified or repealed. It is immutable, and cannot be changed by the laws of Nature or of reason. It is the law of self-preservation, the law of our nature, which compels us to seek our own safety and security.

The second law is the law of our reason, which enables us to reason and reflect on our condition, and to compare the different objects of human happiness, and to distinguish between the necessary and the accidental, and the real and the imaginary, and the useful and the useless. It is the law of freedom, the law of our reason, which enables us to be free, and to do those actions which are really good, and to avoid those which are really evil.

The two laws are thus opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.

Thus, the two laws are opposed to each other, and we are necessitated to choose one of them. We cannot avoid the first law, but we can avoid the second. We cannot avoid the self-preservation of our nature, but we can avoid the freedom of our reason. We cannot avoid the necessity of our existence, but we can avoid the necessity of our actions. We cannot avoid the necessity of our condition, but we can avoid the necessity of our reason.
THOUGHTS—NO. IX.

If there are so many evils among us, as the picture has appeared to me through the microscope, it is not because "what is written is written"—but because the facts—the truth has furnished the coloring. Man cannot create truth: truth is eternal as is its glorious Aryan sense, and if it is against us, God is against us, both willingly and essentially require us to rise up against our position; the sooner the better.

In considering the improvement which we need, I could establish myself to you which are essentially irrational and may easily be acquired, and when they are acquired, do not sufficiently influence the heart or moral character of the individual. The list of those branch principles, so important, is not as full as I might easily make it, and my opinion is that the moral sense can be taught, nor utilize the moral feelings.

Some of the studies, then, which claim our attention are: Reading, Arithmetic, Grammar, History, Domestic Economy, Composition, the Mechanics Arts, and Civilization. By reading, I do not mean to be able fluently to pass over a given number of pages in a certain time; but I do mean the ability and habit of mind which enables one to read with diligence and attention the best standard authors in the English language, in poetry and prose. To be able to appreciate and measure the depth of the argument, whether advanced from the profound mind of a Webster, or essayed in the quill of an author of a Boccaccio. To be able to understand those minds, which exert their energy after having been developed by study, and develop by experience—to be able to detect the vein of sophistry and chicanery, though topped in the brightest degree of savoir faire and amid the numerous footers of elegance—such a knowledge of reading I would that we may possess. We should have such a knowledge of figures as will efficiently shield us from the cunning of those minds which are ever ready to take advantage of the unprincipled, or who are not qualified to demonstrate with facility and power that may occur in the business of life. Geography, both ancient and modern, should be studied until the mind becomes familiar with the advantages and pleasures which it affords, and in connection with the study of geography, history should be regarded, a knowledge of which is so essential. Every individual ought to be able to stand in his mind upon the places of the globe where the biggest cities are situated; points have been performed, affecting and changing the spirit of human society, and to reason upon the facts which the historic pages unfold, and show that principles ought to prevail and what ones will ruin any individual, people, or nation.

The rules of grammar, and the principles of computation ought to be studied that we may be capable of correctness, and eloquence. We should adopt our ideas to an intelligent community—to prepare them for the future—shaping that breath, and words that bear. Who ought to speak in trumpet tones to the American nation—to the world! Who ought to thunder in all that is solemn and sublime—all that is powerful in arguments based upon facts, lest they be reduced into the common, and the common into the sublime and ridiculous? Our minds must be aware and influenced by kindred mind. Our minds must grapple with giant—fact and argument must be continually opened before the public and rendered familiar to the public, and end the lasting gaze of the "second sober thought." If we have hearts that are kind, we must have minds the understand, and sagacity and pens that will persuade.
Thoughts—No. XI.

Thus the divine principle of Love, both to God and man, is the only constant principle of action in the universal, and can, and must be counteracted; and every young heart ought to be taught authoritatively the righteousness and exactness of this principle before its warm current of brotherly affection is frozen by selfish indifference or pointless opposition.

It is not enough that men are taught to know their duties—but they must be taught to do it. The formation of character trained to active obedience is of the highest moment in the happiness of the individual, and in the community. All his happiness depends upon this deeply—this life trial; for the inseparable principle of eternal rights—of everlasting rectitude must be the foundation upon which various active benevolent rears its temple. Virtue will always command respect, and is the foundation of human happiness, and is of indissoluble obligation in the great law of the universe—indeed in the constitution of the Deity and original in his character. We must look upon the conduct of individuals or populations, who practice the principles of virtue, having all their actions upon an immovable foundation, while they have the most effective way to ensure their respectability—they will, at the same time, the only way to secure their own happiness and prosperity; for God can only be their friend, as they do or do not practice virtue. How important, therefore, to be individuals or a people, the practice of virtue! How valuable is the truth—strenuously, firmly, unswervingly preserved! Individuality and justice are the sources upon which the strength of God stands its strong support, and science and the principles of our institutions, our friends, or, in short, the laws of our society, are the foundation of the yellow and electric wires of our benevolent operations. Does one or another of these individual hearts, which forms the health of society, and make a comprehensive law when it tells it in the true tone of the Deity? Reason may fail for it—but is in vain; this is the world we know, and how do we know God? Is it a faith?—How shall men be justified without it? What could be said to an anxious parent! With all the knowledge, with all the science, the Bible makes known its beauty. We must be enabled to lead our children to the throne of God, and the obligations of our calling, and the warmest ones of the world must be kept continually and steadily before them, that the heart may shrivel with the deep principle of sympathy and love for the good of mankind. We ought to feel that we are indispensably connected with the universe; and are, under the highest obligations to see that they are.

The natural inclinations and feelings of the human heart must be cultivated, and benevolence, universal beneficence, instead of being stilled and of right to reign.

New Haven, Ct.
A. B. G.

Thoughts—No. XII.

Thus, the divine principle of Love, both to God and man, is the only constant principle of action in the universal, and can be counteracted. Every young heart ought to be taught authoritatively the righteousness and exactness of this principle before its warm current of brotherly affection is frozen by selfish indifference or pointless opposition.

It is not enough that men are taught to know their duties—but they must be taught to do it. The formation of character trained to active obedience is of the highest moment in the happiness of the individual, and in the community. All his happiness depends upon this deeply—this life trial; for the inseparable principle of eternal rights—of everlasting rectitude must be the foundation upon which various active benevolent rears its temple. Virtue will always command respect, and is the foundation of human happiness, and is of indissoluble obligation in the great law of the universe—indeed in the constitution of the Deity and original in his character. We must look upon the conduct of individuals or populations, who practice the principles of virtue, having all their actions upon an immovable foundation, while they have the most effective way to ensure their respectability—they will, at the same time, the only way to secure their own happiness and prosperity; for God can only be their friend, as they do or do not practice virtue. How important, therefore, to be individuals or a people, the practice of virtue! How valuable is the truth—strenuously, firmly, unswervingly preserved! Individuality and justice are the sources upon which the strength of God stands its strong support, and science and the principles of our institutions, our friends, or, in short, the laws of our society, are the foundation of the yellow and electric wires of our benevolent operations. Does one or another of these individual hearts, which forms the health of society, and make a comprehensive law when it tells it in the true tone of the Deity? Reason may fail for it—but is in vain; this is the world we know, and how do we know God? Is it a faith?—How shall men be justified without it? What could be said to an anxious parent! With all the knowledge, with all the science, the Bible makes known its beauty. We must be enabled to lead our children to the throne of God, and the obligations of our calling, and the warmest ones of the world must be kept continually and steadily before them, that the heart may shrivel with the deep principle of sympathy and love for the good of mankind. We ought to feel that we are indispensably connected with the universe; and are, under the highest obligations to see that they are.

The natural inclinations and feelings of the human heart must be cultivated, and benevolence, universal beneficence, instead of being stilled and of right to reign.

New Haven, Ct.
A. B. G.
For the Colored American.

THOUGHTS—NO. XIV.

It is our duty to prepare for the important and solemn duties which devolve upon us as the subjects of God’s moral government—that by acting in accordance with the holy principles and precepts, we may secure his friendship, and promote the happiness of our fellowmen, and secure our own. This shall stand before the bar of eternal justice, and give us account with joy or sorrow. To do it, with joy, we must have lived in the practice of virtue—our minds must have been imbued with the spirit of the religion of the Bible—the love of Christ must have reigned in our hearts—the spirit of God’s approbation must have been impressed upon our souls. No matter how much the mind may have been cultivated—we matter how much science it might have understood—no matter how high, how exalted, it might have soared—to hear the praises of joy, it must have done well—been noted in the righteousness and purity of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The religion of the Bible is the only science that will fit the soul to dwell in the presence of God. This is the highest and noblest science; it prepares men for time and eternity. In this life only can a right moral character be formed and be formed soon.

These only who have such principles based upon an intelligent view of immortality, truth, and hearts posterity with love to God, and love to their fellow men, with hearts and hands right, are prepared to take their proper place in the moral world; thus prepared, they are endowed, they are trained in the service of God, and in all that is wherewithal of combating interests and storing passion—you will find them work when the moral climate of a society is smitten and worn with fearful agitation—though they may stand alone on the realm of life, where boiling tempers and breathing thunders roll in a seething, unordered sea, with tremendous fury—they will be prepared to grapple with the bold spirit of uniformity, mind the bowing breezes of persuasion—where they stand erect, as an ocean rock—there will be a grand dignity in the air, that you may restore them during the tempest, and change the clashing as they alter and change, that will make them harder and harder, and the more laborious, the more successful. We may restore them to the cause, which is the work of God, and the work of the world. The heart and the hand will be ready to be used, when they shall have been prepared to sweep away a what is in them. As an instrument of change, of action, or whether they have a given society assurance that they have some disposition to provide bills for its wants.

Under these circumstances we are to act our part, having all the interests of men at stake, and dispersed by many of the rights and privileges which belong to us. It is not the right of man, therefore, to make the race generation be furnished with every mental and moral qualification in the best way you think it. It depends much, very much upon ourselves what position we shall stand, and upon what advantage-ground those which are between us, and shall stand.

In this day, when there are so many arguments, the world will gather at our parties, look at the facilities within our reach, by a diligent use of which we might obtain our education, and then impress upon us whether we are helping ourselves, and through God’s grace, our hand, but still persevering, and in such a way as to make a thorough, and at the same time, and about as mean and unjust laws.

The popery is fair—so we ought to feel bound to discover in right and well-directed efforts for our kingdom and best good. At the same time, we have been moved and taken—who are men of piety—when the despots are trembling—when truth isYoung forth redemptum”—the strength of prejudice and unjust laws.

The people of fair—so we ought to feel bound to discover in right and well-directed efforts for our kingdom and best good. At the same time, we have been moved and taken—when the despots are trembling—when truth isYoung forth redemptum”—the strength of prejudice and unjust laws.

The people of fair—so we ought to feel bound to discover in right and well-directed efforts for our kingdom and best good. At the same time, we have been moved and taken—when the despots are trembling—when truth isYoung forth redemptum”—the strength of prejudice and unjust laws.

The people of fair—so we ought to feel bound to discover in right and well-directed efforts for our kingdom and best good. At the same time, we have been moved and taken—when the despots are trembling—when truth isYoung forth redemptum”—the strength of prejudice and unjust laws.

The people of fair—so we ought to feel bound to discover in right and well-directed efforts for our kingdom and best good. At the same time, we have been moved and taken—when the despots are trembling—when truth isYoung forth redemptum”—the strength of prejudice and unjust laws.
Portland, Thursday, March 17, 1839.

For the Maine Temperance Journal.

Mr. Editor—We need not begin this article by saying that I know from the reading of your paper, that you are earnestly engaged in the promotion of the great and good cause of temperance, total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, for your eloquent tongue has often been heard in the most forcible arguments of the nature and the evils of intemperance, and in the presentation of the most candid and thorough arguments in defense of those principles of temperance which alone constitute the rock of safety in this great enterprise. There are about four hundred colored people in this city. How sounds the cause of temperance in their midst? From the first day of the temperance reformation to the present time, there have never been found a few names in Seattle—"a faithful few" among too many others, who were either indifferent to the cause of temperance, or the deluded victims of the Root Power within them and without, and around them. From time to time, noble efforts have been made to suppress and banish the evil of intemperance; and much good has been accomplished; but the "Lawtonian" is not easily moved—only the only being to that of its death—the outer, the entire abolition of the root traffic and the use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, from the bosom of society, by man anywhere. Better understand and regulate what lightening, than to regulate the sole root to use as a beverage and then to dream of escaping the evils of intemperance.

During the past year there has been quite a "revival" in the cause of temperance among the colored people in this city. Large and interesting meetings have been held, and many triumphs and trophies have been won through the influence of the good and the true among their portion of our citizens, and through the influence of those who have come in among us. The voice of the Hon. Neal Dow, the eloquence of R. L. Carleton, Esq., and the bold arguments of Rev. D. Potter, last mentioned, but least in the strength of his speech, and sound and able remarks bearing the hearing of the temperance cause upon all old and young—efficent publicism to influence and elevate all in the social system, remarks which commanded themselves to the conscience of every intelligent mind, have been heard in our meetings. More than one-fourth of the entire colored population of this city have enrolled their names on the pledge of TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

In this we rejoice—but the evils are not

For the American Anti-Slavery Society.

A SPEECH.

REV. A. W. P. PENDLETON.

I stand by wisdom's high banner.
A slave no more—a man confounded.
If any heart, if any eloquent pen,
Embody thoughts for the freedom of men.
Still upward and onward thy way.
With thousands around, blessing God for thy day.
In which we have labored, and nobly true—
Like Genius, and Doctrine, and Peter.
Lifting the bondsman from darkness and death—
Inventor with rights—inspiring him with breath.
He lifts on toward the zenith of the earth.

A poor man, dressed in fear.
Continued than faithful and true to the end.
On and upward only—this scene to defend.
Xerophytes still let others unfold.
From these thy record repeat aloud,
Equal until the thought of light and love.
One will give them a mission above.
Now casting to crown thee in the new land,
A heart and soul to hope for thy power you will.
Now let us speak of their minds and love.
Our honors shall deck thee in its distant lands,
Starting them, that will teach the work of thy hands.
To Heaven we unite thee in all ways.
On whose good from home for everything.

For the American Anti-Slavery Society.

REV. HENRY RICHARD GARNER.

PEACOCK'S NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A Message.

If we nobles and uncertain, behind him stand,
Of passion and paanch, in, with might sublime.
He cleared with Thirds in his eye.
Yet feel the power of the world.
As if, as all, and in war.
Lauded breath, or eloquence, and
So, without glory, who depart,
Defied from truth's immortal past.
Great blow into, and seize the arm.
A noble here in the battle's strain.
Receive the seed of the best age.
And is, and thus, and here, and there.

A noble here in the battle's strain.
Mr. Brown —
Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to say a word for Cleveland, Ohio.

In this city there are three denominations of color, one Methodist, one Baptist and one Congregationalist. The Congregational Society has been in progress about twenty-two months, and now numbers upwards of ninety members. They have bought a lot and are erecting an edifice; and anticipate dedicating it this fall. Rev. A. G. Brown has been engaged preaching for us the past five months. He spoke on the Son's Standard and Wesley Review at Sabbath evening, in the highest terms; he also spoke on a number of persons engaged in connection with the paper.

He endeavors to impress on the minds of the people, the need of taking this paper, that they might familiarly acquaint themselves with what was going on in different parts of the United States among colored people and events.

He took his text from the Book of Amos 4: 12, "Prepare to meet thy God." He spoke very warmly and affectionately, and I hope that they would ever remember the text, if they did not recollect anything else.

Yours truly,
S. L. P.

ASSASSINATION OF A COLORED CLERGYMAN.

We ask our readers to ponder the following statement taken from The Emancipator (Ind.) Journal. It has not, as far as we know, been published in any religious newspaper in the country. The spirit which prompted this bloody outrage is the same which animated the so-called "loyal" men of the North, in the cities of the Union, during their "three days reign of terror"—the same that spread sorrow in Detroit—the same which has been rife in many places and is still rampant among thousands of the "hated" white community.

Why is the pulsit silent? Why not the religious press thunder? Why should such vitriolic inaction? A minister of the Gospel in a Christian land, within the sound of the church bell, "swooned down into a bloody grave by ruthless hands, and the fact unnoticed by any authority in the State, or by religious men. How many bloody spots will speak in this land, in the ear of justice when God shall make inquisition for blood?"

"My eye is on them, and my ear is pained with every day's report," said the celestial gazer, while he heard the sounds of pain, the cries of distress, the ***garments rent in two***, as they came to the eye of his inspection, and he beheld in thought and felt in soul, if the awful scenes of everyday life in this land could have been laid before him.

FRANKFORT, Ky.

We heard another number of accounts yesterday of a most dreadful and revolting murder perpetrated in this city on Sunday last. We give all possible detail to learn the full particulars, but with success, as everybody seemed to feel no interest in the matter because the victim was a man of color.

As we heard the story it appears that a number of very fast-running young men of the city, passing along the street on which they lived, planned to call a "square," met a negro preacher returning from his house, a nice, quiet man, when one of the youths, named Myers, out of mere wantonness, stabbed him several times, stabbed the negro several times, stabed him, killed him immediately; another report says the negro lived about four hours, and another that he was living later. Her took a man on Sunday to the office of a Provost Marshal, and told that officer that had stabbed a negro. Capt. Havens, being late that night, told the soldiers to take the man a constable and charge him with the vagrancy, and to bring him over to the civil authorities, however, let the man go. It is certainly alarming state of society when a negro can be killed in open daylight in the city of Frankfort, and yet not excite sufficient indignation to enable the facts to be established with any degree of accuracy. It is due to the police, the city, and to our good nature about that this matter be investigated at once, vigorously.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 10, 1863.

Dr. C. C. Stowe, formerly pastor of the Temple Street church, of this city, has received a call to become the pastor of the Baptist church in Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been residing some time past. He received 600 members in the last ten months since his arrival. The Sabbath School is very large and progressive.
FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY.

Extract from a letter received by Rev. Amos G. Benson from his son:

Poit of Rocks, Va., June 29, 1864.

Dear Father: I received your letter last night, and was most happy to hear from you, and happy to think that I was still alive and well after our last trying time; for since I last wrote, almost half of the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry have been in several engagements, and about thirty have been killed and wounded. The first notice I had of going into the engagement was at about 1 o'clock, a.m., Wednesday, the 15th. We heard the bugle, and sprang to our arms, and, with two days' rations, we started towards Petersburg, and when about four miles on our way toward that city, at a small place called Reality House, we met the front of the rebels' works. Here we formed a line of battle, and started for the rebel's works. I was supplied with thirty of my company. We had to cross a stream of woods before reaching their works. The shell began to come through the woods; and we kept on, while the shell, grape, and canister came around us cruelly. Our Major and Col. Russell were wounded, and several men fell—to advance seemed almost impossible; but we rallied, and, after a terrible charge, amidst pieces of barbarous iron, solid shot and shell, we drove the desperate greybacks from their fortifications, and gave three cheers for our victory. But few white troops were with us. Parts of the 1st, 4th, 6th, and 24th were engaged.

The colored troops here have received a great deal of praise. The success was due in part to the coolness and interest in the boys' fighting. They shouted, "Fort Pillow," and the rebels were shown no mercy.

* * *

CHARLES JOSUE BEMAN.

FEBRUARY 5, 1865.

ZION'S STANDARD AND WEEKLY REVIEW.

Published weekly, on Saturday, by the Corporation of the A.M. E. ZION CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY. In the interests of the General Conference, as the organ of the Connection.

REV. AMOS G. BEMAN,

Who has been in Tennessee for the past year as a Missionary among the Freedmen, will preach in the 6th Street A.M.E. Zion Church, on Sunday afternoon, February 5th, at half-past 2 o'clock.

CONFERENCES.

RICHMOND.

"RICHMOND is charred has passed over the wires. Richmond is burning!" solves a million of loyal hearts—"Jeff Davis has fled," and "Lee is flying." Inside the air was filled with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," as the news of this great victory spread along from city to city, from State to State and from ocean to ocean. The pens or tongues, or rather our pen, can describe the emotions of joy that thrilled every honest heart, as the tidings of this great event spread over the land. While all rejoiced the colored man has many, and peculiar reasons to "abound in joy" and "exult" in his "victory." He has seen the "sun set" in his heart. The colors he cherished have fallen into his hands, the "sunrise" of a new era has dawned on the "waste" of a fighting people. The happy tears of anguish fell unheeded—mourned by the cruel oppressors of God's poor—that city where bloody tears against Right and Justice, and Humanity, gushed and flowed. Why should not colored men rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory?"

In streets have roared the accompanying train of colored soldiers as they marched along, their hearts boiling with patriots and sublime sentiments. How their fathers and mothers must have felt as they beheld their sons and brothers returning in triumph. What thoughts of the past, what visions of the future as they marched by the princes—the old fashioned, the slaveholders, the house of the pillories, where countless victims of desperation and starvation, woe have been outraged and wronged. What past can ever return, thanks to God and "ERABAH, the friend of God," and humanity to "Samaras, and Sumner, and Glaze," and the right of colored men, redeemed and glorified by the victorious armies of Freedom. We used to stay by the old days of the Fugitive Slave Law, that when the African lion should awake to battle, the oppressor would fade and living thunder dwelt in his right arm." Fort Wagner, Gliese, Port Holtom, Milwood's Ford and Nashville have proved this. Charleston has seen the rebel heroes unclad and unarmed their president; and now Holtom beholds them as they go marching along "among dangers to molest—come to make them afraid. The cantoration which has been thrown by the city to the glory of the city to the glory of the city, and their blood begins and flying columns they have to think, shall purify the atmosphere, and we will observe it as coming to Freedom and Humanity for ever.

"There's gold yellow is great!"

Let these words crack in letters of fire on the banner bold which on the 18th day of April shall march along the streets of New York.

ZION'S STANDARD AND WEEKLY REVIEW.

Wednesday, September 23, 1864.

W. HOWARD DAY, Editor.

Official Organ of the Colored People of the State of New York, and the Soldiers and Sailors of the United States:

and of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaritans of North America.

Annapolis, Md., Sept. 17th, 1864.

On the evening of Monday, September 18th a Lecture was delivered in the School House, by Rev. Amos G. Benson, formerly of New Haven, Conn., but now residing in Washington, D.C.

Rev. Mr. Benson is an earnest worker, and went South, under the auspices of the Missionary Board of the Presbyterian Church: for a year past, Mr. Benson has been laboring, religiously and politically, and took an active part in the late political campaign. We have seen hiseloquent from Mr. Taylor, Chairman of the State Central Committee, from Governor Brownlow, from Mr. Brownlow, Editor of the Knoxville Republican Journal and from Horace Maynard, testifying to the efficient work performed.

Mr. Benson was a Delegate to the Border State Convention held in Baltimore, and was invited to go to Annapolis to deliver a Lecture upon the "Rights of Man."

The audience was not large, but the Lecture was well worth listening to. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Benson dwelt upon the features of the late canvass in Tennessee, and illustrated what the future of the People of that State, is to be: At times Mr. Benson was really eloquent. Mr. Benson said—Tennessee was a Territory until 1796. The Emigrants to that Territory were mainly from Virginia. They found the Indians there, and as usual, conflicts ensued, because of the encroachments of the Emigrants. The Indians saw their lands passing away from them—and fought to retain them—but they perished in the conflict. Slavery was then early enough to establish the Emigrants and sold into slavery for life. In the Constitution of Tennessee, which was framed in 1864, there was no distinction as to color in reference to Voters, and Colored Men therefore voted there until 1864.
was an early anti-slavery sentiment created by Benjamin Lundy the co-author of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Lundy published an Anti-Slavery newspaper in Newmarket, Tenn., and petitions were sent in for the abolition of Slavery, so that they came within one rate of abolishing it.

In 1834 colored and white men together voted for Members of a Convention to frame a New Constitution, and these men thus elected, in that Constitution disfranchised the colored men. While Slavery was recognized in that Constitution, there was no clause among the auditors to instruct their slaves, and in various instances Sabbath schools were successfully established for colored people.

It was a time when even necessity forced a recognition of the colored people. In the mountains and in the woods these men were fed and sustained by the colored men, and these apprentices now say, as long as they live, they would be true to colored men, as colored men had been true to them.

In the life of this idea, a new Constitution was framed, and now colored men vote in Tennessee.

Mr. Beman gave many interesting facts as to the opposition with which the colored people of that State had to contend, but spoke hopefully of their present and future accomplishment.

In conclusion, Mr. Beman urged his hearers to be up and doing—to study figures—and to thus prepare themselves for the duties now in the Providence of God to be done upon them.

Mr. Beman introduced Professor Wm. Howard Day who made a short speech, complimenting Rev. Mr. Beman and his address and urging upon the audience the support of the Stanton School established in Annapolis. He paid a tribute of praise to the Trustees of the School, complimenting them upon the building and its appointments, and concluded with encouraging words to all.

The Speaker were attentively listened to, and heartily applauded.

Mr. Day provided, assisted by Mr. J. Sherrill, one of our oldest, most respectable citizens. Prominent among them were Messrs. Moses Lake, Wm. Bishop, Hodgey, Miss Case, (teacher) and others.

Notice was given that Prof. Day had been lecturing in Annapolis, soon, for the benefit of the Stanton School, and it is hoped and believed that a larger number of the citizens will be present.

This District is under the charge of General Charles Howard, the Efficient Assistant Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau. Yours in haste.

From Wilmington, N. C.  

NEW PUBLICATIONS

FOUNDER. By H. B. BEARDSLEY. Answer, 413 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"Of making many books there is no end;" and, "much study is a weariness to the flesh;"—both of these aphorisms are true in these modern days. The book named at the head of this notice has been upon our table for several days,—while pressing duties have kept us too busy to read it. An examination of its contents has brought to our mind a vast multitude of books which have been given to the public upon the subject of the peculiar institution—each dissimilar in style,—yet each unit in the elements of truth and verity.

"Peculiar" is written by the hand of a master in all that constitutes artistic skill—clear in its narrative, manifesting a deep insight into the motives of that human nature which has been so long under the prevailing influence of Slavery. Characters are described with a vividness and power which enabled them to move as in life before the mental eye of the reader—the author has called them from the "vasty deep" and have come with a startling distinctness, and they will never dwindle again while memory remains. Let the book be read. It will intensify the hatred of every human heart against the whole system of Slavery. It will strengthen the purpose of all friends of freedom and of the country to toil on for the utter destruction of the old Bastile of American oppression. We heartily commend it to the attention of the thoughtful, the earnest, and the good, believing that humanity and justice will rejoice in its mission among all classes of men.
THE LADIES' NATIONAL UNION FAIR.

As an aid to the funds of the American Freedman's Friend Society, was held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of September, inclusive.

The room was decorated in the most tasteful and magnificent manner. Mrs. R. A. Garner, under whose direction Mr. W. Payson, the decorator, displayed the most splendid gowns and accessories, which we have a large collection of which to catch the spectator and lead him to muse until the first glimpse of sympathy glowed for the great object for which the fair was held, viz., the aid of the Freedmen.—"The Nation's Business," the Tyng calls them—and the colored soldiers—who deserve and need assistance.

One day in the spacious room, and turning to the left stood the ropes of Fort Sumter, whose motto was Truth, Justice, Liberty, at which the Rev. James A. Garveson, president, offered a prayer of dedication and the photographs of John Brown, Col. Shaw, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Frederick Douglass and a host of others "too numerous to mention." It was interesting to see the desire of the multitude to possess some of the specimens of these historic names. John Brown's spirit is "marching on" and like the mighty Mississippi as it rolls to the ocean gathering volume as it moves along, so his name becomes more and more powerful every day.

Appropriately the committee placed next the table of fortune," at which Miss Smith and Adelaide presented the works of the various artists, including those of the Freedmen. We referred to the bright-eyed little Miss F. and the young Miss P., and several others earnestly and satisfactorily discussing the future. May that future be as bright and beautiful as their young hearts and happy spirits now picture it.

On leaving, the visitor came to well prepared tables, on which various articles for the Freedmen were for sale. We saw the Rev. Mr. Garner, who has been most eloquent for the few past weeks pleading their cause, engaged in selling articles for their benefit, and in getting signatures to petitions for the entire abolition of slavery. Through the kindness of the ladies of the academy, the room was borrowed and the various articles for sale were arranged.

The Fair brought together many of the friends of freedom from different parts of the land. The ladies of New Haven, represented by the graceful Miss Margaret Ward, whose brilliant conversation held spell-bound Prof. Walt. H. Day, to whom we had the honor of introducing her, Hartford found a worthy representative in the person of Miss Paul Saunders, whose soul is always on fire when the condition and sufferings of the colored men are to be discussed.

Pittsfield, Mass., was well represented by Mrs. Askin and her daughter, and old Stockbridge by Mrs. P. A. Franklin, who "worked willingly with her hands" for every good cause.

That multitude should be there from the City of New York was to be expected, from the intelligence and spirit of her citizens. Norwalk, N. J., was nobly represented by Mrs. W. L. Rogers and others, who have a deep sympathy in all measures for the benefit of the freedman.

We do not undertake to mention the names of all the friends we met.

The spirit of enterprise, union, and energy, the taste and the skill displayed—the whole arrangement has been an argument and an illustration of the intelligence and capacity which the colored people feel for those who have but just begun to enjoy a little light, and for whom there is so much to be done.
Their camp was not in the best condition, but it is being rapidly improved, and with its improvement, the health of the men will be better. At present quite a number of them are on the sick list—a few of them have died.

The men seem to be in the best of spirits, and their improvements in military tactics have been rapid and satisfactory; indeed let our enemies say what they please, the colored men take the drill as natural as a duck to the water.

We saw several companies drill at different times with great satisfaction; had we seen the whole regiment on dress parade, we would have been struck with their order and discipline. We could not help noticing that with a few of their comrades, the men were making themselves comfortable on good hickory, corned beef, potatoes, roast chicken, eggs, pears, etc., etc. The way these men were dressed and the fact that they had their arms in a good state of order, and the way they conducted themselves in the open air, is a good indication of the appreciation and respect for him, they have presented him with a fine watch and chain.

We cannot mention the names of all whom we met bearing familiar names such as Robert V. Comwell, son of Robert O. Comwell, John D. Comwell, son of Robert A. Comwell, George C. Livingston, Samuel R. Brown, son of the late Bishop Brown of Philadelphia, who speaks with great facility the English, French, and Spanish languages; Joseph Cudahy, brother of the late Judge Van. Cudahy, and W. J. Potter, whose polished manner and mental culture have already won for him an honored position in the regiment. We name but one or two, but we do it with a little pride, for he is to the present hour—serving in the 29th Regiment, the 29th Regiment of the 29th,—the 29th Major General, a man of the ablest and most intelligent, and of the most high-minded character, whose quickness and business capacity, makes him "the observed of all the observed,"—the "sleeping, fashion and the soul of form." He is "born to command," his refined mind, his dignity of character, his cultivated musical talent, and his splendid words, his business tact and skill, his Chesterfieldian manners, his characteristic spirit of patriotic heroism, will give him a victory's right on the battle-field, an immortal charm, and will add to the glory of the 29th Regiment.

The regiment will be gone in a few days for certain places in the South, and it is to be hoped that some of our colored men will see their way to pay a visit to them and give them their hearty regards.

The headquarters of the 29th Regiment are at the headquarters of the 29th Regiment, the 29th Regiment of the 29th, and it is to be hoped that some of our colored men will see their way to pay a visit to them and give them their hearty regards.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

Mr. Emerson:—As a matter of interest to your numerous readers, I send you a few lines in relation to the above-named society. Through the energy and zeal of Rev. H. M. Wilson, its indefatigable secretary, and the unceasing labors of Rev. R. C. P. of Washington, and of its highly satisfactory interview with President Lincoln.

A full and thorough exposure of the constitution and the history of the society was then made by its efficient secretary, Rev. H. N. Wilson, after which, Rev. Mr. Cain explained the whole audience with a speech, brilliant with gems of history, radiant with flashes of poetry—massive with argument; and thrilling in its appeal to the heart and conscience; in the language of another, as applied to Theodore D. Weld:—"He was as eloquent as an angel, and as powerful as thunder." He was a man of all the ages; but one of the most beautiful and eloquent phrases of the society was from the pen of the great orator, "to read the press of the world." The following resolutions, which have been presented at these meetings, will show the spirit and designs of the friends of this Society. They were presented by Rev. Amos A. Benham, who submitted some seven resolutions to the society.

Resolved, That the principles of the African Civilization Society commend themselves to the Christian and the Philanthropist, and in the field to be occupied and the work to be done, the object to be accomplished, and the results to be anticipated under the inspiring teachings of Divine Providence and the word of God, we give ourselves to this noble work in the employment of all the means which God has placed in our hands, and which, by the blessing of Heaven, will accomplish our great purpose.

Resolved, That in view of the principles and object of this Society, and the field it has opened up for its permanent usefulness, the trustees and managers should make strenuous efforts to add to its annual membership, five thousand persons each year, as an efficient mode of increasing its benevolent and Christian operations.

Resolved, That in the facts in our history, and in the promises of the Divine Word, and in the commands and spirit of the Gospel, we find a source of rich instruction; and of inspiring power to strengthen our faith, and to brighten our hopes while laboring for the promotion of our race and the world, through the agency of the African Civilization Society.

Meetings have been held in the Baptist Church Weeksville, in the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian church, New York City, and in the A. M. E. church in Weeksville, and in the Zion's Church, in New York; and at these meetings, and at these churches, and at the addresses of these churches, have manifested their intelligent sympathy with the objects of the society.

It has been pleasant to meet such Christian orators as Rev. Dr. White, Thomas, Leonard, and of the good brethren, and workers who have become yearly members, and have contributed liberally to sustain the Society, and to hear on those who are at work for the elevation of the descendents of African ancestors, wherever they may be found. Trusting in God, may the brethren and friends of this Society go forward until all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest.

New York, Dec. 28th, 1863.

PHIL.
CELEBRATIONS OF THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION OF 1863.

A large and highly intelligent number of colored people and their friends met in the Cooper Institute on Friday evening, January 1st, 1866, to celebrate the first anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation of freedom to nearly four million of slaves.

The meeting was called to order by the Rev. H. H. Garnett, who said they had met to celebrate the Emancipation of millions of their brethren—their fellow countrymen; and they would commence the exercises by singing and prayer. The hymn which they would sing was the favorite of that noble American who was too illustrious to be called the Southern chivalry hung between the heaven and the earth. He referred to John Brown.

After singing, Prayer was offered by Rev. Mansfield French of the Port Royal Mission.

Rev. Mr. Garnett then said:— That a year of wonders had just closed to a close, and we saw what the mighty God of nations was doing in the wonderful development of His providence in this land. He congratulated them on the far-reaching results of the glorious day, and declared that slavery would be a thing of the past, the great and universal brotherhood of man and the brotherhood of God would be acknowledged throughout the earth.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows was then introduced to the audience, who said that this was the greatest event in modern history; it would be celebrated, and hold its place in the world’s history, in the world’s regard with Magna Charta, and with the Declaration of Independence. It was noble, grand and sublime! He vindicated its principles, its policy and its object, and rejoiced in its success, and saw in its future the elevation of the race and the peace, security and welfare of the whole nation. He emphasized the great depth and profound erudition of the President of the American National Association, embracing the inspiration of genius, of scholarship, and the rich graces of the orator and divine, and in the spirit of the Christian and the philanthropist. He held the audience spellbound and enraptured while he uttered the sublime truth in the most chaste and polished language. He touched every heart with a master’s hand.

Rev. H. M. Wilson, in introducing to the audience, presented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of these United States, did on the 1st of January, 1863, rightfully and wisely proclaim liberty to 3,283,000 bondmen, women and children; therefore, resolved:

1. That, in the judgment of this meeting, it is the duty, and ought to be deemed the privilege of the people of this city, to celebrate the anniversary of this unparalleled proclamation of freedom with a spirit, will and enthusiasm worthy of the event.

2. That the effects of this proclamation are numerous, honorable and significant; among which are the growing disposition to bear arms in defense of our glorious Union, the noble but almost fabulous exhibitions of self-sacrifice and moral heroism at Millburn’s Bend, Port Hachon, Pernambuco, Montes Island and elsewhere.

3. That we shall ever regard Almighty God as the originator of this grand scheme of Emancipation, for which Christendom has sighed for centuries, and our noble President, as one of the agents of our Holy hands for doing the work.

4. That we are not unmindful of the services the government has done us, and will further them, by giving ourselves and our sons as fast as and whenever the government can offer us a good show of protection and support.

5. That we do now, and will henceforth regard the President’s proclamation, emancipating the aforementioned slave, as a permanent in

6. That the principles and objects of the African Civilization Society commend themselves to the friends of the mental and moral improvement of the race throughout the world.

7. That we hail with great joy and profound gratitude the establishment of the Wilberforce University, at Xenia, Ohio, under the Presidency of Rev. Daniel A. Payne, B.D., and we pledge it to support by all means.

8. That the friends of the colored race in Liberia, we are enrolled with funds.

9. That our President’s friends, 10,000 dollars to the President of the African Civilization Society to set the part of an educator, and to place the colored man in all positions which he was capable of filling. He appealed to them to cultivate self-respect, to elevate their children, and by industry and labor for the elevation of the race in all places where they were to be found.

It was evidently the strongest and most logical speech which we have ever heard from his lips. It seemed to glow with an unquenchable spirit of earnestness and devotion to the greatest principles in which his mind and heart is inspired.

Mr. Wilson having concluded his earnest and eloquent appeal, the President introduced Mr. Wm. Howard-Day, who has just returned from Europe after an absence of four years—where he has been engaged in pleading for the emancipation and elevation of the African race.

Mr. Day then stepped forward amid the hearty cheers of the friends who gave him a hearty New Year’s greeting. He said, that he rejoiced to be with them “once again,” and detailed the circumstances of the country under the influence of the Fugitive Slave Bill, when he left this land of opposition—he spoke of Margaret Garnett, playing her child rather than have it a slave and suffer as she had done in bloody old Kentucky. He recalled some lines on the bloodshed, in the highest style of rhetorical taste and eloquent skill, and with a pathos which touched every heart and brought “tears men into the melting mood.” His address was of great beauty and power. Long may he live to do battle for the right.

Rev. R. C. Cain, of Brooklyn, was then introduced to the meeting, and in the spirit of the hour, and the noble grandeur of burning eloquence did he honor the day, the cause, and the Proclamation. He thanked God for what his eyes had seen, for what was now being done. God bless Abraham Lincoln—he said, he had seen him, and felt sure that if he moved away he never moved backward. His statement and appeals thrilled the audience, and made them feel that the day of freedom had dawned, and that a bright future was opening before us. He appealed to the audience to maintain the “Wilberforce University,” and to aid the Freedmen in this their hour of need. His address was greeted by the most hearty applause throughout.

The meeting was also addressed in an able manner by J. S. Smith, Esq., Mr. French, and Adj. Haggerty a disciple and countryman of the great Dana, O’Connel, and his noble sentiments, and fervid eloquence elicited unbounded applause. During the evening the audience were favored and gratified by hearing the famous songs of Mr. James J. Sullivan, sung with an artistic skill and classic taste which bids fair to “win golden opinions from all sorts of people.” Several songs full of the spirit of truth and freedom.

Mr. Spalding was accompanied on the piano forte by the accomplished and beautiful Miss Jane Ann Williams, of New York, whose performance elicited the warmest praise.

A rush of police to the door was followed by a request from Mr. Garnett that none should go out just then; if there should be a scrimmage, he said, they would be in the best place where they were.

The rush was occasioned by a number of
The American Freedmen's Friend Society

To the Public.

This Society has its origin in a strong sympathy with the unhappy condition of the Freedmen, South, growing out of the present novel state of affairs in our country.

Notwithstanding all that is being done in various ways for these Freedmen, there yet is left a wide field of labor which we may profitably occupy.

Clothing, Medicines and Medical Attendance, are sought at and may be dispensed by our hands in places not yet reached, and that, perhaps, may not be by any of the great humane movements of the day. Instruction in Religion, Education and Domestic Economy is also asked for, and should be sent among them by us.

"You can feel the full weight of our burdens; you are bound with us, you know our wants; come, we beseech you, and help us," is the continual cry.

Deepl y impressed, then, with their deplorable condition, made known to us by these their constant appeals to our sympathies, our own sense of duty to them in their extreme suffering from want and illness, has impelled us to associate ourselves together in order to render them all the assistance in our power; and to appeal to a generous and humane public on their behalf.

Shall their cry be heeded by the good of the land? shall the work of their alleviation through every proper channel go forward? shall it be put in our power to do fully part of this labor of love?

It shall be the endeavor of the American Freedmen's Friend Society to fulfill literally the Scriptural injunction, "to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and to bind up those that are bruised and broken."

The weight of its influence (which, where its kind offices are felt, must be considerable) moreover, will be ever thrown on the side of law and order. We know how we speak.

We intend to aid the cause of good government, in which we ever have an abiding faith.

We shall aim to carry relief and comfort in one hand, and the means of disseminating the spirit of patriotism and loyalty in the other; and above all, the true spirit of Christianity, to all who shall come within the reach of our influence.

In furtherance of these objects we earnestly solicit the benevolence, donations in Clothing, Medicines, Books and Money, or in whatsoever else will tend to relieve your suffering brethren, or assist to raise them to a higher standard of manhood, or make them, at this trying hour, of good service to our common country.

Friends of humanity, shall this appeal be made in vain? shall helpless women and little children, standing just between bondage and freedom, suffer or perish for want of clothing, or medicines, or proper medical attendance?

Shall the night of gloom and ignorance still overshadow this people, when a moderate assistance on your part will enable us to dispel much of the cloud?

Shall strong arms and willing hands lie paralyzed or be idle for lack of that force and direction which we, properly aided, can so effectually give?

Believing otherwise, we have every reason to trust that a Christian, Jesus-Christian public will heed our appeal.

Contributions may be sent to the Bureaus of the Society, 118 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.


Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from Rev. Amos G. Beman.

Boston, October 1, 1869.

Mr. Esquire,—A distinguished poet declares that "the mind is its own place;" but what precisely he means would require all the metaphysicians to tell, from the primrose stems of Grecian clay to the Newphylle, who, with dictionary in hand, and an indefinable something in his consciousness, is endeavoring to give to airy nothing a local habitation. This is our introduction—to what? to Boston, or to the facts that we are in Boston—the proud metropolis of New England—the crown and glory of the old Bay State; to linger amidst its rich historic scenes for a day. A brighter sun never bathed hill-top or vale, none other spire, palace and cottage, standing out a temple of adornment, and who can point out a more attractive, and desiring with man's consciousness, which has been chosen —enough for all who have money, for not without money and without price may the poor or the rich here buy.

We were then conducted by our kind friend to the Museum of Natural History, and its rich library and magnificent reading-room, where there is to be found the living, daily world of literature and the printed work, our first stop. A tomahawk and a duck, aa lovingly kept, and the blacksmith, a man of fire and skill, a delightful and musing place. The herons may beat upon the water—be towed away. Our friend is a member of this Association, and from there more than Connecticut points reach the large draughts from more than the "Tianan Men," which pushed up in Temple Vale.
But of all the noble places in Boston for study, we think that the Boston Library—with its magnificent building, so stately and grand in its ornate simplicity within and without, the very idea of strength and beauty—is the place for the culture of the mind, and the improvement of the taste here. Without money and without price, the sons and daughters of Boston, and the brighter stars of humanity, for richer or for pauper, have found this place of learning ever open to them in times of sorrow or of joy. It has been a seedbed of knowledge for many and for many generations. Now, at a time when we have so much to learn and so much to teach, the Boston Library remains a beacon of light for all who seek enlightenment.

Who would visit this city without entering the Athenaeum, with its rich collection of statues and paintings? Our is not a critic’s eye, yet we confess that works of art have a fascinating power over us in which, for the time being, we are held spellbound. We love to gaze upon them and think of the passions represented, and of the heavy, working minds in which those varied conceptions had their origin, and the little hands that patiently wrought them out. We cannot, however, but speak of the more than picturesque memorial of Charles Bulfinch, whose picture we have already admired. Among the many figures of Bostonians, the variety of portraits displayed in his memory is perhaps most striking. Whether there are that impregnable authority’s thought, or the sketch of Hamlet worn by his mother on her tombstone, upon the picture, we find it planted upon the picture and on this rock here upon the picture and on this rock here upon the picture where it stands.

What a contrast between the “sight of things” in the city? To this place we would repair, not to gaze upon the splendid manor houses of the New Englanders, but to pay a tribute of respect to the name of Charles Bulfinch, the silent studied of Mount Auburn. Boston, with all its grandeur and glory, cities and villages in every direction below, glowing up and about, shade it, the mansions of the rich, the splendor of the rich, and the least cultivated taste, that the broad-sweeping and human affection of the place. Yonder all is activity, energy, life; here all is silence, solitude, death. Every path trod by human foot leads to the grave. So transit gloria mundi.
There has been a great addition in the amount of property held by them, within a few years. This immense addition, we must not be under the illusion of supposing that the present condition of the colored race is such as to make it an easy task to judge it as lightly as Three Hundred Thousand Dollars. The same improvement is observable in their moral condition. As a people they have made great progress in the principles and practice of Temperance. In some respects we have been assisted by the influence of the press; the American Temperance Society has been the leader of the Temperance principle, and has, by the influence of its organization, and the way it has been conducted, and the manner in which its influence has been directed, done much to advance the cause of Temperance. We cannot but admire the way in which the colored people have been conducted, and the way in which their influence has been directed, done much to advance the cause of Temperance.
MRS. ELIZA ANN GALPIN.

When it was announced to the people of New Haven, Connecticut, that Mrs. Eliza Ann Galpin was dead, a more than usual solemnity fell upon many hearts, and far and wide the same feelings filled a multitude of minds, in different parts of the State. In New York City, and in Washington, D.C., the place of her birth. She was the daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Palme of that city. At the age of fifteen she gave her heart to her Saviour during a revival of religion in the Foundry Chapel in Washington. About three hundred joined the Church when she did. They were brought to the knowledge of Christ as a Saviour during the same service.

She continued in the fellowship of that Church until the year 1852, when she removed to the City of New York. Here she became acquainted with the family of Mr. Theodore D. Woolsey, now President of Yale College, with whom she came to New Haven. There being at that time no colored Methodist Church in this city, she presented her letter to, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, where she was kindly received by the members. In this Church she remained until the Rev. Wm. H. Bishop came to this city and built the A. M. E. Zion Church.

Sister Palme, choosing rather to suffer and die with her own afflicted people, severed her connection with the First M. E. Church, and joined the A. M. E. Church. It was a matter of deep regret to her class companions, and to the Pastor and members of the Church to have her leave, but to her the path of duty was plain. Sister Palme with sister Harris, who now survives her and a few other enlightened and kindred spirits went earnestly to work for the purpose of raising the means to build a Church—"that beneath their own roof and figure they might worship God, none to molest or make them afraid."

She rejoiced when the edifice was completed, and in the name of Israel’s God, they set their banners up. She was one of the “noble few” workers in the Church of Christ. The Bible was her daily companion, prayer her daily food.

She had a great gift in prayer, and was instrumental, under God, of bringing many souls to the Redeemer. She was a woman of deep and consistent piety; her influence was great, especially among the young people. It was her meat and drink to do her Master’s will. In the social prayer-meeting—in the class-room—in attendance on the public worship of God, she was bright and shining light—a true pillar known and read of all men. In the year 1847 she was married, at the residence of President Woolsey, to Mr. Edwin D. Galpin. For the past twenty-four years she has worked in the A. M. E. Church, although ever ready to cooperate in labors of Christian charity with all who love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She desired the elevation and improvement of the colored people, and with a few kindred spirits failed not in vain. To those acquainted with New Haven in past years, the names of Mrs. Margaret Johnson, Mrs. Lewis Lincoln, Mrs. Temperance Dounce, Mrs. Clara Brown, Mrs. Harriet Washington, who has just departed this life in California, and many others, will come to mind as they read these lines, as those faithful ones, whose influence has had so much to do with the improvement of the colored people in social life—in education, temperance, and the accumulation of property, and in the religion of the Bible.

She did not rest out, but were out in the service of God.

She often regretted, amid her great bodily afflictions, that she could not do more for the cause of truth. She bore her afflictions with Christian fortitude and patience, and gently fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, saying, “All is well—my blessed Savior is with me.” Thus, on the 19th day of December, Sister Galpin entered that great which remaineth for the people of God.” She leaves to mourn her loss an affectionate husband, and a large circle of Christian friends, to whom her memory will ever be precious. Her funeral was attended at her late residence in Webster street, the services being conducted by President Woolsey, who paid a most just and eloquent tribute to her moral worth. He said she had been acquainted with Sister Galpin for more than thirty years. Much of the time she had been in his family, where her deep piety and Christian deportment commanded the respect of all who knew her. “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

Feb. 10th, 1864.

AD. D. B.
For the Herald.

Mr. Editor,—I find that your correspondent "E," in the Herald of the 25th last, in expressing his opinions upon the question of "free suffrage," has fallen into a false idea of the character of people whose rights are to be affected by the vote, demanda not. The remarks he made I sent to the printer:—"And who calls for this change in the Constitution? The colored men!" "Declarations notwithstanding the respectable address in the able body," The history of the "address" is simply this. The writer was in the habit of sending a few remarks to the good people of the State through the press, before the proposed amendment was held up by the friends of the white man it tended to disfranchise the colored citizen. It was held that it would be better to have the matter brought before the public in the course of our State Society, as the subject of our political condition has been brought up from year to year, ever since the foundation of the Society, eleven years ago.

The project of the amendment had been discussed in New Milford. The President and Secretaries were appointed a Committee to prepare and publish an address in the good people of the State, showing what our condition is in the community in which we live. The result of their labors is before the people, and it is in the hands of all who know the Congress that they are ignorant of the condition of that class of people in whom they speak. Some of them have been connected with the State Society ever since it has existed, either as President or Secretary; and have been present at all its meetings—keeping its minutes, and conducting its correspondence; and have therefore had an opportunity of knowing the sentiments of our people throughout the State.

Have we misrepresented them? No intelligent and honest man will say it. But it is supposed from what has been said within a few days, and from what "E" says, that it is drawn from the address, that it was not written by those who have signed it. —

This opinion is simply false, and would not stand at all in the hands of an unbiased man, nor as a reason why he wrote "Declaration" on the address, that it was not written by those who have signed it. —

September 17th.

A. G. BENAY.
Let it live and prosper until every claim shall fall, and every letter be erased. In connecting your operations for the winter, then, let the Colored American come a welcome visitor: let it come to strengthen your spirits, and to tan your hoofs; let it come a faithful friend to animate your spirits, amid your toils and efforts; let it come as your energy, and sustain you in your enterprise.

Let it come to rejoice in your success and grizzled age in your years.

Portland, Me., 1849.

A. G. B.

For the Colored American.

TEMPERANCE — NO. X.

It is but a few years since the temperance movement, as it is popularly known, was first heard of here. Since then the dark cloud of disregards has passed through the Southern States, and the idea of temperance has taken root and grown. Today, the entire country is imbued with the spirit of temperance.

But the true meaning of temperance is not simply the avoidance of liquor, but the avoidance of all things that tend to weaken the mind or body. It is a way of life that promotes health and happiness.

The temperance movement has brought about many changes in society. It has led to the establishment of temperance societies, and has helped to bring about the prohibition of alcohol in many places.

But the battle is not yet won. There is still much work to be done to make America a temperance nation. We must continue to educate ourselves and our children about the dangers of alcohol.

For the Colored American.

TEMPERANCE — NO. XI.

Without stopping at this time to consider the expenses of maintaining temperance, as a beverage, we pass on to the evils of intemperance before we do so, however, for it is

Many persons say that they are willing to give up the use of one or two brandy, but they cannot let sex habits, etc., other. So to this I reply —

1st. That wine, cider, and cider will only increase the appetite, and their use is pernicious to health; which they produce is on the contrary, and is, in fact, great, if not greater.

2nd. That the use of beer and ale, soured and fermented, which is spoken against in the Bible, in the days of Noah, they can drink and until the flood did not begin. In some cases, it cannot be said that beer and ale were the only drinks that were used. What a blessing! and custom! Let us all agree! What turned the beam of Balaam and that fatal night, when a hand appeared upon the wall, were the whole passage:

"Thus are we wounded in a balance and falling down a pit!"

For the Colored American.

PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHTS.

Phosphorescent lights, as the name implies, is a light which is produced by the action of certain substances. It is a light that can be obtained by a process of chemical reaction. These lights are used in many places, such as in theaters and clubs, to create an atmosphere of mystery and excitement.

The color of phosphorescent lights can vary, ranging from blue to green, depending on the type of substance used. These lights are also used in areas where visibility is low, such as in libraries and museums, to improve the ambiance of the space.

The history of phosphorescent lights dates back to ancient times, where they were used as a form of lighting in places such as temples and palaces. In modern times, they have become a popular decoration in homes and businesses.

For the Colored American.
For the Colored American, TEMPERANCE,—No. IV.

Intoxicating liquors are the enemies of the physical, and intellectual happiness of man. Of his Physical happiness.

That they indeed upon man numerous bodily evils in the place are designed, Dr. Broderick says: "That breaks beams, don't ears—suns eyes—lions of appetite—tigers at the stake—miserable sight—diseases of the liver—gallstones—dropsy—bonedness of the throat—high consumption—lachrymose pains—appetite—good policy—irappetite—indeed, these are the body parts a look at read a life of intemperance. What a guarantee! Who would be afflicted with such a fruitful array of attendance for all the wealth of the Indus East, and West? Who in their right minds would choose for such a destination? Yet how many there are, who knowing the certain consequence of drinking intoxicating liquors—with the horrible examples of disaster everywhere before them, will continue to imbibe the intoxicating cup.

The list of diseases which physicians declare are averted, or greatly mitigated by mitigating intoxicating liquors are, one would think, enough to frighten any common man. But the drunkard's coach is made of stern stuff.

How many there are, who drink, and drink, until they are hurled away, growing beyond a sense of bodily inconveniences into the cold and silent embraces of the dead.

Intoxicating liquors are the essence of the intellectual happiness of man.

One of the most pleasing, and rational employments, which can engage the attention of man in the cultivation of his mental powers. The more the mind is cultivated, the individual prepared to discharge the obligations of life, the better he can conform to the "honorable and sublime," in the works of creation until the mind seems a path through nature—up to nature's God—"fortified with an unyielding arm over the sinking conqueror spread over the fast storm of Jemovah, explaining:

Life was the interesting how it has taken possession of her mind, her principles are destroyed—her best affections blunted.

The unhappy situation is that the condemnation of the domestic circle—laid to a sense of obligation to her family is a deflection from society to peace and happiness. She is in a living, consuming, flagellating with sword of death, all over whom she can wield the pedagogical influence of her examples—how can it be expected that social happiness can be found where two such individuals meet? Can it be expected that, as such a place, for will not give it the more mind of homes, happiness can be found.

The sweet domestic scenes of enjoyment have fled. Poverty, ruin, and disgrace reigns.

The drunkard, shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

A. G. B.
Temperance—No. 2.

Inciting lipore is the essence of the religious interest of man.

Not without, without the property—demanding the body, laying restrain the central powers, and leasing the social happiness of any; ignorance merely upon the interest—the immortal interest of the soul. It grows in the highest interests of the divinist spirit—the union of eternity, made to abate around the chains of God, in all the dazzling splendor of a minstrel light and from the apotheosis of the river, among the works of the Creator, which roll in the west folds of immortality, and touch the golden harp, tuned to the song of redemption; have—adoring the Maker, and realizing in the consciousness of its own boundless immortality, knowing to use a common expression—

"That the soul may fly away,
The sun himself grow dim with age,
All nature weep in tears,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Dressed and the life of nations,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

It is upon the interest of such a being that the language interprets the pointed bands, and leaves it down from its lofty mountain of hope, and promise, and plunge it into that "dark and stormy sea, where, over its head, a terrible cloud of indignation hangs."
The tribute plainly declares that "God shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."
How many souls has the interesting bow? raised? How many was it charged to innocence in the grave, and the influence of a false hope—
How many have gone down under the guidance of a star that left them to sink away into perpetual darkness! How can it be expected that men should comprehend and regard the best interest of their soul, when they habitually allow themselves to be under the pernicious influence of inciting lipore?

How can it be expected that men should intelligently worship a being who is a spirit, incorporeal, and in truth, when they are carried, every day, by the spirit of "superstition, and distasteful custom?"

How can it be expected that men should please him, who demands obedience to his requirements, when they are continually doing that which he proscribes, and against which he pronounced! — "When men that rise up early in the morning, that they may become strong drink, and continue until night and until wine influence them. — We will find them as ugly to drink, as drink wine; and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

Inciting lipore binds its victims, and then presses the suicide deeper to the heart.

"Wine is a moonshine, strong drink is raging. Whenever a desire is thereby not wise."

Can truth, and virtue, and piety, and the sacred infallible principles of divinity be found among those "that tarry long at the bottle?"

Without these principles the whole frame of society—"all the beauty, and value of religion; all the interests of the soul crucified in dust, and their broken fragments are buried into a heap of deadened minds."

When inciting lipore are used as a heresy, what but a neglect of the immortal interests of the soul can be expected? What but the sacrifice—do gain, the loss of the soul? And that it should be then, that men should cling to the expense of that, to precious, and valuable—all that is possible and to their souls.

A. G. B.
NEW HAVEN, March 18, 1849.

I take my pen this evening after having come home from church to drop you a line, saying that it was my intention to have written for the paper according to your hint; but at the first meeting that I attended after my return, I found Rev. Mr. Collins present from Bridgeport, who made me promise to come and see him—which promise I went on the 13th and 14th to fulfill, and preached to them the

"Gospel." Since my return my hands have been full. My little Charity is very sick. Some deeds of wickedness have taken place here to which I felt compelled to call the attention of the people.

I spent the night with Mr. B. Springfield. He is very worthy of your remarks upon Pennington’s going to Europe—he is very warm. Mr. Pennington has been here, and told him that the reason he had not done anything for the paper because "you countermanded Bills on it." I could not reason with him in your behalf on the point of what you had published. He seemed to think that you were without excuse. I told him I thought you had reasons, and could explain them at a proper time. I felt early in the morning, and did not call on my return, although he invited me to whom ever I came to Springfield; but I see no particular reason to do so at present. When I came home, I found a letter here from Brother Wilson of yon city, inviting me to come and speak for him; but I have but little inclination to carry long in that city, although I should like much to please him and his people. I think I shall come down to New York next week, if the situation of my family will permit.

You know how anxious Brother Pennington seemed to be to have me come and see him before he left the country, but he has not written a word since. I shall write him to know how he is.

As to the meetings here, they are increasing in interest; they are now held every week. I spoke to Brother Lion about your visit, and he intends to make the arrangements for the next meeting in our church, and keep it up two or three evenings.

There is a spirit awakened here which "means something"—not "sound or fancy"—but deep, strong, and abiding. There has never been a time when the eye of the Prince has been so long and loud for the light. The voice of the old Greek is heard—

"Give me but the light, and Asia says no more."

Everywhere this voice is sounding. The field is white for a glorious harvest; the labours only are few. I found this waking up of the people in Middlesex, and Hartford, Ct., and in Providence and Lincoln, Mass. The same is true of Bridgeport; and

now is the time to scatter the great principles of truth—those living grains, upon which our elevation under God, depends. Would that we had friends to assist in calling the attention of the people to those things which they ought to do, and which they must do, or never stand forth redeemed. What are you doing in New York and Brooklyn? You have the talent, and learning, and genius there. Why, you have Cunningham, the experienced—the old Newton—and Ray, whose practiced pen should fire the nation, and Shurr, whose polished lance should lay the "pride oppressor low." Why should I mention a Lee? Plead in whose eloquent tongue can stir the blood of the same dormant; and while I write this a host of stars shine before me whose united rays can create a day of glory in New York. How often we have looked and wondered why you have not reported in the Horn the brilliant accounts of debates and lectures, and public meetings where the great interest of your thousands were unfolded, and the high road to their elevation pointed out. When you referred us to Pennington’s, the profound, we were in hopes that in the Empire city of the Empire State his voice of truth and pen of influence would send a stream of healing power. Come, come, Mr. Horn, while you do not sound your own praise, tell us of the efforts which your giants are making to hurl to the dust the throne of despotism in this land. Tell us what is being done for the deliverance of the Empire in your midst.
THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.
BY AMOS GERRY BETH.

"May the sun be in your path and a Levite be your guide, and knowledge shall be increased." How impressive these words are, as applied to Africa and her descendants in these modern days. In studying the condition of this portion of the great human family in the light of Christian philosophy, and in the light of the genius of the civilization of the nineteenth century, facts are presented which demand the most careful investigation and scrutiny. They awaken the deepest and most profound thought in the mind of the philosopher; they stir the deepest sensibilities of the Christian and philanthropist.

It is more than a hundred and forty years since the first great wave of barbarism began to roll over the black races—blood of the slaves of the Jamestown, in the Old Dominion—bloody old Virginia—a representative host!

What scenes connected with their race, that homely hand represented to the eye of conscious truth! What scenes connected with the history of the past of their race—what names they represented in the future; those slain amid burning villages, and wars instigated to procure slaves for the Christian world; those who were to die in barracks, and amid the horrors of the middle passage, until their bones should make a bloodstained road from Africa to the West Indies, and to North and South America; what numbers were to die while becoming acculturated and inoculated with hard soil in strange lands; what numbers were to be born and die with chains upon their limbs, and night upon their souls; what numbers of their descendants now in bonds, what numbers, "bound of their bond, and flesh of their flesh," only nominally free, yet ignorant, and wretchedly striving to run the race of human life and dole amid the superior forces of the present state of civilization.

The condition and circumstances of these millions are to be esteemed in the light which is flashing upon them from the traveller, the historian, the explorer, the statesman, the philanthropist, the statesman, the divine, the missionary, the intelligence of the civilized world. To do this, a thousand facilities are offered to every hand. Pax and peace are near us throughout Christendom. The clouds which surrounded in embosom the light and spirit of the age, and those clouds shall be dissipated, and the glory and beauty of a long and blessed day shall dawn upon us. All identified by blood with this noble race should study all the facts, and labor for its elevation in the scale of humanity. There are some who seem to hate the name of Africans, or the condition of their descendants, as they are scattered abroad on the face of the earth. To all such we say, "Be ye enlarged;" not in a clannish spirit do we say this, but accept and honor the divine declaration, "that God has made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the earth, yet a man may have an honest interest in his own history, and in the history of his ancestors, so far as it is the history of the world, but love and good will for all mankind. It is a natural instinct of the human mind, and seems to bear the impress and seal of approval from the hand of the Creator; it is a sentiment taught in the history of man. How the Jew loved the hills of Palestine and Jerusalem. "I am a Roman citizen" once shook the earth with its thunder. Look at the sons of Scotland, at England, at the Irish; whether with shame or with illimitable self-esteem and self-esteem, "I go through" on the part of the German and his fatherland; so of all nations. Why should not the descendant of Africa cherish an honest interest in the history and destiny of his race? Has its night been long and dreary? Have ages of superstition and ignorance been its doom? Has it been denuded of the light of science, education, and the Christian religion? Has it been for centuries "robbed and polluted and sordid," has its chink in the chains of slavery, and her daughter given to pollution, "to enhance the gleam, and greatly the lustre of her proud oppressors? Then the more recently she appeals to the philanthropist, and to the Christian, to hasten to her rescue. Especially is the call to all who are of her, and have in any good degree been blessed with, and are in possession of, that light and those principles, which are marshalled and wielded by the spirit of Him who has declared, "That Ethiopia shall ascend stretch forth her hands to God."

To all such persons we say, that now is the time for them to look over the vast field already white to the harrow," and carefully survey the condition of the race, and, with deep and solemn spirit, ask what they can do to hasten on that glorious day, when every chain shall be broken, and when education and science, and the knowledge of the Lord, shall bless this world race. "Give but the light, and Ajax asks no more." Yes, look at the field—Africa, with her millions, and behold the farsightedness of England, sending over her mountainous, along her valley, and rivers, and lakes, her Bismarcks, her Claphamjones, her Landers, and her Livingstons; "spreading out the godly land," that by her superior intelligence in the arts of civilization, she may take possession, obtain wealth and power, which shall remain for ages; but where will England see Africa through the cultivated minds and moral worth of her renovated peoples? We have ties which bind us to that land, not only in the fact that many of our ancestors were stolen from thence, but many, who were born and educated here, have gone there with their lives in their hands, to tell us a Hughes or Sierra Leone; and a goodly number of our wisest and best men, and noblest women, have gone to Liberia, and they are an honor to our race. Said the Rev. Alexander Crummell, when last in this country, that Connecticut ought to be proud of Geo. L. Fugerson. There on the Jurgenac of Cape Palms is the tomb of our306; green is his memory forever! How rich and precious were the labors of Rev. Thomas W. Wright, whose father was a native of Madagascar. Look at America, at the West Indies, at South America, at Canada, and this land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Look with the eye of a Christian, and the heart of a philanthropist, and tell me what this race is to be in the history of the world. It needs the gospel education, the arts, science, literature, truth. Sacred intelligence is the glory and strength of the universe.  

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES—NO. II.
BY AMOS GERRY BETH.

It has been said by one who uttered some of the most profound and sublime thoughts, which have ever been sent on missions of light and love in the world—"that to be weak is to be miserable"—this truth finds exemplification in the whole modern history of the African race, as well as in the history of many other races of men—solemn and fearedfully has it been illustrated in the condition of the colored race. Ignorance is the perfection of weakness in man, or nations. How weak has been our race, compared with the comparative power of other nations of the earth. Powerless among the strong forces which constitute the prowess, the grandeur and the glory of modern civilization.

Cultivated mind rules the world, and those nations which have the greatest amount of intelligence will sway the greatest amount of power in the earth. Cultivated mind subdues and wields the great forces of nature, and makes them subservient to its wants and interests. It is mind, power, thought, embodied in action which has changed and is changing the whole face of human affairs. Where there is ignorance, "darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." Their very condition invites invasion from those who are by their knowledge superior—the strongest—especially where there is wealth and treasure to be had—where there is "much land to be possessed."

Before the power of superior intelligence, how have the Indian races perished from this land? By this power England has swayed her sceptre in India—how Africa has suffered from the whole civilized world in the slavery and degradation of her children, and how long she is destined to be under foot by the mind power of the earth which England, and other portions of the Anglo Saxon race, is gaining there by their Mincing—by their Conquests—by their Exploration and by their policy generally.

Superior intelligence has been the adamantine chain which has bound the slave in the old Bastille of American oppression. Shareholders and their agents have feared the light, as all their laws prove, as their cruelties have shown in the imprisonment of Mrs. Douglass for teaching a little slave child to read the story of Jesus; and the sending of Mr. Douglass, the Minister of the Gospel to the penitentiary for having in his possession a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Every effort has been made to keep the slave in darkness, while the blind Sampson has been made to grind out riches for his cruel oppressor. No man believes for a moment that Africa could have been for ages robbed of her children, and they have been cheated to bondage, and held in servile chains if she had not been enlightened in these arts and sciences which
constitute the strength of those who have gone to her shores, and spread over her land for the purpose of plunder.

How different must have been the history and destiny of the Indian races on this continent if they had possessed the same knowledge which was found in the hands of the invaders of their soil. What long since would have been the fate of the bloody tyrants of the South if there had been among the slaves a few more Denmark Vesey, and Nat Turner? What would have been the history written in blood of one floating Odysseus could there have been a few more Joseph Cinques on board of them? Superior intelligence has aided and held our race in bitter thralldom for ages, in touch of which powerful minds which this country has produced, have been the most laborious and unwearied in their toils in forging chains for our bodies and souls—endeavoring to make them so massive and strong that they should never be broken. Study the facts in the history of Webster, Calhoun and Clay—these tall sons of American liberty of which America has never produced, and heaven forbid that any more should arise to darken and pollute the earth, desecrating the temple of liberty and freedom, and making music for their souls in the walls of despair, which their helpless victors uttered in the ear of mercy, while the angels of God wept over “man’s inhumanity to man.” Webster after uttering words of thrilling power on Plymouth Rock, after standing on Bunker Hill, after thundering in Faneuil Hall, caught a glimpse of the White House, stood on the soil of Old Virginia beneath an October sun, and bowed his great intellect to the demon of slavery—awoke eternal faculty to its behoof on the 7th day of March—defending the Fugitive Slave bill “to the fullest extent, to its fullest extent, until we stagger back to the old Bay State with brandel’d heart and craven lip; crying on the sons of honor and daughters of virtue of New England, ‘To conquer their prejudices, and give their souls to the foul embrace of slavery. Their response sent him stammer and crumble upon the public honored tomb in Marshfield.

But Daniel Webster was not alone in his glory. Calhoun, the most acute and metaphysical statesman—the most sublime reasoner—the most impatient investigator of dry abstract propositions in political science—Calhoun so-called—is Calhoun lies—devoid of all those national sentiments, “one who obesity the whole world akin”—Calhoun vaunted the burning throne of slavery’s black throne, and saw the outraged forms of millions which, sitting around him “amid the flames kindled, gobbled to abatement know” and to his cry say “forever of how long—st罂ngly answered, bleeding fire, my race shall dwell in this devouring bowels of slavery’s right,” shouted the deadest tones of slavery’s right, in words which wrenched and intoxicated thousands. That is property which the law makes property; and two hundred years of legislation has sanctified negro slaves as property,—yes a sanctified system said Anderson and Clinton and a thousand voices all over the world; ‘black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect’ said the throne of infamy. How weak and miserable were we at that time, throughout the length and breadth of this guilty land.

THUGHTS FOR THE TIMES—NO. I.

BY AMOS GENTRY REYNAL.

The first day of January 1863, will ever be regarded as the most memorable day. The Proclamation of President Abraham Lincoln will be read, and studied, while one of the most effective, and it shall remain upon the face of the globe—in this connection, as in no other, President Lincoln’s name will shine forth as “one of the immortal names that were not born to die. Much will be said—much will be written. A large page in the world’s history will be occupied with an account of his government, and of the events which transpired during his administration; but his glorious Proclamation of Emancipation will stamp the FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1863, as the day of days—the day of joy to millions of immortal men—in the image of God! Upon this anniversary day the concomitant gaze of the civilized world will be turned. The more the circumstances which called forth the proclamation are studied—the more its effects are developed—the more it will commend itself to the intelligence of the wise, and the good. All honor to Parliament Lucius! All honor to the heroism of those spirits whose inspiring counsels strengthened him in his purpose of sending forth the proclamation, which broke the chains of so many living.

Who made Abraham Lincoln as far as he developed, into a “perfect man” in the science of human freedom—of the rights and immunities of human nature? It is never said, it is never thought, it is never pretended, by his bitterest enemies, that in anything which he has done—he has been self-willed—that he has acted from the spontaneous impulses of a great and noble heart—for there is no proof that he accepts the solemn and sublime idea of the perfect equality, and equal brotherhood of the whole human race.—Upon the Rock, he has never appeared to stand nor be prepared to install the colored man in all his rights, and therein defend him on sea and land—clad, and invested in all the immunities of an American citizen; but while we say this, and could say much more, we have no disposition to criticize our noble President at the present time, or to detract an iota from the just merit of praise which is in his due. We desire that all which truth and justice demand should be freely and heartily accorded to him—let his name be written as with a diamond—let the historian stamp it with letters of fire upon tablets of gold—let the poet sing it in strains sweeter than Mac’s verse—let the orator with star-eyed science, and the scholar with the graces of literature embellish it—let the great heart of humanity enshrine it.

Yet when unblending that volume of truth, which the past forty years has been preparing, as the history of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, there is presented to the eye of intelligences, the names of many men and women, colored and white who, have toiled and suffered, and died for those truths of which the Proclamation was born. These have under God, that contrivance and consummate public sentiment in which the Prophet, “I live and move, and have my being not in which he lives, but in the lands of the Potter.”

In this stream you are coming to rise, scholarship in the Philosophy of Human Rights, is announced in the Sacred Volume of Truth and the Divine principles of civil government and Constitutional Freedom as defined in the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. No, a voice from the tomb of Alvin Stewart, or from the granite resting place of the sage of Quincy, hath power to instruct him; the writings of Beriah Green, of Lyman Spenser, and last but not least, that now the “old man eloquent” with logic on fire, and whose linked thunderbolts no man dare meet (see the correspondence between Henry Ward Beecher and Geo. B. Cheever), we mean the old Nestor of Christian Constitutional Liberty, and righteous civil government. We, Gonesa, or the Pliadmus, the Garrisons, the Phillips, the Thea. S. Wrights and the Corinshes, the Lydia Maria Childs, the Abby Kelley Fodors, and a multitude of others, which no man can number whose voices and pens in Church and State, in all places where “men do most congregately,” have by “line upon line, and precept upon precept” poured dews of light, upon the public mind and heart, and conscience, “through evil as well as through good report,” until they have created under God, and developed that moral and religious influence which has in part accomplished the work to which they consecrated themselves, and for which they have a devotion as constant as truth, and with an industry and zeal as unwavering as justice, and with a fidelity as pure and generous as their cause was patriotic, and sacred, and their companions created the NABEILA, the voice of whose thunder rolled over the land on the FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1863!

Let their deeds find a trumpet tongue in the orator, amid the glorious celebration of President Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation, let their names be held in grateful remembrances, let them shine as stars of the first magnitude in the galaxy of Freedom. They spoke when speech cost something. Their greeting was...
THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES—NO. IV

BY JNO. GERRY REEWS.

"Give attendance to reading" is a truth which comes to us with the sanction of inspiration. Its importance cannot be overstated. The knowledge and wisdom of a mind stored with the treasures which judicious reading furnishes, is richer far than the mines of Columbia, or all the gems of the Indies, East or West.

The great distinction between heathenism and Christianity, barbarism and civilization, is found mainly in the different ideas and the use made of them by individuals and nations.

We ought to think of this and govern ourselves accordingly; and in "giving attendance to our reading," see that what we read—the ideas which we gain—the knowledge which we accumulate is of that kind which best fits us for the circumstances in which we are placed, and will have the best tendency to prepare us for that bright future which has already dawned upon us.

It can never be safe or wise to allow others to select for us or prepare our reading for us. What has been the reading which the slaveholding spirit of this country has been willing that the people of the country should read? What Herculean efforts have been made to expunge every idea of liberty from the literature of the land, so that the "starry night of despotism might reign." What has been the character of the "oral teachings" intimatedly given to the slave? What will be the contempt and disgust that will arise in the minds of the freedmen when the true knowledge of the word of God shall shine upon them, as they remember what has been blasphemously spoken to them in the name of Heaven.

We have it in our power and it is our duty to provide, in a great measure, for the earnest demand which is now made for the right kind of reading for our own people.

The newspaper is now one of the "powers that be," and a power whose tremendous and omnipresent influence cannot be ignored. It is now in our power to make the influence of the press feel for the elevation of our race in doing two very important things—first, by providing the right kind of reading for our people—the publishing of a thousand things which will promote the best spirit and refine others take no notice, and yet they are of the utmost importance to us, they are a part and parcel of our history, and the inheritance of our children and posterity, and the things which mark and prove our advancement in the scale of civilization. Those things which we have done or suffered have formed the arguments and illustrations upon which our friends have based their appeals for our emancipation.

But in the second place, we need the facts for our own use in our own defence of our race—we need to have the noble things which exist in the history of our people for the self-inspiring influence which they will have upon our own efforts—efforts stern and continuous which we must make for our elevation and prosperity.

In this work all can help. All can take the paper, and many who now take it, can, with a little exertion, by spending a few hours of time, visit among friends and acquaintances and induce them to subscribe for it.

There are a great many families who do not take it, and multitudes in towns and villages which have never heard of it, who, if it could be presented to their notice, would gladly subscribe for it, and, after reading it a few weeks, would not for any consideration part with it; and they would themselves become its agents, and go among their friends and procure subscriptions. In this way its circulation might easily be increased a thousand fold in a few months.

Its educating and moulding influence on the violence of the mob. Their baptism, fire, and blood! Yet they "look joyfully the spilling of their goods;" neither did they "count their lives dear unto themselves"—Tomay, Lovjoy and John Brown—names sacred to truth and precious to humanity, how a thought of their deeds, their sufferings and their deaths "stir a fever in the blood of age!"

Amid the scenes now transpiring, it is wise and well to look over the field, to look at the past, with its struggles, its trials, and its triumphs, and to examine the present with its duties and difficulties and hopes, and at the future with its calls, and learn if possible some lessons suitable to the hour, lessons which, well learned and practiced, will have a happy influence on the future of the colored race, and upon the interests of the whole country, for the interests of all classes in this land are destined henceforth to be "one, and inseparable." On these points we desire to say a word in the hope that those who read may "run with alacrity and delight," along that path which grew brighter and brighter unto the perfect day of truth and justice of liberty and equality.

And bright in the soldier's bosom thoughts of home and loved ones which, perchance, he may never meet again. How noble to bless our soldiers with the reading of the paper! We have often thought that if a small portion of the money which has been spent for lecturing by our friends had been paid to sustain a press managed and controlled by the best talent among us, for the past few years, there would have been an unexplicable gain in all that constitutes the true principles of moral and spiritual elevation among us. In every way this would have been advantageous, and it would have proved that they desired our advancement in the scale of intellectual improvement. Let them now begin this good work, and by appropriating means, and by subscribing for our paper, and by introducing them to colored families as a present, if need be, for a time, and by inducing others to take them, and by sending them to our soldiers, they can do a good work, and build up a people who are with "might and main " striving, not only to secure material power, but are determined to be known in the history of the country, and in its science, and in its literature, and in every noble enterprise which shall adorn this land.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1847.

For the Poor's Horn.

Mr. Editor—As you are deeply interested in the improvement of the people, and subscribe to the sentiment that "just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined"—you will be pleased to hear that a very interesting exhibition of the talents and advancement which the scholars have made in the school of Mrs. E. A. Price—take place in the basement of the Temple Church, in the presence of the parents and friends of the school, last evening. Nov. 9th. The exhibition consisted of a variety of rich specimens of needle work, evincing much improvement, taste and skill on the part of the scholars, and great patience, industry and perseverance on the part of the teacher. During the evening, several dialogues were spoken, and several pieces recited, which contained the most heroic sentiments on the subject of human freedom, interspersed with the songs of liberty. Who can gaze upon such a group of fine girls and noble boys, without breathing out a sincere prayer that they may one and all become a rich blessing to their parents, ornament of society, and pillars in the Church of the Redeemer. Who but wishes that under the influence and training which they now enjoy, and which may be those who shall occupy an elevated position in the community, and do much to benefit the whole human race, especially those who are now the down trodden and the oppressed—May the bright hopes which centre in the school room be more than realized in the future.

Emancipation.

NEW HAVEN, Ct.

For the Poor's Horn.

Mrs. Editor—As you are deeply interested in the improvement of the people, and subscribe to the sentiment that "just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined"—you will be pleased to hear that a very interesting exhibition of the talents and advancement which the scholars have made in the school of Mrs. E. A. Price—take place in the basement of the Temple Church, in the presence of the parents and friends of the school, last evening. Nov. 9th. The exhibition consisted of a variety of rich specimens of needle work, evincing much improvement, taste and skill on the part of the scholars, and great patience, industry and perseverance on the part of the teacher. During the evening, several dialogues were spoken, and several pieces recited, which contained the most heroic sentiments on the subject of human freedom, interspersed with the songs of liberty. Who can gaze upon such a group of fine girls and noble boys, without breathing out a sincere prayer that they may one and all become a rich blessing to their parents, ornament of society, and pillars in the Church of the Redeemer. Who but wishes that under the influence and training which they now enjoy, and which may be those who shall occupy an elevated position in the community, and do much to benefit the whole human race, especially those who are now the down trodden and the oppressed—May the bright hopes which centre in the school room be more than realized in the future.

Emancipation.

NEW HAVEN, Ct.
This certifies that at a Convention of Christian Brethren held in Geneva
Oct. 12 & 13th, 1849, after due examination it was voted to ordain
Brother Jacob A. Prime, and set him apart to the work of the Gospel Mi-
stry, and that the several parts be assigned to the Brethren as follows:
Inspection by Brother J. W. Longman,
Reading the Scriptures by Brother
The Sermon by Brother
Ward Ordaining prayer by Brother
The Earnest Charge and Right Hand of Fellowship by Brother A. G. Bernard,
Benediction by Brother Prime.

The above parts were done as assigned in the vote.


A.G. Bernard
Chairman
of the
Committee of Arrangements.
Greenport, L. I. Aug 29, 1853.

At a council called by the colored citizens of Greenport, convened in their place of worship, for the purpose of effecting a Religious organization, consisting of

Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of the 1st Congregational Church, Greenport
George Griggs, Delegate
Rev. Levi T. Thomas, 2d colored American Congregational Methodist, New York city,
Rev. John A. Williams, Zion's Church, Signa Harbor, N. Y.

Charles Plado, Delegate.
Rev. Amos G. Reno, Temple street Congregational Church, New Haven, conn.

Prayer by Moderator.

The certificates of the church membership of the following persons, deacons of being formed into a Christian Church, were presented, read and approved:

James Young,
Maria Booth,
John Young,
Ann Johnson.

Mr. Peter Bos, here made a statement in reference to his Church relations in a colored Congregational Church, which statement was discussed, by vote, to be satisfactory, and his name recorded with the others.

A statement was now made by Mr. Booth, in behalf of the colored people of Greenport, showing why they desired to be organized into a Christian Church, giving an account of the meetings which had been held, and the efforts made to secure a place for the public worship of God, by which it appeared that $250.00 had been collected; leaving a debt now due on their property, amounting to $720.

The Organisation Articles of Faith, and Constitution were presented, read, and by vote of the council, approved.

Voted, That Council deem it expedient to form a colored Congregational Church, in Greenport.

On motion, all persons present favorable to the formation of such a Church were joined by the Society, when a unanimous vote was given in its favor.

A Committee was appointed to make arrangements for the public exercises, whose report was adopted, as follows:

1. That the things of the Council be read.
2. Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. L. Williams.
5. Right hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hopkins, who being present, had been invited to act as corresponding member of the Council.


Adjourned to 7 o'clock, P.M.

Met as per adjournment, when it was ascertained that a large audience was present, and the several parts of the exercises reported as follows:

1. Motion Resolved, As the sense of this Council, it be recommended to this Church, to supply themselves suitably with preaching of the Gospel.

After a few appropriate remarks from the Moderator, declaring the colored Congregational Church of Greenport duly constituted, by vote of the Council, adjourned this die in the name of Henry T. Cheever, Moderator.

Amen. G.Disc.

DISTRIUTION OF THE PEACE.

This hotel, which was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night, occupied the site in Greenport of what was, in part, formerly known as

THE HERALD OF JUSTICE.

NEW HAVEN, MAY 17, 1852.

DEAR READERS—Do not wonder at the appearance of another paper—and do not scowl and clinch your "one thing useful"—we do not want you to subscribe and pay in advance for every thing, but fair promises—we do not why just look at our name, "The Herald of Justice"—all we ask is, that you buy and pay, not promise to, and then perhaps we shall make our appearance again; improved, of course, and may be, enlarged.

G. B. A.
PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Why is it that we have no efficient public schools in New Haven? Why is it, that the only one that is kept is sometimes here and sometimes there, and never in a situation to accommodate one half of the children, who by law are entitled to the benefit of the Public School Fund? Is there any law of the State which shows our children out of the district schools? Can the city, or town, pass a vote or establish any rule to exclude them? Have they done this? For what crime are we denounced to forfeit all the benefits of a common school education? Parents, do you know or do you care, why it is thus? If you have an interest in your child, you must pay a tax upon it. Why not, then, look, to the education of your children? If you do not, can you expect that those, who secure you a crime for wearing a badge which the Almighty has stamped upon you, will act for your interest, and that of your children? When have they done it? When have they ever made arrangements for the accommodation of those who have a right to enjoy the privilege of the school funds? Parents, guardians, friends of virtue and intelligence, look to this matter. Delay is treachery to the highest interest of the future generation.

G. B. A.

THE PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Perhaps some individuals who may read the doings of the public meeting as contained in another column, may be ready to think — no, to suppose that the resolutions originated in an excited state of feeling; — but if they think, we are confident that they will arrive at a different conclusion.

We have always been accustomed to regard the decisions of the U. S. Court as being the voice of truth and justice. We had contemplated the Judges as men and gentlemen, learned in all the legal lore of past ages, and having their minds refined and enlarged by all the wisdom of the present time; as well as blessed with much of that fore-sight which enables men to anticipate the progress of legal science, and thus form their decisions in harmony with the principles of eternal justice. Holding their dignified stations above the influence of popular excitement — their salaries fixed and secure — occupying the throne of justice — pronouncing decisions which will be read in all parts of the civilized world, and to the latest posterity — with the light of Christianity streaming around them, and blazon amid all the relations of the civil and social conditions of man — why should we not expect a decision well-nigh infallible? Why should we not be disappointed at their recently expressed opinion?

Had such a construction been given to the Constitution by some of our pettifogging "lumbs of the law," whose high ambition is, to figure in behalf of some street quarrel, or to be retained by some slave hunter instead of pursuing the more praiseworthy and honorable avocations of the farmer and mechanic, — we should not have been disappointed. Look upon your wife, your children, your husband, and your parents, and remember that the recent decision

sanctions the violent taking away and reducing again to cruel slavery, hundreds and thousands, holding these sacred relations, in different parts of these United States; as well as endanger the peace, and prosperity, and happiness of all whose color identifies them with the slave population. Make the case your own, and then see if language can be too strong or severe in relation to such decisions, and from such a source.

G. B. A.
ADDRESS OF THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Brothers and Friends,—In compliance with a resolution adopted by the Annual Conferences of New York and Philadelphia, (see the minutes page 56,) we present to you a specimen number of a periodical, the publishing of which, it is believed, is so urgently efficient is given to justify the experiment.

The object of this publication will be, if it continues, to place before the public the leading currents of events, interesting facts and articles, and thereby spread before the public and the well-wisher of truth, correct information concerning the Christianity that branch of Christ's kingdom with which we are connected, and whose organ it is designed to be.

There are a multitude of interesting facts, in relation to our early history, rise and progress, which have been placed upon record; and unless these are soon rescued from the threatened repose of human memory, and clamped upon more enduring tablets, the dark waves of oblivion will roll over them, and obliterate these forever. Many such facts have already gone. They can never be recovered; and that vanity and insignificance, which were fixed in eternity, is lost. A SUCCESSION OF GODS has blessed us with a rapid increase of numbers, both of ministers and members, between forty and a hundred of the former, and these and four thousand of the latter, scattered in the East and West, on the North and South, wielding a tremendous influence over a vast multitude of minds.

Such a paper as we propose to publish would serve to perpetuate the name and interest of the band of Christian union, already so happily developed, and existing among us, and make us eternally sensible that,

"When the frail binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
Flourishing minds
Is life in that above."

It is the duty of serious attention, that these are connected with so many young people, our sons and daughters, whose intellectual and immortal minds must have form—a form—truth—and that unless it be something, which can be clasped in their hands, and in which they can find a common interest, they will find other resting, which, while it was not oblivious, either in their intellectual or spiritual happiness, it will fail to prevent before their minds those facts, in reference to the origin and history of that particular branch of the Beneficent's Kingdom, to which their choice has united them, and with which they should be familiar. There are also many interesting benevolent institutions—the glory of the age, which should receive more of our attention, and much important information about them must be circulated through the press. The cause of Temperance and Education—the cause of Liberty, for which our sons and daughters are destined to bear the torch and harp, and whose music will remain the harp and torch for ever, and the sun of liberty for ever in the minds of the humble and destitute.

A YOUTHFUL and a YOUNGSTER,—"where praise is in all the church," we are more. Let their names be exalted, and their memories revered, by those who enjoy the fruits of their toil. Let the future bless his hand, and honor the many facts concerning them and others that have fallen, and nobly accomplished what they were called to perform.

This publication shall, under your patronage, continue that which is precious and valuable will be preserved; if not, purity and integrity will retain an ever-present awe in the minds of all who shall feel, and nobly accomplish them to posterity.

Be it ever so small, it will, in time, increase in force and benefit.

T. S. Wright, Pres.
A. G. Raman, Secy.
ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE ORDINATION OF

REV. AMOS N. FREEMAN.

At the Abyssinian, or Fourth Congregational Church in Portland—Sept. 9, 1844.

I.

ANTHEM.

O praise God in his holiness,
Praise him in the firmament—in the firmament of his power;
Praise him in his noble gates—
Praise him in his holy name—
Praise him upon the lute and harp—
Praise him according to his excellent greatness—
Praise him in the bound of the trumpets, in the sound of the trumpet—
Praise him upon the lute—upon the lute and harp—
Praise him upon the lyre and harp—
Praise him in the cymbals—on the cymbals and dances—
Praise him on strings—on strings and pipes—
Let every thing that hath breath—
Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord—
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

II.

INVOCATION AND READING SCRIPTURES.

By Rev. J. W. Clapperson.

III.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

How beamings are their feet—
That beam'd from heaven's bright luminary,
How beam'st thou from the sun's clarion light—
That beam'd to all the world's delight—
That beam'd the world in beauty—
That beam'd the world in majesty—
That beam'd the world in glory—
That beam'd the world in power—
That beam'd the world in peace—
That beam'st thou from the sun's clarion light—
That beam'd to all the world's delight—
That beam'd the world in beauty—
That beam'd the world in majesty—
That beam'd the world in glory—
That beam'd the world in power—
That beam'd the world in peace.

IV.

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER.

By Rev. W. T. Dwight.

V.

SERMON.


VI.

INSTALLING PRAYER.

By Rev. Asa Cummings.

VII.

CHARGE.

By Rev. Josiah Sewall.

VIII.

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

By Rev. Dana Gayes.

IX.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.


X.

CONCLUDING PRAYER.

Rev. Caleb C. Bradley.

"Daughter of Zion!"

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness—
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more—
Bright o'er thy hills didst thou bear the star of gladness—
Arise! for the night of sorrow is o'er.
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness—
Thy foes shall oppress thee no more—
Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them—
And waster'd their legions was mightier far—
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them—
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war—
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness—
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more—
Daughter of Zion, the power that hath an'g'd' thee—
Embold'led with the harp, and the timbrel should be—
The oppressor's vanquished and Zion is free.
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness—
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more—
Shall oppress thee no more—no more—no more—
Benediction.

By the Pastor.
The warrior may wade through seas of blood
to gain a wreath of laurels to deck his brow—but alas!
how soon he finds that his chaplet is woven
from the boughs of the cypress!
The philosopher may consume the midnight oill in
pulverizing his sentences of wisdom—but soon
his busy fingers will crumble into dust;
and at no distant day his eloquent tomahawk will
be forgotten.Tell me, how, and why, and with what
beatitude, the shapeless void breaks down the world,
overwhelmed by the storms of time.
From the closing sun tolle toll et sua.

The impress of change is deep; and death is but
the veil that hides the form of all terrestrial things.

The insignifying mind may throw itself back as
far as the imagination can wing its airy flight—memories
may trace the last lingering traces as they
are rapidly, resounding, and insignificantly lose themselves
in the dim distance of the past; and change
may be felt over all our days. They are written on all earthly things
in letters of living light—damped with fire, we
believe that none can fail to read, or misunderstand them.

This truth is alike pressed upon the
thoughts, whether we pore over the historic page
watching with infernal interest the rise and fall of
kings and empires, or gaze in a somber meditation
upon the spread of individual existence.

With what solemn power this poetic truth barec
upon the immortal soul as it arises over the
earth, passing amid the broken pillars, and nodding
over the ruins of the splendid cities which have
adorned the globe, with their wealth and power
and victuals, and their vain and selfish pretensions.

With what solemn power this poetic truth barec
upon the immortal soul as it arises over the
earth, passing amid the broken pillars, and nodding
over the ruins of the splendid cities which have
adorned the globe, with their wealth and power
and victuals, and their vain and selfish pretensions.

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?

Where are the chariots of glory?
Where is the splendor of splendor?
The fact of the death of this distinguished individual was announced in the Watchman of last week. We then wished to make a few remarks upon this afflictive event of Divine Providence; but our engagements did not permit us to do so. The death of such a man, at such a time as this, we regard as a public calamity—where there are but few who faithfully honor God, and adorn the relations which they sustain to society. Mr. Phelps was indeed "one of the noble few."

The here undying soul charted
Life's storm,
and firmly pursued the rugged path which a Superintending Wisdom opened up before them, regardless of the smiles or frowns of the venal multitude who are ever ready to sell their souls for a mess of potage.

In the blustery opening manhood he made the cause of the bleeding slaves his own, and put his soul in their souls’ stead. Having buckled on his armor, he never looked behind him; he had deliberately counted the cost, and saw no reason to repent of the choice he had made, or to retire from the conflict into the wilderness of expediency, where so many have shipwrecked their faith, and miserably perished. Blessed with an intellect of the very first order, which was strengthened and developed by a thorough course of discipline, and illuminated by the brilliant rays of science, enriched and polished by the graces of literature—it was keen to perceive, and erudite to fathom, mighty to grasp and unfold the great principles of moral science in a manner which few could equal and none excel, among all the sons of freedom so powerful and numerous in the anti-slavery enterprise.

With him human liberty meant something. The declaration of American Independence was no "rhetorical flourish."

For years with him the subject of humanity was a theme of patient research and scientific investigation. He saw human rights clothed with the strength and robed in the beauty of eternal wisdom. For years he dored the practiced energies of his mind to their elucidation and defense. For years he conceived the whole strength of his powers—the whole arbor of his soul—and the whole weight of his influence to break down the slave power in church and state, that the oppressed go free. This is the reason why there was always such a sweet freshness and originality in the thoughts which flowed from his lucid pen, or rolled from his eloquent tongue, invigorating and gladdening every true heart and pouring floods of light and conviction into all classes of minds in the community. With unanswerable logic he smote the flinty soul of apathy, and the bright and sparkling waters of sympathy, pure and perennial, gushed forth and flowed on over the arid wastes which the fires of avavice had scorched, causing the sanctified flowers and fruits of Truth and Love to spring up and bloom and brighten forever.

He sought for the principles which invest as a garrument of light the rights of humanity. He saw that the principles which govern there centre in the throne of God—and there he would have all men behold and honor them, as they radiate in the splendors of imperishable wisdom and goodness.

"This habit made him a giant in stature among the champions of universal and impartial freedom. This robed him in light, and clothed him with power; this made him efficient, distinguishing him from those whose rapid vehemence, and coarse vituperation, whose wild declamation and innumerable multiplicity of words, a "sound and fury which signify nothing," that weary array of stale epithets, and set phrases, which are so characteristic of a certain class of minds, upon whose understandings "proud science has never" condescended to shine, and who are destitute of that native strength and power which enables the choice few to present Truth in all her attractive charms and effulgent glory; proof always of a true reformer.

In the anti-slavery cause he urged men to do something, with a strength that told on their consciences—spreading the truth before them with a beauty and richness of illustration—with a cogency and majestic grandeur about his arguments which caused them to feel that he was in earnest. It matters but little where the ashes of such a man repose—whether at Mount Auburn, or in the sweet retirement of his native village—it matters little whether a monumental pile shall mark the spot where his remains slumber or not. "His record is on high." Brass and marble will crumble into ruin; but me, by his deeds of faithfulness, has carved his name upon the tablets of immortal minds in letters of imperishable light, which will blaze and brighten in the sacred beams of unclouded day. His moral influence, like a tide of living glory, shall roll on until the slave's joyous hearth of redemption shall construe—until angelic voices shall proclaim it—when a brighter halo shall adorn his brow, and a purer and seren- er beauty shall pour through his sanctified mind—than ever gladdened his vision while on earth. What a host of great and mighty minds—of strong and pure hearts—which, while here, were consecrated in all their powers to the emancipation of the slave from his cruel thron—have passed away—Upon whom shall their mantles fall?—Jehovah reigns.

"He leadeth me In God's own might We gird us for the coming fight; And strong in Him whose cause is ours In conflict with solemn power We grasp the weapons he has given, The light, and truth, and love, of Heaven."

A. G. B.
The Dying Day.

The sun shines on her, and she lies still; she speaks not to any one nor to any thing. She sits in her unchanging seat, looking up to the heavens, and in her countenance are visible the traces of some sad thought. She has no expression, no sign of life, but her head is turned towards the east, where the sun is setting. She is silent, but her eyes tell her story, and the tears that roll down her cheeks are like to those of the dew. She has no bed, no pillow, no blanket, but she is contented in her own thoughts. She is a woman, and she is dying. She sits in her own chamber, with the window open, and the wind blowing through it. She is in her own dress, and she is not cold. She is not hungry, she is not thirsty, she is not sick. She has no pain, no sorrow, no hope. She is in her own mind, and she is at peace.

From the London Chronicle Observer.

THE DYING CHILD.

"Sweet mother, I seem gentle music to her;"

"The sweetest music, mother, you can hear;"

"The sweetest music, mother, you are;

These spirits will be happy hereafter.

I can see the angels in her sickly air;

She has been sick, and she is dying, and she is happy.

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;

"I am not sick, mother, I am not;"

"My soul is happy, mother, you see;

The angels are singing, mother, you know;

My soul will be happy, mother, you see;"
Here, where all Europe with astonishment saw
The soul and high freedom trampled on by law;
Here, where the trees of its strength shall stand
Oxidized, in prismatic rainbow tints.
Awed by the weapon LOVE alone has given,
Dreams from the holy memory of Homer.
Where Nature's voice against the headman's wrong
Fits low, and ominous and indignant songs—
Where Lay's bold message to the press was borne;
And Krista's voice, and Freddo's softly warm—
Puting it in that hear, where Freedom first
Flows from her feet, she shook off the old world's dust.
Spread her white pinions to her western sea,
And her free breasts to our northern end—
One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man.

O! if the spirits of the past are come,
Veiling in the blue of their golden home.
If the dead silent of the dead be seen
Purple for their destinations, to the souls of earth—
Is it a dream that with their eyes of love
They gaze on us as from the heavens above?
Lay's maternal soul—and Brund's the god,
Sediment of youth, yet gentle as a child.
Mechanical Waddington—and that brother hand,
The surrounding cove from their FATHER LAND.
Leaving their homes in America's bosom of love,
And the blue beauty of their pleasant blazes,
To seek widest mysteries, depth of soul,
Freedom from you, and holy peace with God;
Who deigns of all their testament's given,
Against the opposition—for the contest slave;
Is it a dream that not the least is lost,
And with their blessings our impotence crown.

Let us rejoice that while the pale face's door
Is barred against the pleasures of the poor;
While the Might, wreathing wrongs upon them both,
Destroyed her children, clothing them with death—
The Fates, arrows of the chase, and the Quills of pain
Unite to forge Uponsmith's triple chain.
A song for—old and one temple free
A resting place for hunted Liberty!
Let us rejoice, not yet defiled and ceased,
High words of Truth, of Freedom and our God.
And when that Truth, its perfect work hath done.
And with Belongings in its land is found.
One hour shall rise above its youth shall rise
From bound to bound to the last Nation.
Where more angelic bliss is seen
The silver trumpets of Jubilee in Heaven;
And Lay's golden-plate's-thorns in his hand.
And through the dim floral allegories,
The wing-strengthened wind,
The score of millions from their chains unbound—
That vast but adoring ring shall be crumbling, save,
Its smiling wall blessing with the common day,
In the sun of its strength shall stand
The best and noblest of a reformed land—
Pigeons, like those who throng toward the square
Of Rome, of holy Palestine—
A glorious glory shall that men's own
Those who, which lingering round the Parthenon.
Here shall the child of after years be taught
This is Lay's Freedom which his fathers wrought—
Told of the trials of the present hour,
Our might with prejudice and pride,
How the high emerl gliddened woman's soul,
And bade her rise, and live in the living soul—
How Freedom's mysteries kept their holy faith.
True and unavailing soul of the soul,
The process of exaltation blest, until
And the sick for other times restored.
In conception into FREEDOM'S GOD.

POETRY.

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE

Our Father Land! I could not know
Why we should sit in Father land.
It is that Adam knew before
Was made of earth by Nature's hand,
And, as our father, made of earth.
Hath peopled earth with every hand,
And we in memory of his birth.
Do call our country “Father land.”
All men in earth, so earth be blest
No sound of speech had Adam taught,
But wisdom like a bird all day,
And watch, and wake for earth's thoughts.
But wisdom, with relentless love.
Make Adam soon appear like birds.
She gave him lovely beauty—because
If he'd it wise, they must die and breathe.

And so the land I hold
By might discretion is proudly mine.
The language, so the fate that told,
Was given in the female line.
And thus, we are, on another land,
We know our blessings where they're springed,
We call our country “Father land.”
We call our language Mother tongue.

THE BROKEN HEART

I saw the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like the eye of night; it
It seemed a star that had set but the sky.
And down the prospect on that lonely height.
I clasped the poet, and found it soon,
A lump of gold, and the words crossed cold and cold.
Can you in hidden sense impart
That's a clever look with a broken heart.

POETRY.

ON THE Sudden DEATH OF A LADY.

With no sound the ear of midnight heard,
No ripple wake the stream,
No breath the slumbering rose leaf stirred
Nor wert my affection's dream—
On Winter's wintry, silent and cold,
There was nocohing near,
Not hand upon the corrin's fold,
Yet on the Spouter sped.

The Spouter Spirit—what might be
Were the world sad

The gold on which Care turns the key
To cheer the rorer's power.

Pale, glancing tears that didst thou dwell
Drops on the deep, dark sea
The diamond or the ruby—No!
He cannot forth for thee—

Moments, and sweet the sobbarn-bell
From cancer and dull, dull bed,
And with a high and solemn swell
Glad grace God's tempest spake.

But where is rite, with form of grace,
With check severely far,
Who near God's altar far the place?
May it the Spouter wear.

Ere Swearing well of 0 did level lower,
An infant group are there,
Why doth no mother mark the hour
To hear their murmur'd prayer?

And why doth God's unmoved image
Overlook their wandering eye?
They moan to think their angels' guide
Should turn from them, and die.

Dear, beaurtiful babes—On you the mor—
Fresh beams of hope shall pour,
Ye know not from your arms is torn
What which of you can't be cured.
Yet one is near, whose sensitive breast,
The mother's marble face in fancy
In leaves too strong for speech, attack
What death hath broke away.

Lax yields the grace to its idol-front
While the rent heart strings break;
But Faith whose union pricks the spot
AndNEWS and the Spouter used.

A new and tuneful lyre she hears
Whereby forever broken
And bids me through our binding tears
Weep blessed on the tomb.

Harford, Conn.

p. 62
APPEAR IN THE DESERT.

A Psalm of Life.

Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Where grass, and shrubs, and shrubs take knee,
And poisonous plants that poison the floor,
And bitter violets for the feet and feet
And bitter violets for the feet and feet.
And bitter violets for the feet and feet.

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me, what is man? for we are small
And what are we that we may be so great?

Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Mr. Edgar—The following works were suggested by a refreshing breeze on a Sunday afternoon, during the regular sessions of the Literary Assembly, in company with a few friends, in this burying ground. It is situated on a hill, which presents one of the least prosaic aspects around Philadelphia. The hill is elevated singularly at one part, and in other parts, more devoted to the fairest, in ancient and modern style, that once was the residence of domestic enjoyment. The air of mingled peacefulness and cheerfulness which the whole scenery wears, can be better appreciated by those who have felt its influence than by those who read any description, however eloquent. I have sought in these lines, not to give a description of the spot, but to embody the ideal impression which were derived from the visit.

Delighted spots, sweet coming place,
Where weary men may lean their heads; Where real life is just that, and not phantasy.

Around the tomb, and yet the dead—
Proclaiming not the gentle footsteps of the law.
Thus reverent memory here三

Ask why the solemn tomb,
Alas, the reaper, should not wave?

And why is Nature's faithful bloom
Can prey on the green grave?

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me, what is man? for we are small
And what are we that we may be so great?

The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
The world's broad field of battle,
CARNIVAL.

AUGUST 1st, 1837.

At the African Church, Talcott Street, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Singing by the Choir. Tune, Wethersfield.
5. Collection, for the benefit of the School.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Star of the North!" Thy beam falls
Glimmering brightness from thy golden height,
Vainly the flying cloud are past
For thee shall be the place of light.
The light is not for those who roam
For freedom's air, and freedom's home.

"Star of the North!" Thou might'st have shone
In the brightest of celestial gold,
But in the shade of the earth's broad dome
To Freedom's happy home.
The guiding star adorn the dome
The landlords the landman's burning toil
Away, light the guide to his prey,
When the night envelops her sheltering wing.
To hide the multitude, that flies
Draining of strength and suffering,
To the stormy house that has song,
And gender men, with light and song.
Once, with thy feet on Plymouth's rock,
Was thy mighty voice ring out
Till false and thunders was thy song
And from thousand lips the shout
Of freedom rang from shore to shore.
Let the old bugle be heard on high.

O, but the voice rang out so clear
From Plymouth to Virginia's plain,
The loud thy lips have called so near,
Might have stood up where they clothe
Tears have been dried, and glad heart sung.
Where long the drive's last haul broke
A breath is ranging for thy brow,
A period for thy syllable.
Doth at a song in those notes,
This bold, deep and the burning test;
We answer the song, beyond the sea.

The home, thy birth-place, and thy, dead
The mighty winds that round them play
Browns singing o'er their smoke hold
The dark old wood was lowly by,
And ocean's billows wild and free,
Mighty deep rebuke to thee.

"Star of the North!" Thy beam is缺席ted,
Thy light is growing dim and dead.
Thy knoll in thunder breaks its period,
A voice's grief in thy head.
Thou hast buried thy altar, and have
Thy country's glory to the grave!

September 1, 1848.

W. G. BROWN.

LINES ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF REV. H. P.

"There's not a star but shines over thee,
There's not a cloud but portions for thee,
From the heart of the faithful, ever true,
Thou art not near--ten thousand be.

The grave was never a jewel rare
Beneath the precious tree,
But Death's not placed another trace there
More loved or wept than he.
I bow in boundless that mound,
Oh, calm, calm solemn night,
And many a tear--his sacred ground,
With tears here in, and tears there in night.
Thou hast left in this way,
Thou hast left in this way,
Whom these tears forever weep
Whose graves are the tears that press.

By reason of this Jenny's song,
Our griefs are mingling with the song
Our agonizing hearts are wrong.
With sycamore's deeply covering change.

Thee, America, with dread,
For there's a God that can be found.
Thy anchor's gaining over her head,
Thy joys cannot pass ye by.

Poetry.

WHAT IS TALE?

By Joshua  Mowden.

I asked an aged man, a man of care,
Wrinkled, and crowned, with white hair.
"Time is the key of life," he said; "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weep it well!"
I asked the ancient, venerable sage,
Sage who wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and wrote.
"From the cold grave a hollow summer stream,
Time sends the seeds we reap in this chaste!
I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death's desolating hand, he asked.
I asked him, What is Time? Then did he replied,
"I've lost it for Ahab, the treasurer," he said.
I asked the golden sun, and golden sphere.
Those bright, chromatic rays of days and years.
They answer, "Time is but a meteor's glass;
And made me for Eternity prepar'd." I asked the scene, in their familiar sound
Which hovers, or descends the ground;
And they replied, "Time is the summer past;
The old bugle is heard no more!"
I asked a spirit loud, but, O! the shrill
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak;
I cried, "A period's a year, a man"
Of endless years, duration infinite.

Of things imaginary, my soul
I consulted, and it said me this reply;
"Time is the secret of life, the path to glory, the path to Hell." I asked my Bible, and it returned the same
"Time is the present hour, the past is lost;
Love to to-morrow ever more
On happy being, rose or set!"
I asked my father Time himself, at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the wireless wind
Someaneous, which left not a trace behind.
I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on earth, and one on solid land;
By horsem's grant King I mean, the mystery o'er!"
"Time was," he cried; "but Time shall be no more!"

LINES FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Written by a member of the Mass. Female Emancipation Society—1848.

Hall itself day: let songs abound,
And high the story banner wave;
While clashing chains are heard around,
And love ever the fettered face.
Erect, bold your freedom, sons of earth,
And proudly tell that ye are free—
White fettered, looked, and chained to earth,
Your noble brothers bend the knee.
Now gathering, home with music grand,
And ring your toasts a merry round,
While yonder poor degraded bond.
Shores in your midst their handkerchiefs fold.
While freedom's jubilee is sung,
These groves are mingling with the song.
Their agonizing hearts are wrong.
With sycamore's deeply covering change.

TENEBROUS, AMERICA, with dread,
For there's a God that can be found.
Thy anchor's gaining over your head,
Thy joys cannot pass ye by.

Poet Post Office.
Under a deep sense of our responsibility to our brother and our friends, and ultimately to God, to whom eventually, and perhaps soon, we must rend our account, and from whom we shall seek its strength and wisdom, we commit our arduous and difficult labors. And now, brethren, we appeal to you to assist us by the judgment of your consciences and experience, the effectual fervency of your prayers, and your liberal pecuniary aid, that the effort which we are making for our common good may triumphantly succeed, and the whole business of our enterprise—our influence, our labors and trials—may lead to the accomplishment of our object.

We have permitted ourselves to be “humbled,” and have ceased to strive for the attainment of the object which claimed our attention, no matter how truly the object was conducive to our own comfort. Have we permitted ourselves to be “humbled,” and have ceased to strive for the attainment of the object which claimed our attention, no matter how truly the object was conducive to our own comfort.

More than fifty years have gone over, and my son still lives. During these years what changes has he passed—what trials—what conflicts within and without—sunshine, and storms; night and day! Youth, like an evanescent cloud, passed soon away! Before the journey of life had been long protracted, she who had joined her lot with his, fell a victim to the insidious destroyer—and she slumbered in the tomb! Child after child hath he deposited in the grave. And another thought, “where is his life’s joy and worst has been supported by the faithfulness of our Redeemer, if not with an unceasing and strength communicate with the dignities and graces of their own, yet with all the vigor and intelligence which we possess, and whatever wages a war with those righteous principles will find in us, however feeble, constant and unceasing opponents. There is nothing between us and the objects of our love—nothing young and strong, with error, therefore, in any form, we must seek light or grace of persons. Nothing but the glorious triumph of the one and the utter destruction of the other will satisfy our desire of understanding.

In manifesting our opposition to error, we shall not array ourselves against its advocates as seen, but will appeal to its weakness and instability to spread and with vehemence over the great interests of the human race. The pure principles of benevolence we trust will persuade and guide our efforts.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17th, 1849.
Dr. Pentington—Perhaps a few particulars in reference to the sailing of Br. Wright, the fact of which you mentioned in the Clarksonian of the 23d ult., may not be uninteresting to your readers. A few days previous to his sailing I received a letter from him, saying, that as the result of a Council of Physicians, he had determined to visit the West Indies. I could not treat the desire of seeing him. Accordingly I found myself there on the 20th of December, and learned that he expected to sail on the 23d, to the Schooner Herald, Capt. D. Pym, for Nassau, New Providence. On the evening of the 23d D.M., he rode down to his church. The 331st Hymn of Village Collection was read, when the clear and well trained voice of Mr. Philips filled the church with sweet strains of music that deeply impressed every heart, and one after another of those who had joined in the song paused, while the unspoken tear told what the language refused to utter. A part of the 23d chap. of Acts was read, and a fervent prayer offered by Mr. J. N. Gloucester. A few remarks were then made in view of the circumstances in which we were placed—what had called us together, and what might be in the future. Br. Wright then, in great feebleness, arose and said: 'That a person once made the remark to Whitfield, that he should like to be present when he came to depart this life, and see him die,' to which Whitfield replied, 'but he did not expect to say much then, but to finish his work before that solemn hour.' So said Br. Wright, 'I cannot talk much—you know my advice—fear God and keep his commandments—prepare to meet thy God—live to peace—in love—in faithfulness—and if we meet no more here, may we all meet, where parting is unknown.' The weather proving unfavorable, he did not sail until Tuesday morning, the 24th, when with a fair breeze and a bright sky, the vessel went to sea. His venerable Father accompanied him.

How many hearts will fervently pray that God, who controlles the winds and the waves and the sea, may prosper them in their voyage, and that every blessing may be theirs; and that in due time he may return to his field of labor and usefulness, restored in health, and reinvigorated in mind. Every provision which intelligent friendship and warm-hearted Christian zeal could devise, his affectionate people made for him. Their kindness filled him with gratitude, and he often gave utterance to his feelings in the most affectionate and expressive language. May an indigent, heaven reward them for all their labors of love.

Perhaps it may relieve the fears of the "Observer" lest the 3d Presbytery, to which Br. Wright has for so many years belonged, should shower too many honors upon him, and pay him too much respect, to know the fact, that notwithstanding he has been sick, and for the most of the time for several months confined to his house, only one of the members of the Presbytery ever called to see him—that was Dr. Patton. This may in coming time be considered as a fair commentary upon their vote electing him Moderator for six months.

Yours, &c. A. G. B.
THE TOSSIN

With! children of the vine new cast,
All are born free!—Their spirits come
Back to the places where they roved,
In Freedom's holy sanctuary,
And free sleep shall be their peace,
And lying there your princes,—ye slavers!
Ah,—slaves of slavery! What, sleep ye, yet,
And Dream of Freedom, while ye sleep?
Ah—dream, while Slavery's foot is set
So firmly on your souls, so close your sleep.
The chain being grasped, flesh withers,
Gains, like a cancer, into yours.

Half a—yes ye that freely spoken,
Calling ye slavers! Then pure ye are not—
Work a a—yes ye that freely spoken.

Stand to defend it—will—will ye be shot?
O yes! But people should not care,
What peace the heartbreak'd want be rent!
Then from your lips let words of grace,
Gentle from the Holy One, fall to mine,
Yet while ye plow for a living,
Whose blood has flowed that chains that age,
And press—Lord, let the kingdom come,
And see if ye're not ondition drunk.
Yes, man of—God! ye may not speak,
As by the Word of God, ye're talked—
Be ye proud in the bloody linking—ye,
Ye fool yourselves robbed and chained;
And when ye dream, ye fear it—
And—why?—The heartbeats will not be heard.
Surely, then, through people, or through press,
To prove your friendship, ye're not a crook;
God—like the Son of Righteousness,
In his own hour—your table.
Bread here to Liberty your meal!—
Sure that God make all men free?

Even then—your Freedom's tears are glading,
Eyes of old men, ye've caught a glimpse,
Even thus, they're inward lighted,
And ye've driven not by slavery's spins.
Ah—yes—so presented they—
The people's frontier day?
No, and build yourselves a hal—
To prove ye are not slaves, but men—
Write them in the sorrowing wall;
It is the name of Pocahontas—
And give it in the Bibles.
Beneath the Flag of Liberty
Within, let Freedom's banners swell,
And while your banner begin to swell,
And here within—^—Hark—^ the call—
The torches—lurid—of the morning—
They're slavery's torches that send you swept,
And leave your half a something leap.

At slavery's back, the prayers—
On your oaks among; though the door
Of your own loves,—that the coarse West—
May give your heart's back to me,
Are piled unnumbered upon the grass—
When ye stand praying in the street.

At slavery's back, ye send your sons—
To meet down Poland's war we're done,
Doomed to the last—Yes, and their betroth—
Whilling and stones and spears and bullets,
Where all are going to grammar of graves,
Prepare that ye are not slavery's slaves!!

At slavery's back, ye leave your hand—
Ye lift to Heaven; in your secret year,
With broken hope, in white and blue,
Of somnolent or Chamber—
You—see a flag; that banner brackets—
Regress, and shoot it with their songs—

Vengeance is mine, Almighty God!—
I will make it justice bound they,
Yea now, I see that take a—
Your fathers, burned and burned and burned—
Dip them not yet, in money—

They wash yet longer to restrain—
On—let my kingdom, slavery, come!—

Let Columbia, he not our slave—
Let people, press, and hear, and be dumb,
If this Shiloh's brotherhood—
To the Mine her own irrogant spirit—
Shall speak out, and men shall hear it—
Yet—while, at Concord, there's a time
That she can strike her iron still;
While man's shaft at lastric—
Over all in their leader's hill—
There shall she stand, and riddle her head,
And Truth and Freedom shall stand by her.

But should her thunder be made to break,
Let fierce heights shall pour down her—
Sprung from the bed of slavery, to heaven—
Shall hear—when she can unity sing—
God of our fathers, speed her thine—
Steel of the firm, let us go with her—

From the British Council.

THE DEATH OF BENJ. L. THATCHER.

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting
And our beauty, though most be stowed,
Still, like well-dried dews, is being
Furner more precious grows."—Longfellow.

Shall hold the serial bell, is rolling,
Calling to the grave's extremity,
And the funeral car is rolling
They shall go to the crowded street.
Soom the marble cell will hold thee,
And the solemn doom will fold thee.
That to his bearing breast—
On thy pallow bound a shadow
Of thy friends, and their weeping.
That to his bearing breast—
As the moon, and the stars, and the starry sky—
That illuminated his path.

May the green grass, and the trees, be shining,
Whispering forth his undressed air,
May the sweet birds, that thee, flying,
Pierce their enchantment o'er thee—
That to his bearing breast—
Let Nature view with tearful looks
The spot that holds her poet's None.

Guarded in one by the shadowy taper,
And thy soul holds thee no more,
For the scholar's pipe's ended—
He is done, his soul is 'er—
The spider on thy shawl is weaving
A unending net from bird to bird,
And the poet's hope is reverting—
Neglected in his favorite nook.
The thoughtless world may soon forget thee,
But, in every heart thy name
Shall keep its sweet and secret perfumes
In bow and fountain still the same.
O'er thy wide sounding the rolling hill
May dim the print of thy covert,
Ye love and not love still will enrich
For thee the second sigh and tear.

Clasped, gentle Classonetta's feet,
The ditty wheel of stone runs round—
Smore a moment, when it seems
Strictly the blossoming bow was bound
—With the clustered college gown,
Weary, but only won.
As our little hand departed
Pigeons from our classic home,
Joyous each, and happy-hearted,
Through life's second spring we met,
Little more, if not less,
Joy today and grief tomorrow—

Till the written that the glowing cheek
In its yellow bloom most fee from
And the sun's rainbow's painted stroke.

The silver bow, the lack of gold,
The reverred age, the humble child,
Most vanish, with the crumbling scroll
In rolling balsams over there played—

Gentle Pigeon—low there we'll
In thy dewy more of day
Calling hens and scolding all—
Then thou hast laden by the way
All who till this vast procession.

Traveling down the vale of tears
Will be shortly sleeping with thee,
Veiled no more with tears and tattoo—

THE END OF THE PHILOMEL.

By W. L. M. OPTIN.

Hark! through the dimsm of eyes

With a monon.

Faintly the voice of death—

Huron's gone.

Hurt after hour I wander—

At every young chrests's groaner

To our heart's exultant

There is an own given heart

For the wondrous...earth

And the sons of Paradise

For those who ever are bright

And the soul's exultant

To our heart's exultant

Huron's gone.

Still and still we come play up

Fish in the fresh water far.

Still to the fresh water far—

And the fresh water far—

And the fresh water far—

And the fresh water far—

And the fresh water far—

The heart's exultant

And who still bring our meetings

Back again—

What shall read the greeting—

Lived in wild

Sumner's gone.

The PHILOMEL OF PHILOMEL.

From the Lord's Book.

THE PHILOMEL OF PHILOMEL.

By W. L. M. OPTIN.

Philosophy waked the laughing ear,

</p>
THE BEST DAY.

To find her father's house, she took the path most traveled. The sun was setting. The sky was painted with hues of orange and pink. She could hear the gentle sound of the river flowing in the distance. She walked for miles, lost in her thoughts.

The sun began to set, casting long shadows on the ground. She knew she was getting close to her destination. She could feel the excitement building inside her. She had never been to her father's house before. The thought of seeing him again filled her with joy.

Finally, she arrived at the house. It was nestled among the trees, hidden away from the world. She opened the door, and there he was, standing in the doorway, his eyes filled with love.

"Welcome home," he said, his voice filled with emotion.

She hugged him tightly, tears streaming down her face. "I've missed you so much," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

He held her close, stroking her hair gently. "I've missed you too," he said, his voice thick with emotion.

They sat on the porch, watching the stars come out. She told him everything, every detail of her journey. He listened, his eyes filled with pride and admiration.

"I knew you could do it," he said, his voice filled with pride.

She smiled, feeling a sense of pride and accomplishment. "I wouldn't have been able to do it without you," she said, her voice filled with gratitude.

He smiled, his eyes filled with love. "I'm just glad you're safe," he said, his voice filled with love.

They sat there for hours, lost in their thoughts. They talked about the future, their dreams, and their hopes for the future.

The night sky was filled with stars, and they watched them, lost in their thoughts. The wind was blowing softly, and the sound of the river was serenely playing in the background.

"This is the best day," she said, her voice filled with wonder.

He smiled,他的 eyes filled with love. "I think you're right," he said, his voice filled with pride.

They sat there, lost in their thoughts, surrounded by the beauty of nature. It was a day they would never forget.

THE END.
Light is called the glossy, courtesan spreading
The moon is a whispering the dusty sail
From the thick bank of clouds she anthem, shedding
The eastern influence that o’er presently
Past is also, like a young queen pale with splendor
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fine, too deep
The very glory that she wrote is tender,
The eyes that watch her beauty this would weep
My daily, my absent friend
Do you think of me, as I think of you?
By each wave roll the seaweed swaying,
Furrowed sea from old friends friend removed
Till the great load that now we are bearing
I did not know how much you were belied
How many acts of kindness daily headed,
Kind looks, kind words, rare half reproached now
Harried and harassed, my heart has speeded
Onward, and made my strength to grow
My friends, my absent friends
Do you think of me, as I think of you?
The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
And the shadow's name that shall above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love
They shine not as, how now they are shining,
The very hours are changed.
Ah, do ye sleep
Over each broken pillow, midnight is declining
May some of all dreams at last my image keep
My friends, my absent friends
Do you think of me, as I think of you?
Yesterday has a charm, to-day could never
Flung over the air, which knows not till it pass
How it turned back with tedious wondering,
To be set within the heart of hopes
Absence is full of memory, it teaches
The value of all familiar things
The strengthenings of affection, while it reaches
Over the dark parting, with an angel’s wings
My friends, my absent friends
Do you think of me, as I think of you?
The world with one vast element omitted—
Man’s own especial element, the earth
Our voter is his true companion,
By that great knowledge whence power has its limit
How often some strange loneliness while gazing
Hear I wished for you, beautiful as now,
The purple twilight like some cold army raising
Their snowy banners in the depth of night through,
My friends, my absent friends
Do you think of me, as I think of you?
Hearing they sang the song of mourning
Up springs the spring full, like life’s false joy
With a great picture the face the dull admiring
Whose very light is fixed to convey
Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow, springing
From the depth of an unknown world
So spring sweet sounds from the heart’s dominion—
The storm in death the assumed wing is failed
My friends, my absent friends
Whate’er is love is linked with thoughts of you.
No life is in the air, but in the waters
Are creatures large and terrible and strong
The dark waters, the dark deeps—dangers
War universal reigns these depths above
Like some new lifeline on the ocean spreading
Plaice on the surface some gigantic whole
From its vast head a silver fountain stretching
Brightly a circular in a fairy tale
My friends, my absent friends
I read such elegies, bright with yellow
For the New-Yorker Evangelist.

THE CASTLE IN AIR.
In the region south, for distant in renown,
I builded me a castle of splendor and grace;
Its foundations were laid upon mountains of white
And gilded its walls, with the sun’s golden light
In latticework sparkling like diamants on high,
And its doors was opening with the blue and sky.
Full spacious in its magnificence, and gorgeously frosted.
There was one for each stage and feeling and wish,
I made it my home, and began with delight,
To revel in its spaciousness, and gilded from above;
Or all kindred mortals, some else here could come,
There was a space for fancy, a region, and pensive house.
From the windows I look’d, as I wished and gay
As the blushing sky, in the morning of May;
The plants was waving, as in the air.
And comets was dazzling occasional ghost,
I visited, and I gazed, reflected and read,
I answered to my heart’s lonely and sole,
I thought for a while, I should never be stayed—
That the whole of my life would be highly enjoyed,
But my pleasure in the long and lingering times.
On each day and each month an instal was made
The brightness was filled, and the sun shone high.
My rambling was noisy, like shadows of light,
I sought for new joys, but sought them in vain
My fancy had flown, and pleasure was pale
For lassitude and want of joy I ran
To the sea, as glory, and painted for some other house.
One morning in the sea, as I spread my sail on:
A farthing light illumined the waves.
Their carven oar appeared like a cloud,
Golden beams I would read, where I would look
Antelope’s, unaged, without a moment to find,
I quickly discerned it was possible of God;
And saw the wave of rich lights, but the ocean
To teach me to find the true way to heaven.
No sooner was this full revealed to my sight,
Then present before me, an angel of light,
To which my affections, then pointed to me
And, sun, sun, sun immortal, the book which you see,
For this latter stage of Jehovah’s light.
The great book of duty for man to furl
And from the clear page you may easily learn,
Your duty to God, and your duty to men.
Returning to the earth, but fancy only
Learn to study the work God would have you to do;
Give up your whole heart to his holy command,
Study him in all, in the face of nature and grace
And know in the name Jehovah has given
To all his creation, beneath his own heaven;
That although the sun may be set in the sky,
It remains but useless, void and useless,
Below the sun but colder than ever,
Perfected in heaven, will never cease.

LINES TO MY FATHER.
My pious dear, the joy I wish for thee
No longer can I wait, nor long can I see
And yet I hope these simple lines may prove
A fountain’s balmage, and a daughter’s love
In help of childhood, when my mother’s voice
We were bid to drink, and hear did I rejoice
To lay my head upon my father’s breast
Forgotten, white, gently leading to rest.
In youth, how sweet the dawn of early hope falls
Upon my ear, when my lord father calls
The anxiety of that wise kindred starts me
And peace, and tenderness overflows my heart.
And oh! when don’t the dark vale come in view,
When sadness deep, and earthly friends are few—
Then may the poor child and poor mother feel
There stringer, truer still, in his decisive
Still in the manner of the benighted
We must, the pledge of a better home
Ye, in thine, in thine, with thy peace assume
The God and man, our Father and our friend
I dedicate, for father and friends.

I. P. P.
Your ask me for a pledge love! But guess upon
my cheek,
And let its lines, when those artless, my heart's
downfall speak:
Look on my eyes, and bearmen's sight, with my pain and
rigid brow,
And lift my wild, unhealed sigh—what need of a
pledge or vow?
You ask me for a pledge, love! some token of
my heart?
Tears, then, this flower—an emblem meet of wo-
man's blighted youth;
The perfumes of its wildered leaves, triumphant
over them,
May whisper of my changeful love when I am
far away.
What—put another pledge, love! Then mark
me while I voy;
By all this heart hath borne for thee, by all its
suffocating
In grief or gladness, hope, despair—in life or
in misery.
I'll be what I have ever been to thee—only
then.

LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

O God in Heaven from that holy place
To each of us an angel guide has given,
But most of these dear children have more-
great
For they are angels to their God and
Heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or
knew her differ self sad, happy,
Knew when her read too dark or joyous,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the
storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be un-
healing
Our God knows, our holy souls defend;
But can a mother bear her dead child peace-
ful.
And those little angels bade us?

Those little hands stretched down to the
nearer to God by mother's side. We all
Take and weep; yet surely she can
weep.
Will such a state in Heaven, full or fall.

She knows, when the mighty angels
Cherished in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is her glory; that one little praising,
One little song, is all her own.

All of God's crowns of honor.

ELI RUSSELL.

Our readers recollect the case of the young
woman who was sold at Alexandria, and the pic-
toos letter which she sent to her friends. As
Mrs. Catlin says, in her sketch, "The whole
manifold of feeling which we read of her in
this volume we hope will be written, whereas the
public mind of the day will become properly
aroused to the condition and wants of slavery. The
account of the departure of the slave, on which
Emily Russell was consigned, was given in length
and extent of an act of disastrous nature. It is
since published in the newspapers of New York and
Philadelphia, New York, and the influence of the
Almighty, who has given us the gift of liberty,
where the events is one of the most important,
but she died in Georgia on the last of the 20th
south.

A gentleman in this city, who is thoroughly
acquainted with Mrs. Catlin, requests to mention
a few facts in regard to the subject of the
reception of this news by the mother of the victim.
When the news finally reached her, she rose up
in the dark and fearful night to which she had
been, and with the heart and hope of the captive
debtor, she attempted to break the bonds of
enforced slavery. She was found and captured by
the state, the long struggle dragged like a broken
woman; the noblest hours of her life, and the
most Christian act of her own life. Her mind was
with that thought—"heaven, home, friends,
and brothers."

The incident that occurred as a direct
answer—"Emily is dead." She was immedia-
tely lifted up her eyes and gazed expectantly to-
ward heaven and exclaimed—"Dear God! this
is it! I have prayed for, for honestly, that if she
could not be liberated, might die before she
reached the ground."
She said she considered it the answer to her
prayer, and that she had all along felt a confidence
that God would not leave her a burden. She
had known the cruel slave trade, and had known
her hope. She had been in the heart of the
slaving events of her life to know that God had
done for her in every exigency. She was distinguish-
d for the habit of relating all events to the
hand of God, "who does all things well."

We send this little memorandum because
many of our readers might not, at first thought,
realize how a Christian slave mother was slavery
as the condition of her children; but her
are her feelings when she is emancipated by
the stroke of death.
A person is reading a page from a book with text on it.
A SONG TO WISCONSIN

All hail, Wisconsin! We have heard thy name,
A name of mighty traditions, like the men
Of thousand voices has thrashed that region,
Yeaying—"Allah, for the Lord deck says!"
And he deck ness o' me—now I feel him—
The west with lightning on thy glorious brow,
The trembling pavilions and thy rangy masts,
To every eye and every present in mad
Come hither, distant! who dost thy think
God's foundations free to thy coruscation lands?
Raise thy voice on this第一天 Ecstasy.
Roll back this terror for thy petty gods!—
I weep!—This is of those own nothing think!
Dagner's law, pentacle think art may kind,
But no mote both of the law of love.
Matter must perish, but the law of mind
Rolls on, unchanging as the theme above.
Dagner, hi, I've seen thy coil of clouds,
The friendly monster and thy rainbow crowns,
The sighing cresses and thy whelkless arms,
Try pensive graces ever pouring down.
Around thy deeper print and print I have clang,
And madly in silence at thy weird wave.
Upon thy silent blemishus I've hung,
And loathly with thy water down resign.
Along thy margin have I made my bed,
Laid by thy matchless muse have I slept,
Waked by thy morning touch, I've court my bed,
And to stay coach at morning twilight hemp.
Thy tears have blotted my cheek—thy many smiles,
Have been on my forehead and befell my ear
Long—long shall memory ken thy playful wiles,
And through my heart—thy pleas of prayer.
Foord, Nagrant on the stream of Time
What unknown jealous the shadowy mist may hide!
But who he bids that will, yet will subdue
The faithful buck, in mercy's great guide.
Roll on—roll on thy glorious hymn of praise,
And wash the lamenting nations with thy wave,
Still to thy God thy speechless icon pour.
Still whisper thy hallowed of a world of war
Tell every heart of God's grief to thy delight
Still rise to heaven thy young triumphal bow,
Tell Hope before shall find in Glory thy sky.

FOR THE ENTERTAINER

YOUNG PETTSON.

Go, happy saucy king of the sea—
Roll on, roll on, and keep the sea
That starts from the undiscovered lone
Where never even foot or hand has been.
Yet west and north of both his kingdom lies
What else but a world of sea.
Tell not the hero how a line of fate
The smile of one who died
To raise his powers in the most proud
And make the waters rush into his falling eyes again.
He knew upon the sea a vision—though weary as for him.
And he a man of a softer, a tenderer heart can quit,
While going on his steadfast love, the steadfast and speeded soul.
I mean, he was, and brave, and kind—oh! as his youngE. M. C.

The bay, the water, the sea she was none
The ferry, the land, the sea.

New Hall.

ESTELLA.
REACH OF AMOS G. REHAM AT AN ANNUARY OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Resolved, That those principles and object of the New York Committee of Vigilance, commend themselves to the efficient aid of all the friends of God and man.

The truth, Mr. Chairman, is the great mirror in which all principles and plans for the moral welfare of man can be appraised: and any principles and measures that will not endure unblanched the concentrated rays of the truth, cannot be pressed forward upon us with the binding force of righteousness obligation; but on the other hand, any principles and objects which will endure the burning rays of truth, though they are wont to be heeded to try other objects and measures, which claim and evolve a very large share of the benefactions and sympathies of an enlightened Christian public, then may our appeal be urged with more confidence and pertinency.

By this test, sir, let the claims of this committee be tried; if found wanting, let them retire from public gaze and sink away from the depths of obscure oblivions for good; for crushed indeed are they without the power of truth there.

What then, sir, are the principles of this committee?

They are the same as those found in the Declaration of American Independence: "That all men are equal, and entitled to all the rights of man." They are the same as those found in the writings of the ancient divines and civilizers in England and America. The Blackstone—Brookhops—the Chalmers—the Colonel Percival—the Wesley of England, and the Kent—the Chalmers—their right to property in the best of a mighty minds which live, within a few years, a flood of light upon the principles of personal and civil liberty. They are those which we man must construct an argument to deny to a fellow man, unattended with crime, without showing one equally conclusive against his own oppressors times human freedom; they are those which reason and all just laws sanction, denying the right of man to hold property for the benefit of his soul.

They are contained in the book of Revelation—Job's Manna Charma to the most invisible universe; in which the rights of all are defined by the eternal immutables, and the various duties which man owes to his Maker and fellow men, and the great rights and duties, God has thrown the subordinate wall of his own protection; and whenever I hear the word of a peer, or feel the power of man in the hands of Omnipotence; and before they can be broken down with impunity, his throne must be destroyed. It was the contemplations of this noble fact to all transgressors, that made Jefferson, too, surrounded and upheld by his influence, and out of his deep affection, he declared that he trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just, and that his justice could not sleep forever; and that in the event of a servile war, he had no attribute that could take part with the oppressor.

But, sir, do not this committee interpose with the rights of the slave States, violate the compact, and endanger the glorious Union? No sir. Those whom they assist they find in the possession of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which they have not found at the South, amid its glaring chains, bloody stripes, and starvation and repartition; and its cruel separations; and that committee aid to maintain their flight, for let it be remembered that the Grinnell of Liberia has been hurriedly ordered to be dropped from sight; and no sacred temple upon American soil, where millions of her children can enjoy "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."
power, and consolation, to every virtuous and intelligent mind toiling, as such nails will do, to promote any object based upon the principles of His truth, and in harmony with those relations which He has established. Such efforts, tending as they do, to promote the glory of God, and to hasten the time when Jesus Christ shall reign, and to secure the highest happiness of man; no one that professes to honor God, and regard the relations and principles which He has established in his moral government, can consistently refuse their sympathy and co-operation. They may not say they love God, but do not sympathize with this committee; for no individual can regard the rights of God, and violate those of man—are incapable of consented. God measures our love to him, our fidelity to his cause, our regard for his character, by our efforts to do good to the bodies and souls of our fellow men, by our remembrance of these in bonds, as bound with them.

Friends of God and man, then, give this committee your efficient aid, and you are the polluters of the rights and interests of the poor and distressed, let it not be at the last great day, by him who will be the judge, that ye did love not your brother.

Think for whom the swing is made, think of the anxious mother with her boy in her trembling arms, as she flies from hateful bondage, unattended by any evidence of the present or future world. She has no interest in free men or their freedom, free from the proud weeps of the slaveholder's wrath; but no, she does the storm injustice, its fury will soon be past, and we shall see our golden rays around her; but the sweet
death of society, the slave system knows no end, amid its crimes and storms, the aim of liberty, the hope of the human race, never rises to bid the darkness of oppression and sorrow a fly. When the pen of patience shall exhibit the truth concerning the havoc that have escaped from the rigors of the South, the ignominy and sufferings of our fellow men, we shall see the crimes of our generation, the crimes of our country, the crimes of the world, which earth's proudest warriors never exhibited.

Let the committee, then, receive your warm sympathy, your vigorous co-operation, your efficient aid; let them be able to render timely assistance to the worthy applicants who, after burning in the galling irons of slavery, closing the chains—closing the execrable iron fences from their dark prison house—sailing the rocky mountains—sweeping through the waste valley—sweeping across the rapid streams—escaping a threatened danger, let them ascend the free river and dark over the bosom of the lake with a swing-ness that shall mock the pursuit of the American eagle—proud and cursed bird, once the glorious emblem of virtuous liberty—but now, all stoppage from hot Alpines hagius to fix his bloody talons in the poor and defenseless, and to spread his broad wings over the pathetically monstrous of slavery. By your aid and efficient aid, may the poor victim escape and stand on free soil, and breathe free air by the free breezes of the sky, who will never degrade his noble nature, where justice and freedom reign, and where the once slaveholder can lift up his uplifted hand, and hail them, free and equal, free and equal.

Praise to the God of heaven and earth, I am free, I am free, my wife is my own—my wife is my own—my rights are my own! What a day! Let the number of these glad voices by increased, until

"They spread their happy feet and
משכנתאและกระหายสู่ผู้ที่ร้ายอย่าง

For the Northern Star & Clarion

Mr. Erroon—I was glad to see in your last paper a statement, in reference to the condition of colored women and able-bodied labor of Mr. Wm. P. Powell to rescue them from sorrow and suffering. Among the colored people in this country, there is a large and almost uncared for field of labor, which is not only white for the harvest, but in which many a soul has perished for the want of true hearted laborers to enter into the vineyard. When I have reflected upon the number of the "thousands of the colored" to seek for a precarious living—when I have thought of the cruel power of prejudice which cannot rid human honors breaks upon their ears and memory, that they may never have the word of any misfortune— or for any intellectual accomplishments, which add the soul and hardihood of a race to the pan of the uncertain wave—when I contemplate upon the harsh cruelty of the laws of the United States—and of the different States—sweeping down upon them in crushing power—especially when administered by those whose prejudices have made them—and when I think of the associations on shipboard and on shore—when those who are fortunate enough to escape the thousand dangers of sea, but too often fall into the hands of the "thund'rstock" who induces every transport, and poisons upon their prey and rob them of their hard earnings—and the very intellect and moral advantages which fall to the share of many—nay the most of them— and how they have been given up to the full development of the passions of human nature, without those restraints which a better education would have thrown around them—and when the fact impressed me in the face that most of the efforts which have been made to raise the character of colored people have been confined to those of another race, my soul has widened while viewing the picture. Here and there I have looked, and almost in vain, for a star of hope to rise through the deep gloom which stretched from horizon to horizon. Thank God for one stroke, and would that efficient means might be used to strengthen the hand of Mr. Pow-
onsense, and to exalt the beauty and matchless co-operation of men in this noble cause.

Society has a deeper interest in this matter than cold selfishness may imagine. The moral and social influence of those who are denominated "souls," in the teaching and tremendous. More families are affected, more influence is exerted by this class of their fellow men, than can be easily estimated; but I did not take up my pen to write upon this subject now, but only to express the hope that it is but the beginning, "the dawn before the stormer."

New Haven, Oct. 20.
THE MEETING AT TROY, N.Y.

According to previous notice, a meeting of colored citizens was held, May 16th, in the Liberty Street Church, for the purpose of taking into consideration the necessity of holding a National Convention. On motion of Rev. H. H. Garnet, Mr. McDougall was appointed chairman, and J. F. Murry Secretary. The Convention was opened by H. H. Garnet, after which a business committee of three was appointed to draw up resolutions expressive of the views of the meeting.

The committee consisted of Mr. Rich, H. H. Garnet and J. H. Davis. In the absence of the committee, the Rev. Ames C. Beam of New Haven, Conn., was called upon to address the meeting, which he did in a very cogent and eloquent manner, he said:

Mr. Chairman—I am willing sir, to state briefly a few of my reasons for desiring a National Convention, and for affirming my name to the call, as well as for the motives which will cause me, deo nobis, to attend it, should it be held, in the call for a convention the 3d Tuesday, in August.

Sir, I hold it to be a sound principle of policy, as well as of expediency, that whenever any people find themselves surrounded by peculiar circumstances and influences, which are directly, and cruelly against their highest and permanent interests, that they should in obedience to the authoritative call of nature founded in their circumstances, consider themselves together, and thoroughly consider their difficulties, that they may develop and adapt those principles of moral action, which have the most efficient tendency to roll back the destructive surges which are beating in devastating torrents against their welfare and prosperity.

All history, sir, is replete with illustrations of this principle. It preserved the Republic of Rome from the decay and destruction of its principles. It preserved the strength and glory of the Grecian State; it rendered Rome in her palmy days invincible. In like manner, the call of the age, the voice of humanity, the voice of all ages, of all people and of all tribes, unless prevented by the omnipotent will of God, makes us make ourselves an exception to the rule as sound, and universal,

The right, sir, then it is expeditious; for between the principles of immutable right, and practical expediency play the sweetest strains of undisturbed harmony.

The rights, the interests of no people can be safe, while they are disposed of, and legislated upon, are their own voice not heard or regarded. It is now six, ten, twenty, or thirty years since we departed from this great national principle illustrated by the wisdom of the world, the Ten years! what events have taken place during that time effecting our interests, expectations and destiny as a people the world over? What a theme to dwell upon in a National Convention! Themee worthy the loftiest intellect—the richest eloquence—the most precise and systematical arrangement of facts! What souls stirring incidents to be embodied in statistical reports!
The Rev. James G. Beman, Agent

American Missionary Association.

Rev. James G. Beman, of New Haven, Con., will preach in the Baptist church on South street, tomorrow afternoon and evening, at the usual hour of public worship.

Rev. James G. Beman, of New Haven, Con., will preach the funeral sermon of Mr. Henry Wotton, who died recently in Holyoke, W. L., at the Zion Church, on Sunday, February 26th, at 2 o'clock. P. M. His friends and the public are invited to attend.

DIED.

FROY DAILY TIMES.

TUESDAY, January 23rd, 1866.

NEW HAVEN DAILY JOURNAL.

Mr. Editor:—I was much gratified in reading a letter in your issue of the 11th inst. from Dr. Delany to Dr. J. J. McCracken, Mr. Smith suggesting the calling of a Council. The letter fully expresses my views, as I believe the condition of our people in this country calls for immediate action, and do not believe there is any way in which our main object can be reached better than through a council composed of good men; and I believe such a council would do our people more good than all the State Legislatures can do for them at this time. One year ago I proposed the same plan to Mr. Frederick Douglass, and he then thought it well of it. I also talked, last winter, with the Rev. J. A. Grout, and he was so well pleased with the idea that he proposed a public meeting to take that matter into consideration. The Rev. Josiah Miller and Patterson, of Albany, promised to be with us, but circumstances prevented their attendance. I also conversed with the Rev. Mr. Beman and Messrs. W. W. Brown and W. J. Watkins. They all approved of that measure at that time, and then things did not look as dark as they do now.

We are a large body of people, and we might say that we are a nation within a nation, for our people now number near three millions more than all the inhabitants of the United States at the time of the Declaration of Independence.

I believe this Republic is about broken up, or at all events there must be a great change in the Government; and whether it is to be well or ill for our people, there can be no harm in being prepared to meet our fate, whatever it may be; and I know of no better way of preparation than through a council of good and wise men.

I hope such a council will be held without delay, for now is the time when the whole nation is in commotion.

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

Tray, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1862.

EVERY SATURDAY
BY RORT, HAMILTON
NO. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

No. 29.

BECAUSE OF THE CHRISTIAN AND CIVIL RIGHTS OF THE AMERICANS OF COLOR.

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONNECTICUT.

Mr. Editor: You have been for a many years an observer and lover for the elevation of man—in that elevation is to be wrought out in connection with the Christian church and its ministry, in parts of the army which compose “the monumental host of God’s cherub”—and as all facts are interesting to your mind and heart, and I trust to the minds of your numerous readers—may I say that these which you publish from time to time in your valuable and worthy paper are examined with deep interest by multitudes? I will make a few remarks in relation to the General Association of Connecticut and its annual meeting, hoping they may be acceptable to the public.

The association met in Norwalk on the 12th and closed its session on the 15th. “Beautiful for situation is this town,” I exclaimed to myself as I glanced along its streets for the first time in my life; surely this is the abode of wealth and intelligence, of social refinement and religious freedom; a land of beautiful and lovely scenes of nature’s richest magnificence; a land where the hand of industry and toil through “many a wild spent day” has crowned these hills and valleys with so many noble mansions, in the highest and richest styles of architecture; here where the churches stand out so many ages past, in ten thousand street and solemn associations to these villagers, of all that is pure and sublime and blessed to the human heart.

A convention of ministers is always a sight of deep interest to every thoughtful mind. This was, I think, the one hundred and fifty-third annual meeting of the General Association of Connecticut, representing all the Congregational Churches of the State, and in sympathy with those of the same precious faith dwelling by thousands in New England, and in all parts of the land, even to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. I will not trouble you with statistical details, but speak of the question of the day and age in which we live—the question of questions—and the question which will rule its hours, its days, and its years, down from shore to shore until “free dom shall be declared to all the inhabitants of the land.” In the morning prayer meetings; in the speeches of Dr. Thropp and Geo. H. New Haven of prof. J. F. of Chicago, and of others, the colored man furnished a theme of remark—as the war, and the facts in relation to him, are now being deloped in startling rapidity and magnitude in the Providence of God. His relation to the past, the present and future history and destiny of this country stood up before the assembly in the solemn thought of their responsibility to him, in the light of God’s moral government, and the gospel of salvation throughout Jesus Christ our common Saviour. What does God require? what does the gospel claim for him? what does he need as an immortal being. Fleeing out from the dark and stormy clouds of war, in the din of battle, in the “brilliant steel,” in the cannon’s roar, amid the groans and tears of thousands of the sons of New England, all felt that the peace and rest and prosperity of the country could only be found in the utter and eternal overthrow of slavery, and in the elevation and devotion of those who are now the victims of this “sum of all vilenesses.” The large assembly was addressed on Wednesday afternoon by those excellent freemen, Messrs. Thornton and Davis. The facts of their personal histories, the scene through which they had passed—as they described them in language so simple—with a pathos so deep, with hearts so mitten by the cruelty and wrongs which they had endured, melted, moved every heart in the audience, and stilled manhood melted and bowed before the power and majesty of simple truth. They are doing a good work, and long may they live and prosper, and may their labors be crowned with abundant success.

Let the proper means be used for the education of the national freedom, and may the day soon dawn when all shall be free in the truth in Christ that make men free.

A. G. B.

New Haven, June 20, 1867.

WASHINGTON AFFAIRS.

Mr. Editor: Perhaps a few lines from this city—er a city upon which all eyes are turned—may interest your readers. We found ourselves here in time to spend the Fourth of July. A fine shower of rain had cooled everything at the atmosphere, when a call was sent to meet a gathering of the “Sahibah School Union,” on their 18th anniversary. It was the intention of the friends to celebrate it in the 15th street Presbyterian Church; but so early and numerous did the parents, teachers, and friends turn out that it was found expedient to adjourn to a larger and more commodious building; the Bethel Church was selected for this purpose, and the line was filled to its utmost capacity, and many were unable to find an entrance. It was said that more than sixteen hundred persons were there—and indeed it was a sight inspiring and glorious. Parents were so happy—children so neatly staid and orderly—teachers crowded and strengthened—friends encumbered and inspired with the hope that many of these scholars will become ornaments of society, and pillars in the church of God.

The meeting was called to order, and preceded over by the President of the association, Mr. Johnson, who has just been re-elected for another year; and who, in some very handsome remarks, defined his position. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. D. Brooks, when after singing, addresses were delivered by Mr. C. H. Brown, Rev. Messrs. Hamer and Handy, and by the Hon. Judge Day, who, the day before, had vainly endeavored to save Nora Ross from the bloody hands of a Maryland slaveholder; his arguments and appeal to the judges were in vain, and the poor trembling woman was remanded to slavery and to torture.

More have been sent from this District that the public are aware of, but it does not always deter them from making the attempt to secure their freedom again. Not long since a young woman was thus given into the hands of her master, who took her away. Well, she was gone about three weeks, then returned with her mother and five children to find a few friends in this city, who raised the money speedily and sent them on the under ground rail road to a place of safety. The road is in most excellent condition, as the agents and ticket masters are ready to testify. The friends here are encouraging, and many rejoice much in three of the laws passed at this session of Congress...
LETTTER FROM ALEXANDRIA, V. A.

Mr. Brokton — As you are still at your post of duty, and cannot your shadow ever be less, I will send you a few lines from this part of the land of " Dixie," from the sacred soil of Old Virginia — which in company with Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, on a fine morning, I intended to see what there is to be seen and to hear in Alexandria. The weather was fine—the old Potomac silver and beautiful—the scenery on both sides of the river, though not grand, was picturesque and delightful. No passes are required in going from or returning to Washington from Alexandria. No questions are asked—only to step up to the captain's office and settle—and that office is as near the gauntlet as well may be. So on board we went, and were soon sailing down the river on whose broad bosom so many of our unfortunate brothers and sisters have been taken in chains and tears, and with broken hearts to the far south—to their unhappy toils, the lash, and to death. Every wave dashed back a groan—every breeze is laden with sighs.

Soon the city of Alexandria flung its gloomy appearance upon the eye, while ten thousand thoughts swept over the soul — thoughts stamped in letters of fire, amid all the scenes of blood and cruelty with which the history of the city and surrounding country is filled. Long, long has it been a slave mart, and its public and private slave prisons have tales of horror, to tell which would put to shame the old French Bastille, or the Star Chamber of England. Duke Street in Alexandria has witnessed scenes of cruelty by day and night which would throw into forgetfulness the bridge of sighs in tyrannical Venice.

The inhabitants, just before the city came under the dominion of martial law, were aroused early in the morning by the singing of a coddle of slaves taken from their prison—to which place they had been gathered from the surrounding country both in Maryland and Virginia, as they were going on board a slave vessel bound for New Orleans. Like the dying swan they sung, and wept and prayed along the streets a sad dirge to all their past in those regions of their youth and humble enjoyments. We often see a little glimpse, a flash of retribution on the clouds of guilt and oppression, overtaking the agents of cruelty and wrong, even in this world. Not long after the scene at

Indeed, to Brin and his assistant were marched down the same street in chains, for complicity with the rebellion, and taken to dungeon vile. The old slave pens are now filled with other prisoners than the dusky sons and daughters of Africa.

Rev. Mr. Tanner, who has for nearly two years been the pastor of the 15th St. Presbyterian Church and is now in the Bethel Connexion, under the most worthy Bishop Payne, D. D., has a station in Alexandria, one in Washington, and one at Good Hope. To these he ministers in general. He is a fine scholar, a good preacher of righteousness, a true Christian, and a noble gentleman. If his life and health are spared, his voice and pen will yet introduce him to admiring hosts in that part of the church militant, where he is destined to be both an ornament and a pillar.

We met in the evening with him, his Bible class and adults, an association of some twenty or twenty-five men and women—and were as much surprised as gratified to hear them read and to listen to their comments. It would be hard to gather an equal number in states which have long been free, to exculpate them in character and intelligence. Some of the most intelligent politicians which we have ever seen among our people are here—every act of their own state, every act of Congress affecting our interests and rights, every item of war news, the "con- traband," question, emigration, their situation and prospects in this land, are fruitful themes of discriminating remarks by them—which show that the slave spirit and power have never been able to quench the rays of light which the good Providence of God is throwing upon the dark and gloomy night of Egyptian bondage by which they have been surrounded; rays
of knowledge and truth which bespeaks the coming morning of liberty and righteousness. We have met the friends here on several occasions, and have seen them in their own homes, and they have many of the fruits of their own hard toil, industry and economy—and properties which they have secured notwithstanding all their deprivations, and the unjust and cruel laws under which they have been compelled to live, and the bitter prejudices against which they are now contending. They are anxious to improve in all things. The right spirit is in many of them.

They have three churches—one Baptist, one Old Side Methodist—with white preachers, and while a few in it feel the spirit of liberty burning in their hearts, very many of them are well-nigh crushed—all mainly and noble aspirations have perished. The other church, Brother Tanner’s, meet in the lecture-room of the 1st Presbyterian church, a succession property now, like much other property of stockholders, in the hands of the government. Many a fine establishment is occupied by northern soldiers.

There are three schools for colored children in successful operation, and did the people feel sure that all was stable and certain with the government for the future, improvements would go on at a rapid rate. At present they can only “rejoice with trembling,” not knowing “a day may bring forth.” We gave a lecture there upon “The Means to be Employed for Our Elevation,” and it is but just to the good people to say that they turned out in large numbers, and were so kind as to urge, with many entreaties, that we should tarry longer and give them several lectures upon the origin and history of our race, and upon the present state and condition of our people in this land and in the world. They mention several of the names of our men living at the north, of whom they have heard much, and to whom they would be glad to extend a greeting which would make them feel at home among them. Were it well, we could mention some of the names of the “noble few, that here unbinding stand,” up for intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement. May their brightest hopes be more than realized in a brighter future.

ALEXANDRIA, Va. August 1, 1862.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Mr. Editor.—Once more I send you a few lines relative to our friends in this city—for I take it for granted that you are one with them in all their struggle and toil for their improvement and elevation—for let it be understood that your pen and voice are as heartfelt to introduce you to their families—and wherever the Anglo goes you are sure to have friends. They have made a good beginning, and I trust still in a few days do much better in the numbers of subscribers; they cannot do better, and there are none anywhere who can do better in spirit than those whose names you now find on your list.

I omitted to mention the Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Green, who is doing a good work here—for I am told that he takes a deep and intelligent interest in the cause. Almost everywhere, of whom he is flocking to this place, and many of them fired with the spirit of improvement, desiring it greatly for their children, and longing much that the best of their days have been spent in the dark and gloomy prison house of bondage. “Put out the light,” crash the spirit, invest the immortal soul in stainless light of ignorance, is the stern cry of slavery!

My second visit to the Bible Class which Rev. Mr. Tanner is teaching, fully confirmed all the favorable impressions which my first visit to it awakened. The lesson for the evening was the ninth chapter of Genesis, and most thoroughly did the class examine its testimony with intense interest in the remarks of the teacher, especially as he dwelt upon the sacred text the light, which centuries have shed upon the history of Ham’s descendants. Would it not be well for many other ministers to initiate his noble example, and gather large Bible classes together and instruct them from week to week in a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures? Heaven bless and sustain him in this blessed and important work.

For a few months the schools established here have been doing well—much better than could have been expected; still there are many obstacles to overcome; many others should be gathered into the schools; some of the parents of the children are unable to pay; some are, of course, indifferent; many are themselves ignorant, and cannot appreciate the value of an education. At the present time the following ladies and gentlemen are engaged or interested in the schools as teachers among those who are “home of their hope and dash of their flush.” —Mrs. Jane A. Crum, Miss Amanda Bondwin, Miss Mary E. Chase, Misses George W. Parker, Clara Robinson and James B. Hill. A wide field is here open for the cooperation of every wise and benevolent in maintaining these schools by contributing funds for their support—then would these teachers be enabled to take and instruct many others which must remain in ignorance unless such assistance is given.

Notwithstanding all the hardships and difficulties under which our people have lived here, they have accumulated property, real estate, to the amount of more than thirty thousand dollars, and still they are “hastening slowly” forward in the right direction.

But whoever visits the place and has an eye to see, will see that the work of improvement is a stern work—that to promote the cause of temperance, education and morality requires great self-denial, great patience and perseverance.

The work to be done is not to be completed in a day or a year; it will require a long time to remove the evils which slavery and bondage have so deeply engraven upon the very foundation of everything. The friends here rejoice much in the influence of the military governor of the city, Colonel Gregory, a noble Christian gentleman, who grants them all the protection in their persons and in their religious worship which their circumstances demand. Now, Mr. Editor, from week to week speak words of good cheer to them, as you are so faithfully doing to your hosts of readers.

A. G. B.

LETTER FROM REV. A. G. BEMAN.

NEW HAVEN, June 4, ’62.

Mr. Editor: As a master of experience you are fully sensible of the living power with which old impressions and almost forgotten memories will spring up when one stands, after an absence of years, amid the scenes and looks upon the places once so familiar to his eyes. Amid such scenes and in such places I have been for a few days in Middletown, Ct. On the Sabbath of the 25th inst. I attended on the ministry of Rev. James A. Jones, pastor of the A. M. E. Z. Church. During the day he preached two able and sound gospel sermons, rich in Biblical truths, and apt in pointed and polished illustrations. He is an able and faithful minister of the “New Testament” —a remarkable man, solemn in the holiest sense of the term; no one can listen to him without perceiving that he is a close and faithful student of the Bible, able to instruct and guide in the way of peace and life. The spirit of improvement is in him; and he faithfully pleads the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden. His influence is on the side of education and temperance;
be is sternly opposed to the use of tobacco in every form—and, like smoking and chewing to the disgust of all decent people in church and state. As evidence, Mr. Editor, of his true position, it will be enough to say that he is a firm friend of the “Anglican” in theory and practice. Whatever, however, during the next conference year, he may be stationed, may his labor be crowned with abundant success. May the time soon come when the spirit of improvement shall inspire the friends in Middletown to repair and refit their church edifices—time and we have made all ravages upon the building; and after this, and have commenced the accumulation of funds for its renovation. I cannot tell you, Mr. Editor, that the value of an education is as much appreciated here as it ought to be; every facility is open, from the Primary to the High School, on equal terms with any of the citizens—but I am sorry to say that but three colored scholars are to be found in the High School.

In company with Mr. Jones we spent a pleasant hour with Mr. Thomas Francis Bartow, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—a member of the senior class, in the Wesleyan University—and who is about to graduate—and another to whom we have spoken, in presence of beauty, for the guidance and elevation of our race.

We thought while sitting in his pleasant room and gazing upon the picturesque scenery by which the College is surrounded—how the times have changed since the days of Dr. Peck—and the spirit of the Range, reigned here—then, no colored young man however worthy could enter, or even recite here in peace. We are sorry that none are to enter the next freshman class—would that one or more might be found in every class as long as the College shall remain a “fixed fact.” We addressed two meetings while in Middletown—the audiences were small—but some of the pupils are loyal and true to liberty and moral elevation.—May the number increase and may there yet be trained up many who shall do valiantly for God and humanity.

A. G. B.

First of August at Hartford.

Mr. Editor,—“It is better late than never.” So, with your permission, I will, while the “spirit moves,” write you a few lines in relation to the celebration of West India Emancipation by our friends in the city of Hartford. Extensive arrangements were not made for the celebration many weeks previous, but some few of the young men and women whose minds are enlightened, and whose hearts are in the right place, determined to keep that day which is so sacred to humanity. They met, and appointed a noble committee, and invited the friends of Liberty to meet with them.

The meeting came, fresh, bright, and glorious. A number of the children, with banners, met at the Talcott street Church, and under the direction of Mr. Sam. R. Freeman, marched to the grove where the meeting was to be held. Arriving there, they were joined by hundreds of the old and young, who came in the spirit of freedom to cast their votive offerings upon the altar of Liberty. The assembly was called to order by Mr. Geo. S. Jeffery, and greeted with music by Mitchell’s brass band, of Hartford, in strains which sent ecstatic joy through every heart.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Amos Noah Freeman, pastor elect of the Talcott street Congregational Church, who also, after music by the band, addressed the audience in his usual warm and earnest manner.

The Chairman then introduced the Rev. Amos G. Beman, of New Haven, who presented the following resolutions as a basis of his remarks:

Resolved, That the facts connected with the first day of August, 1834—the day we celebrate—there is cause for gratitude to Almighty God and thanks to the friends of humanity, and a well-grounded confidence in the belief that the earnest and faithful labors of the true and noble men and women in America and Europe will be crowned with success in the overthrow of oppression, and that it is the duty of all the friends of the slave to study these facts, and in their light to toil on for the full and complete redemption of the bondman from his chains.

Resolved, That in this,—which the free people of color can do for the redemption of the slave and their own elevation, and that they are under the highest obligation to God, and to their brethren in bonds, and to those who have toiled and are still toiling so nobly for the establishment of freedom and righteousness, to do all in our power to advance the cause of liberty, justice, humanity, and God.

Resolved, That the progress which has been made in public sentiment and in the improvement of the colored people in all the free States, should stimulate us to higher and more energetic efforts for our welfare as a race, under the inspiring hope, “well-founded and sure,” that notwithstanding all the efforts of all our oppressors, the truth will triumph, and this country will yet be “the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

Resolved, That, to each and to all, we hour pledge ourselves anew to do all we can to do our part of the work, to meet and honor those responsibilities which justly rest upon us in the great struggle now going on in this country and throughout the world for the advancement of social, civil, and religious liberty of man.

At the close of the remarks which were made upon these resolutions, the friends gathered around a bountifully spread board which the committee of arrangements had prepared, and discussed the good things more thoroughly than the resolutions had been; yet there was “enough and to spare.” All participated, and all were happy. Indeed, we have never seen a gathering where there was so much to please, and so little to condemn—where all seemed to live with each other in giving and receiving happiness.

In the evening a large and most respectable audience assembled in the Talcott street Church, where prayer was offered by Rev. Amos G. Beman, and addresses delivered by Rev. A. N. Freeman, and Rev. Geo. H. Washington, of the Zion Church, in Hartford. Mr. Freeman’s address was full of statistics in relation to the West Indies, and had a telling effect upon the audience. We call Mr. Washington’s speech of meeting his mother after a long separation made by slavery—a separation so long that he did not know her—the picture told on every heart, and filled many an eye with tears.

I will not say more of the celebration and of the friends in Hartford at this time. Hartford should do great things for God and humanity. They have two fine churches, boats of friends, honored names in the past—the Coaks, Babcocks, Magazines, Fortes, Swaus, Sanders, Garrisons, and others—and now in the full meridian of life the Davises, the Freemans, the Mitchels, the Crosses, the Patersons, and the Redneys, with able and energetic pastors, to lend them on in the movement of moral improvement. Let the young Mitchels, and Patersons, and Crosses, and the host of young ladies whom an honored parentage has surrounded with all the comforts of domestic and social life, appreciate their privileges, and be servants of humanity in society and pillars in the church of God.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 18th, 1850.

A. G. B.
Revere Park.-Having several years since addressed several letters to you, from Portland, Maine, in reference to the situation of our people there; and having had the privilege of meeting them another visit, I send you a few lines in continuation of what I then wrote you. I left Boston, Mass., on the 30th ult., in company with our mutual and eloquent friend G. W. Knowles of Troy, N. Y., who was on his way to Bangor, Maine, where he was engaged to pass the 1st of August, an account of which you may expect from his pen. It would be needless to say that we were happy together, and as the days flew along time seemed speeded in its flight. On Wednesday evening I accompanied Bro. Freeman to a meeting held by the "Troy Society," a benevolent institution bearing the name of our devoted and noble colleague, Thaddeus. In Esq. of England. It consists now of about thirty members—having doubled since its formation two months ago; and the Female Benevolent societies met in the church with other friends. Singing by the choir—Prayer by Rev. A. N. Freeman, the Pastor of the church—an anthem by the choir—an address by Mrs. B. Beman—closing prayer by Rev. Mr. Dickinson. The Society includes under the directions of the Marshall, Mr. C. M. Manel, then walked to the Hall of the 1st Ward, where a splendid collation had been prepared; and to which ample justice was done, not in words alone, but in deeds. This attended to, addresses were delivered by Bro. Freeman, myself, and Gen. Fessenden, when the celebration concluded, by all hearts, not voices united in a song of praise.

In the evening a public meeting was held and fervent and eloquent addresses were delivered by Rev. A. N. Freeman, Mr. W. Niles and Gen. Fessenden. They passed the day—all seemed happy, and resolved to do more for the poor to-day. May the good resolutions be carried into effect. My heart leaped for joy, when I found myself once more in Portland, confident as I am, mind and body ever will be, while memory endures, with some of the sweetest hours of my existence. Once I stood there a lone stranger; but now, as friends meet—friends hoisted by the golden cord of celestial love.—On Friday evening 1 preached a preparatory sermon, and on the Sabbath went up to the House of God with the friends of the Redeemer. When the table of the Lord was spread, and I looked around upon the audience, a tide of thought almost overpowering rushed over my mind. How had God blessed the labors of Bro. Freeman. More than fifty souls had been added to the church. There were the aged, whose son is even far gone in the western horizon of life—their last days their best days. There were mothers and mothers, redeemed, renewed, and united in bonds never to be severed while eternity rolls on. There were the young, who in the name of Christ, and on the blessed and unceasing dole of the Most High. There were the sons of the Ocean, who had been tossed amongst mighty waves, and swept away by the more fearful tempests of sin—new come to an "anchor sure and steadfast, which is entered into the soul.

There were the old pilgrims of the Cross, who remember the days of darkness and gloom, which once embarrassed that little church, when their faith was sorely tried in the burning furnace of affliction—when God was leading them in a path they knew not. The darkness of the night was gone—the clouds were chased away—the bright and morning star shone in beauty—The Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing in His wings. What changes had been wrought! The dead were alive—the lost were found—the resurrection voice of the gospel had penetrated the silence of the moral tomb, the grave of sin, and summoned them forth into the light of life and joy of day. What changes had been wrought! Family altars had been erected, from whence the sweet incense of pure devotion ascends to the throne of all the world of the names of the sisters who had met in the sanctuary, in the Lecture room, amid the social enjoyments of life; but for the first time (and it was long and slow) the bosom of the deep, some had laid down the cross and taken up the crown. The young and beloved Writer was not there—the well remembred Speaker, whose voice led the words of Zane, was not there—him I remember well. In my mind's eye I can see him, when the last time I heard him to secure the one thing needful and the "big test" on its "big test," of his spirit; the affection of his heart. Thanks to the abundant grace of God, he was led under the direction of his faithful Pastor to that Rock which can never be moved. The precious little Emily Clark was not there, but in a nobler Sanctuary, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Though a child, she showed that from the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise. A few days previous to her death the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to her in the presence of her tender and affectionate parents and a few christian friends. When she had partaken of the bread, she explained "come Lord Jesus, come quickly," having received the cup, she said her work was finished. How lovely in death! Thus—

"She is gone before,"

Till all have passed away,

As morning light and higher shines

To pure and perfect day.

The day is come, the night is

But looks them upon in Heaven's own light.

There is a noble Temperance Society in Portland, of more than two hundred members, under the efficient direction of A. W. Niles, for President. Its influence has done wonders in the increase of prosperity, the improvement of morals, the advance in intelligence and respectability among the people of this city. These two female benevolent societies are performing their part in the rapid improvements, which are taking place in the beautiful city of Portland—the oldest of these, "The Union Benevolent Society," held their annual meeting, before which I had the privilege of making some few remarks on the 5th inst., after which, with many others we passed away the evening, amid a profusion of the good things of this world, where the kind hearted ladies had provided. It seems to me there should be, yet another society in Portland, viz., a Literary Society. In this day when light is everywhere pouring itself abroad, when the streams of knowledge are gushing forth so rich and abundant, when truth is so valuable, when so many immortal minds need to be strengthened and improved, when the harvest is so plentiful, the object to be attained so grand and glorious, when the influence would be so pure and healthful, so far reaching and so beneficial. It would be the means of saving so many valuable fragments of time—for these, and for many other reasons, it seems to me, that in every place there should be a Literary Society existing in full vigor. From this mere sketch you will perceive, what always gladened your heart and strengthened your hands, that the genius of improvement is existing in Portland, an influence which promises the highest, the best, and happiest results, for time, and for eternity. Along the stream, though pleasant path of improvement, may they continue to tread, with the firmness of a giant, and the speed of an angel.

Yours, ever,

New Haven, Aug. 13th, 1844.

[For the Clarion.]
South Carolina. Will the Palmettoes prove a sufficient barrier against the waves of Liberty, as they roll down from the old Bay State, among the "Patriarchal institutions," and dash against the "corner stones" of their Republican Temples? Look at Texas and Mexico, at England and France, and hear the spirit of Liberty thundering—

"Terror, tyranny; false hope at ravries."

What deep and solemn responsibility, then, rests upon us all—what Herculean labors are there for us to perform! The contest now going on will be a severe one, though in the end a triumphal one. "Truth," says Philip, "is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces us to the fire and precision of the morning sun."

Vapors may impede the industry of its progress; but the very resources that would check, only annul and congeal it, until at length it goes forth in the fulness of its merit—life and light and lustre—the ministering object visible in its resurgencies."

Let us have another Convention, then, and still another, until the great battle is fought, and the victory won.

Yours truly,

A. G. B.

New Haven, Dec. 15, 1844.
REV. E. P. ROGERS.

At a meeting of the Presbyterian and Congregational Association, held in Newark, N. J., October 9th, 1862, the following notice in relation to the death of Rev. E. P. Rogers, late pastor of the Planes at Presbyterian church of that city, was read, and will perhaps be read with interest by his numerous friends—who may see it through the columns of the Anglo. The Committee, Rev. Amos O. Benman, Rev. A. N. Freeman, and Rev. Daniel H. Van Devere, reported the following minutes, which, after remarks by the Chairman and Misses Freeman, Levere, Van Devere and others, showing the great estimation in which Brother Rogers was held by all who knew him, and awakening the deepest feelings of sympathy in the audience, was unanimously adopted, and a copy sent to his widow, Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, and is now furnished for publication in your journal.

"Days should speak, and years teach lessons of wisdom." How impressively this truth entered into our minds as we gathered in the annual meeting of our Association, and review the past, and ask the fathers, and inquire if the Prophets do live forever? No! Wright, Corish, Hunt, and Booth are not. Harris, Cook, Gloucester, and Templeton, Brethren beloved are not; and since we last met in Philadelphia, one in whom we all rejoiced, and whose praise was in all our churches, and to whom we gave letters of commendation, and by whom we sent Christian greeting to our brethren in Africa, is no more! He went forth on this mission, and stood with joy on the shores of that distant land, which he had long desired to see, and which God permitted him to be, and then called him to come up higher—that voice our dear brother Elvynas Payson Rogers heard, and said "now let casts thou thy servant depart in peace—for mine eyes have seen this goodly land; and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus at Cape Palmas, Western Africa, January 20th, 1861.

See a beautiful tribute to his worth and memory in the Presbyterian Memorial Almanac for 1861, page 101.

Brethren, though dead, in his life and character he "still lives," and speaks to us: "be thou faithful until death." Faithful in all the relations of life—true to all the interest of humanity, he fell sublime ly, heroically in the path of duty, and won a victor's crown. Who shall next be called from our number? We sympathize with the bereaved church, which has lost a faithful pastor, and with his beloved widow in her irreparable loss, and pray that the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ may be sufficient for them, and that renewed and instructed by this dispensation of Divine Providence, may be also ready, for in such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man will come., A. G. B.
A VISIT TO HARTFORD.

Mr. Editor—I desire to present a few items, an interest of my numerous friends, and do it with your permission very briefly. I have been spending a few days in Hartford, Conn., among the people of this city. My errand there was one of mercy. Having called on the condition of the “contrabands” in Washington and Alexandria by request, I went there to speak of them, and do what I could to cause the kind feeling for them to take some definite and practical shape. This condition was brought forward in the Talbot Congregational church, Rev. A. N. Freeman; and in the First Methodist church, under the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Floyd. Both of these brethren have hearts in the right place, and their pole is level, all look forward with great earnestness, and are now engaged in preparing boxes or barrels of things which will cause the hearts of the women and children for whom they are at work, to “leap for joy.”

Nowhere have I met with more intelligent, practical friends of the slave’s freedom, as Doctor Tyng calls them, or the “Lord’s poor,” as all their able and long time to come, the “truth of history” will describe them. Long, long must they suffer from the effects of that bondage which historic has crushed them beneath the heel of the proud oppressor. Long must the Christian bands hold to the task of clothing the naked—teaching the ignorant—and preaching the gospel to the poor; and blessed are they who take part in this holy work.

There is much in Hartford which is deeply interesting. If all the most eminent friends of humanity could have been here, it is not that everything has not been accomplished since great and difficult work of elevating the colored people, and improving their social and moral condition, was commenced by the men of the past generation, still they did not “labor in vain—or spend their strength for naught.” The social comfort and refinement of many families, the spirit that industry and frugality is rewarded; and the general intelligence of the people proves that they are “read, lowly, and dignified.” These things upon which their highest welfare depends. In mingling with them I often thought—how shall all this cultivation be made effectively useful? Surely there are many here who are teachers of sacred music, and instructors of schools, can exert a wide influence for good among those who are “sons of their home and flesh of their flesh” (if a door was open to them. Not to mention all, I will name H. H. Plato, who holds in his right hand a diploma which he received when he graduated from the High School of the City of Hartford; and if my friend, E. M. Thomas, of Washington, who takes such an enthusiastic interest in works of art and artists, could see the manifestation of skill and genius which Nelson Augustus Primos shows on his hands, his heart would rejoice, and his tongue, if possible, grow more eloquent and enthusiastic in relation to artists among us as a people, and an examination of Master Charles P. Cleggert would find a new joy into his mind. With that fostering care, and diligent culture which genius requires and talent demands—Hartford will yet be proud of these young minds.

We expect to see our friends here again, and complete our work in behalf of the contrabands, and perhaps write you a line, Mr. Editor, for I find that everything published in the “Angle” becomes “familiar, household words” with the good people of Hartford.

A. G. B.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF PRESBYTERIANS AND CONGREGATIONALISTS.

This association held its annual meeting in Newark, N.J., commencing Thursday evening, Oct. 9th, and was opened with a prayer by the President, Rev. E. J. Adams, after which it adjourned until Friday morning, the 10th inst., and elected the following officers for the ensuing year—Rev. Daniel H. Van Deer, President; Amos H. Freeman, Vice-President; George W. Levere, Secretary; E. J. Adams, Treasurer; Amos G. Freeman and John B. Beebe, Corresponding Secretary. The Committee on Devotional Exercises—the Best Means for Promoting the Redeemer’s Kingdom in our Churches and among our People—were as follows: Members of this committee.

Interesting remarks were made by several of the members of the association during its meeting in the day; and in the evening a public meeting was held in the Pine St. Presbyterian Church, and addresses were delivered upon the following themes presented by the Committee on Devotional Exercises—The Best Means for Promoting the Redeemer’s Kingdom in our Churches and among our People.

Upon this subject remarks were made by Deacon of New Haven, Levere of Brooklyn, Reeve of Philadelphia, Freeman of Hartford, and Thompson of Brooklyn.

On Saturday various matters were attended to, and appointments made for the Sabbath, and the order of business arranged for Monday. A series of resolutions upon the state of the country, by the Rev. J. N. Gloucester, were read and referred to a committee of which he was made the chairman.

On Monday the association met as per adjournment, and the various orders of the day taken up and acted upon—also the report of the Committee on the state of the country, and the resolutions introduced by Rev. J. N. Gloucester adopted, also resolutions on temperance, and the education of young men for the ministry.

Reports were heard from pastors on the condition of their churches and people, in which much food for thought was presented to all who love Zion.” After which the committee reported a minute to go on record of the death of Rev. E. P. Rogers, which was read, and remarks made by the chairman and by Brother A. M. Freeman, Vanderwoude, Gloucester, and others, amid the deepest silence, and tears of all present. Brother Freeman, also, in some eloquent remarks, spoke of this meeting, and that perhaps we should not all meet again, bringing most forcibly to our mind similar remarks which he made in Philadelphia, and which were responded to by Rev. Mr. Templeton, who so often after went from trial to reward.” The solemnity of the hour impressed itself upon every heart.

A large and intelligent audience assembled in the evening, and were addressed by Gloucester, Beman, Levere, Freeman and Adams, upon our condition in this country, and the duties now incumbent upon us as a people. I have not professed, Mr. Editor, to give you a detailed account of the doings of the association during its several sessions, but simply to note the fact of its meeting and say that its spirit was one of great harmony. It was good to be there,” and mingle with its members—granting for the first time in an annual meeting, Thompson, the eloquent young Cyprian of the Sinai Church in Brooklyn, and Reeve, the learned young Associate of the Central Church in Philadelphia, whose addresses on Friday evening caused the hearts of the “Patriots” to “leap for joy.”

All must excuse the brevity of these remarks, and procure a copy of the minutes to learn the details of the doings of the association—its plans, and the means by which it hopes under God to accomplish its mission of good for our people. It is due to the good people of Newark to say that everything was done on their part to make the meeting of the association there a memorable one, and agreeable to the last. By an almost unanimous vote it was decided to meet there again on the first Wednesday in October, 1848.
THE VOICE OF NEW-ENGLAND.

By H. G. WHITMAN.

Up the hillsides, down the glen,
Risen the sleeping cities,
Stirrung up the night of men!

Like a bun crouching low,
Like a great column rising slow,
Like the trend of spring lover,

It is coming—it is right!

Stand your homes and stately be,

On your own free hearthstone sit,

Clear the bells in all your spires,
On the gray dome of your steeple ring our signal fire.

From Wachusett, base and bleak,
Into Berkshires' valley steep,
Let the flames herals spread.

O, for God and Duty stand,
Hear to heart, and hand with hand,
Round the old graved of your land.

Whose shrines and altars now,
What is the yoke would bow,
Brand the steers on his brow.

We have only left us space
For a free and fearless race
Now for brothers take and hate,

Like the Annals' voicesalute
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying of the end of Time.

In the proud ear of the South,
With one heart and with one mouth,
Utter Freedom's mighty word.

* Make our Union bond a chain—
We will not fly in twain,
We will stand erect again!*

* Give us bright though broken rays,
Rather than eternal haze.
Clothing for the desolate place.*

* Keep your land of sun and moon,
Only leave to Freedom room
For her Forge and Flow and Flame.*

* Tell your Shirley blackened rage,
Give us not our own fierce gales,
Blowing on our thousand miles.*

* Love, as friends, meet and vile,
On the frills of upland Till,
Locate of your glorious chain.*

* Live, if it be life to dwell
In your own silent, stilled
Beneath flames of fire and blast.*

* One black hill shall not and slow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,

* And who amongst your riders,
Blister shall ye turn your way
As the dashed upon Paradise!*°

* We will not our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother hand,
Freedom's brown and honest hand.*

* Valley by the Slave enticed,
And the Pilgrim's rugged sod,
Blessed of all future God.*

POETRY.
New Text-Books.

1. PROF. WOOD'S NEW CLASS-BOOK OF BOTANY. 32 pages, with numerous illustrations, price 75.

2. GIBSON AND VAN NOORD'S COMPLETE FRENCH CLASS-BOOK. 160 pages, with numerous illustrations, price 95.

3. MARKETING POLITICAL ECONOMY, containing a number of instructive and practical essays on the subject of Manufacturing and Commercial. Price 50.


5. REV. W. R. WILKINS'S NEW HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND. Price 1.50.

6. ASHLEY, ANTHONY AND TAYLOR'S CHEMICAL APOTHECARY, adapted for use as a Text-Book, with numerous illustrations, price 12.

Published by A. S. BARNES & CO.
16th and 17th Sts., N.Y.
25th ANNIVERSARY
OF
2d Congregational Church.

ADMIT THE BEARER.

Watchman what of the night?

"If ye will inquire, inquire ye, return, come."

New York, Monday September 28, 1864.

At a preliminary Meeting of the Presbyterians of the City of Brooklyn, and of New York, organized by the Presbyterians of the City of Brooklyn, of New York, the officers of the Church were elected by the committee.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1st. That a Convention of Presbyterian and Congregationalists of the United States, be held in the City of New York, on November 22, 1864.

2d. That the object of the convention will be to promote the interests of our Churches throughout the country, and to adopt measures to form a permanent organization for that purpose.

3d. That the Ministers of each church be invited to attend with a lay delegate, consisting of one Elder or Deacon.

4th. That each church be requested to defray the expenses of the delegates as far as practicable.

The Convention will be opened with a sermon at 10 o'clock in the morning, by the Rev. W. M. CATO, of Philadelphia, Pa.

The Committee of Arrangements will provide for the accommodation of the delegates; and will meet them at the church on Wednesday afternoon.

The business meetings will be held mornings and afternoons. Preaching every evening by members of the Convention.

N. B. All churches intending to be represented will please make it known to either of the Secretaries, at the earliest possible date.

Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, Chairman.
A. N. Freeman, 92 Nassau street, Brooklyn,
H. M. Wilson, 8 Marion Street, N. Y.

Secretary.

-----

The Second Baptist Church.

Saturday, February 7, 1865.

The Rev. G. Beman will preach in this Church, Sunday afternoon and evening. Subject in the evening: "The Controversy."
For Frederick Douglass’ Praises.

From our New Haven Correspondent.

New Haven, Oct. 4th, 1854.

The State Meeting of the colored men in the State of Connecticut was held in the city of New Haven last week. Nearly everyone in the State was represented in the Convention; and in many places from which there was no delegate, a letter of congratulation was sent by some warm friend who could not be present in person. There is much connected with our past history which came up in all its original freshness and power on our recent visit to that place. We went to Middlesex in the 25th of September, and in the evening attended the public meeting of deep interest. The meeting was held in the first colored church ever built for the colored people in that State—the first one we were ever in, belonging to them. With the friends of Middlesex, we were present from Norwalk and Lynn, who, by their eloquent statements, gave interest and dignity to the meeting.—Natural and true train of reason turned upon the past. It was more than twenty years since we took our “staff” in the morning of youth, and in the brightness of hope, and went to Hartford to take school. Since that hour, how many changes have been wrought in all directions! Having made up our minds to visit Middlesex, we spent some hours unloosing the pages of memory’s book, to recite a lesson there written with the point of a diamond on tablets more enduring than brass or marble. Middlesex was our home for more than three years. It was in this city that we commenced, and nigh enough the improvement of our musical talents. It was not in that day as the present time. Now schools and colleges of the first grade are open on every hand. This is a happy state of things. You must be prepared, and your parents are prepared, and your friends are prepared. We, when we started, had not the advantage of knowledge almost without money and without price. Our course was therefore hard and protracted. This is true. For a year or two, we were on the perilous students in Wesleyan University teaching for the reward. In 1832, Rev. Orman H. Ray having failed in the Academy at William, Mass., came to Middlesex and entered the college, for the purpose of preparing for a course in medicine. Here he found many of his former classmates, and fellow students in his preparatory course; but they hardly knew him, although they had been on terms of friendship and intimacy in the Academy. “A change had come over the spirit of his dreams;” a storm was brevity—they had made up their minds to “change their circumstances and cast him away.” “Coming events cast their shadows before.” It was soon learned that Mr. Ray must leave the University. After several angry meetings among the students, he was compelled to leave—turn from the path of intellectual culture—sweep his noble aspirations after knowledge—strike his back upon the Society and, by his knowledge, he knew not whether, for an education. Who shall describe his feelings in that bitter hour? Let the world judge. He was a young man of splendid moral and religious character—a companion in the Methodist Episcopal Church, with an intellect in his pocket. Many of the “blessed names” in the institution were “true believers” in the institution, and many students were “true believers,” and all students were “true believers,” and all students were “true believers,” and all students were “true believers,” and all students were “true believers.”

The Convention was called to order by the President, James G. Beman, who delivered a written address to the delegates, a copy of which will be published in the Logi of the Convention in a pamphlet. It is not necessary, therefore, for us to speak in a particular matter of the proceedings of the meetings. Reports and letters from various parts of the State showed that the people were everywhere making progress in all those things in which and upon which we direct attention and depend. It was good to hear them. All hearts and hands were united; and, thanks to the Committee of Arrangements, everything was prepared in such a thorough manner, as to make the delegations and speakers quite happy during their stay in the city. We met and labored in the spirit of God, and we sang up to the east, with a resolution to make the position of 04 Connecticut such as to cheer the hearts of all our brethren in different parts of the State—such as to animate all the friends of freedom in the country. Connections will make progress, and we cannot be heard in bands as bound together.

Truly yours,

A. G. B.

For the Hartford Republicans.

A Correction.

Mr. Beman—I notice that your correspondent “Norman,” in giving an account of the “Central Methodist” Convention, held at Middlesex, Sept. 20th, has fallen unwittingly into a mistake in regard to a statement which I made, and which I desire to correct.

The statement of “Norman” is this—“We did not arrive until late in the afternoon, and when we entered, the Rev. A. G. Beman had the floor, reporting on the condition and prospects of the colored people of New Haven City and County. Mr. B. contrasted their present condition with what it was twenty years ago. But times have changed. The best school in the State of Connecticut, for the education of colored children in company with white children is now found in the city of Middlesex. How it came to open its doors for all, without distinction of color, will form an interesting chapter in the moral progress, which has been made in the few years now under review. It was in Middlesex that we were the first number of the Liberator, and its origin was taken deep into our soul. That paper, and “Wallace’s Arrows,” and the addresses of Mr. Garner, and his “Thoughts on Emancipation,” were read and re-read until their words were stamped in letters of fire upon our soul. The first time we ever spoke in a public meeting was in that city, in behalf of the Liberator, and against the Colonization Society. One of the last things which we did before we left to attend the Convention, was to read the Address of W. E. Garman in the colored people of this country, and for injustice of laborers, for power of thought, for beauty of style, for shrill appeal, and for valuable service, its equal is not to be found amidst all the rich array of Anti-Slavery literature which the past twenty years has produced. Would that it could be republished, and a copy of such placed in every home in America!”

The Convention was called to order by the President, James G. Beman, who delivered a written address to the delegates, a copy of which will be published in the Logi of the Convention in a pamphlet. It is not necessary, therefore, for us to speak in a particular matter of the proceedings of the meetings. Reports and letters from various parts of the State showed that the people were everywhere making progress in all those things in which and upon which we direct our attention and depend. It was good to hear them. All hearts and hands were united; and, thanks to the Committee of Arrangements, everything was prepared in such a thorough manner, as to make the delegations and speakers quite happy during their stay in the city. We met and labored in the spirit of God, and we sang up to the east, with a resolution to make the position of 04 Connecticut such as to cheer the hearts of all our brethren in different parts of the State—a position that shall animate all the friends of freedom in the country. Connections will make progress, and we cannot be heard in bands as bound together.

Truly yours,

A. G. B.
TRIALS AND PERSECUTIONS IN THE SOUTH.
A meeting was held last evening in the Union Baptist Church (colored), Little Pine street, above Fifth, for the purpose of inducing an address to be delivered by Rev. John Green, a colored bachelor, who has been doing good service in the Southern States in behalf of the Republican party, under the auspices of the Congressional Executive Committee. On account of a misunderstanding as to the place of the meeting, the audience was not as large as was expected.

Professor A. M. Groen, called the meeting to order by proposing Rev. John Underwood as chairman, and Rev. John Green, New York, and A. M. Groen, Connecticut, as the vice-presidents, who were unanimously elected. Professor Green then introduced Mr. Lewis, chairman.

The People's Journal
Rev. Rufus L. Perry, Boston.
Brooklyn, Sunday, December 21st 1867.

Rev. Amos G. Brown—All right.
See Freeman's Tournament.

The Evening Standard
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Saturday, Nov. 9.
Rev. Mr. Brown of Tennesse, Agent of the Freedman's Board of Home Missions, will preach in the A. M. E. Zion Church, to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock.
GRAND CELEBRATION!

The Colored citizens of Greene County will hold a Grand Celebration in this village, on

THURSDAY, THE 15th DAY OF AUGUST, 1867.

At which time there will be a procession and Address by Rev. AMOS G. BEMAN, and others.

The Committee will prepare a Dinner for all who may favor them with their patronage, sparing no pains in their power to accommodate all their friends. The avails will be appropriated towards building a School-House on the Lot of land which they have already paid for.

The Committee cordially invite all the friends of the elevation and improvement of the colored People to join with them on that day.

The members of the U. L. A. will turn out in full. All members of other Leagues are earnestly invited to meet with them on the 15th day of August 1867.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENT.

Wm. Jackson, Warren Williams,
Sam'l Greer, Albert Gaston,
John Arter, Edward M. Dickson.

Greenenville, Tenn. July 22, 1867.

PUBLIC DOCUMENT.
LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.
2d Session, 31st Congress,
1869-70.
SENATE U. S.

Mr. Amos & Beman
81 Howe St
New Haven
Conn

C. Whelk
Amos S. Beman &
81 Howe St
New Haven
Conn
For Frederick Douglass Paper. New Haven, Sept. 9th, 1855.

The subject of slavery—and the question: What has the North to do with it? has been ground above many seasons in this community, within a few days, with great earnestness.

Great, Daniel Halyott, of the Schooner Pest, Entreprentes, of 1848, has been here with his narrative for sale. On the evening of the 23 inst., he lectured in the Temple St. Church to a very large audience, for an hour and a half, in which he gave a history of that affair, and of his experience when in the hands of slaveholders, and in the prison at the national capital. He seems an honest and faithful man, and many little notice open some other door for him; and let the friends of the slave help him and encourage him wherever he may go, on his mission of love.

23. While we were engaged with him, we were called upon, by a friend, to go and see the conductor of one of the Underground Railroads, who had just arrived with some passengers from Alabama, the particulars of which may not be stated, at the present time, for the route must be traveled over again, a few, to bring those who are left behind. We only wish to assure the friends that those who have assisted us all, and have the prospect of doing well. They speak, in public, of the road, and of the friends and friends of the conductor.

A large number of friends greeted them yesterday in the Temple St. Church, and tendered to them sympathy and “moral aid!” and assured them, that if they had the joy among South to have the services of a Northern citizen, for the time being, that they would feel that partial weight of the burden, which cannot be found in the land of beauty and chains.

For the Journal and Courier.

New Haven, Sept. 9th, 1856.

The Journal and Courier.

New Haven, September 9th 1856.

For the Journal and Courier.

New Haven, Sept. 9th, 1856.
The Palladim.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A SLAVE DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.—Rev. Dr. J. W. C. Pennington, who died a few weeks ago at Jacksonville, Fla., thirty years ago was a Congregational minister at Hartford, Ct. He was then a recent baptism, had a fine intelligent countenance, black as ebony. He was received as a member by, and attended weekly ministerial meetings with, Revs. Hawes, Buck- nell and Daggett, and was highly respected by them and by all the churches for his attain- ments as a scholar, and his real worth and piety as a minister. Suddenly he vanished from sight. Some time after, it came out that he had fled because he was a runaway slave, and was in danger of falling into the clutches of his master. He was shortly received in England and Germany, where he attracted much attention for his abilities. In Germany he was estima- ted by the title of D. D., from the Universi- ty of Heidelberg—probably the first ever given to a slave.

Returning to this country, he received a ti- tle to himself, which had been bestowed by J. D. Hocker, who boasted that he had brought a live D. D. He went to Jacksonville about a year since in broken health, and bending un- der the infirmities of years. There he ded- icated himself to the good of the colored peo- ple, galleries a Presbyterian church, among them, of earnest, working Christianians— the only colored church in the state in connection with the united general assembly. In his last days he has done a great and good work, which, we hope, an earnest successor may be able to carry on.

BRIDPORT FEVER.—A new feature in den- sity is recorded in the "Transactions of the Ophthalmological Society of London." It consists in the replacement of teeth which have been extracted. In other words, it has been found that in cases of inflammation about the roots of a tooth, the latter may be taken out, scraped and cleaned, reinserted and to do duty again. The method of procedure is to remove the teeth and clean them in a caustic, filling them up, after cleaning with metallic acid, with compound and plicated with the same; next to wrap the teeth, but preserving the nerves, some gauze, and cover the gauze with cement mixture about the bone. After basking in a solution of nitric acid, return to its place. The London Lancet says, speaking of this "fever" : Mr. Lysons states the cases of over one hundred and twenty in which teeth supported until they became firm.

At a public meeting held by the colored people of New Haven in the Hall on Wednesday evening, January 13th, 1870, for the pur- pose of hearing the report of the committee under whose auspices the Proclamation of Emancipation by President Lincoln had been celebrated on the 3d instant, a beautiful song was presented to the meeting by Mr. Wm. H. Hancock from Mrs. Eliza H. Mace of New Ha- ven, and received much great enthusiasm, and a speech by Mr. Henry D. Phillips. After a series of speeches by Rev. Asa G. Beman, Mr. Charles Melan and Capt. James H. Wi- lkinson, the meeting closed with the appointment of a noble and splendid banner, and that is committed to the care of Dr. J. W. Hancock for safe keeping, for the use of the colored people of New Haven, in accordance with the wishes of the kind donor.

Respectfully your obedient servants,
A. E. O. Beman,
G. M. R.
J. H. W.

New Haven, January 15, 1870.

Berkshire County Eagle

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

It is well known in the different parts of the state that the Second Presbyterian Church (West) was closed down in consequence of a public, with the exception of a few weeks in the fall of 1869. Several attempts were made to secure a pastor, but being unsuccessful in their selection they were about giving up the cause, when their friends turned to change, and Rev. Asa G. Beman was employed as stated supply. Since July 1st, 1870, Rev. Mr. Beman has labored among them with marked success. At the present time they are enjoying a very interesting revival of religion. Ten have recently found a home in Christ, and are expecting to unite with the church next Sabbath. Since July 1st they have raised among themselves three hundred and twenty dollars, out of which they have paid their preacher, repaired their church edifice and given twenty-five dollars to charitable and educational purposes. The average attendance at the Sabbath school is 47, and the pence contribution for the last six weeks has amounted to thirteen dollars. About four hundred verses have been committed to memory and recited. Last Sabbath, in view of the study of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, the school showed that they had not been idle, and their answers were intelligent and prompt. This society is poor, and needs the sympathy and aid of the charitable public; and we hope that the colored people of Pittsfield will receive sufficient aid to secure a permanency in this good work.
RESOLUTIONS
ON THE DEATH OF
William Lloyd Garrison.
Adopted by the Middletown Mental Improvement Society.

Whereas, God in his all-wise providence has removed from the scene of earthly struggles and triumphs, William Lloyd Garrison, a life-long advocate of equal rights and humanity, and
Whereas, In the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed he was ever found first and foremost, suffering imprisonment and enduring privation for the sake of principles and justice.

Resolved, That while bowing in submission to the will of the Supreme Ruler, we have great cause for thanksgiving, that he was permitted to live until universal emancipation was an assured fact, and the mankind of the black man acknowledged through constitutional legislation.

Resolved, That in the character of William Lloyd Garrison, in his deep devotion to principle and in his unyielding faith in the ultimate triumph of right, we have an example that is worthy of our respect and emulation.

Resolved, That in his death our race and the oppressed of all nations have lost a true-hearted friend and benefactor, and that in the long roll of earnest workers in the cause of liberty, the name of William Lloyd Garrison shall stand conspicuous as worthy of the applause and veneration of all mankind.
IN MEMORY OF GARRISON.

Last evening the Mental Improvement Society, connected with the A. M. E. Church, held a meeting for recalling the anti-slavery experiences in this city. The President of this society, C. A. C. Beeman, read a carefully prepared history of the anti-slavery movement in our country, especially referring to the important work of Mr. Garrison.

The first speaker, Mr. L. C. Beeman, spoke of the foundational principles of Mr. Garrison. For this cause many had suffered in this city. He had seen this very street—Cross street—crowded with those worse than southern bloodhounds. Men high in society stood ready to fire on their fellow men. A man was mobbed because he dared open his rooms to teach any who would attend. Today those claims are lifted. The gallant 20th C. V.—a colored regiment—held a position where other troops had been driven back.

Mr. Benjamin Douglass gave some of his recollections. Forty-five years ago, he said, such a meeting as this could not have been held. In December, 1834, the first anti-slavery meeting in this city was mobbed. The place was the old shop corner of Broad and William Streets. Rev. Mr. Dennyson and Mr. Dale were kicked and bashed through William Street to Main. Mrs. Douglass, who then lived at her house, on the corner of Main and William, was herself a witness of this. Afterwards, at an anti-slavery prayer-meeting, held in the house of Jesse G. Baldwin, who then lived where Mr. Henry G. Hubbard now lives on Union Street, there were present Mr. Work, who afterwards labored with Lovejoy, Prof. Hulcy, Deacon Lewis, Father Burnell, and others. A mob gathered and the meeting was broken up. The Mayor was present, but did not check them. Edwin Hunt was attacked on Main Street to the Masonic House, where he was rescued. Father Burnell was kicked over the pick, and Deacon Lewis was chased across the lot. Rev. Mr. Dennyson said the first work in New England was done here, and he called the old shop—now a part of Douglass factory—the cradle of liberty. Mr. Work, who was here then, was arrested imprisoned ten years in Mass. for ferrying negroes across a river. On another occasion, a mob attacked a company gathered in the old lecture room of the South Church, when Esquire Griswold read the riot act to them, that they might know that the law was against them, but nothing was done with them. Mr. Douglass said he himself was a young man and merely a looker on then, but his sympathies were with the few. People now see that Mr. Garrison was right. He was only in advance of his time. He came in answer to the prayers of slave mothers, who had no other refuge, as they saw their little ones sold from them. We are here taught to have more faith in our prayers. I thank God I have lived to see some grand and useful times; Garrison's opinions helped to form my character.

Prof. Harrington being called upon, said he was glad the colored people had started this society and wished them much profit from it. Though young at the time, he recalled the underground railway, as called. One of their songs so impressed him that he composed some music for it. His brother sang the song at a concert in Lisbon, New Hampshire, twenty years ago, and was himself. This question is settled when we confess a black man is a man. The little stone has filled the land. Garrison's name will be exalted among the heroes of the earth. When the people laughed at a statue when Phidias told them to wait till it was in its place, then they praised the superior work. So with Garrison. Let the black men imitate him by growing in intellect.

Mr. Locals was called upon, but his remarks were few owing to the lateness of the hour.

It was then voted that the name of the society, the Middlesex Mental Improvement Society, be changed to The Garrison Literary Society. Votes of thanks were given to the speakers, another selection read from Mr. Garrison's writings, and then came the adjournment.

Letters regarding inability to be present at the meeting, were received from Hon. John M. Douglas and Rev. C. D. Foss, of this city, and Rev. J. W. Brown, of New Haven.

TO HENRY CLAY.

Still stand erect! our hope and trust,
When her is trampled in the dust,
When our silent, yet green graves
Are worn by the spoiler’s ruthless tos.

The woe of the drowning dream—
And men of those who rise, by side, by side,
Smite the Lion of the United States’ pride.

Sighing for maternal &
For bread the blow, and life for life!

Let where the public timer,
To overset their need power once more,
Shrink back from the word—I open wide
The flood gates of corruption’s tide—

Triumphant in thy country’s eye
Undisgraced from its memory,
And asking nothing but to show
How for a patriot’s soul can go.

And those whose true is fixed on thee—
Ebb up not to an idol down,
They sneer alike the free and bound;
And, asking no reward of gold

For bartered faith, for honor sold,
Seek, Findful to their better days and home,
Not barren’s wealth, but that of home.

Whirl'd,

[Text continues on the next page]
A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

[From the Boston Magazine]

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

By J. N. Miltion.

They led the warrior to his couch,
And calmly laid him down,
They surrounded the pillow for his head,
This soon should wear the crown
Of yonboddy light, prepared for him
In the heat of crowded days.
Where those bedside herbs had saved,
Baptized their Redemptive's lape.

The armor of his hallowed faith
Shine bright upon his form,
Brilliant success and brightened it
In many a battle storm,
That armor in early youth,
His humility and pride,
The gift of heavenly grace to him
By his authorized.
He wore it when revellers raised
Their impious voices high.
It shielded him in peril's hour,
In it he shone so ill,
'Twas highest happiness to gain
A death so nobly fought
The warlike hallowed shield should be
In which he fought.

Glorious the Christian hero falls
From early drawn tree,
Beneath the reign of the cross,
Waving in triumph,
Behind him gracing on its fold
Arms for his release;
High hopes of glory are in his heart;
His seeing death's door, "Are you?"
To ask the morning fable.
If his death-couch may be
The secret lighted vigilace
Of instauration;
And if it grace, the charm,
Or joyful hope may be
If he can stem of fate his gain.
He may his glory claim.

"Peace, peace," were the last words of the Rev. Aniontime during a family meeting.

The SLAVE MOTHER'S FAREWELL

May God have mercy on us, man, and save us our slaves from bondage.

My guide, my beautiful, my love and my soul.

I would the latter more that simply young and prosperous men were at the window.

And yet now I have watched above their infant sleep,
With love, whose gentle touch above their infant sleep.
When strong though my formal bonds the thought that
Shall, with the mother's smile, a pang of agony.

My boy! My boy! I say, when I see you and your
The more lusted for my dear one,
And an invincible soul of me.

They will turn toward the panth, the globe, and book.

On the high and the prison of the coming year.

"Farewell! Farewell!" They tear their hearts away.
And yet my heart leaps on.

How can it be, when we are weight of days when they are not in our power?
May our! May our! Eternal bonds have broken forever.
And turn them with a motherly grasp forever from my hold.
I LEAN UPON THEE.

Tremendous troubles small and great, and change around;
In the world’s events, the high and low may even be found;
Yet still I’ll not fear. for thou art ever near.
And that’s the reason why I love thee, why I love thee so.

The bright of the morning may fade or be dim,
And the sun may set some day, but I’ll not be dim.
I’ll hold thee steadily, steadily by my side.

Though the heart be sorrowful, yet shall I be cheerful;
THE BRIDAL

The bride is near, the guests are all near,
The best man may stand at the altar near,
The groom’s father may come near, the groom’s father near.
The bride’s mother near, the bride’s mother near.
The heart of the bridegroom is filled with joy,
The heart of the bridegroom is filled with joy.
The bride’s face is lighted, the bride’s face is lighted.
The heart of the bride is filled with joy,
The heart of the bride is filled with joy.

Flowers

BY E. A. BISHOP

A thousand wild flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.

Where foot of man hath hitherto trod,
Where human voice is seldom heard—

To the soul, the soul that seeks to find

Love and tenderness, love and tenderness.

To the heart, the heart that needs to love,

A thousand sound flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.

Where foot of man hath hitherto trod,
Where human voice is seldom heard—

To the soul, the soul that seeks to find

Love and tenderness, love and tenderness.

To the heart, the heart that needs to love,

A thousand wild flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.

Where foot of man hath hitherto trod,
Where human voice is seldom heard—

To the soul, the soul that seeks to find

Love and tenderness, love and tenderness.

To the heart, the heart that needs to love,

A thousand sound flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.

Where foot of man hath hitherto trod,
Where human voice is seldom heard—

To the soul, the soul that seeks to find

Love and tenderness, love and tenderness.

To the heart, the heart that needs to love,

A thousand wild flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.

Where foot of man hath hitherto trod,
Where human voice is seldom heard—

To the soul, the soul that seeks to find

Love and tenderness, love and tenderness.

To the heart, the heart that needs to love,

A thousand sound flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.

Where foot of man hath hitherto trod,
Where human voice is seldom heard—

To the soul, the soul that seeks to find

Love and tenderness, love and tenderness.

To the heart, the heart that needs to love,

A thousand wild flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.

Where foot of man hath hitherto trod,
Where human voice is seldom heard—

To the soul, the soul that seeks to find

Love and tenderness, love and tenderness.

To the heart, the heart that needs to love,

A thousand sound flowers have their birth
In many a lonely spot of Earth.
A SKETCH.

By James Henry Carleton.

I'll ask one simple question—
There stands a man created by the God
That form'd the arch of heaven—that made the sun—
The moon and stars, and every living thing.
And when his word was done, pronounced it good.
God is a righteous God!

That man breathes the same air as other breather—
Is warmed by the same sun—chilled by the cold—
His hunger is appeased by the same food—
Can feel the joys—is subject to the pain—
Has every sense that other man possess—
Had the same passions—impulses—desires—
Can love—and sympathize—his joys and fears—
And its solitude—the terror after fame—
Passions for glory, and lofty thoughts, and
And ambition—hunger to be great—same
As dwell within the breasts of other men—

He is a husband—has a wife to love,
And she loves that very life with adoration—
And the same care she Shelter's hand and heart
And interweave with his very life—

That others feel.

He is a parent, too—his little ones
Are dear to him—very dear to him;
And their sweet gentle, and many gay,
And spacious gambols, make his ears seem light,
And makes his joy that life is not a load.
He loves his children; when they are little waggles.
First sign—how father!—how the tears of joy,
And echo, their voices? They are the same
In every point of view—scent to the same he
As other people's children are to them.

Is a slave.

The husband, wife, and little children, are slaves—
Are held in bondage, too, by christian men,
And their inheritance—stolen and stolen—
My fellow mortals—what must appear
At such a Bar, before the Almighty God.
With them, and me—where there's no difference made—
Between the black and white, the poor and rich—
And slavery the uppermost and oppressed—
Where all will stand upon an equal ground—
Before a Judge who knows no partiality—
I pray you answer me—say—
Is that right?

I'll ask one other question,
Let not enough that they do toil and starve,
And their fathers—bear their griefs together.
No, not but mother's heart and soul,
And the time, the broken and the broken—
And the tears of joy, the tears of sin—
And they are scourged.

Husbands! Fathers! Men!
If in your bosom there is left one drop
Of blood that courses pily through your veins,
Look on this picture, (blessed though it be),
And let your conscience feel as homely tender,
And then before your God, and by the hope
You have in Heaven, answer—
Is that right?

Look on that fond woman—see her tears,
As she clings to the children's brand of life—
Behold her mother's hands raised toward Heaven,
And hear her supplications—here and there—
That they'll not part the mother from her baby—
The heart-broken lads that tear her quivering flesh

And see that many bands—how it leaves
With grief unspeakable! See the gushing tears
Roll down his cheek: He weeps—why, would weep;
When your heart was given to him, as in his
As he is in the midst of those crying boys,
Now running to him for a last embrace—
He is the husband of that blinding form
He's fading to his bosom:—
That was his last farewell.

They're parted now—

The side the grave—Ask you

Was it right?

The Stranger and His Friend.

By James Montgomery.

Or, Have you done it unto me?—Mat. xxv. 40.

A poor wandering man of grief
Has often crossed me on my way,
Who seemed so hungry for relief—
That I could never avert his gaze.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whether he went, or where he came—
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I know not why.
Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He setled—not a word he spoke—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate—but gave me part again.

Was it not an angel's portion then?
For while I fed with hunger's taste,
That crust was manna to my taste.
I spied him where a fountain burst—
Close from the rock; his strength was gone:
The headless water mark'd his thine—
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I saw the sufferer cry,

He setled his feet, and flew—
To tell him welcome to my roof;
I spied the sudden gleam in his eye,
Laid him in my own couch to rest—
The hour of mercy came—
And I bid him enter the Eden; the garden
I dream'd.

I send him to his father—

To meet a stranger's doom at once:
The tale of dying tongues I shorten,
And honored him with kind and care—
My friendship's utmost heart to try—
He sold me all for bread to buy—

And all the pains of sorrow—

On his knees, in my view,
The stranger darted from disguise—
The thorns in his mantle I know,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes—
He smiled, and my poor heart was stilled—
For she that thou hast not ashamed;
Thee shall not the memorial be—
Fear not, they shall bring them unto me.
A Word with Mothers.

By Susan A. Wicker.

The mother is in the holding spring of her household, and on her, mainly depends their happiness. The father has a mighty influence; we know; but it is subordinate in most instances to hers. In the little world of home, she is the sun, the star, and must that world become, when these orbs are affected, or even briefly overcome. Let her complain of her cares, describe her endless toil and vexations—never the ear with her discouragements—and above all, let her speak in secret tones, or with a frowning brow, and how unavailing will be her best efforts to promote the happiness of her family. Well-directed as they otherwise may be, they will be insufficient to restore the peace, which her overpowering spirit has disturbed. She can be notable in every department of household skill—it may even seek wool and flax, and work diligently in her hands—she may “rise when it is yet night, and give meat to her household” obsequies as such practices have become in these modern days—yet if she be the sweetest—impotent of conditions—more ready to curse than comment—if she cannot have composition on the weak and erring among her flock—if she exacts more than is just—I ask, does such a mother rightly consider that her high and holy duties? Does she make the home that happy place, which shall cause it to be preferred to every other spot on earth? No—she has repeated again, and again, that no diligence or success in the mere minutiae of household comforts, can possibly alone for the absence of a “meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God,” and of man too, “is of great price.”

What wife, what mother does not know that she was chosen to be the solace and the cheerer of her husband? That for this, she sought her love—perhaps endured hardships and privations to win it, thinking by this boon to create for himself an atmosphere of perpetual peace and kindness, and this?

“Ah my sweet angel every care should cease.”

Alas for him, if with the golden days of romance those hopes have vanished! If the eyes which once shone on him only with tenderness, are ever permitted to dart a burning ray of anger or impatience, adieu to his dreams of delight! Instead of breathing an atmosphere of love, he must henceforth be subjected to that most capricious thing—a woman’s temper—and find his home a happy or a cheerless place, according as good humor, or discontent happens to rule the hour.

“A pleasant word.”

A pleasant word to speak.

“Be very careful, the thought you bring, A heart may break, or burst.”

Does one ask, “What shall be done?” How is it to be done? For who, who has much to do with the cares and vexations of life, always to be peaceful and happy? It is not in human nature to endure without a murmur, such annoyances as fall to her lot.” Perhaps not; at any rate there are few, very few temperaments which can safely abide the test. But if human nature is insufficient of itself, strength on high is promised to the trying, the beautiful soul. “Casting all care upon Him,” for His care is for you. “Be careful for nothing,” says another. How much is implied in this—how much to reprove the solicitate, the extreme anxiety, the deposition of many Christian mothers? And Christ himself has said, in a discourse on the impropriety of excessive attention to the things of this life, “which of you by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?” Will your sight, your tears, your complaints, your griefs bring about the object you desire? Will they lighten your cares, or remove your difficulties? No!

“Give to the winds thy fears, hope, and be undismayed!”

Poetry.

ONE BY ONE LOVES LINKS ARE BROKEN.

Once by one the objects of our affection depart from us—Then glorious friendship! Oh that I could behold thee as thou art—the region of life, and light, and love, and the dwelling place of those beloved ones, whose being has flowed onward like a silver stream into the solemn sounding main, into the ocean of eternity!—

Hymn.
The last discussion we give below is that of the "principles" of a new and most probable form of the universe, differing somewhat in its requirements and its results. We have already seen that the "principles" of the universe are, in some respects, as follows:

1. The universe is a self-sustaining entity, existing for an indefinite period, and governed by laws of universal and permanent validity.
2. The universe is composed of matter and energy, which are interconvertible and conserved.
3. The universe is a dynamic system, undergoing continuous change and evolution.
4. The universe is a self-organizing system, capable of giving rise to complex structures and patterns.
5. The universe is a self-regulating system, maintaining a balance between order and chaos.

These "principles" of the universe are not to be regarded as absolutes, but as approximations that are continually tested and refined as new evidence is gathered. They form the foundation upon which our understanding of the universe is built, and they guide our efforts to explore and discover more about the nature of reality.
Evangelical Association of Presbyterian and Congregational Churches

Mr. Barron.—In the letters from your Philadelphia correspondent in last week's number, I see that I am requested to give a report of the proceedings of the convention held from the 23rd to the 27th of September, in that city. It would have afforded me very great pleasure to have been made acquainted with your very able correspondent, and given him all the information in my power relative to our very pleasant session—made more so, perhaps, from being held in the City of Brotherly Love.

On Wednesday evening, the 12th, the opening session was convened in the First Presbyterian Church, by Rev. Atsun G. Beman, in his usual earnest and impressive style. (1st and 2nd, 414.) It was listened to with marked attention by a very respectable and intelligent congregation.

After the sermon, Rev. Mr. Beman called the convention to order. After attending to the usual preliminaries, the convention adjourned to the next Thursday, at 10 o'clock.

Perriman, in adjustment, the association met again in the First Presbyterian Church. The following churches were represented: First Presbyterian, Philadelphia, by J. C. Gibbs, pastor, and J. C. White, elder; Second Presbyterian, by T. Bundy and P. Black, elders; Central Presbyterian, by C. J. Beman, pastor; St. Paul's Congregational, by Geo. W. Le Vene, pastor; Greensport (L. H.) Congregational, by J. E. Carter, pastor; Presbyterian Church at Princeton, N. J., by Anthony Simonsen.

On motion, Rev. E. J. Adams was appointed moderator, and G. W. Le Vene secretary.

The roll having been called and members answered to their names, the moderator appointed Rev. J. C. Gibbs, S. Ham-}

Emancipation Jubilee!

The colored citizens of the State of Connecticut will celebrate the
Emancipation Proclamation, Jan. 31, 1870,
AT MUSIC HALL, NEW HAVEN.

* * *

ORDER OF THE DAY.
The procession will form on THE GREEN at 9 o'clock A. M. as follows:

THE BAND.
THE WOOTON GUARDIANS on the right.
THE ORDER OF GOOD SAMARITANS.
THE COALermen.
THE JUVENILES.
THE ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.
THE LAIDERS.
THE ORDER OF LIGHT AND TRUTH.
COLORED YOUNG MEN OF THE CITY.
THE ORDER OF RISING SUN on the left.

The procession, preceded by the band, will pass from the Green through the
south gate down Chapel to Academy, out Academy to Greene, up Greene to Olive,
up Olive to State, up State to Trumbull, up Trumbull to Hillhouse Avenue, down
Hillhouse Avenue to Green, up Green to York, down York to Chapel, down Chapel to
church, down Church to Grove, up Grove to Music Hall, where dinner will be served.

* * *

OFFICERS, COMMITTEES, &c.

President—Rev. Wm. Burton, New Haven.
Vice-President—Rev. P. B. Reed, Bridgewater.
Vice-President—Rev. E. D. Mosher, Hartford.
Vice-Pres.—Rev. Wm. Ross, New Haven.
Securities for the Evening—Rev. J. Robinson, N. Y. M. Johnson, Hartford, J. Weeks,
New Haven.

Secretaries of Arrangements—Rev. J. F. Ford, President; J. Goss, Treasurer. J. F.
Wright, Secretary; J. B. Johnson, Assistant Secretary; J. B. E. Crowder, T. Keeler, H. Davis,
C. McGregor, P. B. Reed, A. S. Storer.

A Committee of the Board—Messrs. T. Brown, President; J. Bell, Vice-President;
J. Brown, Vice-President, T. Bell, Secretary; T. Brown, S. Harvey, C. Storke, A. S. Storer.

SPARKS FOR THE EVENING.

Hon. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Massachusetts; Ex-Gov. Hadley, of Hartford; Rev.
Amos G. Burnham, of New Haven.

EXERCISES OF THE EVENING.

Prayer by Rev. J. Black of New Haven; Mode by the Band; Reading of the Proclamation
by Rev. J. Williams of Norwich, O. S.; Singing by the Choir; Tribute by Wm. Lloyd
Garrison; Readings by Mr. A. G. Burnham; Address by Rev. Wm. Lloyd
Garrison; Mode by the Band; Reading by Rev. A. G. Burnham; Singing by the Choir; Address by
Rev. J. Williams; Made by the Band.

Tickets, 25 and 35 Cents. Reserved Seats, 50 Cents.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; Excursions to commence at 9.
Tickets can be had at of Sperry's, and at 50 George Street.
On Thursday, Sept. 6th, the Rev. Mr. N. D. Cheever, was ordained an elder of the Presbyterian Church in this city. The exercises of the ordination were performed in the order and by the persons following: Inauguration and laying on of the hands by the Presbytery; Sermon by Rev. Mr. Ainslie, pastor of the Second church; Charge by Rev. Mr. L. D. Finney, pastor of the Third church; Charge by Rev. Mr. C. R. W. Davis, pastor of a colored church in New Haven; Ordination prayer by Rev. Mr. A. W. Davis, and of the candidate for the office of elder. The candidate was ordained by the Presbytery, and the charge was delivered by Rev. Mr. J. D. Finney.

The council express their deep interest in the prosperity of the church, and trust, if God wills it, that the Church will continue to grow and flourish. The council adjourned and directed that the minutes be published in the Chronicle.

The council express their deep interest in the prosperity of the church, and trust, if God wills it, that the Church will continue to grow and flourish. The council adjourned and directed that the minutes be published in the Chronicle.

Hartford, July 4th, 1834.

Mr. E. C. D. you will be pleased to have the following notice in your local paper:

The Rev. Mr. J. W. C. P. I. A. was installed as Pastor of the Congregational Church and Society at Hartford. The installation took place on the fourth of July, and was attended by a large and interested congregation. The address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. J. D. Finney, and was received with great interest by the audience. The council express their deep interest in the prosperity of the church, and trust, if God wills it, that the Church will continue to grow and flourish. The council adjourned and directed that the minutes be published in the Chronicle.

The council express their deep interest in the prosperity of the church, and trust, if God wills it, that the Church will continue to grow and flourish. The council adjourned and directed that the minutes be published in the Chronicle.

Installation.

An installation council was convened on the morning of the 4th of July, 1834, at the request of the Church and society in Hartford, for the (the way was clear for the installation of the Rev. W. C. P. I. A. as pastor of the Church and congregation. The Rev. Mr. J. D. Finney, D. D., was appointed moderator, and Rev. J. N. S. was clerk. The following Pastors of Churches were present:

First Church Hartford, Rev. J. D. Finney, D. D., pastor; and Deacon William Allen, deacon; South Church, Rev. J. D. Finney; North Church, Hartford, Rev. J. D. Finney; and Deacon A. M. Collins, deacon; West Hartford, Rev. A. W. Andrews, pastor; and Deacon J. W. Griswold, deacon; First colored Presbyterian Church, New York city, Rev. J. T. Wright, pastor, and Deacon W. T. Johnson, deacon; and Deacon James Mart, from the Second Church and society, Hartford. Council were appointed by the superintendents of several papers who were present, and continued the call of the Church to a vote of the council; and a vote of the council was continued. The council voted to proceed to the installation of the Rev. Mr. J. D. Finney, with a view to his installation. The installation was performed by the council, and the council adjourned.

Resolved, That to proceed to the installation this afternoon, and to be followed immediately by the council.
For the Voice of the People.

Odds and Ends.

Messrs. Editors—A word from me on the present condition of things in this city may be well remembered, for it is one that has been heard by many in this community, and has been a matter of discussion with the police and other officials. The present condition of the city may be summed up in a sentence: the police and other officials are well aware of the situation, and are taking steps to correct it.

The present condition of the city is one of great danger, and one that requires immediate attention. The police and other officials are doing what they can to correct it, but it is a matter that requires the cooperation of all.

The police and other officials are well aware of the situation, and are taking steps to correct it. The present condition of the city is one of great danger, and one that requires immediate attention.

A. G. B.

New Haven Conn. Nov. 20th 1862.

HINTS OF IMPROVEMENT.

Messrs. Editors—Every day we are inquired of, what can the people do, for their improvement and elevation, in the scale of society life? With your permission I propose to state briefly my opinion. It must be admitted, that much of the depression, and many of the evils, which now afflict the whole colored people, are the direct result of ignorance; and consequently, as long as the cause remains, the effects will be seen. Of all the causes, which have produced this state of things among us, and to us, it is not necessary for me to speak in this place. Every intelligent person knows, that the system of Slavery, is the great fountain head of ignorance—that its foundation rests upon this, its chief corner stone. With what crescent vigour it tries to start out all light from its victims, is known, and understood of all men, who know any thing of the spirit of the system.

The reason then, why, those who are the descendants of slaves, or who have themselves worn the chain, are comparatively ignorant is plain to all, who stop to think. This being the case, my object is to point out some of the numerous means in our power, which when rightly used will enable us to roll away the dark cloud of ignorance—to remove those heavy mountain from our shoulders, that our path may be clear, and then move forward—to be honest citizens" as the old Romans said. Let, is to be understood, that in what I am about to say, I have reference to all the colored population, on the North American continent, the bond and the free. That there may be no misconception of my meaning, I will say in regard to the slave, that, of course, there are multitudes of them which cannot do as some few among them can. But what can the free do to increase their intelligence, and make that intelligence the means of their progress, in all that ennobles life? All have some talents, moments, not to say hours every day. If Franklin could say: "That time was money," so may any, time is intelligence, or what is the same thing it offers an opportunity to procure knowledge. In the example of many individuals, we have both the proof and the illustration, of what the individual can do. I have only to point to a Penrose—a Douglas, and a Ross from slavery, and to a Garvans—a W. W. and a Keyes, who have enjoyed comparative freedom; but what can be done to reach the great mass of the people—what to improve them. In any place, where there is but a few individuals—even one family if in that family one of its members can read, a beginning can be made. There is a circle around which an influence may be gathered of untold value. If in any place there are more families or individuals, there an association may be formed, with more or less formality as to constitution, and by-laws, as deemed by the parties expedient. First let any one male or female call a meeting of the friends and neighbors and say: That, the object of the meeting is for our mental, social, and moral improvement, the means to be employed the Truth—Knowledge—where there is in the company one good reader, and it would be strange if there were not more—the next question to be decided is: what shall be read. I answer in this place and for the present, the news papers—the "Voice or the Press"—it contains a variety of information, which all should know as a matter of knowledge—and which it is not to a wakeen, keep alive in the bosom, these sympathies with Humanity in some of its most interesting struggles for freedom, and devotion, which the world has ever wanted. To read that paper intelligently, a great deal more is necessary, than merely to pronounce the words correctly. It will soon manifest that a knowledge of Geography is wanted—knowledge of men will be required and laws will come up to be disposed of by the readers, in answer to a multitude of questions which the little company will ask. This will awaken thought, and start ideas, and lead to conversations; and this again will produce during the intervals of the meetings reflection— the soul of wisdom; and, as the members of this Association meet casually, there will be common facts, about which to converse; and thus a profitable hour may be passed, from time to time. The tendency of all this, will be to induce that habit of observation, upon which all is of so much value to them in society. Who will be with himself— what his family?—with a few kindred minds. Have you not the time? Have you not the paper? Will you procure it and study it? Of the means and their supply, perhaps you shall hear soon.

A. G. B.

New Haven Conn.
Hints on Improvement.

This law of progress is stamped by the hand of the Great Teacher upon the body of every human soul. All can, must, and shall by the very laws of their existence and by the laws of their existence and by their physical existence, seek to increase their powers and capacity for happiness or misery. What we as a people need in this continent and all over the world is more knowledge—and in the gaining of this and its application to our highest sphere, hereafter this consists of civilization and improvement. To bring all to cooperate in this work and to encourage all to do their utmost in this arduous but important labor is the object of the great society of thinking men, and this to which we are all contributing so much. The work will in all probability fail if all do not do their part in cultivating the field upon which we stand.

The oldest among us—those who have enjoyed the finest advantages may do much good. Let them take the lives and paintings of those whom they have seen—let them speak of the lessons of their education and of their religious experience, and let their words have weight and influence. Let them study the life of every great man and of every great woman, and let their words have weight and influence. Let them study the life of every great man and of every great woman, and let their words have weight and influence.

Let their example speak at all times of the happiness which may be secured by cooperation and of the advantages which may be derived from the use of the highest powers of the mind. Let them be the first to recognize the importance of education and to lead the way to the improvement of the masses of men. Let them be the first to recognize the importance of education and to lead the way to the improvement of the masses of men. Let them be the first to recognize the importance of education and to lead the way to the improvement of the masses of men.
RELIGION.

In the minds of men as the people are elevated to the deep contemplation of religion, if they learned to behould as she really exists, surrounded with the virtues, all purity, holiness, and truth, how soon would those passions be extinguished which detract, even, or at least choke the feelings by the attractions which her sacred character inspires. She endures upon earth, in order that she may prepare us for heaven. Abased from every blush which the gross conceptions and irregularities of life presage, she yet carries amongst them, in order that she may obviate their evils, and teach us to renounce them. Her home is among the stars of heaven—in the dwelling-place of God. Her companions are the angels, until the pure in heart; she offers for acceptance the prayers of the faithful—that is a ministering spirit between God and his saints. Who can observe her progress, since she has descended upon the earth, and not admire her labors, and hail her origin with blessings? She has inspired the despairing with hope, invigorated the weak, comforted the afflicted, consol'd the captive, and strengthened the martyr. She has smoothed the pathway of the sick, cheered and protected the orphan, alleviated the afflictions of the poor, and aided and obtained for heaven a robe of immortality for the repentant sinner. She knows not the distractions of life—her blessings are alike dispersed through the halls of the monarch and the colonies of the poor. She loves in sorrow with the meek and lowly, with the peace-maker, and the poor in spirit. Through every epoch of time, through every revolution of the earth, in the peaceful shadow of the vine, in the desolate acres of the flood, she moves in holy array, breathing consolation in the midst of affliction, and converting the valley of the shadow of death into a paradise. In the wild, a fruitful desert, in which no flower would bloom. Picture to the eye a world destitute of life, a land upon which the light of heaven would make it invisible. All the noblest feelings of humanity extinguished—the orphan deserted—the poor man trampled on, without a hope of future happiness. But the church would stand up amidst the indifference and vice, and among the crimes of life collected in our path—beauty, and the vices of so many of the leaders and justices of the world collected in our path—beauty, and the vices of so many of the leaders and justices of the world collected in our path—beauty, and the vices of so many of the leaders and justices of the world collected in our path—beauty, and the vices of so many of the leaders and justices of the world collected in our path—beauty, and the vices of so many of the leaders and justices of the world collected in our path—beauty, and the vices of so many of the leaders and justices of the world collected in our path—beauty, and the vices of so many of the leaders and justices of the world collected in our path.
WINTER AND SPRING.

Winter, cold, dreary, doubtless, winter has gone, gone to some of our friends, and for the present, gone with all its evils and all its pleasures, notwithstanding the snows, the stormy winds, and the hedges laden with ice. The spring is here, bringing with it another of the seasons of the year. The sun is shining, the flowers are blooming, and the birds are singing. The waters are rising, and the forests are green. The world is waking up from its winter sleep, and nature is beginning to put on her spring-time dress.

There is a change in the air, a change in the weather, a change in the climate. The days are longer, the nights are shorter, and the sun is higher in the sky. The weather is growing warmer, and the earth is becoming more verdant. The birds are singing, and the flowers are blooming. The world is beginning to come alive.

The winter of our lives is passing, and the spring of our days is dawning. The cold and dreary days are passing, and the sunny and pleasant days are coming. The winter of our souls is passing, and the spring of our hearts is dawning. The cold and dreary days of our lives are passing, and the sunny and pleasant days of our days are coming.

So it is with our spirits. The cold and dreary days of our lives are passing, and the sunny and pleasant days of our days are coming. The winter of our lives is passing, and the spring of our days is dawning. The cold and dreary days of our lives are passing, and the sunny and pleasant days of our days are coming.
A Miscellaneous Persecuted Figure of Vice.

The incident Pope were never more violently brought to our mind, than in the examination of a young woman in the Calyer Court in the city, after days

2

Vice was more of such proceedings. That he be held surety only to the woman, Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, Yet she endure, their pity, their embrace.

16

The defendant was a girl not more than fifteen

18

years of age, was acold to the name of Charlotte William, and pleaded not guilty to the

20

charge of being a common drunkard, and vagrant.

22

She had evidently been a girl of very fair

24

character and beauty, but her appearance now exhibited the most deformed features, enthr illed

26

in a state of mortal suffering. She was

28

worn by disease, consumed by her tortures, and deathlike. She was

30

beaten and gagged and cruelly tortured, enthr illed with a deathlike air. In this state, after

32

such punishment, her examination was being held, and she was sent over to the House of Correction.

34

A person in County called a brief account of her early history and the causes for

36

which she had been committed.

38

She was a member of the church. About five years ago, a young man from a neighboring

40

town, became acquainted with the family, having

42

a private meeting, and was admitted into the family circle as a companion. The acquaintance ripened gradually into friendship, and the youth,

44

beauty, and fascinating manners of the daughter

46

were in his heart to love. He consented to her all her

48

hopes, her secrets and her wishes,—they were

50

afflicted in a severe illness. The father saw in his faith and

52

the daughter looked upon him as her future

54

husband.

56

That most happy period in female ex-

58

istence grew bright, and joyous with future expectations. But, in the gayest hour of her life, when

60

preparation was made for their marriage, the young man, in the midst of his preparations, died.

62

He died from an infectious disease, which

64

he had contracted by contact with a sick person

66

of the same disease, who had been

68

in contact with another person sick with the

70

same disease. The death of the young man

72

was a death by which his companion, the lady

74

of the household, was left destitute of all

76

comfort and hope. She was brought up in

78

poverty, and knew not the world.

80

Her father, who had been a member of the church, was

82

a social and religious man, and was a

84

benefactor to the poor. He had

86

been a benefactor to the poor, and

88

his father was a benefactor to the poor.

90

She had been a benefactor to the poor, and

92

her father was a benefactor to the poor.

94

The death of her companion was a great

96

blow to her, and she was left in poverty.

98

She was brought up in poverty, and she

100

knew not the world. She was

102

left in poverty, and she knew not the world. She was

104

left in poverty, and she knew not the world. She was

106

left in poverty, and she knew not the world. She was

108

left in poverty, and she knew not the world. She was

110

left in poverty, and she knew not the world. She was

112

left in poverty, and she knew not the world. She was

114

left in poverty, and she knew not the world. She was
THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Of all the periods and events of life, the concluding scene is one of the most affecting to home and to surviving spectators. Virtues are the way in which it comes, and vary in extent, which presents, but in all it is solemn. What can be more sad than the approach of that moment, which to the dying man is the boundary between time and eternity; which concludes the one and commences the other; which terminates all his interest in this world, and fixes his conditions for a never-ending existence in the world unknown?—What can be more solemn than those moments of silent and indescribable anxiety, when the last sounds of the numbered hours are running; when the bosom of the heart has become too full to be felt at the extremities of the frame; when the hand remains not the gentle pressure; when the limbs are still and motionless; when the eye is fixed, when the ear turns no more towards the voice of consoling kindness; when the breath, before oppressive and laborious, becomes faltering and faltering, till it dies slowly away, and to the listening ear, there is no sound amidst the breathless silence; nor to the arrested eye that was filled with the unerring look of thrilling solicitude, for the last symptoms of remaining life, is motion longer perceptible; when surrounding friends continue to speak in whispers, and to step through the cloister on the tips of their foots; as if the fear of disturbing him in whom the voice of a thousand thunders could not startle—

who has fallen into that deep sleep from which nothing shall rouse him, but the “voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God!”

THE MOTHER’S REWARD.

I saw a little black cloud arising in the western horizon. In a few minutes it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley and sometimes receiving each tributary rill which met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the archeologists of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed dropped into the earth—his dew descended, the sun rose upon it, it started into life in a little time, a sprout of vegetation, because tender from the heart, and the “soul of heaven lodged in its branches.”

I saw a little smiling boy stood by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kiss at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents, the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time, I saw him with the books of his master, and his master, walking alone, buried in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, “Suffer little children to come unto me.” In a few months I went into the sanctuary, and heard him recounting of “righteousness, temperance and judgment to come.” I looked and saw the same mother at whose feet his little lamb knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lip the name of Immortal. Her hair was whitened with the dews of ages, and on her cheek was many a sorrow; but meekness sat upon her brow, and heaven-beamed in her dim eye, glittering with a tear, and I thought I saw in dial the morning of a mother’s heart, while she reverted to the days gone by, when this son emerged was first putting into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction, and insipiring in child-like simplicity, the way to do good; and I said, this is the rich harvest of a mother’s till—there are the rich sheaves of that precious seed, which probably was sown in weeping, and shall bring down your gray hairs, not with “sorrow to the grave,” but in the beauty of joy you shall look down on him, who will “arise and call you blessed,” and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.
When this fact was noted abroad, the landlord was disposed to keep it up, or publish it in some degree—but not the “good temperance man” said, “you must have told what I said to you, Mr.—told me, used for word, just as I told you.”

Now, Mr. Editor, when there are such men, in almost every village, and in all our churches, what can be done? How can the cause triumph with such obstacles in the way? What a guilty position to assume! Yours for honesty,

A. G. B.

Telegraph and Journal.

Published and Edited
by
STEPHEN MYERS
and
J. W. RANDOLPH,

At Albany.

All communications must be addressed to the editors postpaid.

Devoted principally to the cause of Temperance and the Farmer’s interests, and will also advocate the cause of our oppressed people.

Terms.—One dollar per year, payable in advance.

Published every Thursday.

The office of the Telegraph and Journal is 163 Third street.

NEW HAVEN DEC. 22nd 1852.

STEPHEN MYERS, Esq.—A copy of the “Telegraph” reached me yesterday, and as usual I examined with deep interest, to see what is being done by the friends of Reform in various parts of the land. Several interesting I found; and hope they will not only cheer many minds—but stimulate them to go on and do likewise.

Certainly there is much to be done in all places, and in every mind, and all that is done is for the benefit of all. So every one should contribute a little mite to help the cause of truth and humanity forward in the land, that soon “that good time coming” may dawn on the earth. May God hasten the hour when all the toiling sons of men shall be redeemed; and when Freedom and Righteousness shall smile over a renovated world.

Yours for the right.

A. G. BEAMAN.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 31, 1857.

A Taverner’s Quandary.

Not long since, in one of the numerous and pleasant villages which so happily adorn New England,—and there would be “more of the same sort” the world over, was the effect of the “Taverner’s Quandary.”

A Taverner’s Quandary.

Not long since, in one of the numerous and pleasant villages which so happily adorn New England,—and there would be “more of the same sort” the world over, was the effect of the “Taverner’s Quandary.”

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Foutain.


THE FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.

The FOUNTAIN.

NEW HAVEN: SEPTEMBER 31, 1857.

Our acknowledgements are due to the publishers of the “New Haven Times-Chronicle,” “Temperance Gazette,” and “Weekly Times” for the September Nos. of their respective publications, and to the latter gentleman for valuable copies of the “Weekly Times,” received by the committee.

For the Fount.

New Haven: October 1, 1857.
NEW HAVEN CORRESPONDENCE

Letter from Middletown.

Middletown, Ct., Sept. 30, 1868.

Miss Eaton,

So many years have passed away since our acquaintance commenced; so often we have met and labored and toiled together for the best interest of our people and our country, that I may proceed at once to write a few lines to you in full of the confidence that everything pertaining to our welfare, will find a warm place in your heart, the more so if possible since in the good providence of God, you have been placed by the confidence and esteem of so large a portion of the intelligence of the religious community on a throne of moral responsibility, at once solemn and sublime. I send you a few lines of interest from this city. Those who have visited Middletown, Conn. and gazed on its rich and picturesque scenery in the autumn of the year, need not be told that here is to be seen some of the finest and richest views anywhere to be found in this country.

Within a few years the city has rapidly improved in every respect, so that at the present time, its noble mansions; its prosperous manufacturing establishments; its churches, where she has just been completed, said to be the finest in the architectural beauty and artistic finish of any in Connecticut.

Wesleyan University, located in this city, is in a very prosperous condition, it having completed as fine a Library Building as can be found anywhere, and a College Chapel is almost finished, which will be an ornament to the city. In looking at the college, we cannot help remembering the old days of Omnium, a little college, which once reigned, when it was a crime to go there and receive private tuition; when prejudice and hate drove its doors. Rev. Chas. B. Eddy, endeavoring to crush from his soul every noble aspiration for intellectual culture. But these days have passed forever away. Since then, Gardner, Burns and Barnwell, have enjoyed its privileges and have been crowned with its honors.

This State never had any law discriminating against its children in regard to common school rights and advantages, with only one exception, that of Hartford, which was procured by the active and colored people themselves. How were the colored people then, of this city, astounded a few years since after the establishment of the High School, a noble edifice, built in part by taxes which they had paid, a school of a very high order, to find that their children were excluded on account of their color.

Against this cruel and unjust arrangement, the whites remonstrated. They sent their children, the teachers sent them home. The school committee were visited to no purpose; yet finding themselves without justification in the laws of State, or in the charter of the High School, they sought by stealth to procure one, by petitioning the legislature to set the colored people of Middletown off into a district by themselves. A notice of their doing appeared in the public print, the colored people aroused, and with a counter petition, and legal advice, appeared before the committee of the Legislature, when it appeared that the champions of darkness had not given those most important notice, as by law they were bound to do; so this failed and now this question comes up again before the school committees and citizens of Middletown, and the colored people were successful! Honor to the brave spirit who fought this battle! Since then some fifty of their sons and daughters, have enjoyed the privileges of the High School of Middletown, of which Rev. Wilber Gardner, stragered, was one of the first and most successful.

There is but one colored church in this city, it was formed in 1829, forty years since, by Rev. James Anderson of New Haven. It belongs to the A. M. E. Zion connection. The church edifice, recently much improved, was built and dedicated in the year 1829. The dedication sermon said to have been a very pious and eloquent discourse, was delivered by Rev. Chas. Anderson. Of its first Trustees are Jeffrey, Joseph Guibert, John Hamilton, Ebenezer DaFrost and George W. Jeffrey, all, all have passed away but one Mr. DaForest is still alive. The church has been served in the ministry always sent from the Conference, by Revs. John C. Beenam, Daniel H. Vandover, Henry Drayton, John A. King, John Williams, Alexander Green, W. West, S. M. Giles, Joseph Hicks, Henry A. Thompson, Peter Ross, James A. Ross, George A. Spywood, John F. Lloyd, Geo. W. Washington, and others. "Stars of the first magnitude," have labored for the moral and intellectual welfare of the people here, and have made their influence felt for good throughout the State in various ways.

Rev. James A. Jones is remembered for his good influence and example in sending his children to school and in his personal attention to the interest of the young.

The church is presided over by the present time by Rev. S. A. Mitchell, who is faithfully endeavoring to free the property from debt, and all who love Zion must wish him abundant success.

Their Sabbath school is flourishing, they have two temperance organizations in operation, and the spirit of elevation and progress is in the people of old Middletown, the fire that burned in the hearts of their fathers in days of yore. Peaceful
has evidently warred much, one of the sons of the High school, who studied there eight years, has just completed his trade as a printer in one of the first establishments in the city. Two young ladies are far advanced in the High school, one of which will graduate in a few months, if she continues to the end. Long may the good people continue "patient in well doing." They have a little more work to do, and their hand is on the plough, their whole history proves that they are not of the number to "walk back." One great battle is to be fought by the colored people of Connecticut, before they can stand up erect. They must gain the right of the elective franchises.

For this purpose there should be a complete State organization, enlisted for the war. All should be united as the heart of one man, all should feel a common bond of sympathy and stand shoulder to shoulder in the contest until victory is gained.

A.G.B.

From New Haven.

Mr. Harriss-

My dear Brother, we are so much in need of the colored people of the State of Conn.; as a people they have had a great battle to fight before they could stand erect. For this great achievement, the right of the Elective Franchise, they have made noble and probationary efforts in past years, yet victory has not perched upon their brows. Many of the fathers failed most faithfully, for the great boon, but "died without the sight of its attainment, and yet the struggle is Hamatter to their sons, if there are Hannibals among them." "Who shall be true, themselves must strike the bow's head." Our freedom our rights, for the rights of no people are safe in the hands of their political enemies. In the state of Conn. political rights must be held, by the right avenues, by the right means, by the right people, and not in vain; as school teachers have the Historians, the Washington and Freemasons laboring and of the noble women not a few, Miss Vashon Creed, Mrs. R. Coker, Miss E. A. Price, Miss E. B. P. Unstrum, Miss D. Barnum, Mrs. S. Wilson, and Miss Hallam Morgan, who was an immeasurable teacher as far as experience and of this day willing to testify. How is the power all the people of Conn. to do the noblest part? Where are the scholars of all those teachers, where are those representatives of all the State of Conn. whose duty it is to think against them. We owe an example to our struggling brethren in Georgia, in Mississippi in all the Southern States, for they must turn to the war. Shall we say, that with so much labor we have for forty years, with so much done in other years, with so much mean
My friends, as I look down from this ascending car, embracing upon the distant radiant scene that appears before me,—upon cedars painted with the rosy blossom of childhood, and lipo redolent with the fragrance of spring; when I contrast them with the corrugated lineaments and snow-sprinkled temples of age, my mind labors with a fearful contemplation. I contrast the full veins and fair meekness of features of childhood, with the thin and shrivelled aspect of declining years; and I liken them all to the scenes which we meet with, on the broad ocean of existence. In our better days, we leave the pleasant and kind of youth in a fairy land; the sunshine brightens in the pavilion, and trembles on the soil; the waves, which refresh our nostrils from the flowery shore, the brine veins delight our eyes; the waves dance in brightness beneath our feet; the sky smiles above us, the sea around us, and the land behind us, as it recedes; and before, a stack of golden brightness seems to herald our way. That wave—oh,—and the shore fades to the view. The bark, and its inmates, are alone on the ocean. The sky becomes dark—horrible winds sweep with a hollow murmur along the deeps,—the sun sinks like a mass of blood over the waters, which rise and tumble in wild confusions through a wide radius of storm,—the clouds, like gloomy curtains, are lashing from side to side. The sails are rent; the tackle disparted; broken showers alternate and whistles to the tempest; the waves burst like sudden menses upon the half-submerged and struggling deck; waves are put in splendor; the essence is washed from the wheel. Ores of terror and anguish mingle with the impending shriek of bel-low, and the howling thunder and storm. The foundering sails as she hunches,—the deck is breaking. God of Mercy! Who shall appear for the race? Where fold the arms that are mighty to save? Men and brethren—sail near at hand. Through the rills of the tempest, heaving over the tumultuous waves, moves a pavilion of golden light. The midnight is waking; guides of sunshine sprinkle the foam; a towering form stands on the deck of the approaching voyager, enveloped with a halo of glory. It is the Saviour of men,—it is the Ark of the Covenant! It moves onward,—the wave rushes back on either hand,—it is over the track of Cain expose, the Ark is borne. Who steps from its side and walks over the deep, as in open land? It is the great Captain of our salvation—the mighty to save! He rescues the drowning from death, the hopeless from gloom. He stirs the fury of the tempest; and for the spirit of conquering, he gives the song of repining and the garments of praise. Ark of the Covenant! roll this way! We are depluming in the deep waves—and hence is none to deliver! Let the prayer be uttered, and it will save us all!
Colored Men's Convention.

Pocumtuck, to the adjournment from April last, the colored men of Connecticut assembled in convention in "Eagle Hall," Middletown, on the 29th September, at 10 o'clock a.m.—breaker to consider and deliberate in regard to securing the right of the elective franchise, and also in regard to their moral, intellectual and social improvement.

The officers of the Convention were:—
President: E. G. R. Reman, of Middletown.
Second Vice-President: John B. Barrett, New Haven; George W. Francis, Bridgeport; Walter J. Taylor, Guilford.

After the usual preliminaries, the appointment of several committees, etc., the Convention were addressed by an address from the President. Letters expressing sentiments favorable to the interests of the colored people, and to the action about to be taken, from Hon. Francis Gillette, Hon. J. F. Pickerel, and from the Hartford Republican, and others, and also several testimonials from the leading public journals of the State, were read.

The residue of the morning and afternoo

The residue of the morning and afternoon session of the first day was devoted to hearing reports from the delegation on the condition, prospects, etc., of the people of color in the several sections of the State.

In the evening, an address was made to the members of the convention, delivered by Rev. A. O. Reman, of New Haven.

Remarks were afterwards made by the following:

1. Rev. Mr. Reman, in the name of the colored citizens of the State
2. Rev. Mr. Reman, in the name of the colored citizens of the State
3. Rev. Mr. Reman, in the name of the colored citizens of the State
4. Rev. Mr. Reman, in the name of the colored citizens of the State

Resolved, That the proceedings of this Convention, held in New Haven last April, including the several reports and the address of the Rev. A. O. Reman, be published in pamphlet form.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this Convention, held in New Haven last April, including the several reports and the address of the Rev. A. O. Reman, be published in pamphlet form.

Resolved, That a sum of money be raised, by apportioning a part to each County, to aid in defraying the expenses of publishing the proceedings.

On motion, the Convention was adjourned to meet in the city of Hartford, on the third Wednesday in April, 1855.

FRANCES B. REMAN, President.
E. G. R. REMAN, Secretary.
GEORGE W. FRANCIS.
WALTER J. TAYLOR.
in this resolution, it was supposed, concurred in by all that Ohio could justly claim—because it left the consideration of the delegates for the nominations of every measure adopted at the former meetings. This, however, did not please them—and nothing short of a vote of censure would please them. Mr. Day said he would see the organization go to pieces, before he would vote for any such resolution as that just quoted; and from what we learned of the man, of his wishes, and of his rule or rule-predilections, we were quite satisfied to accept, as true, the foregoing declaration; for a more wilful, overbearing, and contentious gentleman than he, did not appear on the floor. It is true, there was assurance, that Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, and Connecticut, could not agree; harmoniously and fraternal; and it is uncertain to think that there were seven, at least, would hold together, uniting their strength of mind and heart in the worthy purposes and objects to which they pledged themselves, by signing the Constitution of the National Council.

Greatly to be regretted was the absence of our well chosen President, Dr. McCune Smith. He was detained at home by a necessity no less considerable than sickness. He sent a letter to the meeting, intimating his concern for it, and assuring us that his heart was with us. We also sent a Report, the long looked for and much desired report, containing the statistics of the colored people; but neither his letter nor his report (thanks to Mr. Day and company) were read. Everything had to give way for a report of the grievances of Ohio. In the absence of Dr. Smith, Rev. James D. Brown, the Vice President of the Association, occupied the chair, and performed its duties with admirable firmness, excellent judgment, moderation, and dignity. The absence of the number for Philadelphia, Rev. Stephen Stut, was a serious drawback. His good common sense, and stern directness of speech, would have put to shame the learned disquisitions about Constitutional Law and Parliamentary usage.

John Sears, of Chicago, and Geo. T. Down- ing, of Rhode Island, and Lewis Worsham, of Pittsburgh—all the members of the Council—were needed, and we hope, that in future, they will be on hand. We have noticed this meeting all the more particularly, because there is good reason to believe that the Secretary, Mr. Day, will furnish no report of the meeting in question. He was too busy in debate to keep his eyes on the table, and he was too much the object of the partisans to give up what would not be censure according to his fancy. The most charitable conclusion that we can come to in regard to Mr. Day is, that he has persuaded himself that the eastern members of the National Council have entered into a conspiracy to break down every thing honorable and desirable in the State of Ohio. The absurdity of this belief, like the absurdities of a religious creed, is clung to with a grip more stern and unyielding, for the absurdity. He stands for the defense of Ohio; he defends where there is no attack. Could you believe Mr. Day, you would imagine that, in the Rochester Convention, notwithstanding that he himself was Vice President, and chairman of the Agricultural Committee, and the principal Secretary was from Ohio, and some of the most eloquent speakers in the Convention were from the same State, there was a settled purpose still to degrade them. Ah, brother Day, for shame! you have deceived yourself, and done injustice to your brethren! For ourselves, we can say, we looked upon the young men from Ohio, and upon Mr. Day among them at that Convention, with most loyal pride. We were proud, perhaps no equal.
Frederick Douglass’ Paper.

"ALL RIGHTS FOR ALL!"

ROCHESTER, JULY 28, 1854.

Meeting of the N. Y. State Council.

Pursuant to resolution adopted at the session in January, the members of the New York State Council are hereby notified to meet in Council, TUESDAY, the EIGHTY-FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST next, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the city of SYRACUSE.

W. H. TOPP, Pres't.

J. C. Meigs, Sec'y.

The National Council Meeting at Cleveland.

We have reached home in time to give but a brief notice, for this paper, of the meeting in question. Of course we would gladly pass over the whole thing, in silence; for we have taught and have spoken of it.

If viewed in the light of a body of men, thoroughly impressed with a sense of their wrongs, and having an earnest determination to avail themselves of every lawful and proper means to regain their just rights and true position, it must be contended, how humiliating, how confounding the confession may be, that the meeting of the Council in Cleveland was an entirely discreditable affair. Perhaps no one could say this of that meeting with feelings as honor bound as ours own; for our hopes and wishes have been so sternly dealt with; the National Council is an important and powerful instrumentality in securing, in this country, for the bitter black man, that social, civil, and political position accorded to other men. But the meeting in question disappointed us; our hopes and so far as it was conducted, proved the worthlessness of our exertions, and how little confidence can be properly put in calculations, based upon the dissatisfied and disinterested patriotism of even an oppressed people.

It is not necessary to convict a set of men of an act of disregard or of designing treachery, to render them unworthy of confidence. It is enough to show that they sacrifice substance to shadow, and commit the folly of losing sight of a noble object by over attention to details, which serve as more confounding to the much desired end. In order to give the reader a clear understanding of the justice of these reflections, we propose to state a few facts.

Article 8th of the Constitution of the National Council is in these words:

“The National Council shall hold at least once in six months, in the session of the Convention; and to consider any new plan for the general good, for which it shall have power, at its discretion; and so, to re-appoint in new Committee, and shall be empowered to receive and appropriate donations from the carrying out of the objects of the same. At all sessions, eleven members shall constitute a quorum.”

The first meeting of the Council, after its organization in Rochester, was appointed to be held in New York; but in consequence of sickness and other causes, ten members only answered to their names. Some of these gentlemen had travelled a thousand miles, and two or three of them near a thousand miles, partly at their own cost, to attend this meeting; and the question arose in their minds, whether, in the circumstances, they should let the organization go by default, lose their time and money, go home and do nothing; or whether it would not be more salutary, and more truly in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, to hold a meeting, leaving their action for the course, subject to be reviewed by a future meeting of the Council.

They adopted the latter alternative; and, we think, the wisdom and patriotism of our people will justify the Council at New York in its action. Well, for all is plain. Unfortunately for the Council, the Secretary absent, Mr. Wm. H. Day, held a sort of veto, powder over the proceedings; for to this hour he has never presented an authentic copy of these proceedings (though directed to do so) for publication. He held that their whole proceedings were unconstitutionsal; but, in seconding an honest course, washing his hands of the whole affair, taking no part in the unconstitutional work, he seems to have acted with the Council, as the best method of defeating its proceedings and effecting its final overthrow. We wish we could say that this effort, in this direction, had been less successful.

In league with Wm. G. Nell, whose views are known (whatever he may say to the contrary) to be hostile to any organization of colored men, outside the technical anti-slavery organizations, Mr. Day was able, at the meeting in Cleveland, by his parliamentary tactics, to prevent any affirmation of the proceedings of the Council adopted in New York. These tactics (as we regard them) were of a most discreditable character.

The following members of the Council were present: Rev. Amos Gurley Beman, Connecticut, James D. Robinson, New York, Isaac Young, Columbus, Ohio, John P. Peck, O. R. Wall, New York, David B. Hill, Erie, Pa., Rev. Dr. Hooper, Richmond, S. C., Rev. Wm. C. Neil, Frederick Douglass.

It will be seen that Ohio had four members in the Council—where there being only eleven members present, it was a very close matter, physically, though, we think, a very hard one, morally, to reduce the quorum at any moment, by the absence of a single member, and this very thing was done repeatedly, thus tying the hands of a majority, and preventing all action in the premises, which did not accord with the views of a factious minority. Let it not, however, be inferred from this, that the National Council is abandoned; it still exists; and despite the efforts made by Wm. H. Day and his friends to defeat it, a motion to adjourn, with a view to meet-
The Bread Upon the Waters.

[The text of the page is not clearly visible or legible due to the image quality.]

TO YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' prosperity may unnerve him, but we know that though unseen, he illumines his own true sphere. He resists temptations not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he hears the screams of the profiteer, and it stings him; for that is the trial of virtue; but he heals the wounds with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin; the Atheist, who says, not only with his heart, but with his lips, "there is no God," consoles him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God and reverences it, of a preserving God and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by solid arms and guided by loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young stand the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of Christianity.

O,eward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given you intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin, by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that poor drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garments of virtue! It is easy, fearlessly easy, to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then, let thy chivalry be aroused against error; let Truth be the lady of thy love—deter thy darken folly.
ANOTHER SPECIMEN!!

To the Editor of the Educator,

Dear Sir—The following, though not received through the Post Office a few days since, may be published in the Educator, if you think proper. We wish to have it come before the public in order to show the oppression of certain white people to the education of their colored brothers. The subject is given, without regard for good or bad, and letter for letter, as they stand in the original.

It seems to me, it would be well for twelve students of a foreign institution to pay some attention to the words "enlightened" and "prosperous," for example.

To young ladies,

As one of the students of this university, charging it disparagingly to itself, to the university, and to the young ladies in general, I was very desirous to hear, do hereby warn you to desist from such a course, and do not fail to realize with this preamble if you are aware, that eternal God, that we will never be able to make any, or be able to make any, that we will never be able to make any, or be able to make any...

Twelve of us.

Twelve of us.

The following was on the outside of the letter:

To: Benjamin Jones
The P. M. will please to forward this to Middletown.

An explanation of the foregoing may not be out of place, and will place the subject in a stronger light before your readers. It is well known to those who have passed the Liberator during the past year, from the facts given in the 3d No. of the present volume, that a revised issue of the same name was lately a student in the Western University, and that he was under the necessity of leaving it (this necessity) accounted for the present of certain students. We are informed that the person who sent these to the Liberator, which he had marked relative to Mr. E's.

The statement however was issued away, and in the course of a few months he entered the university. As the subject of the controversy was in pursuit of study, no attention was given him, and he was

Benjamin's notice was taken up, and a considerate time was introduced after the report was published of a few students as he was passed in and out from the resolution. He returned towards dinner, and was very much to me as to us, and the men who had not received.

The possibility of the above being printed under the circumstances, it was thought to get the better of the other means. In going out from the university on a certain morning, a quantity of water was thrown upon him, by which he was completely deluded. Since that time the course of the next day, he was on the wear and tear of the center of the subject, the meeting was opened, and when the business was reported, and was well in order. A request to have been made that the students who the instruction of Mr. R. would bear his name at some other places, was made, and the meeting was dissolved. This request, for the sake of prudence among the students, was complied with, but owing to the subsequent action of some blame, the continuance was on all before the college, and the composition of the student, who is instructing Mr. R., All was as very well as this letter was received, it has produced much annoyance and explanation. It will not prevent the instruction that may be desired, however.
The PRESSING PRINT.

BY ARTHUR T. FULLER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

March 21, 1849.

Joyful and solemn the hour when John Cotton and George Fenno, inventors of the art of printing in 1448. From Strasbourg, where he resided, he has sent forth an influence over the world which no finite mind can estimate or fathom. Most wonderful is the art; a thousand have attempted it; but to speak of an invention which has not been repeated and echoed until time shall be no more. Just as man, with all his knowledge of the past, is fitted to instill the comparison between the ancient and modern faculties of transmitting knowledge, from mind to mind—just as he comprehensively surveys the present rapid momentum of spreading knowledge by the press, let him be assured, Most wonder- ful in the sublime and glorious art! For the soul to be without knowledge is not possible for itself. "It smiles at the out- where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise," as those thick and precious who are too dull to learn, and too stupid to much. The art of printing affords work that is deep, cheap, and rapid, as well as a permanent, mode of stamping the thought of the philosopher—the elo- quent orator—the scholar—the great of the human race. Its revolution of the productions of the human race, in religion, and in law. It gathers up the rich treasures of the past, and brings it to every man's door. "It is no calendar" as a means of transmitting knowledge from mind to mind—from generation to generation. To read the side of Isaac's book, the fountain-head of the Mississippi, and to be on the hub- bing path of wise destinies, with its ac- cumulations of facts, in the face of the sun, fill the mind with something of the sublime; but an idea rolling from the printing press, finding a lodgment in the human mind, wars for position, as its eternal mission—a mission of light and joy, or of agony and sorrow, to the breasts of un- told millions. Who shall have made how many minds are to grasp that thought? Go measure the minds and weigh the philosopher; go round the ocean's depth; but think not, with analyzing ken, to scrutinize the soul, and trace them, in its history, the influence of the thought sent to work there from the press. That thought is now incorporated into the mental and moral being of an immortal, and shall live there for ever! Who shall say how wide and deep and broad that influence is spread through the ages to come? In this the effect of the Press is sure and known to be beautiful.

Having entered its voice, no power can recall it. It is a voice with fear of immortality, its thought shall live when all the stars shall cease to burn. No power can crush it. It is the voice, the drawn dagger, and defines its point." On "the wings of the morning it flies to the uttermost parts of the earth," to cherish in the memories of men. As the majestic oak, 100 or 200 years of age, so in each educated mind is found the accumulated knowledge of past cycles of years—the experience and intellectual legacy of past ages, bequeathed to the mind by the toils of many generations. The Press of to-day, therefore, not only influences the present busy race of men, butition of the stream of ever increasing volume to break and dash on the far-off shores of the future. Deep, then, and solemn, the responsibility which rests upon all, through the Press, are weeding such an engine of power.

She who now and for years has given me an account to God, and receive from Him according to our deeds, whether good or bad.

Let every editor, or writer, or editor, or author of a paper or a book, beware, and remember this. They are dealing with the interests, the rights, the happiness, of unnumbered millions. Let them all be seen, not, in the language of Mrs. Heman, "lay hand on God's eternal mysteries there." Let them beware, and speak, write, and publish, only Truth in the Spirit of Love; to whom the responsibility is great, and to whom, it may be, a blessed responsibility. It may bring to the minds of all thus swelling the sweet and refreshing conscience of doing good—of being an "en- worker together with God in building up the kingdom of His Son" on earth—a kingdom of peace and love and holiness. Then all who tell may have the satisfaction of knowing that their labors are strengthening the cause of virtues—am- bucking vice—encouraging talent—de- veloping genius—of searching for the advancement of the human race. Great are the obligations of the wise and the good to the Press! Every human mind counts for knowledge, and, when possible, will rise up to it. It will not be satisfied with what is not known, no, nor with its own contemplation, "Give, give." Here, as in commercial life, a demand creates the supply, and the supply increases the de- mand. This demand must be met and satisfied with a strangers that is pure, and teach shall "make glad the city of God." Or it will be met and furnished with a knowledge whose light is darkness and darkness of light, and shining to show the way. Mankind stand ready on every hand to do the works of love for principles of science. Books as affected are men; we read often in our school boy days and there is a voice all around us which prove the sentiment but not true. Evil and destructive have been the influence thrown around them from an impure press. The genius of the Press has been to them the genius of despair. It has shown upon them, for time and eternity, an influence in comparison with which the Simeon or the Nation Upon is life giving and inspiring. Knowing that, we ask in all earnestness, what is the duty of the wise and the good? What can they—what should they do? Should they not watch, with sleepless vigilance, the character and in- fluence of the Press in their midst? Should they not guard, with more than Argus eye, the character of those committed to them, from an influence so ma- rial and fatal as that of a vile press? Should they not do all in their power to sus- tain and increase the sphere of influence which a sanctified Press can and will exert in the world? Such a Press is on the side of truth, of virtue, of God. It is manly not only their duty to supply their own minds with the refresh- ing streams of pure literature, but they should, if parents or guardians of youth, see that minds are committed to their care are supplied with an abundance of that know- ledge which refreshes the mind and blesses the heart. You, Christian parents and guardians of the rising generation, while on the part of whose duty it was to form this service for their children, their minds were filled, poisoned, and blessed with an influence from the writings of a True Printer, a Voltaire, while of Newton and Bacon, of Edwards and Wesley, they have scarcely ever heard, and of whom they know nothing? Their confidence in God, and the foundation of their integrity and virtue, has been swept away for ever; and the thick ear- mutes of night have rushed over their souls, and the immeasurable flood of dawn has fallen upon them. While you "have slept, the enemy has sowed his tares"—bitter the fruit—sorrowful the harvest hour!

Minister of the everlasting gospel, while you have been endeavoring to sow some precious seed in the minds of your hearers, many among them have fallen their souls with the seeds of infidelity and vice. Philanthropists, book, and at the heads of base and vile knowledge, from those to share, from the "Satanic Press" of the world! Then repeat our question with even more earnestness, and inquire, what shall be done? What is the voice of wisdom and experience? We answer: Provide and efficiently sustain a pure Christian Press—create and spread a pure Christian Literature. Parents, furnish your- selves and families all that is needed and adapted to the capacity of each, to strengthen and develop the moral and mental powers. Ministers, visit all your people, and encourage them to take these papers and read, and study books which, while they expand the mind, may also sustain the cause of truth and piety. Philan- thropists, do your best to help in this great work. Those is the foundation of all that are the heart of truth, of virtue, and of humanity; Go, and gloriously to be your errand, even till time shall be no more. God bless thee, and crown thee with abundant success, as thou art faithful to the mission!
Every reflecting and anticipating mind, will have its dreams and visions. But after all those dreams which have filled the mind, even after that strongest patience has been exhausted upon the conditions of men and things, in this plain stern world of ours, it will be found that there is, as there ever has been work to be done, and hard workers there are in the field. Hard work Phillips found behind the clouded snow bound to stand before him the centurion of his imagination. So Raphael found it, before his canvas glow with its life-sparking colour. Goliath, before he contended with the spirit of age. Every new truth—every application of that truth, presents a scene of toil on the one hand, and of stern resistance on the other. Human progress proves the success and triumph of those who have talked for the improvement and elevation of the human race. If it was possible for us to shut out from our minds every ray of light which now beams upon it from the past, we should, indeed, have power to weave the entire crepe of a more than savage right. How shall we examine the past, that we may do justice to, and appreciate the workers in that past, the fruits of whose labor the world now enjoys! Shall we forget the torch of investigation with all the lamps of light, which now pour upon it, and then condemn everything which does not please us? Shall we not rather examine the past, in the spirit of candor, and the present with the spirit of charity; and then look at the future with faith and hope in its best program? If we pursue this course, with that "patient thought" which Newcome declared, was the secret of his success in that annihilating progress which he made in knowledge, we shall not only in a hopeful state of mind, so necessary for our personal improvement, but we shall be the better prepared to do our part of the work on that field, which lays open before us, demanding culture at our hands. We shall appreciate the labors and sympathize with toils and struggles, which others have endured. To enlighten the human mind and conscience—to strengthen the noble and generous impulses of the heart—to illuminate the understanding and influence the will until the whole soul is devoted in all its activities, to the right and the true, is, indeed, a Herculean task; and to cleanse the American state of ignorance, superstition, and vice, in which millions are now engulfed in an ocean of time. We are assured that "man the man to man, and knowledge a ladder shall be increased." Here we shall "chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." But it must be

"Without conscience, without mind."
And thought knows both to think.

A weapon not eternal but eternal; and

"mighty through God to the pulling down of

the strongholds of sin. We all know that

in the physical, intellectual, moral, and social

departments of human interest, great changes have been made and are still taking place.

The_founding_of many a Giant Despair has passed beneath the sturdy blows of the

strong workers; and our oppressed humanity has leaped forward its joy. To understand

those changes which have been made for the better—there is no nearer or easier way than to

compare the past with the present; and just as far as the comparison is made, will it be

seen that man's way forward is progressive—is upward and onward to a higher and more

glorious state of happiness than this world has ever seen since Adam's fall. In taking a careful

view of things—the work which has been accomplished in philosophy, art and science,

and religion, every just one will award the need of praise to all the workers, whom they may meet on the pages of history. Our pictured future will rise up before us, as our faith and work shall gradually have it down on the world.

The universal law of selfishness is a guaranty, that great physical changes will take place

on all the face of the globe. The lands of industry will lay the forest law—level the

mountains, raise the valley—open the rivers and spread the white sails of commerce on every

ocean and sea. The hot foot of fame will cross the temples of science with aspiring

votaries eager to exalt their renown upon their loftiest pillars. Hitherto and henceforth, there will be to stamp their names and glory on the rolling plains.

An independent love of investigation will ever assure to the world all the Loomes and

Reeks required. Officinal and academic, in abundance will be found in all this future, standing up with the Warrs and Muses, working out their great physical changes. But to do the moral and religious work, for which the world is calling—to scatter the seeds of truth and progress, for the elevation and happiness of man—to go forth and stand in the

spirit of love and benevolence until the priests are like a fire—so to break the chains of the

oppressed as a Warrs—o'er the abodes of social refinement and honor like a

millstone, and stand where "every prospect plane, and man only is vile"—passing the

summit of the Cross in "the habitations of cruelty,—this is Work, and those who

are doing this, are "Workers together with God" in hastening forward this day, when the

wilderness shall be made bounds as the ocean" and when the earth shall bloom as the

Paradise of God. Work there is to be done. Truth is to be made forth, "prepared as the

morning." Phillips said, "We are assured in the

morning," and in the afternoons, the sun is to be lifted and enlightened. Laws are to be changed—government purged and made righteous. The Bible is to be placed in every man's hand, and he taught to read it as in "his own tongue, wherein he was born." Man is yet to sit beneath his own vine and fig-tree, and worship God in Spirit and in truth, "tune to none or make him afraid.

All who are telling to hasten this "good time which is coming" to smile over all the earth, are true WORKERS. They are telling to fill the world with the songs of peace and universal brotherhood. All the past, which has contributed to the present, is but the harbinger of a better and brighter era—where neglect shall be known to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord. This is the "consummation devoutly to be wished." Some willingly, and intelligently, are doing their part in this great work—but whether willingly or not under the perfect moral government of God—'all things are working together for good.'

It is the "life arrest"—that "life is current"—and thus binds them.

"Art in the diner present, Homeliness and God's good-ness.—

They know that to talk effectively, in the world's broad fields, they must first hear what is taught; and while teaching others, they are in the words of John Quincy Adams, the "old and eloquent"—"conditions for life," or "factors for heaven," as Mrs. Stevenson says, every young lady should consider herself. An accent must be placed on personal improvement in every mind, and the realization of these Workers are the living and glorious examples of the successful pursuit of knowledge under different circumstances. Biographers, like letters of fire, Korâns, upon their truths, that they have "brought their banners upon the outer walls" of moral and intellectual improvement for themselves and for the whole human race, and amid its ample folds may be seen in characters of living light, "Peregrinando inter cielos," to which the inspired word of孔彦博, in the Rev. James W. C. Parkinson, D.D., a well-known American and European reputation for erudition and eloquence—the spirit consecrated "from his youth up," a Daniel A. Butterick, a Bishop, in a Church, whose presence is seen, and whose power is felt, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which and which proclaims the name of the work, and the name of the work, this spirit has been, and still is encircling in the hearts, and minds of multitudes, in which no man can answer, and many of which, and of their fruit, are captivated by the sacred swords of their锄。Let

those who sigh for the world's improvement—improve their own minds and hearts.—Let

them, then, find their place of Work, and in their sphere be a Worker. Work on them, without the world's applause, or its rewards. Jesus will be done then if of "heaven's record" it is a gain. Go on. Better though difficult is not the right way to go; and John Benton, "that was wrong though easy when the end is near." Scale the Alpine peaks which are before you. Struggle to that struggling, aspiring young...
MAINE
FREE EV. & D. CHURCH
Portland, March 4, 1869.

There are in this city about 400 colored people, in the midst of whom our little church stands as their only religious home. They are from various parts of this country—more than a dozen different States of the Union being represented, while some are from the British Provinces, some from South America, and some from the West Indies and Africa. There are about 100 families—more than 80 of which my missionary has visited as a minister of the word, seeking the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," comforting and strengthening believing believers, and striving to win souls to Christ. About 1 of them are members of the Christian Church, 20 of them in the 4th Congregational Church, to which I minister. The attendance on the public worship of God has greatly increased during the year. A marked improvement is seen in the attendance upon the weekly prayer meetings and services.

School and Bible Class.

There are now more than 100 members of the Sabbath school and Bible classes, the number has doubled during the year, and the interest of all is constantly increasing. I have an interesting Bible Class of young ladies—number 10. Some have become hopelessly lost, and all have made commendable progress in that truth which, by the grace of God, it is designed to make them "wise unto salvation."

We hold monthly S. S. Courses. At the last one one of the children recited, pressed or selections from the Scriptures, in the presence of an audience of as many persons as our church could hold. This is usually the case; and with the prayers, and addresses by different speakers to the scholars, parents and teachers, the evening is always one of deep instruction. The school is indeed, under God, the "assembly of the church." May all its members become the heirs of eternal glory.

Temperance.

Your missionary has held several temperance meetings, which have been addressed by himself and others. 100 persons have subscribed the pledge of total abstinence—some of them are bold and faithful soldiers in the "cold water army"—many of them are young and promising. This subject has been frequently presented to them in the following terms: their temporal and spiritual deprivations, moral and intellectual welfare, and its relation to their elevation in society, and to their duty to "remember those in bonds as bound with them."

Missionary Spirit.

I have often spoken on the subject of mission work, gliding, in a number of discourses, the "Origin and History of the Mendil Mission." Familiar with it from the beginning—having had a personal acquaintance with Ginge and the Ambulant Africans, and the friends who gathered around them in those early years when danger and death threatened them—having seen the arms of God made bare for their deliverance, and his Providence as a "wall of fire around," the Mission in Africa for its defense—my soul always quickens with new zeal, whenever I have the inexpressible privilege of presenting its claims to sympathy and support of the people of God. That is a glorious spot in Africa. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth—upon the top of the mountains the fruit thereof shall tarry like Lebanon."

Many of the heathen connected with that mission, and with the persons who order God have sustained it, have a thrilling effect upon the hearts of an audience—especially upon the young—some of whom, I trust, will yet, inspired by the spirit and genius of the gospel, go and preach Christ and him crucified, in that land of darkness and gloom; for the solemn clouds of superstition and sin, which hang like the curtains of night over it, the finger of Infinite Love has written in letters of fire, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hand to God."

During the year there have been a few conventions—some backsliders have been quickened to new life—some have letters to join this church. About a dozen will, I trust, in due time become communicants in the church.

But oh how much there is to be done! How many obstacles in the way of the gospel! How much there is to be done that Christians may be "living epistles, known and read of all men." How many paths there are here which "must be trod again," or drink the wrath of God. "By whom shall Jacob arise?" Many—most of the members of the church are poor in this world's goods. Most of the men are women, and away from home much of the time, which is one of the causes of the weakness of this church. Many of them cannot read the word of God. More than one third of the members are widowers and widows—some in trying circumstances indeed. During the year two of the members have fallen asleep in Jesus—one was a young woman about 22 years of age. * * *

During her long and severe sickness her heart and hopes were sustained by Jesus's God. When the cold, damp, winter of death had gathered on her brow, and the dark waters of Jordan were rolling at her feet, she said with a triumphant smile, "I shall soon be where sickness and sorrow and pain will reach me no more," and then "closed her eyes on earth to open them in Heaven."

Other interesting scenes might be mentioned. * * *

During the past year I have attended 17 funerals, made over 200 pastoral visits, preached over 30 sermons, attended 80 weekly meetings. Some good I trust has been done, and to God be the praise.
Everywhere I have found ministers and Christians ready to cooperate with and encourage me in this work, and to do all I hereby offer my grateful acknowledgment.

A. G. Beman.

Connecticut.

From Rev. A. G. Beman.

The following extracts are from a report of Rev. A. G. Beman, who is laboring as a missionary agent, principally among the colored people of New England. We omit the details of sermons, lectures, and addresses, delivered by him in various places, before ministerial bodies, Sabbath Schools, and many congregations, for the improvement and general welfare of the colored people. He has sometimes also addressed white congregations.

New Haven, July 27, 1866.

"There are some true and earnest friends, who desire the advancement of the Redeemer’s Kingdom, as it is to be represented in the character and condition of the African race. They feel that the Gospel is for them, that they need its blessed truths, and elevating spirit; and that it is the duty, as well as the privilege, of those who have the means, under God, to bestow it upon them.

"I cannot give that cheering account of the progress of the cause of total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, that I should be glad to. Some few, I find, are faithful in the great and good cause, but few of them take any personal interest, or are active in advancing this so much-needed reformation. On the other hand, the evils of intemperance are wide-spread and vast—mountains seem hastening to a drunkard’s grave, while the Bible declares ‘no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.’ Mothers are trembling with anxiety over the impending fate of their sons, and wives speak with sorrow and a groan over their husbands.

"I am on the subject of the use of tobacco in smoking and chewing, I hardly know what to say. I cannot describe this wide-spread and despised evil, so degrading and filthy, so debasing and corrupting is its influence, that its victims appear to be spell-bound and almost insensible to the appeals of truth, reason, religion, and humanity. Many of the young men, according to their own statements, are spending for this degrading vice from ten to sixty dollars a year. One minister told me that his eighns cost more than thirty dollars a year! How enormous the expense in every town, village, and city in the land. How well might it be for them to begin by breaking the power of this evil by voluntary abstention, and by the example of their lives lead others to do the same."

"I find many persons who have never heard of the existence of the American Missionary Association and its band of noble laborers in this and in foreign lands; they know nothing of its operation in Africa, the West Indies, the United States, and in Canada, for the Christianization and elevation of the colored race. When these missions are described their hearts rejoice. It encourages them to know that there are so many efforts made to preach a free and pure Gospel in the world, that there are so many Christian men and women laboring and dying for the welfare of our race. I have in public, and in families, read several times the account of the death of Mr. Miles in Africa, and the ‘eloquent line’ told that the hearts of the hearers were melted. Such facts, such lives, tell with power upon a colored audience. That there are so many white Christians who are willing to leave all and go to the dark and land of heathenism to preach Christ and his crucified to the perishing shows the vital power of the Christian religion. Why should not such facts be placed in the hands of all the colored people.

"Some few have subscribed for the ‘Magazine,’ but a little tract is needed, containing such facts and statistics as would arouse and encourage them. God in his providence has provided a multitude of such facts during the history of the anti-slavery and missionary enterprise. Why should not a few of these, prepared in a suitable form, and with words of encouragement, be placed in all our families? Is there no reason to hope that, in this way, much good would be done, and that from among the twenty thousand colored people of New England, from among the hundreds of thousands in the country, some would be quickened to a higher life and offer themselves to go as lights into the dark corners of the earth. A thousand such might find open doors of usefulness among the African race on the globe.

"God hastens the day when a consecrated heart shall go forth and every where ‘stand up for Jesus.’ May more and more Christian effort be made to accomplish this grand and glorious object: then shall the day dawn—when Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands!” (Long shafted, in slavery, suppression and ignorance,) “unto God.”
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
Middletown, April 16, 1830.

At a meeting of the colored people of the city of Middletown, Conn., in their church, on the evening of the 13th inst. to take into consideration the cause of temperance, and the propriety of forming themselves into a society on the principle of total and entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, the following constitution was adopted:

Article 1st. This Society shall be called the Free Temperance Society of Middletown.

Article 2d. Believing that the use of ardent spirits is unnecessary and injurious to health, and destructive of moral principle in individuals and community, the members of this Society pledge themselves to abstain entirely from its use, except as a medicine, and that they will not furnish it as an article of entertainment for their friends, or for those in their employ.

Article 3d. Any person may become a member of this Society by subscribing to this constitution.

Article 4th. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, a Treasurer and Secretary, and five Directors, who shall be chosen annually by a majority of the members present.

Article 5th. The Directors shall have power to expel members who transgress the rules of this constitution, and shall open a correspondence with similar societies, and devise and execute such measures as shall promote the cause of temperance.

Article 6th. The Secretary shall keep a record of the names of those who join the Society, and make a report once in three months of the progress of temperance among the colored people.

Article 7th. The Treasurer shall hold all funds belonging to this Society, and pay orders drawn on him by the order of the Directors.

At the adoption of this constitution, fifty cents in their names to obtain from the use of ardent spirits, and the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year:

Rev. Jabez G. Beman, President; Joseph Gilbert, Am. Jeffrey, Vice Presidents; Matthew M. Strong, Treasurer; L. C. Beman, Samuel Cardol, Chas. Brooks, Ebenezer P. Freeman, Geo. W. Jeffrey, Directors; Amos G. Beman, Secretary.

Please to have the goodness to publish the above in the Liberator.

Yours respectfully,
AMOS G. BEMAN, Secretary.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A SHORT ADDRESS.
Temperate Convention

[Text continues here, discussing events and decisions related to temperance and the temperance movement.]
For the Colored American,
New Haven, April 3, 1849.

An annual meeting of the Connecticut State and Moral Reform Society of Colored Men met in the lecture room of the colored church this day. Mr. Henry Foster, president of the Society, took the chair, and called an order at 8 o'clock, P. M. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Brown. The delegates then presented their Resolved, That it is the duty of all colored Americans to study and familiarize themselves with the principles of national freedom, and to refrain from any course of action which may retard their advancement.

Resolved, That our interests are the same with those of our brethren in bonds, and that we sympathize with them; and we will advocate and pursue a consistent course of conduct, that our example may have a tendency to hasten the day of their emancipation.

The following resolutions were offered by Mr. Henry Foster, and carried by Mr. Joseph Brown:

Resolved, That we have seen with feelings of pleasure and emotions of gratitude, the efforts of the Massachusetts Moral Society in establishing an intelligence office for the purpose of securing eligible situations for Colored Americans, where they can prepare for honorable positions, and we hope that all who are thus benefited will allow themselves worthy of the assistance which they receive.

Resolved, That we consider this as one of the brightest signs that the abolitionists are determined to promote the elevation of the colored population of this country.

Voted, That the thanks of this convention be presented to the President, for the signalized and impartial course which he has pursued while presiding over the proceedings of this Society.

Moved by Mr. P. Swain of Hartford, seconded by Mr. VanDerveer of Middletown, That the thanks of the delegates be presented to their friends of New Haven, for the kind attention which they have manifested toward them.

Voted, That the annual meeting of this Society be held in the city of Hartford, on the 20th day of September, 1849.

The convention then adjourned.

Henry Foster, President.

A. G. Beman, Sec. pro tem.
PROCEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE TEMPORARY AND M attention to the following resolution, which was adopted at the close of the meeting:

Resolved, That while we deem it our duty to cooperate with all good men in all good work, especially in the cause of human rights, we also deem it right and expedient to hold conventions whenever circumstances require.

Moved by Rev. T. S. Wright, seconded by Mr. T. A. Palmer, that the resolution be adopted—carried. Adjourned until 9 o'clock, P. M.

Met at adjournment. The President in chair. Prayer by Rev. C. E. Bee. After some remarks different members of Conventions, Mr. Swan, of Hartford, gave an address on temperance, and Rev. C. B. Bar was elected, after which, the Rev. T. S. Wright offered the following resolution, which was seconded, when he proceeded to address the Convention in a spirited and eloquent manner until the hour of adjournment.

Resolved, That the holy principles of human rights, as maintained by the abolitionists of this country and of Europe, are as true the hope of the slave and of the nominally free of our land; and that the real preservation—indeed, the only condition of our nation's health and prosperity—must be the same principles, which are maintained by the abolitionists in the various branches of our population, and which are advocated by this Convention.

Adjourned until 9 o'clock, P. M.

Met at adjournment. President in the chair. Prayer by Rev. A. G. Black. The report of the committee on the state of the convention was read by Rev. A. G. Black, and on motion agreed to. Mr. Beers also read a letter to the Convention from Mr. William P. Johnson of New York. Rev. T. S. Wright then proceeded, and added an eloquent argument in support of the resolutions which were presented in the afternoon. Having concluded, Mr. G. W. Black, President of the Convention, was called to the chair, and Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, of Hartford, introduced and sustained the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the duty of all the friends of humanity to be signers of the total abstinence pledge. Rev. A. G. Black offered a resolution in favor of the total abstainers, which was seconded and adopted by Rev. T. S. Wright of New York, and the motion carried, and adopted. Adjourned until 9 o'clock, Friday morning.

Met at adjournment. President in the chair. Prayer by Rev. B. Van Dusen. The following resolution was introduced by Senator James Mur. of Hartford, and seconded by Mr. T. S. Wright:

Resolved, That this Convention do recommend to the colored people of this state to petition the legislature at their session in 1848 for the extension of the franchise, on the rights of suffrage; and that the members of this Convention make special efforts to have this resolution carried into effect.

After considerable discussion the resolution was adopted, and several and sub-committees appointed in the place of representation, to superintend the petition to the Governor of the Commonwealth. The petition was then submitted to the Governor, and the convention adjourned.

The next meeting of the convention will be held in Bridgeport, the following resolution was then introduced by Rev. A. G. Black of New Haven, seconded by Rev. T. S. Wright:

Resolved, That we here express our feelings of gratitude to the colored people of this state for the brave and noble efforts, which have been made in our behalf, and we do pledge ourselves anew to each other to be faithful in the great work of Moral Reform—Adopted unanimously.

After singing and prayer, the convention adjourned sine die.

J. W. C. Pennington, President.

The following are some of the resolutions passed by the convention:

Resolved, That it is our duty to investigate the principles upon which our moral, moral and civil civilization depends; and to cultivate such habits as will most efficiently enable us to guard and advance these interests.

Resolved, That when any people fall, under God, to believe our duties and purposes, these ought to be the foundation and Our hope may be expected.

Resolved, That it is upon the principles of truth and righteousness that any people can hope to prosper.

Resolved, That the state of feeling existing in a community toward a proscribed class, and the course of conduct pursued in relation to their剥削 and rights, is invariable in accordance with the views entertained of them, and the views entertained of them also in accordance with the development of the nature of intelligence by those who make our laws.

Resolved, That we regard the conformation of the "Colored Americans," as the charge of Charles B. Ray, the only words which can be spoken in the name of the colored men in that country, as true to our interest, inasmuch as it is a proper measure of communication through which to develop the views and powers of our proscribed people.
ANNUAL REPORT

FROM GROUPE BEYOND OUR CONTROL, THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, TO OUR ENOUGH, WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THEY ARE CAUSING.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.

VICTOR HUGO, "THE HUGO CONVENTION"

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR CONCERN ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE. WE HAVE HAD TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE HARM THAT IS BEING DONE.
IV. The great interest of states. How can we expect to live in the scale of moral being unless we are a temperate, sober, and industrious people? What tones reach our ears? What objects now catch our eye? Do we not hear the groan of parents weeping for their children, refusing to be comforted, because they fill a dreary grave? Do we not with painful emotions, contemplate bodies rushing down the " vile stream " of intemperance, into that dark " gulf where ever there is a bowser cloud of indignation hangs "? Who shall raise the outcry of the many parents, who view, with trembling solicitude, their children on the verge of destruction? Who shall say the forest of intemperance before it burns beneath the dark current of our own sins and dissipations? Who shall lift up a warning voice in the ears of the so-called moderate drinker? Can there be great interests be guarded, and protected efficiently if we do not more efficiently promote the cause of temperance? Who will come to the rescue? All have a vital, and deep interest at stake. Some can innocently fold his hands and retire from the field. The next verse may be taken from our own side, and inscribed upon the black, and frowning altar of intemperance. Ours may be the next houses that shall be set on fire, and filled in anguish.

V. The success which has attended our efforts is sufficient to inspire confidence, and encourage hope. The history of our local societies present facts of the most encouraging character; and when they are viewed in connection with other efforts for our elevation, they show that their influence has been highly sanitizing, and beneficial. The State Society has been but carrying out our principles and extending our influence. Its field is more extensive; and by holding its meetings annually and semi-annually in different cities, it has called forth and strengthened the energies of the friends of temperance; and made them better acquainted with each other's views and feelings, thus increasing the bond of union among them.

It has induced many to join the pledge of total abstinence from use of all intoxicating liquors, as a common beverage. The principle and object of the society have convinced some of the pleasures to the heart, and consciences of many. The willingness of the people to hear arguments—listen to facts, and yield to persuasion has encouraged hope. May we not have confidence to believe that our united strength, and the blessing of God upon our efforts, will do much for our moral elevation? May we not hope for the best, where we take a retrospective view of what has been accomplished? Is not the object which the State Temperance Society has in view a good one? Is it not worthy of the support, and confidence of all? Are not the resources which called it into existence, and have continued it sufficient to commence it to the heart, and conscience of every friend of temperance?

Has not the success which has attended the effort been sufficient to justify the belief that great good will be done? Shall we not then go forward? Having hung our banner upon the outer wall, shall it ever wave until its folds shelter, and safely beneath its ample folds? Would appeal to you fellow citizens, by all the vital interests of time—by all the sacred aspirations of your brethren—for the sake of your health and that of the health of the next generation, by the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the confines of this earth, and urge you to come forward and join the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating spirits, and use them not as a common beverage.

In behalf of the Connecticut State Temperance Society of Colored Americans.

C. Freeman
Joseph Brown, Committee.
A. G. Brown.
THE TRIBUNE.

Annual Convention of the Pelvian State Temperance Union.

This Association, embracing several of the Temperance Organizations of the People of Color in Eastern New York as well as many of those of the surrounding States, wishing to do common service to the Cause, have made a request to the village of Buffalo, that they have been requested to be held at the hotel of the Union. The convention is on the 8th of July, and the annual meeting of the Convention is on the 9th of August. The address of the hotel of the Union is 399 Main Street, Buffalo City.

The following Letters, among others, were read at this Convention:

Letter from Edward D. Delano.

Balcony Estate, July 9th, 1853.

Re: and Dear Sir, - Your kind letter of the 8th inst. came to hand. I thank you for the opportunity which you have given me to express my regard for the Union, and thank you for your kindness in my behalf. I am happy to say that the temperance movement is making progress in this State, and that the Union is doing all in its power to promote it. The Union has established a branch in this State, and is doing all in its power to promote the temperance movement. The Union is doing all in its power to promote the temperance movement. The Union is doing all in its power to promote the temperance movement.

The following Letters, among others, were read at this Convention:

Letter from Lawrence Plumer.

Mr. President, - I have the honor to present you with the following resolution, which has been adopted by the Convention of the Pelvian State Temperance Union, held at Buffalo City, on the 8th and 9th of August, 1853:

Resolved, That the President be requested to have the resolution printed, and sent to the Secretary of the Union, and to the various Temperance Societies of the State, for their consideration and adoption.

Respectfully submitted,

Lawrence Plumer, President.

The following Letters, among others, were read at this Convention:

Letter from Rev. Dr. J. S. Jaques.

Mr. President, - I have the honor to present you with the following resolution, which has been adopted by the Convention of the Pelvian State Temperance Union, held at Buffalo City, on the 8th and 9th of August, 1853:

Resolved, That the President be requested to have the resolution printed, and sent to the Secretary of the Union, and to the various Temperance Societies of the State, for their consideration and adoption.

Respectfully submitted,

Rev. Dr. J. S. Jaques, Secretary.

The following Letters, among others, were read at this Convention:

Letter from Rev. Dr. H. H. Garnett.

Mr. President, - I have the honor to present you with the following resolution, which has been adopted by the Convention of the Pelvian State Temperance Union, held at Buffalo City, on the 8th and 9th of August, 1853:

Resolved, That the President be requested to have the resolution printed, and sent to the Secretary of the Union, and to the various Temperance Societies of the State, for their consideration and adoption.

Respectfully submitted,

Rev. Dr. H. H. Garnett, Secretary.
THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

The annual session of the New Haven on Sunday, June 30, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Superintendent, Rev. Moses James Simmons and Soloman Tilly Scott, presiding. Rev. Mr. Scott read the 4th chapter of Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinithians, and addressed the Throne of Grace. Rev. Mr. Simmons addressed the members of the Conference in a sensible and feeling manner, starting up many thoughts, and awakening many emotions in every one when he alluded to the venerable, and for many years the able Superintendent of the Connexion, Rev. Christopher Rush, who, although in his eightieth year, was present, and responded in a solemn and affectionate manner to the greeting of the brethren. Rev. Clinton Leonard was appointed secretary, and after the appointment of the several committees, and the announcement of preachers for the Sabbath, the Conference adjourned until Monday morning.

Father Rush, as all call him, is a remarkable man—born a slave in North Carolina amid all the crushing influence of that system which is the “sum of all vileness,” he felt, at an early age, the iron entering his soul. From him, in an hour’s pleasant conversation, we learned much of his early trials and struggles to gain a knowledge of letters,—in this he was aided by his kind mistresses; but when he attempted to learn the art of writing, even her soul dashed with wrath and burned with indignation. In reading he pursued the “even tender of his way” for some time. Providence at last brought him to New York, and in a few years he found himself on one New Year’s morning a free man—free indeed, for he had been made free in the blood of Christ before this, and had given himself to the service of his Divine Master.

He is blind and has been for several years, and when it was announced that he would preach on Sabbath morning, the 3rd inst., we resolved to be there at an early hour. Tender and solemn was the sight, when, at the hour appointed, we beheld this venerable man leaning on the arm of Superintendent Simmons, enter the house of prayer and ascend the sacred desk. From memory he gave out the hymns for the choir to sing, and after a prayer so full of allusions to the past, that it suffused many an eye with tears, he arose and preached a true gospel sermon, strong in argument, rich and apt in biblical allusions, solemn in its appeals and warnings, earnest and glowing in spirit. He declared that although “weak and infirm in body, his soul was still as strong and willing to work in his Master’s vineyard, as it was twenty years ago.”

faithful and labors for the elevation of the colored people’s has his life been! What changes he has seen! what trials—what conflicts. It will relieve the friends of truth and righteousness everywhere to know that “Zion’s Connection” is once more united—upward, onward, a mighty host in harmony, may it ever move. We cannot give all the names of the ministers present in this Conference. We noticed besides those named, Rev. S. M. Gillen, J. F. Thompson, G. A. Spy- wood, G. H. Washington, pastor in charge of Zion’s Church in New Haven, and under whose influence it has been much improved within a few weeks. Other items of interest will be sent when collected, of the doings of the Conference. We noticed on Saturday the eloquent and honored pastor of St. Luke’s Church, New Haven, studying the venerable man present with the keen eye of a Christian patriot and philosopher. We were also glad to see Rev. Amos G. Reman, agent of the American Missionary Association. “Bear how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

EPQUATIONS.


Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1860.

LETTER FROM BRIDGEPORT.

Brooklyn, Conn., June 29, 1860.

Mr. Editor:—Rev. A. G. Reman lectured in this city last Wednesday at the A. M. E. Church, on the “Elevation of our People.” He was listened to with marked attention. At the conclusion of the lecture Rev. G. H. Washington, who presided, made a few remarks. The young men here have a debating society, and are prepared to discuss any question that may be suggested. The ladies, too, are interested in literary matters and will, no doubt, soon organize a society also.

The John Brown affair seems to have given an impetus to the efforts of our people here for improvements, and the progress they have made recently is great.

W. H. C.

LONG WINTER EVENINGS.

Mr. Editor:—From a family circle where the “Anglo-African” is read, I have received a letter, from which I copy the following extract:— “My sister has come to join our family circle this winter, and we are all inclined to enjoy ourselves these long winter evenings. We have formed a small society for the purpose of improving ourselves in reading, writing, compositions, and speaking, if any of the members wish to do so.”

This is right. There should be a thousand such circles formed in all parts of the country. Who will go and do likewise?—“A hint to the wise is sufficient.” How many homes may thus be made bright and pleasant! How much each mind may be strengthened and developed, which by tongue and pen may instruct and benefit a multitude of immortal men. ESPERANCE.

EP Lectures, ADDRESSES, AND SERMONS.


New Haven, Conn.

The American Missionary Association having appointed the undersigned an agent to visit the colored people in New England and the adjoining States, he is prepared to receive applications for his services to lecture and speak upon the following among other interesting subjects, for the moral, religious, intellectual, and political elevation of the colored people:—

Addresses to the colored people on the means of their elevation: Slavery; Temperance; Domestic Economy; The Political Rights and Duties of Colored Men; The Genesis and History of the African Race; The claims of the colored people upon Christians for the means of their moral and religious improvement; The elevation of the colored people under the moral government of God; The Missionary Work in Africa; Positive Elements of weakness and strength of the colored people; Africa in the light of Christian Philosophy.

Post-office address: REV. AMOS G. REMAN.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The following is from the “Independent” of Dec. 1, 1859.

ADDRESS TO THE CROWNED PEOPLE.—The American Missionary Association have taken a very important and beneficent step in the appointment of Rev. Amos G. Reman as an agency among the people of color in the North. He is to labor in various ways for the educational and religious advancement of these people, a work greatly need ed and full of hope. We hope he will receive general encouragement.
LETTER FROM REV. AMOS GERRY REMAN.

HARLEM, Sept. 20, 1859.

Mr. Eaton—How impressively will the fact present itself to the mind that we live in a changing world, on visiting a place with which we have been familiar, after an absence of months or years. This thought did take possession of my mind on Saturday evening, the 13th, as I whirled into this city in the cars from New York. But a few years since, and I literally took “my staff in my hand” in Middletown, Conn., and came here on foot, passed an examination, received a line, a “Certificate of Law,” which enabled me to preside over a district school, and to that work addressed myself with all the energy and ardor of a fresh hope. What changes have taken place since that morning! I do not speak of the changes which the eye everywhere recognizes in the aspect of the city—its altered streets, its magnificent stores and public buildings, its pretentious private mansions, and gorgeous churches; these are all around us in all the stately grandeur and architectural beauty which boundless wealth, and intelligence, and pride can display; but my thoughts are of the changes which have taken place among those with whom my lot is cast.

More than thirty years ago some of the colored people of this city commenced the work of self-improvement, improvement, and advancement, by meeting together for the study of the sacred scriptures, and for religious instruction—meeting from place to place, and at such times as their circumstances permitted. From this humble beginning, the Talbot street Congregational Church, with its substantial brick edifice, was built. The property has, since that time, been much improved.

A generation has passed away. John Blackstone, Joseph Cook, Princks Babbous, Mason Freeman, Henry Foster, and Prince Swan—three noble men, for they were “giants in those days”—have passed away, and yet they live in the grateful hearts of those who are now enjoying the fruits of their labors.

None can enter the Talbot street Congregational Church without being impressed with the music of the sanctuary. The beauty and sweetness of this part of the divine worship, which the choir so appropriately perform, impressively falls upon the heart, and carries the mind back to the days and to a remembrance of the long-continued labors of Mr. Prince Swan, who for so many years devoted time and talents to the improvement of the colored people in a knowledge of sacred music. The choir more than maintains its former glory under the efficient management of its present able character, Mr. Samuel R. Freeman, assisted by his most excellent lady, who presides at the organ.

There is much moral talent and scientific cultivation in Harlem, as its weekly performance abundantly show. From the commencement of their labors in the work of self-development, the people of this city have made earnest efforts, and spent much money and time for the accomplishment of an object so noble and praiseworthy. For years they have had a day-school, and much of the time both male and female teachers have been employed for the instruction of their children. This work has been supplied with an intelligence ministry of both colored and white pastors. Long will the name of Rev. Horace Eaton, whose powerful mind knew no superior amongst the colored people of the country, be remembered. For years Dr. J. W. C. Pennington, Rev. C. W. Garvines, and Rev. J. A. Prime labored effectively to instruct and build up this people, while perhaps here were the best Sabbath School and Bible classes to be found anywhere, with a score of able and efficient instructors to lead them on in the pathway of knowledge. The improved moral, mental, and religious condition of the people proves that all these labors have not been in vain.

The high school of the city of Hartford is now open for the admission of properly prepared colored youths. Some have entered, and others are to follow at the commencement of the next term.

The Zion M. E. Church have a fine and teachable place of worship, with an able and faithful pastor, in the person of Rev. Mr. Giles, who is leading his intelligent people on in the cause of temperance, anti-slavery missions, and every good work.

I had the pleasure of presenting the claims of the American Missionary Association to the good people of this city yesterday, and having spoken somewhat minutely of Ciogo and the Amulai Africans, and of our station at Mendi, many came up to me with warm expressions of interest in that field. From this church two persons sailed as missionaries with them when they returned to their kviented land. This church has always had interest in them. In the evening a large and intelligent audience assembled to hear Deson Isaac Cross make his report of the doings of the “Evangelical Association of the Colored Congregational and Presbyterian Church” of this country, just held in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. —a report which was an honor to his head and to his heart, and an honor to those who so intelligently listened to it, and were so deeply interested. We took upon the audience with wonder and delight, to see so many young men and young women manifest such an appreciation in all that pertains to the progress of the race in this land and throughout the world.

Of course I would speak of many who have labored in this place for years, wheth-

er now among the hounded dead or noble living, but I may add, their record is on
high. Much there is yet to be done in this field, and great will be the reward of those who shall cultivate it for God and humanity.

On Monday evening I had the pleasure of meeting a large audience of both religious societies in the Tabernacle Street Congregational Church, and of addressing them upon "The Elevation of the Colored People of This Country and in the World." "Those who would be free, themselves must strike the blow"—the words are in our hands, and we must use them.

I must say, Mr. Editor, to refer to one pleasing incident which struck upon my youthful mind, to live while reason sits upon its throne. I was at work in Middletown, with others, in the shop, when all a sudden, a colored man, of Hartford, came in, holding in his hand a Speech of Henry Clay on colonization and the free colored people of the United States, which he read and criticised with a logical sense and indignant eloquence the learning power of which fell like fire upon every heart present. He was a man of strong intellect, noble heart, and superior mechanical skill, well known in his day in Hartford.

LETTER FROM REV. AMOS GERRY

Greenwood, L. I., Aug. 29, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—According to my promise, I drop you a line from this place, and shall continue to write you as time and opportunity may permit, in the hope that the humble offering may be acceptable to you and to your readers.

Greenport is one of the most pleasant and beautiful villages at this season of the year, and all the many of which the Empire State can boast. My acquaintances with it is of some years' standing, and now, as I revisit the place and the friends, I find much to encourage all who look with hope for the elevation and prosperity of the colored people.

I am here visiting the First Colored Congregational Church, under the partial care of Rev. James E. Carter, a son of Maryland, and a graduate of the "popular institution"—a man much beloved and respected by his people and the community. During the past winter, they enjoyed a revival of religion, which has added much strength to their church. They have a Sabbath School, under the superintendence of Deacon John Young. We had the pleasure of listening to a well prepared discourse on Sabbath morning, from Mr. J. B. Revere, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, a young man of bright promise and marked ability. He spoke in the First

LETTER FROM REV. A. G. Beman

New Haven, April 16th.

Mr. Editor:—I think you once made the remark to me that your paper was somewhat "distinguished for its correspondence," and certainly you have secured the interest of some of our best writers and thinkers, who often communicate their ideas to the public, through the columns of your highly prized paper. "May its shadow never be less."

Some few days since we left Portland, Maine, in the charge of Prof. Wm. P. Johnson, who was there in the "fulfillment of a successful experiment," lecturing and examining the heads of the good people, with a skill which does honor to his ability and talent. Prof. Johnson is one of the most remarkable men among us for scholarship, energy and perseverance. In social life, and as a Christian gentleman, he is worthy of all commendation; many success visit him, and we hope that large audiences may everywhere greet him.

Stopping in Providence for a few days, we found much to encourage and please us—some of the most earnest and devoted men among us are found in that city. The Johnsons, the Banks, the Parkers, and the others of the venerable Necessity, are such men as adorn the society of any city. We hope soon to see them and many other noble spirits there, again. There is an immense work to be done in Providence and in the State of Rhode Island, for the elevation of the colored people, a work which calls for union and sacrifice on the part of those who long for the time to come when the right shall triumph over the wrong, and when moral integrity, virtue and religion shall crown the people with glory.

Exhibition at Jamaica, L. I.
LETTTER FROM REV AMOS GERRY

BRIDGEWATER, Sept. 30, 1853.

Mr. Ector:—How natural it is, in visiting any place, to study a people from their religious positions, for that is a position voluntarily assumed in this land of “largest liberty.” We met at Greenport Rev. Alexander Posey, who has in charge a church in both of these places. He was in Greenport attending a fair—a successful one—held by his people there to raise funds to liquidate a debt on their building; and, although but few in number, they have, by their energy and labor, cleared over one hundred and twenty of the debt. He used all necessary means to secure for us a good meeting among his people in this place, and the attendance proved that he had not labored in vain.

There are in this place less than two hundred colored people. Their church edifice—a small but comfortable building—was built some twenty years ago, the loca- tion chosen being procured by the weari- est and revered Christopher Rush, who has toiled so long and so well for the religious prosperity of the colored people of this country. During these twenty years, of course, a great many changes have taken place here. These men then in the prime of life, and who built the church, now show the weight of years heavy upon them. Many of those who were children then, and whom these fathers thought and hoped would be pillars in the church and towers of strength and beauty in society, have disappointed those bright hopes. Too many of them have become “sons of the ocean,” spending years away as wharves, to return now and then with all the destruc- tive habits of the sailor fastened upon them. Some of the people here are doing well. They have acted nobly, and are enjoying the fruits of well-spent lives. The church and congregation present an appearance of prosperity and hopefulness for the future. In their pastor and his good lady they have a able and efficient counsellor for everything good. The spirit of improvement is in the young men, we are glad to find them held in honor for “work’s sake.”

At the close of one of our meetings some of the good friends subscribed for “The Weekly Anti-Slavery Journal” for the pastor, and for the “Colored Massachusetts Missionary Journal” for his wife. They have a fine Sabbath school. Mr. Hempleu, the superintendent, is a man well fitted for the responsible station which he holds in the church and in the school.

This part of the island has been much neglected by anti-slavery laborers, and as a consequence there is much to be done in the way of reform. At the present time there is no Anti-Slavery Society, and we did not find an anti-slavery paper or a temperance journal, these being no temperance or intemperance society it their midst. It is to be feared that rum is doing a fearful work with some in this place. Indeed, one will not have to travel long to find evidences of its existence and power. Whoever examines will find that many of the young as well as the old are being led away captive by this fascinating demon. The future looks more hopeful. Parents are taking a deeper and a wider interest in their children. This is well. In our youth we must find those who are to be the champions of every good cause; too much pains cannot be taken to fit them to act well their part in all the great interests of society.

The good ladies here are about to hold a sale for the support of the Gospel in their midst; and the young people, full of zeal, propose soon to give an exhibition of an intellectual character, at which the eloquent and masterly argument before the United States Court in Ohio, for the trial of the Oberlin-Wellington Rescue, delivered by Dr. Charles H. Langston, will be recited. May it be thus recited a thousand times by our young men in all parts of the land, and in various schools and assem- blies. May its living and burning truths flash over a multitude of hearts, that, if ever the occasion demands, they may be prepared and ready to “go and do likewise.”

Our visit in this place has been very pleasant, and we trust not altogether in vain. It will not be in vain, Mr. Editor, for you will, from week to week, do much to strengthen and encourage the friends here to “run with patience the race set be- fore them”—to do with all their might what their hands find to do for their own elevation, and for the deliverance of those in chains in this guilty land.

A. G. G.

LETTTER FROM REV AMOS GERRY

BRIDGEWATER, Sept. 30, 1863.

Mr. Ector:—You will find this place about two miles from Southampton, on a beautiful tract of land held by imperious- tive right by a remnant of a tribe of Indians bearing the same name—formerly a large and numerous tribe, spreading over this part of Long Island, but now “dwindled to the shortest span,” but one or two of unmixed blood. There is here, on the “Neck,” about one hundred and forty persons largely intermarried with the rich Anglo-blood of Africa. In former years, the tribe was numerous, much pro- gress was made in the elements of a Chris- tian civilization. Those by whom they were surrounded, and who were not too much given to that love for money which “is the root of all evil,” took a deep and commendable interest in their welfare. Many of them were brought under the elevating influences of the Christian religion. Those of their own blood were fitted to be their teachers and guides in the way of life. Among them—and their names are mentioned with respect in the “History of Long Island”—were Revs. Peter John Sampson Greens, and Paul Codding, a grandson on the maternal side of Mrs. Sampson. For more than thirty years he labored among them. Thirteen years he was employed as a missionary by the New York Missionary Society. At his death, in 1812, they erected a handsome memori- al to his memory. In company with some of his descendants—a son and a grandson—we went five miles to visit his tomb, and to meditate amid the scenes of his former labors for the salvation of his people.

That grave is now in the midst of a for- est which is fast strengthening far and wide over the red man’s burial-place—the church building has been removed, and trees and shrubs crown the spot where in other days the voices of prayer and praise were heard—the wig-wams have vanished—the cove- rals have gone;—the dear and the graves are gone—and from Carrooe-place and Cold Springs this noble rice, these sons and daughters of the forest, have, like the majes- tic casks which adorned their hills, all passed away. Most of the first here- grounds have gone into the possession of the whites. The remnant of the tribe is found on the “Neck,” a handsome tract of land containing about seven hundred acres. Their two public buildings—a church and a school-house, the latter a fine building, the former bearing the marks of age—stand in the midst of the settlement. There is a Congregational Church here, with a few members,—a few to whom they “re- member Zion” in her former day of glory, when “the candle of the Lord” shone in their midst. The church is without a pastor, and the school-house without a teache- r. For some months they have had an excellent school, taught by an accomplish- ed scholar and gentleman, Mr. John Pii- ter Sampson. We have spoken to them four times during our visit here, and have visited them from house to house. Could the suitable persons be found to come and dwell here, they would find an affectionate people and a field of much unex- ploredness. Shall these bright-eyed children be left without a teacher? Shall no one come here and break upon this people the “blessed gospel”? Deep and sad are the feelings of the parents, as they look on the rising generation; with tearful eyes they speak of the past and of the present, while they bitterly dare look at the future. Many of their sons go out from them to all parts of the world, many of them are gone on long whaling voyages, and the land they should stay at home and cultivate
lays in ruins. Mr. Editor, allow me to state one fact. After our lecture on Monday evening, we spoke of the "Anglo-African," and gave one to Deacon Jackson to take home and examine. He called early the next morning and subscribed for it for a year, and paid his money with a cheerfulness becoming a noble father and a man, saying, "that he had to drive his daughter to bed and away in the morning to her work, she was so much taken up with reading the paper." Now, our dear sir, you are to visit that interesting family every week, and we hope that, either from your visits or from your numerous and valuable correspondence, we can get the use of "your scissors," you will have a well-furnished "children's depart" and many a group of little folks will hail your visits with joy, and their future lives will show that you have not labored in vain. Yours truly, A. G. B.

LETTER FROM REV. AMOS GERRY BEMAN

MOUNTAIN VIEW, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1859.

Mr. Editor: Having passed very pleasantly a portion of the past week in attendance upon the meetings held in Brooklyn, N. Y., by the "Evangelical Association of Colored Congregational and Presbyterian Ministers and Members of these United States," and saw much, very much to encourage and strengthen our heart and hope in the sure elevation and progress of the colored people, in the rapid march by which they are making towards a higher and nobler Christian civilization than the world has ever yet seen—yes, we, at the command of duty, went on the 17th inst. to Newark, N. J. in the prosecution of our mission. We need not speak of the storm that came through which made our way—be assured it is remembered. During the night the rain ceased, the wind retired, the clouds rolled away, and in the morning the sun arose bright and clear. Sure to see the pleasantness, especially after such a tempest. Most gloriously did he shine up on the world, so recently shaken by the frowns of the storm king.

Blessed Sabbath morning, how sweetly the church bells chimed forth the music of heaven, and summoned thousands to the house of prayer, and to deeds of mercy and love for their fellow men—surely the Sabbath was made for man.

It gave us great pleasure to behold in the morning a Sabbath school of about one hundred members, with their teachers assembled to study their Bibles, in the Peace street Presbyterian church, under the able superintendence of Mr. Charles Hodges, who is doing a great work.

We addressed the congregation three times on the Sabbath—a noble and attentive one. Indeed the church, having for a long time been under the faithful charge of the Rev. E. E. Rogers, the poet, the theologian, and the able and devoted pastor, whose prayers are in all our churches, has made rapid progress in all that constitutes the strength and glory of a Christian people. A solid and permanent future is before them, and long may both pastor and people live to do the work to which they are called in the Gospel. We visited the Sabbath-school and Bible-classes and the infant Sunday-school in the afternoon—both under the superintendence of Mr. Gillie—who has been faithful to his post for more than twenty years, and whose heart for his work is as warm and true as ever. With much satisfaction he looks over the past and sees the wonderful improvements which the church and congregation have made, and are still making, in the right direction.

There is a large and flourishing day-school, taught by the able and faithful teacher Wilbur Garrison Strong, and his accomplished lady assistant, Miss Smith. On Monday evening we had the pleasure of meeting a large audience in the church, and of addressing them on the "Improvements which the colored people have made, and the prospects before us." On Tuesday the 20th, we found ourselves in Morristown, where we have come to fulfill a promise made to Mr. Thos. Cox to visit this place, and see our people from house to house, and hold a few public meetings: but the "sober second thought" of the storm, which raged in such fury on Saturday, has brought it back again in all its force, so that our purpose, which was to have theю almost been defeated. The following incident will show that the right spirit is here. Spending a social hour in a kind family, while speaking of the "Anglo African," the good lady said she would gladly take it if her daughter would read it to her; this the daughter promised to do—so the evening hours of that family circle are to be translated with the inspirations of your pen, Mr. Editor, for a long time to come. How impressively does the need of good reading matter for our people impress itself upon every person who feels an interest in their moral improvement. "Read, think, act," should be stamped in letters of fire upon every mind—here is power, progress, success.

There are about two hundred and fifty colored people in this town; they have one church and a school for their children; the number of which of suitable age is fifty. On visiting at this school we found but five children present, but the teacher, Mrs. Mary S. Sharper, said that the average attendance was between twenty. The church had kept them away—if ever that was a good excuse we think the children justified this case—for the basement in which the school is kept is anything but a fit place to occupy for such a purpose—the rain was sending a large stream of muddy water through one part of it, which, with the absence of all suitable furniture, and the daiiled walls and broken windows, make it cheerless and an unhealthful place in which to "teach the young how to read," and must have a deleterious influence upon the health and spirits of both the teacher and the scholars. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the falling of the rain a large audience assembled in the evening in the Methodist church to hear our lecture, and we hope some little good was done. The people need the light—the facts—encouragement. They will listen and read and think, and the day of their elevation and advancement is sure to dawn upon them. He who speaks the fulness of permanent prosperity. May they, with energy and perseverance, address themselves to this noble work.

LETTER FROM REV. AMOS GERRY BEMAN

BANGOR, Me., Aug. 29, 1859.

Mr. Editor: Justice requires that we should say a few words of this place. We were introduced to several friends of our people, by our kind friend, Mr. James F. Murry, and had a meeting in behalf of the American Missionary Association on Sabbath evening. Those who took part in it were true and earnest friends of the colored man the whole world over. During our visit here, we have called on most of our people. Their number is small, but all, we believe, are industrious and temperate, and for the most part, live in their own houses. This is a proof of the industry and integrity of the individual. "His home, "be it ever so humble," is not the gift of ancestors, nor the result of successful speculation, but of hard and honest toil, amid a thousand discouragements.

One of the most interesting men of our people is Mr. Henry Van Meter. He was born a slave in the Old Dominion, and sold, when a small boy, into Kentucky, from where he pionerced his way, nearly 70 years ago, on the underground railroad. He is at this time nearly 100 years old, yet he retains a remarkable degree all the faculties of his mind. He describes the bitter trials of his early life, and the sad parting with his father, in a manner which shows that Slavery is a bitter and cruel thing—"the sum of all villainy." The New York Observer should butter him, for he made use of one of his mast.
Lotte from Rev. Ames Currey

Ames Currey

June 10, 1859

Ranger, Miss. Oct. 17. 1859

Mr. Editor:—One of the pleasant sights of the time is the observer notices, that in the treatment which the colored people meet with in travelling from place to place, in steamboats or in the cars on the roads. A few months since, we left the city of Portland for a visit to a "down east," we heard the story of Daniel Webster—a man beat, with ample accommodations, for all who do not desire the place. Not only did we find that the brush was clean, but the rooms passed away the more cheerfully from the fact that the company which we found upon it was so agreeable. This may be said of several buses which come and go daily from the city of Portland, for some of the most active and intelligent of our people are found upon them. On the Daniel Webster we met a young man from Connecticut—Mr. W. H. B. Perhaps—who cultivated musical talents are not of me mean order, and whose intelligence and ability for the sphere of great usefulness; also Capt. E. P. Talcott, whose intelligence and ability has been proved as a navigator, and in which capacity his power would now find scope and employment were not for that prejudice which dooms so many among us, notwithstanding their qualifications, to a life of hard toil.

There passes between Portland and Boston—one of the most splendid, one of the best-sounding steamers that ever floated—as a steward, Mr. James A. Weedman, whose gentlemanly conduct, and finished accomplishments, and ability, place him at the head of his profession. He has no superior on any vessel anywhere. None can see him but to honor and respect him. We speak of these few individuals because they represent so many of our people, those employed in various parts of the country—men of cultivated talents, of character and ability—who would, were it not for circumstances over which they have no control, find situations in which they would soon reap a golden harvest as the reward of their toil. We say no more of this now.

We are here in Bangor, at the hotel, and in the house of our old and long-cherished friend, James F. Murray, whom we find surrounded with an interesting and intelligent family, for whose culture and improvement he and his noble wife have made beautiful and thoroughly. The arrival of the "Anglo-Afri cans," a few of which were sent to him, were hailed with joy, and henceforth both the "Weekly" and the Monthly are to visit this family circle. Why cannot the friends of these publications, Mr. Editor, do much for their increased circulation by sending you a large number of names among their personal friends, to whom you might send specimen copies? The expenses would not be large—say one dollar sent to you for this purpose, with the post-office address of friends in all parts of the country, would be a gratification to those who receive the paper, and induce many of them to become permanent subscribers to it.

In all parts of the land there are families who would be glad to welcome these publications to their homes, circles if they were acquainted with them. With all who are acquainted with them, as far as our observation extends, they are highly appreciated—they are faithful to be a means of propagating the true principles of the Bible, and it is the duty of every friend to assist in extending its circulation. Here, in everywhere, the subject of conversation is slavery, in some of its aspects. "Sleep no more!" thundered in every mouth: "There is no peace for the wicked!" From the moment the few humble slaves set foot on the shore of old Virginia in 1619, peace has been wrenched in their teeth, and the result of their blood goes up to heaven every hour. Ah! not the blood of the slave only, but of the white man. Listen a moment to the dying Senator, Sumner—"From this moment and in every corner, and in every school, and in every church, and in every pageant, and in every school that is in the land,!--in every city, and in every town, the five thousand words of its preacher in his closet, how are they addressed by the Resolute of the Herold—'I do not wish to annoy you, but if you have anything further you would like to say, I will listen.' Mr. Brown—'I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not set the part of an excrescence upon, but to aid those suffering great wrong.' Then to say, furthermore, that you had better—all you please at the north—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for a settlement soon or sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared the better. You may dispose of very easily.' I am, by the way, myself, but this question is still to be settled—this great question I mean; the end of that is not yet.

Whatever may be the fate of Mr. Brown, these thoughts shall breathe, these words shall burn in the memories of the opponents of God's poor in this guilty land, until

The Rev. A. G. Deman and himself served several years ago, and will remain here.

A. G. B.
LETTER FROM REV. AMOS GERRY BEMAN.

SUMMER VII.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 8, 1859.

Mr. Freeman,—It has been said that “some men are born great,” and that others have greatness thrust upon them. Some places on this globe are great, and have been since the fiat of the Almighty called them into existence, and they will be until Omnintelence shall bid them depart. “Like the baleless vision of a dream,” but other spots and places are great in human history by association in the human mind with those acts which have taken place there.

To say nothing of what Portland is, of the points of interest in and around it from its first settlement until the present time, it is soon to be “the observed of all observers,” from its association with the Great Eastern, whose arrival draws near.

“The note of preparation has been sounded,” and much time and money has been expended to “make ready” for her arrival. A magnificent wharf with a large area enclosed, so that all who go on board of the steamer, may do so with comfort and safety. Every arrangement is made so that she approaches the land in the dry time. she may be cleared on her twenty-five miles from the city, when caution are to be fired, the bells rung, flags stream forth, that all the inhabitants may gather on Monday hill and look over Cassco bay, and behold her come in magnificently to her wharf. What a sight! For she bears the number papers declare that she is able to bring—800 first class passengers, 1000 second class, 2000 third class, with 400 persons for a crew, from the captain down to the cabin boy—all hearts will swell with triumph. But, alas! one heart so deeply interested, one mind whose brain hold all its mighty parts in its contemplating, will not be here to enjoy the display of that proud bear. The papers inform us that Mr. Benson, its chief engineer, has been stricken down upon her deck, even as she was making her successful experiment, with paralyse, carried to his home, where he died in a few hours. Instead of the laurel—the cypress.

What shall be the effect upon the world of this visit of the Great Eastern to Portland? Hundreds of intelligent minds will come to this city and to this country, they will examine our common school system, look into the public schools—and Portland may well be proud of them—they are of the most excellent character, all free and well attended. No matter what color, or climate, or condition, wherever will be partake of the waters of knowledge freely.

The world knows the name of Hon. Rev. Drow, and that his name is identified with the “Maine Law,” as it is termed, a law designed to suppress the vile habit of rum drinking. With what a scrutinizing gaze will many friends and foes look around this city to see the effect of the law here, and the hopes or fears for the future welfare of millions of the human race, for in the principles embodied in this law the weal or woe of millions are involved.

How keenly will multitudes examine the question of liberty, of freedom. Just now the papers are beginning to discuss the principles of the Republican party. Do its principles embrace the interests of the colored man? Are they, as a party, opposed to slavery? Or is it a party for the white man, a party for the polls? Strange as it may appear, the party has never voted to confer on any colored man even a constable’s office, or to make one colored man a night police, although these offices are filled in many instances with the smallest specimens of mental caliber, and as for moral character, one would suppose, like the Irishman who wanted a license to sell rum, on being questioned as to his moral character, said that he did not know that it needed any character to be a rum seller.

What hope for the slave, what hope for the free: there is in the Republican party, as a party, is more than we can see. But whatever may be its doings, or its short-coming, one thing is certain, there rests upon the colored people—where so many privileges are enjoyed, where through the unwanted toil of their friends so many of their rights have been secured—a deep and solemn responsibility to “act well their part,” to do with their “might what their hands they could,” and to do all for their own improvement and elevation. Inspired with this idea some are going forward nobly.

With longing eyes some are looking to Brooklyn, to see their old pastor return to this, his first field of ministerial labor. Whether he will listen to their call or not we believe is not yet decided.

Mr. Freeman was the labors and faithful pastor of the Fourth Congregational Church here for eleven years, and has many warm friends in the city. May the people here prosper abundantly, and in the cause of temperance, and in education, and in social improvement and moral elevation, be such "living epistles known and read of all men," that their example shall do much to hasten the day of the slaves’ redemption.

LETTER FROM JAMAICA.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

Personal.

Rev. A. G. Beman, of New Haven, preached last Sabbath in the morning, at the Bridge street church in Brooklyn, and at St. Paul’s Chapel in the evening.

A. G. B.
LETTER FROM REV. AMOS GERRY EREMANN.

NUMBER 31.

Boston, October 1, 1850.

Mr. Erastus—A distinguished poet declares that “the mind is its own place;” but what precisely he means would require all the metaphysicians to tell, from the pious ly Sages of Greece down to the Neapolitans, who, with dictionary in hand, and an indefinable something in their consciousness, is endeavoring “to give to airy nothing a local habitation.” This is our introduction—to what? to Boston, or to the fact that we are in Boston—the proud metropolis of New England—the crown and glory of the old Bay State; to linger amid its rich historic scenes for a day. A bright morning makes hilltop or hillside, dome and spire, palace and cottage, sparkling river or rolling ocean, then on this glad morning. Each we went forth with “but study hall,” as the gilded gateposts of the polite and intelligent W. C. Nell, Esq., for our Cicero, and who can point out with an ecstasy, and describe with an eloquence, each scene and locality of interest with which the slipshod, which makes the use of this pen seem a mockery. From the vasty deeps of the past he calls up the mighty deeds, and stirs the soul with each holy thought its infinite truth fresh from his mind and prompt the heart to, and strengthen it for deeds of noble action.

We went to Faneuil Hall, where a theme and associations of the past came into the mind, for that half what words have been spoken, what thoughts stirred up, what purposes formed, by the “old cradle of Liberty.” What a market is that in which Boston rejoices, and of which it boasts “creature comforts” enough for each—in all the hours that have money and without price, may feast upon the intelligence of Christianity. Our friend is a member of this Association, and from this more than Castilian fount drinks large draughts from more than the “Florida Spring,” which gushed up in New Haven.

But of all the noble places in Boston for study, we think that the Boston Library—with its magnificent building, and spread in its own simplicity within and without, the very image of strength and beauty—is the place for the nurture of the mind and the improvement of the taste—here “without money and without price,” the sons and daughters of Boston may pluck brighter flowers of literature, and richer gems of science, than the most faithful devotor ever found on the heights of Parnassus.

What would visit this city without entering the Athenaeum, with its rich collection of statuary and paintings? Our own is not a critical eye, yet we confess that works of art have a fascinating power over us in which, for the time being, we are held spell-bound. We love to gaze upon them and think of the persons represented, and of the busy, working minds in which those varied conceptions had their origin, and the busy hands that patiently wrought them out. We cannot particularize, but we cannot speak of art without mention the splendid and most beautiful Bentley, whose picture graces the walls of the Athenaeum. The majesty of intellect, the purity of justice, the sweetness of use are all thrown on that imperial brow. Standing there, we thought of Hamlet when he said to his mother, “look here upon this picture and then, as we turned our eye upon the intended representation of Rhoda cute—never saw him and had no idea of his appearance, and should not have dreamed that what we must call the horrid picture before us was intended to represent him, but must have written his name and fastened it upon the frame of the painting. From all the accounts as numerous which we have lately read, from Everett down to Southside Adams, we did suppose there might be at least something in his countenance to strike with admiration, if not to awaken the moral sentiments of the beholder. He looks like the genius who inspired Dante, when he wrote of the infernal regions, rather than like an archangel in raiment, as described by Milton in Paradise Lost. In his physiognomy, what do they not take that painting away? The papers have been full of remarks and criticisms upon the statue of Daniel Webster, just placed near the Capitol. We gazed upon it long and intently, and think that Powers was under the control of the spirit of truth when he conceived the figure of Webster there embodied. He stands there, we think, in the full reality of what he was, of what he had become in his rebellion against truth, justice and liberty. Trace his career from the time when he stood on Plymouth Rock, as he yielded to the power of ambition, and thought that his path to the White House in Washington led over the crushed hearts of millions. He passed a moment beneath an October sun in Old Virginia—ah, but a moment—fulcrum devorum in extraneis, and the 7th of March the fatal Idea of March dawned upon him, and he fully “bowed his knee to the dark spirit of slavery—he fell to rise no more.” So Paper has embodied him. There let him stand as a solemn warning, while there is a rock in the mountains or a wave on the sea.

Lingering on the heights of Banker Hill, in the shadow of whose lofty masts a sense of stern conflicts rises up before the mind’s eye, of those days of trial which “tried men’s souls”—of a conflict to grow deeper and sterner until the right and the true shall triumph over the cruel and the wrong. Then it was worth and cannot half—now it is pen and press. What a contrast between the “part of trade” in the city, and the silent shades of Mount Auburn. To this place we would repair, not to gaze upon the splendid masonry of wre, but to pay a tribute of respect at the tomb of Charles T. Fowey, the “slave’s heroic friend.” We have joined his honored and esteemed kins in life, and immortalized him in death. A tower sixty feet high stands on the most elevated spot “in this city of the dead,” from the top of which a magnificent panoramic view is presented. Boston, with all its grandeur and glory, cities and villages in every direction below, gleaming up through forest shades on the mountains of the dead, in all the splendor of the richest art and the most cultivated taste, that unbounded wealth and human affection can bestow. Yonder all is activity, energy, life—here all is silence, solitude, death. Every path trod by human feet leads to the grave. Siemerit gloria mundi.

EMANCIPATION DEMONSTRATION IN NEW HAVEN.

Probably the largest and most spirited meeting ever held in the State of Connecticut was the one held on Monday evening, April 24th, in Temple Hall New Haven, in commemoration of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

At a reasonable hour the hall was called to order by Mr. Moses Lyman, who, in behalf of the Committee of arrangements, announced the following gentlemen as officers of the meeting:

President—Rev. Amos G. Benzam.
The Thme of Grace was then addressed in a brief but appropriate prayer by Rev. D. L. Ogden.

The Chairman briefly addressed the meeting, and the following preamble was pronounced:—

"The North American Deaconess and Missionary Society, "Organized at New York in the month of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, for the purpose of promoting the work of education among the Indians, and for the relief of the poor in the city of New York, and for the same objects in all other parts of the United States, and for promoting the spread of the gospel among the "heathen." "The said Society, having now completed its fourth year, and having the assurance of a continued support for the work of which they are the agencies, does hereby express its willingness to extend its operations to the support of the "heathen" in all parts of the world, and especially among the Indians of this country, and for this purpose hereby requests the aid of all who are disposed to promote the objects of the Society."

The meeting adjourned after the offering was placed in the hands of a committee to be distributed among the various objects of the society.
resolutions were read by Dr. C. v. K.
Creek and adopted in the midst of loud
cheers.
Whereas the Congress of the United
States have in a noble and masterly man-
ner passed an act Emancipating the
Slaves in the District of Columbia, and
removing forever this long cherished situa-
tion from the very heart and center of the "National Government," thus wip-
ing away the stain which for years has
disgraced the "nation's escutcheon," and
acknowledging the great Jeffersonian
principles embodied in the "Declaration
of Independence," and "Constitution of
the United States," of the freedom and
equality of all men—therefore,
Resolved, That we, the colored citizens
of New Haven, hail with feelings of inten-
tion and thanksgiving the recent act of
emancipation, and do, hereby return our
sincere thanks to those philanthropic Chris-
tian Statesmen—Messrs. Hale, Sumner,
Wilson and Waite, of the Senate—Messrs.
Lovejoy, Potter and Stevens of the House,
and all others to whom we feel indebted
for bringing about this great reformatory mea-
Sure in behalf of our oppressed fellow
beings.
Resolved, That in our honored Presi-
dent, Abraham Lincoln, we recognize those
noble traits of character which have ever
been resplendent through an unfulfilled life
—a man in whom we have the most impli-
cated confidence, and whom we will ever-
stain in carrying out the letter and spir-
it of the Constitution, by pledging to him
and the country our lives, our fortunes,
and our sacred honor.
Resolved, That as "American Slavery" is
the mainspring of the present rebellion,
we are in favor of a vigorous prosecution
of the war, until the irrepressible conflict
between Liberty and Slavery is forever
settled, in the complete overthrow and ab-
dition of this stupendous wrong.
Resolved, That in this righteous effict of
"national emancipation" and in the glori-
ous developments of Divine Providence by
which so many thousands of our brethren
are becoming free from their long and cruel
bondage, we recognize our new respon-
sibilities and obligations to them and to
the world; to develop in ourselves, and to
Teach them the sacred importance of those
broad principles of industry, domestic econ-
omy, temperance, moral and intellectual
education, civil and religious freedom up-
wards, under God, the prosperity and
happiness of all mankind depend, welcome
our labors of love, and rejoice in the hope
that soon freedom shall be declared to all
the inhabitants in the land.
Resolved, that the laying of this meet-
ing to the gendarmes em-
phazized in the resolutions, and to the daily
press for publication.

The President then introduced the Rev.
Mr. Catto, who entertained the audience
with facts which came under his observa-
tion while residing in the District of Co-
lumbia, and showed by the most indisput-
able evidence, the Satanic influence of Slav-
ery, both morally and physically upon
the two races. The audience were then
agreeably entertained by the ladies dis-
coursing most excellent music.

After which the President introduced the
Rev. Dr. Bacon, who spoke in most
moving terms of the conduct of the slaves
since the rebellion was first inaugurated;
and showed the patience and industry exhib-
ted by them in anticipation of a speedy deliver-
ance from slavery. His remarks were fraught
with philanthropic zeal. He laid down some length upon the
atrocity acts committed by the Slave
Trade, and also spoke of the highly impor-
tant measures, entered into by Wm. H.
Seward on the part of the United States, and
Lord Lyond on the part of Great Brit-
ian, for its suppression. The Rev. Mr.
Smith was then introduced who after nar-
rating the events of the emancipation of
Slavery in the West Indies, portrayed
with graphic detail the gradual progress of
emancipation. The Rev. Mr. Abbott
was then introduced who after mentioning
the lateness of the hour and the weariness
of the audience, begged to be excused from
further remarks. The loud and repeated
calls for "Mr. Abbott," showed they were
not too weary to listen to him and prevail-
ed upon that gentleman to continue his
remarks, which he did in a manner with
his mouth provoking anecdotes that elicited
uproarious applause. The President then
announced, that there would be a public
meeting held at Zion's Church on Wednes-
day evening. After which the vast audi-
ence with one voice united to acrisbe:
"God Bless Him from whom all bless-
grows.

C. H. C.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETHTOWN.
ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J., Jan. 18, 1860.
Mr. Editor—I have, by invitation of
the pastor of the colored Presbyterian
Church in this place spent a few days
with him and his interesting people, it will en-
courage the friends of progress to know
that much good is being done here among
our people. They have a neat and com-
fortable place of worship, with an excel-
lent chancel, under the efficient charis-
ter Mr. John M. Wiser. The Sabbath school
consists of seventy-five scholars and fifteen
teachers—Mr. J. B. Reed Superintendent.
It is one of the best schools I have ever
visited. The teachers are intelligent, de-
voted, and faithful. Looking over this
school, my heart was filled with gratitude,
for here I saw the right means employed
for the elevation of our people, so many of
whom are scattered over this State, and
of many of whom it may be said "No man
careth for my soul."

I visited a number of the families in
company with my friend, the pastor, Rev.
Daniel Van Devere, through whose instru-
mentality, nobly assisted by his good lady
and many of the kind friends, so much
good has been accomplished, and before
whom I trust a long career of usefulness
yet remains.

A. C. B.

ABYSSINIAN CHURCH.
On Monday evening last a temperance
meeting was held by the congregation
worshipping in this church in the west.
It was well attended, and we understand over sixty
persons signed the pledge. There is to be
another meeting at the same place.

Portland Advertiser.
Tuesday Morning, February 1, 1860.
The Temperance Meeting on Monday last evening was
concluded. The speakers were Rev.
Moses Benham, Tawing and Hyde, (the last of
Germantown,) Mr. Andrews of Biddleford, and Mr.
Walker. The speeches were generally interest-
ing. That of Mr. Hyde was made in self-
defence against a report industriously circulated
that, yielding to improper influence, he had
withheld his pulpit testimony particularly against
the evil of intemperance.

TELEGRAPHIC
Daily Whig & Courier
Notice.
Rev. Amos G. Benjamin, Agent of the American
Missionary Society, will address an audience upon
the condition of the colored people of this United
States, on Monday, the 17th of this month.
Tickets for admission to be sold at 50 cents each.

Ministerial Items—Rev. Amos G. Benjamin
of New Haven, Ct., where he has preached for twen-
ty-two years, has accepted a call from the Abyssinian
church at Portland, Me. —The Portland Argus
states that Rev. Geo. L. Walker, late of Pittsfield,
Vt., now residing at Andover, Mass., has accepted
a call to the State Street Church in that city.
There is a mutual agreement, however, that he shall not be
required to enter upon his duties till September 1st.
—Rev. Dr. Adams, late of Dunstable, has
removed to Auburn, Mass., and is acting as stated
supply of the Congregational church in that place.
The world knows the name of Hon. Neal Dow, and his name is identified with the "Maine Law," as it is termed, a law designed to suppress the vile habit of rum drinking. With what a scrutinizing gaze will many friends and foes look around this city to see the effect of the law here, and thus hope or fear for the future welfare of millions of the human race, for in the principles embodied in this law the real or wise of millions are involved.

How keenly will multitudes entertain the question of liberty, of freedom. Just now the papers are beginning to discuss the principles of the Republican party. Does its principles embrace the interests of the colored man? Are they, as a party, opposed to slavery? Or is it a party for the white man, a party for the niggers? Strange as it may appear, the party has never voted to confer on any colored man even a constable's office, or to make one colored man a night police, although these offices are filled in many instances with the smallest specimens of mental calibre, and as moral character, one would suppose, like the Ishmael who wanted a license to sell rum, on being questioned as to his moral character, said that he did not know that it needed any character to sell rum either. What hope for the slave, what hope for the free there is in the Republican party, as a party, is more than we can see. But whatever may be its doings, or its short-comings, one thing is certain, there rests upon the colored people—where so many privileges are enjoyed, where through the unwearied toil of their friends so many of their rights have been secured—a deep and solemn responsibility to "act well their part," and to do with their "light what their hands find to do," for their own improvement and elevation. Inspired with this idea some are going forward nobly. With longing eyes some are looking to Brooklyn, to see their old pastor return to this, his first field of ministerial labor. Whether he will listen to their call or not we believe is not yet decided.

Mr. Freeman was the laborious and faithful pastor of the Fourth Congregational Church here for eleven years, and has many warm friends in the city. May the people here prosper abundantly, and in the sense of temperance, and in education and in social improvement and moral elevation, be such "living epistles known and read of all men," that their example may do much to hasten the day of the slave's redemption.

The Rev. A. N. Freeman briefly addressed the audience on the importance of a union of effort for the elevation of their race. The Rev. A. H. Green addressed the meeting on the subject of the condition of the Church in reference to slavery. He charged the Church of America with the gross sin of assuming a position in reference to that question which was a mere reflection upon the banner of liberal-mindedness.

The Rev. H. H. Garnett addressed the meeting on the subject of the condition of the Church in relation to slavery. He charged the Church of America with the gross sin of assuming a position in reference to that question which was a mere reflection upon the banner of liberal-mindedness.
ORDINATION
PORTLAND, OCT. 18, 1859.

Pursuant to letters missive, an Ecclesiastical Council was convened at State Street Church, Portland, to ordain the candidate of the former pastor Rev. H. S. Carpenter with said church, and to ordain his successor, Mr. Geo. L. Walker.

The Council was organized by the choice of Rev. J. J. Carruthers D. D., as Moderator, and Rev. Edward Payne Thwing as Scribe; followed by reading of the Scriptures and Prayer by the Moderator.

The following churches were represented:

By vote of the Council the following persons were invited to sit as corresponding members, viz:

The documents of the Church and Parish relative to Rev. Mr. Carpenter's resignation were read, also a letter from him signifying his desire to be considered as resigning with the church in their proposed action, as far as regarded himself. It was therefore voted, that the pastoral connection of Rev. H. S. Carpenter with this church be dissolved.

The vote of the Church and Parish extending a call to Mr. Walker were then read and his letter of acceptance. It was then voted, that the Council proceed in the examination of Rev. Walker.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN.—We understand that there is quite an interesting state of things in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Geo. W. Leeper, pastor. Rev. Jacob A. Poole is to preach there Sunday afternoon, and Rev. Amos G. Beeman in the evening. Friends of the elevation and prosperity of the colored people are invited to attend.

Agency for the Colored People.—The American Missionary Association have taken a very important and beneficent step in the appointment of Rev. Amos G. Beeman as agent among the People of Color in the North. He it is to labor in various ways to promote the educational and religious advancement of these people, a work greatly needed and full of hope. We hope he will receive general encouragement.

After a full and thorough examination of the Pastor elect as to his doctrinal belief and religious experience, it was voted, that the examination be considered as satisfactory, and a Committee be appointed to arrange the parts—which Committee consisted of Rev. Moore, Merrill and Esbenen—they reported as follows:

Invocation and Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. A. G. Beeman.
Opening Prayer, Rev. S. H. Merrill, Sermon, Rev. Dr. Walker.
Ordaining Prayer, Rev. Dr. Carruthers. Charge to the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Moore.
Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Mr. Thwing. Charge to the people, Rev. Mr. Wheelwright. Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr. Storer.

Council voted to adjourn until 2 P.M. to complete the services of ordination. The evening services were gone through with according to the above arrangement. The Council then dissolved. J. J. CARRUTHERS, Moderator.

EDWARD F. THWING, Scribe.

The services of the evening were very interesting. The various exercises were performed as assigned by the Council. For want of room we are unable to give a report of any of the parts except an important one of the sermon by Dr. Walker, father of the candidate. The high position taken in this discourse for evangelical preaching is in striking contrast with that which denounces the Sabbath and denounces the pulpit by the introduction of secular topics—whether in the heavens above us, or the earth around us, or in the waters under the earth.

Whig and Courier.

WHEELER & LYNDSEY, PROPRIETORS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1859.

23rd Rev. Amos G. Beeman, Agent of the American Missionary Association, will speak in the vanity of the First Congregational Church in Sunday evening, Oct. 23d. Friends of Mission to Africa, and at home, are invited to attend. Services to commence at 7 o'clock.

Portland Advertiser.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1859.

REV. F. B. Bushnell, School Inspector of the Higher School at Portland, will be auctioneer at the School Auction, to be held at 10 o'clock. Friends of the cause are invited to bid.
The Convention met pursuant to adjournment...

To the Citizens of Kinderhook: The undersigned, in behalf of their brethren, beg leave to return their unfeigned thanks and alms of gratitude to all the citizens of this town, for the unassuming hospitality, generous liberality, and uniform kindness, with which they have been treated during their stay in this place; and they earnestly assure them that the remembrance of same can never be obliterated but for the hand of death.

AMON G. BEMFORD, New-Haven, Ct.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

In another conclusion will be found the proceeding of the Temperance Convention which assembled in this village on the 4th inst., as reported by the Secretary. A large number of delegates arrived at an early hour from almost every one of their constituent societies, which one of which was marshalled under its appropriate banner.

About eleven A.M., the procession, which is said to have numbered nearly one hundred persons, was formed under the direction of the marshal of the day, a foot of solid, our esteemed by an excellent band of music, it proceeded in the most orderly manner to the Grove, where a stage was erected for the purpose of the day and suitable seats prepared for the audience.

To those who had been unacquainted to listen to the public speaking of men of colour, and whose previous anticipations were not adequately realized, the scene that followed was one of much interest and excitement, as agreeable as it was unexpected. The speeches in the morning and afternoon expectancy participated not only in the entire satisfaction of the convention proper, but to the surprise and delight of a large concourse of white spectators who had assumed on the occasion. The address of Mr. Mentz, in the morning, in particular was listened to with deep attention. Many of the thoughts were both original and striking in the most simple and appropriate language, and delivered in a tone of earnestness and earnest feeling—terms directed itself to the heart of the hearer, and that attracted and claimed the attention of the whole audience. The Rev. Mr. Barton, in the afternoon, also spoke with spirit and animation, and deeply interested the white component.

The concluding part of his address in particular—containing the situation, the moral, literary, and religious privileges of the whole with those of the black man, were fully conceived and delivered with passion and eloquence.

The procession was formed anew at the conclusion of the last orator and marched in perfect order through the village. We observed in the morning as the procession was leaving the ground that some of the horses of our village greatest the spears on their appearance by a waving of handkerchiefs, who in return called their names and made a most civil and polite acknowledgment for the compliment.

Notice continued throughout the day that the hearing of the audience. The whole of the audience was conducted in a manner that reflected the highest honor upon our colored citizen generally, and we have truly known as large an assembly to carry on their proceedings in a manner perfectly respectable, quiet and polite,

A CARD.

THEODORE S. WRIGHT, President.

A. G. BEMFORD, J. F. MIERS, Secretaries.
We regard this effort as in the highest degree laudable. It is one that will commend itself to the philanthropist, the statesman, the man. Its object is to elevate and to raise up from the dust a whole class of our fellow men—men whom God has endowed with the high attributes of genius, conscience and will—in whom he has estranged a partial measure of an immortal mind. It is to elevate this class of our fellow men—to emancipate their social and moral status, that this effort has been undertaken. And the movement, too, has originated among ourselves. It has sprung up in the bosom of our own society, and is carried on by those who are wise and exalted. We bid them, then, God speed! Whatever tends to improve the condition—by purifying the morally—to elevate and liberate the mind, and to contribute to the happiness of men—no matter whether they are black men or whites—no matter what complexion an Indian or an African may have borne upon them—we must see that this condition, character or station in life, as they are both men, formed in God's image, and endowed with national souls—whatever tends to elevate them in the scale of humanity, is deserving the warmest sympathy of all who enjoy the blessings of Christianity and civil liberty.

That may be described the name of pure benevolence, which can extend to every class and condition of oppressed and disad-\n\nted man. That is in the name of true philanthropy, which is effusive in its nature—which extends in influence through the varied and abounding man. That is in the name of true philanthropy, which is effusive in its nature—which extends in influence through the varied and abounding man.
Journal and Courier
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CARRINGTON & CO.,
No. 229 State Street, Courier Building.

MARRIAGES.

Newspaper advertisement for Carrington & Co.'s Journal and Courier.

Friday, January 13, 1871.

For immediate consideration.

A Visit to my Mother's Grave.

By Anna G. N. B. H.

"Sweet Memory, as the gentle gale, up the stream of time I turn my soul to view the scene of my early home, and recollect my last hours, my little girl," then the tears fell from her eyes. She was overcome with joy as she thought of the happy days that had passed away.

The hour of departure had come, and she was bidding adieu to her dear friends. The tears fell from her eyes as she thought of the happy days that had passed away.

The hour of departure had come, and she was bidding adieu to her dear friends. The tears fell from her eyes as she thought of the happy days that had passed away.

The hour of departure had come, and she was bidding adieu to her dear friends. The tears fell from her eyes as she thought of the happy days that had passed away.

The hour of departure had come, and she was bidding adieu to her dear friends. The tears fell from her eyes as she thought of the happy days that had passed away.

The hour of departure had come, and she was bidding adieu to her dear friends. The tears fell from her eyes as she thought of the happy days that had passed away.