ple had become very uneasy lest they should lose me altogether, in consequence of having learned that I had made a visit to Rocktown and Fishtown. and that this induced them to send the last deputation. When that deputation returned, there was no objection whatever made to paying in the manner required. Two of the bullocks have been collected, and the people are only waiting to get two more, to bring them up and "set the palaver." A great reaction, it is said, has taken place, and the Sedibo (the movers of all our troubles) are everywhere denounced amongst the people.

Now that the excitement connected with our late difficulties has passed away, and we are enabled to take a calm and dispassionate view of the circumstances attending them, much reason is seen for hoping that it will result in good to the cause in which we are engaged. The providential arrival of the squadron, just at the moment when the natives appeared to be intent upon a general outbreak, not only put an end to that, but will prevent the recurrence of similar ones. The prompt assistance rendered my family in the hour of danger, must leave the impression upon the natives, that missionaries may have protection when they choose to claim it, and prevent those acts of violence (generally the work of a few leading evil spirits,) which make an appeal for such protection necessary. The fact, too, that I refuse to return to a people who persecuted me, and put the gospel away from them, until they retract their conduct and give pledges that it shall not be repeated, will make the natives at all our stations more careful to restrain the few who would injure their country so far as to deprive it of our services. That such may be the happy result, and that God in this case may "make the wrath of man to praise him," and "in all things be glorified," is my constant prayer!

The committee will be gratified to learn, that Mrs. Payne and myself are in the enjoyment of good health. Messrs. Smith and Hazlehurst have lately had attacks of intermittent, but are now recovered from them. The health of the other members of the mission is good.

CONFUSION AMONG THE ABOLITIONISTS.

At the anniversary meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in New York on Tuesday, the greatest excitement and uproar prevailed. speech having been delivered by Mr. A. Ballou, of Massachusetts, against the use of any other means of advancing their objects but that of moral power, the following ludicrous and laughable scene is reported by the Republic to have ensued: -Sun.

The Rev. Charles M. Dennison, of Boston, next took the platform. He contended that slavery was a moral and political evil, upheld by the law, and that necessarily the law must be called in to support it. In calling in the aid of the law, he said there was a weapon better than the bayonet, and that was the ballot box.—(Cheers and hisses.) Yes, this was the moral power, and on no account would he ever consent to part with it in the cause of slavery—(applause and hisses.) The power of the ballot box was now the "cloud, not bigger than the man's hand," but the day is fast coming when it shall overspread the moral and political sky, and with the rush of the whirlwind drive slavery from the land-(cheers.)

He regarded the views propounded by Mr. Ballou as day-visions from Hopedale--(loud hisses and cheers.) For himself he felt satisfied that the friends of Abolition must take society as it is, and reform the existing evils by the means which God had placed at their disposal. Slavery was a great evil, and had grown up with the institutions of the country—it was interwoven with the very texture of political power, and political action alone must remove it-(loud hisses and cheers.) Yes, political action alone can

remove it. We must carry our principles to the ballot box, and there enter our protest-(loud hisses.) He believed that it was morally impossible to reform this world by moral suasion alone. The tares must grow up with the wheat, until the day of harvest arrives. He would entreat, persuade, advise; and when all failed, he would resort to political power to break what he could not bend. (Hisses and cheers.) He would not resort to political power until the very last refuge, under the law of God. He would proceed by virtue of his political rights to wage a war, not with the bayonet, but with that mighty instrument of God-the ballot-box. (Tremendous hissing and loud applause from all parts of the room.)

He then took up Henry Clay, and handled him rather severely. This great and illustrious statesman (said he) had discovered that he did not care for the influence of the anti-slavery party so long as they confined their efforts to tracts and prayer meetings; but when he saw them approach the ballot box he trembled on the floor of the Senate House. (Cheers.) And well he might; for then he could see the hand-writing on the wall of Ashland, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." (Hisses and cheers, and uproar.) He did not mean anything disrespectful to the man, but to the principles which he supported. After a long review of the several branches of moral influences enumerated by Ballou, he concluded (amid a storm of the most violent hisses and wild uproar,) with these words: "Who, then, shall we follow, the Lord Jesus Christ, or Abin Ballou, of Hopedale?" The scene which followed baffled all description—it exceeded any exhibition of feeling we have ever witnessed in a political assemblage.

When at length silence was obtained, the President took possession of the platform, and for several minutes he denounced the last speaker in the most violent and strong terms. What better exemplification could the meeting have had of the fact that the platform was free, than the exhibition they just witnessed. And who was the man who had made the religion of Jesus Christ a political engine associated with the American ballot-box. [Hisses, hisses.] It is the man who rallied with the priesthood, to put down and gag our female friends, and to declare that their voice should not be heard in our meetings. [Hundreds hissing and stamping on the floor.] This was the man who had dared to come here and address this meeting. He has been heard freely and to his heart's content, but never was there an instance of greater audacity. [Several voices, never.] He, the President, asked whether any but a recreant priest, a wolf in sheep's clothing, would have dared to do this. [A violent opposition from the friends of Garrison and Dennison.] In the name of every slave mother, he pronounced that man a-Benedict Arnold. [Increased confusion, shouts, "No." "Yes."] In the name of God, I put upon his forehead the brand of Apostate [the uproar exceeds description,] to the cause of the American slave-

Mr. Dennison, jumping on the forum, shouted out at the top of his voice -"My friends, I can only say, I am alive yet." (Cheers and hisses.) Mr. Garrison-My friends, this is a free meeting, and we can afford to

give the Benedict Arnold party ten to one. (Shouts of "yes, yes," "thank

you, we don't want the odds.")

Loud calls were made for Dennison, but Charles Burleigh had taken possession of the platform, and he refused to give it up, as his right to it was questioned. He said he had learned a lesson, new indeed to him, that the ballot box was the sword of God. (Cheers.) He had always been accustomed to read in the Bible that the sword of the spirit is the sword of God, and he was not prepared to throw away that keen weapon to take up that

> "----weapon surer yet, And better than the bayonet."

Mr. B. continued for some time in a pleasant vein to ridicule the eulogy

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