

FOR.

LINKIND.

NO. 46.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1837.

Resolved, That fidelity to the cause of our enslaved countrymen, absolutely forbids us to countenance such religious teachers, as refuse to admit the claims of our oppressed brethren to a prominent place in their prayers and preaching, in their public administrations.

Resolved, That the acquisition of Texas by certain citizens of the United States, is an act of unspeakable fraud and iniquity; and that its annexation to the Union would be a most flagrant violation of national morality; disgraceful to the country; dangerous to the liberties of the nation, and would peril the perpetuity of our free institutions.

PREJUDICE IN THE CHURCH.

The spirit of slavery and of caste no doubt is the bane of the Church of Jesus Christ in this country. It is the golden wedge which must be removed, ere she can prosper, or her latter day glory be ushered in.

Prayerfully, in the hope that Zion's night is far spent, and her day at hand, we proceed to our catalogue of facts chargeable against ministers and members in the church of God.

1. They refuse to rent pews to colored members, however pious and respectable. We are, with our family, compelled, though we live in one quarter of a mile of six Presbyterian Churches, either to walk twelve miles every Sabbath or forego the privileges of God's house. Truly we can worship with our white brethren, by submitting to great degradation, or we can stay at home part of the day.

2. They refuse Christian civility to colored worshippers whatever be their character and appearance. Some three years ago, we felt very desirous to hear our good friend and brother, Dr. Cox, and with our two children wended our way to the Laight street Church, (now Mr. Mines') and by the politeness of Mr. Tappan were accommodated with a seat in one of the side aisles, rather an obscure place. Yet this circumstance excited a PERFECT TUMULT throughout the whole Church, and sent a multitude of the followers of the 'lowly Jesus' to their homes in a rage of disapprobation and wrath.

3. There are several ecclesiastical bodies in our country who do not allow their colored Ministers, however learned, talented and pious, to sit in council with their white brethren at all, nor to have a vote on any subject whatever, however much they may be interested; nor will they permit the admission of a student into their Theological Seminaries, who, knowingly, has one drop of African blood in his veins.

We have FACTS—HEAVEN-DARING, MAN DISHONORING AND SOUL DAMNING FACTS on the subject, but alas, they are not our own, and we dare not use them. It is much to be feared, that these SINNERS in the Church of Jesus Christ—these Heaven-daring RESPECTERS OF PERSONS, for the want of being rebuked, will die under the influence of an unholy prejudice against color, and reap in another world, the reward of their doings.—*New-York Colored American.*

SAVAGE BARBARITY.

The savage murder of our colored fellow-citizen Mr. George Davison, of which we gave an account in our last, calls for our sympathy and our unqualified censure. Mr. Davison, but lately, as a worthy, industrious citizen, dwelt among us. His afflicted mother and brother are with us, and should receive early expressions of our condolence, and tenders of our services.

The barbarous murderer, Governor Tacon, of Havana, should also, without unnecessary delay, receive of himself and his vassals, and abhorring to uncivilized and inhuman tortures and death without trial, an innocent, unoffending stranger. Who does not despise such a man?—and who does not despise a system of things—a national or state policy, which requires for its maintenance such measures and such cruelties?—*Ibid.*

THE MOB AT ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS.

The following additional particulars respecting brother Lovejoy's narrow escape—from the hands of an infuriated mob in St. Charles, are contained in a letter from him to the Editor of the Emancipator. What soul, in perusing them, but will burn with righteous indignation? Mark what Mr. L. says about the craven conduct of the ministers and churches in Alton! Shame upon them!

My friends in the house, of whom, by the way, there were not many, now became thoroughly alarmed. They joined in advising me to leave the house, and make my escape, should any opportunity occur. This I at first absolutely declined doing. I did so on the principle I had adopted, of never either seeking or avoiding danger in the way of duty. 'Should such a man as I flee?' has been my sentiment, whether right or wrong. I was at length, however, compelled by the united entreaties of them all, and especially of my wife, to consent to do so, should opportunity offer. Accordingly, when the efforts of those below had diverted the attention of the mob for a few moments, I left the house and went away unperceived. I went up the street a few rods, and finding all still, I came back to reconnoitre, and after looking round awhile, and seeing or hearing no enemy, I went back into the house. Here, however, so far from being welcomed, I was greeted with reproaches in abundance for my temerity, as they called it, in venturing back.

And sure enough, scarcely had I seated myself before the mob returned again, as though they scented their prey. One man now went down to them, and by the promise of a dram, led them all away, and I was fain to escape not so much from the mob as from the reproaches of my wife and friends, by leaving the house a second time.—It was now about midnight. Through the good hand of my God upon me, I got away unperceived. I walked about a mile to my friend, Maj. Zibley's residence. Having called him up and informed him of my condition, he kindly furnished me with a horse; and having rested myself on the sofa an hour or two, for I was much exhausted, I rode to Mr. Watson's, another friend, where I arrived about day-break, four miles from town. Here Mrs. L. though exhausted and utterly unfit to leave her bed, joined me in the morning, and we came home, reaching Alton about noon, meeting with no let or hindrance, though Mrs. L. was constantly alarmed with apprehensions of pursuit from St. Charles.

From her I learned that the mob did not disperse till nearly day, that they grew more and more infuriated, and finally broke into the house and searched it thoroughly for me. When they were convinced that I was gone, their yells and threats were truly demoniacal. They immediately set a guard to watch my horse in his stable, so that should I come to get him, I might be caught. They fired off pistols in the street by the house, ran up and down shouting, hallooing, cursing and swearing, like so many devils incarnate. They gathered round the stage in the morning, as Mrs. L. stated, seemingly restrained only by very shame from wreaking their disappointed vengeance on her. Our child was left behind, Mrs. L. being unable to bring him away.

One of the mob, by the name of Malison, was formerly a member of the Presbyterian church, but was excommunicated for drunkenness. Since my return to Alton, I have learned that the mob went to work as soon as it was known I was in St. Charles. Their plan, as it first formed, was to slay me on the road as I returned. I came into town on horseback, and they at first supposed I should leave it the same way. But when they learned I should go in the stage, taking Mrs. L. with me, they deemed it better to attack me before starting. But the story does not end here.

On our arrival in Alton, as we were going to our house, almost the first person we met in the street, was one of the very individuals who had first broken into the house at St. Charles. Mrs. Lovejoy instantly recognized him, and at once be-

came greatly alarmed. There was the more reason for fear, inasmuch as the mob in St. Charles had repeatedly declared their determination to pursue me, and to have my life, and one of them, the fellow from Mississippi, boasted that he was chasing me about, and that he had assisted to destroy my press in Alton. This was the more readily believed, inasmuch as it was known that individuals from St. Louis, where this Mississippian now temporarily resides, were aiding in that work. The mobites from St. Charles also openly boasted here of their assault upon me in that place.

Upon these facts being made known to my friends, they deemed it advisable that our house should be guarded on Monday night. Indeed, this was necessary to quiet Mrs. L's fears. Though completely exhausted, as may well be supposed, from the scenes of the night before, she could not rest. The mob haunted her excited imagination, causing her continually to start from her moments of fitful slumber, with cries of alarm. This continued all the afternoon and evening of Monday, and I began to entertain serious apprehensions of the consequences. As soon, however, as our friends, to the number of ten, arrived with arms in their hands, her fears subsided, and she sunk into a comparatively quiet sleep, which continued through most of the night. It is now Tuesday night. I am writing by the bedside of Mrs. L. whose excitement and fears have measurably returned with the darkness. She is constantly starting at every sound, while her mind is full of the horrible scenes through which she has so lately passed. What the final result will be for her, I know not, but hope for the best. We have no one with us to-night, except the members of our own family. A loaded musket is standing at my bed-side, while my two brothers are in an adjoining room, have three others, together with pistols, cartridges, &c. And this is the way we live in the city of Alton! I have had inexpressible reluctance to resort to this method of defence. But dear-bought experience has taught me that there is at present no safety for me, and no defence in this place, either in the laws or the protecting ægis of public sentiment. I feel that I do not walk the streets in safety, and every night when I lie down, it is with the deep settled conviction that there are those near me and around me who seek my life. I have resisted this conviction as long as I could, but it has been forced upon me. Even were I safe from my enemies in Alton, my proximity to Missouri exposes me to attacks from that state. And now that it is known that I am to receive no protection here, the way is open for them to do with me what they please. Accordingly a party of them from St. Louis came up and assisted in destroying my press, the first time. This was well known. They came armed, and stationed themselves behind a wall for the purpose of firing upon any one who might attempt to defend the office. Yet who of this city have rebuked this daring outrage on the part of the citizens of our State and city, upon the rights and persons of the citizens of another State and city? No one. I mean there has been no public expression of opinion on the subject. Our two political papers have been silent, or if speaking at all, have thrown the blame on me rather than on any one else. And if you go through the streets of Alton, or into its stores and shops, when you hear one condemning these outrages upon me, you will find five approving them. This is true, both of professor and non professor. I have no doubt that four-fifths of the inhabitants of this city are glad that my press has been destroyed by a mob, both once and again. They hate mobs, it is true, but then they hate abolitionism a great deal more. Whether creditable to them or not, this is the state of public sentiment among our citizens. A leading member of the Presbyterian church here, disclosed to me, in the presence of fifteen or twenty persons, that if the 'Observer' were re-established here, he would do nothing to protect it from a mob again. A leading merchant here, and a Methodist minister said the same thing, at the same time.—Most of our leading men, whether in church or state, lay the blame all on me. So far from calling the acts of the mob outrageous, they go about the streets, saying in the hearing of every body, 'Mr. Lovejoy has no one to thank but himself.' Of course, the mob desire no better license than this.

The pulpit, with one exception, is silent. Brother Graves was absent the time of the first outrage. But since his return, he has taken hold of the work with characteristic boldness and zeal. There is no cowardice in him, no shrinking from duty through fear of man. I wish I could say as much of our other pastors. Brother G. has told his people their duty faithfully and fearlessly. Whether they will hear him I know not, but he has cleared his skirts.

And now, my dear brother, if you ask what are my own feelings at a time like this, I answer, perfectly calm, perfectly resigned. Though in the midst of danger, I have a constant sense of security that keeps me alike from fear or anxiety. 'Thou ed' on thee, because he trusteth in me, and I promise, I feel, has been literally fulfilled unto me. I read the promises of the Bible, and especially the Psalms, with a delight, a refreshing of soul, I never knew before. Some persons here call me courageous, and others pronounce me stubborn; but I feel and know that I am neither one nor the other. That I am enabled to continue firm in the midst of my trials, is all of God. Let no one give me any credit for it. I disclaim it. I should feel that I were robbing Him, if even in thought, I should claim the least share to myself. He has said, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,' and he has made his promise good. To Him be all the praise. Pray for me.

We have a few excellent brethren here in Alton.—They are sincerely desirous to know their duty in this crisis, and to do it. But as yet, they cannot see that duty requires them to maintain their cause here at all hazards. Our Convention meets the last Thursday of this month. And of this be assured, the cause of truth still lives in Illinois, and will not want defenders. Whether our paper starts again, will depend on our friends, East, West, North and South. So far as depends on me, it shall go. By the blessing of God, I will never abandon the enterprise so long as I live, and until success has crowned it. And there are those in Illinois who join me in this sentiment. And if I am to die, it cannot be in a better cause.

Yours in the cause of truth and holiness.

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY.

Now for a specimen of New-England hostility to slavery, and regard for the rights of man! Observe what was the behaviour of the Justices of Peace. Ten thousand facts are on record to show that Church and State, both at the North and South, are united in support of slavery.

From the Emancipator.

RIOT IN MERIDEN, CT.

Mr. Editor,—You have perhaps from flying reports heard of the disgraceful riot which occurred on Wednesday the 11th inst., at Meriden, Conn., in which a large number of peaceable citizens were disturbed in the exercise of their constitutional rights, and their persons treated with great indignity. As I was an eye witness of the whole transaction, I will endeavor to give you a correct statement of the case.

You are aware that a very large and peaceable, as well as respectable portion of the Congregational church and Society, under the care of Rev. Mr. Granger, are abolitionists, and as such have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of promoting the glorious object of immediate emancipation. A few weeks since, the President of the Association, Mr. Fenner Bush, called upon the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, formerly of your city, and now pastor of the Free Church in New Haven, and invited him to Meriden to deliver a discourse before the Society. Mr. L. told Mr. Bush that he would cheerfully go, were it not that it would be a breach of ministerial etiquette to preach in the pulpit of a brother who was not a member of the abolition society, without an invitation from him. Mr. Bush returned to Meriden, and in a day or two Mr. Granger wrote to Mr. L., assuring him that while he was unwilling to have an agent of the Society visit his people, he would nevertheless be very happy to see him. Accordingly, notice was given from the pulpit on the Sabbath, that the Rev. Mr. Ludlow would deliver an address on Wednesday the 11th, at 1 o'clock P. M., in the vestry room of the church, upon 'the difficulties in the way of immediate emancipation.' On that day Mr. L. came to Meriden, and dined with Mr. Granger. It was a fine sunny day, and at the appointed hour our room was filled with an audience composed of the families of some of our most worthy citizens, male and female. The services were commenced by singing the hymn, 'Alas, and did my Savior bleed.' Mr. L. then prayed, and we sung the 411th village hymn. He then took for his text, 2 Cor. 10:4. 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.' Shortly after he began to preach, a company of rioters, among whom were two or three men of property, entered the room with a pail of eggs, (a justice of the peace was one!!) and after remaining a moment, went out. No sooner had they left the house than they began to pour the