VOL. V.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD-OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

INO. 40.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

[SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835.

THE LIBERATOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CABBISON AND MNAPP.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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ADVANCE.

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Threatened Outrage.—A correspondent of the Washington, N. C. White writes that:— On my way received the control of the control of the profilement of the profilement of the spatial management of the sp

One of the most wonderful features of the age in which we lice, is to be Sound in the historical fact, fail the year of our Lord best thousand eight hunded and thirty-five, a party is found in the United Stee, intently employed in an eiffort to destroy five form for the control of the contr

Fameil Holl Merting.—* Let it not pass unbeod-it, however, disregarding its warning and solenn is, this Society preserver in their herlarious brans, let the boll of public indignation fill upon brans, but the boll of public indignation fill upon the properties of the public indignation fill upon the properties of the public indignation fill upon the properties of the public indignation of the self-action who sets a value on the Union of these self-action who bold to those served principles qualsted to them by the immortal Washington, have "Wistercores with men whose measures are fire-qualsted to them by the immortal Washington, have "Wistercores with men whose measures are fire-public to the properties of the properties of the properties of the "Wistercores" with its now hoppy Bepublic.— He,

dibilition Morements.—The Abolitionists of New his have had an immense priving establishment in mis-street, constantly energed in throwing all mis-street, constantly energed in throwing all misses the constant of the const

Rev. Rufus W. Bailey, of Cheraw, S. C. formerly the Congregational minister, at Pittsfield, Massachustus, writes to the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, requesting that no more of its publications not be supported to the control of the publication of the publication of the control of the publication of the control of the control

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If we deliars per amoun, always poyable IN

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[From the Boston Courier.]

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Is this the land our fathers loved?
The Freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are use the sons by whom is borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
With craven soul and fettered lip?
Yoke in with marked and branded SLAVES,
And tremble at the driver's whip!
Bend to the earth our plant knees,
And speak—but as our masters please?

Anu speak—but as our masters piezes?

Shall outraged nature cease to fee!?

Shall mercy's tears no longer flow?

Shall ruffian threats of cord and stee!—

The-dongeon's gloom—th' assassin's blo

Torn back he spirit roused to save

Our Truth—our Country—and the Slare?

Of human skulls that shrine was made, Whereon the priests of Mexico Before their loathsome idol prayed—Is Freedom's aliar fashioned so? And must we yield to Freedom's God, As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought.
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?
Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honey bloed?—Shall Truth surceumb?
Shall pen and press and sout be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground—
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—
By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—
By Warren's phost—by Langlon's shade—
By all the memories of our dead!

The bands and fetters round then by the TREE PLICAIN SPIRIT BURS Within our immost bosoms, yet,—By all above—around—below—Be ours the indignant answer—NO!

o-guide of our country blows. Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause, As Christians may—as freemen con! Still pouring on unwilling cars That truth oppression only fears.

What—shall we guard our neighbor still,
While roman shrieks beneath his rod,
And while he tramples down at will.
The image of a common God!
Shall watch and ward he round him set
Of northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him.
The danger and the open shame!
And see our Freedom's light grow din,
Which should have filled the world with flame?
And, writhing, feel where'er we turn,
A world's reproach around us burn?

MIN WORLD—OUR GUBERTHEM ARE ALL MARKEND.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1830.

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THE LIBERATOR.

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[From the New-York Knickerbocker.]
MY MOUNTAIN HOME, FAREWELL! MY MOUNTAIN HOSE, FAREWILL
Homs of my best, farewill
My own fair mountain bome,
Of shady nook and flowery dell,
Whence summer breezes come,
Full of sweet colors, offered up
From Nature's own rich incense cup.

Home of the unforgot,
The years of childhood mifth,—
Thine image is the grassy spot
On the desert waste of earth;
For I love thy rocks and yellow a
More than the flowers of other lan

More than the flowers of other land
I have seen the broad blue sea
Lave banks of burning sheen,
I have seen the sun shine glotiously
O'er forests' indeless green;
I lave felt the winter breezes come
Like the soft May breath of their s

And I came back to thee,
The dearr than before,
And tones of quiet miclody
Swelled from thy graxsy shore;
And I thought the breezes, clear and bland,
Breathed welcome back to my mountain land

Dreathed welcome back to my moustain I
Once more, my home, adiect I
With thy lakes of gorgeous pride,
And the deep, full river-waters blue,
That through thy bosom glide,
And the steep brown hills that look below
Upon that broad and mirror flow.

Upon that broad and mirror now.

There is music o'e' that river,
When the storm-cloud gathers there,
And the rushing wately gleam and quiver
In the lightning's arrowy glare,
And the reashess voice of the thunder shock
Is echoed back from rock to rock.

as ecnoed back from rock to rock.

There is music, wild and low,
Is the dancing morning breeze,
And joy as it kisses the bended brow
Of the trembling forest trees;
And joy in every wreathing vinoThat decks thy ancient mountain shrine.

a ma uccus my ancient mountain shrine.

There is joy in the chrystal spring
That gushes amid thy woods,
And joy jn every glowing thing
Of thy glorious shitudes.
We for the word that break that spell,—
My own, my mountain home,—farewell.

TO MISS CHAWORTH.

TO MISS CHAWORTH.

BY LORD BYRON.
PTis done! and shivering in the gale
The bask unfuris her snowy sail;
And whisting o'er the bended mast,
Loid sings on high the freskning blas
And I must from this land be guse,
Because I caunot love but one.

Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what Lhave been,
And could I see what I have seen;
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest
I should not seek another none,
Because I cannot love but one.

Tis long since I beheld that eye, Which gave me bliss or misery: And I have striven, but in vain, Never to think of it again; For though I fly from Albion, I still can only love but one.

I still can only love out one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary beart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face;
And even in crowds I'm still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whit'aing four And I will seek a foreign home; Till I forget a false, fair face, I ne'er shall find a resting place; My own dark thoughts I samot she But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glov May smile in joy or soothe in we But friend or lover I have none, Because I cannot love but one.

Because I cannot note out once.

I go! but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not a reye will weep for me,
There's not a kind congenial heart
Where I can claim the meauest put;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Will sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene;
Of what we are, and what we've been
Would whelm some softer bearts in wo
But mine, alas! has stood the blow, Yet still heats on as it begun, And never truly loves but on

And who that dear, loved one may be, Is not for volgar eyes to see;— And why that love was early crost, Thou knowest the best—I feel the most; But few that dwell beneath the sun Have loved so long, and loved but one

Have loved so londer, and loved out one.

With charms, perchauce, as fair to vie.
And I would fain have loved as well:
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own.
A kindred care for aught but one.

"Twould soothe to take one lingering view, And bless thee in my last adieu: Yet wish I not thine eye to weep For him who wanders o'er the deep; Though wheresoe'er my bark may run I love but thee—I love but one.

THE MISSIONARY.

ACROSTIC LINES. ACROSTIC LINES.
When this friend of truth explores
Inspiration's sacred stores,
Love to God his heart inspired,
Love to man his bosom fires,
In his breast glow pure desires;
And 'tis his delight to seen
Messages from beaven to man.

Christ his theme,—mny Afric's race Rous'd to view their wretched case, Offer'd mercy soon embrace! Country leaving—there to dwell— Kindred, friends, he bids frowell! Ending labers in the Lord, Rest in heaven be his reward!

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