THE LIBERATOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
AT THE ANTI SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL:
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

☞ All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed (*post paid*) to the General Agent.

☞ TERMS.—$2 50 per annum; or if payment be made within three months from the time of subscribing, $2 00.

☞ Six copies will be sent to one address for twelve dollars, if the money be forwarded in advance.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS making less than one square inserted three times for 75 cents—one square fifty cents.

Financial Committee.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY LORING, EDMUND QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, WENDELL PHILLIPS, JR.

responsable for the financial economy of the paper and not for any of its debts.]

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

THE LIBERATOR.

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

VOL. XVIII. NO. 46. BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1848. WHOLE NO. 932.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE WILMOT PROVISO.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 4.

The question of the extension of slavery into the Territories, which has so much agitated the country, is, as every candid man must admit, a most humbug. The clamor in favor of the Wilmot Proviso is all humbug, and equally so is the Southern cooling to it. It is not a question which is to be brought into the Presidential election. The politicians and the people of the non-slaveholding States are naturally expected to be opposed to the extension of slavery. Pennsylvania, for instance, a commonwealth which, at a period so early in the history of the country, abolished the slave by law, limits could not be expected to advocate and encourage its adoption, at this late day, in any part of the Union. Therefore, it is a question upon a which both of the political parties in Pennsylvania might be expected to agree—and, in fact, they do agree. Neither the Whigs nor the Democrats of Pennsylvania, nor of any non-slaveholding State, will ever consent to promote the extension of slavery. How, then, can they make that a test upon the President-al election, upon which there is no disagreement between them?

So, in regard to the South,—there can be but very little of the slavery question there. With few exceptions, the people of the Slaveholding States deem the extension of slavery into new territory as necessary for the preservation of their property rights and interests. How they have been induced to change their policy in this respect,—the Northern agitators of the question can tell best. But agreeing as Southern men do upon the question of slavery extension, there is no reason why they should make it a test in the choice of a President. I am in hopes that they will not,—and that the Whigs of the South will vote the Whig ticket—Taylor and Fillmore. I regret to see that some Northern Whigs cannot support the whole Whig ticket. They have been cajoled into the belief that the evils of slavery are only to be arrested by promoting the designs of a faction, which is as weak as it is mischievous.

The design of that faction is to separate the West and South, making alliance with the abolitionists—to obtain power at the hazard of destroying the Union. Of course, I do not believe that the design will succeed. This hideous hybrid of abolitionism or free-soilism, or whatever else it may be, will be throttled long before it can do any more mischief. No Southern or Northern Whig can desire to witness the establishment of geographical parties;—that would be an abandonment of Whig principles with a vengeance. A geographical party is necessarily a despotism. Northern Whig advocates of it in the South as well as in the North. It will be known, after this election, both in the South and in the North, by its true name.

But I am led to these remarks by the repeated declarations and disclaimers in the Northern and Southern press, of what Gen. Taylor will or will not do, as to the proviso question, when he comes into power. It is fortunate that Gen. Taylor has so much more sense and discretion than either his friends or his opponents, as to generally neither of them by any pledges on this subject. He has viewed it in its true light—as a mischievous humbug—and if he *contrary* would allow him to answer a proper reply to the question addressed to him, he would briefly say to each of his inquisitors,—'Sir, you are a humbug,—and you are a political knave.' General Taylor's sagacity showed himself, though he was not behind the scenes among the wire-workers at Washington, and in Albany, and in Baltimore,—that the agitatory question, which was got up, as many other questions are, on the eve of an election, by designing politicians, for the promotion of their own selfish and narrow ends.

On the second day of June last the slavery question, as connected with the Presidential election, was introduced into the Senate. A necessity had arisen for adopting such a course in regard to the question of slavery in the Territories, as would not consist with the principles of the Baltimore platform. Hence arose the struggle on the territorial bills, which, dividing Congress by parties or sections, tended so greatly to instant the agitation of the slavery question in the country. A history of the proceedings and debates on the question will show what I above advance, to wit,—that the whole thing was a humbug, on both sides. Both parties were afraid to act, but both could appeal to sectional prejudice. They were afraid to commit themselves to any compromise. So, they decided, and perhaps wisely, to let the matter alone—to admit Oregon as a part of the territory to which the Ordinance of 1787 applied; and to let California and New Mexico alone, till after the election.

From the Journal of Commerce.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As much is now said upon the subject of slavery, I beg to present your readers with an absolute illustrating slavery as I found it in the Duchy of Columbia, through a residence of the three sessions of the twenty seventh Congress. Having one day left some papers on my desk at the Capitol, I called by one of the slaves in use for them at my lodgings, which were opposite the State Departments, situated about one mile from the capitol. I called by one of the servants, a slave belonging to my landlady, Mrs. Ulricks, and sent him with a note to the clerk to deliver them. They did so, and within forty minutes presented himself at my chamber door with the required papers. I was astonished at his speedy return, and on expressing my surprise he replied, 'Why, massa, when I got down on the avenue, it began to look like rain, and as I no like to get wet, I call a hack and ride. Spose the driver will not charge over fifty cents.' True enough, at his hack was the driver, who demanded the money. Comment is unnecessary. The black fellow certainly felt that he was a slave that was to deprive him of liberty and privileges, to a much greater extent than is practised here by gentlemen's sons.

THE BLACKS IN GEORGIA.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce describes the condition, religion and politics of the slaves in Screven Co., as follows:

One of our correspondents asserts, that the blacks could not be numerous enough for a church. At the church at this place, this community of both colors happens monthly. Whites and blacks are taken to church together at the same time, in the same water. The slaves here in middle business can read and write; they have their little farms around their houses, and plenty of hogs and poultry. They are divided into Wiggs and Democrats, attend church with the whites, and seem happier than the latter. Some are able, from industry, to buy their freedom, but will not.—These remarks have been suggested by the very able and just position you have taken in your paper on the side of the Compromise and the Union.

OLD VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

ROANOKE HUNDREDS, VA. Aug. 1848.

Let no Abolitionist risk his equanimity or his argument by coming hither. Here am I, among hundreds of bondmen; yet I have seen no lash, and heard no cry. The sleek, full, oily faces of the creatures, afford a receipt in full for the apply of their physical necessities. They assuredly have clothing enough, and nourishment enough, for at no hour of the night can I go out, without hearing lusty song and shout, and sometimes the walkin rings with that long, dark, disjointed, shaking exclamation, which is peculiar to the African race. Remembering the hundreds of Irish paupers whom I saw last summer, landing in a state and typhus from the steerage of emigrant vessels, I cannot but think many of them might willingly change places with these 'chattels.' But I write these debatable points, especially as my object is description, rather than argument

THE LIBERATOR

IS GOD UNJUST AND CHANGEABLE, OR WERE THE WRITERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN SOME INSTANCES MISTAKEN?

STEAMER CAROLINE, Ohio River, Oct. 20, 1848.

TO ANDREW PATON, *Glasgow, Scotland:*

DEAR ANDREW—I am floating along on the beautiful Ohio, sitting on a settee in the saloon of a small steamer. Many men, women and children are around me. One thin, sallow woman, dressed like a lady, is sitting near me, and puffing tobacco smoke from her mouth, that she sucks in from an old black pipe. She takes it coolly and comfortably. I think she is Dutch. Many men are about me, puffing out the smoke of cigars. The saloon is full of tobacco smoke, and that combined with the heat from two stoves, and closed doors and windows, makes this saloon a queer place. Boxes might be dried and smoked here in no time. Our steamer is puffing, and crawling up against the current, slowly but surely. The river is so low that none but the small class boats can run on it. Nothing can exceed the beauty and decorations of the forests on either bank, the green having given place to every shade of red and yellow. The passengers, both men and women, are discussing the merits of Van Buren, Cass and Taylor. But I have other matters about which I wish to speak.

I wrote you a letter, via Liberator, a few days ago, from Redfield, touching the wars and penal laws of the Old Testament, and the Whigs of Ohio will succeed. This hideous hybrid of abolitionism or free-soilism, or whatever else it may be, will be throttled long before it can do any more mischief. No Southern or Northern Whig can desire to witness the establishment of geographical parties;—that would be an abandonment of Whig principles with a vengeance. A geographical party is necessarily a despotism. Northern Whig advocates of it in the South as well as in the North. It will be known, after this election, both in the South and in the North, by its true name.

But I am led to these remarks by the repeated declarations and disclaimers in the Northern and Southern press, of what Gen. Taylor will or will not do, as to the proviso question, when he comes into power. It is fortunate that Gen. Taylor has so much more sense and discretion than either his friends or his opponents, as to generally neither of them by any pledges on this subject. He has viewed it in its true light—as a mischievous humbug—and if he *contrary* would allow him to answer a proper reply to the question addressed to him, he would briefly say to each of his inquisitors,—'Sir, you are a humbug,—and you are a political knave.' General Taylor's sagacity showed himself, though he was not behind the scenes among the wire-workers at Washington, and in Albany, and in Baltimore,—that the agitatory question, which was got up, as many other questions are, on the eve of an election, by designing politicians, for the promotion of their own selfish and narrow ends.

On the second day of June last the slavery question, as connected with the Presidential election, was introduced into the Senate. A necessity had arisen for adopting such a course in regard to the question of slavery in the Territories, as would not consist with the principles of the Baltimore platform. Hence arose the struggle on the territorial bills, which, dividing Congress by parties or sections, tended so greatly to instant the agitation of the slavery question in the country. A history of the proceedings and debates on the question will show what I above advance, to wit,—that the whole thing was a humbug, on both sides. Both parties were afraid to act, but both could appeal to sectional prejudice. They were afraid to commit themselves to any compromise. So, they decided, and perhaps wisely, to let the matter alone—to admit Oregon as a part of the territory to which the Ordinance of 1787 applied; and to let California and New Mexico alone, till after the election.

From the Journal of Commerce.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As much is now said upon the subject of slavery, I beg to present your readers with an absolute illustrating slavery as I found it in the Duchy of Columbia, through a residence of the three sessions of the twenty seventh Congress. Having one day left some papers on my desk at the Capitol, I called by one of the slaves in use for them at my lodgings, which were opposite the State Departments, situated about one mile from the capitol. I called by one of the servants, a slave belonging to my landlady, Mrs. Ulricks, and sent him with a note to the clerk to deliver them. They did so, and within forty minutes presented himself at my chamber door with the required papers. I was astonished at his speedy return, and on expressing my surprise he replied, 'Why, massa, when I got down on the avenue, it began to look like rain, and as I no like to get wet, I call a hack and ride. Spose the driver will not charge over fifty cents.' True enough, at his hack was the driver, who demanded the money. Comment is unnecessary. The black fellow certainly felt that he was a slave that was to deprive him of liberty and privileges, to a much greater extent than is practised here by gentlemen's sons.

OLD VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

ROANOKE HUNDREDS, VA. Aug. 1848.

Let no Abolitionist risk his equanimity or his argument by coming hither. Here am I, among hundreds of bondmen; yet I have seen no lash, and heard no cry. The sleek, full, oily faces of the creatures, afford a receipt in full for the apply of their physical necessities. They assuredly have

PRESS AND FREE SPEECH.—SPIRIT OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Among the comparatively few self-denying and morally courageous men at the West, who have espoused the cause of the slave—of man universally—is the most unreserved manner, and under circumstances most trying, no one has signalized himself more than JAMES W. WATTS, of Lexington, Ohio. On the altar of that cause, he has cheerfully laid his reputation as a Christian, and his profession as a clergyman. In the last number of the Ohio A. S. Bugle, he says, among other things—

I have been writing about things spiritual, until I had nearly forgotten about things temporal. But to things more worthly in their character. A Committee was called to form a Free Soil Club. Being in favor of Free Soil, I attended with the rest of the call-obeying citizens. The leading Free Soilers were the old defunct Liberty men, with hardly an exception. A committee was appointed to draft a Constitution, &c. It was moved and carried by the meeting, none voting against, to instruct the committee to report a clause, opening all their meetings to free discussion. The committee reported on the night appointed. Before the time for holding meetings, a few, say half a dozen, met, adopted a Constitution, and signed their names. And now, think you, read the clause on free discussion?

'Resolved, That all questions coming before the association, shall be decided by the unanimous vote of all the members of the association, and such others as the association shall invite!!!'

This was hung from their notices, &c., with *Free Speech, &c.* We believed that the old Liberty hill discussion on the character of the Buffalo platform and the Buffalo nominee, but it was no go. It is curious to see how anti-slavery constitutional constructionists of the Liberty party have played at souse-ret, and gulped down Van Buren, pro-slavery constitutionists. The Spooner party, the leader of the Wesleyans at Leesburgh, boasted that he was the author of the idea of not voting twice on one ticket. Spooner was a member of a pro-slavery church, and who repudiated Samuel Lewis because he belonged to the Methodist Church, is the leading Free Soil man of the town, and stands side by side with the Methodist priests, advocating the claims of Van Buren. His Spooner theory and church theory all thrown by the board, at the bare prospect of availability. But such inconsistency is not surprising on the part of a mere lay member, when the heads of the church do even worse. It will be remembered that the Rev. Edward Smith, who does more to control the sentiment of the church than any one man beside, left his post at Wilbraham, to become a secretary of a nominating and sustaining pro-slavery union for Cass. The series of letters in the 'Spirit of Liberty' on the subject, and yet he was one of the first to receive the nomination, and declared himself in its support. Well, well, these things may do for men who can swear to support the Constitution of the U. S., but they should have no countenance from us.

If these parties who believe that the Constitution is anti-slavery, felt that they must vote, would it make their consciences uneasy to vote once for Gerrit Smith, who represents their views on these particular points? Many will be induced to vote for Van Buren from the mere clamor of the blind, who will heartily repent of it, I have no doubt.

I leave Leesburgh with a good deal of regret; there are some glorious spirits there. Things will become so uncomfortable in reference to my family, that I felt bound to place them, if possible, in more comfortable quarters. Secret, if the religious bitterness of the place had continued to manifest itself in open outrage as it was wont to, I felt in the cause of my family, I should stay, but, however, was not the case. Secret, midnight injury, was the course pursued.

A few weeks before I left, an anonymous letter was sent me, making the most violent threats against my life if I did not cease preaching against the government and church, at the same time breathing the most consummately religious spirit. I have not the letter with me, or I would lay it before your readers. A few nights afterwards, I was assailed on my return home by a man who is a learner at the Methodist temple, and said to be a member. He called me aside, and then, although I expected nothing of the sort, aimed a blow at my coat and vest with violence, stating that I had said something in one of my lectures, to his injury. Was it? I was a non-resistant. I told him I was, 'Then,' said he, 'you devil, I will give you,' making a tremendous blow at my face, which, providentially' did not take effect. He then fell to kicking me with all the violence he could muster, making my leg feel any way but pleasant. For a day or two, I was scarcely able to walk, and the limb now I can feel, has little presence indeed. This was emphatically a religious kicking, and made quite a decided impression, for,' said the brother,' if it had not been the Lord's day when you was coming home, I would have mashed you up in your carriage.' I cannot tell what the consequences would have been, but several friends interfered and prevented further mischief. To show the low and contemptible meanness which the pro-slavery of the place resort to, I will mention one case. In my absence during my wife and family spent the afternoon at the house of a friend; and on her return in the evening, she went to the factory to obtain a cradle which she was startled by a noise for which she could not account. Having obtained a light, she discovered that in our absence, some person or persons had put quite a large pig in the flour barrel, which of course destroyed the flour.

The idea of my leaving the place caused a great deal of joy and feeling to be realized by the cowardly priests, their tools, and politicians. But I am convinced their joy will be turned into mourning, and their gladness into bitterness. The evening before we intended to leave, quite a number of friends spent the evening with us at the house of H. Rose, who is a most interesting family indeed. But while we were rejoicing in the glorious truth, encouraging each other to deeds of noble daring, in the cause of crushed humanity, the spirit of freedom and godness were differently employed on this same night, much to our sorrow, inconvenience and loss. When we thought we had been dispelled by the ray of the ever welcome sun, the first thing discovered was that my carriage, which was new in the spring, had been cut up all to pieces. Twenty-two spokes had been cut out of the wheels, and one side and back of the carriage cut entirely destroyed, being cut to ribbons. It is not at all times that one can feel the sweetness of persecution, and this was one of the times when I felt it most, upon the apparent wreck, and felt as I never felt before.

This hindered us for several days, until the wheels could be replaced, but the top still remains in a shattered condition. Previously, quite a good deal of excitement prevailed, and all parties lent their lip service in condemnation of the deed. A few friends spared no pains in defraying the expenses of repairs. Of course we know not who perpetrated the deed, but at the same time the anti-slavery friends have very strong, but, I pray the parties who are so lost to goodness as to wreak their vengeance on the property of those with whom they differ, Governments and churches teach that this is right on a large scale, and the people infer that it is right on a small scale. Let us labor to bring about the time when all shall see their fatal errors, and be brought to act in harmony with goodness, mercy and truth.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION, 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special pro visions governing the perpetuity of their dominion over the slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the provision for the surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and thirdly, the exaction fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, in the name of persons. . . . Its reciprocal operation upon the political power of the nation is, to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation, equal to that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to crush the 'PRESS, PRAYER, PROPAGATION AND PETITION,' the 'MORAL SUASION,' THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT' OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

J. BROWN YERRINTON, PRINTER.

From Douglass's North Star.

AMERICA GONE MAD.

In pagan ages, men spoke fearfully of a terrible conflagration hundred-headed Hydra—which ravaged the land with devouring fire and bodies. In the nineteenth century, in a Christian country, among a people whose proud boast is place liberty—who learn, from infancy, to shun cruel boy sports, and swear to fight for it when their beards begin to grow—aye, even in America, young, brazing, gospelized America, there arises a bare-faced barbarism, such as modern babies would be ashamed of—stalks, too, in the broad daylight, and is cried up as something glorious, sacred, most humane and charitable! And we, too, are in America! A mass of loathsome ugliness, to which a mountain of Calliban would be like cosey—a monster of three million heads, crawling from the Gulf, and feeding upon murdered souls, mashed up in blood—Mississippi, the Stygian river, foul with black lies and hideous carcasses, and Niagara, lashing into the deepest hell. O, these are only vain endeavors to render conceivable what is too horrid for the mind to imagine, or my language to embody. What a terror it must be to the people of that region! A terror? Nay, they love it—they embrace it—they delight in it—they feel it to be an instinct that they are! And more—can you believe it, reader? *They worship* this outrageous beast, and offer on its savage altars the sacrifice of human flesh!

Most notable and fit emblem of the American! *It is this* the summit of your shouting and your bragging—to set up an idol at which the wide world shrinks, aghast, horrified, disgusted, astonished and with indignation—call it a kind and merciful creature, and bend the knee; the neck; the very soul to its foul bondage? Why, man, what devil has bewitched your senses! Are ye slumbering in the porches of Satan? Are ye made drunk with American fogs, that ye have no eyes to behold your degradation? Hear it, O marvelling world—America, that boasted of her more than queenly throne in the Far West, stands out in her nakedness, a slave—a coward—a ridiculous fool—the laughing-stock of nations!

Is she not a slave, who is bound, body and soul, to the vilest, the filthiest, the most abominable of masters? Is she not a coward, a most desperately coward, whose liberty is in her own hands, but lies unworn, because she dares not grasp it? Is she not a ridiculous fool? Shall not the nations laugh at her, from Ireland to Cape Comorin, who is gone raving mad after an idol with three million heads? Laughing, laughing in some farthest corner of the world, such lunacy was never heard of among your naked savages. 'Laugh, laugh, ye long-faced Brahmin; your golden Buddha has but a millionth part as ugly a face as this!' Laugh, Jew and Gentile, Scythian, Greek and Ishmaelite! Rise from your tombs, ye pyramid-crowned Pharaohs, and make the welkin ring with your laughter! Behold, a Queen has become insane, and licks the dust from the feet of the absurdest image that ever mocked your gods! Behold, ye Christian people, 'America has forsaken the God of her fathers, and set up *Negro Slavery* upon her high places, that she may delight in the worship of this hideous form, and play the hypocrite with true religion.

Tell it to her Rocky Mountains, and they shall spoke out in indignation—tell it to her broad rivers and her deep pine forests, and they will send up a voice of winds and of waters, bellowing to the skies her everlasting shame—crying to the stars, that her wilds and her forests, her rivers and her men, devouring like harpies the carrion flesh of their black brothers; and the holy stars shall answer with a voice of thunder, that shall shake where truth is forsaken for a lie—where passion and selfishness have taken upon themselves the name of justice—and the sun shall laugh at it, despise and scorn it; heaven shall mourn over it, and all the devils of the lowest pit shall cover it with curses!

Foolish Americans, listen to the holy stars, and be warned in time. F. T. MOTT.

Leicester, England, Aug. 1848.

'HAIL, COLUMBIA!'

One of those wretched spectacles which are seen wherever the system of American Slavery is tolerated, was presented in the streets of our city, on Sunday morning last. A gang of negroes, consisting of persons of both sexes, manacled to a white man, on their way to a Southern market, passed along Chestnut street, *at the bells of the churches were calling the people of God together to worship at their respective places of worship.* In front of the procession was a large wagon, in which were thickly scattered several wooden coffins. This was followed by forty-three men and boys walking, several of them chained together, the whole under the charge of a white man and his dogs. The hideous spectacle excited the honest indignation of our citizens, who regarded it as a direct insult offered to God, the day, and the hour.—[Louisville Examiner.

DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Rev. Hugh Graham, a Tennessee 'Divine,' through the Louisville Presbyterian Herald, gives the following compliment to the editors of the New York Observer. The phariasical sheet is fully worthy, but the time may come *ere long*, when the phariasical spirit, which now rules, may be been spared. Pro-slavery gospel-tacism will not always 'pay,' and we incline to the opinion that it is fast growing unpopularity.

'Not long since, I thought I discovered in the New York Observer, abolitionism too strong for Tennessee; I shall stop their paper, said I, but conclude I will wait a little longer, when I saw that one of the editors was in Paris, fawning sycophantically for the South against the British abolitionists!'

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

From all that we can discover in the political sky, we think the probability very strong that Gen. Taylor will be our President.

In the hands of Zachary Taylor, every slaveholder will feel the interest of the 'peculiar institution' secure. But we are told, 'he is the only available candidate.' In what, a slaveholding idol does this place the American people? Is it so that these Republican United States, making such high profession of freedom and of fearing to be a Christian, protestant nation, that no candidate is available but a Southern slaveholding warrior? Is it so that the only man from which may be entailed upon the United States by the increase of Slave territory to the amount of thirteen or fourteen Slave States, and to which may be the position in which the United States will stand, provided Gen. Taylor shall be elected to the office for which such a man is available? Why is it that that nation, professing to be the freest and most enlightened on the globe, must have a President who holds fellow men as property, in worse than Egyptian bondage? Why is it that picture would be displayed after Gen. Taylor's election, if he would remove those slaves to Washington, there to act as brute beasts, as they do now doing on his Southern plantations? In order to remove them to Washington, he would have to chain them together, as is done, when sold slave droves in the capital. Now what a glorious spectacle that would present! When farmers, in our Buckeye State, removes from one house to another, they drive their cattle, sheep, &c. in droves. Suppose that that 'practical farmer,' Zachary Taylor, when he shall remove to his new house (if he is elected to the White House),—suppose, we say, that he as other

farmers, drives his stock to the capitol, would not the people of the United States be honored by his entrance into the city? We can easily fancy the picture, on the day of his inauguration.

Early in the morning of the ever memorable year of the centuryWe see the Star Spangled Banner waving on the Capitol—away in the direction of the Cotton plantations of Old Zach, we have supposing the Capitol, the flag of Stars and Stripes, waving over 200 slaves, hand-cuffed, marching in full procession, two and two, with Old Zach, the slave ship flourishing over the heads of his men, women and children: 'Hurrah for Taylor,' rings from every side! Who is greater than the Hero of Buena Vista, 'The Hero of Monterey' and the 'practical farmer' adds 200 to the population of the city of Washington, and takes his seat at the head of this great union of freemen! Oh! Shame! where is thy blush?

Is this democracy? Is this done in a Christian land? James K. Polk, who is able to own only about one-fifth as many slaves, retires from the White House to give place to a more worthy candidate.

And will Christians stand and look on without raising a voice against such deeds? Is it no matter if the most irreligious, profane warrior and unremitting slaveholder is exalted to the highest place of power and trust? Is God not mocked? Is his law not presumptuously disobeyed? Will not the vengeance of Heaven be called down upon the land? If so—and who can deny it—is not the voter for a slaveholder, either for President or Vice President, imbruing his own hands in the blood of a slave; in guilt, which, if unrepented, must weigh him down to unutterable woe?

Lafayette said, 'I would never have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that I was founding a nation of slaveholders;' and now the people of the United States, offer a long series of similar acts, to elect to the highest office one who has become grey-headed in the cause of oppression and bloodshed! What a burlesque on Democracy!

VERMONT AND FREE SOIL.

We take the following extract from the message of Gov. Coolidge, of Vermont, to the Legislature of that State. Its sentiments are commendable; but will the South regard them as any thing more than vain talk, in view of the resolve of Vermont to give its electoral vote for Zachary Taylor?

Recent events, of which none of us are ignorant, have placed in unusual prominence before the public eye a subject which it is impossible to touch without stirring the sensibilities of the whole Union. One of the effects of the war with Mexico, is the acquisition of large portions of her domain, which are now waiting to be formed into free States under territorial government. Of the character of the war, or the justness of that acquisition, I do not propose here to speak, being forbidden so to do by the respect due unto the opinions of others, and by the rules of official decorum. But, the territory is the common property of all the States, and upon the point of the disposal, or of the management of it, Vermont is entitled to be heard, and to act. It is, therefore, a matter of domestic interest, and, as such, claims our attention and vigilance. The country yielded by our sister republic being contiguous to the slaveholding States, and much of it being supposed to be naturally suited to the labor of the black race, it is insisted that slave owners should be allowed to carry their slaves into it, and there hold them as property; that Congress is providing a government for it, should expressly legalize slavery therein. I do not understand that the statesmen of the slave states, except the few that ascribe to slavery a divine origin, and as a natural, or unqualified right, in one man to enslave another—nor, allowing the same exceptions, do they hold that slavery, existing in an institution of the United States, but admit it to be a State institution. It was not established by the federal government, but tolerated only; and this was a reluctant concession to a supposed necessity. Whether Congress can, *rightfully*, by act of legislation, put slaveholding under guaranty in any place where it did not exist when the constitution was formed, and its compromises, so called, were arranged, the people of this State, I apprehend, do not consider to be debatable—they denying to that body such right. But, they hold that Congress, in making all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States, may, and ought, to put an interdict upon Slavery—that, although they may not legislate for the introduction of it, they may for its exclusion. This, viewed as a component case of right association, and of power exercised and in some degree submitted to, it has come to be considered as settled by practical construction, that national legislation can be quietly exercised in either way; still, this State, in confining herself to protests, has not surrendered the principle.

The attempt to procure the allowance of slaveholding in Oregon, and its failure, are fresh in the recollection of all. Upon that defeat of a design to extend slavery, and upon the evidence it affords of a resolution of the free States to restrict the institution to its present limits, I heartily congratulate you—not in exultation as for a great adversary overcome gained, but in joy that humanity has achieved a victory—the joy not a little enhanced by the belief, that ere long our Southern brethren will emancipate themselves and make the world glad, by a voluntary removal of the blasting evil from their fair fields, and then their sunny wide with unshackled limbs, to run the race of national prosperity.

In relation to the point of slavery, the position of this State cannot be misunderstood. That institution was interlaced with the fabric of the federal constitution, and it may not be violently extracted. Yet, as it injuriously affects our representation rights, no further extension or enrochment thereon will be consented to. For a sufficient political reason then, this State objects to the extension of slavery.

There is, however, a profounder cause for her unchangeable opposition to it. The people of Vermont have never needed lessons in humanity; nor have they to learn how to distinguish between what they owe to the Union, and what to themselves. Hostility to slavery is, in them, an instinct. From the 6th, they have never stood before the world and avowed their determination to make no other terms with it than those that now bind them. This resolve is common law, at all times to which it was appropriate, distinctly announced in clear consciousness of her maintaining the right. She has proclaimed it in her legislative assemblies and in her national conventions; her own voice and by the voices of her faithful representatives, as is fully attested by her highest records. There is no ground for fear that she will not continue steadfast therein. In performing their part in the work of destroying slavery, her people will not falter or stagger. Whatever others may do, they will not do evil that good may come; but they will obey the voice of an enlightened conscience, and labor when, and here, and how it is given them to do so. Humbly following, not running before, the indications of the designs of the Infinite Mind herein, they may trustfully abide the issues.

SMITH O'BRIEN.

It may be, and doubtless is, a great outrage against humanity, to hang Smith O'Brien by the neck until he is dead, and then to sever his head from his body, and to divide his body into four quarters, and leave it to the disposal of the Queen. But is this worse, or more revolting on the part of England, than it was for the people of Boston, to hang Nathaniel Turner, the hero of the Southampton insurrection, to walk barefoot on a train of living fire forty feet long, and at the end of it to pelt with his body with a hundred bullets? Is it worse for England to transport Mitchell for fourteen years, than it is for us to imprison Drayton for twenty?—the former joining a bloody revolution, and the latter merely, by peaceable means, removing seventy-seven human beings from a land of slavery to a land of liberty? Is it worse for England to hang McManus, after a fair trial, than it was for America to burn the noble McIntosh, in Missouri, without judge or jury? And shall a people who looked out that horrid scene with composure and indifference, now affect horror and hatred of England, because of her revolting crimes? Smith O'Brien, William Dwyer attempted to achieve for his country political freedom. In the language of Thomas Jefferson, Nathaniel Turner attempted to repress wrongs worse than ages of those which Americans rose in rebellion to oppose. Until the prison doors at Washington shall be opened for the release of Drayton, and we atone for Torrey, and have struck the chains from millions in our land, we may hold our peace respecting the cruelty of England.—*Douglass's North Star.*

OUTRAGEOUS, IF TRUE.

We learn that a few months ago, a colored man, who had received some education, commenced teaching a school for *free colored children* near Georgetown, Sussex county, Del. The number of white rowdies went to the master, and threatened him that they would take him to the public 'whipping post' if he did not cease teaching his school. The man persisted in his work, claiming that it was a lawful calling, and he was not willing to abandon it; however, in a few days, these said rowdies were at his school house, took the teacher out of the school, carried him to the public 'whipping post' at Georgetown, and unmercifully lacerated the poor fellow's back, and then let him escape upon a promise to teach no more.

A negro servant of Judge Wooton happened to say that he was sent to the house, and that when the mob went into the Judge's yard, took him out to the said 'whipping post,' and lashed him also unmercifully. The Judge, being at the matter, stepped to his yard gate to expostulate with the wretched mob, when he was threatened to be served in like manner; and the Judge thought it prudent to retire and let the mob for even speaking in behalf of his servant.

If this be true, and we have it from the most respectable authority, are such mobocratic republicans? Are they fit to enjoy freedom? Would not such conduct degrace the darkages? Does slavery demoralize everything it touches? Better by far remembered that two-thirds of all the slaves in Delaware (2300 in all) are held in Sussex county. We hope never to have such a disgraceful affair again to record. We almost feel ashamed that Sussex belongs to Delaware; and we further learn that the grand jury, at the April Court, at the following term of the Court, had independence enough to go for finding a bill against these violators of law, order, and humanity, and they now stand prosecuted and threatened with a jail delivery. Oh, Lord! deliver us from slavery!—*Wilmington paper.*

REPUBLICAN DESPOTISM.

The following is the reply of a letter just received at the office of the Republic, from one of the border slaveholding States. For obvious reasons we suppress the name and residence of the writer.

Nov. 3, 1848.

Respected Sir:—I hope you will pardon me for addressing you this note—yet imperious duty compels me. The young man who subscribed to your paper for me, informed me he forgot that he was what is expressly forbidden by the laws of Maryland. Respect for those laws induces me to respectfully request you to discontinue sending your paper to me. Were I in a State where the bright star of freedom sheds its inspiring rays on the white as well as those of our color, I would be proud of your paper with delight. Again, allow me to reiterate—I hope you will pardon me for addressing you this note. I would have preferred writing to this note, but our postmaster is so very inquisitive.

Respectfully, your obedient servant.

What a comment is this upon our stereotyped boasts of Liberty, Freedom and of the Press, as existing in the United States! Here is a man who desires to read a particular newspaper, but the law of a sovereign State interposes, and says, 'You must not read that paper; if you do, we shall fine or imprison you.' Is this the boasted institution of liberty, and does not hesitate to express its opinion with frankness and boldness. We cannot permit it to come within the limits of our authority.' Is there in Russia a worse despotism than this? We know it is alleged as an excuse for such laws, that they are intended to prevent insurrections, but this is a fudge, as every well informed person knows. How inexpressibly mean and vile must be that institution, which can only live by sacrificing the 'Freedom of the Press!' Against it, who that has a soul, will not wage eternal hostility!—*Philad. Daily Republic.*

☞ Of what value is the American Constitution, even though it were stained with human blood? What true spirit will not cry out, 'Let this accursed Union be dissolved!'

FOR SALE.—Two likely negro boys, about four-

teen years of age. They are sold for no faults, but never have yet been the constitution was formed, and its compromises, so called, were arranged, the people of this State, I apprehend, do not consider to be debatable—they denying to that body such right. But, they hold that Congress, in making all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States, may, and ought, to put an interdict upon Slavery—that, although they may not legislate for the introduction of it, they may for its exclusion. This, viewed as a component case of right association, and of power exercised and in some degree submitted to, it has come to be considered as settled by practical construction, that national legislation can be quietly exercised in either way; still, this State, in confining herself to protests, has not surrendered the principle.

The attempt to procure the allowance of slaveholding in Oregon, and its failure, are fresh in the recollection of all. Upon that defeat of a design to extend slavery, and upon the evidence it affords of a resolution of the free States to restrict the institution to its present limits, I heartily congratulate you—not in exultation as for a great adversary overcome gained, but in joy that humanity has achieved a victory—the joy not a little enhanced by the belief, that ere long our Southern brethren will emancipate themselves and make the world glad, by a voluntary removal of the blasting evil from their fair fields, and then their sunny wide with unshackled limbs, to run the race of national prosperity.

In relation to the point of slavery, the position of this State cannot be misunderstood. That institution was interlaced with the fabric of the federal constitution, and it may not be violently extracted. Yet, as it injuriously affects our representation rights, no further extension or enrochment thereon will be consented to. For a sufficient political reason then, this State objects to the extension of slavery.

There is, however, a profounder cause for her unchangeable opposition to it. The people of Vermont have never needed lessons in humanity; nor have they to learn how to distinguish between what they owe to the Union, and what to themselves. Hostility to slavery is, in them, an instinct. From the 6th, they have never stood before the world and avowed their determination to make no other terms with it than those that now bind them. This resolve is common law, at all times to which it was appropriate, distinctly announced in clear consciousness of her maintaining the right. She has proclaimed it in her legislative assemblies and in national conventions; in her own voice and by the voices of her faithful representatives, as is fully attested by her highest records. There is no ground for fear that she will not continue steadfast therein. In performing their part in the work of destroying slavery, her people will not falter or stagger. Whatever others may do, they will not do evil that good may come; but they will obey the voice of an enlightened conscience, and labor when, and here, and how it is given them to do so. Humbly following, not running before, the indications of the designs of the Infinite Mind herein, they may trustfully abide the issues.

SMITH O'BRIEN.

It may be, and doubtless is, a great outrage against humanity, to hang Smith O'Brien by the neck until he is dead, and then to sever his head from his body, and to divide his body into four quarters, and leave it to the disposal of the Queen. But is this worse, or more revolting on the part of England, than it was for the people of Boston, to hang Nathaniel Turner, the hero of the Southampton insurrection, to walk barefoot on a train of living fire forty feet long, and at the end of it to pelt with his body with a hundred bullets? Is it worse for England to transport Mitchell for fourteen years, than it is for us to imprison Drayton for twenty?—the former joining a bloody revolution, and the latter merely, by peaceable means, removing seventy-seven human beings from a land of slavery to a land of liberty? Is it worse for England to hang McManus, after a fair trial, than it was for America to burn the noble McIntosh, in Missouri, without judge or jury? And shall a people who looked out that horrid scene with composure and indifference, now affect horror and hatred of England, because of her revolting crimes? William Dwyer O'Brien attempted to achieve for his country political freedom. In the language of Thomas Jefferson, Nathaniel Turner attempted to repress wrongs worse than ages of those which Americans rose in rebellion to oppose. Until the prison doors at Washington shall be opened for the release of Drayton, and we atone for Torrey, and have struck the chains from millions in our land, we may hold our peace respecting the cruelty of England.—*Douglass's North Star.*

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 17, 1848.

THE FREE SOIL MOVEMENT. NO. I.

'WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?'

During my absence from the editorial chair, the political occurrences of the country have been of an extraordinary character, attracting unusual attention across the Atlantic, exciting the interest feeling at home, and relating more directly to the question of slavery than any struggle thereto fore in the history of parties. Now that the Presidential election is terminated, and the opportunity afforded for a calm review of what has transpired, let us endeavor to ascertain what progress, if any, has been made in battling with the Slave Power; what is the exact position of the political divisions of the people, in regard to the cause of *humanity*; and, especially, how the FREE SOIL MOVEMENT is worth of the confidence and support of abolitionists. Darkness yet covers the land; the sun of freedom is yet beneath the horizon; and until the morning cometh, the anxious inquiry must be made, 'Watchman, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?' and elicit from post to post a true reply. The hours of darkness and peril, of conflict and vigilance, of gloom and heaviness, through which THE TRIED AND TRUE have been called to pass, giving no sleep to their eyes, nor slumber to their eyelids, are not yet ended; and to falter now, to be deceived by false appearances, to yield to repose on the supposition that all is well, is to sacrifice all that has been gained through toil and martyrdom.

Sudden and mighty are the rending of the parties, the causes which have led to it have long been in operation. The Free Soil movement, though dating its existence from the day on which the Buffalo Convention was held in August last, is but the political exponent of the great moral and religious conflict which has been waged with Slavery and its supporters, for years. It is a reaction, not a creator; its power is derivative, not inherent; it is not self-existent, but dependant. In itself, it has no vitality, and must not, therefore, be regarded as a living soul. On this point, the following remarks of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, in the last number of his 'North Star,' are timely and pertinent:—

We now declare our belief that this movement originated in the moral sense of the anti-slavery movement of the country, and our further belief, that so far from regarding our movement in the light of a political trick, we regard it as one by every means in our power to keep it mainly a moral movement. Catching up the smouldering coals from fires kindled long ago in the desolate wilderness of oppression by faithful, tried, faithful pioneers, those young travellers to the land of freedom have had little difficulty in keeping themselves warm during the cold, dark night. The path which they travelled had been travelled before, and many of its rough places had been made smooth by the bleeding feet of early pioneers in the sacred cause.

Charles Sumner of Boston, one of the ablest and most eloquent Free Soil men in Massachusetts, declining the nomination for Governor, in Faneuil Hall, that 'he would not have been permitted to make the same speech there ten years ago,' and added that 'he would not even have subjected him to a mob.' He evidently spoke there on privileges bought by the hard toils of Abolitionists. The facts, arguments and principles of which they so powerfully assailed the ramparts of slavery, have been drawn chiefly from repositories prepared by their hands. The ground had been deeply ploughed for them, and they found it comparatively mellow, requiring little effort to cultivate it. It came into operation, not by its own impulse, but by long and hard pushing, and in ways which made it easy to operate. The track which they have pursued was broken by other hands than theirs. Public sentiment, which, we admit, had time will reveal that to the earnest, unwavering and faithful toil of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and the American Anti-Slavery Society, with its early auxiliaries, we are indebted for the present Free Soil movement. In the heat of this movement, it ought perhaps to be expected, that those who are actively engaged in it will often forget to give credit where credit is due. If not in human nature so to do, it at least accords with human experience. We dart around all kinds of our angelic wings, seldom thinking of the hand hand laborer who levelled the tilla, raised the valley, bridged the river, blasted the rocks and pierced the mountain. The man of soft skin, delicate hands, and whose brow has never moistened with the sweat of honest toil, rides through the country on cushioned seats, with his luggage secured in the van car, while he whose sinews built the road, travels the turnpike with his luggage strapped to his back, or sometimes in his hand, and the farmer's stable to rest his weather-beaten brow. What is true of the primary laborer in matter, is apt to be true of the primary laborer in mind. As many reap, so many sow, that others may reap. They become poor, that others may become rich.

The lot of laborers and reformers generally will be that of the Abolitionists. It will be theirs to look beyond the praise of men for their reward.—While they are faithful to principle, they will always be odious in the popular view to be regarded as suitable candidates for offices of emolument or honor. Nor ought they to repine at this. They have chosen the better portion, and it is because that they have not lived for themselves; that their own ease and pleasure have not been consulted; that they have not sought their own good, but they have suffered willingly with the despised negro, thereby to elevate and improve his condition: will return with high blessings in the smiles of approving conscience. The Free Soil Democrats must rise for the reward of disinterested toil for the well-being of mankind. A motive power less powerful than that which operated in the Abolitionists to withstand the trying hardships of the reformer. The anchor of his faith must sink deeper than the sounding of any other ages of the world; and he must repose in the bosom of God. There alone he will find security from the temptations presented by a live and growing party, to stand well with a wicked and perverse generation. With his anchor here, he is saved from wreck and ruin. The storms may come, and the whirlwinds and tempests may insist to destroy, but he stands as firm as the pillars of heaven. They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot upset.

Regarding the Free Soil-Slavery reformers in this light, we cannot allow that they are fairly represented in a political party, acting under the American Constitution, which, in regard to its respect its blood-stained provisions with respect to suppressing slave insurrections and returning fugitive slaves. These have been gone, good, we grant, so confronting the slave power, in some respects, and may do more. But we need our own standard of No Union with Slaveholders in Church or State,' before we can approve of it. We want more of the early zeal of our earlier pioneers, to prevent that reaction in the public mind so apt to follow the rapid and violent advance. We want the Free Soil Party. Every man who has ever lifted his hand or his voice in this great moral movement, should be its supporter, and labor for its more vigorous cause, to gird on his moral armor afresh, with double resolution never to cease his efforts until the Soul, laggard and damning curse of human Loodfage is swept from the list of American crimes.

☞ Alluding to the statement, that the Rev. Joshua Leavitt is again to edit a Congregational paper in New York, the Utica Model Worker sharply says—

Well, we presume Leavitt will make his new business, or rather his old reassumed, pay well, as the phrase is. He is just fit for an opponent of the current religion.' He has the catchwords by heart, is already a Reverend, and can hardly be asked to go any lower than that, which he has reached weeks; for his abusing the Free Soil Party, in which the Liberty party was attempted to be sold out to Van Buren. He will show good fight doubtless now in favor of the Congregational system. The 'order and discipline of Christ's house' can be right deftly discussed by one who more than any of his fellows perhaps has been the lacerist of Christ and His Poor.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

The annual State election took place in this Commonwealth on Monday last. Although the majority against Taylor, last week, was thirteen thousand, it is probable that George N. Briggs is re-elected Governor; thus showing very little moral discrimination on the part of the voters, and yet some sense of shame. In 192 towns, (according to the Courier,) the vote stands—Briggs 48,615; Phillips 28,062; Cushing 18,012; being a decrease of 719, a Free Soil decrease of 515, and a Democratic decrease of 12,929, as compared with the Presidential vote. The infamous Cushing was in such bad odor that his own party would not vote for him.

Towns.	Vote of Boston. Governor. Briggs	Cushing	Phillips	Taylor. President. Taylor	Cass	Dawson
1	463	136	157	543	288	37
2	150	67	66	187	205	37
3	459	123	148	532	301	29
4	1106	154	308	1212	321	60
5	736	90	228	770	231	182
6	670	77	277	705	188	233
7	763	64	256	799	151	257
8	280	49	56	292	123	37
9	851	58	161	903	149	137
10	841	58	161	893	149	137
11	932	133	444	1021	415	336
12	522	133	199	576	334	197
Total,	7783	1191	2393	8427	2997	1909

There were 92 scattering votes at this, and 27 at the Presidential election last week.

The vote of Boston, as compared with the vote of last week, gives a net gain for Gov. Briggs of 623 over Phillips, Democratic, and three Free Whig candidates for Senators from the county of Suffolk, and thirty-five Whig State Representatives from the city, are chosen by more than the usual majority.

Among those who voted for Mr. Winthrop as Speaker of the House of Representatives, was the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes of South Carolina. Being condemned for his vote by the Charleston Mercury, he justified it, in a letter to the editor of that paper, on the ground that Mr. Winthrop was a Southern man in his feelings on the subject of slavery, and utterly averse to the abolition movement. Hear him, as to the Wilmot Proviso:—

'The Southern Whigs OPPOSED TO THE WILMOT PROVISO, *nominated Mr. Winthrop* IN CONCERT IN OPPOSITION TO A MAJORITY OF THE NORTHERN Whigs, *who were in favor of the Wilmot Proviso*, and who opposed the nomination of Mr. Winthrop. *Why this?* Because Mr. Winthrop *had been successful in defeating the Wilmot Proviso in the Massachusetts Whig Convention.* ☞ This circumstance I thought was well calculated to attract the attention of Southern men. . . . Ought I, a sentinel on our outposts, to have hesitated, in an unexpected approach of danger, to defend the great, the by *far greatest* of all interests, committed to me by a generous constituency? I did not hesitate. *All party considerations faded* before the deep, intense, burning necessity. I at once acted, acted promptly and I trust obsequiously. Mr. Winthrop was elected, *and the Abolitionists defeated.*'

Yet this betrayer of the North—this political Arnold—this lick-spittle of the Southern slavocracy—Robert C. Winthrop, is re-elected to Congress by a majority of about FOUR THOUSAND votes in the city of Boston!! This is his business endorsed, a new opportunity to plot against the cause of liberty given him, and a premium bestowed upon Northern doughfaceism!

REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

In the first district, Mr. Winthrop is elected by about 4000 majority.

In the second district there is no choice. King is ahead.

In the third district the probability is that Duncan (Whig) is elected.

In the fourth district there is no choice.

In the fifth district there is no choice.

In the sixth district Ashmun (Whig) is re-elected.

In the seventh, Rockwell (Whig) is probably re-elected.

In the eighth district Mann is re-elected.

In the ninth there is no choice.

In the tenth, Grinnell (Whig) is doubtless re-elected.

STATE SENATORS. The Whigs have elected 5 Whigs in Suffolk, 3 in Hampshire, 3 in Hampden, 2 in Berkshire, 3 in Bristol, 2 in Barnstable, and 1 in Nantucket and Dukes, making 17 in all, which is one more than the constitutional quorum of the Board. The vacancies, of course, will all be filled by Whigs, and the Board will be undivided in its political complexion.

☞ The number of Representatives ascertained to be elected, thus far, is—Whigs 146; Free Soil 29; Democrats 8!!

THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

It is sad to take up even the Southern newspapers, and find them inimical to the anti-slavery movement, seeing that on its success depend the safety, happiness and prosperity of the slaveholders; they suffered willingly with the despised negro, thereby to elevate and improve his condition: will return with high blessings in the smiles of approving conscience. The Free Soil Democrats must rise for the reward of disinterested toil for the well-being of mankind. A motive power less powerful than that which operated in the Abolitionists to withstand the trying hardships of the reformer. The anchor of his faith must sink deeper than the sounding of any other ages of the world; and he must repose in the bosom of God. There alone he will find security from the temptations presented by a live and growing party, to stand well with a wicked and perverse generation. With his anchor here, he is saved from wreck and ruin. The storms may come, and the whirlwinds and tempests may insist to destroy, but he stands as firm as the pillars of heaven. They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot upset.

Regarding the Free Soil-Slavery reformers in this light, we cannot allow that they are fairly represented in a political party, acting under the American Constitution, which, in regard to its respect its blood-stained provisions with respect to suppressing slave insurrections and returning fugitive slaves. These have been gone, good, we grant, so confronting the slave power, in some respects, and may do more. But we need our own standard of No Union with Slaveholders in Church or State,' before we can approve of it. We want more of the early zeal of our earlier pioneers, to prevent that reaction in the public mind so apt to follow the rapid and violent advance. We want the Free Soil Party. Every man who has ever lifted his hand or his voice in this great moral movement, should be its supporter, and labor for its more vigorous cause, to gird on his moral armor afresh, with double resolution never to cease his efforts until the Soul, laggard and damning curse of human Loodfage is swept from the list of American crimes.

☞ Alluding to the statement, that the Rev. Joshua Leavitt is again to edit a Congregational paper in New York, the Utica Model Worker sharply says—

Well, we presume Leavitt will make his new business, or rather his old reassumed, pay well, as the phrase is. He is just fit for an opponent of the current religion.' He has the catchwords by heart, is already a Reverend, and can hardly be asked to go any lower than that, which he has reached weeks; for his abusing the Free Soil Party, in which the Liberty party was attempted to be sold out to Van Buren. He will show good fight doubtless now in favor of the Congregational system. The 'order and discipline of Christ's house' can be right deftly discussed by one who more than any of his fellows perhaps has been the lacerist of Christ and His Poor.

RELIGION AND HEALTH.

Just before leaving the Water Cure establishment of Dr. Ruggles at Northampton, I was requested by one of the patients, an interesting young lady who had been an invalid from childhood, to write an article in her Album. The introductory essay was from the pen of an aged and much respected Doctor of Divinity, of the Calvinistic stamp, and was evidently designed to be of a sympathetic, consolatory and pious character, in view of the lingering illness of the amiable owner of the book. But such were its views of God, and his mode of administration, that I ventured to write on the succeeding pages the following:—

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Though I sincerely agree with the venerable friend, who has written the introductory article in your Album, extolling the character of Jesus, the sufferer and martyr, and holding up his example as worthy of all imitation under the severest trials, yet I must beg leave respectfully to dissent from some of the sentiments advanced by him for your consideration.

It seems that, from an early period, it has not been in your power experimentally to exclaim with the glad poet—

'O, who can speak the vigorous joys of health,
Unclouded by the body, unobscured the mind!
The morning rises with a smile upon my head,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.'

For many years, you have been an invalid, confined to your room, and much of the time to your bed—suffering the skill of many physicians of high repute, and almost despairing of recovery. What hours of anguish, what days of sadness, seemingly interminable, have been yours! Dr. Ruggles says,—'This trial has not sprung out of the ground.' But he intimates that it came from above'—that a 'calamity,' so deplorable, is the direct infliction of a 'righteous and all-wise Providence'—that it was sent, not to make you wretched, or destroy your peace, or drive you to despair, but to teach you humility, lead you to Christ, bring you to repentance, and excite you to prayer.

From all this, I dissent. I think it is bad logic, and worse theology. Our heavenly Father stands manifest any-goodness in torturing any of his children; an impaired constitution is neither the condition nor the product of humility; bad digestion or spinal weakness is not a manifestation of repentance of sin; the way to Christ is not a calamitous, though it may be a thorny one.

Surely, my afflicted friend, no strange thing has happened to you, that renders it necessary to suppose a special divine visitation, either of discipline or judgment, in your case. When we are grievously ill, it is but the effect of a natural cause; and that cause is to be found either in bodily malformation, or the violation of some physiological law; either in hereditary taint, or the presence of contagion. It is neither a supernatural nor a supernatural agency; it is neither from above, nor from beneath; and, if curable, is to be cured by a natural process, without regard to any of the Christian graces. Dr. S., however, thinks that, if you are humble and patient, you may, on that account, hope to see 'a bright day of health and prosperity.' As if patience were the panacea of human practice, or humility were efficacious in remedying a diseased spine! This is not adapting means to ends. It would be as rational to talk of effecting the conversion of the soul by a prescription of calomel, or purifying the heart by a dose of Epsom salts. Patience is an excellent virtue; humility is a rare trait of character; but will either of these allay chronic inflammation, or cure the liver complaint? If not, then your 'bright day of health' must depend upon something more analogous to the wants of the body. I rejoice, therefore, that you are resolved to try the 'Water Cure' a faithful trial in your case, as it is equally good for saint or sinner. I rejoice, moreover, to know that you have already derived great benefit from it, and that the prospect of your complete recovery is very flattering. May the restoration of your health enable you to enjoy the sweet fruits of your piety, and to live in a state of healthy pollution—seizes the babes of his victims as fast as they are born, and reckons them among his live stock—and engages in a war declared by the same party to have been unnecessary and unconstitutional, and waged for purposes utterly infernal; and, therefore, that the profligacy of that party is of the most comprehensive and revolting character:

That the sixty thousand voters in Massachusetts, who have given their suffrages for the warrior and slaveholder of Louisiana, have demonstrated that they are defective in moral principle, 'hypocritical in profession, treacherous in conduct, and remorseless in spirit—opposed neither to war nor slavery, but only to the progress of liberty and peace.

SUCCOR AND SAVE!

In another column is a brief Appeal to the Benevolent in Boston and its vicinity, in behalf of an institution which, though struggling for an existence, is worthy of high approbation and liberal support. We hope it will strongly operate on the sympathies of many a kind-hearted citizen, and procure that aid which is now much needed, especially during the inclement season of winter. Think of hundreds of unfortunate, wretched, abandoned children, annually 'plucked as brands from the burning,' and saved from the worst forms of physical and moral degradation, at a trifling cost. From personal knowledge, we are able to testify, that this temporary home for the destitute is conducted in the most judicious and economical manner; and if the whole world were searched, we do not think we could find a more worthy object, and most admirably qualified superintendant for such a home, no one could be found surpassing MRS. ELIZA GARNATT. It would not only be a reproach to the city of Boston, and in derogation of its charitable fame, positively detrimental to its best interests, to have such an institution perish for want of a little assistance. Come, ye, who have privilege it is to be able to contribute to the cause of the sacred declaration, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' contribute as ye can, fuel, clothing, food, or money to it; and whatever ye contemplate doing, see that it is done without delay.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT. In a letter from Mr. Howitt, received a short time since, he says:—'We trust you are quite restored to your usual health. You are not to believe that we are coming to live in America. We propose, however, to pay you a visit. Most happy shall we be to welcome these accomplished friends to our shores. Their literary fame, their active sympathy for suffering humanity, their deep interest in every branch of reform, will be cure for them a warm reception in whatever part of this broad land they may travel—always excepting the slave-cursed region. Should they give their impressions of what they may see and hear, during their sojourn, in the shape of a book, we are sure they will 'nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,' but will furnish a most interesting volume. At what time they expect to leave England, no mention is made in the letter.

SEEING DOUBLE. Before the election, the Emancipator figured the vote of Massachusetts for Van Buren at 76,000. He received about half that number. Taylor was allowed 45,000—Cass 20,000. The former had 61,000; the latter 35,000. Political prophecies are generally ridiculous, and may usually be taken at one half discount.

THE FREE SOIL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

LONDON, Oct. 19, 1848.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

DEAR SIR:

I congratulate you upon the progress of your great cause. The world is deeply interested in the progress of abolition, and it is cheering to us at a distance, to mark the signs of progress in the United States. You have done much, in sixteen years, to raise and strengthen our hopes for your exertions have given evidence, that 'there is a good time coming.' The thing I not end just now, as inducing and strengthening my convictions, and evidencing the great results of your exertions in the cause of human liberty, is the Buffalo Convention, and the present Presidential contest. I do not say that the resolutions of the Buffalo Convention do not come up to the standard of total abolition; but it is quite certain that, if the parties succeed in carrying in Van Buren, the result will be, that they will be converted, and outlinded to the next Slaveholding Van Buren, when in office, to be faithful to the principles he countenances and adopts to obtain it, he must and his party must use such argument in their own justification as will gradually convince them of the necessity of enlarging their principles, and going about They cannot, in the discussions which will necessarily arise in Congress, assume and contend that slavery ought not to be extended, without implying against its injurious tendency; and, in the warmth of debate, they will raise it into an inquiry and ultimately convince themselves that it is wrong. But, putting the question upon the lower standard—that is, upon its impolicy on account of its pecuniary unproductiveness—which they will be led to do, they will say more by that argument than you or your friends would be able to say, on that ground. Your friends are not so well suited to pour forth the breeches pocket argument as those who love cotton and dollars. You put the question upon right and duty, upon religious principles and moral justice, and you, to many classes, fail to hit the Bull's eye. The Bull's eye of the moral target in the United States particularly, is self-interest, and none will plead that so well as those who are unable to raise themselves to the higher argument, namely, those who love dollars inordinately. You have, in these Buffalo Convention men, secured a great addition to your army, who will act as pioneers for you and for the cause. I see a letter in the 'Liberator' from Henry C. Wright, objecting, as I read it, to the Buffalo men for not going farther. He ought, as I think, to welcome them, and encourage them for going so far. He is right in his principle, but, as I think, wrong in his course as to them. He should encourage their onward steps. They are going ahead, and those who want them to go farther, should cheer them forward.

It is a great thing to have made the great cause of abolition a Presidential question. There are no sudden changes in nature—all is by steps; and it is in morals and metaphysics as in physical nature, we must go by degrees. Men are but children of a larger growth, and the manse can only be moved slowly. I think, then, that Henry C Wright has cause to fling up his cap, and to sing—'Oh! be joyful!' for the resolutions and movements passed at the Buffalo Convention. How much better it is that this, your question, should become a mixed political question in the hands of the laity, than that it should be a question in the hands of the clergy principally! You will find more honesty in general society, than you will in a conclave of priests. Henry C. Wright will, will, I think, find so much of subtle action amongst the laity and general society, as amongst the priests. The Dollar-craft is by no means so bad to deal with as Priest-craft; that is, the love of money is not so tenacious as the love of mental power; and therefore I say to my friend Henry C. Wright, to whom she (under this letter addressed,) 'Cheer up God thanks, and turn to again.' You and he have done much, and are reserved, I trust, to do much more.

I do not find in the two Liberators I have just received, Sept. 22d and Sept. 29th, any pulmonary or your health. I see you were present at a recent marriage, and therefore I hope you are progressing in good health.

I wish the publishers in America had established some agency here, by which they might say for how much a book might be had in Boston, or New York, might, I think, in towns like Boston and New York, do the same as the wholesale booksellers do here for transmitting to provincial booksellers. The wholesale publishers are, of course, every month, and generally speaking much oftener, making up parcels for the provincial towns, and any one who sends them in a small parcel, paying two pence, has that parcel enclosed in the larger parcel, and sent to the town for that two pence. Now, if such a practice was established for a parcel consigned to London, the publisher in America might add a note to his advertisement, 'to be had in Great Britain for ***** at ***** extra, from ——.' Oct. 20, 1848.

Upon further consideration, I see the great importance of this movement in respect to Van Buren. If he succeeds as President, the great principle, that man ought to be free in relation to his fellow-man, is established in the mouths of all who vote for him, and in his mouth as the head of the republic; for it is impossible for them to contend that slavery ought not to be extended, without implying the great truth. Suppose the question put to a Van Buren-ite, 'Why ought not slavery to be extended?' He can give no answer which will not imply that it ought not to be. It will bring congressional discussions closer up to principle, and the discussions, even upon its expediency, will always bring its inquiry into view.

Our Colonies are almost all of them calling out for a representative government, and the dog tax which has been recently imposed in one, is giving rise to the same question that you Bostonians raised against the tea tax in the days of your subjection.

A Hindoo widow has recently, instead of burning herself with her husband's body, taken unto herself a husband. What impiety! the Brahmins will say. They will think of her as a pro-slavery priest would think of a poor slave who should abscond.

The Austrians have had another *emeute*, and sent their poor demented king flying out of Vienna again; and this time a part of the army is with them. The French are going on, endeavoring to consolidate their republic; and you are going on like a true 'petitent' fellow, endeavoring to raise man, whatever his color, into 'the image of God' So that you see the times are pregnant with signs and movements of momentous import. At the Cape of Good Hope, our Military Governor has found it necessary to set a price upon the heads of two 'petitent' fellows in that country, who do not appear to reverence the rights divine of the English people to govern them. The whole world is in motion and commotion; principles are upheaving; thrones are trembling; the rights of man are every where in discussion; and, occasionally, the rights of woman are thought of. My impulse has been given to the human intellect, which will do its work in silence, and in a shorter time, than the revival of letters, from its date to the present time, has done. We shall do more in the shape of reformation in the next half century, than has been done from the days of Luther until now. Science has given us the elements to aid us. We have now steam, and the electric telegraph; the one shortening space as it regards bodily intercourse, and the other annihilating space as it regards intellectual intercourse. We have greater means than Luther had, and our progress will be, as it ought to be, more rapid. 'The divinity that *did* hedge a king' no longer exists; and though they may cling, for a time, and retain the situation of chiefs, they will benefiteth be measured with reference to their uses; and the result will be, that they will be found under the standard. England, too, has a trial to come when the poria shall be opened. We none of us know what will be the effect of free importation upon agriculture, and upon trade here. Then there will possibly be a European war. All these things will try our merchants; and if, by any chance, we should cease to be the counting-house of the world, we shall become a second rate power. Our past policy set you Yankees to manufacturing for yourselves; the result will be, or may be, that we shall lose your custom, and find it good policy to grant freedom in British India, and to raise the Hindoo into customers. When we emancipated our slaves in the West India Colonies, as free men, they became, immediately, customers. They had wants as free men, which they had not as slaves to satisfy as slaves. Hence, freedom is good for all.

EDWARD SEARCH.

THE AFFAIR AT NORTH DENNIS.

SOUTH HINGHAM, Nov. 12.

MR. GARRISON:

Your admirable reply to the Cape clergyman, in the Liberator of last week, I have read with much interest. I only regret that friend Pillsbury did not explain himself a little more, and show the Reverend gentleman that churches and church-going were *not Christianity*—and at best, but a means, among other, for the promotion of it. If we are for ourselves to go beyond the strict anti slavery platform; I think, in justice to *ourselves*, we should make ourselves understood. Doubtless, the Reverend gentleman really thinks that Mr. Pillsbury is, in reality, *opposed* to Christianity. I doubt very much, however, whether he would seriously charge Mr. Pillsbury with a love of tyranny, or with a desire to see injustice or inhumanity promoted among us. It is not this charge that is seriously entertained. What then, is it—what does it amount to? Nothing more than this—Mr. Pillsbury is opposed to spiritual tyranny—to one priest getting up, and saying all his say, and all the rest sitting mum, upon pain of being put into the lock-up. This is religious freedom with a vengeance. How long will it be, before these Reverend divines will understand what goodness is? It behooves Mr. Pillsbury and others, on occasions like this, not to slow them the miserable plea, at least, that they did not understand them.

Now a word about Mr. Maynard. It seems that the craft became alarmed for their safety, and so the Rev. Lyman Maynard puts the first question to Mr. Pillsbury, which is to decide whether he is opposed to real religion, or only to the false, or spurious. Now be it remembered, it is not becoming any other than a thorough and consistent anti-slavery man to even ask such a question as this. Mr. Maynard is not, and never has been, (unless very lately,) an anti-slavery man, in any other sense than that which attaches to the masses generally. What propriety, then, was there in his asking a question—let the answer have been as it might—that would have condemned all such indifference to the cause as this gentleman has heretofore manifested? The answer is very plain, and it shows the trick of the trade. But while this answer will alarm the ignorant and timid, there are many who will be profited by it.

The idea is widely entertained, that anti-slavery gatherings, on Sunday, during 'divine service,' is a heinous sin. Why, the very 'elect' here would not meet with us, a short time since, because, forsooth, God's ministers were divinely appointed to speak on this day, (provided, however, you paid them well for it.) We obtained a room half for nothing, however, without much objection, although one of the 'fathers of the town' is said to have remarked, that the meeting was neither a moral nor a religious one. Whether this 'town father' received such impressions, or not, from his spiritual guides, I cannot say; but, if God-father to anti-slavery here, I cannot say. Certain it is, that the once smoking flax appears almost quenched; and that the product of *Taylorism* has been large, from such or other causes. This is a pretty good index of the influences which are at work in a community. There is never a division of influences proceeding from one source. Our influence preponderates to one or the other side. And when we suppose we can turn the cold shoulder to anti-slavery labor, and still be promoting its growth, we are deceiving ourselves.

Yours, &c., J. C.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.

The Managers of the 'TEMPORARY HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN' ask the aid of their fellow-citizens in continuing an institution, which even a short experience has shown to be so much needed. In this city, there are a large number of children, who are, from various causes—the imprisonment, vice, or death of parents—left without a home. Such can be readily disposed of—adopted or placed in families in the country, and thus removed from a place of temptation. For nearly two years, by the exertions of a few individuals, a 'Home' for the reception of these 'little ones' has been sustained in Albany Street, and nearly TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY cases each year provided for at a very small expense. Many, very many, even more, a much larger number might have enjoyed its benefits.

The Benevolence of Boston will not, surely, allow so ben-ficent a plan to fail. A single visit to the institution will be enough to convince any one of its importance, and interest them in its continuance. Under the excellent superintendence of Mrs. ELIZA GARNAUT, it promises the best results. But we are sorry to add, that the expense of the institution is in excess of its means.

☞ Contributions of money may be sent to Mr. H. M. CHAPIN, Treasurer, 13 Long Wharf, and provisions or clothing, to the HOME, 26 Albany Street, care of Mrs GARNAUT.

BOSTON, November, 1848.

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

It is requested that all ladies who intend taking tables at the approaching Bazaar would communicate the same to A. W. WESTON, Weymouth,—and it is particularly desired that ladies from the country who have not friends in Boston, should write IMMEDIATELY that we may make such arrangements as may be in our power.

Any boxes of articles sent unattended by a saleswoman, may be consigned to our care in perfect confidence that all directions concerning them shall receive implicit attention. It is requested that the prices of all such articles be marked by the donors.

A. W. WESTON, for the Committee.

WORCESTER NORTH—NOTICE.

Our friends in this region are requested to observe the appointments for Conventions and Lectures in Leominster and Athol will be largely attended.

The friends of the slaves are coming in, in each town where a lecture is appointed, are earnestly entreated to give their indispensable aid in making the necessary arrangements.—

MORAL OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM.—We are happy to hear that our old friend, N. Southard, has lately become sole proprietor of this wonderful work of art, on which he has lectured for the last six months. He intends to visit Portland, by the upper route, and return towards Boston, by the way of Portsmouth and Salem. May great success attend him in every place.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA.

The steamship America, from Liverpool Oct 28th, arrived at New York, last week, in the very short passage of eleven days and a half.

Prices both of cotton and breadstuffs had experienced a slight decline, in addition to that noted by last and previous arrivals.

It has been resolved to spare the lives of the convicted Irish rebels.

The Cholera is scarcely mentioned in the English papers. The alarm had subsided.

The affairs of Austria were still in a crisis,—the capital being surrounded by troops in the interest of the empire, and the Hungarians having retired from its vicinity, into a fortified position, with their own resources. Whether they will capitulate, or not, at the date of the last, remains to be seen.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, has deceased, in his 79 of 78.

Hereditary.—The mother of Lord George Bentinck died no less suddenly than her son; having been seized with fits of apoplexy.

Ireland.—M'Manus, O'Donohoe, and Meagher, were sentenced to death on Monday 23d October, as O'Brien had been previously, but we are glad to learn by an article in the London Times that none of them are to be executed.

France—Defeat of the Ministry.—The new cabinet of Gen. Cavaignac was defeated in regard affairs on Friday, on the question of military substitution. The 107th article of the constitution proposes to exempt from military service, the only stay of a poor citizen liable to serve his country, without permitting him to purchase an exemption. The idea whence this article emanated, is the insurgents to their own resources. Whether they will capitulate, or not, at the date

POETRY.

EVENING REVERIE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The summer day is closed—the sun is set;
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly and
In the red West. The green hills of the ground
Has river, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From burning suns, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shells, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages, with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new born babe.
Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of ocean and of inland water, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it has seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age.
Still the fleet hours run on, and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.
O thou great movement of the universe!
Or change, or flight of time—for ye are one
That hearest silently this visible scene
Into night's shadow, and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art Thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet does the eclipse of sorrow, or of death,
Come unforewarned! Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitter strife
With friends, or shame, and general scorn of men,
Which, who can bear? Or the fierce rack of pain,
Lies they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me with soft and inoffensive pace
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life,
Even now, while I am glowing in my strength,
Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At the broad threshold, with what fairy forms
Shall the great law of change and progress fashion
Its workings? So have good men taught—calmly,
Calmly, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new, the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

I am Autumn, and I come
With a song of Harvest Home;
Rich and splendid is my state,
Many pleasures on me wait.
Come, my little child, and see
What the Autumn brings to thee.
Wheat, your daily bread to make,
Indian corn for Johnny cake,
Buckwheat for your pancakes thick,
Rice and barley when you wish;
With every wholesome vegetable
For your Fall and Winter table.
I am Autumn, and I come
With the pear and with the plum—
Peaches for your choicest treat,
Grapes in clusters, ripe and sweet—
Apples russet, red and white,
For many a merry winter night.
I am Autumn, and my bowers
Are planted round with gorgeous flowers;
Dahlias of the richest dye,
Amaranth with its golden eye,
Cocombs with their crimson folds,
Chrysanthemum and marigolds.
I am Autumn, and I bring
Pleasant days for visiting;
Aunts and cousins come to see,
Time flies on with mirth and glee:
Every voice unto to praise
The cheerful, bright autumnal days.

From the French of Beranger.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

SUNG OVER AN INFANT'S CRADLE.

Behold, my friends, this bark of tiny mould,
But newly launched on life's uncertain sea,
A gentle passenger the skiff doth hold—
I shall not say in its crew and pilot be!
The waves to lift it from the strand prevail,
Which now it leaves forever in its rear;
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!
Already Destiny the canvass swells,
Already Hope the silken cordage binds,
And 'neath the glittering starlight, kindly tells
Of waves propitious, and of roving winds.
Fly hence, ye birds of dark presage, that wail;
A noble gallery of the loves is here;
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!
The masts are all with rosy wreaths arrayed
By sportive Cupid's light and nimble hands;
To the fair Graces offerings fresh are made;
And steady Friendship at the rudder stands.
Nor, with red wine, will jovial Bacchus fail;
Nor Pleasure, once invoked, fail to appear:
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!
One more, to hail our galley, comes in haste,
Misfortune, rescued now from want and woe;
She prays that every joy the bark may taste,
Which those who bind the wounded heart can know;
Sure that each fervent prayer that loads the gale,
The God who guards the sleeping babe shall hear
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

'THY KINGDOM COME.'

When man his brother shall no longer slay;
When chains no more shall bind the bleeding slave;
When legal robber, cursed and past away,
No more shall hollow the untimely grave;
When Love, and not Revenge, shall deal with crime
When Spirit shall be Lord in place of Sense;
When man shall not be bound to earth, and live
Making his God of shillings and of pence;
When Love and Peace and Equity shall reign;
And none shall starve while some are richly fed;
When one man shall not hoard his wealth of grain,
And see his neighbor die for want of bread;
When Earth for every man has hearth and home,
Then, not till then, God, will thy kingdom come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scottish Correspondent of the Christian Citizen.

DR. CANDLISH.

Free St. George's Church is situated at the northeast extremity of the Dublin road, Edinburgh.—The building is of recent erection, and its material is of beautifully polished sandstone. But in mean looking tenthread windows; its low, unimposing general aspect, and the budget, vinegar crets that vainly strive to ornament its front, proclaim it of that nonpareil style of architecture, called Norman. Do Sinclair, Lyne, and Cockburn-street-goers would not be struck by anything about, or connected with this place of worship, save the number of street relaticns and the numerous flags that are ringed before the door; and perhaps they would smile, if they were told that the fiercest declaimer in Scotland against Sabbath profanation, the energetic and indefatigable leader of the 'Sabbath Alliance,' and the awful reprehender of Sunday running locomotives, preaches in this northwest-end-of-nowhere congregation who meet from week to week in the very church.

Dr. Candlish became the pastor of 'Free St. George's' in 1843, when he seceded from 'Erastian St. George's,' at the memorable disruption; and the seceding members of the latter Church constituted the congregation, upon the same occasion. Dr. Candlish is a man of note in Scotland, and we believe that his fame has floated over the broad Atlantic also. He is a good, ready, and powerful rhetorician; abroad, he is regarded as an apologist for the most diabolical institution in the world.

Dr. Candlish is but of low stature. He merely fought his way to fame and learning from humble life, and was chosen successor to the great and gifted Dr. Andrew Thomson, who loved liberty as ardently, and proclaimed freedom to the oppressive as loudly and strenuously, as he has declared against 'patronage' and denounced locomotives.

Dr. Candlish's name is perhaps the most famous name, being the 'Miss Smith' of Burns's poem, beginning, 'In Maxwellton there dwells six buxom young beauties, Kate, Jean, Nell, Meg, Miss Smith, lower, but Mrs. Candlish, she became the mother of him whom some of our facetious Scots yet term 'wee Robin,' the new-born infant of Dr. Candlish's *physique* is strictly true; for, although incontestably the strongest mind in the 'Free Church,' and without doubt the great chief of that body, his own body is one of the smallest and most feeble, to those who adorned the annals of greatness. The face of Dr. Candlish possesses a confident, supercilious expression, which seems to demonstrate an active organ of self-esteem; and there is a certain explosive appearance in his eyes and compressed mouth, that does not prepossess for his good nature. The under lip looks sanpiish up at his nose, and his nose turns morosely down to his lip, so that though his features express great acuteness, and the large forehead is indicative of a powerful intellect, yet countenance is not one that would invite the smiles and kisses of a little child.

Some folks have conjectured that the mantle of Chalmers has fallen on the doctor. We do not believe it. Candlish undoubtedly is now the most prominent man in the communion of which Dr. Chalmers was the leader; but the genial old doctor occupied a national as well as denominational position; and if his great and lofty principle put on the little person of our volatile divine, the purity of his patriotism and diffusive benevolence is yet unoccupied.

There are two types of the Scottish clergyman—two aspects of pulpit Calvinism, which have often claimed our attention. They are as opposite essentially, as pure and vile; but they are not so apparent to the general reason as to involve heterodoxical discussion. The one opens the gates of salvation and mercy as wide as the Gospel, which goeth forth to all nations; the other closes them with antinomian scrupulosity against all save the 'elect.' The one, though speaking in the name of Calvin, yet interprets the law with Arminius; the other is with Calvin in name and spirit. Of the latter class of preachers, Dr. Candlish is the head and first. He is a cool, logical, methodical, and argumentative; but he is not warm, genial and sympathetic. He wriggles and twists in his pulpit, and spurns forth the fulness of his thoughts in disconsonant tones: but his bosom never heaves with the plenitude of glowing emotions. His head is large, learned, and full of precious and valuable things; but the sunbeams of his heart's love are confined by his black gown.

The *pulsative* energies of the Free Kirk clergy are chiefly confined to the development of schemes for the consolidation of their own body. With general movements, they have little or no sympathy. Perhaps no class of men ever exemplified the same activity or devotion in the promulgation of 'schemes,' and in the collection of funds; and perhaps in no instance in the history of Scotland was money ever so liberally and plentifully supplied, as for the establishment of the 'Free Kirk.' Drs. Candlish, Cunningham, and Guthrie, have pre-eminent as appellants to the pockets of the exceeding flocks, and mainly contributed, by their eloquence, to cover the land with 'free kirks,' manses, and schools, and to maintain the Free Church, most important professorial chair of which, the first is expected to fill.

Dr. Candlish has the misfortune to be reckoned a theorist. He professes to condemn Slavery; but he is willing to accept as a Christian gift, the price of slaves. He represents the system of Slavery as evil and guilty; yet he stretches out the hand of fellowship to the gold-giving slave-holder. He lifts his trumpet-toned voice in condemnation of locomotives, running on Sabbath and evening of the Sunday; and verily I have seen, by day by day, 'manservants' and 'horses' laboring to bring his appealing heavens to listen to his declamations against the sin and misery producing iron horse. I cannot see why sin is sinful on an iron rail, and not so on a cleanly floor; but unfortunately for fortunately, I am not Dr. Candlish. J. B. S.

THE POOR.

Dr. Charles E. Buckingham of Boston, in a late able report on 'Individual and Public Health,' says—

'Most of those who live in this city in filth, do it from choice. It may seem, to the uninitiated, unkind for me to say this; but I appeal to those who, for many years, have been in the daily habit of visiting the poor and relieved, to answer if I am not right. There is poverty enough about us, and God only knows the number of aching hearts and heads that every night seek repose in rooms apparently comfortable and clean. I have seen, in a room without fire, and on the coldest night of winter, a mother, with an infant only a few weeks old, here troubled by consumption and poverty, brought on by its parents' folly; men and women, whose only sleeping place was a bed upon the floor, with an old coverlet for a covering, too miserably poor to dare undress at night, lest they should provoke with cold, who rose in the morning to a breakfast of dry bread and water, to commence the day of the Sunday; and verily I have seen, by day by day, 'manservants' and 'horses' laboring to bring his appealing heavens to listen to his declamations against the sin and misery producing iron horse. I cannot see why sin is sinful on an iron rail, and not so on a cleanly floor; but unfortunately for fortunately, I am not Dr. Candlish. J. B. S.

THE LIBERATOR.

THE LATE GEO. STEPHENSON—AUTHOR OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

On the 12th of August died Mr. George Stephenson, the author of the railway system, the first practical improver of the locomotive steam engine, the inventor (contemporaneously with Davy) of the safety-lamp, and a man who displayed great mechanical and original genius in everything which he undertook. He was born on the 9th of June, 1781, (was consequently, at the time of his death, in his 68th year,) in a cottage at Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, of parents in the humblest ranks of life. His first occupation as a boy was attending to the steam engines, at the coal-pits near Ouchy-hill. Eventually, he became a coal-viewer, or surveyor and overseer; and distinguished himself in the coal district by an improved mode of carrying on coal pits, which he introduced at Darlington. In 1812, a committee which had investigated the priority of the claims of the discoverers of the safety-lamp, decided against Davy, and in favor of Stephenson, to whom, it was presented with a silver tankard and a purse of a thousand guineas. In returning thanks, he announced his intention of devoting that sum to the education of his only son, Robert, at the University of Edinburgh. The history of his employment to construct the Stockton and Darlington, the first public railroad, and the Liverpool and Manchester, the first on which locomotive engines were introduced for the conveyance of passengers—is well known. Upon the first journey of the locomotive built by the Stephensons over the railroad constructed by them, dates the actual commencement of the greatest mechanical revolution effected since the invention of the steam engine by Watt. Though self-educated—scarcely educated at all—he had, from his boyhood upwards until he had attained manhood, Mr. Stephenson took every opportunity of impressing upon the young, the advantages of education and literature. He related that a public dinner at the opening of the Birkenhead docks how, in his early career, after the labors of the day, he used to work in the evening at mending stockings, in order that he might earn enough to send his child to school. He was the founder and first President of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, and was never better pleased than when assisting by his advice and encouragement the ideas of ingenious artizans. In agriculture and horticulture he made many curious and successful experiments—and the study of geology was a passion with him. It is feared that the intermittent fever, of which he died, was occasioned by the damp arising from the chemical fertilizers which he employed with great success in his hot houses. In a brief and hurried notice, it is impossible to do justice to so remarkable a man. In the words of a contemporary writer: 'His mechanical genius was of that order that it may without exaggeration be asserted, that if Watt had not previously invented the steam-engine, he was capable of achieving it. Others before him had prepared the way; others since have contributed valuable improvements in detail; but to George Stephenson unquestionably belongs the proud title of the Author of the Railway System. He gathered into many threads of ingenious and enterprise, and wove them into the wide-spreading net-work which promises, in its manifold extension, to encircle the whole world in bonds of commerce, civilization and peace.'

CURIOUS INVENTION.

We learn from the Mining Journal, that a Mr. Wm. Blanchard, of Boston, has patented a process of indurating plaster, chalk, wood, pasteboard, &c., rendering them as completely hard as the firm grains. The Journal says:

'Among the extraordinary discoveries of the present day, by which materials of the most humble pretensions in works of art are rendered of the utmost utility, perhaps none more extensive than made to bend to the power of scientific researches, and many productions, which have for ages been thrown away as useless, have been rendered extensive usefulness—we know of none by which more extraordinary, not to say magical metamorphosis is effected, than the operation patented by Mr. Wm. Blanchard, which plaster of Paris, Bath, Caen, and other soft stone, chalk, wood, pasteboard, and, in fact, any other material, is rendered hard as metal, requiring no more brilliant polish, and made absolutely imperishable from atmospheric action, vermin, &c. The purposes to which this patent can be applied are innumerable. The first idea of the patentee was the induration of the solter, and more common, and almost useless, stones for the purpose of paving; but so simple and so inexpensive, that the idea occurs, at first view, and has rendered the operation, not only applicable to all common purposes for which stones and slates are used in building—such as paving, both internal and external, window-sills, fitting of doors, &c.—but now applies the operation to all the higher works of art. Plaster of Paris casts, of the most elaborate designs, in busts, reliefs, architectural ornaments, fonts, and ornamental flooring for churches, trellis work for balconies, ornamental linkstands, &c., are rendered indurated, by the operation of the elements, and hard and tough as metal. Sculptors who may so choose, may work in Bath and Caen stone, or even Chalk, and the production will be rendered superior to marble; and in all these operations, the finest edgings of the mouldings are preserved, and not a chisel mark is lost.

In inspecting specimens of Mr. H's work, we were shown a slab of soft sandstone, from Tubridge Wells—so soft that it might be rubbed into powder by the hand—rendered as hard as granite, and rung like a bell; numerous plaster of Paris ornaments and busts, specimens of bronzes, granite and parti-colored marbles; drain, water and gas pipes, made from Bath stone, chalk or paper, and rendered as hard and tough as steel, like marble; in fact, the results of the operation are most extraordinary. The water pipes, and prepared sheets for roofing, will be found most economical, both in first cost, and in wear and tear; in fact, they can be rendered at a cost which comes far below any other description of material which has yet been introduced for these purposes; the sheets would also be highly applicable for railways, and many other public engineering uses. We understand that the attention of architects, sculptors, builders, &c., to this interesting patent, which, we feel assured, will prove of great public utility. Mr. Hutchinson has also a model of a stone-sawing machine, which performs its work, most perfectly by hand labor—entirely superseding steam machinery.

'Works are already established in London, Caen and Normandy, and at Tunbridge Wells, in Kent. The patent, works, &c., are divided into twelve shares—one-twelfth of which only need be paid up to form the working capital, and the original proprietors retaining four shares. Parties will be treated with for the remaining eight shares.'

STANIERS' CORDAGE—SUBSTITUTE FOR MANILLA.—A new article has made its appearance in our market, and which excites considerable interest, is Staniers' cordage, manufactured by Messrs. J. T. Crook & Co., from unrotted hemp, which is so hygnized or cured by antiseptic substances as to rot neither in the sea nor elsewhere. Prepared in this way, is said to have been exposed in a heap of decayed vegetable matter for five years, without showing any signs of decay. This cordage has a good color, almost as light as Manilla, and in other respects looks well. Most of the flat-boats which recently left this place, were supplied with lines of this kind, and some of them are said to have stood some very severe tests as it regards strength.

Manilla Ropes have heretofore been used on our steam will flat-boats, and had some four or five months in constant use, while boat lines made of common hemp are so very liable to decay when exposed to the weather, that they seldom last one trip. From present appearances, this new cordage must take the place of this foreign article to a great extent, being much more durable, and of greater strength.—[Mayeville Herald.

KETCHUM'S PATENT MOWING MACHINE.—At the recent exhibition of the New York State Fair, a new machine for mowing attracted great attention, particularly among the farmers. Mechanical ingenuity has, for many years, been put to a severe test, to produce a machine that would lighten that most severe labor of the farmer. Many hundred machines have been invented, but after a short trial, have been found worthless, or nearly so. Mr. William F. Ketchum, of this city, has at length produced a machine that, in the opinion of those capable of judging, answers every purpose, and is certain enough or smooth ground—cutting the grass more closely, and at the same time even than the boasted by the ordinary method. One man and a span of horses can, it is said, cut from 12 to 15 acres per day with perfect ease. The capacity of the machine to perform what is claimed for it, has been thoroughly tested in presence of numerous of the most experienced farmers of this section, and we are pleased to learn that the ingenious inventor is likely to reap a fair reward for his perseverance and industry.—[Rochester Commercial.

THE SELF-LAMPLIGHTER.—What won't ingenuity accomplish? Here we have an invention by which tinsup or candles may be lighted any moment of time, by a clock or a pull of a cord. If attached to an alarm-clock, a light may be produced at any hour. In cases where people wish to rise at a certain unusual time of night, all that is to be done is to set the clock and make the connection of the Lamplighter 'all right,' and then, when the hour comes round, the candle is quietly and neatly lighted at the same time. Certainly very convenient. When not desired to be connected with a clock, it can be attached to a cord, connecting in some place near the bed, like a bell-pull, so that it is only necessary to pull the cord to produce a light precisely at the time desired. It can, to be attached to the bell-handle of a front door, that pulling the bell instantly makes a light to see by in the hall, or any other part of the house. The inventor is Mr. Alexander Bennett of New-York.—Tribune.

USEFUL INVENTION.—The Scientific American describes a 'new invention' for the accommodation of way passengers in railroad cars. A large dial is placed in the middle of the ceiling, with a pointer upon it, and a pointer to indicate the place arrived at. A gong is so constructed with the machinery as to sound whenever a stop is made. An excellent idea.

CUTTING SCREWS.—A Mr. Arnold, of Rochester, N. Y., has invented a machine for cutting screws, the cost of which is from $8 to $20. It is so constructed that the bolts cannot be thrown out of their proper centre, and a child may work the machine.

A new furnace for making malleable iron directly from the ore, has recently been built at Shenandoah Iron Works, Va., an experienced manufacturer. It is said this invention will save $30 a ton over the present method of manufacturing the article.

From the Boston Investigator.

INFIDELITY.

Mr. Editor,—Your anxiety to be thought uncommonly liberal, in permitting all sides of a question to be heard, induces me to ask you to allow the following Resolutions to be discussed in your paper.

Resolved, 1st, That the greatest evil which at present afflicts the human race, is Christianity, which has the greatest tendency to overthrow our civil, religious, and moral institutions, is INFIDELITY. Therefore,

Resolved, 2d, That it is the duty of the wise and good to unite their most vigorous efforts in opposition, and if not vitally to destroy, at least to neutralize its injurious effects upon the family. A BELIEVER.

P. S.—If you permit the above Resolutions to appear in your paper, I shall offer some remarks in support of them, unless their correctness be admitted without opposition.

We make no particular boast of being 'uncommonly liberal,' as seems to be intimated; but that we aim at consistency, and that we do not, with 'fair all sides,' is evident we believe from our general course, as well as by the insertion of the above Resolutions, which 'A Believer' can discuss in our columns just as long and as lustily as he pleases, if not treat Infidels in this manner. Not they, indeed! An Infidel, who is desirous of discussing Christianity, necessarily is a Believer, and, in effect published in a Christian paper, accompanied with the permission of its Reverend Editor to debate therein with the Christian, is a Believer. We venture to say there is not a popular and acknowledged Christian paper to be found, that has got the fairness and manliness to admit a single one, say where. They are all opposed to free discussion—as much so, as the pulpits. An Infidel would no more be allowed the opportunity of discussing a Christian paper, than he would be allowed, than he would to be debate Christianity in a popular religious publication. But as we have nothing to fear from the discussion of Christianity, we always court it, believing that it will confirm us in the Truth, if we already have it, or lead us into it, if we have it not.

PROTECTION FROM CHOLERA.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal maintains that electrical changes are the true cause of such mignatory diseases as cholera and pestilence, and again of all epidemics. The true remedy, therefore, is the purification of the atmosphere, and the chief agent to effect this is Chlorine gas, which is an indirect antiseptic, and kills the 'Germs.' Whole towns can be fumigated with chlorine gas as easily as single dwellings. In 1832, the town of Dumfrieshire, in Scotland, was visited with cholera, on the 2d of September until the 23d of October. At that date, every street, lane and alley was fumigated with chlorine gas. Within five days, the pestilence was entirely annihilated. In Edinburgh the gas was used, but rather late, and in several towns with equal effect. It was ascertained beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the gas was the attention of our readers and the public at large, that every house in the infected districts in which chlorine was used, escaped the pestilence, and in the cholera of 1832, enjoyed an absolute immunity from the disease; and this fact is the great preservative against the cholera, pestilence, and a positive proof that cholera owes its origin to electrical changes in the atmosphere. Care must be taken in using the gas, as it is destructive to animal life, and must not be inhaled in the lungs.

BEAUTIES OF HANGING.

The New Orleans Daily Chronicle says that last Tuesday, the sentence of a man who was convicted into effect in the police jail of the Third Municipality. The culprit (who committed a brutal assault on the person of a little girl about ten years of age) was hoisted up to the bar-room of his like the same sullen disposition which he assumed at the time of his arrest, and which he has maintained even to the last hour of his life. He seemed to accept spiritual comfort or consolation of any kind; his only anxiety appeared to be centered in watching with apparent interest the last hours of life by his manacles, with his eyes glaring wildly around, and when the executioner approached him to adjust the rope, he turned upon the last hour of life, and fiercely, but not until a kind-hearted friend, who seemed to have some secret control over him, cane and soothed him, would he let any of the officers approach him. He was then allowed to go to the place of execution, and it was only by strangum that he was suspended by the fatal rope, and as he ascended the gallows, he slipped over his head, and he was then despatched *by shooting him through the head with a pistol.*

A FACT.—The ready wit of a true-born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we noticed a case in point. A ragged man of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would become his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady in whose hand it was, and to hand it to her, the lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the owner with a low bow, and reminded us of poor Power. 'Faith, madam, said he, as he did so, 'if you were as strong as you are beautiful, I wouldn't have gone away from you.' 'Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?' asked the lady, smiling. 'Troth, madam,' said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, 'that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both.'—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Did it's Purpose.—An honest, old-fashioned farmer had an unruly bull, which had a remarkable love for the old farmer, 'in a horn,' and a singular propensity for giving his admirer a gentle hint of it in the world. One day the old farmer was driving the animal home much against his inclination, and finally enraged, he suddenly hoisted the old man across the fence in the road—but fortunately only slightly hurt him. The farmer gained his feet, and as the enraged bull came bellowing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his cane, exclaimed—'Bring your apologies. You needn't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowin' and scrapin'—you did it 'a purpose,—you did it!'

A Miserly Marquis.—A few days ago, the furniture, &c. of the chateau of the miserly Marquis d' Aligre, in the village of Chaton, between Paris and Germain, was sold at auction. This old marquis was the richest man in France; he possessed 300 houses in Paris and other towns, fifty relatives in different parts of the kingdom, and records of £2,000,000 capital placed in the public funds of different countries; and yet the furniture of his splendid chateau of Chaton, was found to be extreme, and would have disgraced a low lodging-house. There was not a decent picture, not a tolerable chair or table that was not ragged, not a chair or table that was not ricketty, not a piece of crockery that was not cracked.

A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. 'And how did you escape their fate?' asked one of his hearers. 'Why, I did go into de boat, you see,' the Dutchman's placid answer.

☞ 'My lad,' said a lady to a boy, carrying an empty mail bag, 'are you a mail boy? You don't think I'm a female boy, dos ye?'

Mrs. Partington says that she 'intended the consort of the Female Cemetery last evening, and some of the sons of temperance went with touching pythagoras.' She declares 'the whole thing went off like a Barnum show; and I guess I should cry if I knew how, and looked like angels, just out of paradox.' She only regrets that during the showers of applause, she remembered that she had forgotten her fan.

A man down east, who had occasionally been employed as a country schoolmaster, in speaking of the place where he lived, said: 'I have lived to see the wilderness blossom as the rose, and the village church and school-house, and one night the stream rose twenty feet, and carried away my sawmill, which cost one thousand dollars.'

The Caledonian Mercury mentions, as a proof that railway speculation is not observed by all men, that on the Queen's return from Scotland, when the train stopped at Glamming, the guard called out, 'Glamming, Prince Albert,' asked him for a light for his cigar, but received the answer, given with the utmost coolness, 'No smoking allowed here, sir.'

A woman who died last week, in one of the London work-houses, bequeathed her corpse to a lecturer on anatomy, with a remark that dissection would repay him for the trouble of a service to her fellow-creatures than it had ever been during her life.

Human Life Estimated by Pulsation.—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulsations in a minute for a common measure of pulse in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but, if by intemperance he force the pulse to twenty pulsations in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in fifty-six years, consequently his life would be reduced fourteen years.

A Huge Iceberg.—It is said that immense masses of ice are drifting at this time with the currents of the Atlantic, in the direct track of vessels passing between England and the United States. The Blonde, Capt. Crawford, which arrived at Greenock on the 20th, saw on the 5th, in lat. 46 56, long. 49 W., lat. 48 N., upward of 600 feet high, and a mile in length, the atmosphere in its vicinity being completely chilled!

Quadrature of the Circle.—Mr. Seba Smith delivered a lecture in Portland, on Friday evening last, on 'the Quadrature of the Circle,' in the course of which, he claimed that his problem, discovered by him, was from mathematical demonstration, the best mathematicians, has at length been accurately solved by John A. Parker, Esq., of Boston, Mass., and now of New York. Mr. Smith further stated that several important astronomical calculations have already been computed, and the process which led to this solution is in preparation for the press, and will soon be published.

The Great Sea Serpent.—When the Dundalos, frigate, Captain M'Quhae, arrived at Portsmouth, was the passage home, from the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, her Captain, and most of her crew, at 4 o'clock one afternoon, saw a sea serpent. The creature was twenty feet in sight and 70 of the frigate, and passed under her quarter. Its head appeared to be about four feet out of the water, and the neck and body lay in a line and straight line on the surface. It is calculated that there must have been under water a length of 30 or 40 feet more. The diameter of the body was 16 inches, of the neck 10 inches and when it extended its jaws, which were full of large, jagged teeth, they seemed sufficiently capacious to admit of a tall man standing upright between them.

A Female Giant—Mrs. Armitage, the English giantess, is dead. She weighed about 450 pounds; her waist measured 7 feet, her arm 3 feet, her hips, and 22 inches round the arm above the elbow.

Rev. Micajah Colburn, (Universalist,) while walking on the track of the Northern railroad, was run over by the cars near Enfield, N. H., on Friday night, and instantly killed.

Rev. Henry Colman has returned to New York from his agricultural tour in Europe.

A writer in the Whig Review tells an anecdote of a lawyer, who charged his client, among other items, 'for waking in the night, and thinking of his business.'

A fire occurred at Toronto, Upper Canada, on Sunday, 20th ult., which destroyed about $30,000 worth of property. The Hartford Protection Company insured for $16,000.

Testotatum vs Parliament.—It is stated that Mr. Lawrence Heyworth is the sole entire abstinent in Parliament, with the exception of Brotherton, who is said to be not quite so bad as Heyworth, but anxious, when Ansley did not drive into Bellamy's for refreshment.

A Giant Pear Tree.—There is a pear tree in Lillingston, Ky., 70 years old, which has yielded 100 bushels in fact. In 1834 it bore 134 bushels of fruit, and in 1840 it bore 140 bushels.

A pleasant Place.—A gentleman writing from St. Louis to a friend in this city, under date of 'June sun,' gives the following description of affairs in that village: St. Louis is lively—everyone with the eyes and ears open, and with a pistol in his pocket, to make a walking four squares about nine o'clock at night. Robberies are frequent, and the citizens have been obliged to organize private patrols for safety.

From the West Indies—Intelligence from the West Indies islands has been received up to the 24th ult.

Riots have occurred at St. Vincent. The wages of the black laborers have been reduced, having attacked the planters, who sought the Governor's assistance. Four of the ringleaders were imprisoned, when more attacked the jail, but the military dispersed them and restored order.

The millions of francs are to be allowed the proprietors of the slaves at Guadeloupe.

The amount of property destroyed by the hurricane at Antigua, is estimated at half a million of dollars. The number of lives lost, at 25.

Adventures in Mexico: By C. Donnavan. This is decidedly the best work the Mexican war has thus far imitated. The author is an editor and printer, who was at work in Cincinnati, when, when the war broke out, went with his boat to the Rio Grande, and so up to Camargo, was captured near that place by the Indians, and finally, escaped through Carmillo, Monclova and Parras to Zacatecas, thence by the Potosi to Valladolid, in Southern Mexico, where he and a companion obtained work in a printing office, whence he escaped alone, and reached the Pacific settlements, whence he made his way to the city of Mexico, and so down and to Vera Cruz and New Orleans a few weeks since. Having thus travelled over and resided in the most interesting portions of Mexico, he was enabled to give more desirable information, and he has done it in a lively and graphic manner. His book costs but 25 cents, and we advise those who would know the Mexicans as they are, to buy it.—[N. Y. Tribune.

FEMALE MEDICAL INSTRUCTION.

A COURSE OF LECTURES TO FEMALES

On the theory and practice of Midwifery, by responsible Physicians of approved professional standing, will commence in Boston, WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1st, and continue three months. Terms $25—in advance. Board in the city, $2 to $3 a week. For further information, address as apply to

SAMUEL GRIGORY,
25 Cornhill.

☞ AMORY HALL, ☜
CORNER WASHINGTON AND WEST STREETS.

HUDSON'S
GRAND NATIONAL PAINTING
of the
Mississippi and Ohio Rivers!

REPRESENTING all the chief cities, towns, villages, Native Indian Tribes, mounds and encampments, cotton, sugar and tobacco plantations, ingenos, animals, &c., upon their banks, and giving a most truthful delineation of the various kinds of river life and craft; arks, steamboats, coal, cotton, wood, and cattle boats; presenting the diversified scenery of nearly two thousand miles, and 2300 miles, from Pittsburg, Penn., to New Orleans, La., extending over fifteen degrees of latitude.

Tickets of admission, 25 cents; whole, $2; to be obtained at the hall. Lads' and Misses' tickets 1 2-3 cents.

The exhibition will be concluded in season for the Omnibuses to Chelsea, Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury, and Dorchester. Open in the afternoon every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, commencing at 3 o'clock.

Doors open at 7; Panorama commences moving at 7 1-2.

Liberal terms made with large parties from neighboring towns, and the city.

Office open for the transaction of business and sale of tickets from 12 to 2 o'clock.

Nov 10 4t

ORIGINAL TEA STORE.

THE CHINA TEA COMPANY
No. 198 Washington street.

HAVE now been established six years; they deal in only in Tea and Coffee, keep every variety of black and green tea imported into this country, and deal for Cash only.

The success which has attended their efforts during the past three years, is owing to a strict adhering to the principle of Dealers, one of the largest and most varied stocks in the country, at their principal warehouse, 198 WASHINGTON STREET, and solicit country traders, before purchasing their supplies, to call at this

Great Tea Warehouse.

Whilst at the same time, to accommodate families and hotel keepers, they offer FIVE FOUND LOTS, as follows:

5 lbs. Ningpong Oolong, an extra black Tea, for	$1 50
5 lbs. Strong Young Hyson,	2 00
5 lbs. Young Hyson, delicious flavor,	2 25
5 lbs. super. Old Hyson,	3 00
5 lbs. Souchong, (sold elsewhere 50 cts. per lb.,)	1 25
10 lbs. good ground Coffee,	1 00

An experienced and native China-man superintends the Tea department. Money can be sent by mail, by friends coming to the city, or by Express men, and the package will be sent by return. No freighting agent is employed by the Company Strangers visiting the city are invited to call.

Agents are appointed in every town, upon application, post paid, to the Company, at Boston, where is given *THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE IN PRICE, AND EVERY SECURITY AS TO QUALITY.*

In consequence of the great reduction in the price of Teas and Coffees, we are enabled to give

EXTRA QUALITIES

for the old prices; and it is acknowledged by many persons, that they cannot get so good Tea of any kind.

PAY WHAT PRICE THEY MAY,

as the Tea Company is 50 cts. cheaper, and the Ningpong Oolong, at 40 cents, which are sold at

198 *Washington street,*
BY THE PROPRIETORS,
May 26 REDDING & CO.

ISAAC H. SNOWDEN,
Book, Newspaper, and Fancy Job Printer,
1 1-2 WATER ST. BOSTON.

☞ All orders promptly attended to and neatly executed.

DR. JONAS W. CHAPMAN,

OF unrivalled reputation as a THOMSONIAN PHYSICIAN, may be consulted at his office daily at his office, Temple street, second door from Cambridge street.

Dr. C. has been many years associated with Dr. Samuel Thomson, the discoverer and founder of the system of medical practice which bears his name, has had signal success, and is perfecting himself in this important and popular science, and *is now attending physicians* in many families in which Dr. Thomson was accustomed to attend. He has practice of medicine from twenty to forty years since.

During his long experience as a Physician, Dr. C. has been called to treat cases of disease which had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of the *Old School*, and numerous patients can be enrolled on application at the office.

MINUTERS is peculiarly successful under this treatment, and the mother that has been treated under the old and the new system, is always ready to give her testimony in favor of the new, and against *the old mis-eral practice.*

THE NEW MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT

at the corner of Cambridge and Temple streets, is constantly supplied with all the vegetable remedies which are contained in *Thomson's Materia Medica*

The ANTI-SCORBUTIC SYRUP, for scrofulous affections;

The RENOVATING PILLS, for nervous diseases and costiveness;

The VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE, for indigestion,

Are medicines that need but a single trial to establish their value.

Office, recollect, is at the *Corner of Cambridge and Temple streets.*

Jan. 24 tf

MEDICATED INHALATION,

IN PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, BRONCHITIS ASTHMA, CHRONIC AFFECTIONS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

DR. FROST

CAN BE CONSULTED BY PATIENTS AT HIS OFFICE,

No 57 Cambridge Street,
BOSTON,

WHERE he treats the above Complaints by a peculiar mode of medicated inhalation, by which the Patient is principally relieved of the nauseating medicines by the ordinary mode of treating the effects of continued taking of nauseous medicines, and by INHALING the remedies the patient is enabled to that the healthy parts of the system need not be affected and sickened by the curative remedy, thus giving a practical effect to the remedy, and leaving nature to pursue its true course. Patients out of the city are requested to be as minute as possible in their stat