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LEWIS, EDWARD QUINN, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, ORTON
WHEELER, PHILLIPS.
In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of
every question are impartially allowed a hearing.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.
VOL. XXIII. NO. 36.

SELECTIONS.

THE 'PECCOLIN' INSTITUTION.

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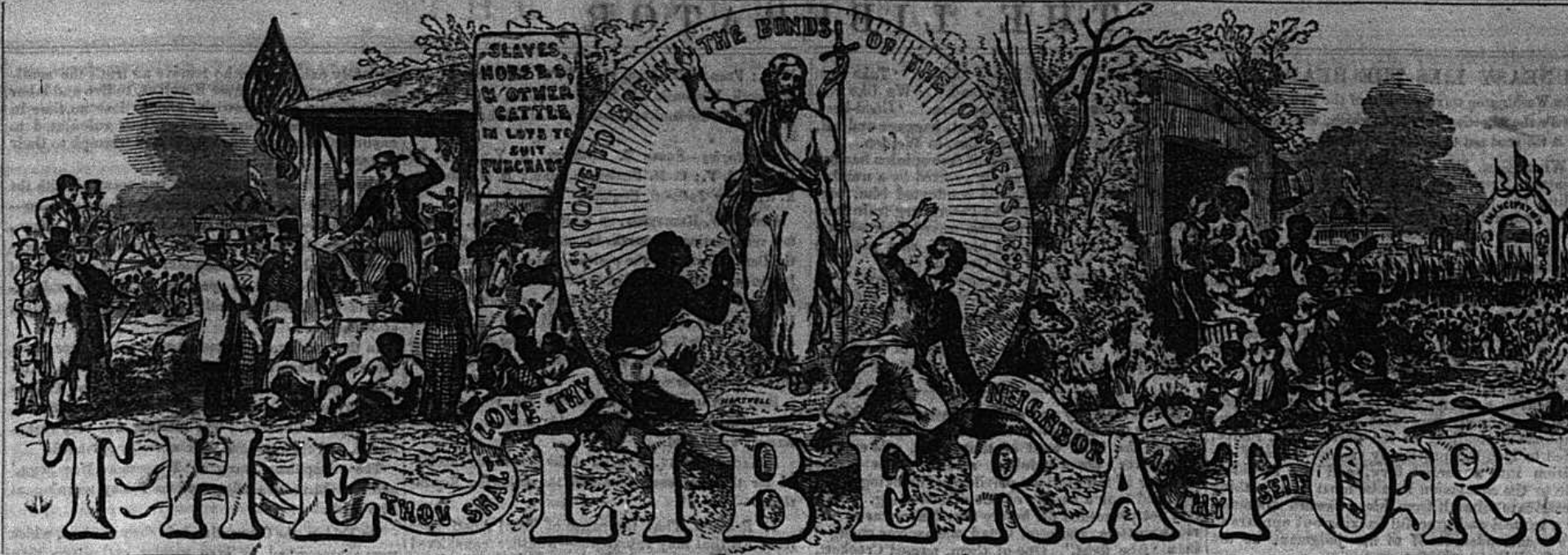
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I was overjoyed, clinging to her dress, kissing the
child, and exhibiting every demonstration of de-
light. The mother also clasped him in her arms,
embraced him tenderly, and gazed at him fondly
through her tears, calling him by many an endear-
ing name.

Really, the child, was seven or eight years old,
a fine complexion, and with a face of admirable
beauty. Her hair fell in curls around her neck,
with the style and richness of her dress, and the
possession of her whole appearance, indicated that
she had been brought up in the midst of wealth. She
was sweet child, indeed. The woman also was
sweet in silk, with rings upon her fingers, and
palm-branches suspended from her ears. Her air
and manners, the correctness and propriety of her
language—all showed, evidently, that she had some-
thing about her the countenance of a slave. She
seemed to me amazed at finding herself in such a place
as that. It was plainly a sudden and unexpected
turn of fortune that had brought her there. Filling
the air with her complaints, she was hus-
sling, with the children and myself, into the cell.
Language can convey but an inadequate impres-
sion of the lamentations to which she gave incessant
utterance. Throwing herself upon the floor,
and clutching the children in her arms, she poured
forth such touching words as only maternal love
and kindness can suggest. They nestled closely to
her, as if there only was any safety or protection.
At last they slept, their heads resting
upon her lap. While they slumbered, she smooth-
ed the hair back from their little foreheads, and
kissed them all night long. She called them
her darlings—her sweet babies—poor innocent
things, that knew not the misery they were de-
signed to endure. Soon they would be taken from her.
What would become of them? Oh! she could not
diver away from her little Emily and her dear boy.
They had always been good children, and had such
sweet ways. It would break her heart, God knew,
if they were taken from her; and yet she knew
they would be separated, and could never see each other
more. It was enough to melt a heart of stone
to witness the pitiable expressions of that desolate
and distracted mother. She wept and sobbed, and
this was the story of her life, as she afterwards re-
lated it.

She was the slave of Eliza Berry, a rich man,
living in the neighborhood of Washington. She
was born, I think she said, on his plantation.
Years before, he had fallen into dissipated habits,
and guarded with his wife. In fact, soon after
the birth of Randall, they separated. Leaving his
wife and daughter in the house they had always
lived in, he created a new one for himself, and
removed to this house he called Eliza's, and on
condition of her living with him, she and her child-
ren were to be emancipated. She resided with
him three years, with servants to attend upon
her, and provided with every comfort and luxury
of life. Emily was his child! Finally, her young
master, who had always remained with her mother,
and as a homestead, married a Mr. Jacob Brooks.
As a consequence, (as I gathered from her
narrative,) beyond Berry's control, a division of
property was made. His name was Eliza's, and
the share of Mr. Brooks. During the nine years
she lived with Berry, in consequence of the posi-
tion she was compelled to occupy, she and Emily
had become the object of Mrs. Berry and her
daughter's hatred and dislike. Berry himself she
regarded as a man of naturally a kind heart,
and, as she promised her that she should have her
freedom, she had no doubt, would grant
it to her. If it were only in his power, she
would have seen that she and her children
were to be emancipated. It became very manifest
that they would not live long together. The sight
of Eliza seemed to be odious to Mrs. Brooks; nei-
ther could she bear to look upon the child, half-
sister and beautiful as she was!

The day she was led into the pen, Brooks had
brought her into the city, under pretense that
she was to be sold. Her free papers were to be ex-
amined, in fulfillment of her master's promise.
Eliza, at the prospect of immediate liberty, re-
laxed herself and little Emily in their best
attire, and accompanied him with a joyful heart.
On their arrival in the city, instead of being hap-
pyly received into the family of freedom, she was delivered
up to the family of slavery. The paper that was executed
in a moment of sale. The hope of years was blasted
in a moment. From the height of the most exulting
happiness to the utmost depths of wretchedness,
she had that day descended. No wonder that she
wept, and filled the pen with wailings and expres-
sions of heart-rending woe.

Eliza is now dead. Far up the Red River, where
it pours its waters sluggishly through the un-
fathomable low lands of Louisiana, she rests in the
earth. How all her fears were realized—how she
died, as she had predicted, her heart did com-
pact break, with the burst of maternal sorrow,
and she was seen as the narrative proceeds.

Let us be sold to a planter of Baton Rouge, her
father, with anger as she was led away, the
same man also purchased Randall. The little
child was made to jump, and run across the
river, and many other feats, exhibiting his ac-
robatic and athletic powers. All the time the trade
was going on, Eliza was crying aloud, and wringing her
hands. She besought the man not to buy him,
and she also besought him and Emily. She
pleaded, in that case, to be the most faithful slave
that ever lived. The man answered that she
could not, and then Eliza burst into a paroxysm
of weeping bitterly. Freeman turned
toward her, savagely, with his whip in his uplifted
hand, ordering her to stop her noise, or he would

No Union with Slaveholders!
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.
'Yes! it cannot be denied—the shattering
blows of the South, prescribed, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their
slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was
the stipulation to 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 repre-
sentation for SLAVES—for articles of merchandise, under
the name of persons. . . . To call government thus con-
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the
government of the nation is to establish an artificial
majority in the slave representation over that of the
free people, in the American Congress; AND THEREBY
TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPET-
UATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT
OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—John Quincy Adams.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

THE 'PECCOLIN' INSTITUTION.

THREE YEARS A SLAVE. Narrative of SOLOMON NOR-
BERT, a Citizen of New York, kidnapped in Wash-
ington City in 1841, and rescued in 1853, from a
Cotton Plantation near the Red River in Louisiana.
Adams—Derby & Miller; Buffalo—Derby, Orton
& Maltin; London—Samson Low, Son & Co.
1853. pp. 326.

We make the following extracts from this deeply
interesting and thrilling Narrative, as indicating its
style and character. We have no doubt that it will ob-
tain a wide circulation, and deepen the sympathy al-
ready existing for the 'Uncle Toms' and 'Eliza's'
plight in the dust beneath the heel of oppression, in
the 'land of the free, and home of the brave.'

I remained in Williams's slave pen about two
weeks. The night previous to my departure, a
woman was brought in, weeping bitterly, and lead-
ing a little child. They were Ransom and his wife,
and mother and half-sister. On meeting them,
I was overjoyed, clinging to her dress, kissing the
child, and exhibiting every demonstration of de-
light. The mother also clasped him in her arms,
embraced him tenderly, and gazed at him fondly
through her tears, calling him by many an endear-
ing name.

Really, the child, was seven or eight years old,
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beauty. Her hair fell in curls around her neck,
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seemed to me amazed at finding herself in such a place
as that. It was plainly a sudden and unexpected
turn of fortune that had brought her there. Filling
the air with her complaints, she was hus-
sling, with the children and

POETRY.

For the Liberator.
THE BEACON-MONUMENT.
BY THE OLD COLONY HARBOR.

A monument to Webster, Clay, Calhoun!
Let RICHARD YEAISON live for that alone!
Can Yeaison live for any greater boon?
The South-land answers, altogether, "None!"

II.
A monument to Webster, Clay, Calhoun!
Hunters of men! who won your hunting-grounds?
The sainted trio—but for them, how soon
Th' indignant North had leashed or slain your hounds!

III.
A monument to Webster, Clay, Calhoun!
From South to North, from East to West the cry!
Witness, then, that dawning sun, and modest moon—
Did not those saints the Higher Law defy?

IV.
A monument to Webster, Clay, Calhoun!
Let every patriot join to sound the call!
From morn till night, not resting 'e'en at noon,
Unceasing roll the monumental ball!

V.
A monument to Webster, Clay, Calhoun!
Then let its summit reach the very skies!
Let angel-voices chant a solemn tune,
As they behold this beacon to the wise!

For the Liberator.

TO MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

Thy gentle voice to millions' waiting ears,
Is speaking words of Genius, Truth, and Love;
All nations bless—while He who rules above,
Through thee shall wipe away his children's tears.
The tyrants tremble at his children's tears,
Write into agony—for every word
So strongly, yet so kindly uttered, bears
The impulse of a world-wide people, stirred
To thoughts of freedom. All, the tolling slave,
The wretched serf of every foreign clime,
And Woman in her efforts to be free,
Shall bless thee, living—and around thy grave
Shall gather pilgrims, through all coming time,
To bring their sacred homage unto thee.

August 29, 1853.

THE ROOM WHERE CHARLIE DIED!

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

There seems a shadowy presence here,
A gloom as of approaching night,
For one, whose smile to us was dear,
Here bowed to death's remorseless blight.
The youngest of our household band,
Fair-browed, and gay, and sunny-eyed,
Unleashed from our little hand,
And in his childish bed died.

They said he died—it seems to me
That, after hours of pain and strife,
He slept, one even, peacefully,
And woke to everlasting life.
And mirth's glad shout and laughter's cheer
May ring through all the house beside,
But quiet sadness reigneth here,
Since darling little Charlie died.

Oh, when my heart, oppressed with care,
Grows faint to find its goal unwon,
And shrinks from life's vain, hollow glare,
As flowers beneath the August sun,
I love to seek this little room,
By memory sadly sanctified,
And linger in the eloquent gloom,
Which hallows it since Charlie died.

And ever as I enter here,
With noiseless steps and low-drawn breath,
There seems a sacred presence near,
For here the twilight gate of death
Once, on a holy summer night,
By angel hands was swung aside,
Opening from darkness into light,
Where darling little Charlie died.

From the Christian Inquirer.

THE SPIRITS ARE RAPPING.

BY J. C. HAGAN.

The spirits are rapping, the spirits are rapping,
But not on the table, and not on the floor;
Good spirits and bad ones are tapping and tapping,
Of every heart they are trying the door.

There's the spirit of envy, the spirit of malice,
The spirit of avarice going about;
Some bosoms they've entered, and rendered so callous,
If one kindly feeling remains there I doubt.

There's the spirit of war, with his blood-thirst unsated;
The spirit of meanness, the smallest and worst;
The spirit of pride, with his visage inflated,
Puffing up empty hearts until ready to burst.

But, oh! there are spirits from heaven descended,
Who gladly a home in each bosom would gain;
Let your heart-strings with these be in harmony blended,
And false ones to enter shall struggle in vain.

There's the spirit of love, and the spirit of beauty!
Twin sisters, that never were sundered apart;
To gladden the world is their joy and their duty;
Ah! give these twin spirits a place in your heart.

There's the spirit of charity long hath been striving
To enter stern breasts that make justice their boast;
And mercy her claims to attention reviving;
Ah! let her earnest entreaties be lost.

The spirit of peace, and the spirit of gladness,
Do ever the good spirits attend,
Tho' sometimes comes with them the spirit of sadness;
It comes, but with soothing—it comes as a friend.

Oh! be not enthralled by the spirit of pleasure,
For ruin and madness oft lurk in her train;
But welcome the spirit of joy as a treasure,
Through life's toilsome journey thy steps to sustain.

The spirits are rapping, the spirits are rapping,
Good spirits and evil are trying each heart;
List not to the false ones' importunate tapping,
But let not the good ones unheeded depart.

UNSEEN WATCHERS.

Oh! in the still night,
When slumber's chain has bound us,
Kind spirits bring the light
Of other spheres around us.
They whisper soft of joy and peace,
Our dreams of heaven inspiring;
Their vigils o'er us never cease,
They're constant and untiring;
Thus, in the still night,
When slumber's chain has bound us,
Kind spirits, pure as light,
Are hovering gently round us.

And when the noisy scenes
Of busy life allure us,
From ill, to us unseen,
They're watchful to secure us;
Unconsciously we feel their power,
Their warnings, timely given,
Unseen, they guide, at every hour,
Our onward way to heaven.

AN AXIOM.

Curled is the line of Beauty;
Straight is the line of Duty;
Walk by the last, and thou wilt see
The other ever follow thee.

THE LIBERATOR.

NIAGARA FALLS.
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, Niagara Falls,
Aug. 26, 1853.

DEAR GARRISON:

I wrote you at Saratoga—that, at this season, gathering-place for the people of many lands. It is simply a great Circus, for the exhibition of humanity, where men, women and children, under the management of Fashion, are brought out, and made to walk, amble, trot, run and caper the rounds, to show what human beings can be made to do under skilful training. This is all of Saratoga. It is nothing more and nothing less than a great circus or race course, where human beings, instead of horses, dromedaries, monkeys, &c., are exhibited. It is one great show-house, where men, women and children are taken to show themselves and to be shown. Art rules Saratoga, and all seem to feel that Nature would be out of her sphere, an interloper, there.

How different at Niagara Falls! Art has no place here. No body comes here to show themselves. All come to adore and worship at the shrine of God; or, if they do not come for that purpose, they are obliged to stand in awe, and to adore the Power in whose presence they are. No band of musicians is needed here. Music is out of place amid the ceaseless roar of these maddened waters, as they plunge furiously into the abyss. Even the sweet sound of the merry laugh of children fails to touch the heart; at least, until one gets used to the deep, ever-sounding voice of the waters. Balls, dancing, waltzing, polkas, pleasure parties, cards, dice, billiards, bowling alleys, are felt by all to be out of place here; at least, I should judge, from the fact that no provisions are made for such amusements in this place, nor is any wish expressed for them. Nature speaks here, and compels attention to her behests. The only works of Art exhibited here to attract the notice of visitors, are the fruits of the industry of the Indians, mostly of the Tuscarora tribe, located but a few miles from the Falls. These wares are displayed in every variety of form, of curious bead work mainly. Moccasins, reticules, purses, &c., are made very beautifully, and deserve attention. These children of the forest, the river and the lake, deserve to be seen and represented around these Falls, and their handiwork is seen around every rude seat, cabin and hotel where visitors rest.

I arrived here Wednesday morning, the 24th, from Saratoga, via Schenectady, Little Falls, Utica, Syracuse and Rochester. Found this village, and the hotels on the Canada side, crowded. Hundreds were here who could with difficulty get a place to sleep or food to eat. I obtained for my friend and myself comfortable rooms in the International Hotel, had the baggage deposited, and then away to view the Falls; and for two days and nights I have explored them, wandering about Goat Island, crossing the ferry, and viewing the Falls from every point, and at all times of the day.

I find that various persons are variously affected by standing in the presence of the Power that is here exhibited. At first view, my own soul is bowed down, overwhelmed, by the imposing scene. I have been here often, and this has ever been the effect of the first view; but my soul soon rallies, collects itself, and concentrates itself on itself, and then I begin to feel how infinitely superior is mind to matter. A consciousness of internal beauty, energy, power and grandeur raises me above these exhibitions of mere physical power. My soul asserts its sovereignty over Niagara. It is ridiculous in any one to attempt to describe these Falls. The facts relating to them can be recorded and understood; but no records can convey an adequate idea of their power and their influence on the beholder. I would say to all who visit these Falls, Forget, if possible, all you have read or heard said about them. Do not try to imagine how they look, or what will be their first effect upon you. Just think nothing about them, know nothing about them, imagine nothing about them, but come and stand before them, and let the Falls write their own record upon your soul. Do not try to help the impression by any effort of the imagination. Just learn the facts, keep them steadily before the mind as you gaze upon the scene, and let these facts inscribe their own record on your soul, and make their own impression.

The Falls, on the American side, are 58 rods across. Then Goat Island shuts down upon the precipice, and is 56 rods wide, extending up the river 160 rods. The Horse-Shoe Falls, on the Canadian side of Goat Island, are 114 rods wide. The sheet of water is thickest at the inner point of the horse-shoe, being there twenty feet. These sheets of water fall 164 feet on the American side of Goat Island, and on the Canadian side, 158 feet. The depth of the river at the ferry, half a mile below the horse-shoe, is 250 feet, and at the Fall, it is computed at 300 feet; so that, if the water were dried up, here would be an abyss 400 feet deep. This abyss extends seven miles, to Lewiston; and it is certain as the word of God, written on the everlasting rocks, can make it, that these Falls were once seven miles below where they now are, and in the future of this earth's history, will be twenty miles above their present position. Lake Erie is some 300 feet above the bed of the river below the Falls, and above Lake Ontario. Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior are several hundred feet higher still, and they all pour their waters down over these Falls. These lakes cover an area of over ninety thousand square miles, and contain about one half of the fresh water on the globe. Over these Falls they rush, and find their way through the St. Lawrence to the ocean. Not one of these lakes has any other outlet which has been yet discovered. They are all connected together, and their waters plunge over these Falls. In the future of this world, Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior will be drained, or greatly lessened in size and depth, by the slow approach of these Falls to the foot of Erie, which is, in fact the foot of all the others. These Falls are intimately connected with the destiny of all the cities, towns and inhabitants that shall be gathered upon the shores of these lakes, and that shall live along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

I will transcribe from my Journal an item written in the place in which, above all others, the deepest impressions ever made upon me by these Falls were experienced. It is this morning walked about the Falls at sunrise, passed over to Goat Island, ascended the tower by the Horse-Shoe, and there wrote the following:—

'FRIDAY MORNING, Sunrise, Aug. 26, 1853.

'I am on the top of a tower forty-five feet high, erected in 1833, on the very verge of the great Horse-Shoe Falls. A bridge, called Terrapin Bridge, leads from the northwest corner of Goat Island to this tower. The bridge rests upon rocks that lie in the rapids, but a few feet above the Falls, and is composed, in some places, of two planks, with railings each side. But a thin, narrow plank lies between the visitor and a certain plunging down the cataract. The waters foam and rush beneath the feet with irresistible force. The tower is round, and based on a natural rock lying in the rapids, and extending to the perpendicular fall. Winding stairs, on the inside, lead to the top, where I now am. An open gallery, surrounded by an iron balustrade, surrounds the top of the tower. From this I look down upon the impetuous, roaring waters around me, and the abyss below, into which the vast river plunges with a terrific roar. The impetuous, rushing motion, the foaming, dashing and roaring, the preternatural wildness, the resistless energy, the dashing and roaring of the waters, as they rush down the rapids above, and hasten, fearfully, to the final leap into the abyss, the defiant aspect of the whole scene, all combine to impress me with the feeling that I stand in the presence of the sublimest exhibitions of physical power the world presents.

'As I crossed that frail bridge, and ascended this tower, and first stepped out upon this platform, I did indeed feel, for a moment, the predominance of matter over mind, and the physical over the spiritual. But this feeling quickly passed, and the soul asserted its

supremacy. I felt that, in a sense far nobler than the literal, Niagara Falls was beneath my feet. My soul looks down upon the material wildness and grandeur with serene composure. It can no longer be awe-struck and bowed before Niagara. That in me which thinks, loves, forgives, sympathizes and aspires to a union with the infinite God, triumphs over that which rushes, foams, and madly plunges into the abyss beneath me. My companion enthusiastically thus expressed it, as we walked over the frail bridge. I remarked, "that which loves and forgives in me is above these waters that madly rave and threaten death to all who approach them, as love and forgiveness transcend wrath and revenge." "You mean," said he, "that which doubles up your fist is inferior to that which undoes it." "Just that," I said. "The brute force doubles it up; the intellectual and spiritual undoes it. The consciousness of love and forgiveness elevates the soul of man above all demonstrations of physical power and energy."

'I held in my hand Hookstaf's "New Guide Book of Niagara Falls." In it is a poem, of which this is the first line—

"How dreadful is this place! for God is here."

It is false. The place where I now stand, amid these rushing waters, is not "dreadful," because "God is here." The fact that God is here is the very reason that makes me feel safe, calm, pleasant, cheerful, amid these foaming billows. He is the law, the power, or principle that controls the element, and makes it safe for me to stand on this tower and look down upon it. The concussion of the air, caused by the fall of the waters, gives to every thing a tremulous motion. I am conscious that "God is here," not because of the exhibition of power in these Falls, but because I am here, amid the wild uproar; and where I am, there is a consciousness of God is present with me. God, in my soul, is above God in these Falls. In each soul of man, he speaks as he speaks nowhere else. My soul once quailed and covered before God; it will do so no more. I love Him too well to fear Him.

In my Guide Book, visitors are informed that there are churches built here for them to worship God in. Who so poor and mean as to creep solemnly and with stealthy tread, into a house, to worship God, at Niagara? Let those who would worship God come to this tower, cross down there in a ferry, and sail up in the steamer "Maid of the Mist," and give themselves up to the impressions these Falls will not fail to make! They will feel no want of a priest or of a church. Sundays, the common ceremonies of a formal worship, are sadly out of place before these Falls. Those all belong to the dispensation of Art, not of Nature; to the era of Romance, and not of Reality.

'After all, our feeling of loving-kindness towards a fugitive slave, and our night's lodging to the victim of American slavery fleeing for liberty, is worth all the ceremonial worship the sun ever looked upon. Ay, and worth all the exciting and wild emotions this scene before me can inspire. Men are slaves now in Niagara, and slaveholders; the latter honored and caressed by Christians, the former despised and spit upon. Would that all American slaves could reach the land of liberty and rest that lies opposite this gulf, where the slave-hunter never comes.

Such were my cogitations and scribbles this morn, at sunrise, in that tower. I came away very calm and happy, feeling that though these waters might seize my body and dash it down the precipice, they could not reach my soul. This, my real, living, undying self, rises proudly above them all, and passes onward to its eternal destiny.

But I will stop. I leave here to-day, and return to-morrow, to take a last look, and then go on my way.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Reformer.

A REVIEW OF HARPER'S EDITORIAL.

BY MEXICUS.

PREJUDICE MUST DEVELOP ITSELF. It may take the form of fashionable piety, but it must in time reveal its emptiness and errors. Amid all disguises, the monstrous deformity of this fiend must sooner or later be developed. If men will not maintain their manhood in the midst of all material allurements and worldly temptations to side with error, they shall be exposed to the righteous judgment of faithful and honorable men, and their true condition presented for universal condemnation and pity. Prejudice and love of popularity, and especially that which is called "modesty," will inevitably bring to the surface many forms and shapes of manifestation. In politics, the forms, grades and stripes are various. In religious and theological matters, the variety is greatly diminished; the most usual form being that of popular prejudice, with the sanctimonious pretensions it customarily makes to piety and orthodoxy. This, with certain mental organizations, is the superficial development—partial and false—of a more extensive and deeper prejudice, which, when viewed in the light of the Editorial Chair, never has been more strikingly illustrated, than in some of the later manifestations of our day, and especially in that assemblage of seemingly profound but really superficial and empty words and paragraphs which appeared in "Harper's Monthly" for August, 1853—in the "Editor's Table" department—wherein the merits and demerits of the Hartford Bible Convention are taken up and calmly considered.

The utter barrenness and inconsistency of this recent editorial development must be read in order to be fully realized. A solemn talk concerning the popular "Notions" and faiths, and denunciations of reforms, appear in such succeeding sentences. Not that the writer himself, in the recesses of his own mind, has any actual sympathy with the views he so politically or prudentially advocates; but the reader will inevitably see, on the contrary, that the said writer labors to render "Harper's Magazine" a favorite with "the powers that be," and that he generally is, or seems to be, willing to praise, and write eulogistic paragraphs upon the beast that carries him safely into popular parlors and public institutions, whether democratic or aristocratic; whether they be right and true to the great interests of humanity or the reverse.

Such developments, however, may be regarded as legitimate sequences of existing social arrangements. Society is a combination of mutual antagonisms. We blame and condemn not individuals, therefore, but the institutions which make them what they are. Men first form constitutions and laws; then the laws and constitutions form them. The rule, though a bad one, works both ways. And impressive editors are sufficiently under the positive magnetism of dominant ideas and beliefs to give very certain and accurate indications of them; and besides, such developments serve as "signs of the times" most likely to be in the popular estimation. Hence, instead of experiencing feelings of indignation and combativeness on beholding such misrepresentations and errors, we feel, on the contrary, thankful for such plain appeals to reformers, showing the great necessity of their work in society, and feel more than ever convinced, from such unequivocal evidence, that men are the subjects and victims of the institutions to which they belong. Our judgment may be regarded as severe but we think as the sequel will show, that it is not only just but charitable. In order that the reader may perceive the substance of the editorial criticism, we will place in regularly succeeding paragraphs.

1. Such developments we regard as one of the laws of a beneficent Providence—a most wise and benevolent provision in the economy of the physical and moral world.

2. In the start, however, error has greatly the advantage of its divine antagonist.

3. It is ever thus—this coming up of old forms of falsehood—and yet, it remains a blessed provision, a beneficent Providence, that error must develop itself.

4. We find no better illustration of these thoughts than that which was presented in the late Convention at Hartford, for discussing the claims of the Christian scriptures.

5. In itself, it is utterly unbecoming of a notice at our Editor's Table.

6. In such a Convention, there was something to call out almost every emotion of the human breast. There was much to move laughter—the ignorance

was so egregious, the presumption so blind, the malignity was so evident, the blasphemy was so undisciplined.

It is the highest exercise of that divine faculty, Reason, to discern the limits of its own powers, and the absolute necessity of some objective guide, which shall speak to him with the voice of authority.

Now, it requires more than ordinary editorial ingenuity to marry the foregoing propositions into anything like a consistent article. While the talent necessary is somewhat admirable, the misapplication of it is all the more deplorable. For instance: the writer suggests the Convention as "the development of a beneficent Providence; but he laments and mourns over such developments, and exhibits a startling irreverence, not to say a blasphemous disregard of providential designs, by stating that, "in itself, it is utterly unbecoming of a notice in our Editor's Table." He presents the proposition that every thing like the public examination of the Bible question, or the right of arbitrary authorities to rule the reason and aspirations of the soul, is a "benevolent provision on the part of Providence; and yet, he laments, as well as solemnly remarks, that the result, error has greatly the advantage of its divine antagonist." Herein the Editor is true to the logic of New England orthodoxy. It is a strange paradox to believe that a thing which is formed by a wise Providence, should not only turn out to be absolute error, but, in the start, to have greatly the advantage of the Power which created it! How marvellously presumptuous and irreverent, on the part of the Editor, to deplore that which God has ordered in his perfect wisdom, and to suggest that he should be "developed" and "developed" and this, too, not only with all the manifoldness of popular inconsistencies, but with their impiety. So long as commercial religion possesses the power to promote men to worldly distinctions, to honor and emoluments, so long may we expect certain institutions and money-making periodicals to unfurl the flag of popular superstition, and under it to fight each and every Reform, which is manifestly unworthy of unselfishness. In the opinion of the writer, that is a miserable, foolish, and unbecomingly laborious, without selfishness or hope of reward, for the refinement and harmonious civilization of all mankind. The Editor thinks that there is a constant "coming up of old forms of falsehood; yet it is all a wise provision of Providence that error should develop itself; which thoughts are suggested by the Bible Convention at Hartford.

Then why complain? Does not the good God do all things well? Could anything have been more providential and proper in the economy of the physical and moral world? Are not such assemblies of "great service as notes of quality and quantity of the progress we are actually making!—especially when they serve to call out the learning and profundity of conservatism, not to say the height and depth, and length and breadth of popular prejudices to free discussion, as manifested by the Editor of Harper's Magazine, in his late commentaries! It is a sad spectacle—this selling of one's soul to gain the world. No unselfishness, no unworldliness, or many devotedness to a great truth, and the elevation and equal happiness of our common interests as a race of physical and spiritual beings—but a piteous employment of intellect to write a magazine into public favor, not among the poor classes, but among those who have dollars in abundance wherewith to reward the labor of such commercial religionists.

Prejudice must develop itself. If not in the melancholy form of ignorance and cupidity, then in the popular style of hypocrisy and scribbles this morn, at sunrise, in that tower. I came away very calm and happy, feeling that though these waters might seize my body and dash it down the precipice, they could not reach my soul. This, my real, living, undying self, rises proudly above them all, and passes onward to its eternal destiny.

It is true—and the fact is very demonstrative of intrinsic solidarity of the human race—that elements of the "New Philosophy," so called, may be found more or less distinctly developed in the speculations and spiritual illuminations of all great men—Pagan or Christian, Jew or Gentile. The same is true of all the good and beautiful principles and poems which so recommend the Christian system to the souls of good men. But inasmuch as the existence of Bible-morality and Bible-theory, prior to the Bible itself, does not render them false and pernicious, even so the ancientness of some portions of the New Philosophy can have no possible prejudicial influence upon the system of Christianity. The modern theories of society and human destiny are identical with Pagan speculations—the coloring up of old forms of falsehood—is not only false in point of history, but false in its effect upon the public mind.

The Editor says in regard to the Convention, that "there was much to move laughter, the ignorance was so egregious, the presumption so blind." Now, how does he know this? Was he present at the Convention? Far from it. We were there in earnest search for "moral light," and in the desire to know who were the distinct and sincere in the debates and developments, we examined all the faces there; and certain journalists, and editors of conservative periodicals, were not present. From the Herald's report of the proceedings, these same conscientious, Christian, justice and truth-loving editors made up their judgment and pronounced accordingly. Although the Herald's report was far more accurate and reliable in several particulars than the Tribune's (as obtained from its Hartford correspondence), yet the Tribune is in error, inasmuch as the Herald's report of the facts of the Convention was about as near to truth as Satan is to virtue. The conscientious and philosophic Editor of "Harper's Magazine" has, of course, based his sketch of the doings of the Conventionists upon the Herald's report—has put in the coloring matter, the lights and shades, and complexion, as painted on a background of Gnosticism and German rationalism, to suit the mental tastes and supposed orthodox requirements of his paying readers, and consequently with one simple stroke, has made the Conventionists, as he would have it, "a set of lies." It is well known, that they do not always respect, as, indeed, they are under no obligation to do. Why might not any or all other men be elevated to the same familiarity with women? Will not they readily agree to the easy terms of secrecy? And will not other men be as likely to neglect further abuse and defilement as is the physician? Do the laws of morality know any difference between a physician and any other man? Does the fact that a man practices medicine give him no right to invade his neighbor's wife, or make his polluting intercourse with her either more decent, or moral, or safe? When the faculty have answered these questions to the satisfaction of intelligent and candid men, we will acknowledge them as public benefactors, and confess to the injustice of these remarks. But answer they cannot; and in default thereof, the present practice of medicine, especially obstetrics, must be set down not only as having an immoral tendency, but as in itself a gross, abusive, and shameless immorality.

The capacity and fitness of women to practice in diseases peculiar to their sex can never be doubted by those who reflect on the facts in the case. Female education, hitherto, has been little more than an insult offered to the human understanding. Every branch of knowledge that is of any real utility to the sex has been industriously withheld from them, and they have been ushered into the world in mental darkness, and, and doomed to the oppressive, unnatural and inhuman supervision of physicians in particular and of intellectual men in general. It can no longer be questioned whether women have powers of mind equal to any intellectual efforts. Had former times left the fact doubtful, which they have not, the present age has established it for ever. The names of More, Hemans, Sigourney, Baillie, Sedgwick, Edgeworth, Somerville, Ellis, Sherwood, Gould, Child, Willard, Charlotte Elizabeth, are more than sufficient to attest the capacity of woman. I shall, therefore, conclude that as to mental qualifications there can be no question, and it only remains to inquire into their physical abilities. Obstetrics is the only branch in which a want of physical vigor can assume even the appearance of an objection. And what part of this performance requires any considerable strength? A more powerful faculty has been able to perform the same conclusion of the fetus is, on all hands, allowed to be the work of nature, and hence it is no gigantic effort of the physician. It may be said that females have not nerves sufficiently strong to perform such assistance, in the presence of so much pain. And this, I suppose, is the reason why we are cured with men on these occasions! But this is a most base and groundless assumption. What! women lack firmness of nerve for these occasions! and are

to free as God is free—limitless as a finite power as its Author is unlimited as an infinite power—or else, Reason must create for itself a Master, in accordance with its own ability to understand a "necessity," and bow the knee to its chosen "objective guide." When the soul of a man is brought to contemplate a spectacle so degrading as this subversion of Reason to an external Authority, it shrinks away into itself—as the angel of purity shrinks from the touch of a sensualist, who woos to destroy. But why do we think of the convention as a spectacle so degrading as this? In order to become established among the majorities in Church and State, contains sentiments so utterly hostile to liberty and the "right of private judgment" on religious subjects.

The Editor says—Aside from compassion for the deluded members of such gatherings, we might constantly feel and express the wish that they might be held every year in some of the most public places of our land. It is a real gratification to be able to assure the Editor that arrangements have been made to hold another similar Convention, in the last week of November next. Due notice will be given to the friends of free discussion. It is really a pleasure to think that the Editor is in favor of assemblies which are regarded by him "as a most wise and beneficent Providence." We cannot but feel somewhat curious, however, to know what the pious readers of "Harper's Magazine" will say to the Editor for his patronizing style of speaking of providential institutions—such as the Bible Convention, and all similar meetings held for purposes of free discussion. In the most exalted view of the subject, we do not see how reasonable and honorable Christians can conscientiously oppose the frequency of these providential gatherings. Nor do we see how they can remain away, and withhold their influence from such institutions, while their doctrine teaches them to "seek," "search," "get wisdom," "prove all things," and do good to those that need assistance.

Most heartily do we join the Editor in his magnanimous wish that "Bible Conventions might be held in our land, and in all the places of our land," and we can reassure him that such gatherings will be held in all public places—until error and superstition, (not the truths of any Bible or system), and bigotry, and all the fashionable materialism and spurious religion of the world shall roll away from the great saving Truths of the material and spiritual universe, and men shall enjoy the intercourse of superior beings now peopling the eternal spheres of spirit-life.

PRESERVATION OF MORALS.

[From a pamphlet entitled "An Appeal to Husband and Wives in favor of Female Physicians, by Rev. William Hooper."]

By far the most important consideration connected with the medical education of females is the protection which it affords to their moral character. The distinction of sex, so immutable in the constitution of man, is entirely overlooked by the modern practice of medicine. The regular practice is exclusively in the hands of men, and no attention whatever is paid to the fact that female delicacy and virtue must suffer by such an unnatural arrangement. Physicians are a privileged class—a class whose privileges are the ruin of society. There is something indescribably horrible in this abuse. Under the name of humanity, and shielded by professional usage, the sacred barriers of morality have been broken down. A profession that might have been useful, had it confined its labors within proper limits, has, by overstepping those limits, and thereby profaning the sanctity of female character and of conjugal vows, rendered itself one of the severest scourges that ever afflicted mankind.

If these remarks require any justification, let it be remembered that the practice of obstetrics, which involves every thing in female delicacy, is left wholly to physicians. Never was there such a mistake as this, since man began his career of infatuation and folly. Here is a "right" acknowledged to the physician, a "rightless" and effectual subversion of modesty, without even the shadow of an excuse. What would be thought of a man who, in any other sphere, should assume the fearful and diabolical office of deprecation? Under other circumstances, the same conduct would cost a man his life; and is it worse to invade matrimonial rights in health than in sickness? Does the mere incident of illness furnish any sufficient reason for a disregard of modesty and virtue? The function of sex is laid in human nature, fixed by the creating hand, and in it are founded many of the most interesting relations and duties of life; it must therefore be preserved inviolate; or the social fabric will be overthrown. God has decreed that every man shall have his own wife, free from mercenary or other pollution, and no tampering of the medical faculty can for a moment be permitted, without destruction to the marriage compact. Nor is the unmarried woman less dependent on her immoderate sanctity for a passport to civilization and respectability. Here is a "right" acknowledged to the physician, a "rightless" and effectual subversion of modesty, without even the shadow of an excuse. What would be thought of a man who, in any other sphere, should assume the fearful and diabolical office of deprecation? Under other circumstances, the same conduct would cost a man his life; and is it worse to invade matrimonial rights in health than in sickness? 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