





rence.



## THE BATTLE BETWEEN LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

LAWRENCE, (Kansas), August 31, 1856.

DEAR FRIEND:—Owing to a lame hand, I have not been able to write to you the commencement of the series of brilliant exploits on the part of our army, which have struck with the force of the lightning, and have been the cause of the hearts of the people of the North. I have not been able to write to you the commencement of the series of brilliant exploits on the part of our army, which have struck with the force of the lightning, and have been the cause of the hearts of the people of the North. I have not been able to write to you the commencement of the series of brilliant exploits on the part of our army, which have struck with the force of the lightning, and have been the cause of the hearts of the people of the North.

On Thursday, the 28th inst. a slight skirmish ensued between the two parties at Middle Creek, which resulted in another victory on our part, nearly thirty horses being a portion of the prize. Yesterday, one hundred of the enemy attacked fifteen of our party at Prairie City, ten miles from here. Our men sent some women out, who were taken prisoners, and when asked about the number of the Free State men, replied that there were 150 of them. The border-ruffians instantly disappeared on the receipt of this intelligence. A message was despatched to this place, and our army left for the scene of action, but found the enemy had retreated to the place allotted to them, where I suppose the battle is now raging.

SUNDAY, Sept. 21.

I have refrained from forwarding my letter, under the impression that during the war it would not reach you. Now, as a sort of 'order reissues in Warsaw,' I will venture to send you what I have written.

As I prophesied, the border-ruffian army fled at the approach of only 150 of our men, and fled in great haste, by night, they had escaped so far that Gen. Lane did not think it worth while to pursue them, and our army returned in triumph to Lawrence.

About the time of their return, the force at Leecompton ravaged the country around there, burning five or six dwellings, among which was Judge Wakefield's. This kind of warfare suits them admirably. One man lost the whole of his crops, worth some \$1500.

On Friday, Sept. 12, our force assembled at Leecompton, and would have demolished that place but for the interference of the United States troops. As it was, the Leecomptonites agreed to surrender their prisoners, and to send home the border-ruffians there. A few days afterwards, Gen. Richardson, their principal leader, came here, and offered to help us drive the border-ruffians out. About this time, our hearts were made glad by the arrival of Gov. Robinson and the other State prisoners, all of whom were released on bail, the formalities of a trial having been dispensed with. It was a time of great rejoicing. I assure you. On the same day, other prisoners arrived from Leavenworth, among whom Mr. Nute and Dr. Avery. They brought the welcome news of Gov. Geary's arrival, and of his promise to drive out the border-ruffians.

After this, our forces made successful attacks upon three places north of the river. After returning from the east, they were taken prisoners by the United States troops, and a large portion of them are now being tried at Leecompton. All these places were border-ruffian rendezvous. The last one was Hickory Point, between Stranger and Grasshopper Creeks, and contained a company of marauders, who had attempted to drive from their homes some Free State men who had established a colony there, and erected a saw-mill, at an expense of \$5000.

Just one week ago to-day was the most fearful day of the season. 2800 border-ruffians came within a few miles of Lawrence, and 150 of them rode up to within a short distance of the village. It was a time of fearful excitement, I assure you. But all was cool determination on our part. No coward was present to propose such a surrender as the 21st of May witnessed. Old men and lame men—the sick, the halt, and the peace men—all assembled in the forts, armed with guns and pitchforks, and swore by holy heaven never to surrender. I felt first-rate. It seemed glorious to die in such a cause. All fear of death vanished from my soul as I saw the ruffians approaching, and I longed to aid in driving them from us. Our men were mostly absent. We had but about 300 left, but God was with us, and we should have conquered, I think. Their vanguard of 150 horsemen fled at the sight of a small number of our men, who ventured from the forts and attacked them. That night, the Governor sent the troops to protect us, and the next morning the army dispersed at his request. We do not know whether Geary is our friend or not. The result will show.

JUSTICE.

## THE FEARFUL IMPORT OF A VOTE FOR FREMONT.

ANGOLA, Ind., Sunday, Sept. 23, 1856.

TO SAMUEL J. MAY:—DEAR FRIEND:—You are to vote for Fremont. You have your right and duty to do so on your views of the Constitution. Slavery has no rights under it, as you interpret that instrument, and you are pledged, by your life and your teachings, for twenty-five years, to scorn and trample under foot whatever constitutional rights slavery may claim. Is this the view taken of the Constitution and the rights of slavery by the man selected by you to represent and carry out your ideas?

Fremont insists that slavery has rights under the Constitution, and declares that he shall respect those rights if he is elected. He accords to slavery the four following constitutional rights:—

1. The right to exist in the States where it now is.
2. The right to be represented in Congress.
3. The right to the protection of the Federal Government wherever it now exists, or may hereafter exist, under the shield of State sovereignty.
4. The right to rule the nation, if it can get the majority.

I am inflexible (says your agent) in the belief that slavery ought not to be interfered with where it exists under the shield of State sovereignty. If slavery exists in Kansas, (as it probably will), under the shield of State sovereignty, before the 4th of March, 1857, and Fremont on that day, by your vote, is made President, he is pledged to you and to the nation 'not to interfere with it'—'not to seek its removal'—in his official capacity. On the contrary, he assures you that he will use all the power with which you invest him, as your agent, to protect it there, and in every State where it does or shall exist under the shield of State sovereignty, during his administration.

'I will,' he says, 'administer the government according to the true spirit of the Constitution, as it is interpreted by the great men who penned and adopted it.' How did these 'great men' interpret and administer it? They believed that by that instrument slavery had a right to exist, to be represented in Congress, and to be protected in any State where it did or should exist under the shield of State sovereignty; and also, that slavery had a constitutional right to enter the lists and contend for the majority against liberty; and that if slavery gained the majority, she had a right to administer the government and to rule the nation as she should deem right and best. These rights of slavery to existence, to representation, to protection and dominion, your agent assures you he will sacredly respect and inflexibly defend.

Now, my much-loved friend, will your intellectual and moral nature allow you to invest a man with the power of the entire physical force of this nation to defend these rights of slavery, which he thinks constitutional? I ask not, Would you invest a man with that power to carry out your views of slavery and the Constitution? You believe that slavery has no constitutional right to exist, to be represented, to be protected, or to rule, any where in the universe. Of course, you could invest a man with power to carry out this view. But Fremont tells you that he believes slavery has the right to exist, to be represented, to be protected, and to rule, under the Constitution, and he declares to you that he shall 'inflexibly' use the power with which you invest him to defend these rights of slavery, and make them the whole nation respected by you and by the whole nation.

Are you willing to allow, by yourself or by your agent, that slavery has any constitutional rights? Are you willing, by yourself or by your agent, to pledge yourself, inflexibly, to respect and defend such rights? I know you are not. How then can you vote for Fremont, who assures you he shall use the power you give him to defend these rights, and to make them respected?

Buchanan has done no more. He is only pledged to respect and defend the constitutional right of slavery to exist, to be protected, to be represented, and to rule, wherever it exists, under the shield of State sovereignty. 'In this, Fremont and Buchanan, Republicanism and Democracy, are one and the same. So far as the recognition and protection of these rights of slavery are concerned, you might as well vote for one as for the other. Both will use the power of the Nation—inverted with it—to protect and perpetuate slavery, wherever it can get an existence under the shield of State sovereignty.'

Were your own wife and children held in slavery under the State sovereignty of Virginia, would you vote for Fremont, when he assures you that he will use all the power you invest him with to hold them in that condition, and to perpetuate their woe? You cannot, willingly and wittingly, do to the wives and children of others, what you would not do to your own.

Dear friend, your example and teaching, in regard to voting for Fremont, do not raise one from Democracy to Republicanism, but they do degrade many from Abolitionism to Republicanism. You elevate none from Buchanan to Fremont, but you do degrade many from Garrison to Fremont.

Pardon my freedom. I love you. I honor you for your long-tried fidelity to your own convictions of right, in regard to slavery. Reflect kindly and correctly on this position, in voting for Fremont. Do you invest him with power to carry out your views, or his own? His own, doubtless.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

## LETTER FROM WILLIAM H. FISH.

McLEAN, (N. Y.) Sept. 25, 1856.

DEAR FRIEND MAY:—How goes the old pioneer-camp in the Day State today? It is as strong, vigorous and potent as ever, of course, for it alone, of all the movements against the Slave Power, has immortally abiding in it. And one intuitively knows, at whatever distance from them, that the few faithful ones, ever among the faithful found, and whose motto has so long been, 'without concealment, and without compromise,' will endure unto the end, fainting not, nor wearying. But I suppose that whilst so many—a very encouraging sign—are going up on the Fremont platform, even some of your little band, are going down to it. How very few there are who can walk by faith in divine ideas and principles, and how many are impatient to see, at once, the fruit of their labors! It is no strange thing that has happened to us—this Kansas aggression of slavery. State and Church have both been sowing the wind, and now we are reaping the whirlwind. This monstrous evil, which so many of the clergy are now arousing themselves to resist—slavery-extension—why, it is only an evil which they themselves, by their compromising and subservience, have nursed into life and vigor! Many of the Priests and People, who are now ready to shout 'Border Ruffians,' themselves begot the said Ruffians. And now they should fight it out between them. Why should those who have ever been forwarding them of the consequences of their pro-slavery course, leave their work to us at last aroused themselves, and hope that, in the spirit of repentance and a new resolution, they will be able to conquer the foe they have assisted in bringing into the field. But that is their fight; and they may be able—I trust they will be—to sever the new Branch that has sprung from the great Tree that they have so long been ever prayerfully protecting.

There is a more important work, however, to do, than such a fragmentary one. The undiluted, uncompromising truth must be preached in all the land, so that when another Presidential campaign shall come—if we are to have another national one—there will be a still higher party than a 'Republican' party to take the field—a Gerrit Smith party, perhaps. If Garrison, Phillips & Co. should come down from their elevation, and merge their 'no-Union' doctrine into that of 'no-extension,' the next party that should spring up would hardly be higher than the Republican, if so high. 'Keep on the steam,' therefore, is the true policy, as well as the true principle. Despised 'Garrisonism' is to all the political parties and religious sects what the locomotive is to a train of cars—just as essential. All, therefore, though as high as Wilson, and Burlingame, and Fremont, must 'look out for the engine while the bells ring.' If there should be no 'Liberty Bell' to ring out its clear, sonorous notes of alarm to all who stand, even with one foot, on the track of Freedom, hindering its progress, many would be crushed that will now be saved. Criticism of Republicanism, and even of its best representatives, is still an essential work—only should be exact and truthful, leaning, if any way, to clemency.

The work of radical reformers is ever in the ages, for it is ever seed-time with them. Their uncompromising principles must, therefore, be sown, broadcast, through the world, that at last their legitimate fruits, a corresponding harvest, shall come. But, meanwhile, those on a more compromising plane of life, political or religious, will do their work, whether at the ballot-box, or on the battle-field. I suppose the clear-visioned of the Republican party see, and will acknowledge, that that party is larger, and more potent to-day, in consequence of there having been a 'no-Union' party in the field. Each party, therefore, should keep to its own appropriate work—just that work which it is fitted, by its providential development and acquisitions, to perform. None should descend for an apparent immediate result; but there should be as much unity as principle will admit of.

Such being, as for many years, my views, I am endeavoring to do what little I can in this part of Central New York, to keep the motto of 'No Union with Slaveholders' before the people. It is a strange, because new, motto to many; but I think that after election, especially if the South triumphs, multitudes will be ready practically to adopt it. And if Fremont triumphs, perhaps 'Bully Brooks' will dissolve the Union by that threatened magic word of his! So there is a streak of 'sunshine in the sky.' Let us be hopeful.

I have lectured in but few places, of late, on anti-slavery prayer, though I never cease, of course, without paying my respects to 'the peculiar institution.' I find, too, that I can wake up the moral and religious sense, and the humanity, of some, whose political prejudices would be aroused, did I speak to them from any more political point of view. I have spoken occasionally of our 'no-Union' position, in different parts of the town, and also at Ilion and Frankfort, and have secured warm responses from many. At Ilion, Geo. W. Bungay, well known in Massachusetts, and now editor of the *Ilion Independent*, though a Republican, endorsed the spirit and aim of my lecture, and pronounced an eloquent eulogy upon Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, and their work. It seemed to be a profitable meeting. Republicanism there, and hereabouts, is greatly in the ascendant, and there is much healthy enthusiasm on the subject. Some of the party with whom I meet are strong and earnest Abolitionists, and some no Abolitionists at all—not understanding or appreciating the first principles of Universal Freedom. So I commend the good I see among them, and feel satisfied still to stand and labor upon the high and uncompromising Platform of the American and Massachusetts A. S. Societies. And the world must, at any rate, come round to our side at last.

W. H. F.

## THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

PORT ROYAL, (Va.) Sept. 29, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—Having lent my LIBERATOR to a friend, I did not discover, till a few days since, Mr. A. Bogueboom's repeated challenge to me, to discuss the subject of slavery. The terms of his letter leave me no alternative. I have accepted his challenge, and sent him my opening argument, with the request that he should publish it, with his reply, in pamphlet form, (as he proposes), without troubling himself to send me a manuscript copy of his reply—as I shall be satisfied to see it in print, and to reply to it thereafter, if I think proper. I presume you will publish my acceptance of a challenge, which was tendered through your columns. All I ask is, that the people in free society should investigate the history and statistics of such society, (which is but a very small and short-lived experiment), ascertain that it has improved the moral, social, intellectual and physical condition of the liberated class, or at least has rebounded to the greater good of the greatest number, before they attempt to force us to try the same experiment.

I admit, at once, that if history, human experience and statistics prove the evils of free society to be less than the evils of slave society, slavery should be abolished. I complain that all abolitionists assume as true, on this subject, that which all experience shows to be the very reverse of truth.

Your obedient servant,

GEO. FITZGUGH.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Esq., Boston.

## ABINGTON A. S. FAIR.

IN consequence of the Treasurer being delayed in making out a report, we have deferred, till this late hour, giving due notice of our second Anti-Slavery Fair, which commenced on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 9th, and continued through the afternoon and evening of the three following days. Although, as will be seen by the Treasurer's report, the receipts are something less than those of last year, yet in view of the great political excitement which every where prevails, carrying captive so many heads and hearts, not sparing our own ordinarily quiet inhabitants, who have lavished money by thousands of dollars, and time without taking note of it, to infuse within the minds and hearts of the people a love of patriotism and popular anti-slavery, we by no means feel discouraged; but on the contrary, feel stimulated to continue our efforts with renewed zeal, never losing sight of the great end to be accomplished, hoping that the day is not far distant when we may unfurl to the breeze, in place of the glittering stars and stripes of this blood-stained Union, a banner of untarnished purity, with the simple inscription, 'LIBERTY TO ALL MANKIND.'

We were unable to obtain a speaker for the first evening, but it was by no means unhappily spent. We were cheered from time to time by music from the band, who kindly volunteered their services to add to the enjoyments of the occasion. We would tender our heartfelt thanks for their generous aid.

On Wednesday evening, D. U. Johnson, Esq., of East Abington, delivered a very earnest and impressive speech, which did honor to himself and the noble men and women engaged in this great enterprise.

On Thursday evening, we had the pleasure of listening to Rev. Mr. Walker, of East Abington, who expressed sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. He was listened to with marked attention. Our highly respected and much-beloved friend, Wendell Phillips, honored us with his presence, and thrilled our hearts with his glowing eloquence, for an hour, on the last (Friday) evening. After his speech, Mrs. R. S. Wales, accompanied by her daughters, sang some fine pieces of music, which added much to the enjoyments of the evening.

We tender our thanks to the many kind friends who, in various ways, rendered us valuable assistance.

We submit the Treasurer's report for the year ending Oct. 1, 1856:—

Proceeds of A. S. Fair,	\$244 15
Contributions at the meetings of the Society,	8 96
Donations,	5 75
Total,	\$258 86
Add balance in treasury,	0 92
Making a total of	\$259 78
Expenses incurred during the Fair,	\$60 63
Balance in Treasury,	\$199 15
In behalf of the Committee,	
EMELINE M. RANDALL, Sec'y.	

The following is a list (supposed to be nearly complete up to this date) of the epithets freely applied to Col. Fremont by the Buchanan press:—

Catholic,	Thief,	Cheat,
Know-Nothing,	God-Fater,	Millionaire,
Jesuit,	Bastard,	Pauper,
Swindler,	Sar,	Frenchman,
Matthias,	Whoremaster,	Canard,
Gambler,	Adventurer,	Slaveholder,
Foreigner,	Coward,	Animal,
Duelist,	Bully,	Bankrupt,
Renegade,	Apostate,	Scoundrel,
Monster,	Villain,	Liar.

A GERMAN MURDERER FOR SHOOTING FOR FREMONT.

The Times (Ohio) Tribune of September 13th, says:—'A respectable and respectable German Bohemian, named Adolphus Roderich, was murdered Wednesday evening by a man named John Cornelly, under the following circumstances:—Roderich, who was a Republican, was standing in or near Rees' saloon, and gave a shout for Fremont. Cornelly immediately knocked him down and sprang upon him with both feet, stamping him so severely that he died yesterday afternoon. Cornelly has not yet been arrested, but the officers are in pursuit of him.'

HIGH WINDS IN VIRGINIA. The speech of Governor Wise, which we give in our sheet of to-day, will remind our readers of the recitation of one of King Lear's, and speech by a boy, as described in a book, which had a considerable run nearly forty years since, entitled 'Thinks to Myself'.

'Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! Wumble thy belly-full, spit fire, spout rain! You sulphurous and thought-executing fires, Sing my white head, and thou, earth-shaking thunder, Stomk flake the thick rotundity of the world!'

—N. Y. Evening Post.

EX-GOVERNOR FLOYD OF VIRGINIA IN WALL STREET. New York, Oct. 2. Ex-Governor Floyd of Virginia spoke this afternoon, from the steps of the Merchants' Exchange, to an immense concourse of citizens. His remarks were confined to two hours in a fervent strain, and were listened to with marked attention. One of the most prominent points of his speech was an argument to prove that the Republicans were clearly responsible for the wrongs perpetrated in Kansas, by their refusal to pass the Senate bill of Mr. Toombs. There was no attempt at disturbance in the immediate vicinity of the speaker, though further up the street there was a large collection of men and boys, shouting for Fillmore, and making riotous demonstrations. One or two arrests were made.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 4th. KANSAS. A letter to the Republican from Governor Geary, dated Sept. 26th, says the United States troops will be stationed at points where troubles are anticipated during the coming election, and that any interference with the legitimate exercise of suffrage will be punished with the utmost severity. Mr. Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate for Congress. A letter to the Democrat, dated Sept. 24th, says that the Free State prisoners had been examined before Judge Catron, and committed for trial at the April term of the courts.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE RETURNED. On Sunday evening, about 9 o'clock, the steamship Bonaco arrived at her dock from Richmond, Va., and during the night, as they were discharging her cargo, one of the hands discovered a case carefully done up, in which was secreted a man. He being nearly suffocated for want of air, he struggled to get out, and was discovered. He was a fugitive slave, and the steamer was immediately sent from her dock and anchored off Sandy Hook, and the negro sent on board of one of the Richmond packets bound there.—N. Y. Tribune, Oct. 7.

ESCAPE. The Newburyport Herald, of Monday, says that a 'fine black looking fellow of good size, who was worth full five dollars a pound, drifted away from his master at Mobile a short time since, and was landed in this country, whence he took a near departure northward on Saturday morning. He is in Canada before this.'

W. H. F.

## SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

To the American Anti-Slavery Society, in aid of the New Series of Tracts.

Harriet Thomas, Cornwall, N. Y., by W. C. Nell, \$1 00	
Caroline Thomas, do. do. 0 50	
Rachel Martin, do. do. 1 00	
Elizabeth Diamond, do. do. 1 00	
Louise Jacobs, do. do. 1 00	
Harriet Jacobs, do. do. 2 00	
Sydney Harris, Clinton, Mass. by J. A. Howland, 1 00	
John Ring, do. do. 1 00	
John L. Emmons, Boston, do. 20 00	
Deborah Kimball, Hanover, do. 1 00	
FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.	

## DONATIONS.

To the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mass. A. S. Society, being the proceeds of the Worcester Fair, \$450 00

Collections by Joseph A. Howland:

At Holden, Mass. 38c. Feltoville 6-28, East Dennis 3-72, Berlin 6-42, East Abington 4-22, Marlboro' 8-70, Ipswich 4-73.

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

TO YOUNG MEN. PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT. Young Men in every neighborhood may obtain healthful, pleasant, and profitable employment by engaging in the sale of useful and popular books, and canvassing for our valuable Journals. For terms and particulars, address, post paid,

FOWLER AND WELLS, 208 Broadway, New York.

P. S. All Agents who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss, while the profit derived will be very liberal.

We invite our readers to the perusal of Dr. AYER'S advertisements, which appear in the columns of our paper. They deserve attention as treating of what interests us all, and from a source which all have long respected. The Doctor is well known as one of the leading Chemists of this country, who devotes his great acquirements to the discovery and manufacture of remedies for popular use. The unparalleled success which has followed his labors is too well known in the community to need any elucidation from our pen.—Washington Co. Observer.

THE BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS. For beautifying the complexion, cleansing the teeth, bathing, shaving, and all toilet purposes, this cosmetic is unrivalled. Lewis & Gaylord Clark, of the Knickerbocker Magazine, says of it: 'We can say, from our own proof, that the Balm of Thousand Flowers, a preparation for removing tan, pimples, and freckles from the face, shaving, cleansing the teeth, perfuming the breath, &c., Fetridge & Co., proprietors, is the best article of its kind we have ever encountered.' Price, 50 cents a bottle. A. Williams & Co., General Agents, 100 Washington Street, Boston. July 25 cop6m

HOW TO IMPROVE THE MEMORY. All know that the memory is the principal thing on which we rely for storing up the treasures of science, and that it is the depository of all acquired learning, and unless it is strong, nothing can be acquired and remembered. The common mode of improving the faculty is by years of intense study in the languages; and that, by a great outlay of money. I have discovered a method by which the memory can be improved and strengthened, and increased in value nearly two thirds in six months, or doubled in one year. My method does not require more than ten or fifteen minutes each day; and the time thus spent is that which is generally occupied in doing nothing. This way of improving the memory does not require hard study or labor, and by it, old or young can improve that great faculty. This is no humbug, nor is it talk; and I can easily prove my assertion, and all will be satisfied after trying. For a complete knowledge of this method, call on A. M. RECTOR, S. Oronodaga, N. Y. September 28.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in Norristown, on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th days of October, 1856.

Among many other true-hearted and earnest workers in the cause, the Committee of Arrangements expect the presence and services of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, PARKER PILLSBURY, SYDNEY H. GAY, and OLIVER JOHNSON.

JAMES MOTT, President.

CLINTON GILLINGHAM, Rec. Sec'y.

MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The third Anniversary of this Society will be held at the Union Meeting-House, Plymouth, Wayne County, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, October 11th and 12th, 1856.

ANDREW T. FOSB, MARSH R. ROBINSON, and other speakers are expected to be present. By direction of the Executive Committee, THOMAS CHANDLER, Rec. Sec'y.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER and JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings at Quinepoet Hall in WEST BOSTON, on Sunday, October 19, forenoon afternoon and evening, at the usual hours.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The next regular Anti-Slavery meeting in the city of Providence will be held on SUNDAY, Oct. 12.

STRAVEN S. FOSTER, an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will be present.

SOUTHBORO'.—An Anti-Slavery meeting will be held in Southboro', on SUNDAY, Oct. 12, to which all friends of freedom in that and the neighboring towns are cordially invited.

CHARLES L. RENO and JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, on behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will be present.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

TWELFTH COURSE.

The Introductory Lecture before the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society will be given by FRANK P. APPLETON, Esq., of Lowell, in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday evening next, Oct. 12, at 7 o'clock.

Tickets for the course may be obtained at the Bookstore of John S. Ives & Co., at 50 cents each. Single Tickets at the door—10 cents each.

CAROLINE BALCH, Rec. Sec.

OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.—A quarterly meeting of this Society will be held at the Universalist Church in Haverhill, on Sunday, the 12th inst., commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

WM. WELLS BROWN and others will address the meeting.

S. DYER, Sec'y.

WM. WELLS BROWN, having been engaged as an Agent of the Old Colony A. S. Society, will hold meetings as follows:—

At Hanson, Sunday, October 12.

East Hanson, Tuesday evening, " 13.

Hanover, Thursday " 15.

South Hanson, Friday " 16.

Pembroke, Sunday, " 19.

" Tuesday evening, " 21.

" Wednesday " 22.

West Duxbury, Thursday " 23.

S. DYER, Sec'y.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION POSTPONED.—The Seventh Annual National Woman's Rights Convention, advertised for 8th, 9th, and 10th October, is temporarily postponed.

Further notice to be given hereafter.

On behalf of the Central Committee,

LUCY STONE, Sec'y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Pledges in aid of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, made at the Annual Meeting in January last, or at any previous time, are now payable; and friends will confer a favor by sending the amount due to the Treasurer, SAMUEL MAY, JR., or to SAMUEL MAY, JR., General Agent, No. 21 Cornhill, Boston. Donations to the Society may be sent in like manner.

NOTICE.—All communications for the undersigned, whether on business of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, or otherwise, should be sent to 21 Cornhill, Boston.

SAMUEL MAY, JR., General Agent Mass. Anti-Slavery Society.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Several young colored men, with good recommendations, desire situations as clerks and porters. Several colored boys wish chances to learn trades. A number of colored girls can obtain situations in families out of the city.

Apply to WM. C. NELL, 21 Cornhill.

## Profitable Employment for the Winter Months.

PLEASE TO READ THIS! AGENTS WANTED.

Extra Inducements for 1857.

ALL PERSONS IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT will at once receive our CATALOGUE of Books for the New Year, pre-paid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our Large Type Quarto PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS. Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most saleable. Address, (post paid),

ROBERT SEARS, PUBLISHER, 181 William Street, New York.

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's rather tired, myself. I

For the Liberator.

**DEACON FREEMAN'S WICKED WIFE**

When Deacon Freeman took a wife,  
He thought he took a priceless treasure ;  
The thorny way, said he, of life,  
She'll make a rosy path of pleasure.

But Deacon Freeman's lady Sal,  
On whom these visions were erected,  
Turned out a very different gal  
From what the Deacon had expected.

Her temperament was quick to move ;  
Her heart was filled with acid juices,  
And, if she had the power to love,  
She plainly never knew its uses.

Her eye would like the lightning flash,  
Whenever aught took place to stir her ;  
And thunder from her lips would crash,  
That made the Deacon bow in terror.

She beat the maids the live-long day ;  
She spent her husband's hard-earned stores ;  
And, if she could not have her way,  
She threatened she would leave his doors.

And when the children bore to him,—  
As often times with wives the case is,—  
She seized upon the curious whim  
To black the little creatures' faces.

Good Deacon Freeman's godly heart  
Revolted at this dreadful fashion ;  
Yet was he forced to black a part,  
His lady flew in such a passion.

She trespassed on her neighbor's lot,  
And made the Deacon fight to aid her ;  
The neighbor's little girl she caught,  
And, like her own, in black arrayed her.

Such sights were seen along the road,  
Such daily shouts were lifted skyward,  
That Deacon Freeman's bad abode  
Became a hissing and a by-word.

And yet, though strange it may appear,  
The only thing his tongue would run on,  
When at his match men cast a sneer,  
Would be 'the blessings of the Union.'

His soul, however, oft was stirred  
By conscience' everlasting pricking,  
And now and then he spoke a word  
For some poor servant she was licking.

She bore awhile his feeble strains,  
But soon as dared he urge his wishes,  
She beat the broomstick o'er his brains,  
And knocked him down among the dishes.

The Deacon could endure no more ;  
And, though it makes me sad to name it,  
He sprang upon his feet, and swore,  
'I'll stop this shameful conduct,—daim it !'

'I thought, in taking you to wife,  
I took a guard from every evil ;  
But you're the torment of my life,  
And proved to be the very devil.

'We've lived together now so long,  
I've lost my character forever ;  
But you no more shall cause me wrong,—  
The bonds that bind us must discover.'

The Deacon left with angry face,  
Bent on his plan's direct enforcement,  
And, going to the proper place,  
Procured a writing of divorcement.

He turned the lady from his door,  
And cleaned the faces she'd infected,  
And after that he evermore  
Lived happy, hearty, and respected.

Now, Uncle Sam, a match you've made,  
In being with the South united,  
Just like that union with a jade,  
By which the Deacon's days were blighted.

She's stained your States with slavery's shame,  
She's made you trample down the shrieking,  
She's marred abroad your honest fame,  
And knocked you down at home for speaking.

But, Uncle Sam, if you'd get rid  
Of all her vices and vexation,  
Go, do as Deacon Freeman did,  
And give the South a separation !

Cambridge, Sept. 1856.

From the Home Journal.

## SUMMER DYING.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Beauty is waning, a voice of complaining  
Comes from the hillside and dell ;  
Dirge-notes are ringing, and brickets are singing  
To Summer a song of farewell !  
Day brightly closes, but where are the roses  
June wreathed with her tresses of gold ?  
Soft winds are sighing where darkly are lying  
Their rain-beaten leaves on the mould.

Address comes o'er me, for barren before me  
Lie fields that I loved when a boy ;  
To more in the shadows of oaks on the meadows  
Stout mowers their nooning enjoy.  
He stubble how lonely ! weeds shooting up only  
Where grain clothed the generous soil,  
And reapers were swinging their cradles, and singing  
Blithe strains to enliven the toil.

Cattle are wading where willows are shading  
The low, shallow bed of the stream ;  
Histle-down floating is sadly denoting  
That Summer will pass like a dream.  
The harvest moon, sailing through mist, is unavailing  
Her disk like a blood-painted shield,  
Hill school-boy and maiden, their baskets fruit-laden  
Lie close from the blackberry field.

Dark swells of ocean, with long measured motion,  
Moan as they break on the shore ;  
Tern tongues wailing for Beauty's cheek paling  
Chime in with the desolate roar.

Flowers have grown dimmer, less dazzling the glimmer  
Of fire-fly lamps on the lawn ;  
Dewer-cups unfolding are honey-drops holding,  
But light from the landscape is gone.

Droned on the thistle, the bobolink's whistle  
Made cheerful the meadows of June ;  
Lead-larks saluting the morn with their fluting,  
Replied to his rapturous tune.

Coarse crows are calling, and first leaves are falling  
But still a mild loveliness reigns ;  
Sweet haunting sadness, though vanished in gladness  
And glory from Nature remains.

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## AUTUMN.

BY JAMES COCHRANE.

Now sober Autumn, with her empty wain,  
A sickle in her hand, and on her head  
Clusters of burnished nuts and rowans red,  
With matron look comes walking o'er the plain ;  
A bevy of young maidens in her train,  
The lighter labors of the field to share ;  
Whose playful mirth and movements debar  
Sweeten the toils of the enamored swain.

The mill now stands, the shuttles cease to fly ;  
Her broider-work the cottage-girl lays by ;  
The humming wheel of matron is not heard ;  
Vulcan no more the swinging hammer wields :  
But young and old, eager, with one accord  
Rush to the reapers in the rustling fields.

**THE SURE PROPHECY.**  
The end will come—it will not wait ;  
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date.

**GLANINGS AT OBERLIN.**

A few weeks' tour in the State of Ohio has furnished me with some facts and incidents, which perhaps may help our good cause along by a LIBERATOR narration.

During my sojourn at Oberlin,—that far-famed school of Orthodox Theology,—I was gratified to see the equal participation of colored persons with whites in church service. Not only were they seated prominently all over the house, as at the Music Hall, Tremont Temple, Church of the Disciples, and elsewhere in Boston, but even exercising their vocal gifts in the great choir. This latter sight is seldom witnessed publicly, unless at an anti-slavery gathering. I could not help querying how such a scene would affect pastors and people in one of our pro-slavery churches in Boston. Would not the presence of a colored choir, among the whites create some discord among the sons of harmony, and even the pastor be moved to a "South-side" variation from his notes?

This meeting out fair play to those of a colored skin; it is but justice to say, is a prominent feature at Oberlin, and traceable to the influence and associations of its principal institution, the College.

It was my privilege to witness the exercises before several of the Literary Societies, and at Commencement, and my heart was cheered with the successful efforts and fraternal recognition of the genius there developed by colored graduates, young men and women.

The following themes were presented:—Utility of Astronomy: Miss Sarah J. Woodson; American Poets: Emma J. Gloucester; Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Sarah K. Wall:—Miss Louisa Alexander; Orations: Popular Sympathy for the Exile—John C. Jones.

The *Cleveland Plaindealer* of August 29, 1856, serves up to its readers a sketch of the exercises. A commendation will suit my purpose, and its ribaldry illustrate American colorphobia. I extract the following specimens of the lights and shadows of a pro-slavery journalist:—

"On Tuesday afternoon, the exercises of the graduating class in the Young Ladies' Department took place. They formed a procession on the College Green, and marched, two and two, locked arm in arm, to the Great Church, where they were seated in the gallery, and twenty-four. They were all dressed in white, wearing a badge or scarf of sky-blue, hung gracefully over the right shoulder, and knotted on the left side with a flowing liberality of length. They were nearly all of the same height, and apparently of very near the same age, ranging from sixteen to twenty-two. The prettier exhibition of pretty girls was rarely ever seen either in this or any other country. We were told that a great number of them came from the Eastern States. All tastes, in respect to race and style, and beauty seemed to have been consulted and gratified. But the sprinkling of 'faces set in ebony,' which was to be seen in this grand procession, seemed to us decidedly *repulsive*, and must, have been particularly so to the feelings of those beautiful young white girls, who were required to march arm in arm with the ebonyes. In fact, this was evident from the blush and downcast eyes of the white girls, so uncongenially coupled, as the same eye could gaze. To the antagonism of the races can never be overcome. To look at the laws of nature remain unchanged." To the education and moral elevation of the black race, we do not object—but we say—'let every thing be done decently and in order.'

"The young ladies were seated in the Great Church in the circular gallery, in front of the audience, and when they put their heads into their seats, looked like a flock of azure winged pigeons caught in a net, with few stray blackbirds among them."

"Nineteen of these young girls comprised the graduating class—four of whom were colored girls. Two colored girls and eight of the white girls read essays on the same subject. The colored girls, however, evinced a degree of talent and mental training highly creditable both to the institution and to the individuals. These essays were all good, and some of them excellent."

"The essay on 'American Poets' was written and read by a colored girl, and for discrimination and originality, was certainly deserving of what it seemed to receive, the marked approval of the audience."

"The oration, 'Popular Sympathy for the Exile,' delivered by the colored graduate, was by no means inferior to the others in point of merit as a composition, or in the style in which it was delivered."

"The course of education at this institution seems to be thorough, and much the same in its literary and scientific course as pursued in the Eastern colleges. But in the color of its features, we cannot look upon it with much complacency. In the best light in which we can place it, we can only see it as it were—'in a glass darkly.'"

The free and easy manner in which white and colored classmates greet each other at Oberlin is a practical refutation of what the *Plaindealer* holds up as an 'antagonism of the races which can never be overcome.'

Among the colored Alumni present were George E. Vashon, Professor of Belles Lettres in Central College, who had been expected to address the Literary Societies; John M. Langston, Esq., who has had several degrees conferred upon him, has been Clerk of a township in Lorrain county, and is now a successful law practitioner and anti-slavery lecturer; and Mr. ——— Jones, now a Canadian resident of merit and distinction. When H. Day, alternate orator, was detained at home.

It was a noteworthy fact, that none of the white students manifested any disposition to dodge the question of the age, but in their several themes characterized American slavery in appropriate language.

It was a matter of surprise and regret to many that one young lady graduate in the College Department did not read her own admirable essay. This, by custom of the institution, was delegated to one of the male Professors, and though he rendered it with earnestness and effect, yet, remembering the Scripture injunction against hiding our light under a bushel, we could not help wishing that in this instance, instead of a *Peck* of reflected light, the lady had presented her production in *propria persona*. She afterwards appeared on the platform with the male graduates, to receive her degree, *Bachelor of Arts*, and was complimented by Professor Finney. Though last, not least, a tribute was also awarded by him to the female students generally for the good influences exerted in the institution by their presence and discipline.

As at the College and Church, so is the treatment of colored people generally throughout Oberlin. Among them are cabinet makers, house contractors and builders, carpenters, blacksmiths, stonco workers, masons, coach trimmers and harness makers, upholsterers, boot makers, grocers, farmers, &c. &c., industriously pursuing their callings, and thus daily furnishing evidence of their abundant ability to 'take care of themselves.' Boston, September, 1856. W. C. N.

**MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.**

The friends of the above-named Association have just held their first annual meeting at Kerr's Corners, North Collins, Erie Co., N. Y., commencing on the 29th of August, and continuing three days.

The meeting continued to increase in interest and in numbers to its close, until the Presbyterian Church, in which it was held, was crowded to its utmost capacity. On the last day, many thronged outside, unable to gain admittance, anxious to listen to the glowing words and truthful sentiments as they fell from the lips of the several earnest speakers who attended the meeting.

The largest liberty was extended and maintained towards all present to utter his or her thought, each on their own responsibility, in the spirit of toleration, whilst love and a beautiful harmony characterized the meeting throughout its several sessions, not only in the discussions of the various resolutions which came before the meeting, but in welcoming to its platform alike persons of every shade of religious belief, philanthropist and reformer, thereby eliciting much thought, and free exercise of the various gifts and faculties of the 'mined'; beautifully acknowledging the foundation principle upon which this great moral and religious association is based, viz., that its platform is as broad as Humanity, its creed as extensive as Nature's wide domain, and its only Trinity, 'Equality, Fraternity, Harmony.'

Many persons from other States attended the meetings: among others, our much-loved friends, Joseph Dugdale and wife, from Pennsylvania, whose presence gave much life and animation to the meetings.

The various wrongs and evils which crush and afflict humanity were dealt with in a becoming spirit. Slavery, war, intemperance, the oppression of woman, the evils arising from the use of tobacco, the injurious effects of the present system of dress, the pompous display at funerals, the saddening effect of habitations of wretchedness,—all claimed a share in the discussions, and recalled forth much interest and many brilliant ideas and sentiments from the audience.

The spirit of prayer and of song was most harmoniously breathed forth throughout its several sessions, and at its close, the spirit and power of Love was most significantly felt to pervade and permeate all hearts present, cementing all into the feeling of holy sympathy for the common Brotherhood of Man, and reverence for the universal Fatherhood of God.

The friends in the different localities were prompt and efficient in securing homes, and entertaining strangers from abroad with open doors and hearts, ready to receive and make happy all who favored them with their presence, in the spirit of brotherly fraternity; and all seemed to rejoice that such a meeting had been held. May they be continued annually, that the spirit of progress which has been awakened may be strengthened and kept alive in the hearts of the people !

In behalf of the CHURCHES, }  
 CHARLES C. KIRBY, } Secretaries  
 SARAH A. BURTIS, }

### OLD TIFF AND THE CHILDREN.

The most unique, and perhaps the most successful of all the characters drawn by Mrs. Stowe, in her new novel, "Diana," is that of Old Tiff, a venerable slave, belonging to a miserable fellow named Cripps, who induced a lovely girl of aristocratic descent to elope with him and marry him—taking her into a secluded spot in the woods, and subjecting her to every possible neglect and deprivation, till she died heart-broken, leaving three little children to the care of Old Tiff, whose affection for them, and interest in their welfare, are described with marvellous skill and thrilling pathos. Here is a scene after the death of the mother:—

The cholera at length disappeared, and the establishment of our old friend Tiff proceeded as of yore. His chickens and turkeys grew to maturity, and he cackled and strutted vigorously. His corn waved its ripening flags in the September breeze. The grave of the baby had grown green with its first crop of grass, and Tiff was comforted for his loss, because, as he said, "he knowed he 's better off." Miss Fanny grew healthy and strong, and spent many long sunny hours wandering in the woods with Teddy; or, sitting out on the bench where Nina had been wont to read to them, would spell out with difficulty, for her old friend's comfort and instruction, the half-familiar words of the wonderful story that Nina had brought to their knowledge.

The interior of the poor cottage bore its wonted air of quaint, sylvan refinement; and Tiff went on with his old dream of imagining it an ancestral residence, of which his young master and mistress were the head, and himself their whole retinue. He was sitting in his tent door, in the cool of the day, while Teddy and Fanny had gone for wild grapes, cheerfully examining and mending his old furniture, and mentally recasting his soul with a cheerful conversation with him.

"Now, Old Tiff," said he, "one more patch on thesee yer, 'cause it an't much matter what you wears. Crips is a makes a promising to bring home some cloth fur to make a more 'speacable pair; but, laws, he never does nothing he says he will. An't no trusting in dat 'scription of people,—jiggoting up and down de country, drinking at all de taverns, fetching disgrace on de family, spite of all I can do! Mighty long time since he ben home, any more. I should yer! I should yer! he chatters 'd cotted him! Well, de Lord's will be done! Pity to kill such critture! Wouldn't no much mind if he should die. Laws, he an't much profit to de family, coming home here wid lots o' old trash, drinking up all my chicken-money down to 'Bijah Skidnits'! For my part, I believe dem devils, when dey want out o' de wine, went into de whiskey-bar! Dis liquor maker makes folks so ugly! Teddy shan't fetch no more such as dese 'dere a' drop o' Pey-sen's blood in my wine! Lord, bid de Lord! dat 'full o' 'spenations! 'Pears, dear Miss Nina, dat was a doing for de chil'en! 's she 'gone up among de angels! Well, bress de Lord, we must do de best we can, and we 'll all land on de Canaan shore at last!"

And Tiff uplifted a quavering voice of a favorite melody—

"My brother, I have found  
 The land that doth abound  
 With food as sweet as manna.  
 The more I eat, I find  
 The more I am inclined  
 To shout and sing hosanna!"

"Shoo! shoo! shoo! he said, observing certain long-legged, half-grown chickens, who were surprised to find advantage of his devotional engagements to rush past him like horse kitchen-boys."

"Pears like dese yer chickens never will learn no 'nothing! I said Tiff, finding that his vigorous admonishing them out. So Tiff had to lay down his work; and his thimble rolled one way, and his cake of wax another, hiding themselves under the leaves; while the hens, seeing Tiff at the door, instead of accepting his polite invitation to come out, acted in that provoking and inconsiderate way, generally will, running purposelessly up and down, flapping their wings, clacking, upsetting pots, kettles, and pans, in provoking and more wrathful at their entire want of consideration.

"Bress me, if I ever did see any kind o' critter so shaller as hens!" said Tiff, as, having finally rejected them, he was busy repairing the ruin they had wrought in Miss Fanny's fanciful floral arrangements, which were all lying in wild confusion. "Laws, dese birds made room in every beast's head for some sense, but 'pears like dese chickens, dat dese eat de grain! Put me out, seeing dese chickens crawling on one leg, 'cause dey han't got sense enough to know what to set down to der. Dey never has no ideas what dey 's going to do, from morning to night, I 'bieve! But, den, dere 's no talking dat 's just like 'em, dat de Lord has gin de brains to, and dey won't use 'em. Dey 's always in titter round, but dey never lays no eggs. So hens de 'd wast critters, arter all. And I rally don't know what dese 'ere chickens 'em!" said Old Tiff, contentedly, as, appeared from a window, he took up at once his needle and his psalm, singing lustily, and with good courage,

"Perhaps you 'll tink me wild,  
 And simple as a child,  
 But I'm a child of glory!"

"Laws, now," said Tiff, pausing his reflections on himself, "maybe he 's dead now, sure 'nough! And if he is, why, I can do for de child, I can be powerful. I sold right smart of eggs dis yer summer, and de sweet 'tatoes allers fetches a good price. If I could only get de chil'en along wid der reading, and keep der manners handsome! Why, Miss Fanny, now, she 's growing up to be a lady. She got de real Peyton look to her, and dere de dis yer 'bout gals and women, dat if dey 's perty, why, somebody wants to be marrying 'em; and so dey gets took care o'. I tell you, I know what dese 'ere chickens after dat brings home de 'd id him have anything to say to ber. Pears den dere 'd an't for der money, I can tell 'em! Dem allers find 'emseives mighty unlucky as long as I 's round! One ting or 'nother happens to 'em, so dat dey don't want to come no more. Dref-ol port times dey has! And Tiff shook with a secret chuckle.

"But, now, yer see, dere 's never any knowing! I may be, may be some Peyton property coming to dese 'ere chil'en. I 's know'n sich things happen. 'fore de Lord, dese 'ere chickens after dat brings home dere de be a ready fender up."

"Dey better speak to Miss Nina's man 'bout dese 'ere chil'en," 'cause he 's a nice, perty man, and he 'd rally be 'd take an interest; and dat ar handsome sister of his, dat was so thick wid Miss Nina, maybe she 'd be doing something for her. Any way, dese yer chil'en shall neber come to want any as I 's above grind!"

And thus, for the transitory nature of human expectations,

[illegible][illegible]

me gwine 'll be 't got pretty diff, wid  
 my gwine. Spect wh 'll be 't troubled as  
 Herod was, and all 'Rusalem wid  
 And Tiff rolled and laughed quietly in the sec-  
 ond of his heart.  
 I say Tiff, where are we? said a little voice  
 this side.  
 What is we, puppit? said Tiff, turning over;  
 why, bress yer sweet eyes, how does yer, dat  
 ruin? Stretch away, my man! Never in  
 deed! we 're in de Lorr 'n diggins now, 'nd  
 de d'eypl 's got a breakfast ready for us, too!  
 And de disapplying de provision, which he had  
 angled on some vine-leaves.  
 O Uncle Tiff, did de angel bring that? said  
 'em. Why did n't you wake me up? I want-  
 ed to see them. I never saw an angel, in all my  
 Nor I neider, honey. Dey comes mostly when  
 's asleep. Bat, stay, dere 's Miss Fanny,  
 O. Uncle Tiff, I've slept so sound, 'nd I  
 's, 'nd I dreamed such a beautiful dream!  
 Well, den, tell it right off, 'fore breakfast,  
 'nd to make it come true.  
 'Well,' said Fanny, 'I dreamed I was in a  
 rocks and brambles, and I could n't get out, all  
 d while we were trying, and Teddy was all  
 ns. She looked like my girl, only a came  
 are beautiful; and she had a single white dress  
 d that shone, and hung clear to her feet; and  
 d took hold of our hands, and she led us  
 d we walked through a path into a beautiful  
 een meadow, full of lilies and wild strawberries;  
 d then she was gone.'  
 O. Well,' said Teddy, 'maybe 't was she who  
 ought come breakfast to us. See here, what  
 Fanny told me.  
 Giddy looked surprised and pleased, but, after  
 me consideration, said,  
 I believe they have corn-cake and rum, most in  
 heaven. If it had been manna, now, it would have  
 on more likely.  
 'Nebber mind what it comes from,' said Tiff.  
 't's right good, and we bress de Lord for it.'  
 And they sat down accordingly, and ate their  
 breakfast with a good heart.

## AYER'S

### CATHARTIC PILLS.

are curing the Sick to an extent never  
 before known of any Medicine.

EVALUABLE, READ AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

JESSES HAUER, Esq., the well-known performer, of Canton  
 street, Ohio, says—  
 'I have frequently used your CATHARTIC PILLS, and I have  
 found them a better family medicine for all ailments than I have  
 within my knowledge. Many of my friends have realized many  
 cures, and I have therefore recommended them to all who are  
 afflicted with extraordinary virtues for driving out disease and curing  
 the sick. They are not only effectual, but safe and pleasant to  
 take, and I have no hesitations when men value the pills  
 when they are known.'  
 The venerable Chancellor WARDELL, writes from Baltimore  
 15th April, 1864,  
 'Dr. J. C. AYER, Sir: I have taken your pills with good  
 effect, for the listlessness, languor, loss of appetite, and bilious  
 condition, which has at late years of my life been the source  
 of many of my ills. I have used your pills several times, and  
 find few doses of your pills cured me. I have used your Cherry  
 Pectoral many years in my family for coughs and colds with  
 satisfying success. You make medicines which cure and I feel  
 anxious to commend you for the good you have done and are  
 doing for the world.'  
 JOHN F. BEATTY, Esq., Sec. of the Penn. Ballroom Co., writes—  
 'Dr. J. C. AYER, Sir: I have used your pills with good  
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