The Liberator.

Boston, August 10, 1860.

LETTER FROM THOMAS PARKER.

SIR,—In 1838 I was one of those who was instrumental in founding the Sanitarian; and for three years I was its editor; but having been appointed by the Legislature to be a member of the Board of Commissioners of Recreation, I have been unable to take much part in the publication of it. I am now, however, in a position to contribute something to it, and I shall be glad to do so.

I am not a great advocate of the sanitary reform, but I am one of those who believe that it is in the interest of the public health that all men should be as healthy as possible. I therefore shall join in the work of the Sanitarian, and shall contribute what I can to promote it.

Yours truly,

THOMAS PARKER.

STYLISH PEOPLE.

The style of our city is remarkable. We have a number of young men who are employed in the various branches of the trade, who are known as "stylish people." They are all very smartly dressed, and are very popular with the fair sex.

I have had a conversation with a young man of this class, who told me that he had been employed in the trade for several years, and that he had never seen a woman who did not admire his style.

Yours truly,

THOMAS PARKER.
THE LIBERATOR.

NEW ENGLAND.

POETRY.

R. F. Smith, digital assistant at Harvard University, has recently published a book of poems, which has already met with considerable success. The book contains a selection of his best-known poems, including some that have been widely circulated and enjoyed by many readers. Smith is known for his thoughtful and introspective works, often exploring themes of nature, love, and the human condition.

In the following poem, Smith reflects on the beauty and simplicity of rural life:

The sun sets low, and the day's work is done,
And the fields are silent, the birds are awone.

The hoot of the owl, clear and sweet,
Echoes through the stillness of the night.

The moon shines bright, and soft, and fair,
Over the sleeping land, with a tender, dream-like air.

The stars above, like diamonds in the sky,
Sparkling and gleaming, with a gentle, tender sigh.

Oh, how this quiet night,
Brings peace to weary hearts.

The world is still, and the soul is calm,
As we rest and reflect, in the gentle, peaceful dawn.

The following poem, titled "The Harvest Moon," captures the essence of a full moon rising over the harvest fields:

The harvest moon, a beacon so bright,
Guides the farmer on his nightly flight.

The sky is clear, and the air is still,
As the moon rises, like a gentle hill.

The fields are golden, and the crops are ripe,
Ready to be gathered, before the frosty, frozen snap.

The moon shines down, like a quiet light,
Illuminating the harvest, with a gentle, gentle might.

Oh, how the moon,
Guides the farmer through the night.