

From the New Bedford Republican Standard.

BUFUS CHOATE.

The death of this distinguished individual has been followed by a series of almost indiscriminate eulogies from all parts of the country, holding him up as a model of the lawyer, the statesman, and the man. So far as Mr. Choate's private and domestic relations are concerned, these eulogies may all be deemed true. It is a matter of course that the public have no concern. But his public life is a fit matter for criticism, as well as after his death. And criticism of this kind is especially necessary when false notions of morality and low ideals of life are held up for admiration and imitation. 'The evil that men do lives after them,' and the bad influence of men who hold prominent positions in a community is perhaps more injurious after their death than during their life. 'Of the dead, nothing but good,' is a common saying, but false maxim. Let us speak the truth of men at all times, and not allow any superstitious feelings to bias our judgment of them. Men are to be criticised not by their learning, their abilities, or their success in life, but by the use they have made of their talents and opportunities, and by the tendency of their example.

Mr. Choate possessed in an eminent degree the special faculties necessary for success in his profession. His intellect was characterised by acuteness rather than breadth or profundity. He was intimately acquainted with all the meshes of the law, and no man knew better than he how by subtle distinctions to evade the provisions of a statute, or to turn the strong position of an adverse decision. He was a master of the art of cross-examination—an admirable instrument, but as often employed to confound the simple but well-meaning witnesses, to brow-beat and to insult, and to bring out the truth as to facts, but not as to principles. He had cultivated his powers of speech to the highest degree. He had a brilliant, flashy and meretricious style, abounding in long, involved, and parenthetical sentences, and well calculated to dazzle and bewilder the plain men who sat on the jury bench before him. Those powers and this culture were for sale to any one who would buy them—although we do not mean to assert that Mr. Choate was without generosity in his professional aid, and that he did not offer his professional services without remuneration—and they were used indiscriminately in behalf of a good cause and a bad one. Mr. Choate carried out to its fullest extent the famous but immoral doctrine of Lord Brougham, that an advocate is justified in resorting to every means to procure the success of his client. His life as a lawyer was spent in confounding the distinctions between right and wrong, in bewildering the conceptions of justice by brilliant displays of rhetoric, and in corrupting the sense of what he knew to be sophistry and not law, leaving them very much in the condition of a drunken man, and almost utterly incapable of calmly weighing the case before them, and of deciding it upon its true merits. The celebrated Turkey case, in which he succeeded, upon an absurd hypothesis, in procuring the acquittal of a man doubtless guilty of murder and arson, was a signal instance of both his ability and his unscrupulousness. We have heard of a lawyer who was not a lawyer with the judges. We do not think such a career one which should be held up for imitation to the young men of America.

Mr. Choate achieved far less as a politician than as a lawyer. He exercised no influence over the politics of the country. His career in the Senate of the United States was a failure. He displayed no remarkable powers of statesmanship. He had no sympathy with the progress movements of the age, but a strong tendency to ideas which the world is fast outgrowing, and which are among the things of the past. When the Whig party expired, he threw himself into the arms of the Democratic, and wrote in its behalf. But his efforts were not attended with much success. He incited a sentimental doctrine which he called patriotism, but which was nothing more than a blind submission on the part of the many to the direction of the few, submitting implicitly to their guidance, the same means of which monarchial institutions and state religions have been so long upheld, and unworthy of a free and intelligent people.

He especially endeavored to impress the people with a reverence for the Judiciary, seeking to transfer to it those feelings with which the throne and the established church are regarded in England. He seemed to consider the judicial branch as to be cism or reproach, and to be the touchstone of all that was good in the country. For we regard our judges as equally the servants of the people, their conduct as much open to public scrutiny and animadversion, as any other civil officers. The Judiciary should be independent of all personal and party considerations, but they never should be out of reach of the people, nor should means ever be wanting to the Constitution by which, when they have shown themselves unworthy of their station, or have overstepped the line of their appropriate duties, they may be brought to account.

The Union was the frequent topic of Mr. Choate's eloquence. He perhaps felt all that he said on this topic. He delighted in picturing its glories, and trembled at the dangers to which he thought it exposed. But the real dangers seem not to have occurred to him. He had no word of warning against the encroachments on the Constitution, against the perversion of the law, against doctrines subversive of all that our fathers held dear, against the infamous fugitive slave law, against the wicked institution of slavery itself. He held the Declaration of Independence to be a tissue of 'glittering generalities,' (an expression which his admirers have since been anxious to explain away,) reform was with him another name for cant; one of his latest public efforts was a defence of quietism in the pulpit on public topics, and a reproof of those who desired to see the doctrines of religion applied to the practical affairs of life.

Looking at Mr. Choate's public career in this light, we cannot think it a model for imitation. We see nothing in him to entitle him to be called great. His was not

'One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.'

He left behind him no durable work. He made no impression upon his age. He did not help forward the car of human progress a line. He lived in the past, not for the future. His professional course was a brilliant but a fatal example. His memory will not outlive his personal attachments, nor is he, in our opinion, a worthy model for those who shall come after him.

From the Maine Evangelist.

Mr. Choate is known more for his legal abilities than for his success as a statesman and politician. Although he made several able speeches while in Congress, yet it is not to be denied that, on the whole, considering his acknowledged ability, his political life was a failure. It was in the Courts of Justice that he shone conspicuously, towering far above all competitors—the first lawyer in America, if not in the world. No matter where was the forum—whether in the presence of the Judges of the highest court, or of a commissioner in his private rooms, whether before a jury of twelve men and a large audience, or before a referee in private—Mr. Choate always scattered the most brilliant gems of rhetoric and logic. He would weave around the driest points of law and the most uninteresting cases, such a network of illustration and argument, and carry the attention and carry captive the judgment of the court and jury. A distinguished College professor, who had been accustomed to hear many of our most distinguished advocates, once remarked to us, that the ablest forensic argument that he had ever listened to was one by Mr. Choate, where the point in controversy was whether or not the cogs of a mill-wheel were made as they should have been.

We have said that Mr. Choate was a lawyer, with little taste for public affairs. He seems to have carried the bad intellectual habits of the bar into his theory of statesmanship, and to have looked upon its duties from the stand-point of those habits had formed. How much do we find in his public speeches of that bad habit of the profession, the worst 'idol of the cave,' a morbid unreasoning, and regretful passion for the past, that 'bonds and weeps over the past, and will not return, and gives back to vanity every hour changed and less beautiful face!' A wise conversation, such as Lord Bacon held, 'that antiquity deserves this reverence, that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover what is the best way, but when the discovery is well taken, then to make progression.'—is in no commendable; but that conservatism which would keep the Union as a relic, a memorial, a tra-

dition, for what it has done, and not what it is now or hereafter to do—comes from a morbid imagination, and produces diseased speculations. Such was the conservatism of Choate, and such were the fruits it bore. In public life, in discharging an office of State, that 'worst idol of the cave' led his judgment captive; but in the courts of law, to whose gladsome light he loved to return—putting on again the robes of that profession which himself tells us is ancient as magistracy, noble as virtue, and necessary as justice—he broke the fetters which had bound him, and stood forth undeniably the first orator and the first lawyer in America.

From the New York Express.

The style of oratory of which Mr. Choate was ever guilty, was one of the very worst specimens of a very bad school. Sparkling, creative, brilliant, dazzling, it needed only the essential element of sense, and hence had very little weight in public life. Affected, unnatural, strained, it could not be comprehended without study, and even then would not take the trouble to study it. Webster could and would say more in five minutes than Choate would say in five hours. Nevertheless, it was a style of oratory that charmed, and especially charmed the young mind.

One of the most ludicrous spectacles we ever beheld in life was Mr. Choate at the Baltimore Convention, which nominated Gen. Scott. Mr. Choate was there as the great Webster champion, and Massachusetts was sure, if Choate could only get a hearing, Webster would certainly receive the nomination. Choate, therefore, was shut up in a room to prepare his Webster battle for attack and defence, and a Massachusetts sentinel was put over his door. Circumstances made it necessary that he should have some talk with us, and we with him, and hence we were sent for. We found Mr. Choate in all the agonies and contortions of a Pythian deity. He was cursing and vibrating, his eye in fine frenzy rolling, every muscle and feature in his passion. One could not help roaring with laughter to see the orator thus, when only an arithmetician was waiting to ward off the forthcoming nomination of Gen. Scott. Words then were worth no more than winds. The figures were then indispensable, not the fancies. He made the speech—a bright, brilliant one, very—but the nomination was making while he was word-spinning.

We had this brilliant genius on our printing office, the occasion being a lecture he had to deliver before the New England Society here. His penmanship was accurate, and his hieroglyphics, to the uninitiated, worse than those of the Pyramids or the Theban ruins. To print from his manuscript was impossible, and to copy from it equally impossible. The great orator, then, whose lecture was to be unimpeded, extempore, was compelled to come to the office, and speak it all over to a reporter. To the whole scene he gave a thrilling interest by his emphasis, his intonation and his gestures, and the way he worked up a very common lecture into an extraordinary one, that astonished the Puritans here, was one of the best lessons we ever saw or heard of in oratory.

MR. CHOATE'S COURSE.

Mr. George S. Hillard is at present in England. In a letter to the Boston Courier, he refers to 'Mr. Choate's course' on the slavery question as follows, as though it were something to be proud of!—

Mr. Choate's course at the last Presidential election was a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Republican party, and very hard things were said of him in consequence; but no man has ever acted from more conscientious motives than he. He had much to lose, and nothing to gain. No man's nature was more opposed to slavery than his; no man could have handled anti-slavery themes with more force and beauty than he. But his love for Union, and his sense of nationality, were the dominant and controlling ideas in his mind; they called forth his most fervid eloquence; they were the convictions that struck their roots deepest into his mind; and under their inspiration, he spoke and acted as he did. It is certainly a stubborn fact for the Republicans, that among the dead—for we will deal only with them—the wisest and most far-seeing men in New England have been opposed to the anti-slavery agitation. I mean Judge Prescott, Mr. Mason, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Choate. It was a striking proof of Judge Prescott's sagacity—that when New England never gave birth to a wiser or better man—that when the first anti-slavery resolutions were passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, he expressed his regret, and said it was the beginning of mischief. This fact could be met only in two ways: either that these men, whose judgment would have been deemed of the highest value, if not absolutely conclusive on any other point, were mistaken in this; or that, from some base and unworthy motive, they suppressed their real convictions, and expressed those which they did not believe to be true. Against Mr. Mason and Judge Prescott such charges would have been simply ludicrous; how cruelly and persistently they were made against Mr. Webster and Mr. Choate is well known. They are now gone where cruel indignation can no longer leech their hearts; and posterity will do justice alike to their conduct and their motives.

PARKER AND PHILLIPS.

A New York correspondent of the Taunton Gazette, referring to a recent letter of Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, says:—

There is a passage or two of the letter of Mr. Bellows that I have read, and find, to my surprise, that for once he has not waited till the next day to be inconsistent with himself. He forgets Theodore Parker's virtues, to find fault with his theology, and forgets Horace Mann's theology, to praise his virtues. Why the two men, if referred to at all, should not be placed side by side, as the best of all, is a puzzle to me. Parker, at least, was a well-known merchant in Boston. 'Do you know that everybody says you are a d—d rascal?' 'Ah! said the merchant, 'but does anybody say that I am a d—d fool?' Explain it by what moral law you will, I believe that in their secret hearts, everybody would rather be considered the rascal even with the adjective, than the fool without it. If law really is of any sort of moment, and obedience in any sense a duty, then Phillips's letter was an uncalculated for crime. And I don't think either your Chief Justice, or the President of your college, good men as they are, would not rather know that every body in the State approved of the anathema which the terrible reformer has hurled at them, than be the victim of a Donnelly tickling.

THE BOSTON POST.

The Boston Post is so far gone in its championing of slavery, that it actually interferes against freedom in a slave State. In Missouri, there is an 'Emancipation Party,' led by F. P. Blair, Jr., and other old Democrats, who take the ground that slavery is a curse to the State, dishonouring and starving free labor, obstructing internal improvements, and making impossible a very high degree of general intelligence and prosperity. The Boston Post regards this Emancipation party with an evil eye, and would gladly see it confounded and crushed out. That paper never tires of ridiculing, misrepresenting, and denouncing Mr. Blair. That gentleman recently delivered at St. Joseph a very sensible and successful speech in favor of emancipation; and, day after day, has the Post assailed him on account of this speech, misrepresenting what he said, and giving him a patent for lying, and taking the ground of uncompromising hostility to him, and all who agree with him.

And yet, when the plain, unvarnished truth is spoken of the Post and its championing of slavery, that paper has the assurance to say: 'It is totally false; the author of it knew he lied when he wrote it.'—Worcester Spy.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 9, 1859.

CIRCULATE THE PETITIONS.

The following forms of Petitions—the first having exclusive reference to Massachusetts, the second to Congressional action—have been sent to many tried friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in various parts of the Commonwealth, for the purpose of a speedy and thorough canvassing for signatures in every town and village, without distinction of sex. Let the work be thoroughly done, and with a will. Who that claims to love God and his fellow-man will refuse to put his signature to either of these petitions?

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

The undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, respectfully ask you to put an end to SLAVE-HUNTING, in Massachusetts, by enacting that no person who has been held as a Slave shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes 'service or labor' to such claimant, by the laws of one of the Slave States of this Union.

To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:—

The undersigned, citizens of earnestly petition your Body to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850; to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia and in the United States Territories; to prohibit the Interstate Slave trade; and to pass a resolution, pledging Congress against the admission of any Slave State into the Union, the acquisition of any Slave Territory, and the employment of any Slaves by any Agent, Contractor, Officer, or Department of the Federal Government.

THE STATUE MUST BE REMOVED.

THE WEBSTER STATUE, in front of the State House, will be inaugurated on the afternoon of the 17th of September. Rev. Dr. Lothrop will offer the prayer, Prof. Felton will deliver the statue into the hands of Mayor Lincoln, representing the city, and his Honor will immediately place it in the custody of the State, Gov. Banks receiving it. Brief addresses will be delivered, and Mr. Everett will then pronounce his oration on Webster.

So reads the announcement in the daily papers. Many centuries ago, a certain herald cried aloud, 'To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up.' The object in the erection of the Webster statue is essentially the same as Nebuchadnezzar had in view in the erection of his image—namely, contempt for the higher law; repudiation of the one living and true God, and the triumph of despotic power; but there are some features in these two cases which are dissimilar. Webster's image is of iron; that of Nebuchadnezzar was of gold. Those who refused to bow down and worship the latter, were to be cast into a burning fiery furnace; those who shall refuse to do homage to the former are not to be subjected to any legal penalties. But the reason which led to the rejection of the one, are quite as imperative in demanding the condemnation and removal of the other.

The grant of a portion of the State House grounds for the erection of this statue, by the last Legislature, was an outrageous abuse of trust, and an insult to the moral and humane feelings of the people of this Commonwealth. It was actually obtained at the heel of the session, without debate, in a thin House, through Boston pro-slavery management and the connivance of Gov. Banks, who, since his elevation to the Chair of State, has evidently sought to conciliate the 'extremists,' and to adulterate the little Republicanism he ever possessed, hoping thereby to promote his elevation to a still higher position. There is no reason to doubt that it was his private influence that prevented the passage of a law at the last Legislature, forbidding the arrest or trial of any one claimed as a fugitive slave within the limits of Massachusetts. It is true, he has performed one praiseworthy act, in the removal of Edward Greeley Loring as Judge of Probate; but the popular feeling was too strong, in that particular, to be safely contained.

The people of Massachusetts would, if permitted to register their votes on the question, reject by an overwhelming majority the proposition to erect this Webster statue in the place assigned to it. The last years of his life were so tarnished and disgraced by his subservience to the Southern slaveocracy, his recency to the rights and interests of the North, and particularly his shameful defence of the unutterably atrocious Fugitive Slave Bill, that great as had been their admiration of his transcendent ability and public labors, their cheeks flushed with indignation and their lips uttered the strongest language of condemnation, mingling pity and astonishment in view of his downward course.

Blot out his name, then—record one lost soul more, One task more declined, one more footstep untrod, One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels, One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!

What has his death cancelled or changed? Nothing. 'The evil that men do lives after them.' And who has done more—who, by his high official position and magnetic hold upon the popular feeling of New England has done so much—to pervert the patriotism and debauch the moral sentiment of all classes as himself? Happily, with all his weight of brain and potency of speech, he was baffled in his infamous designs. He called upon the people to 'conquer their prejudices,'—meaning thereby to stifle their conscientious scruples and their humane feelings, and join 'with slavery' in hunting the dying fugitives, from Plymouth Rock to Faneuil Hall, from Faneuil Hall to Bunker Hill, from Bunker Hill to Lexington and Concord, and from the sands of Cape Cod to the hills of Berkshire; but he called in vain, and went down to the grave broken-hearted!

Every effort will be put forth, no doubt, by the partisans of Mr. Webster, to make as imposing a celebration on the 17th as possible. There will probably be no lack of foolish, thoughtless, vain, unstable, and unprincipled persons to participate in it. What share the Republicans will take in it remains to be seen; but we anticipate some striking displays of self-satisfaction and moral obliquity on the part of some who are conspicuous in the ranks of the party.

Of course, Edward Everett is to be the orator and eulogist for the occasion. Nothing could be more appropriate. Webster went for the Fugitive Slave Bill, and did his best (which was his worst) to cram it down the throat of Massachusetts men and women. Everett is ready, at any moment, to put on his knapsack, shoulder his musket, and march to the South, to reduce insurgent slaves to the bloody rule of their masters, or put them to death for imitating the example of the men of '76! By all means, let him be the orator when that grim image and 'hideous mass of iron' is elevated on its pedestal.

In spite of the grant that has been made by the Legislature—in spite of the display that will be made in carrying that grant into execution—THE WEBSTER STATUE MUST BE REMOVED. This must be the special business of the next Legislature, coupled with the act of making Massachusetts free to every hunted slave who seeks an asylum upon her soil; and in order to effect this, let the people send in their petitions, and especially see to it that no Senator or Representative is elected who is not ready to discharge this duty.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY. G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., have just published a new edition of WEBSTER'S AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; containing the whole vocabulary of the first edition in two volumes quarto; the entire corrections and improvements of the second edition in two volumes royal octavo; to which is prefixed an introductory dissertation on the origin, history and connection of the languages of Western Asia and Europe, with an explanation of the principles on which languages are formed. Revised and enlarged by CHARNICK A. GOODRICH, Professor in Yale College. With pronouncing vocabularies of scripture, classical and geographical names. To which are now added FIFTY HUNDRED PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS, of peculiar use of words and terms in the Bible, appendix of new words, pronouncing table of names of eight thousand distinguished persons, abbreviations, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish phrases, &c. The whole making a volume of 1760 pages, in small type, quarto form.

Of this stupendous work of profound learning, indefatigable research, patient toil, and noble enterprise, it is impossible to find words to speak, even among the hundred thousand here grouped together. The testimonials to its surpassing excellence, on both sides of the Atlantic, by those most competent to give a true judgment, are multitudinous and conclusive. Lord Brougham says—'The book is full of learning—a necessity to every educated man.' The late venerated Thomas Dick, of Scotland, says—'It is the most complete Dictionary of the English language that has ever been published, and ages will elapse before any other Dictionary of that language will be required.' Chancellor Kent says—'This Dictionary, and the language which it embodies, will perish; but it will not be with the gorgeous palaces. It will go with the solemn temples, and the great globe itself.' Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, speak of it in strong terms of panegyric. The New York Tribune styles it 'emphatically the Dictionary of our language.'

For some time past, there has been a warm partisan controversy going on as to the comparative merits of Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries, and a strong competitive rivalry between the publishers of these works, in regard to their sale and general adoption. It is not our province to attempt to settle an issue like this. The result of it, however, will be to bring the English language as near perfection as possible. The judgment of the learned world, as well as the popular mind of the country, is, we believe, with Webster's, though highly appreciating, and in some respects preferring, Worcester's. The last number of the American Philological Journal, in noticing the present edition, says—

'For twelve years past, Webster's Quarto Unabridged Dictionary has been the book of the age. During this time, it has been in use throughout the country, and also in Europe, and so valuable is it esteemed by scholars, and all who have use for and know how to value a Dictionary, that it has become an indispensable requisite and standard. When a dispute arises, the question always is—'What does Webster say?' and from his decision there is seldom any appeal.'

The new edition, with all these valuable additions, costs but half a dollar more than the old. We are at a loss how so much additional matter, with beautiful engravings, can be furnished for even twice the extra sum charged. The old edition was the best Dictionary the world had ever seen; the additions to it make it superlative.

Nonh Webster has a prouder monument, and one more lasting, than those made of marble crumbling over the dust of heroes. Forty years ago, 'Webster's Spelling Book'—we remember it well—was our only literary treasure; and our latest purchase in the book line, is Webster's Pictorial, Unabridged Dictionary. We like the book, and it is not among the least sources of self-congratulation that we do. No young man, especially if he be poor, and his education limited, can put six and a half dollars to better use than by securing for himself a perpetual partnership with this great work.

How admirable is the unaffected modesty displayed by Mr. Webster in the concluding paragraph of his original Preface—viz:—

'To that great and benevolent Being, who, during the preparation of this work, has sustained a feeble constitution, amidst obstacles and toils, disappointments and infirmities, and depression; who has borne me and my manuscripts safely across the Atlantic, and given me strength and resolution to bring the work to a close, I would present the tribute of my most grateful acknowledgments. And if the talent which he intrusted to my care has not been put to the most profitable use in his service, I hope it has not been 'kept laid up in a napkin,' and that any misapplication of it may be graciously forgiven.'

FOURTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS OF PILLS AND POWDERS; or, the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1859.

This is a posthumous work by the late Dr. William A. Alcott, and one of the last upon which he was engaged, the facts contained therein having been gathered from the experience and observation of a long life. It is an autobiography of one who has done much by his writings to promote the physical health and moral elevation of all classes in society, who was imbued with the spirit of a broad philanthropy, whose struggles and victories over his own impaired constitutional organization were remarkable, and who lived emphatically to do good, and be useful to all in his day and generation. Whatever he did was conscientiously done, and with a resolution unsurpassed by any hero on the battle-field. Of a naturally amiable character, and more than usually cautious in all his undertakings, it must have been a severe struggle with himself to take a course, which he knew would subject him to the charge of fanaticism, or at least of a weak eccentricity, and excite 'the world's dread laugh,' if not its violent denunciation. There has been many a reformer more bold and aggressive than himself, but none more sincere, decided or persevering, after his own method, and according to his own convictions of duty. It is pleasant to look upon his engraved countenance, which accompanies this treatise, and which is so true in its expression and delineation.

Dr. Alcott has divided his work into a hundred chapters, each illustrating some of his peculiar opinions, or narrating some entertaining or instructive incidents. His characteristic ingenuousness is displayed throughout, and he makes a number of confessions personal to himself during his medical career. No one can spend an hour more pleasantly, hardly more profitably, than by reading his adventures and experiences. If what he has recorded shall be the means of reducing, to any extent, the popular credulity in regard to the saving effects of 'pills and powders,' however administered, and leading to more reliance upon the recuperative and healing powers of nature, a beneficent work will be accomplished. His own case was so unique, that it ought not to determine the precise course to be followed by others; yet it holds out strong encouragement to the greatly debilitated to 'throw physic to the dogs,' and to find in diet, exercise, air, and a determined will, the true cure for 'the ills that flesh is heir to.'

Medical science is yet a mystery and a chameleon. Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to Dr. Caspar Wistar, of Philadelphia, thus writes:—'I have lived to see the disciples of Hoffman, Boerhaave, Stahl, Cullen and Brown succeed each other, like the shifting figures of a magic lantern.' And 'the cry itself, they come!' The line will probably 'stretch out till the crack of doom,' for, however much the medical faculty may be caricatured, reprobated, and in health theoretically discarded, their aid in any serious emergency is seldom rejected, and almost universally sought.

When Voltaire was told that a friend of his was studying to become a physician, he exclaimed, 'Why will he be so mad? He will have to thrust drugs, of which he knows little, into a body, of which he knows

less.' But this sarcasm, by one not identified with the medical profession, is not comparable in potency to the grave confessions of those who compose it. More than half a century ago, the eminent Dr. Rush said, 'Dissections daily convince us of our ignorance of disease, and cause us to blush at our prescriptions. What mischief have we done under the belief of false facts and theories! We have assisted in multiplying diseases; we have done more—we have increased their mortality. The art of healing is like an unroofed temple, uncovered at the top, and cracked at the foundation.' Dr. Goode, a learned and voluminous British writer, says, 'The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon; and the effects of our medicines upon the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except, indeed, that they have already destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined.' This is a frightful admission. Dr. Alcott makes the inquiry, 'Is there not reason for believing that the truly wise men of the medical profession, at the present time, are beginning to see, in certain facts which in the providence of God are forced upon them, that in the general management of disease, and as the general rule of treatment, no drugs or medicines are needed?' Again he says:—

'It is a notorious fact, that while the number of physicians and the expenditure for drugs and medicines is constantly increasing, in every civilized country where they have been much employed, diseases have been multiplied in proportion. Perhaps, too, they have, in a like proportion, become more fatal; but this does not so clearly appear. While nearly half our children die under ten years of age, and the mortality is increasing, are we tending towards the point when a child shall die a hundred years old? And are our physicians and our medicines likely to bring us there?'

If not, and if a radical change is desirable, when is it to be made? Shall we wait till we have run down a century or two longer, or shall we begin the work immediately? And if we are to begin it at once, on whom shall the work devolve?'

These are questions, I grant, more easily asked than answered. Nevertheless, they must soon be met; they cannot much longer be shuffled off.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, No. CCXV., for September, 1859, contains the following articles:—

I. The Future of Man and Brute. II. The Growing and Perpetual Influence of Shakespeare. III. Art and Artists. IV. Congregationalism. V. The Post Percival. VI. The Book of Job. VII. The War and the Peace. VIII. Review of Current Literature. The first and second articles are particularly well-written, ingenious, and interesting. It is a valuable number, and worthy of the high reputation of the Examiner.

There is a brief criticism upon Mr. Parker's recent letter to his congregation, entitled 'Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister, with some account of his early life and education for the ministry,' in the course of which the writer speaks of his lack of calmness, his sweeping imprecations, his loose statements, and his antagonistic spirit, and concludes with the following tribute:—

'But the main thing in this Letter, and that which gives it the greatest permanent value, is the very extraordinary testimony it bears to the industry, the energy, the copious scholarship, and the intense convictions of the author. The earlier portions in particular, which speak of the growth of character and opinions, the influence of parental training, the hopes and purposes with which the tools of manhood, and the special path of service were approached, cannot be read by any one, we venture to say, without interest and sympathy. As to the later narrative, even those who have been known the diversified resources of Mr. Parker's intellect will be surprised at the immense range of his reading and the amount of his intellectual toil; while those who have worked most constantly by his side will hardly have estimated the activity and energy of his labors,—of pulpit, platform, lecturer's desk, or walks of mercy,—as the memory of them is brought back in this review. And whatever the verdict finally pronounced upon the labors here recorded, the record itself will remain as one of the most curious, instructive, and characteristic chapters in the history of New England Theology.'

Crosby & Nichols, 117 Washington Street; by the Proprietor, 21 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC, for 1860, No. 68, established in 1793 by Robert B. Thomas, has just been published by Hickling, Swan and Brewer, Boston. As usual, besides its large number of astronomical calculations, and the Farmer's Calendar for every month in the year, it has much new, useful and entertaining matter.

We have received from A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street, No. 18 of 'All the Year Round,' by Charles Dickens. The story, 'A Physician's Ghost,' will particularly interest those who are inclined to modern Spiritualism. Single copy, only five cents.

NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, have just published the following pieces of music:—

Peri Vale, No. 12, and
I'm a Merry Zingari, No. 16, of the Garland—a selection of Popular Melodies, arranged for the piano forte, by E. F. Rimbault.

The Alarm Clock Polka, by Charles Spittler.

Beyer's Boquet de Melodies, No. 42—Der Freischütz.

Ever of these I'm fondly dreaming. Words by George Linley, music by Foley Hall.

Cherbourg Quadrilles, by Charles D'Albert.

Bouquet of beautiful Duets, by Stephen Glover—the Irish Emigrants.

La Fuite—Galop brillante pour piano, par René Lavargier.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE.

Ex-President Franklin Pierce has returned from his European tour, and received here in Boston, in Concord, N. H., the place of his residence, an ovation on the part of those who, like himself, are Democrats only in name, but in spirit and action are among the worst enemies of freedom, by their affiliation with the lords of the lash and cradle plunderers at the South. The Boston Traveller very pertinently says:—

'Gen. Pierce is now at home, having had that sheepish affair, an ovation, or little triumph—all his triumphs are small affairs—in Boston, which supported him in 1852. Whether any of the asses that bought the horses for him were present, we do not know. He has gone home, or is going there, where he will, we do not doubt, enjoy that dignified retirement which is so becoming in an ex-President, who, having had all that his country can bestow upon any man, can never think of asking for more. He has served his time, done his work, fulfilled his duties, drawn his salary, eaten his allowance, disappointed his friends, gratified his enemies, and discharged all the rest of those deeds that go to make up the sum of political life. With the sense of 'duty fulfilled,' he can pass the evening of life in peace and Concord, and, as the memory of the 'agitation' he caused shall die out, he will be regarded with something of that feeling with which the American world regards a Tyler and a Van Buren, now that they are beyond the power and out of the position to do mischief. That the illustrious Granite State statesman means to be a candidate for the next Presidency, if he can get a nomination, is believed by many, but such belief is owing to the existence of an uncharitable spirit, which seeks to belittle him in the world's eyes. All know that he couldn't carry a single free State, should be so unfortunate as to be nominated, and it is to be hoped that he will shut up like a nigger, to be bowled down by a political ten-strike. His worst enemies couldn't ask any worse fortune for him than that he should be nominated at Charleston.'

The proceedings of the West Randolph, (Vt.) Anti-Slavery Convention have been received, but too late for insertion in our present number.

A faithful and eloquent address to churches and church-members generally, showing that the fellowship of slaveholders is incompatible with a Christian profession, occupies a large portion of our last page. Do not fail to read it.

REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

Mr. GARRISON: In your last week's paper is a communication from a Worcester correspondent, who could not conscientiously go to hear Dr. Nehemiah Adams, because there was no way of protesting against the hypocrisy of inviting him to our pulpits. Being one of those who went to hear him without protesting, I will give expression to a few thoughts that came into my mind at the time. Not occupying a seat that enabled me to hear all the discourse, I cannot give you much of it; but my impression is, that it would have been well enough for an Orthodox minister, if some one else had preached it, and left no doubt of his own sincere faith in the doctrine of total depravity, of which none of the rest of us can doubt he is the man of such unenviable notoriety. It is something to be derogatory to the liberal character Worcester has always sustained, that we have no opportunity of protesting against what we consider injurious to the cause. After attending the Fourth of July celebration here, I sent a few words of criticism to the editor of the Spy for publication. He objected, he said, because the article alluded to the subject of slavery, but was not strictly confined to it, instead of criticizing the church. The Abolitionists, he said, served themselves of Anti-Slavery as a cloak under which to veil the church, while results were wanting to prove they had accomplished anything toward liberating the slave. He professed to be 'as much anti-slavery as anybody,' but his comprehension of the whole subject is evidently very limited. So much for our anti-slavery press.

Of our churches, you are already well informed. I was startled that any of them should presume to invite Dr. Adams to their pulpits, and especially when Rev. Mr. James preached his thorough Dissension sermon, after the conclusion of the tragical farce that has immortalized the name of

Aug. 10. 3w

WORCESTER WATER-CUR

DR. SETH ROGERS, being about to re-
turn from Paris, where he has spent several mo-
nths in medical observations, will resume, after Ju-

