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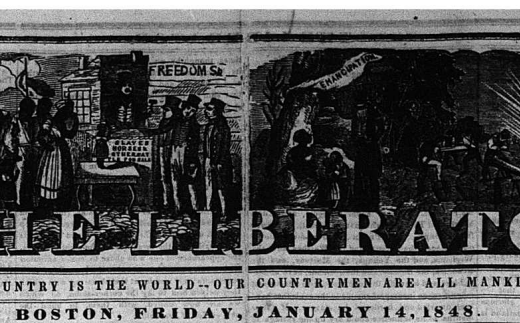
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.



NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH, AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preaching the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation for the surrender of fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and thirdly, the exaction flatly in contradiction of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . . We reciprocally, operatively, and thereby, make the nation to, to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the House of Representatives, and thereby, for the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY, THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—John Quincy Adams.

J. BROWN YERRINTON, PRINTER.

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

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 2. BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1848. WHOLE NO. 888.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION

A MEMBER OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE!

Among the members of the infamous Evangelical Alliance, held in London, August, 1846, was a so-called Dr. Alexander Campbell, named Pendleton. Dr. Pendleton is assistant editor of the 'Millenial Harbinger.' In one of the numbers of that periodical, he gives a sketch of his voyage to England, and among things says—

Our company consisted of a few over a hundred passengers, besides the crew; in all about eighty, more, and though made up of strangers from almost every nation, we found much pleasant society among them. Among were several ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one Lutheran, all of whom we found pleasant gentlemen and pious Christians. They were wending their way to the great World's Convention, or Evangelical Alliance, and some of them, I see, were conspicuous in the discussion of the slavery test proposed to be adopted by Elder Hinton, and seconded by Mr. Hinns, the Millerite, of Boston. Garrison, too, the fanatical leader of the most ultra and disorganizing portion of the abolition agitation, was on board among us, though scarcely one of us. He seemed to have no sympathy with any body on board, but in gloomy retirement meditating upon the schemes of revolution and chaos, as the only food adapted to the cormorant appetite of his depraved and misguided ambition. Our mission, all, I believe, anti-slavery men, was to fraternize the noble benevolence of emancipation, and it was not till near the end of our voyage that we had an opportunity of hearing from his own mouth of the absurd and infidel principles upon which his system of operations is based. Insulting, dogmatical, and coarse, he seems to have disdained the authority of the Bible, except as a collection of apt adages with which to illustrate and enforce *reason*, the assumed basis of his fabric, and to have exalted *nature*, (of the true definition of which he showed himself entirely ignorant,) as the only true and rightful potentate of earth. The clergy, the mercenary and time-serving clergy, and the blood-thirsty, mass-meeting, disfranchised slaveholders, are the unwitting tools of his ferocious, not entire, but grimace, whilst union of every kind, political and domestic, is to be disrupted and fire, ground into powder and suspended in mid-air, a solution, that the affinities of nature may have unresisted sway, and the great elements of society resolution, according to his fancy, be delivered from all political proportions. We looked keenly for the man by which we like to judge abolitionists, that is, the evidence of a really kind and benevolent heart, but in vain. The very elements of his nature are gall and wormwood—and combined as they are with a scheming, but little and bigoted mind, they make the most unlovely and unfit man to minister about the altar of benevolence, or co-operate in any thing involving the high gifts of an enlighted moral nature.

☞ In a subsequent number of the Harbinger, the same writer renews his assault upon us in the following style:—

We still say, we sincerely believe Mr. Garrison at his pronouncing him to be, at heart and in his public career, an infidel of the most dangerous order. We formed this opinion, not from a previous acquaintance with either his history or his writings, for we knew nothing of the one, and had read not a line of the other, but from what we saw and heard during the voyage, which threw us in some sense together. Nor were we without the light of his disciples, for he was frankly and emphatically charged with infidelity in our hearing, because previous developments of his character, but as a legitimate conclusion from positions he took in argument. He denied it, it is true—and attempted by argument to show that he was not; but in this, we thought he most signally failed. We thought him *proved* an 'Infidel' to his teeth—and it would not be difficult to find corroboration of the conclusion even in the extract before us. A man who disregards certain forms and observances of religion, and refuses to connect himself with any religious body; is, to say the least, a strange sort of a Christian.

We wish not to prosecute this matter further. William Lloyd Garrison, we doubt not, will be, in the estimation of the best of our readers, but a poor theme for elaborate disquisition, either pro or con; still, for the sake of the good brother who has thrusted himself into the forefront of his defence, we must be excused for occupying a little space to show that our assertions have not been wantonly made, and that, in the opinion we have formed, we are not altogether alone. 'Thy brethren, indeed, are us, shows that others had thought as ourself; and the following extract from an anti-slavery gentleman is to the same point:—

'My good friend, Elder Grew, complains in rather severe terms of my allusion to his friend, Mr. Garrison, and with some of his associates, I confess he is a refined, accomplished philosopher. I presume he would not call himself an Infidel nor a Christian. But is S. S. Foster an infidel? Is Abby Kelley an infidel? Are any of the come-outers infidels? I think of his friends, are with him. I look at their influence on society, and I cannot but pray Glasgow to him and his party just, and that it will be the criticism even of my good brother Grew. Very further, he and his party are so regarded in Massachusetts by all classes. Even Mr. Parker, who is a high standing as a minister, and who is one of the best cultivated and accomplished orators in the land, and who is a man of as mild spirit as brother Grew or Mr. Garrison, is regarded as one of the most dangerous men in Boston. I dispute Brother Grew the people of Boston would laugh you to scorn to call Garrison is not an infidel—is not opposed to the Bible—to the ministry—to the Church.'

Such is the opinion of one evidently disposed to do Mr. Garrison full justice, and who, in the approach of the expressions, 'refined and accomplished philosopher,' and 'mild spirit like,' goes further in praise than even our good brother, apologist, could.

It is worn our design to make a systematic attack upon Mr. Garrison, we could show from his own opinions of others to sustain us in our assertion. He is course in Great Britain in denouncing the great and good men who formed the 'Evangelical Alliance,' ridiculing their prayers as 'solemn mockery' and 'downright blasphemy,' and declaring them not only unworthy the public confidence, but an unchristian body, spoken of in, we can hear, a lesson he cannot mistake. I do not, sincerely, and more firmly now than ever, believe Mr. Garrison 'a reviler of good men,' as he will, consents not to wholesome words—to the words of our Lord Jesus Christ,—a consenter of God's most holy law,—an enemy to the church, an enemy to religion, and an unwitting ently to the cause of human emancipation. Look at his course at the meeting of the Anti-Slavery League, held in Exeter Hall, London, for the purpose of reviewing the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance. After reading an extract from a speech in which the Alliance was eulogized as doing Popery quake in the Vatican, he wonders if the Pope cared about their alliance. Denounce Popery as they would, the late Pope had three years ago sent a bull to the faithful throughout the world, urging them at once to wash their hands of all traffic in the blood and souls of men. 'Yet,' said he, '*for this Popery which is the great friend of slavery, and against that Protestantism which puts them on.*' He commented at length on the Alliance classing slavery with dueling, Sabbath-breaking, &c. *He protested against classing Sabbath-breaking, as it was called, in the list of crimes furnished:* attempted to prove from Luther and others that the Sabbath (of course the Sabbath of Christians—for it was this the Alliance was labouring about) was nothing more than a Jewish institution, and not intended for Christian observance; and that it was wicked for the Alliance to chide men, who did not keep the Sabbath holy, with drunkards, &c. The American delegates, he proceeds, have attempted to corrupt the moral sense of the people of England! I stand here to unmask them. I denounce them as wolves in sheep's clothing. Again, if a man tells me he finds sanction for slavery in the Bible, if you could find slavery upheld in his Bible, I would put it in the fire. Let him beware how he makes the Bible sanction his crime. If your God allows man to be made beasts of, then your God is my Devil.

In this the language of reverence for God, for his law, for the Scriptures of truth?—in a subversion of the holy uses of the Lord's day, the practical appreciation of the law?—Even a brother Abolitionist, the Rev. John Preston, of the Baptist Church in London, felt himself called upon to rebuke such outbreaks of infidelity, and reprove his too ultra brother as 'no friend to Christianity.' He was prepared to hear many hard things said against the Alliance, but he had expect to hear Christianity in general undermined, and prayer to God ridiculed. Now if such be the public commencement, offered in Exeter Hall, before a meeting of the Anti-Slavery League, by a member of that League, and in the presence of Mr. Garrison upon the principles he there proclaimed—and if public sentiment in Boston, where Mr. Garrison's opinions are, perhaps, most familiarly known, 'would laugh his apologist to scorn' for declaring him no infidel, verily do we feel, that our judgment, made up entirely from what we saw and heard for ourself, has at least the sanction of good witnesses, and may not be repented of. We have, indeed, much hope, that the piety of our correspondent will open his eyes to the true character of this dangerous disorganizer, and that if he love not Cæsar less, he will at least love God's religion more, than to countenance, much less defend its most insidious enemy. W. K. P.

THE VIPER.

The influence which Mr. Garrison had for a time was owing, in a measure, to the ministers which gathered around him; he was made conspicuous by them, as really, the viper was to the apostle Paul; and when they shook him off, he fell like the reptile, and has since been able to do but little mischief.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

THE LIBERATOR.

Syracuse, 2d Jan., 1848.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I cannot permit you to resume your editorial duties, without expressing how much my heart is rejoiced at your recovery from your late dangerous illness; and I take this opportunity at the same time to illustrate to you, in my own experience, the power of ever-living truth over long established prejudice.

Years ago, I first heard of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, breathing treason, scattering firebrands, and uttering blasphemy and infidelity in the very heart of Boston itself. In Boston! Such a monster of evil abusing the patience of the patriotic, the philanthropic, the religious people of *Boston* with impunity! Oh, how my heart reproached them for their disgraceful apathy. Sluggards! where is the remembrance of the deeds of your fathers? Have ye become degenerate? Do your veins run water? Are ye stocks and stones? Thank God, no! Ye are worthy of your sires—ye have redeemed yourselves in the eyes of the civilized and Christian world! Hunt him through your streets! But don't strangle him—don't murder him. Well done! Let the miscreant escape—let him fifty find refuge in prison! 'It takes Boston!' Years passed—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, still the same insatiate scoffer, hair-brained fanatic, remorseless incendiary, and reckless traitor—still continuing to awake, and found a handbill at my door announcing his presence here in Syracuse, at large, and without keepers! I have my share of animal courage, so I walked into the Convention to look at him. A tall man of solemn visage, glaring through his large round spectacles like a gnome, and whose inimitable nasal yet dwells in my ears, was haranguing the assembly. He didn't flatter our clergymen nor churches any to speak of, and I felt that this was the veritable lion, in full roar; and I was not, on the whole, disappointed in him. But I was mistaken. It soon became manifest that the speaker was none other than Stephen the martyr himself. I looked around for the more terrible monster, but in vain. And when, soon after, a man of gentle mien, and placid countenance, arose, calls as a summer's morning, and in mildest accents commenced by telling his auditors that he stood before them a man covered all over with epithets, I could not credit the whisper—'That's Garrison—that's Garrison'—which ran through the house. I saw neither fange, nor tail, nor claws, nor cloven foot. So I listened to his words till the sweet started. Conviction fastened upon my heart. I carried off a life-long accumulation of error and prejudice, and dispelled the spirit of hatred and violence toward you and your cause which I bore with me into the hall. I didn't join the mob next night. The Church and Slavery found their defenders in the profanest and lowest ruffianism of the streets. Since that time—with the exception of that unfortunate which denies the virtue of that religion which claims the right to buy and sell the souls and bodies of men; that infidelity which scouts the Christianity of bartering babies for Bibles; that infidelity which seeks to make all manhood equal beneficiaries in the religion and gospel of Christ. Since then, miserable sinner that I am! the Liberator, usurping the place of a regular orthodox, has become an indispensable part of my Sabbatical enjoyment, and the welfare of its editor an essential element in the happiness of my life. Hence, it was with a degree of pain and anxiety, which the dangerous illness of few others in the world could have excited, that I heard of yours, and awaited the result of it; and it is with a heart full of gratification that I now learn you are so far recovered as to be about to resume your labors.

Rejoicing in the hope of your speedy and entire recovery, I could not withhold my assurance of it, nor, while so doing, could I suppress the inclination to apprise you of the change which had come over the spirit of an humble individual toward you since your name had become known to him. May you be long spared to continue at the battle for Right and Liberty.

Ever faithfully, &c.,

J. C. HANCHETT.

Lowell, Dec. 27, 1847.

Friend Garrison:—I have thought that a word from this place might not be uninteresting to the friends of the cause of the slave and humanity; and as a recent occasion seems to ask a word, I assume the task of writing.

Our friend W. W. Brown came here, and obtained permission to use the vestry of the Prescott street Wesleyan church, to lecture in the evening of the 18th inst.; after which, arrangements were about being made for a lecture on the evening following; and it was proposed to him, by the pastor of that church, to come into the union concert of prayer for the slave, and take a part with them.—This Mr. Brown declined to do, and as a reason said he had his work to do. He was agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and must appoint a meeting to do his work, as it would be an intrusion upon others to go to the concert, and there do his business. To which the pastor replied, he would see all things satisfactorily adjusted, in that respect—Mr. Brown said this was not all. It was his custom to take a contribution to aid the cause. This he was promised should be done. This being settled, notices were sent to the different churches, and be it said, to the honor of the Universalists, were read there; that Mr. William Brown, a fugitive slave, would lecture at Well's Hall at 7 o'clock.

Agreeably to this, long before the time arrived, the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and I am told that many went away who could not get in. But, to my astonishment, Mr. Brown was not permitted to lecture—only to take a part—and as there were several speakers on the altar, the time for each to speak was too limited. So after a statement of the facts above by Mr. Brown, he retired from the hall, and with him many others.

Now, this might have been an honorable transaction, so far as the pastor was concerned; but it certainly looks like a trick of his to obtain a large audience at the concert, and at about same time hinder the people from hearing Mr. Brown.

I have stated the facts as I heard them, (and believe they are correct,) to let our friends know that the Wesleyans here are no truer to the cause of the slave than any other church in the city, with all their boasting. If it was thought by those men who took part in the concert, to gag Mr. Brown, they were foiled; for, last night, according to the notice in the Liberator, he spoke in the city hall to one of the largest audiences I ever saw assembled here.—Long before he arrived, the house was crowded, and a more peaceably disposed meeting, I have seldom seen in this place. It was gratifying to see the deal with the monster slavery, its aids, and those who apologize for it; and, as usual, the church came in for its well-merited share of stern rebuke. I would like to give you a sketch of his remarks, but my time and your space will not allow. It must suffice to say, it was a most powerful, eloquent address, and will long be remembered as one of the most powerful appeals in behalf of freedom ever made in this city. Yours, truly, J. E. G.

WEST INDIA APPRENTICESHIP. NO. XVII.

Extracts from the Journal of Major John B. Colt, *while acting under the appointment of the British Government as Special Magistrate in Barbadoes, during the memorable experiment of negro apprenticeship in the West Indies.*

I have read the accounts lately received from the Northern States of America, with much satisfaction, showing the increasing popularity of abolition, in which the liberties of nearly three millions of slaves are involved. In a memorandum made some months ago, I mentioned the circumstance of two American gentlemen having visited this colony, Messrs. Kimball and Thome. These gentlemen came to Barbadoes to inform themselves correctly of the working of the apprenticeship, and to carry back with them reports of our proceedings to their northern friends. I had the pleasure of frequent interviews with these respectable persons, who seemed unprejudiced, and resolved to give their judgments fair play. Mr. Kimball sat upon the bench with me for a whole day, in which I happened to have a good many cases. He took notes of any particulars he thought fit, and expressed himself greatly pleased with what he witnessed; for though there were several trifling complaints, to lump all such at the end of the year, the amount of crime would be little indeed. I was greatly pleased with the manner these gentlemen conducted their inquiries. They left no party unsaded, which enabled them to draw just conclusions. They did me the favor to send me fourteen questions in writing, relative to the working of the apprenticeship, and the character, habits, and general conduct of the apprentices. These questions were strictly to the purpose, which I had expected, in answering, I should called upon them with these answers, with which they expressed their satisfaction, and conversed with me upon the data from which I drew my conclusions. And I have only to lament that Mr. Brooks, and others of my countrymen, did not set out with prejudices against the West India colony for the same purpose as the Americans. I admit, as well as Mr. Sturge, that several acts were committed by an under description of planters, of a very revolting character, and for which they were always severely punished. Why, then, does Mr. Sturge not produce evidence that such persons were not punished by the Special Magistrates, when the case was proved? The Special Magistrates of this colony, to my certain knowledge, have done their duty uprightly and honorably; and I confess, sincerely speaking, as I am, I have often thought the gentlemen bore too hard upon the planters, in that there might have been some error in judgment. I am old enough to be the father of any of those specials, with, I trust, some experience. I can safely say that no duty Lever saw performed for the crown, by any of my servants, but I have ever been better discharged than the special duties of this colony, under circumstances of the most trying difficulty.—They were, every man of them, impressed with the serious responsibilities of their office, and therefore discharged their duties with unwearied assiduity.

That Mr Sturge visited Jamaica is quite true, as well as other colonies; but is it not strange that in his report he made no distinction amongst them all, as to the conduct of the planters or Special Magistrates? Not he. Now I am fully informed that the utmost difference exists in the conduct, particularly of the planters of some of the colonies—for instance, in Jamaica—as up to this time, the beginning of August, 1837, the colonists there have resisted and almost defied the government, and will not legislate to meet the provisions of the imperial act. Then persons, it appears, will neither lead nor drive.—They have not, up to this day, passed any enactment, having for its object the classification of the apprentices, which is a most essential part of the Imperial act, next, perhaps, to the abolition of slavery itself. The object in classification is plain enough—mercy to the negro, who, before abolition, was twisted about from one description of labor to another, by the capricious temper of his master, who resorted to these perpetual changes of occupation, to inflict a punishment on his slave. Thus it was, when a house servant, who, perhaps, for 15 or 20 years did nothing but wait at table, was upon the slightest provocation, ordered into the field, with a hoe in his hand, for one week or a month, there to expiate his offence. If, therefore, the framers of the Imperial act neglected to insert the classification clause, a power would still have been left in the hands of the planters to inflict punishment upon their apprentices. If the planters were in their right senses, this clause of the Imperial act should have been received by them with satisfaction, if for a moment they but considered that, for ages past, the planters generally were actually destroying their own best interests by this particular description of punishment; and by so doing, bringing the labor of the field into disrepute, which it should be their object. Instead, then, of the planters in any of the colonies resisting this particular portion of the Imperial act, they should at once have given it their full support, and been thankful that any party had come forward to take care of their interests for them.

The punishment, during Slavery, of punishing house servants by sending them into the field to perform field labor, is obvious in its unhappy effects upon the prædial laborers generally, who have been brought up with the conviction of the daily disgrace they undergo in the performance of field labor.—Here, then, was another of the mad freaks of Slavery. When men run the risk of ultimate ruin, to gratify a sudden fit of impotent passion, no observations of mine are strong enough in the condemnation of this practice, which is as old as slavery itself. When these gentlemen found they must submit, why, in the name of common sense, don't they do so with a good grace? Do these persons, by their hostility to these things, mean to defy the power of the mother country to carry them into effect? This is too absurd to be thought of. Every newspaper from Jamaica is full of violent articles relating to this subject, and details of facts almost incredible, tending to make us suppose that the planters are going mad, and resolved to take no part in the great work going on, and determined to dispute every inch of ground, over which this grand array of public opinion is steadily marching. I am inclined to cry, 'Jamaica, beware! You are bound to perform your part of a great compact. If you do not, take the consequences.' The eyes of the whole world are upon you! The vengeance of the people of England will be upon you, if you don't submit to be wise, and that without delay. Every day enlists hosts of men on the side of abolition.—The grand impetus has been given by England; and sooner or later, America will be emancipated from the world. Ought not the planters generally, to feel proud of being a party to this vast undertaking, by which they have everything to gain, and (with a little precaution) nothing to lose? They have lost nothing hitherto is most certain. Property on sale brings more than it did; the estates are admitted to be in an excellent state of order and agricultural cleanliness—the exports and imports exceeding by far those in slavery—and above all, the planters have got rid of the awful responsibility of slave owners, and all the dangers and disgrace attending a system so abominable.

From the Glasgow Christian Witness.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR—GLASGOW CONTRIBUTION.

We regret that we did not see the contents of the chest, which a committee in Glasgow have just sent off to Boston, till the 11th of this month, when very day on which they began to pack the goods for shipment. Had we seen the gay collection of fish and varnished articles at an earlier day, though we had previously recommended the object to the tender sympathy and nimble fingers of our fair readers, we might have even more spoken a word in behalf of the *bondmen of the fresh nation in the world!* And yet another post will reach Boston before the opening of the great Anti-Slavery Bazaar, on New Year's day; money, articles of *virtu*, beautiful trifles, books, prints, &c., can be sent; if there be still *the will*, we shall find the way. But if there be real penitence for past neglect, and if ingenious hands and skilled fingers cannot accomplish within the limited time what the donors would willingly send, let them plan, and labor, and hoard up, that a better chance may offer next year in due time will be opened; and though some liberal contributors by that time will be numbered with the dead, others will see that their benevolent intentions are carried into effect—their works shall follow them. But a word about the Glasgow chest.—On this very day two weeks, just when the curtain was about to rise, and the chest, with official gazers, the rich, beautiful and varied articles that had been prepared, we found our way to the place of deposition. It was not the colonial, the clothier, or a milliner, or a dress-maker, or a shoemaker, or a carver and gilder, or a furnisher, or a stationer, that met the eye, but something of all these combined, beautifully, and tastefully, and to-tefully arranged. But, will our readers believe it? we surveyed the whole with a mercenary spirit, and went on, regretting that the donors had invested nothing, exaggerated nothing, colored nothing. There are horrors which defy hyperboles. Use the strongest words of the human tongue, and you will never exceed the truth, in describing the despotism of Russia, or the slavery of the United States. Hell itself must coin a language, by which to express the inexpressible that best proclaim the power of Satan over earth.

Abolitionism, only, registers with accuracy the sins naturally produced by the system of slavery, whose unseen effluvia penetrates in the depths of the social organization;—worthy, in other respects, to command the admiration of the world. From those unostentatious hands, the accusation, which the arguments of a powerful logic enlighten, develop and confirm. It is a difficult, ungrateful and factitious task, Abolitionism pursues; it with the devotion of the first Christians, who advanced firmly to their end, for they knew the future was theirs. Business, however long in coming, is certain, if, as history proves it, perfection is a providential law of nations.

As all great and noble ideas are linked together, those who have undertaken to abolish the property of man by man,—taking the high ground of universal brotherhood,—are at the head of all movements designed to promote mankind. Peace, temperance, the suppression of capital punishment, have them for their promoters. It is not to be wondered at, that, exciting against them the popular prejudices, the abettors of bloodshed, the drunkards and the hangmen, join the slaveholders in decrying their common enemies; fanatics, disturbers of social order, and revolutionists, endeavoring to effect, by all means, the destruction of a free, glorious and powerful republic.

This public feeling will become more, more glorious, and more powerful, will blush some day at having misunderstood, as did the people of Israel, those messengers of God to whom she will be indebted for her salvation. Abolitionism, in spite of its *amende honorable*, will become more proud to have been the *alma mater* of an opposite of human kind, which is—what? . . . . . then at having nurtured those warriors and statesmen who to-day obtain the applause of the multitude. Courage, then, heroic laborers! But you need not, my friends, wonder at finding the yoke in your holy work; and if it crosses the Atlantic, it is only to offer itself as a faint echo of Christian Europe, who, in admitting republican institutions, abhors slavery.

Paris, France.

ANOTHER TRAITOR TO FREEDOM!

It is with shame and mortification we are called to present to our readers and the people of New Hampshire, the following letter from Lewis Cass—a man from whom our own State, whose free air he first breathed, and all the free States, had a right to expect better things. Twelve years since, he, man in Congress was understood to sanction morality to the principles of the Wilmot Proviso than he. Now, at one leap, he has gone to the other extreme. He has thrown off his mask in the wake of Buchanan, who did propose to exclude slavery from Upper California, Gen. Cass goes for positively legalizing it! Buchanan's proposition we thought infamous enough to exclude the idea of any man or party going beyond it. In this, it seems, we were mistaken. This letter places its author beyond the pale of John C. Calhoun himself. It goes the whole length of Calhoun's celebrated resolutions. And why is this? Does any one believe Gen. Cass is so demented as not to know and know slavery to be a curse not only to its victims, but to the very earth on which its foot tracks are made? Does any man believe him honest, when he talks about slavery as being into the territory we propose to annex? If slavery cannot go there, why not pass the Wilmot Proviso?

Does any man believe Gen. Cass is weak enough to think the South will make him President for his treason. He cannot have been born and educated among the hills of our own free State—he cannot have spent the nights and days of the free West in greatness and power, without feeling that that greatness is owing to the absence of slavery, and that the people are devoted to freedom. Answer, yet, with the experience of fifty years, during which time slavery has burned up every green spot in more portions of the country, for the paltry bauble of the Presidency, which the south can never give him, he has cast himself into the scale of the worst tyranny that blasts the earth. Unhappy man! he will find out that he is too late, that he has betrayed his country, and missed the price of his treason. He will go down to his grave without the Presidency, without honor, and with the curses of unborn millions on his epitaph.

We cannot see far into the future. What the effect of this letter may be cannot be certainly foretold. Cass is little deceived if he has elegant gentlemen, opens the door, and exhibits his merchandise. Do you want a boy or a girl? You can have the one or the other at a fair price, and to your taste, as you may prefer; the ebony black or the yellow, or the white, on which not a trace of African blood is perceptible. At the end of this year, surrounded by the flower of the Southern range fail you not, emerge from the depths of a subterranean place, at the merchant's command, human merchandise of both sexes, assume scarcely dressed, some scarcely able to walk in consequence of the horrible tortures they have undergone, and others obliged, as a matter of precaution, to drag a large beam from each foot. * * *

But the *Negro-pen* discloses what is perpetrated in darkness. We are from time to time, on the railroad from Charleston to Augusta. The train stops at a station, and the gentlemen's baggage car. Is it to receive a fresh mail-bag, or is it to take some passengers' trunks? No; two Negroes are hurried in, bearing a long iron collar round the neck, and fastened together by a heavy three feet chain. What is the crime of these unfortunates? They are runaway slaves, carried back to their bounded masters. Let anyone betake ourselves to the Exchange at New Orleans. Amidst furniture, pictures, clocks, are sold, together or separately, fellow beings, a number of whom have fled from chains. None present themselves to preserve unbroken the strongest of nature's ties. The husband is sold to a distant place, and the wife, the babe is sold by weight to a brutal speculator, who tears it from the maternal bosom.

If even space did not fail, my pen would refuse to conduct me through the succession of atrocious crimes, of which I have been a reluctant witness. Picture to yourself an unlimited number of facts, similar to those which I have but slightly sketched; study, without being led away by the engaging manners of planters, the impure source of an ostentatious opulence, founded on the moral degradation and physical prostration of large portion of the human family; be convinced, as I have been, that when Americans boldly assert that the Negroes are well fed, well clothed, well housed, they utter three falsehoods; examine the bloody laws which would seem to emanate from legislatures of hangmen, and which are necessary to uphold a violent and unnatural union; and you will contemplate the base servility which the North shows to the South in surrendering unfortunate fugitives, of the unanimous vote of a Constitution only to speak louder than the moral shame practised not only by Christianity, but by the Koran itself; follow the Federal Government in its great political measures, such as the annexation of Louisiana, the Missouri Compromise, the War of Florida, the annexation of Texas, and the unholy War with Mexico, worthy to crown these successive endeavors to strengthen, propagate and perpetuate, if possible, the filthy sore of Slavery, and after this you will not, you will not, you cannot, you will not nothing, exaggerated nothing, colored nothing. There are horrors which defy hyperboles. Use the strongest words of the human tongue, and you will never exceed the truth, in describing the despotism of Russia, or the slavery of the United States. Hell itself must coin a language, by which to express the inexpressible that best proclaim the power of Satan over earth.

Abolitionism, only, registers with accuracy the sins naturally produced by the system of slavery, whose unseen effluvia penetrates in the depths of the social organization;—worthy, in other respects, to command the admiration of the world. From those unostentatious hands, the accusation, which the arguments of a powerful logic enlighten, develop and confirm. It is a difficult, ungrateful and factitious task, Abolitionism pursues; it with the devotion of the first Christians, who advanced firmly to their end, for they knew the future was theirs. Business, however long in coming, is certain, if, as history proves it, perfection is a providential law of nations.

As all great and noble ideas are linked together, those who have undertaken to abolish the property of man by man,—taking the high ground of universal brotherhood,—are at the head of all movements designed to promote mankind. Peace, temperance, the suppression of capital punishment, have them for their promoters. It is not to be wondered at, that, exciting against them the popular prejudices, the abettors of bloodshed,

CINCINNATI.

This city is making rapid progress in the aspect between the free States and Slave States. It is a sketch from a paper not heretofore noted for its opposition to Slavery. There is a likeness in it:

☞ The Slave Power.—But here we wish to ask a question. Suppose the Southern Democrats—Suppose—as will certainly be the case—the slaveholders with their slaves move into any territory required West of the Rio Grande, do they believe that these slaveholders will be willing to retain their slaves and institute slave institutions there? Do they believe that the Constitution of Mexico and the decisions of the Supreme Court law operate to prevent such a result? *We do not.* On the contrary, we believe that on any territory within the *terras calientes* (warm lands,) slavery will be instituted, if Congress does not prohibit it. The United States have declared their right to do so—and the wave of slave population has already reached the Northern Mexico. Slaveholding States have *always governed this country.* It is in vain to point to the overwhelming 'masses of the Democracy.' They make excellent Market House meetings, and count great numbers on Census Roll; but one Southern statesman is more potent in the Government of this Union than all of them put together. The intelligent, strong-minded Aristocrat in the South *moves*, and has always moved, in all time, *their very politics impulses* to toll the multitude in whatever direction he pleases. If territory is taken where cotton and sugar cane grow, slavery will go on it, and slave States arise.—*Cin. Chronicle.*

A WAR SERMON.

The State Sentinel publishes and compliments a sermon (so called) preached before the 1st regiment of Indiana Volunteers, before their departure from Madison, by Rev. Wm. M. Daily, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The discourse was a prostitution of the pulpit—a desecration of the holy Sabbath on which it was delivered—a libel on Christianity—and a satire on the mockery of the Divine Being, whose advent into the world, the angels celebrated as the joy of humanity, was announced by Angels, in a song of rejoicing, whose chorus ran:

'Glory to God in the highest!
On earth Peace, and Good Will to Men!'
—*Tippecanoe Journal.*

We are not able to see the difference between preaching to volunteers before they leave Indiana, and sending chaplains to Mexico, to encourage our armies, and pray to the Divine Being for success in the battle-field—pray, as did the fighting Methodist preacher, in the midst of powder, plenty of daylight, and no cowards—then get up, and order his men to march on to butchering his fellow-beings. Our ministers should be supplied with chaplains, our navy most have holy chaplains, men of God, to sing 'on earth peace and good will to men,' and then ask God to give success to the human butchery, for these men are ordained to pray for their success in butchery and murder. If war is legitimate, all this is well enough, and should not be condemned; but if war is illegitimate, then these priests should not do most of the fighting. They could set a good example to the enemy by their conduct, for the Bible says, 'Love your enemies,' 'Pray, and Fight!' would be the watchword, we reckon.

If war is an instrument in the hands of God, as the Rev. Mr. Daily says, to civilize and Christianize Mexico, he certainly does not want the wicked to engage in the work. The religious ought to do all the fighting.

We are a believer in the religion of Christ, but not in this murdering, butchering, cut-throat slaveholding sort of religion. We were well nigh persuaded, as Christ was crucified, to call in our life, but regard it now as a libel on Christianity, and a solemn mockery of the Divine Being.—[Indianapolis Free Press.

THE LIBERATOR:

BOSTON, JANUARY 14, 1848.

THE FOURTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

Another, yet the same—the fourteenth return of this holy festival of Freedom—sent an impulse of hope and joy through the hearts of the oppressed of America—the slaves and the abolitionists. This new guaranty of perseverance makes the first class more hopeful and patient—the last, more resolute and devoted.

God be thanked that the principles, the object and the measures of this combination of persons of such various characters and conditions, being true, right and wise at the beginning, have continued unchanged for so many years, through every stress of circumstance, trial and temptation. To change from good to evil, to fall away from right and justice, is the great sin of man against humanity.—What a subject, then, for joyful congratulation, that these are

'—— constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.'

A mountain of national pretension has been beaten to dust, and blown away like chaff, to find a few persons with heart, and head, and principle enough conjoined, to stand by the everlasting right together, through every assault of the slaveholding community around them. The calumny of the hostile—the apathy of the neutral—the rage of the moderate—the tortuous threats of the open world villany that fawns while it stabs, and clings to its disguises and pretensions as its best defence—the pretended disapprobation of the selfish hypocrite, whose practice belies his principles, while it fills his purse—the self-disgracing a voidance of

'The timid good that stand aloof,'

all these pass unrespected by them; and still they remain identified with the enslaved, and in opposition to the great slaveholding majority that vainly brings its every engine of force and fraud, flattery and abuse, bribery and persecution, to bear upon their integrity. They find themselves the chosen representatives of the worthiest Americans; and they feel that confidence, like that reposed in them, is the strongest possible obligation to be, to do, and to suffer, all that fidelity in such a case commands.

Go on as you have begun—die as you have lived—executive of the American and Massachusetts anti-slavery societies!—and doubt not that you shall be sustained to your last hour in this severe but ennobling service, by the unswerving fidelity of those who lay it upon your shoulders. Still agitate the question of freedom for the slave, at whatever loss or hazard to yourselves; still refuse a compromise with the slaveholder; still deny to him your religious sanction and political fellowship; still expose dishonesty, and strip the mask from pretence; still stand, as now, united for freedom; and you shall never lack such help as your co-labors throughout the world can give you.

Thanks to your own concentrating constancy, the pecuniary means of agitation, to the full extent of the existing moral means, have never been withheld from you. Let the complete success of this, the fourteenth annual effort of the abolitionists to sustain you, as the impersonations of their principles, and the servants of their enterprise, be to you an assurance that the future shall be as the past, and yet more abundantly!

Notwithstanding the severe money-pressure, and the detention of the expected box of goods which (the devotedness and exquisite taste of the British friends have made so valuable, the receipts of the Bazaar were FOUR THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS; and from the amount of goods remaining and to arrive, we are justified in the conclusion, that, before the close of the year, the sales contemplated in various parts of the country, will have enabled the committee of the Bazaar to fulfil their wish of ultimately placing TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS at the disposition of the American Society.

We are continually defeated in our purpose of describing the 'glorious ten days,' for the gratification of the British friends, by the perpetually throwing crowd of grateful acknowledgments, for which our hearts demand expression.

But we will begin, however frequently we must, in this manner, be interrupted. How to make FANEUIL HALL look beautiful for a festal occasion, is a problem before which even the city government, with all its means of manufacturing money, and all its freedom from scruples to use the United States stripes and pennons as ornamental insignia, might well shrink away in despair. How to clothe with beauty this barren platform? How to screen from view those bare barracks of galleries? How to fill gracefully the awkwardly empty area? How to hide that ever-frowning unfinished brick-bare the bird of spoil, that threatens Freedom from above the entrance? How to shut out the sights of discolored walls and dirty streets, without obscuring the light from the windows? 'Eureka!' They have found it!—the hall shall become a gothic cathedral. This work is our worship—the most acceptable, indeed the *only* acceptable, that Americans can offer to God; since without it,—nothing. For lack of it, all the Sabbath solemnities of our land are sin. As in Israel of old, because of oppression, so here, in the United States, 'it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.' We have an acceptable worship—let us have a temple for its exercise;—one whose ascending lines shall carry the soul upward, like the Medieval architecture; not press it downward for its elysium, like the transverse bars of the horizontal Greek. Spring a 'cedarn' screen-work, (as Milton would have had us say,) along the galleries, from capital to capital of their supporting pillars,—not forgetting to feather every pillar correspondingly, with the same aromatic growth. Run a similar array of arches across the platform, for a chancel-screen:—behind it, plant cedars tall enough to sweep the roof, that the arches beneath their lowest boughs may delude the eye by a counterfeit perspective:—delineate a trefoil in every arched screen, by means of wreaths of evergreen, and represent the longitudinal bars more gracefully than ever yet was done in stone, by erecting a slender tree to represent each, every spire of which shall show like pencilling against the eastern light:—rear a tall arched shrine in the centre, where sunlight shall touch, in its feathery green with gold every morning, and gas-light flood it every night, and troops of fairy-like children, laden with their Christmas gifts, glance in and out at every hour between:—let the tables of the lady-merchants surround, corresponding to the stalls of pretendedly rich and knight-companions in old romains:—let gothic drapery fall smoothly from each window-top, and line it lozenge-wise across, with cords, and so teach 'light to counterfeit a gloom' like that of diamond ground-glass:—trace in the top of each window, a cross of evergreen, and in each centre, by means of China transparencies, framed in ruby, sapphire and emerald glass, hang

'Stern saints and tortured martyrs round;'—

and the work is done. You have a delightful touch of Norman Gothic in your cathedral, which will so 'wonders for the sales; for it shall raise men's minds above the small endeavors of the hour, and make money seem of no value but to serve the cause of Heaven withal.

Now thrust every 'escutcheon and banner riven,' and riven to the centre some of them are, with the severe service of many an anti-slavery field,) over the galleries. Pshaw! not fit for them! Let that be dictate of our meeting-house puritanism, which ceased to be a model when it sanctioned slaveholding; but transversely from them, ecclesiastically, as it were, so that every noble motto can be read, each under each, from the entrance. *Now the great Scottish remonstrance*, (I should call it a prodigious scroll 'tis the cover of doom' to slavery) in a star of five points over the whole hundred feet square of the new old Cathedral; tall every unbelieving young merchant's 'prentice, and scoffing old merchant a *wife*, shall wonder, by way of alleviating their awkward spasms of provoked agony, 'how many hundred lawyers' clerks it must have taken to manufacture it!' Indulge their lawyer-like vulgarities:—they are learning, for the first time, in the 'land of Bibles, and Sabbaths, and sanctuary privileges,'—the land of 'inalienable human rights'—the land of Bunker Hill, and Trenton, and Ticonderoga, and Valley Forge, and Yorktown, that the *freedom* they trample on is deemed a glorious *Cause*, elsewhere; and that covenanted Scotland is cheering onward its triumphant march.

All this is easier said than done; and that it was done, and the whole work of the country delighted with the effect, is owing to the energy and activity of Messrs. Smith and Weston, of Reading and Stoneham, Jenkins of Andover, Wellington of Lexington, Levy of Lowell, Brigham of Abington, Fairbanks of Providence, friends in North Bridgewater, West Roxbury, Lynn, and other places, who all combined to make Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane as meet, to the alarm of all pro-slavery Macbeths. A 'moving grove' was needed, and a moving grove came. To Messrs. Wellington, Jackson, Channing, May, and others, who so indefatigably and tastefully arranged the goods, so amply and generously furnished, it is owing, that, after three days of strenuous exertion, all was ready to receive the representatives of the anti-slavery of thirty towns and cities of America, co-operating with us on the occasion.

The foremost of these were BOSTON, CAMBRIDGE, WORCESTER, LYNN, PLYMOUTH, DEDHAM, NEW-BEDFORD, SALEM, CONCORD, WEYMOUTH, HINGHAM, WEST BROOKFIELD.

But, as it is neither city, nor town, nor navy, nor palace, that constitutes a State, so it is neither hall, nor decoration, nor rich donations, nor beautiful arrangements, nor even good principles that constitute a cause. No—men only, who live out such principles—

'high-minded men;
'Men who their duties know,
'But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain:
'Prevent the long aimed blow,
'And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain!'

These constitute a *cause*. And none could look on Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and Francis Jackson, and Edmund Quincy, and Henry C. Wright, and Samuel May, and Pillsbury, and Foster, and Stone, and Douglass, and Brown, and Buffum, and Parker, and Channing, as they stood, marked men amid the crowd—or listen to the glorious eloquence that touched their lips with fire, without feeling also how true the thought of Alcœus, that

'Towns constitute a *State*.'

The union of freemen, which is to supersede the American union of slaveholders, begun when the American Anti-Slavery Society was constituted of souls like these. Long may they live to shame the knavery that knows so little of the power of high character, that it unwittingly exposes itself, by giving the name of dignity and independence to their faithful rebuke of crime; and the weak baseness that flinches away from the fearless side of the only practical exponents of its own professed principles!

Other eyes than those of their own countrymen were there to look upon them. We rejoiced to welcome the gifted and excellent Dr. NICHOL, and his highly esteemed countryman, the late editor of the London Inquirer, Mr. HICKS, to both of whom we gave a tribute of special gratitude as friends of our friends, and promoters of our cause.

But the list of towns represented was not confined to Massachusetts. From the State and city of New York came effectual aid. The representatives of the friends in Western New-York were there with contributions; while Ohio friends, not personally present, were represented by their beautiful donations.

A new and beautiful feature in the evening's arrangements was the occasional introduction of vocal and instrumental music, from members of W. E. Channing's congregation, through the obliging exertions of Mr. Wilkinson.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Chickering, who sent from his celebrated manufactory an admirable piano forte for the occasion.

At the upper end of the Hall hung a subscription list of the new anti-slavery paper. We seize this earliest opportunity to mention it:—THE NORTH STAR, published at Rochester, N. Y., at $2 00 per annum, by FREDERICK DOUGLASS. May he make himself a tower of strength in Western New-York, to which the friends of the cause in that whole region of country may gather, in perfect confidence and trust:—May he never tolerate crime, lest he be called a bigot:—May he never excuse iniquity, lest he be called intolerant; nor stand aloof from the good and true, lest the vicious and the foolish call him a partisan; nor unite with evil to avoid the imputation, from the weak and designing, of being quarrelsome; nor shrink from giving and receiving fellowship for fear of being suspected of uniting in individuality by those who have no esteem for the cause; nor be injured by the 'gift that blindeth the eyes'; nor be seduced by party or sect to purchase popularity at the expense of fidelity; nor to increase the subscription to his paper by diminishing its anti-slavery power; nor deem it possible to be respected and sustained at the same time, by things so opposite in their nature and moving springs, as Liberty party and Liberty league, and that earliest, and latest, and purest anti-slavery, which that party and league sneer at as 'Garrisonism.' Let him be, as heretofore, proof against every form of temptation, and long and glorious shall be his career, like that of CLARKSON, (whose past is already sealed,) and GARRISON, (whom God preserve to a like late and faithful ending!) lies before him. More fortunately circumstanced than TOUSSAINT—more correctly principled than OGE and CHAVANNES—may his success be made proportionate to his zeal, to the devotedness and perseverance to the end. Such are the charges and the wishes by which the elder servants of the cause ever manifest their deep interest in the welfare of their younger co-laborers, when entering upon trying and hitherto untried departments of the cause.

For eight successive evenings, the cedarn arches of the hall rang with the truth and eloquence of Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips, W. W. Brown, (like Douglass, a self-educated fugitive, able to take a moral and intellectual rank far above the very men who reproachfully ask us 'how the blacks are to take care of themselves?') Stephen S. Foster, H. C. Wright, Stephen May, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Edmund Quincy, W. H. Channing, Thomas T. Stone, and E. H. Chapin. Mr. Garrison's health, exhausted by his devoted labors at the West, permitted him to be present only occasionally, and his voice was consequently heard but for a moment, introducing Hl. C. Wright to the Assembly, and the presentation of the great Remonstrance of Scottish women, (published in the Liberator a few weeks since.) It was a sublime sight to see this immense array of noble names—the same that have brightened Scottish song and story from age to age—now illustrating our nineteenth century by their united testimony to liberty. The feebles imagination must kindle at the sight as

'In slow procession moves each shadowy file,
'Of the spirits of this gathering FORTY THOUSAND
'Take possession of the old high places of our Liberty!' The coldest heart must glow to hear this sound of the Women of Scotland, rising in the majesty of their mercy, to waken the slumbering womanhood of America to the long forgotten claims of freedom and humanity.

'Could the Women of Scotland'—and make the Women of America worthy of their noble companionship in a cause so grand and awful! They have not sent us their voices alone across the Atlantic to its aid. The tables around are covered with their valuable gifts. From Glasgow, from Edinburgh, and Kirkaldy, and last, not least, in beautiful offerings, 'Fair Fearn;' and a multitude of other places, the Patons, and the Welshes, and the Wighams, and the Youngs, the Mortons, and the Readdies, the Smeals, and their friends, have united to bless and beautify this occasion, with taste and magnificence incomprehensible to the souls that have been dwarfed and hardened by slavery. If a few months of its influence could dry up the springs of freedom in the hearts of Cunningham and Chalmers, (the representatives to America of the very church of Freedom,—what would the withering effect on our land of life? Let us trust that these and other precious influences from the land of our fathers, may at length counteract the horrid spell that binds our own; and rejoice that every communication we receive from thence, is a pledge of the continuance of the blessing of such influences among us.

In looking forward with our list of contributors, we most gratefully acknowledge the valued contributions of the friends in Carlisle—the Carrs, the Nicholsons, the Peiles, and others who have helped us.

The name of Esther Bright, of Rochdale, who forwards valuable donations from that place, shall be cherished among slaves and abolitionists, as that of a brother, John Bright, is by the suffering classes of England.

To Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Cobden, Mrs. Woolley and others whose energetic sympathy has done so much in Manchester for the Bazaar, we can present but the poor tribute of thanks; but in the record of a land degraded by slavery, that those labors may yet save—in behalf of outraged humanity in bondage—that we thank them; and the blessing of those who are ready to perish accompanies our acknowledgments.

The Browns and the Trends of Bridgewater, with their friends, whose exquisite taste has so much enhanced our beautiful collection, will rejoice to hear of the safe arrival and successful sale of their donations.

An interesting trait of unconquerable perseverance comes to mind with the mention of the box from Leeds, forwarded by Mr. Lupton. A similar one was sent last year, which never reached its destination, though every search was made for it in the tidings received and on the books of the steam transportation company on both sides of the Atlantic. Undiscouraged by this failure, the second box was forwarded from the same persons, and we rejoice to say, greatly to the furtherance of the cause. The rare and attractive consignment of Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington, also enclosed, was admired by thousands, and added much to the interest of the season.

We entreat our Bristol friends, the Carpenters, the Estlins, the James, and numberless others whom they represent, and to whom they will know how to make our grateful acknowledgments acceptable, never to feel too deeply the accident which compelled the return of their noble donation to Cork, and thereby prevented its seasonable arrival. For we contemplate a sale as early in the spring as the state of the money market will permit, and we have no doubt of the favorable results for the cause, which would have ensued from the timely reception for the Bazaar of this choice collection.

The cause demands of us no common expression of gratitude to those friends in Ireland, whose judicious philanthropy has made one and the same operation the means of relieving the starving Irishman and the persecuted American slave. They have employed and paid their peasantry in the manufacture of elegant little works of taste and fancy, for the Bazaar, and thus discharged at once a duty as citizens of Ireland, and citizens of the world.

The quality that Shakespeare make

'Bless him that gives and him that takes,—
'Is twice blessed:—
'It blesses him that gives and him that takes,—
'Is trebly blessed: then think with cheer,
'That every sacrifice you give
'Hath blessed yourselves—the poor—the slave.

Letters from Ireland add that our friends there send their contributions in grateful testimony of their sense of recent instances of American benefaction To the Webbs, the Haughtons, and the Allens of Philadelphia—the Pennsylvanians, the Manvizes, the Varians, the Roches, the Beamishes, the Whites, of Cork, and to the numerous other Irish friends, to whose constancy and devotedness, and munificent generosity, the cause owes so much, our most affectionate acknowledgments are tendered, for their welcome and well-chosen gifts.

We would fain recapitulate them all, and for the sake of our absent friends, dwell with minute and merited description on every thing curious and beautiful, from the much admired sea mosses and splendid table cover of Cork, to the Edinburgh Tartan shawls, and embroidered Thibets, Paisley shawls, cloths, books, and Bibles from Glasgow and Aberdeen, Rochdale and Manchester *papier maches*, the Coventry knitted curtains, Dublin papeterie, the Belfast knitting, the Perth cushions and other beautiful goods. But time and space would fail; and to those who saw them, words would seem idle. One word, however, respecting the Cork table-cover. It was appraised at 50 dollars—a large sum for the

* We insert the following extract, respecting the employment of their female poor, hoping it may in some way further the benevolent purposes of our Irish friends:—

'The ladies of the Skibbereen Relief Association have, since the forming of their Committee, opened an Industrial School for plain and fancy knitting and needle work. For the manufacture of flax and wool. There are two mistresses—one to teach knitting of all kinds, and to give out work to females at their own residences, the other to superintend the flax and wool in all their stages.

'The Ladies' Committee hope to inspire the poor females under them with *self-dependence*, by proper to them that they may, *by their own exertions*, improve their condition.

'There are at the present, nearly two hundred females employed; and if the funds would admit, four times the number would be on the list for work.

'The Committee cannot sufficiently hope that those who are friends to industry will contribute a small mite towards the support of an Institution, which has been established for the poor females of Skibbereen from their present state of pauperism, *by their own exertions*.'

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times, though by no means large in proportion to its beauty and attractiveness. The friends gathered round it, and fifty of them united to raise that sum for the cause, leaving it to chance if Hall should receive it. Lo! it was the lot of John T. Hilton, and friends: a man of color, a devoted abolitionist, and a member of the executive board of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society from the earliest days of the cause. He it was, who interest in the cause, and confidence in its success, excited, led him promptly and efficiently to aid Wm. LLOYD GARRISON at the commencement of the Liberator. Those present on the occasion of Garrison's lecture to the people of color in Boston, (for to them he first addressed himself,) will never forget the deep emotion with which they gazed upon the man, who, hailing as the Israelites did the sight of Moses, the appearance of one who chose to suffer affliction with them, rather than to enjoy the rewards of their oppressors; nor wonder at the liberal joy with which they helped him to lay the corner-stone, on which we are now united, with them, to build the noble edifice of Freedom.

This year's Anti-Slavery Bazaar was marked by an entirely new feature, and one that deserves special record and cordial welcome.

But a few weeks before the time appointed for the opening of the Bazaar, the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society held its annual meeting, and in view of the manifestations of friendliness to our principles and our enterprise which had been gratefully perceived on the part of some of the ministers and congregations of the city, the Society resolved to commend the approaching occasion to them, by proffering an earnest invitation to aid the cause. To this invitation, members of the congregations of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke and the Rev. Theodore Parker responded so warmly, that a table from the minority of each of these congregations was the result; both Mr. Parker and Mr. Clarke cheering and encouraging the effort. When in after times, from every repentant section of the great American Church, now so hostile, shall come similar evidences of awakening to the claims of freedom, it shall be remembered of these, that they did what they could, and told as a memorial of them.

The LIBRARY will be enriched in this year more than ever beneficial to the cause. Notwithstanding the great disappointment felt, that the artist should have been prevented, by illness and domestic calamity, from seasonably completing the engraving of FRANCIS JACKSON, still only a sufficient number of copies need be sent to our friends abroad, the bulk of the edition having been disposed of at the Bazaar.

The table of contents is illustrated by the names of many who are widely known and beloved both in the literary and philanthropic world. Is it not a shame to America, and reason enough for the existence of the A. A. S. Society, that we may not speak the name of the distinguished southern gentleman, who is the author of the first article 'The Insurrection, and its Hero,'—lest we endanger his life? The noble poem of Passion and of Power, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, will do more than scores of essays to make the hard-hearted and cautious feel the terrible nature of the evil on which their luxury is founded. The pages written by Douglass and L'Instant, and W. W. Brown, furnish the amplest proof that the soul of the white man reaches no height to which the soul of his darker brother may not attain. Read the interesting correspondence of Parker Pillsbury and Henry C. Wright, if you would know what the soul and the body have to struggle with in the prosecution of the anti-slavery enterprise. Would you learn the futility of the customary charges against abolitionists? Read what is here said by Mr. Garrison and Mr. Douglass. Would you see one of the best of the thousand paraphrases of the Lord's prayer—to the God of Freedom? Read the poem of Benjamin Jones.

The article entitled Abolitionism in America, demands more than a passing notice, because it is the production of one who has learned to look upon the struggle from afar by the severe experiences of his own devoted land. The Count Holinski, exiled from Poland for his attachment to freedom, could not but sympathize with American abolitionists. A passage from one of his letters will show the energy with which he appreciates what his own experience and observation have taught him. 'It is but just,' (we translate from his letter,) 'that every man, no matter what his nation, should express his views on slavery—for it is an incarnated blasphemy against human nature. I feel that, as a native of Poland, I have a peculiar sympathy with the cause of right. Never would my country have become the prey of Russia, Austria and Prussia, if, instead of opposing to these three powers only a chivalrous nobility, she had marshalled a whole people. But we had in our land millions of serfs, to whom the word independence was utterly without significance—and we succumbed.

'If a hope now remains to us, it is in the rational reconstitution of Europe. The example offered by America would have hastened the hour of deliverance to her oppressed nations, if America were not sullied by that monstrous anomaly, which the compass of her institutions cannot cover with joy:—a liberty that is smothered under slavery, can never be contagious. Speedily, then, may the day dawn when abolitionism triumphant, shall have destroyed the obstacle which prevents the new world from influencing the old.'

'The leading idea of Theodore Parker's article, 'Come and do it better,' is exactly such a one as the elder abolitionists used to express in good faith, before they learned that it was for their best works—their main work—their indispensable labor—their cause itself—that men stoned them; not for their errors, excesses or crimes, but for their virtues. Time and experience have learned this already, and writes somewhat ironically. The Lowells, Harriet Martineau, (we fervently greet her return to her country, and her restoration to health,) J. R. Giddings, J. Bayard Taylor, and other names of literary and political distinction, demand and reward a perusal. Mr. Hall has exposed the unavoidable evils of slavery, in a masterly and 'ow'r true tale.' Seven clergymen help to ring this year's Bell. We never hear from *them* that abolitionists are too severe upon the clergy. Why not? For two reasons:—lst, they know their brother ministers to the South and North, have been tried and found wanting; 2d, be sure to read among these articles, the one written by Samuel May, Junior, which shows the reasons for much of the opposition the cause meets. 'Idiot Era,' by a backwoods girl, may be considered, under the circumstances, as an extraordinary production. The beautiful poem of Mrs. Hemans, is reprinted here, as affording the best illustration of the spirit in which this joint effort of British and American abolitionists has been made.

OFFERINGS OF ENGLISH WOMEN

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

BY MARY CARPENTER.

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Offerings we bring to thee, America!
Offerings of deepest love and tenderness,
Such as of old the lowly Mary bore,
To anoint Christ for his burial. Such precious these,
Like here, of costly alabaster wrought,
And filled with odorous perfumes, offerings rich
To outvie Ophir—to love e'en more valuable
When measured with her love. Yet fragrant ours
With incense of full many a loving heart,
And rich in patient striving, to bestow
An earnest of its sympathy. These webs
Were framed by dying hands; the spirit longed,
Ere summoned to its home, to leave a pledge
Of how she loved her Lord, and spent long hours,
Weak, fainting, suffering hours, in weaving these.
The young have delved in dark mines of gold,
Their cherished playthings, and their infant hearts
Have glowed in Gospel joy in bringing them.
The old have given their days of restful ease,
And hallowed their small offerings by their prayers.
The rich have brought their gold in humble love;
The poor their toil, with warm and ardent zeal.
The pencil's art has traced its fairest lines,
To figure forth Nature's loveliest scenes,
The deep thoughts of the heart that prompted it.
And last, not least, the needle has been fair,
Ever wed to a humble place for her poor gift.
The work of her small hands,—'is all she has;'—
These bring we, as to our Saviour at her feet,
Each one her best, as we could; he loves the gifts
Made to his meanest brethren,—heirs with him
Of all the glorious treasures of life.
And we would help to set the bondman free,
To heal the wounded heart;—to render his song,
Thy song of jubilee, in place of wails and fear,
And kindled like thine own with God's pure breath,
To their first glorious heritage,—as men!
O hear the prayers of women! hear us not
That from our homes we lift our earnest voice;—
Say not we trouble thee with these our cries.
Have we not listened to thine Saviour's words,
And sat at his loving reverence at his feet,
To drink his spirit in? Have we not watched
His looks of sorrow, and his tears shed
For love and them for his sake? And shall we now
Silently see our sisters bound in chains,—
Heaven's holiest ties polluted,—and the souls
Of immortals—degraded to the brutes?
Shall we behold them on the hated block,
Sold in the highest bidder,—and not speak?
America! Thy country, glorious, great,
As ever it should be,—is sinking down
To be the scorn of nations. All thy gold
Tainted with the price of human blood,
Too foul of old, not now, for sacred use.
Thy churches have bent their knee one moment
O will thou bend bowen to sanction this foul sin!—
Land of our fathers! Land of our hearts! O, hear!
Forsake not their ashes by thy children's ashes!
Let not the Slave-block shame the sacred soil
Their prayers have hallowed! Wipe the Cain-mark
From thy degraded brow,—and then stand forth
Before the world a nation glorious,—FREE!

Bristol, England.

We regret that the following lines from the distinguished traveller, J. S. Buckingham, were received too late for insertion in the present number of the Liberty Bell:—

A FRIENDLY INVOCATION TO AMERICA

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Written at the request of Mrs. Misses Grant, of Edinburgh, who desired to have my Autograph, as a contribution towards an Anti-Slavery Bazaar, preparing to be held at Boston, in the United States of America.

When will Columbia, in her might,
Rise like a giant from her sleep,
And give the Slave his long lost right,
And set the fetter free in the dust?

Alas! that such a beauteous land,
So vast, so fertile, so sublime,
Should wear upon her front the brand
And impress of so dark a crime!

Up! rouse then, all who wish to see
Columbia's fame, and glory, and peace;
Bid every Slave from hence be free,
And tread his chain beneath his feet.

Then will all freeborn hearts rejoice,
Throughout the gladdened Christian world,
And Europe, with united voice,
Hail Freedom's flag—at length—unfurled.

Till then, where'er her ensign flies,
The stars her spangled banner bears,
Bedimmed with Slavery's frowns and sighs,
Will have their lustre drowned in tears.

Hasten! O God of Love and Peace!
The dawn of that auspicious day,
When Slavery's War shall cease,
Where'er the nations own Thy sway.

British Hotel, Edinburgh,
Nov. 10th, 1847.

The purpose of this little annual volume, commenced in 1839, and now published for the ninth time, is, the promotion of the same through the promulgation of its principles in an attractive form; and through the addition of the receipts of the sale to our treasury. It furnishes us, moreover, with a suitable mode of expressing our sense of services rendered to the cause, and of conveying our sense of fraternity to those whose sympathies and co-operation we prize. Hence it is, that no mere indifferent *literati*, however intellectually gifted, nor any known enemies of the cause or of its advocates, have ever been permitted to occupy these pages. Hostility, however cautiously manifested or unwittingly betrayed, and treachery, have ever been, and will ever be, the most fearful foes of the friends of Freedom; while every incidental expression of difference in opinions and measures, in the treatment of the subject, (the natural result of the native difference in minds, as wines always taste of the soil which produces the grape,) is gladly welcomed as giving zest and variety, and cherishing a liberality of feeling, and a sacred respect for the rights of opinion.

With all the cheering pecuniary demonstrations of interest in our cause, and sympathy with us as its advocates, came the most touching assurances of affection and confidence in our judgment, as shown in our past course, and reliance on our fidelity, as evinced in the various crises of the anti-slavery movement.—May we never disappoint this sacred trust. Did space permit, we should publish them all, for the comfort and cheer of those whom they concern. To enable the beloved friends, who have strengthened us by these valued communications, to do all they wish for our cause, we will, by way of explanation of our object, our principles, and our measures, we will say, in conclusion, a few words concerning them.

OUR OBJECT is the *entire, unconditional and bloodless* liberation of the slaves of this country.

OUR PRINCIPLES are, that slavery is not only a national calamity, but an individual sin; and ought as of these, to be immediately rebuked, abolished, and repented of:—that no man has a right to enslave another—to hold or acknowledge him one moment as property:—that the right to liberty is the first, the most precious, and the most inalienable:—that the color of the complexion should never be made a bar to the enjoyment of any of the rights of man.

OUR MEASURES consist in the promulgation of our principles. In order to convict this nation of its sin, and bring it to repentance, we organize anti-slavery societies, for the purpose of sustaining lectures, conventions, papers and periodicals, appealing to the church, the State, the pulpit, the press, the family—to men and women everywhere, of every condition and profession.

When it is remembered that the American Church sanctions slavery, by elevating slaveholders to the highest and holiest places—and that the National Government sanctions it, by making the citizen, of his physical force, to put down any attempt of the slaves to achieve their liberty—provides for the perpetuation of slavery by authorizing the slaveholder to vote on three-fifths of his slaves as property—supports a standing army at the South for protection—invaded Florida expressly for an addition to his territory, and an extension of his market—enacts that every fugitive slave shall be returned to his master—it is not surprising that such an object, such principles, and such measures, should bring us into direct collision with almost every individual and institution, in our country and world. To men in their civil capacity, we say that their union with slaveholders is criminal and full of danger, and must be broken up. To men in their ecclesiastical capacity, we present the highest moral standard which proclaims the slaveholder a sinner, and declares that a church that sanctions slavery has its overthrow registered on the scroll of destiny.

Of course, every obstacle that hostility, treachery, calumny and apostacy imply, will be thrown in our path. To overcome these obstacles, to promulgate these principles, to convert by such measures this nation to a sense of its high duty, we ask the aid of all who witness our conflict. For further explanations and more minute details, we refer to the LIBERATOR, the organ of our cause, published at Boston, by W. L. GARRISON, subscription $2 per annum in advance, and the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the organ of the Society, published in New York, Sydney Howard Gay, editor, $1 per annum. We also refer to our audited and published report for the last sixteen years. Still there may be those who desire at this moment, a more specific answer to the question—'How do you intend to expend the money that you ask our help to raise?' We reply—

It shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in weakening the slaveocracy, and influencing the individuals whose aggregate make up the public mind, on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organization, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of freedom, and the hatred of slavery, in all places—in aiding fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment, by abolishing the system which enslaves them:—not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home.

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partizanship; but solely in propagandism: and the result will be right action in every ramification of society.

We, therefore, confidently appeal to all in every land to take part in this holy cause. Frail, and suffering, and short-lived, are all here; but a cause like this shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steal against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. Be they Americans—it shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance of their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the fiendishness, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Be they of other nations—our country is the world; and we gladly welcome to our fraternity the children of every clime, and every creed, and greatly rejoice their help in the prosecution of our sacred cause. It may—it must be, that in so doing, we welcome them to suffering. But the consolation of such a cause is proportionate to the renunciation; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace this cause, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Money received by M. W. Chapman, for the Liberty Bell, and the general purposes of the Bazaar, 1847-8.

John C. Gore,	$56 00
Sarah B. Shaw,	10 00
Mary G. Chapman,	5 00
Lucy Gates,	5 00
Rev. I. Caldwell, by H. I. B.,	3 00
Charles F. Hovey,	25 00
F. M. Robbins,	5 00
Joseph Congdon,	5 00
Mrs. A. Lupton, Eng., by Mr. Hinks,	4 83
R. Clapp, Dorchester,	5 00
Sarah S. Russell,	5 00
Wendell Phillips,	10 00
Alexander Holinski,	120 00
David Joy,	15 00
C. Sprague,	5 00
Collections by Mrs. Earle,	6 00
Mrs. L. L. Walker,	3 00
Andrew Robeson,	20 00
Edward Wilder,	1 00
Leominster A. S. Sewing Circle,	2 50
Mrs. Ferrand, Dublin,	1 00
Mrs. M. H. Andrews,	6 00
A friend, Hanson,	2 00
Susan W. Clark, by C. E. W.,	5 00
Mr. Stowell, Warren,	0 50
Friends in Hubbardston, by Caroline E. Waite,	2 00
Mrs. Gilbert, West Brookfield,	25 00
S. H. Earle,	5 50
Sale of books, by same,	2 00
Sales by same on commission,	17 00
Mr. Lupton's collections,	19 32

Merchandize received for the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

1 valuable box of goods from Francis Bishop, Exeter. (Received too late for the Bazaar of last year.)

Per Acadia, Nov. 21st, one case from Joseph Lupton, of Leeds, (contributions of Elizabeth Pease being included.)

Per Britannia, Dec. 5th, 2 boxes from Rebecca Moore, of Manchester.

Per Britannia, 1 case from Mary Ann Cash, of Coventry. (Leamington contribution included.)

Per Britannia, 2 cases from Rochdale, by Esther Bright.

Per Britannia, from Glasgow, 2 boxes by Andrew Paton.

Per Britannia, from Perth, 1 box, by Mary Reside.

Per Britannia, from Jane Wigham, Edinburgh, 1 box, including contributions from Kirkaldy and Wrexham.

Per Britannia, 1 box from Dublin, from R. C. Webb.

Per Hibernia, from Cork, 1 box from Isabel Lennings and Mary Mannie.

Per Hibernia, from Carlisle, 1 box per J. Carr.

Per Chandler Price, 1 box from Bridgewater, including Evesham, per Lucy Browne.

Per Britannia, Jan. 1st, and one parcel from Bristol, by Mary Carpenter. (N. B. The North Bend, by which were shipped the bulk of the Bristol contributions from Bristol, was obliged to put into Cork.)

Parcels received and forwarded per the British Friends.

In Leeds, box:—1 parcel and 1 letter, to Wendell Phillips.

In Glasgow do:—

2 parcels to H. C. Wright.
2 do. to W. L. Garrison.
1 do. to E. Pease Garrison.
1 case gingerbread nuts, H. F. G.

In Edinburgh do:—

1 parcel to Rosetta Douglass.
1 netted woollen muff and tippet to E. F. Garrison.
1 do. do. do. do. Rosetta Douglass.
1 parcel to Mr. I. Scott, Canal st., N. Y.
1 do. to Mrs. Douglass.
1 do. to F. Douglass, from S. & H Hilditch.
1 do. do. do. transparencies.
1 piece of muslin for do.
2 very small parcels for do.
1 parcel to Abraham Church do.
1 purse, H. C. Wright.
1 letter to H. C. W.
1 do. to F. D.
1 do. to W. L. G.

In Dublin box:—

1 small parcel to H. C. W.

In Cork box:—

1 letter, 1 box, 1 parcel, 1 small do., from Mr. Vaughan, for W. L. G.
1 box to J. N. Buffum.
1 parcel to H. C. Wright.
1 box, 1 parcel, 1 do. to E. F. Douglass.
1 parcel to R. B. Forbes.
2 letters for Miss Driscoll.
2 purses, M. W. C.

SONG:

FOR THE BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAR.

'Stern sky—strike off the galling chain!
Set every bondman free!
'Stern slav'ry shall not be
Where'er the Bright Star's unfurl'd
Its motto free,
Shall ever be,
Freedom to all the world!

We know no crime in color's skin,
Nor think the God above,
Could fix the brand of slave upon
The children of his love;
To them a barrier he hath set,
A birthright fair,
To man his heir,
'Twas freedom in the world!

Columbia—thou wert wont to lead
The band in freedom's fight;

When will thy wrath on all be hurl'd,
Who dare to say,
The onward way
Of freedom to the world?

Shame, that beneath the arch of heav'n,
The language of the brave,
The British manly tongue should still
be spoken by a slave!
Then where our island-flag's unfurl'd,
And our tongue known,
Let all men own
The freedom of the world. J. S. V., *Cork.*

The subjoined lines, received also from Cork, are of more than ordinary excellence :—

APPEAL TO THE AMERICANS IN BEHALF OF EMANCIPATION.

Freedom's of earth, in freedom's sunshine dwelling,
Each beam of whose bleal light was won by blood,
Bred from the beams of heaven, proudly swelling
The ranks that chains and tyranny withstood!—
Ye, in whose veins the purple, living flood
Liberty's own fountain, rushes pure and free,
From sire to son unceasingly hath flowed,
And all the oppressor's arms and power defied,
Wearing the well-won laurels which must else be dyed!—

Nay, while those laurels yet unwithered bloom,
And o'er your heads your stainless banner waves,
Ye who yourselves were born a bondman's doom,
Arise, and cast the fetters from your slaves!
Let not their chains clank o'er your fathers' graves!
Let not their tears bedew the sacred soil!
Each wave-worn footmark o'er their ashes paves
The path, to lead your forefathers to the spoil
Of those hard-earned triumphs, won by strife and toil.

Oh! as you would unsullied keep your fame,
And shield those triumphs by your fathers gained,
Your justice! or, in injured Freedom's name,
So long neglected, trampled and disdained,
Also! her tears have many nations stained,
And all her blood has risen to the skies
For vengeance for her sons enslaved and chained;
Dread, lest offended Heaven should hear these cries,
And thatch from you and yours the liberty you prize.

By all the honors of victorious war!
By every brave fellow fallen on battle plain!
By every trophy linked to Glory's car!
By every patriot, for his country slain!
They call you to arise and break their chain!
Their voice will not unheeded be! Awake,
If we would yet in peace and joy remain,
Children of Washington! for his dear sake,
Who burst your fetters, lest their galling fetters break.

The following lines, improvised for the occasion, as well worth preserving :—

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL WITHINGTON.

Air—*The Campbells are Coming.*

An anthem of wailing
Goes up on the air,
Man's spirit is failing,
And Hope fadeth there;
No arm is extended
To succor and save,
No action is blended
With prayer for the slave.

II.

But, hark! there's a murmur,
Subdued yet deep,
It comes from a Spirit,
That starts from its sleep—
Starts from bonds and gallows,
Act truly and well,
And we hear the low clang
Of the Liberty Bell.

III.

Oh! long may it echo
O'er earth and o'er sea,
Till man, in God's image,
Stands holy and free;
Till Love's great achievement
Is faithfully done,
And man, with his brother,
United, is one.

IV.

There's a voice on the waters,
A song in the air,
The sons and the daughters
Of Freedom are there—
All hail to the echo
From mountain and dell!
Hurrah for the music
Of Liberty's Bell!

V.

Oh! long may it revel
O'er mountain and sea,
Till man, in God's image,
Stands gallant and free;
Till Love's bright achievement
Is faithfully done,
And man, with his brother
And sister, is one.

VI.

Some voices at present
Blend not in the cry;
They'll think it quite pleasant
To join by and by!
Some talk, too, of Treason—
However it be—
We know it is Reason—
Ay, just to a T.

VII.

Some rail at the fetter,
But like not our way—
'Then, come, and do better,'
Friend Parker would say.
The day-star, in beauty,
Is waving its spell,
And cheers us while ringing
The Liberty Bell.

APPEALS TO THE HUMANE.

The following mottoes were attached to the knit-ting-pins purchased for us of the poor of Ireland :—

'Pause a moment, lady, here—
Erin's children you can cheer,
By purchasing of what you see
Spread on this table around me.
Lost to what the sufferers say,
On whose behalf we ask your stay?'

'Ladies, by your warm fires sitting,
Ayr beauteous fancy knitting,
Let our labors your pastime
With your articles so fair,
In contrast you happy lot
With our miserable cot!—

You have fires that sparkle bright;
Candles, too, that give great light;
And your tables with good cheer
Are crowned, through all the year;
While the rushlight's feeble beam,
And the smoky embers' gleam,
Told the dim and flickering light
By which we work at dreary night.

And, alas! our wretched state is
Now unchecked by good potatoes;
There was music in their boiling,
Sweet to hear after our toiling!
They were friends in all our need,
And we mourn their loss indeed!
But, submissive to the rod,
We own the chastening hand of God,
And would quite contented feel,
Could we earn your Indian meal.

Do not, then, our efforts spurn!
Do not from our knitting turn!
Send, ah send us orders good,
For work—not charity—our food.
And stop our famished children's cries,
Wasted cheeks and haggard eyes
Tell of the want and woe they feel,
Will we for them can get no meal.

Commercial Boston.—For the year 1847, ending 31 P. M., Jan. 1st, (close of the Custom House,) the number of vessels which have arrived at this port from foreign ports is 2739,—last year, 2090—increase—649.—[Traveller.

THE LATE BAZAAR.

Though desirous of occupying a considerable portion of this week's Liberator with our own lucubrations, we cheerfully yield up the larger portion of its *inner* form to the graphic description of the Faneuil Hall Bazaar—its gifts, embellishments, arrangements, and incidents—from the pen of Mrs. M. W. Chapman, who always contrives to throw herself into the shade, but whose energy, industry, perseverance, and unwearied zeal, from the beginning to the end of the year, render tame the strongest expressions of eulogy. Great praise is also due to the other self-sacrificing women, to whose combined benevolence and enterprise, on both sides of the Atlantic, the marked success of the Bazaar is due. The oppressed slaves in the West India islands are incomparably more indebted to the women of England for their freedom, than to the men. The slaves in this country will be equally indebted to woman, in the progress of their emancipation.

JOHN P. HALE.

Mr. Hale is not an abolitionist, even though he is the Liberty party candidate for the Presidency. He is an amateur performer, (we do not make the remark invidiously)—like many others, friendly to the anti-slavery movement, and willing to say a good word and to do a good deed in its behalf, now and then, as a convenient opportunity offers—sprinkled, not immersed—not baptised. He went against the extension of slavery in the annexation of Texas, as a democratic representative in Congress from New Hampshire; but, losing caste by the act, he placed himself at the head of an 'independent' body of Democrats, and, with the aid of Whigs and Liberty men, succeeded in reaching his present responsible position. Many are the eyes now fastened upon him, and his course will be narrowly watched by millions during the present session of Congress. Thus far, he has shown himself ready to introduce the slavery question into the Senate, and has made two or three short speeches directly bearing upon it. His remarks have been sensible, but neither earnest nor forcible. No one in the Senate seems to have been touched by any thing that has fallen from his lips; so conciliating has been his tone. But the Senate is not a place for conciliation, but for strife. The enemies of freedom, the enslavers of men, the betrayers of their country, are there. Not to excite them is to do little for the deliverance of their captives, or the salvation of the republic. Alas! by senatorial courtesy and constitutional right, they are 'honorable men—all honorable men.' How are such men to be thoroughly aroused, in such a place, under such circumstances, by one who has consented to join them in legislating for the people? It cannot be done—certainly not without an explosion that will shake the Capitol. Perhaps that explosion is to come; but, from the manner in which Mr. Hale has sought to soothe the Senate, we do not anticipate it. At the conclusion of his first speech (a very tame one) on the right of petition, he assured the Senate that he had not 'any desire to excite angry feeling.' At the conclusion of his last speech, on the Mexican war, he again assured the Senate—'I have no disposition to be here, an Ishmaelite, with my hand against every body, and every body's hand against me. Why, it was as an anti-slavery Ishmaelite that he was sent to that pro-slavery assembly—was it not, O Liberty men? Not to have his hand against every one of his associates—not to have theirs against him—will it indicate fidelity to the cause of the slave? But he added—to convince them that he had not been at all fanatical, that he had committed no crime—'I have but simply expressed my convictions'—that's all. 'If any thing I have said has *in the least* been offensive to any Senator, (oh! oh!) I assure him, from the bottom of my heart, (oh! oh!) that no such course was intended.' Now this is pitiable. We really thought Mr. Hale was made up of sterner stuff. Why these gratuitous assurances—especially as no Senator had brought any accusation against him? They indicate weakness, or a lack of nerve. They may, perhaps unconsciously, conciliate in the Senate chamber—nothing more.

We know that the situation of Mr. Hale is a trying one; but he was chosen to fill it, on that very account. Before his appearance in the Senate, we had formed a high opinion of his courage and manliness. That opinion we shall not abandon. It is for him to confirm or change it utterly.

EDMUND QUINCY.

It is with great pleasure we copy the following well expressed and justly merited panegyric from the last Anti-Slavery Standard :—

THE LIBERATOR of last week announces that Mr. Garrison is to resume the entire charge of that paper with the number of this week. His friends and readers will rejoice at this proof of his restoration to health, though they will regret to hear that it is not complete, and will welcome him back again with a hearty good-will to his post at the head of the Anti-Slavery hosts. May he remain in it to lead them on, with his stern and uncompromising will, and unflinching courage, to the end, as he has from the beginning.

Nothing, however, we are sure, but the restoration of their old, and able, and beloved leader, could reconcile the readers of the Liberator to the abdication of Mr. Quincy, who has so faithfully, and so well, fulfilled the duties of the editor, during Mr. Garrison's protracted illness. Mr. Quincy, as a writer, is unrivalled, in the cause or out of it, in this country, for the intense and beauty of his style, for keen sarcasm and playful wit, for analytical power and logical ability, and that rare faculty of making plain to the dullest intellectual vision, his own clear comprehension of every subject he touches. No man understands more completely the whole bearing of the Anti-Slavery question, has profited more from past experience, or makes a better use of that experience for the present and future exigencies of the cause. Ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who are faithful to the slave, yet their manner, though it may not agree with his, he never hesitates, though certain of bringing upon himself the greatest personal abuse, to expose the treachery of those who have betrayed the cause, or to hold up to merited condemnation, those who are either its open or secret enemies. The Liberator, in his hands, has lost nothing of the stern integrity and fearlessness which have characterized it, under its own editor, from its first number.

A POLISH COADJUTOR.

The essay of the exiled Polish Count Alexander Hollinski, on 'Abolitionism in America,' which we have copied on our first page from the Liberty Bell, is an admirable paper, and worthy of universal perusal. We are not less surprised than gratified at the accuracy of his observation, and his rare discrimination of mind between realities and shams, between the right and the wrong, in this hypocritical and oppressive country. He speaks like a true Pole—like a world-wide lover of freedom. Enclosed in his letter was the generous donation of one hundred and twenty dollars in aid of the Bazaar, and to 'help the cause along.'

SOMETHING PERSONAL.

Mr. Palfrey, it is said, has committed another act of treachery to his party, by voting for the Democratic candidate for Doorkeeper to the House. Such was the announcement we saw in a Boston newspaper. We know three other Whigs did likewise. But they were Southern Whigs, and no objection was made to their conduct. It is only Northern men who have no right to control their own votes.—Christian Herald.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

BRIDGEWATER, Dec. 25, 1847.

FRIEND GARRISON :—I perceive by the Liberator, that the Disunion Petition is again sent forth for signatures, accompanied by an earnest request from the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, that the friends of freedom, throughout the State, will give it an extensive circulation. Wishing to give my support to all moral means, designed against the abominable institution of slavery—and also wishing clearly to see the efficacy of such means, before I commence working with them—I would like to know, in the columns of the Liberator, an objection which has been raised in my mind in respect to the doctrine of Disunion, trusting that you, or some one of your readers, will reply, and enlighten me upon the subject. Perhaps you may think it trifling. I think it probable that you do, as I have never seen it touched upon in the Liberator. But it appears to me to be an insuperable objection, and one that deterred me, last winter, from signing the petition.

I cannot see how the doctrine of Disunion can be an available position for abolitionists to take. It would, in my humble opinion, be a monstrous step forward, but treading on nothing.

Were the Northern States fully ripe in anti-slavery truth—were they fully convinced how closely they are connected with slavery by the Constitution—and were they a minority in Congress, and unable to sever that connection, while remaining under the Constitution—then, with you, would I cry for Disunion. But no one is better aware than yourself, that this is far from being the case. The base and servile course of Northern politicians speaks too loud for us to be deceived in this matter. Let these politicians, who represent the North, in fact, but just germinating. It still needs the refreshing showers of truth, which flow from devoted hearts, and the sunshine of such minds as are radiant with heavenly principles. It appears to me, that the duty of abolitionists is still to disseminate truth, unconnected with any issue save the overthrow of slavery. Let them continue to show the error of the Constitution; let them hold it up streaming with the blood of its victims; let them, if possible, prove it 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell;' and when they have convinced the people of these things, they will be ready, I think, to reform the Constitution, and thereby make Disunion unnecessary. Once, we will, at least, be ready to do this, as soon as they are ready for Dissolution, as the same work is to be done in both cases—i. e., convince the people of the iniquity of their present compact. And if Disunion can be so easily avoided, is it not imprudent and unwise to help it forward? Is it not throwing away time and labor? If the North would only do its duty a few years, at most, it would make the Constitution perfectly unexceptionable, as far as slavery is concerned. Then let abolitionists make it their work to arouse the North to this duty, and not rest till it is effectually done, nor step forward and leave it behind. I know my views are somewhat at variance with those which I wish to touch upon, but have already extended my article to an unreasonable length, for which I beg both your pardon, and the pardon of your readers.

—Yours, in the cause of Humanity. P.

REMARKS.

We publish the above letter at length, because, it is said, the objection to Disunion which the author presents, is one often met with.

Concisely stated, it amounts to this:—The Free States, if guided by right principle, could *now* do all their duty to the slave under the Constitution, and could amend it where it is defective:—to demand such amendment would be less startling and offensive, than to cry out for a dissolution of the Union:—the same change of public opinion which would precede dissolution, would amply and sooner suffice for radical amendment:—and hence Disunion is unnecessary.

Why, then, do we ask for Disunion? We answer:

1st. Because it is the *duty* of the Free States to dissolve the Union. They are *immediately* to 'cease to do evil,' not wait, clasping bloody hands, in hopes that the brotherly pressure and *aid* may induce their fellows to reform. The bandit is instantly to quit robbing—not linger in the band, in hopes to convert his comrades. How long may we innocently remain hunting up and sending back fugitives—covering Mexico with armies and chains, and bullying the slave population into silence—in hopes that Southern men will, by amending the Constitution, release us from these disgraceful duties? We may innocently remain in that position JUST AS LONG AS A SLAVEHOLDER, convinced that slaveholding is sinful, may continue to hold his slaves, hoping thereby to win his neighbors easier to hear the voice of one who shares with them in the sin he denounces. Our correspondent believes in the duty of immediate emancipation. Let him work out, leisurely, his conviction of duty to the slave question.

Does he reply—Granting all you say, the Constitution may be amended *as immediately, as quickly*, as the Union can be dissolved. Hence your remarks are not in point? We answer, no. Each man may dissolve his connection with the Union, the very moment his conscience is convinced of the sin of remaining in it. Each State may do the same. Half a dozen States, or New England, may cut loose at once, by one decisive act. If, instead of this remedy, we set about to amend the National Compact, we must take means to secure the constitutional majority, *three quarters of all the States*, before our object can be accomplished.—The men or the States, that are attempting this course, must remain in the Union, voting, acting, paying, arming, swearing, hunting slaves, putting down insurrections, etc., etc., till the requisite number be converted to their side. Abolist must remain in Satan's camp, forging cannon, and hurling defiance at Michael and the armies of the Most High, till that happy time when he too can 'draw off the more than a third part' of the fallen host, and 'go *with the multitude* to do' well. Not so thought Milton.

In a word, immediate ceasing to do evil is our plea. Dissolution of the Union is a course, by which a man or State may immediately disconnect themselves from the sin of sustaining slavery.—The distant hope of Constitutional amendment not only allows, but makes it *necessary*, that we should remain in the Union, performing its sinful requirements while they continue the law of the land, in order to effect our object. Northern ministers and politicians act on this plan when they buy a slave or two, in order to have a good influence on the subject among their neighbors. This continuing in sin that we may 'retain our influence, reminds us of the box *not* of a good French bishop, on bearing of the canonization of an old friend—'Ah! I knew him well, an excellent fellow,—he would cheat at cards, but he had his excuse was, *he did it that he might be able to help the poor!*'

Dissolution may be the work of a minority. Before we can amend, we must become a *majority*.—A man, or a State, can refuse to recognize a law—it requires many to change one. The Constitution must be amended in the house of its friends.—Open eyes and the experience of fifty years have left few abolitionists in that catalogue. In common honesty, it must be amended by those who still remain its subjects, and are willing to work through its prescribed forms. Can abolitionists draw in that harness? The Constitution must be amended by those who still vote under it, and choose their Representatives with this object in view. But we cannot use the ballot.

Does our friend say—I would do no work; I would not vote; but, standing aloof, I would urge voters to amend their laws? We reply—You then, as an individual, dissolve your connexion with the Union. Can it be wrong or unwise for a man to advise others,—men or States similarly circumstanced with himself,—to act as he has felt obliged to do? A non-voter makes but a sorry figure when, clapping the voter on the shoulder, he cries—'Go on voting, friend, wicked as it is, but for amend your Constitution, or I cannot touch it.' Better far when, prophet-like, shaking the dust from his feet, he takes up the testimony of Truth against the Babylon of each age—'Come out of her, my people'—'Touch not the accursed thing'—'Break up that Union! 'tis a covenant with death.' Which rebuke, think you, will be soonest heeded?

2nd. We ask for Dissolution rather than Amendment, because any practicable amendment would not reach the root of the difficulty. The *terms* of the Constitution are not the real cause of trouble. UNION itself BETWEEN A SLAVE AND FREE STATE IS IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT GUILT. What is the union of States? It is a putting into common of their money, arms, influence, character, and laws. One holds the other up—guarantees peace in the dominions of the other. This is the necessary basis of a union. Unnecessary terms are decided on. Without it, no Union is possible. Now what is *peace* in a slave State? It is the 'order' which 'reigned in Warsaw,' when Nicholas stamped out with his iron heel the last spark of Polish rights. 'Peace,' 'Law and order,' in a slave State, means holding the oppressor's heel firmly on the neck of the slave. They mean, bullying the slave into such stillness, that the master can eat and sleep in peace. This is what a free State actually pays, when she links herself to a slave State, no matter what be the terms of the AGREEMENT.

The union of the Northern and Southern Church manifests this. No specific pledges were ever made, no compromise in words agreed to. Still, silently and sure as the working of gravity, the tone of Northern principle has sunk lower and lower, while what of character it has left is used to cover up Southern delinquency, and browbeat the censure of the world.

No amendment, then, except one abolishing slavery, root and branch, would be of any use. It would be idle to propose such an one. The man in the fable, who wanted to cross a stream, and stood waiting for it to run away, was a wise, not to say a restless and impatient person, compared with the abolitionist who should remain in the Union, and put off ceasing to return slaves, till such an amendment could be carried. It is very certain that the South, as a whole, would much sooner consent to Dissolution, than to grant such power to the Federal Government. Slavery in this country will never be abolished at a blow. It will crumble piecemeal—State by State—perhaps, county by county. Kentucky bids fair to fall away first—Western Virginia, perhaps, next, and so on. But to clear the North from sin, the plan must be generous, and finished at once. While one State clings to her infamy, all the compromises of the Constitution apply in full force. And it is certain while any number remain slave States, those clauses will not be interfered with. South Carolina and Mississippi, poor bankrupts, would cut loose from forty Unions, before they would part with the little property they have been able to steal from its rightful owners.

3d. To propose a dissolution of the Union is the best way of holding up such a mirror to the national mind, as makes it to see its own deformity. It gives men an opportunity of measuring themselves by a rule of absolute right. Amendment is a word hackeneyed by application to questions of mere expediency—tariffs, banks, etc. It suggests not the idea of right or wrong, but only considerations of which is best and most useful. It presupposes that one is to remain and *obey* the law, while it lasts, and, in the character of a voting citizen, work for its change. Conscience sleeps under such a call, and lets the intellect, cold and judicial, decide the point. Disunion startles a man to thought. It takes a lazy abolitionist by the throat, and thunders in his ear, '*Thou* art the slaveholder!' After that, let him vote, if he can, and much good may it do him.

This nation has been covered by wave after wave of anti-slavery agitation; each one, as the scripture says, leaving its last wave worse than its first.' Why? Because men talked then of the slave's chain, as if it were a great way off—forgetting to open their own hands, good Northern priests, pedlars and politicians! where they would have found one end of that chain securely fastened, and seen themselves the slave's jailors. They swore annually to return fugitives, and then, wiping their lips, talked loud of amending the Constitution! 'Pudding in the stomach conveniently back on to the shoulders of their ancestors, and left repentance for their children.'

At length, there arose a Nathan, who took this huge Northern hypocrite by the beard, and said, 'THOU ART THE MAN!'—a prophet, not content to ask merely for straw, that the people might make brick the easier—no driving back of slavery into Constitutional, or any other limits—but, '*Let my people go!*' 'HARM OF!'—that is the duty of the North. His work will not need to be done a second time.

'It will require less change of public opinion to amend the Constitution, than to dissolve the Union. The same state of public feeling which could dissolve, would be powerful enough to amend, and thus avert the necessity of Disunion.'

This is the argument. Granted. But that is not the question. The question, should keeping the idea of Amendment, alone, before the people, ever work the needed change in the public mind? It is only by arousing conscience, by proclaiming the rigid rule of duty, Disunion, that we can hope for such a result.

Apart from the desire to keep ourselves pure, to effect which we must secede from this bloody government, our only object is, the abolition of slavery. Now, Disunion would be a great step followed by that. This the wise and far-sighted Southerners know; hence such cling to the Union. *Now*, the North holds the master in his seat of wicked power. We do not ask her to assist the slave in rising against him, but we do demand that at least she shall not continue to aid the master in his oppression. The dread of insurrection, if we take our hands from the slave, does not begin to justify us in continuing to sustain the system. *We*, indeed, see nothing but disaster in slave risings. How much of active interference the North,—remembering the banners and blessings she sent to Poland and Greece, and the eloquence with which she fanned the flame of Revolution in South America,—owes to the three millions, whose prison-door her strong arm alone has kept bolted for fifty years; how much the North owes them, on her own principles, as mere matter of consistency, or by way of atonement, we need not say. Let us, at least, stand aloof, and, as far as government is concerned, leave both parties to the relations God has established between them, that of man, equals, and brothers.

The moral influence which a citizen of this Union can exert against slavery, is just equivalent to that of a smith riveting the slave's chain, and asking the while, in meeching tone, whether, after all, his business is right. It is the hangman protesting against capital punishment with one hand, as he cuts the gallows' rope with the other. And, alas! all the moral influence we shall be able to give the slave, after we have cut loose from the Compact, will be but a poor instalment of that reparation we owe him for the long years, during which we have thrown sword and gold, ballot and communion cup, into the scale against him. But though at the eleventh hour, we may yet save some.

When the French invaded the Tyrol, the peasants collected on the summits of the hills which overhang the defiles—trees, ice, masses of earth, and rocks—securely fixed till the foreign soldiery appeared. Dead silence reigned in those Alpine heights, as the army advanced. At length, amid the gloom of a defile surrounded by stupendous hills, the cold silence was broken by a single voice, the speaker unseen—'In the name of the Holy Trinity, come down!' Instantly the stroke was heard, and, in a moment, the invaders were hidden forever beneath an avalanche of ice and stone—sufficient for an army's grave.

So say we—'*Cut all loose!*' Let us not any longer hold back the storm, *the very fear of which will, we know, make the trembling master grant his victim* A PEACEFUL AND BLOODLESS EMANCIPATION.—W. P.

☞ TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.☜

The Financial Committee of the Liberator are gratified in being able to announce to its patrons and friends, that, in consequence of the receipts of the past year more nearly covering the expenditures than was anticipated, they have concluded to make the terms of the paper as follows—$2 50 per annum. A deduction of 50 cents will be allowed, if payment be made within three months from the time of subscribing. At the expiration of that period, $2 50 will be invariably exacted for the year.

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

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, January 26th and 27th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Its members and friends, and all who feel an interest in the paramount question of American Slavery, are strongly urged to give their attendance. If, in the eventful history of this country, there ever was a time for those who profess to be the friends of Freedom, to rally promptly and openly under her banner, and to grudge nothing of time or money in the vindication of her sacred cause, that time is surely the present. The great question of DISUNION—of a withdrawal of the Free from the Slave States—will be prominent in the discussions of the meeting—The motto of every Christian and Patriot should be —'NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!'

FRANCIS JACKSON, Pres't.
EDMUND QUINCY, Sec'y.

WINDHAM COUNTY (CONN.) A. S. SOCIETY.

This Society will hold a quarterly meeting at Willimantic, on Tuesday, Jan. 18th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Henry C. Wright and John M. Spear will be present, and a highly interesting meeting is expected. We trust that Windham County will make a good report of itself that day. [The official notice will be found in another column.]

☞ Henry C. Wright will speak in Brooklyn, Conn., in the meeting-house of the First Ecclesiastical Society, on Sunday, Jan. 16th.

☞ John M. Spear will speak in Canterbury, Conn., on Sunday, Jan. 16th.—x.

WORCESTER COUNTY SOUTH.

The members and friends of the Worcester County South Anti-Slavery Society are requested to notice the call for the annual meeting in another column. We hope to see a full delegation, from all parts of the County, North as well as South. Subjects of the deepest importance and interest will come before the meeting.

Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and William W. Brown, Agents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be present.—x.

DR. CHANNING'S WORKS.—It is very desirable that subscriptions to the cheap but very handsome edition of Dr. Channing's Works should be obtained immediately, and transmitted to the Publisher, at the office of the Christian World, Washington street, corner of Water street. This edition consists of six handsome volumes, to be sold at the very low price of $2 for the six. Every one, who contemplates subscribing, should do so without delay.

L. J. H. Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y.:—A friend has ordered the Liberator to be sent you, *gratis*. This number begins your year.

The Dead of the Phœnix.—Mr. Samuel S. Read, at the request of the owners, has made a thorough survey of the steamship Phœnix, which was partially killed by the burning of the propeller Phœnix, and states the following as the result:—At the time of the accident, there were on board, besides the 16 Hollanders, 32 cabin and other passengers, and 20 persons comprising the officers and crew, making a total of 68; number saved, 52; lost, 16—all Dutch.

Good Dividend.—The Bank of Auburn, New-York, on the 27th ult., declared a dividend of *one hundred thousand dollars*, or fifty per cent. on its capital stock.

☞ The abolition of slavery was declared in St. Bartholomew's dependencies, on the 9th of October. These are under the dominion of Sweden.

The reception of General Taylor cost the municipal authorities of New Orleans more than $9000.

A gentleman from the West, who recently passed through Hagerstown, states that the National Road from Cumberland, was literally covered for fifty miles with hogs.

The quantity of merchandise transported over the Boston and Worcester Railroad during the year ending on the 30th of Nov. last, amounted to 354,000 tons, which exceeds an average of 900 *tons a day!* The freight money paid for the transportation of this merchandise, amounts to a sum which form the two lines terminating in Boston, was $967,000. One half the amount was transported a distance of 50 miles, and the average cost of the whole transportation was about $3 40 a ton.

The Erie Canal is in its 28th year, and its tolls have amounted to over $37,600,000, or four times its original cost—thus it pays for itself once in seven years.

Statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—The official minutes of this Church for 1847, show a decrease of membership amounting to 19,741; of this number 12,184 are whites.

Worcester.—The census of the thriving town of Worcester has been taken, and the number of inhabitants is 15,643, being an increase of 8146 in seven years and five months.

OBITUARY.

DIED—In South Abington, on the 8th December, WARREN CORTHELL, son of Capt. John Corthell, aged 25 years.

He was in his parents a lovely child; to his brothers and sisters an affectionate brother; to his associates a true friend; and to his employer, a faithful and trusty servant. The young man by his left will be felt by a large circle of friends, (for he had no enemies,) and his loss deeply felt. He was uncommonly mild and pleasant when a boy, and when he grew up, he changed not for the worse, but for the better. Some six or seven years ago, his mind became deeply impressed with religious truth, and as he was an honest inquirer, so he was soon enabled to sing—

'This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads to heaven's content.'

He made no profession of religion, but attended meeting Sundays generally, until about two years past, when he became convinced of the pro-slavery and war-making character of the popular religion of the day, and came out and joined the despised '*Come-outers*.' He was true to God and humanity—was a constant reader of the Liberator, and other reformatory papers, and was not ashamed to be classed with that little band of reformers, who are called 'infidel' by a corrupt church and clergy—for the same reason that a similar class of religionists called the Son of God Beelzebub, the prince of devils. He was conscious of disembodying and taking place some time before he died, and when asked if he was willing to go, and leave all his friends, his reply was, 'Yes, there is joy!' Soon he asked by a friend what he should tell his companions, he said, 'Tell them to do right, read the Bible, and practice it.' Then sinking back tranquilly he fell asleep in Jesus. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'—*Com.*

LINES ON THE DEATH OF WARREN CORTHELL.

If spirits in heaven, where angels have birth,
E'er leave those bright mansions, and wander to earth,
And borne on the breath of a heavenly gale,
Convey its sweet odors to this fearful vale:—

Then, waving thy pinions all gladsome and free,
Come salute the mourners who now are weeping for thee!
In sweet ministrations this message make known,
'The loss is all theirs, and the gain is thine own.'

We weep at thine exit, and yet we would smile,
Believing in heaven thou art singing the while;
Thy spirit, emancipated, may best enjoy,
No sin to detract, and no guilt to destroy.

Thy vision expansive, those realms now behold,
All studded with brilliants, and snowcapt with gold,
Which Christ in his mission of love did prepare,
That sorrowing man might find happiness there.

We'll think on thy message, monition of love—
The Bible, the Bible, shall lure us above!
We know 'twas thine delight to unfold heavenly truth,
A bright evergreen, decked the brow of thy youth.

But Death on thy temples his signet impressed,
And bore thee, we trust, to the land of the blest;—
Thine ear caught the music of angels' soft breath,
Thou gently departed, a victor over Death.

We mourn that thou soon thou hast yielded thy breath,
And fallen a victim to insatiate Death;
But bless the kind Giver, whose smiles were thy stay,
While cheerfully, tranquilly 'passing away.'

A spirit redeemed has no claim on our tears,
The grave of the saint is divested of fears;
Yet oft at remembrance, they're silently shed,
Add glitter like gems on his green mossy bed.

Thy form in its beauty, inurned in the dust,
Will sleep till the morn of the resurrection is trust;
Then, merging from earth, may thy friends with thy dear sons,
In happy reunion, to part never more. M. G.

Abington, Dec. 22, 1847.

☞ When the Petitions for secession from this slaveholding Union are complete, let them be forwarded *without delay* to some member of the Legislature; or, if it be preferred by any, they may be sent to care of SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 21 Cornhill, Boston, *postage paid*.

☞ The New England Puritan thinks that when people are in a low state of piety, they enjoy hearing miscellaneous concerts on Saturday evening, and such pieces as the Creation, the Messiah, Moses in Egypt, and Judas Maccabæus, on Sunday evening.

WINDHAM COUNTY (CONN.) A. S. SOCIETY.

On Thursday, January 18th, 1848, the friends of the slave in Windham county will hold a Convention at Willimantic, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the day and evening.

Henry C. Wright and John M. Spear will attend and address the meeting.

Friends of humanity, listen to this call, and respond to it by a general attendance.

The cause of human freedom demands efforts, zealous and fervent, at our hands; who will turn aside from the high and holy obligations of duty to the oppressed? In behalf of the Society,

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, *Pres.*
LUCIAN BURLEIGH, Sec.

WORCESTER COUNTY, SOUTH DIVISION ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society will take place at Worcester, in Brinley Hall, on Saturday, January 15th, at 2 o'clock, P. M.; to continue through Sunday, day and evening.

We earnestly request the members of the Society, and the faithful friends of the anti-slavery cause throughout the county, to be present at the meeting. We need every helping hand.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Pres't.
JOHN M. FISK, Sec.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES, BY LORING MOODY,

Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

Hanover, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15, 16.
Hanson, Monday, 17.
Plymouth, Tuesday, 18.
Sandwich, Wednesday, 19.
Oysterville, Saturday, 22.
Centreville, Sunday, 23.
Hyannis, Monday, 24.

Let every one, in these towns, who wishes to see the anti-slavery work go on, give it his hearty cooperation, by procuring suitable places for, and giving ample and extensive notice of, these lectures. Contributions and subscriptions will be taken in the different towns in behalf of the Massachusetts A. S. Society.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

We have not unfrequently called attention to this article in the columns of our paper, and we have done so with the full confidence that it was a good one, and deserving the patronage of the public.—We have been led to this from the success its effects upon some of our friends, which, in addition to the high encomiums passed on it by our brethren of the press, not in paid puffs, but in editorial and other statements from having derived a benefit themselves, makes us desirous of advising all those who have occasion to resort to a medicine for pulmonary affections, to avail themselves of it. We have too much confidence in Mr. Fowle, the proprietor, to believe he would thrust this, or any other medicine upon the community, unless he had full faith in its efficacy—in confirmation of which, the proprietor offers a mass of testimony from the most respectable sources. Neither will we be understood as saying that this will always cure consumption after it is seated, although it seldom fails to relieve the cough—but at this season of the year, almost every body is liable to a cold, which if neglected, will lead to fatal results.—By taking this medicine, no doubt not many lives may be saved.—[New England Washingonian.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington Street, and by Druggists generally in the United States and British Provinces.

WM. W. BROWN! A FUGITIVE SLAVE! HEAR HIM!!!

FOR sale at this office, a Lecture delivered before the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Salem, at Lyceum Hall, Nov. 14, 1847, by Wm. W. Brown, a Fugitive Slave.—5 cents single, 50 cents a dozen, and $1,50 a hundred. tf dec 31.

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE ATTENTION OF SLAVEHOLDERS DIRECTED TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Look! look! vain ones! if look ye dare,
On him ye sought to crush;
Gaze! if steeled hearts do not forbear—
Then bow your heads and blush.

We marvel not to see you quail,
By fear and wonder moved;
For thus did Balaam's courage fail,
When by his angel reproved.

Ah! did ye think one whom ye bound,
Would ever stand upright,
And, making earth and sea resound,
Bring all your crimes to light?

Ye little thought the day would be,
When he on whom ye frowned,
Would roam abroad so bold and free,
With richest laurels crowned!

And many minds of finest mould
Ye yet in darkness keep;
Yes! heaven-born ones! ye harshly hold
Your God chosen to weep.

And think ye that ye'll always cope
With spirits such as these?
It is a vain, destructive hope—
Themselves they'll yet release.

And well ye might, with finger laid
On Ætna's mouth of fire,
Expect your words would be obeyed,
And bid its wrath retire.

The valor now so closely pent,
And kept by you at bay,
At length may find a dreadful vent,
Upon some future day.

Then to your citadels ye'll fly,
With wives and daughters dear—
The dirks that by your bedsides lie,
Ye'll grasp in sudden fear.

But, though ye trust those timely aids,
And long enlightened skill,
Yet you may find your glory fades,
And power is wanting still.

For *savage* men in numbers strong,
Though by a savage led,
Will bide a contest hard and long,
With Freedom's boon ahead.

May insurrection's might be stayed!
But yet a fear remains;
For noble minds which God has made,
Ye're holding now in chains.

Andover, Mass. M.

From the Liberty Bell.

AN EXTRACT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Force never yet gained one true victory:
The outward man, by pike and ball o'er argued,
Bends low his politic will; but still, within,
The absolute Man, on whom our hopes are cast,
Deep under-ground, of the infraguble State,
Stands up defiant, plotting loyalty
To one poor banished, homeless, hunted thought,
The dethroned image of a native land.

Never was city-wall so strong as Peace;
This, founded sure on the soul's primitive rock,
Smiles back upon the baffled engineer;
The mine at its foundations tugs in vain;
An olive-wreath, stretched harmlessly across
Its open gates, enchants all enemies;
So that the trumpet baulks the knitted lips
That would have jarred it with the trampling charge,
And, hushing back its hoarse and quarrelsome voice,
Like a disbanded soldier when he sees
The satisfied hamlet of his unstained youth,
With its slim steeple quivering in the sun,
Pipes with repentant note the gay recall.

What hath the conqueror for all his toil?
So many men from men turned murderers;
So many spoiled in the fierce apprenticeship;
So many sacred images of God,
Sons, fathers, brothers, husbands, trampled down
Into the red mud of the plashy field;
So many vultures gorged with human flesh;
So many widows made, so many orphans;
So many cinders for so many homes;
So many caps flung up as there are fools;
And, when his shattering and ungoverned course
Is run at length, he drops, a mass inert,
Like a spent cannon-ball, which the child's foot
Spurns at in play—what further need of him?
Peace will not brook to have her snowy leaves
Turned rudely by those crimson snatching thumbs;
The smooth civilian elbows him aside;
Like an old armor he is hung in the hall,
For idle men to count the dints upon,
A bittress for the spider's hanging-bridge.

And for his country, what has this man conquered?
A kindred people's everlasting hate,
The bloody drain of untamed provinces!
Those are ill crops whose seed is the sword.
And for himself? I never heard that any
Dared knock at Heaven's gate with his reeking sword,
Or lift the next life's latch with bloody hands.
The merry plough-boy whistling to his team,
The noisy mason and the carpenter
Efface the ruinous letters where with he
Essayed to carve an everlasting name.
The tyrannous lion preys upon the lamb;
Men fear him, and instal him king of beasts,
Yet prize the wool above the ravening claws.

From the People's Journal.

PRINCIPLE AND OPINION.

Principle and Opinion!—Of the last,
I deem but lightly: 'tis a thing of change;
Holds not the earnest man, or holds not fast;
But which he holds, subjected to the range
Of thought, and time, and chance. A man can yield
Opinion, hide it, quit it, or defer.
Not so with Principle: he anchors there;
It is his lever; it hath power to wield
His life, to make him wear our pinnier
To its behests; it is his soul, his life;
And whether it shall bring him peace, or strife,
Is wide o' the mark; it is his sword, his shield,
His dominant chord.—They are thus different:
That Principle is fate, Opinion accident.

W. J. LINTON.

From the Christian Register.

THE SOUL'S PREPARATION FOR ADVERSITY.

How stript and bare is every bush and tree,
Of all the pride of summer and of spring!
Each of its vain encumbrance shaken free,
While Winter's blasts through all their branches sing!
So when Thou would'st thy children should prepare
To meet adversity, and pain, and death,
To suffer all things, every danger dare;
Thou scatterest, Father, with the tempest's breath,
All that they cling to in their hour of pride—
All that the world calls greatness, beauty, power;
That they in These alone may then confide,
And find their proper strength in that lone hour,
When this world's glory burdens, or is gone;
And we must look to Thee, and Thee alone.

J. V.

REFORMATORY.

INSTITUTIONS FOR MEN,—NOT MEN FOR INSTITUTIONS.

HOPEDALE, Jan. 4, 1848.

TO ANDREW PATON,
Glasgow, Scotland:

Dear Friend,—I well know the deep interest you feel in all that affects the interests of your fellow-men, in this and in all countries. Your love and sympathy are not bounded by sectarian lines, nor national limitations. Whatever affects MAN, in any part of the earth, is a matter of concern to you.

You have often heard me speak on the sentiment expressed in the motto that heads this article—that all human customs, observances and institutions, in Church and State, are to be regarded as mere appendages to man, and that man is never to be sacrificed to them. While travelling and lecturing in Europe, the feeling was ever present to my mind, that the above motto, (which I long ago adopted as a maxim by which to regulate my speech and action, touching all human organizations and institutions,) was reversed, and that the governing maxim was, that man was to be regarded as an appendage to wealth, titles, stations, aristocracy and royalty; that man was made to adorn and dignify sceptres, crowns, titles, wealth, governmental and church organizations.

But never have I been more painfully impressed with the general prevalence of this sentiment, than since my return to this country. It is admitted by the public voice of this nation, that slavery blots MAN from existence, as MAN, and turns him into a beast, a thing to be bought and sold in the market. It is known and acknowledged generally, that slavery is an essential, and the essential, in the political institutions of this dismanned republic. Yet it is the general opinion that these institutions must be maintained inviolate, even though one sixth of the entire nation must be herded with brutes, to preserve them. The whole energy and revenue of the nation are employed in enslaving the bodies and tearing to pieces the sensitive souls of innocent men, women and children in Mexico; solely to spread and perpetuate what Doctors Cunningham and Candlish, the Reverend allies of American slave-breeders and slave-drivers in Scotland, call the 'Institution of Slavery.' One hundred thousand children are annually offered up on the altar of this 'domestic, patriarchal institution.' Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and other sects, do nothing to abolish slavery for fear of DISUNION. These church organizations must be maintained, whatever becomes of human beings. Then, too, the political Union must be sustained, though at the expense of the lives and liberty of hundreds of thousands annually.

This contempt for Man, and reverence for institutions, are frightfully developed in this country, in the great efforts now being made to rescue the first day of the week from 'desecration.' You are aware that there exists here a society called the American and Foreign Sabbath Union. This Society is sending its agents and tracts all over the land, to cause the day alluded to, to be regarded as sacred and inviolable. This Society is sustained and applauded by the entire mass of the ministers and laymen, who execrate the gallows, the sword, the gun and bombshell as the God-ordained and Christ-like instrumentalities to settle all difficulties between man and man. Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist ministers, elders, deacons and church members, are known to go from slave-breeding, slave-trading, slave-driving, to plead for the sanctity of a Sabbath! To-day they go into the field, with the lash, pistol and bowie knife, driving a gang of slaves, burying the scourge in the backs of men and women; to-morrow they are seen in the meetings of this 'Sabbath Union,' in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York or Boston, praying, weeping, and speechifying against the desecration of the sacred hours of the Sabbath! To-day, they are driving their half naked, chained victims, men and women, thousands of miles to the plantations of the far South, or are in the slave-markets of New Orleans, selling asunder parents and children to the highest bidders, as they sell mules and pigs; and to-morrow they are in the 'Sabbath Union' Convention, in Cincinnati, to aid their brother Sabbatarians to promote the sanctedness of a day! Now they may be seen with rifle and bloodhound, in hot and eager pursuit of runaway slaves; and now they are on the platform of the 'Sabbath Union,' weeping over the profanation of the 'Lord's day' they thus call it. To-day, they shout and give God thanks for the sacking and burning of the towns and cities of Mexico, and for the slaughter of innocent women and children, and for the outrages committed on her wives and daughters, and to-morrow they are bewailing the infidelity and heathenism of Catholic Mexicans, in their 'awful violations of the holy Sabbath!'

This same 'American and Foreign Sabbath Union' offers, no objection, no obstacle, to marches and transportations of their armies and military stores, and to battles, on the Sabbath; for they regard fighting, and killing, and the sacking of towns, and massacreing of their innocent women and children, as a 'work of necessity and mercy'—perfectly appropriate to 'God's holy day;' but they cry out loudly and bitterly against 'Sunday trains,' 'Sunday mails,' 'Sunday walks,' 'Sunday amusements,' 'Sunday sports,' 'Sunday printing,' 'Sunday whistling,' 'Sunday laughing.' For instance—the following battles in Mexico have been fought on what Sabbatarians call 'God's holy day':—

The battle of Palo Alto was fought: May 8th, 1846—*Sunday*; the battle of Monterey commenced: Sept. 20, 1846—*Sunday*; the battle of Del Norte was fought: Jan. 24, 1847—*Sunday*; the battle of Cerro Gordo commenced April 18, 1847—*Sunday*; Tobasco was attacked on *Sunday*; the battle of Buena Vista commenced *Sunday*, Feb. 21, 1847; Vera Cruz surrendered *Sunday*, Feb. 28, 1847; the battle of Sacramento was fought *Sunday*, March 28, 1847.

The God of blood and battles, of revenge and carnage—of the gallows, the slave-auction and slave-hunt—the being who is worshipped as God by this republic, and whose holy day the Sabbatarians say Sunday is—delights to see human brethren improving this holy day in pouring out one another's heart's blood! Yes, this God, this holy one of the holy day, in the estimation of these Sabbatarians; for their first protest is yet to be made against these battles and butcheries, slave-hunts, slave-drivings, and slave-whippings, on the Sabbath. The roar of cannon—the rattle of musketry—the bursting of bombshells—the yells of Taylor, Scott, Patterson, men, to 'GIVE THE MEXICANS HELL'—the shrieks of slaughtered men, women and children—are sweet and sacred music to their consecrated ears, on their 'holy day;' but the joyous laugh and merry whistle of a child, on that day, goes harshly on their pious souls. I would just remark that this 'Sabbath Union' has ever uttered one word of censure of slave-driving, slave-trading, slave-hunting, or of battles and bloody encounters, on the Sabbath. Their great work is to stop all 'walking and riding out,' all 'swimming,' all 'social visits,' all 'writing and posting, and carrying letters,' and the like, on Sunday.

If I were an agent of this 'Union,' whose sole object is to rescue a *day* from desecration, I could find access to every pulpit in the land. Every reverend divine of them all, every church, would bid me God-speed, and give me every facility to prosecute my 'high and holy mission'; but let me come to them as an agent of an Anti-Slavery or Anti-War Society, whose object is to rescue MAN from desecration, and nearly every pulpit is closed against me. I am then an 'infidel,' an 'atheist,' a 'jacobin,' an 'anarchist,' a 'pestilent fellow,' and 'disturber.' But I go to them for help to rescue a *day* from the desecration of walking, riding, sailing, laughing, reaping, mowing, grinding, and baking, and instantly they welcome me as a 'brother in the Lord,' a 'devoted Christian,' and open their hearts, houses and pulpits to me.

Two millions of human beings lie at the door of this 'Sabbath Union,' fallen among thieves, stripped, robbed, wounded and dying—that 'Union' comes forth, looks upon these men turned into beasts, passes them by, joins hands with those who plunder them, and goes up and down the land to do the work of saving the 'holy day' from violation! With these Sabbatarians, *Man* is nothing—the *Sabbath* is every thing. They virtually say—'We are doing a great work; we are trying to get all men to venerate the Sabbath and keep it holy, and to have them punished, if they will not; we cannot come down to do the miserable, despised work of saving MAN from the descretions of the gallows, the auction, and the battle.' In their view, man is made for the Sabbath; and no matter what becomes of him, the day must be sanctified and kept holy.

In the November number of '*The Free Church Magazine*,' now before me, I see notice of a great Protestant Confederation in Scotland, 'for the protection of the Lord's day.' Will this Confederation tell us to whom the other six days of the week belong? Its basis is, '*the divine authority, and universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath.*' Its great object is to enforce on all the duty of 'keeping holy to God ONE WHOLE DAY IN SEVEN.' It is 'aim at putting down all traffic on the Sabbath, by railway trains, or other public conveyances; at shutting up the post-office, in all its branches and ramifications, over the entire country, on the Lord's day; at the abolition of Sabbath trading, especially in strong drink,' &c.

I have read this account with deep interest. I am glad they have made the right issue, i. e. 'the divine authority, and universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath.' To this issue, let all Anti-Sabbatarians, who hold that Christianity consecrates no time or place to God, but MEN and WOMEN, and that it requires men to keep *themselves* holy, and not *a day*, hold Sabbatarians. Their great business on earth is to rescue MAN from the descretions of drunkenness, slavery, war, and all sin. Sabbatarians are monopolizers of time, and not man, to God. For who are the leaders in this Sabbatarian Confederation, or Alliance, in Britain and in America? They are men-stealers and men-killers, and their allies. Doctors Candlish and Cunningham, and the Free Church Assembly, lead this Anti-Sabbath desecration in Scotland; and there are the very men who entered into alliance with American manstealers, and to this hour endorse their Christianity and respectability, for giving them a part of their bloody gains to pay their ministers and build their churches.

Those very men in Scotland, who thus confederate to put down 'Sabbath trading in strong drink,' make, sell, buy or drink intoxicating liquors, during six days of the week, and give God thanks for their whiskey toddy. Their opposition to selling strong drink is not because it desecrates man, but the Sabbath. So their opposition to the post office, to Sunday trains and amusements, arises not from fear that these will desecrate *man*, but that they desecrate the *day*.

I would say to all these Sabbatarians, who thus pass by men, sold, robbed, hung and murdered, by slavery and war, and go about to turn aside man's sympathy for the Sabbath, the language of Christ addressed to the Scribes—'You strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.' Your Sabbaths are an abomination to God; your hands are full of blood. You say of me, 'This man is a sinner, a blasphemer, because he keeps not the Sabbath.' But you turn men into beasts; you make your fellow-men groan, and your eyes and lips lift up your hands, dripping with innocent blood, and say—'Thou, O Lord, hast delivered us to do these things—to thy name be all the glory of our success in breeding and selling slaves, in bombarding and burning towns and cities, and in massacreing their inhabitants.' You say—'We love God—but you are blind, and your God is not in you; for how can you love God whom you have not seen, while you enslave and murder your brother whom you have seen?

Dear friend, these Confederations among the priests, and their organized bands of sectarians, to support the institution of Sabbath, and other observances and institutions, are but so many devices to divert attention and sympathy from the Anti-Slavery, Anti-War, and other great movements of the age to rescue MAN from degradation, and to cast around *him* the shield of Heaven's sacred and inviolable regard. Institutions and forms you may not touch with axe or other instrument, without incurring the guilt of sacrilege—but you may sink your axe or your sword into the brains of a man, and God is pleased to see your pious zeal, and will cause you to be named with the Scotts, the Taylors, the Wellingtons, the heroes and saints of Christendom. Desecrate a Sabbath, and you must be consigned to a felon's dungeon here, and run the hazard of damnation hereafter! Breed and sell slaves, butcher the men, violate the women, and murder the children of Mexico, and they will elevate you to the honors of a parish, or a Doctor of Divinity!

You will hear of these matters again. Meantime, adieu!

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

DEVIL-WORSHIP.

It is very common for men to do homage to the Devil in the very acts and exercises which they boast of as eminently Christian. Their very religion is little more than devil-worship in disguise. It is directly or indirectly the occasion of injustice and inhumanity. It gives its countenance to dreary rudeness, to pretentious, to extravagance, to pampered appetite and inflated passion, to various forms of overreaching, to self-indulgence, to oppression. It echoes the voice and sanctifies the absurdities of fashion. It honors the pretensions of all sorts of quackery. It shelters and defends the grossest abuses. In letters, politics, commerce, it sanctions arrangements which are flagrantly in conflict with the laws of our existence, and the principles of the Divine Government. In the mean time, it has frames and feelings and experiences in great abundance—it sheds many tears and offers long prayers, and makes loud professions. And these it reckons on as an acceptable Christian sacrifice, and as offering which the Savior will graciously reward. But what have we in all this but devil-worship? The influences which are from above are those which make man a throne—the results which are thus produced are to be reckoned among the trophies of his cunning and violence. It is this that God is behold from the heavens and clothing from the naked—it is this that disease under a thousand forms is induced or aggravated—it is thus that multiplied ways are provided for perpetuating the evil, and minions are brought into deadly conflict with each other. It is thus, then, that service is done, that worship is offered to the devil. The personages that in all this, the name of the Savior is honored, will not at all affect the quality of what I have attempted to describe. Devil-worship is devil-worship, and nothing else, under whatever profession, and with whatever hopes it may be rendered. To be unjust and misanthropic is *to spurn the Savior*, in despite of the frames and feelings and glowing experiences, which may embellish and commend such hateful qualities.—*Albany Patriot.*

☞ Young women are always complaining; they are too weak to turn a bed, scrub the floor, or cook a dinner. It is a little singular, however, that such weak, complaining and delicate creatures can attend balls and parties every night in the week, and not unfrequently dance till daybreak. When invited to such places, you never hear a lisp about pains in the side, weakness and general debility.

MISCELLANY.

REJOICE, SUFFERING HUMANITY!

The following extraordinary operations, as performed under the effects of chloroform in the Royal Infirmary, are detailed in the Edinburgh Mercury:

CASE I.—A boy, four or five years old, with necrosis of one of the bones of the fore arm—required no pain nothing but Gaelic. No means, consequently, of explaining to him, what it was we required to do. On holding a handkerchief, on which some chloroform had been sprinkled, to his face, he became frightened, and wrestled to be away. He was held, gently, however, by Dr. Simpson, and obliged to inhale. In a few inspirations, he consented to cry or move, and fell into a sound snoring sleep. A deep incision was now made down to the diseased bone; and, by the use of the forceps, nearly the whole of the radius in the state of sequestrum was extracted. During this operation, and the subsequent examination of the wound by the finger, not the slightest evidence of the suffering of pain was given. He still slept soundly, and was carried back to his ward in that state. Half an hour afterwards, he was found in bed, like a child fast asleep, exhausted from a refreshing sleep, with a clear merry eye and a placid expression of countenance, wholly unlike what is found to obtain after ordinary operations. Upon being questioned by a Gaelic interpreter who was found among the students, he stated that he had never felt any pain, and that he felt no pain now. On being shown his wounded arm, he looked much surprised, but neither cried nor otherwise expressed the slightest alarm.

CASE II.—A soldier who had an opening in the cheek—the result of exfoliation of the jaw—was next made to inhale. At first, he showed signs of moving his hands freely; but soon fell into a state of sleep and snoring. A free incision was made across the lower jaw, and from this the dense adhering integuments were freely dissected all round, so as to raise the dead part of the cheek.—The edges of the opening were then made raw, and the whole line of incision was brought together by several rows of sutures. This patient had previously undergone two minor operations of a somewhat similar kind; both of them had proved unsuccessful, and he bore them very ill, proving unusually restless, and complaining bitterly of severe pain. On the present occasion, he did not wince or moan in the slightest degree; and, on the return of consciousness, said that he felt no nothing. His first act, when apparently half awake, was suddenly to clutch up the sponge with which the chloroform was used, and re-inhaled it to his mouth, obviously implying that he had found the inhalation from it anything but a disagreeable duty. This case was further interesting, as being one of those patients who, from the size of the mouth in which it has been deemed impossible to use ether—and certainly it would have been impossible to have performed the operation with any comfort—dilated inhaling apparatus applied to the mouth of the patient.

CASE III.—A young man about 22 years of age, having received a cut of the first phalanx of the great toe, and ulceration of the integuments, the consequence of injury. The ulcerated surface was exceedingly tender to the touch, so much so that he winced whenever the finger was brought near to it; and the slightest pressure made him cry out. After the removal of the dressings, which caused some pain and fretting, the inhalation was commenced, and the patient almost immediately became insensible, and lay perfectly still while the diseased mass was being removed by amputation of the toe, through the middle of the second phalanx. The inhalation was now stopped. The edges of the wound were brought together with three stitches, and the wound dressed. The patient shortly afterwards awoke, looked round him, declared his entire and perfect freedom from all pain and uneasiness during the operation.

The whole quantity of chloroform used in these three operations did not exceed half an ounce; and, as Professor Simpson himself observed to the students that were present, if ether had been used, several ounces of it would have been requisite to produce the same amount of anasthetic effect.

The following case occurred also to-day to Mr. Miller, in private practice. The notes of it and the subsequent remarks are by Dr. Simpson:

CASE IV.—A young lady wished to have a tumor (encysted) dissected out from beneath the angle of the jaw. The chloroform was used in small quantity, sprinkled upon a common operation sponge. In considerably less than a minute, she was sound asleep, sitting in a chair with her eyes shut, and with her ordinary cheerful expression of countenance. The tumor was extirpated and a stitch inserted, without any pain having been either shown or felt by her semiconscious mind. As she subsequently stated, had been of the most pleasing nature; and her manageableness during the operation was as perfect as if she had been a wax doll or a lifeless figure.

No sickness, vomiting, headache, salivation, uneasiness in the chest, in any of the cases.—Once or twice, a tickling cough took place on recovering.

Death of Sir Walter Scott's Piper.—We learn from a gentleman in Edinburgh, that during the last illness of the first of a present raging in that city, was John Bruce, or 'John of Skye,' for some years the Highland piper at Abbotsford. In his best days he was a fine athletic man, and when dressed in full costume, playing pibroch, or marching up the dining-room at Abbotsford, preceded by his master, the venerable Celtic *guaich*, brimful of Glenlivet, he had a most imposing and picturesque appearance. Latterly, however, the poor fellow got wild and unsettled. He imagined himself to be a descendant of the great Robert Bruce, and hinted at his pretensions to the throne, which only his regard for 'the young lady Queen' prevented him from asserting. He still wandered about, old and infirm, piping the pibroch which he had received from Sir Walter. Though more than seventy years of age, and subject to much hardship and privation, John still loved his master, and had a military air to the last. There was no relation to claim the poor piper's remains, and his body was given to the anatomists for dissection. A medical student purchased for a trifle the bagpipes which he was so proud to bear as the gift of the great Magician, and with them he had once charmed 'high and low, and mighty rarks,' in hall and green wood.—[Rose-shire Advertiser.

The Rev. Alfred Hewlett, of Astley, (Devon,) by way of inducing his congregation to become total abstainers, has promised that he will marry teetotallers, christen their children, and inter their dead, *free of charge.*

A large steam boiler in the sugar refinery of Messrs. Tuchscherer & Co., of Sudenberg, Prussia, exploded on the 30th ult. The fragments struck thirty-three workmen, four of whom were killed on the spot, and the others being conveyed to the hospital, and eight next day.

Disasters.—The steamer Westwood, at New Orleans, burst her boiler, on the 12th, killing nearly a dozen men, and badly scalding others. The Belle, with 6 bales of cotton, struck a snag and sunk on the 12th. She will be a total loss.

Boston Alemanac.—This useful little work, for 1848, is published. In addition to its useful character, a new feature has been added, that of a Directory to Mount Auburn, in which the inscriptions upon the monuments of the dead are recorded.

Selden Brainard, at Brooklyn, on Monday, was sentenced to five years in the State Prison for forgery. 'This,' says the Brooklyn Daily, 'is the first time for one who at the time he lived in Boston was immensely wealthy, and patronized everything worth patronizing in literature and the arts. We have been told that ten or twelve years since, General Jackson, at his public reception in Boston, rode in Brainard's carriage! What a fall was there!'

A resolution was adopted by the Whig members of the Legislature of Virginia, on the 22d ult., proposing Gen. Taylor for the Presidency. Similar resolutions have been adopted by Whig Legislatures of Iowa and Georgia.

A large brick building fell to the ground in Savannah, Ga., on the 22d inst., and killed several persons.

VIRGINIA.—The Parkersburg Gazette informs us that upwards of seventy emigrants, a few days ago, passed through that town from the Valley of Virginia, on their way with a large number of slaves to Missouri, and the remainder to Iowa.

IRELAND.

On the 25th ult., the Rev. Mr. Lloyd was assassinated on his way home from Aughrim Church, near Elphin. Mr Lloyd was universally respected, and during the recent distress, his exertions to prevent the evil consequences were unwearied. Yet he has fallen by the hand of the assassin. On the morning of the same day, Mr. O'Donnell, head bailiff to Lord Lucan, was murdered at Islandeady, Mayo.

Bands of armed ruffians in the counties of Westmeath, Cork and Limerick, are scouring the country, seizing arms, and committing frightful outrages.

On Tuesday, last week, Mr. John Bourke, inspector on Sir Stephen Cave's estate in Jamaica, was murdered by two railway laborers, and the miscreants allowed to escape.

On Saturday, at midnight, Mr. Denis Daly, of Daly Castle, received a letter with a gun and coffin drawn upon the top, admonishing him to be more circumspect in his management of his farm.

On Wednesday night, James Naughton, near Moate, successfully resisted an organized armed band, who threatened to burn his house about him, if he did not deliver up a case of pistols.

Death of the Rev. Thomas Maguire.—The parish priest of Ballinamore, the celebrated Father Maguire, of almost European fame as a controversialist, is no more; intelligence having reached Dublin announcing his death by typhus fever.

La Mascherata, the famous songstress, whose voice compasses the lowest barytone and highest soprano, has arrived in France. Her body is of snow white, while her head and neck are those of the blackest negress. She covers her face and breast with a mask.

AMPUTATION.—Dr. Dean, of Greenfield, amputated a leg of a Mr. Newton, in Leyden, while the patient was under the effects of ether, and he felt no pain from the operation, and on awaking that it had commenced, until the dressing was nearly completed.

Fearful Tragedy.—At Bradford canal-boat station, City of Bath, Mrs. Hurst murdered her four children, ranging from nine to six years of age, and then taking her own life with a razor. She was the wife of a jobbing tailor, and it is said she had been subject to fits of insanity. The deed has produced an awful sensation in the city.

A private letter from St. Petersburg states that the produce of the Russian mines for the year 1846, was 76,000 lbs. of gold, and 54,000 lbs. of silver.

An equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, by Foyatier, is being erected on the Place Matroin, at Orleans, Joan is represented in armor, in complete armor, a helmet upon her brow, and her hair falling upon her shoulders; the moment is when the English fled before her.

A Lucky Discovery.—Among the collection of paintings, the property of Mr. John Wilson, of Stratford, Essex, he has discovered 'A Sleeping Venus,' executed by the celebrated Titian. The fortunate owner has sold it within the last two or three days for five hundred guineas.—[Ipswich Express.

A correspondent of the Oxford Chronicle points out somewhat of a discrepancy in the payment of Christian ministers—the curate of his parish for forty years' exemplary labor had received L.200, while the Archbishop of York in the same period received L.1,000,000.

Lock-Jaw Cured by Ether.—A letter from Rheims states that a carpenter whose leg was lacerated by a saw, which brought on *tetanus*, was subjected to the repeated influence of ether, by which means the mortal symptoms gradually became less distressing, and the patient was ultimately saved.

The Electric Telegraph.—It is a curious fact, yet to be explained, that the electric telegraph will not work in the tunnels under the Thames, Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire railways. This tunnel, as our readers know, was one of the severest pieces of boring that ever was executed, and is the largest of all English Tunnels, not excepting that of Box on the Great Western.

Scarcely a week passes in which grouse, partridges or smaller birds, are not killed by the wires of the electric telegraph on the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

The *Paris Presse* states that half the inhabitants of Marseilles are confined to their beds by attacks of influenza, which broke out recently in that city.

The Influenza.—Ten thousand persons are said to be laid up with the *grippe* (influenza) at Lille, but no one has died of it. At Tours, it is said, there are, it is said, 15,000 persons, in a population of 55,000, suffering from that malady.

Retribution.—The Gloire and Victorieuse, French frigates, recently left the port of Goree, were the vessels engaged in the late massacre of 1000 Cochin Chinese.

A veterinary surgeon at Hattington has successfully used chloroform to relieve the horses in his stable while the operation of cutting the nerves of sensation in its fore feet was being performed.

Six Pilots Drowned off the Port of Liverpool.—On Sunday morning, about tide time, several pilots, belonging to No. 4 Pilot-boat, were proceeding to a vessel through a heavy sea caused by a strong gale from the westward, when the punt was capsized by the waves, and the whole seven men were immediately seen struggling in the water. The crews of the two pilot-boats made the most strenuous efforts to save their countrymen, but succeeded in rescuing one. The others, we regret to say, were all drowned.

Death of Sir Walter Scott's Piper.—We learn from a gentleman in Edinburgh, that during the last illness of the first of a present raging in that city, was John Bruce, or 'John of Skye,' for some years the Highland piper at Abbotsford. In his best days he was a fine athletic man, and when dressed in full costume, playing pibroch, or marching up the dining-room at Abbotsford, preceded by his master, the venerable Celtic *guaich*, brimful of Glenlivet, he had a most imposing and picturesque appearance. Latterly, however, the poor fellow got wild and unsettled. He imagined himself to be a descendant of the great Robert Bruce, and hinted at his pretensions to the throne, which only his regard for 'the young lady Queen' prevented him from asserting. He still wandered about, old and infirm, piping the pibroch which he had received from Sir Walter. Though more than seventy years of age, and subject to much hardship and privation, John still loved his master, and had a military air to the last. There was no relation to claim the poor piper's remains, and his body was given to the anatomists for dissection. A medical student purchased for a trifle the bagpipes which he was so proud to bear as the gift of the great Magician, and with them he had once charmed 'high and low, and mighty rarks,' in hall and green wood.—[Ross-shire Advertiser.

The Rev. Alfred Hewlett, of Astley, (Devon,) by way of inducing his congregation to become total abstainers, has promised that he will marry teetotallers, christen their children, and inter their dead, *free of charge.*

A large steam boiler in the sugar refinery of Messrs. Tuchscherer & Co., of Sudenberg, Prussia, exploded on the 30th ult. The fragments struck thirty-three workmen, four of whom were killed on the spot, and the others being conveyed to the hospital, and eight next day.

Disasters.—The steamer Westwood, at New Orleans, burst her boiler, on the 12th, killing nearly a dozen men, and badly scalding others. The Belle, with 6 bales of cotton, struck a snag and sunk on the 12th. She will be a total loss.

Boston Almanac.—This useful little work, for 1848, is published. In addition to its useful character, a new feature has been added, that of a Directory to Mount Auburn, in which the inscriptions upon the monuments of the dead are recorded.

Selden Brainard, at Brooklyn, on Monday, was sentenced to five years in the State Prison for forgery. 'This,' says the Brooklyn Daily, 'is the first time for one who at the time he lived in Boston was immensely wealthy, and patronized everything worth patronizing in literature and the arts. We have been told that ten or twelve years since, General Jackson, at his public reception in Boston, rode in Brainard's carriage! What a fall was there!'

A resolution was adopted by the Whig members of the Legislature of Virginia, on the 22d ult., proposing Gen. Taylor for the Presidency. Similar resolutions have been adopted by Whig Legislatures of Iowa and Georgia.

A large brick building fell to the ground in Savannah, Ga., on the 22d inst., and killed several persons.

VIRGINIA.—The Parkersburg Gazette informs us that upwards of seventy emigrants, a few days ago, passed through that town from the Valley of Virginia, on their way with a large number of slaves to Missouri, and the remainder to Iowa.

NEW BOOKS!

A COLLECTION of the Writings of Nathaniel P. Rogers—Price 75 cents.

The Church as it is, or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery; by Parker Pillsbury; second edition, revised and improved—25 cents.

Historical and Critical Lectures on the Bible, by John Prince, Pastor of the 2d Universalist Church, in Danvers—25 cents.

Water Cure Manual, by Joel Shew, M. D.—50 cents.

Thoughts on the Death Penalty, by Chas. C. Burleigh—25 cents.

Revelations, &c., by A. J. Davis, the Clairvoyant—$2.50.

Dr. Lardner's Popular Lecture on Science and Art, in 2 vols.

For sale by BELA MARSH,
oct15 3m No. 25 Cornhill.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

SAMUEL WILSON, 10 Brattle street, having made recent additions to his stock, is prepared to furnish BOYS' CLOTHING, of as good cut and fit, and at as cheap prices, as can be obtained in the city. Call and see.

D. S. GRANDIN, M. D.,
DENTIST,
233, WASHINGTON STREET, . . . BOSTON.
All operations warranted.

JOSEPH H. TURPIN

WOULD invite the attention of his friends and the public to his

Daguerian Gallery,

No. 138 HANOVER STREET,

Where he pledges himself to execute Miniatures with a life-like finish, and on as moderate terms as any others in the profession.

Oct. 22.

ISAAC CALDWELL'S

Genteel Boarding House,

Removed from No. 20 Butolph street, to No. 12 Belcher's Court, off Cambridge street.

I. C. would respectfully inform the public, that he has fitted up and opened his house to accommodate Genteel Boarding those who may favor him with their patronage. He respectfully solicits a share. No pains will be spared to render it in every respect a pleasant and agreeable house. Terms moderate. April 16

NEW ENGLAND

SECOND HAND CLOTHING STORE,

No. 56 Union st., BOSTON.

JOHN WRIGHT

KEEPS constantly on hand, a great variety of New and Second Hand CLOTHING. Also, a fine assortment of old clothes, W. I Goods, Watches, Boots and Shoes, &c., exchanged for New Clothing.

Cash advanced on all kinds of Goods applied to the mouth of 1 00. 6mo Oct 1

MEDICATED INHALATION,

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

DR. FROST

CAN BE CONSULTED BY PATIENTS AT HIS OFFICE,

No. 57 Cambridge Street,

BOSTON,

WHERE he treats the above Complaints by a new and decided improved method, by which the Patient is principally relieved of the nauseating effects of medicine taken into the stomach, the medicine by INHALATION to the parts affected, so that the healthy parts of the system need not be affected and sickened by the curative remedy, thus giving a *practical remedy* to the disease, and leaving nature to pursue its true course. Patients out of the city are requested to be as minute as possible in the detail of their cases, as to the duration of their complaints, the symptoms, age, habits of living, occupation, &c. Address Dr. Frost—Boston, post paid.

NOTE.—The most prevalent of all diseases incident to our climate,—CONSUMPTION,—may generally be cured, if taken early. By an experience not long since made, it appears that upwards of SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND die annually of Pulmonary Complaints, and of TAKE THEM, DELATS ARE DANGEROUS. 1yos nov19

'THE ORIGINAL STORE.'

THE BOSTON CHINA TEA CO

No. 198 Washington street,

(Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel,)

BOSTON.

HAS been in operation for five years.—Originated for the sole purpose of buying and selling Tea and Coffee, and *making ends meet*; it has not succeeded exactly as we could wish, but we have succeeded in the trade. As a general rule there is

TWENTY PER CENT. SAVED!

in purchasing at us. We will sell

5 lbs. good Black Tea, for	$1 25
5 lbs. superior Black Tea, (Oolong flavor,)	1 50
5 lbs. good Green Tea,	1 75
5 lbs. good strong Young Hyson,	2 00
5 lbs. delicious Green Tea,	2 25

Many Stores charge 75 cents per pound for as good Tea. We put our Teas up in a style peculiarly our own, in half pound to ten pound packages, comprising over 50 different kinds, and labeled in a fashion, I believe, duly copy-righted, to counterfeit which is *forgery.*

Achowe, a native Chinaman, who has had many years experience in the tea trade, (in native place,) in this business, will be found at the Company's Warehouse, directing and superintending the packing, &c., and will be happy to have his friends call on him.

☞ OUR AIM IS ☜

TO SELL GOOD TEA CHEAP FOR CASH

Any person by enclosing the money in a letter, in presence of a postmaster, and sending by mail, will have the Teas carefully packed and forwarded as directed.

Orders sent through express men, answered with the same care as on a personal application, and with promptness.

An exclusive agent for the sale of our Teas, will be appointed in each town in New England, on application to the Company, in Boston, postage paid.

☞ *WE EMPLOY NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.*

REDDING & CO., Proprietors.
nov19 tf

MRS. MOTT'S

FEMALE PHYSICIAN

HAVING entirely retired from travelling, informs her Patients and the Public generally, that she may at all times be found at her residence,

NO. 40 CAMBRIDGE STREET,

(OPPOSITE LYNDE STREET,) BOSTON, MASS.

where she will be ready to attend to all diseases incident to the Human Frame, in Women and Children, *except those arising from immorality.*

MRS. MOTT has had great experience and success in her practice, during her long residence in Boston, and in other towns in Massachusetts and New Hampshire that she has visited during the last five seasons past, which is very generally known, and proves, that she is not to require flattering testimonials. Her method of treatment and cure is entirely different from many others in the profession, and is perfectly harmless and all compounded by her