THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. II. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS. NO. 30.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.] OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN, ALL MANKIND. [SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1832.

THE LIBERATOR
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 11, MERCHANTS' HALL.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months.

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☞ Opposed to the law of nature, and of God, that gives and secures to every man the rights adapted to his particular station in society, stands the artificial, or unnatural relation of master and slave; where power constitutes right; where, according to the degree of his capacity of coercion, every man becomes his own legislator, and erects his interest, or his caprice, into a law for regulating his conduct to his neighbor. And as the one draws its origin from the heavenly fountain of benevolence, so the other may be traced to the infernal enemy of all goodness.'—REV. J. RAMSEY.

From 'The Friend, or Advocate of Truth.'

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

I have some observations to make on this subject, which will be chiefly confined to the doctrines promulgated, and the effects produced by the labours of the American Colonization Society, for which I crave a patient and candid hearing. Soon after I commenced the publication of this paper, I was cautioned by a personal friend, who wished me success in the undertaking, not to say anything about colonization. I appreciate the motive by which he was influenced, and the kindly feelings which dictated his advice; but I must be permitted to exercise my own discretion. I must walk by my own light, not that of another. I would not needlessly or rashly come in collision with opinions deemed popular; but when I see my way clearly, I have nothing to do with consequences. A conviction of the duty which I owe to myself and to the public, will not permit me longer to withhold the expression of my opinions on this subject, and the reasons upon which these opinions are founded. I believe the abolitionists of our country can take no part in the colonization scheme—can form no connexion with the American Society, for sending the free people of color out of *their* country and *our* country, without a total departure from their principles. Abolitionists advocate universal, unconditional emancipation—not by a sudden and lawless abandonment of the slaves to hopeless want and idleness; but by a regular code of legislative enactments, in the slaveholding states, which should restore to them their stolen rights, and retain them in the capacity of hired laborers, subject to law and government, which should operate equally upon men of every shade of color—provide for their education, and facilitate their instruction in the mechanic arts.

The perfect and entire abolition of slavery in this country, is a task tenfold more easy and practicable than the boasted scheme of colonization in Africa, if men of talents and influence would engage in it with a zeal and perseverance commensurate with its importance. I am persuaded that it may be completely abolished in this country, without compromiting the interest, the happiness, the prosperity, or the safety of slaveholders: nay, more, that there is no other means of securing their tranquillity and safety. Abolitionists can make no compromise with slavery. The moment they do this, they cease to be abolitionists. Can they then have either part or lot in African colonization, or with the doctrines promulgated by the American Society? My answer is plain and easy. They can have nothing to do with either, because the principles advocated, and the doctrines preached by the members and advocates of the American Colonization Society, go to the perpetuation of slavery in this country, to the disparagement and persecution of the colored people, and to the increase and the diffusion of prejudice against them.

In the first place, they distinctly acknowledge the right of property in the slave. They say that 'policy and even humanity forbid the progress of manumission;' that 'the condition of the great mass of emancipated Africans is one in comparison with which the condition of the slaves is preferable;' that the society 'condemns no man because he is a slaveholder;' that 'many of the best citizens of our land are holders of slaves, and hold them *in strict accordance with the principles of humanity and justice*;' that 'the rights of masters are to remain sacred in the eyes of the society;' that, 'it (the society) is utterly opposed to any measures which might infringe upon the rights of property;' that, 'the society has at all times recognized the constitutional and *legitimate* existence of slavery;' that, 'they (the society) will contribute more effectually to the continuance and strength of this system, (of slavery) by removing those now free, than by any, or all other methods which can possibly be devised;' that, 'the tendency of the scheme (colonization) and one of its objects, is to secure slaveholders and the whole southern country, against certain evil consequences, growing out of the present mixture of our threefold population;' that, 'the colonization of the free people of color will render the slave who remains in America more obedient, more faithful, more honest, and consequently, more *useful to his master*;' that, 'into their account the subject of emancipation does not enter at all;' that, 'the measure proposed would prove one of the greatest securities to enable the master to keep in possession his property;' that, 'it is a well-established point, that the public safety forbids *either the emancipation* or the general instruction of the slaves;' that, 'it denies the design of attempting emancipation, either particular or general;' nay more, that 'the scheme of universal emancipation is no better than *dreamy madness*.'

Secondly, the Colonization Society and its advocates are so far from 'improving the condition of the African race,' that they deprecate all measures for the melioration of their condition, and paint their character in the most odious and revolting colors; and so far as their doctrines are believed in, and produce their legitimate effects, the prejudice of the community against the colored people is diffused and strengthened.

They say they 'do not ask that the provisions of our constitution and statute book should be so modified as to relieve and exalt the condition of the colored people, whilst they remain with us. *Let these provisions stand in all their rigour*, to work out the ultimate and unbounded good of this people.' They represent the condition here is not susceptible of a radical and permanent improvement, we would deprecate any legislation that should encourage the rain and injurious hope of it.' They farther say, that the free colored people are 'scarcely reached in their debasement by the heavenly light;' that we need 'look no farther when we seek for the most degraded, the most abandoned race on earth, but rest our eyes on this people;' that, 'the free blacks are a greater nuisance than any other population;' that, 'of the descriptions of our population, and of either portion of the African race, the free people of color are, by far, the most corrupt, depraved and abandoned;' that, 'the existence within the bosom of our country, of an anomalous race of beings, *the most depraved upon earth*, is a greater national evil,' &c.; and that 'freedom confers on them no privilege but the privilege of being more vicious and miserable than the slaves can be.' The question is gravely asked in the colonization paper, 'What but sorrow can we feel at the misguided piety which has set free so many of them by death-bed devise or sudden conviction of injustice? Better, far better for us, had they been kept in bondage, where the opportunity, the inducements, the necessity of vice had not been so great.'

These quotations are no fictions of my own invention. They are the language of professed colonizationists, when giving an exhibition of the design and objects of the society. Most of them will be found in the African Repository, the organ of the society, published in the city of Washington, and edited by the secretary of the American Colonization Society.

One of the professions of the society is, that these people are to be colonized *with their own consent*. But how is this consent to be obtained? By making their situation in their native land loathsome and intolerable. We see the effects of the doctrines preached by the society and its advocates, in every part of our country. Combinations have been formed in which the farmers and landholders pledge themselves to each other not to employ, or rent land or tenements to a free man of color, unless *married to a slave*. This is to make them *willing* to go to the 'asylum provided for them in Africa, by the benevolence of the wise and good.' If they are not willing to go, their consent is to be thus obtained by starvation. They would doubtless rather go to Africa than die in the United States with hunger. Is this voluntary emigration? As well might we say that Mina was *willing* to be hanged. He *chose* to submit to the law of necessity. In the Virginia House of Delegates, it is well known that the system of coercion was openly defended by colonization men; and I have heard the same description of persons argue that it was right and necessary, that 'we the whites, should judge for them, the blacks—they are too ignorant to understand their own interests, and too stupid to be convinced by others. They are not therefore qualified to judge what is best for them—*we* know that they ought to go to Africa, and if they will not *choose* what is for their own good, we should make them go.'

Another profession of the advocates of the scheme is, that the colony is to put an end to the slave trade. Many pathetic descriptions of the horrors of this traffic have been penned by the advocates of colonization, and contributions have been solicited, to replenish the funds of the society, for the accomplishment of so humane an object as the suppression of the slave trade. This is one of their many false and delusive pretensions, to gull the people into their measures.

It is refuted both by nature and facts. The slave trade will never be suppressed by all the laws in the universe, aided by all the efforts of the colony and the Colonization Society, so long as a market is kept open for slaves. While human beings are held in bondage, and command a high price, there will be found men depraved enough to steal them and make merchandize of them. The only effectual cure for the slave trade, is the abolition of slavery. It can be effected in no other way. It is now carried on with greater cruelty than when it was allowed by law. The laws passed for its suppression by Great Britain and the United States, have only served to increase its horrors, and add to its enormities. The risk of a halter is staked against the prospect of realizing sixty or seventy thousand dollars by a successful voyage; and the adventurers are rendered desperate and cruel beyond all former example. I have now before me an account given by an eye witness, of an act of cruelty in this trade, which makes the blood run cold at its recital. A captain of a vessel engaged in the slave trade, being pursued by a British frigate, to avoid detection, and to save his neck from the halter, had all his victims thrown into the ocean, chained two and two, with weights attached to them to cause them to sink.

And such cruelties will continue to be perpetrated upon the defenceless Africans, so long as there is a market open, in a christian land, for the purchase and sale of human flesh. Let those then, who seriously design to put an end to the slave trade, and its attendant cruelties, lay the axe to the root of the corrupt tree—direct their energies to the extinction of slavery, and the work will be accomplished.

Again, the extension of the blessings of civilization, and the lights of christianity to the dark regions of Africa, by means of the Colonization Society, has been made a fruitful theme of declamation from the pulpit and the press. Many an eloquent description has been given of the gloomy and wretched condition of the miserable natives of that vast continent, enveloped in the dense clouds of heathen darkness, a prey to debasing superstitions and hopeless ignorance. This darkness is to be dispelled, the wretchedness removed, and the superstition and ignorance to disappear, and the lights of science and christianity are to shed their genial influence over this benighted region—the moral wilderness is to be made to blossom like the rose, and the desert, like the garden of the Lord '—by whom? By the teachers of science, and the heralds of gospel truth, whom the society are to send to Africa—by those very people whom they and their advocates have stigmatized as 'the most vicious, depraved, and abandoned race on earth'—by those who are 'without any sense of character to restrain them,' who are 'far more noxious than the slaves themselves,' and who, 'like the deadly Upas, impart corruption to all around them.' 'O my soul, come not into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united.' Can abolitionists, can the advocates of universal emancipation, join hands with the American Colonization Society, without a total abandonment of their principles? Can they make a compromise with slavery, and co-operate with those who distinctly recognise the right of property in human beings? who deprecate universal emancipation, and pronounce it 'an act of dreamy madness?' who express sorrow and regret for the *mistaken piety* which has induced so many to leave their slaves free by will? who, in short, portray the character of the free colored people in the most odious colors which imagination can conceive, and then gravely tell the world that these are the missionaries who are to carry civilization, science, and christianity to a heathen land, and to be the means of redeeming, regenerating, and enlightening a vast continent?

The ground upon which abolitionists stand is holy. They plead the sacred cause of man. For he who wantonly deprives his fellow man of his rights, and compels him to toil and spend his strength in his service, is an enemy to the human race. Though he may not violently wrest from *me* my liberty, which is next to my life, he does the same thing in the person of another, whose rights are as sacred as mine, and whose innate abhorrence of oppression is no less vivid; and the wrong is an outrage against a law of our common nature, which interests every man alike. It may be that the color of my skin shields me *now* from the ruthless hand of the spoiler, and saves me from the degradation of being bought and sold as property. But right and justice give to the man-stealer as valid a claim to my unrequited labor, as to that of any other man that lives, be his nation or color what it may. The cause, then, of abolitionists is sacred—it is the cause of *man—of all* men—and of *every* man in particular. They plead for those inalienable rights which God has conferred upon his creature man, and upon which, in his universal Providence, he never encroaches.

But African colonization is radically and essentially different in its features and character from abolition. It is predicated upon the gratuitous assumption that the African race must forever be a vicious, degraded, debased, and inferior caste, so long as they remain in the land of their birth, in the country blessed above any other portion of the earth, with the fulness of civil liberty and christian light—that they are a nuisance and a burden upon society, and that policy, and even humanity forbid their emancipation from slavery, except on condition of being transported to a foreign country. I can have no fellowship with the delusive scheme. Its foundation is deeply laid in the most unholy prejudice, which ought not to possess the heart of a christian. I am opposed to slavery in every form, mental and corporeal; and I can never consent to any compromise of a principle of such vital importance to every man who values his liberty. The religious society to which I belong, have borne a testimony against the slavery practised upon the poor African, for a longer time than I have lived. Among those who labored to raise this righteous standard, they numbered men as Lay, Sandford, Woolman, Benezette, and Hicks; men whose philanthropy, benevolence and untiring zeal in the cause of abolition, was bounded only by the term of their moral existence. And if we who profess the same faith, and feel bound to the support of the same testimonies, should be seduced by the plausible reasoning of colonizationists, to turn aside from the direct path which has been clearly opened before us, and suffer our honest abhorrence of oppression to be weakened by the specious and imposing garb of benevolence which covers the rottenness of the colonization scheme, we shall be recoding from the holy ground upon which we have stood, and shall be accounted unworthy to bear the righteous ensign of universal emancipation, in the hour of trial. I desire, with all my heart, that we may never suffer this standard to fall in the streets, or its brightness to be tarnished by open adversaries, plausible theories, or popular delusions.

I know that there are many good and benevolent men, who have become members of the Colonization Society—men who, in their hearts, are opposed to slavery in any form. The honesty of their sincerity of such men cannot be questioned. It would be uncharitable to doubt it. My arguments and remarks are not personal—they are intended to be directed against the project of colonization as presented to us by its professed advocates, not against individuals.

But there is one problem which I cannot solve. I have watched the movements of the Colonization Society for fifteen years, have read the speeches of the members, perused their reports, and scanned carefully their doctrines and views, and I am unable to see how an honest abolitionist can have any concern in the scheme, *provided he fully understands it*. And as I cannot solve this problem, I shall leave it for others to dispose of in the best manner they are able.

I shall make no apology for the length of this article. I feel it to be as important a subject, at this period of our history, as any that could engage the attention of our readers. I have written it with more exhausting the copious theme. I shall not at present say more, but my judgment, and my conscientious convictions would not permit me to say less.

The sentiments expressed in the following extracts from a letter lately received, accord so fully with my own views on this important subject, that I am persuaded they will be acceptable to others.

'I know the deep interest that hast in the welfare of our colored population; and perhaps there are no means by which the humane aspirations of the philanthropist, towards these unfortunate people, have a firmer prospect of being realized, than by imbuing the minds of the younger class among them, with a judicious literary education. I fully believe that no one cause has contributed so much to awaken our citizens to a sense of the wrongs of the African descendants, as the *energy* of mind that has been developed by them within a few years. This has not only been exhibited in the successful experiment of self-government, in the Republic of Hayti, but likewise by the moral intrepidity which some have displayed in pleading the cause of their countrymen. Neither should I omit to mention the many temperate and powerful appeals that have emanated from several associations formed among the colored people, for the purpose of improving their condition. But by whom have these *appeals* and other exertions been made? By the uninstructed and illiterate? No, truly. They have chiefly proceeded from those whose native vigor of intellect has enabled them to overcome all obstacles to their progress in useful knowledge, and to imbue their minds with such just conceptions of their own native energies, that they caught with *intuitive perception* a glimpse of the *promised land*. Not, indeed, the much landed territory of Liberia—neither the Canadian land of fugitives—nor the villified land of Hayti; but the native, vigorous soil of *African intellect*. This is the much neglected and despised land which wants nothing but a proper culture to insure the negro a home in any climate of the habitable globe! My heart throbs with the delightful anticipation, that this desert land will one day be clad with all the charms which culture can impart, and its waste, and arid plains shall be made to 'blossom as the rose.' Then, indeed, the Ethiopian may survey his rich domain, and exclaim, with feelings of devout gratitude,

'These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty glids and music fills,
Were once but *deserts*. Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurp'd the scene.'

Experience abundantly shows how little confidence need be placed in any of the popular schemes of colonization. But I could suffer them to sink with the other ephemera of the day, into the abyss of insignificance, were I not fully persuaded that the Colonization Society is not barely useless. It is at this moment exercising a most pernicious influence in relation both to slaveholders and slaves. I cannot believe that the most enlightened among the former class, can feel any confidence in the labors of this institution. They must view its exertions as totally inefficient as respects the desired result. However, the great mass of slaveholders must be excessively ignorant, else they could never conceive the idea that their principal danger 'has sprung from the free negroes!' But their guilt and their fears have blinded them both to their safety and interest. The truth is, their only hope of safety is identified with the free colored population. The massacre of Southampton shows conclusively, that ignorance and the consequent brutality engendered by it, are the best materials for insurrection—while the most accurate investigation has not shown that the free blacks had any connexion with that transaction.

I was, however, about to observe, that with the bulk of slavites the Colonization Society opens a door for the departure of the free negroes—while both experience and a just knowledge of the principles of human nature testify, that in effecting this object, they consult neither sound policy nor their individual interest. Towards the liberated slaves, as well as those who are born free, this society also exercises an influence most prejudicial. The real friend and almost only hope of the slave, is sent out of the country, and deprived of the opportunity of pleading the cause of his oppressed countrymen. Towards the community at large, the colonizing scheme exerts an influence still worse, if possible, than towards either of the two classes of citizens specified. It tends to keep up a most invidious distinction and prejudice towards this much injured people. It diverts the attention of our philanthropic citizens from all efficient means of abolishing slavery, and fixes it upon an *ignis fatuus*, which emphatically leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind. In conclusion—I consider this society as the legitimate offspring of the *fear* and *cupidity* of the slaveholder—and, although many well-meaning men have patronized it, they have done so through ignorance of its true nature and design; with which all who are acquainted should exert their utmost efforts to check its insidious influence.'

The notice we have taken of colonization in this number, is merely a sketch, an outline, a cursory review of some of the prominent features of the scheme. We have not touched the question of its impracticability; its injustice, if practicable; its impolicy, even if both just and practicable; or the present condition of the colony at Liberia—each of these points are capable of ample illustration.

In a late conversation with a person who had resided at Liberia for seven or eight years, I was informed that scarcely half a dozen families are supported by the culture of the soil; and further, that the influx of 500 colonists per annum, would tend greatly to embarrass their operations, and a much greater number would completely ruin the colony. The increase in the U. States per ann. is about 70,000. If the transportation of 1000 a year would overwhelm the colony in embarrassment and ruin, which is declared to be the probable result, by a person well qualified to judge, it must be evident to every impartial observer, that no impression can ever be made upon the numbers in this country, by colonization.

When the Mississippi can be turned back in its course, or the Alleghany mountains be removed from their base, then may the colored people of the United States be transported to Africa, *and not before*.

The whole system of slavery is essentially and radically bad—injustice and oppression are its fundamental principles; whatever laudy may be requisite in speaking of the agent, none should be shewn, none should be expressed for the act. Of his actions we should speak in the language of reprobation, disgust, and abhorrence.

From the Boston Daily Atlas.

JUDGE THACHER'S CHARGE. No. 1.

The Charge of Judge Thacher to the Grand Jury, delivered last March, has received so much praise, and been so generally circulated, that, although some time has elapsed since it was first published, I trust that it will not be thought too late to examine the new and startling doctrines which it advances. This examination cannot be thought out of season at the present moment, as the Charge has just been re-printed in a quarterly law journal (the American Jurist) published in this place.

I was astonished when I first read this production, to find what seemed to me such unsound and dangerous opinions on the law of libel openly avowed here; and I have witnessed, with deep regret and mortification, the applause which has been lavished upon it by citizens of the free States. Viewing these opinions as not only extremely questionable in point of law, but as utterly inconsistent with the liberty of the press, they seem to me to merit a thorough exposure.

I trust, however, that it will be understood, that, in the remarks which I am about to make, no disrespect is intended towards Judge Thacher, who has always discharged the duties of his office with ability, industry, and fidelity, and, I believe, to the general satisfaction of those best qualified to estimate his official deportment. If he has been mistaken, as I think he has, as to the matter proper to be introduced into a charge, and as to a disputed point of law, I consider it merely an error of judgment, to which even the best and wisest men are exposed.

The passage in Judge Thacher's charge on which I propose to offer a few remarks is the following. I give it at length, that the reader may see at one view the legal doctrine and the arguments by which it is supported. The main principle of law which the passage maintains, and the one on which I intend especially to remark, is, for the reader's convenience, printed in italics.

'It is undoubtedly a misdemeanor, and indictable as such at common law, for one to attempt to persuade another to commit murder, robbery, perjury, or any crime, whether such persuasion be verbal or written, and whether the offence be perpetrated in consequence of such persuasion or not. So it is a misdemeanor to attempt to commit any crime, where the unlawful intent is manifested by an overt act, which indicates such intent. It is not material whether the crime is to be perpetrated, here, or in some other place. It is sufficient if it be shown that the unlawful intent existed here, and that the deed which manifested that intent was done in this country. To publish a paper here, with the intent to send it to another state, to persuade one or more persons there to commit murder, or treason, the law regards as a libel of peculiar atrocity, and no supposed freedom of the press will screen the author or publisher from the penal consequences of the deed.

'In that country from which we drew our principles of jurisprudence, it is laid down by the highest judicial authority, that every publication which has a tendency to promote public mischief, whether by causing irritation in the minds of the people, that may induce them to commit a breach of the public peace, or whether it be more public and specific, extending to the morals, the religion or magistracy of the country, is a libel. Any publication which tends to degrade, revile and defame persons in considerable situations of power and dignity in foreign countries, is taken to be and treated as a libel; and particularly where it has a tendency to interrupt the pacific relations between the two countries. If the publication contains a plain and manifest incitement and persuasion addressed to others, to assassinate and destroy the persons of such Magistrates, as the tendency is to interrupt the harmony of the two countries, the libel assumes a still more criminal character.

'Every good citizen must, I think, wish, that harmony may subsist between us and the citizens of all the other States. But how is this Union long to be preserved, if those who enjoy its benefits, cherish towards each other mutual hatred? If publications which have a direct tendency to excite the slave population of other States to rise upon their masters, and to involve their families and property in a common destruction, are here published and circulated freely, may not the citizens of those States well imagine that such publications are authorized by our laws? If such publications were justified and encouraged here, it would tend to alienate from each other the minds of those whose best political happiness and safety consist in preserving in its full strength the bond of the Union.

'Believing that the laws of Massachusetts are not liable to this reproach, I deem it to be my duty to express to you, at this time, my opinion, *that to publish books, pamphlets, or newspapers, designed to be circulated here and in other States of the Union, and having a direct and necessary tendency to excite in the minds of our citizens deadly hatred and hostility against their brethren of other States, and to stimulate the slave population of those States to rise against their masters, and to effect by fire and sword their emancipation, is an offence against the peace of this Commonwealth, and that it may be prosecuted as a misdemeanor at common law.* It is said that pamphlets and papers of such character have been published in Boston and sent to the Southern States, and that they have caused great alarm and complaint there. It cannot be denied, that it is a just cause both of alarm and complaint. Sometime since, a pamphlet was put into my hands, the author of which, I am informed, has since deceased, which contained, as I thought, enough inflammable matter on this subject to set all the States south of the Potomac into a blaze.'

Before I examine the legal doctrine brought forward in this passage, I feel constrained to remark, that the expression of it on the occasion selected for the purpose, was uncalled for, and scarcely sanctioned by the usual practice of judges in delivering charges. No person having been indicted or accused of publishing a libel, on the subject of slavery, the judge could have no reason to suppose that the grand jury would be called officially to act upon the opinions which he put forth. No statute and no decision in this State had declared any publication in relation to slavery libellous. Under these circumstances, for the judge to volunteer an opinion upon a doubtful question of law, was, to say the least, an unusual proceeding.

A very little reflection, will, I think, shew some reason why Judge Thacher should have abstained from proclaiming his peculiar opinion on the law of libels. A pamphlet called 'Walker's Appeal,' was published two or three years ago in Boston, in which the subject of slavery was discussed; and a paper called the Liberator is still published here, the principal object of which is to promote the abolition of slavery. This pamphlet and this newspaper are, I have no doubt, the publications to which Judge Thacher points in his charge. The author of the Appeal had passed beyond the reach of any earthly tribunal long before the charge was delivered. The only persons, therefore, whom Judge Thacher meant to designate as meriting punishment, where the persons concerned in the publication of the Liberator. No one questions, that Judge Thacher had these gentlemen in his mind when he penned his charge. Every one in this vicinity, who was in the habit of reading the newspapers, knew as well that they were intended, as if he had mentioned the publishers of the Liberator by name. I inquire, then, with confidence, if it was proper for Judge Thacher to denounce from the bench persons who were not before him for trial, and were not even accused of any crime? to throw the whole weight of his official station into the scale of prejudice? to become an accuser, and an instigator of prosecution, in a case, in which he would have to act as judge? I am very far from imputing to Judge Thacher the slightest wilful deviation from the strict line of his duty. But should the Editor or the Publisher of the Liberator, be indicted before him, for any matter contained in that paper, is there not danger that his mind, after this public denunciation of them, will not have on the trial all the fairness and impartiality which are looked for on the bench? Even if he should be, in fact, unbiassed, could he fail to be suspected of prejudice, should he recommend the conviction of the accused? On the other hand, should he advise an acquittal, would he not subject himself to the reproaches of the southern papers, which have been so clamorous in his praise?

In respect to Walker's Appeal, the course of Judge Thacher is still more extraordinary. It probably did not occur to him, while proscribing this work, that though the author was dead, any other person who should publish it, would still be liable to prosecution. Would not Judge Thacher find himself in a very awkward position, if any person should be indicted before him for publishing this pamphlet? With regard to the Liberator, the judge might say, that his opinion was hypothetical; that he had merely said, that if any newspaper had the tendency supposed, it was libellous; and, that he had never asserted that the Liberator had such a tendency. But with regard to the Appeal, having said that it contained 'enough inflammable matter to set all the States South of the Potomac into a blaze,' he has distinctly decided, that, according to his views of the law, the work was an indictable libel. If any person should be indicted for publishing the Appeal, would it not appear that Judge Thacher had prematurely, without affording the accused or his counsel any opportunity of being heard, given his opinion upon the most important point in the case, that is, that the work was a libel? Would Judge Thacher be willing, under these circumstances, to try the case?

In another point of view the speculations of Judge Thacher on the law of libel, seem to be ill-timed. In respect to the Appeal, he has prejudged the facts and the law; and the same remark will apply in some degree to the Liberator. But the publishers of these works are not the only persons who have reason to complain of this prejudgment. The legal positions which Judge Thacher maintains, are, as I have already remarked, extremely questionable. Yet having publicly taken them, he cannot gracefully recede. If any persons then, should be indicted before him for publishing in Boston, remarks upon slavery in Georgia or Louisiana, they will, in fact, be precluded from arguing, that they have been guilty of no offence against the laws of Massachusetts. The presiding judge has already, without hearing counsel, decided the question—a question as interesting and important as any that has ever been agitated in this country. To argue against a doctrine, which the judge, by his public manifesto, pledges himself to support, would be a desperate undertaking.

Z. Z.

For the Liberator.

PRACTICE vs. PRECEPT.

'We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

This was the motto of our fathers when, severing their chains of oppression, they declared themselevs an independent people. It was a motto which did honor to the illustrious founders of our republic. It was approved by Heaven. And though the arm of power was raised to crush this effort for freedom, that divine Providence on which they relied, prospered their noble enterprise. Now we their descendants reap the fruit of their labors. We sit under our own vines and fig trees, with none to molest or make us afraid. Here the youthful American, while he recounts the valorous deeds of his ancestors, kindles with a sacred enthusiasm, and seems animated with the same glorious sentiments that inspired their bosoms. Here liberty sits enthroned, and scatters her ten thousand blessings with a royal munificence. Happy country! Thrice happy republic! Surely 'violence is no more heard in thy land, waste nor destruction within thy borders.' No tear of sorrow wrung out by the cruel hand of oppression bedews the cheeks of thy citizens; but here. the joyful acclamations of freemen form one grand chorus of praise to Him who went forth with our armies, and freed us from the yoke of bondage.

But hark! Did I not hear, amid that shout, discordant sounds? Methinks that southern breeze brought to my ear a sigh, a deep-toned sigh. Ah! it is the wail of Afric's sable son. What, stranger, is the cause of thy sorrow? Speak, if any man has wronged thee: for here thou art in a land of freedom, a land of equal rights. Here our fathers pledged 'their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor' to maintain the rights of man. And we their sons have sworn by the 'green graves of our sires' that we will not swerve from these noble, high-born principles. But listen to his indignant reply: Tell me not of your land of freedom, your sacred honor, and your regard for the rights of man. Millions of my race, endowed by their Creator with these inalienable rights which you pretend so sacredly to regard, are by yourselves, and under the sanction of your just and equal laws, cruelly deprived of the dearest of these inalienable rights, and doomed to perpetual slavery.—Can it be so? Can it be true, that in this land of the free and home of the brave, cruel oppression sways her iron sceptre? 'O tell it not in Gath, lest the haughty despot triumph and exultingly exclaim, 'Where is the liberty of which you so much boast?' Ah, it is told. The disgraceful story is wafted on every passing breeze. This black spot on the sun of our glory even now attracts the gaze of all the nations of the earth.

'O liberty! O sound professedly delightful to every American ear; but how trampled upon! Thousands of our fellow beings are here publicly scourged and mangled, whilst the only words they utter amidst their cruel sufferings are, I am a human being.'

But shall it continue to be so? Shall the cry of the enslaved continue to sound in our ears, and excite no emotion of pity? Look at the situation of the poor African;—torn from the land of his fathers, and doomed to drag out a miserable existence in the most abject slavery. But perhaps while all around is gloom, the prospect of future bliss awakens joy in his soul. Perhaps as he reads that blessed volume whose light is designed to guide the weary pilgrim through this world's wide wilderness to the courts above, his bosom glows with transport at the thought of soon being where the 'wicked cease from troubling and the weary are forever at rest.' Perhaps the thought that he shall soon range the fields of the Paradise above, free as the air that sweeps her flowery dales, fills his soul with rapture. But, alas! he cannot read. The windows of his understanding are darkened lest one ray of light should enter there, and waken him to deeds of noble daring! The Bible is kept from him, lest animated by its sentiments he should assert his right to freedom.—When I reflect that He who rules the destinies of nations, has an arm to revenge the oppressed, 'I tremble for my country.' The groans of two millions of enslaved beings, and the voice of that blood which has moistened our southern plantations, will not be heard in vain.

Let every one then who deprecates the wrath of Heaven on our guilty land, raise his voice against this horrid evil, until the influence of public sentiment, supported as it will be by the word of God and by every principle of humanity, shall cause its entire abolition. Let every lover of his country exert himself until our government, purged from the gangrene which is now preying upon its vitals, shall flourish in all that health of vigor which would be secured by a strict adherence to the principles of our free institutions.

C.

For the Liberator.

APPEAL TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Mr Editor—The following memorial came into my hands by accident, but I thought it too valuable a piece of writing to be left in the street, and have, therefore, transmitted it to you for publication.

To the Bishops and Members of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia assembled.

Gentlemen—It is with the greatest pleasure we have set for several days and heard the debates of the General Conference; and being ourselves members of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years, we feel it to be our duty, knowing it to be our privilege, to address you on a subject of great importance to us, and, we trust, not of the least to you. It is a subject which agitates this great nation—to wit, slavery.

We are convinced, from the wide range of methodism at the south, and its moral influence there, that it is in your power to do more toward removing this national curse than all the northern states together. We think you could safely recommend to the annual conferences prudently to petition the legislatures of the states in which they are located, on the subject; especially on that part which relates to the depriving of the people of color, free and bond, from worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and from having access to the Holy Sciptures, which are the only rule of life and practice, and are able to make them wise unto salvation, and are the only true safeguard against insurrection.

And let us here ask, since it is true that the mountain shook when God revealed his law, and that the earth quaked, the sun in darkness hid, and nature in sackcloth clothed, while the blessed Jesus sealed, with his blood and dying groans, the truths of the gospel, can God smile on that people, or long withhold his indignation from them, who dares to legislate that a part of his creation, in a land of bibles and gospel light, shall not have access to the sacred scriptures in which we have the words of eternal life? Have we no reason to fear that we have a part in this sin?

Gentlemen, there is another part of this subject which is of importance to us all—to wit—How far is it right, if right at all, for Methodist ministers to hold slaves? To say nothing of discipline, if we take the Rev. Mr Hammit's sermon of the 13th inst. they must stand condemned; for he said that he who is unjust to the fatherless, oppresses the needy, and takes away the rights of the poor, hath no part in the kingdom of grace, and without repentance can have none in the kingdom of glory—for he shall receive eternal damnation.

But, at least, we would ask every minister, who holds his fellow-man in bondage, the three following questions: '1st. Is it lawful? May I do it, and not sin? 2d. Does it become me as a christian? May I do it, and not wrong my profession? 3d. Is it expedient? Can I do it, and not offend my weak brother?' For Christ says, that as ye would men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. And aside from the influence which the example has on the public, what is our relation to this system? Are we not administering to all the evils arising from it? and are not slaveholders, to a certain extent, guilty of all insurrectionary movements—even to the bloody tragedy of Southampton? For if there were no slaveholders, there would be no slaves; and if no slaves, no insurrections.

But we are aware some good men are trammelled, in consequence of prohibitory laws; and on this account we would recommend that the annual conference use their influence with the legislatures to make some provision that you may get clear of this offensive burden.—We would, however, beg leave to suggest a plan which we think all may adopt. We know that free labor is much more profitable than slave labor. May not the master, then, hire the slaves, pay them the wages current, clothe them out of it, and lay the surplus by, and as soon as there is a sufficiency in his hands, let it be applied to their emigration to such place as they may choose, for the enjoyment of their liberty. This plan will apply to those who have no other pecuniary sources for the slaves' benefit; for surely the rich good man will, as far as possible, attend to the Saviour's golden rule. But with respect to educating the slaves—where the law prohibits it, the master can take our church catechism and read it, or cause his children to read it to the slaves, and they to commit it to memory; so that the principles of the gospel would be indelibly fixed on their minds, and its morality would inspire their hearts and govern their actions, although they should not be able to read one word. The slaves, thus having a correct view of the true God, and of the morality of his precepts, would, no doubt, forever be prevented from all insurrectionary movements; and we doubt not but that the influence of such an instilled system of morality among them would ultimately cause slavery, with all its evils, to vanish from the south, like the early dew before the rising sun.

Thus, brethren, we humbly believe you may, both in your legislative and ecclesiastical departments, be the ministers of much good to our poor afflicted and oppressed brethren.

And may the Lord abundantly bless you in all you undertake for his glory and his people's good, is the prayer of the people of color under your charge, in this city.

Signed in behalf of many,

CHARLES W. GARDNER.

Philadelphia, May 24th, 1832.

[Mr Gardner is a very respectable and intelligent colored clergyman.]—*Ed. Lib.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

☞ Our word for it, there are few young white ladies who can prepare an essay for the press with more accuracy in regard to orthography and punctuation, or written in a more beautiful hand, than the following, by a young colored lady. We beg for other favors.

For the Liberator.

UNNATURAL DISTINCTION.

I have often thought of the distinction made in places of *Public Worship* between white and colored persons, and have wondered that the latter should humble themselves so much as to occupy one of those seats provided for them.

A reverend gentleman who addressed the audience at Franklin Hall on Monday evening last, in speaking on this subject, said, 'If such seats were pointed out to *white* persons on entering a House of Worship, they, instead of occupying them, would instantly leave the house.' It is reasonable to suppose they would. And why should we submit to such distinction, any more than the whites? Are we less sensitive than they? If we are injured or insulted, do we not feel a spirit of resentment as well as they? By occupying those places, we certainly acknowledge our inferiority—we say, by our actions, our Creator has made us to differ—we are naturally inferior—it is right that a line of distinction should be drawn between the whites and us.

But the question will naturally arise,—What shall we do? Shall we absent ourselves from the House of God? I would ask—is our heavenly Father confined to one place? Is He not present in every place? If we ask him, in sincerity, to be with us and bless us, we shall enjoy his presence at *home* while reading his Holy Word. But there are places of worship where we can go and hear ministers of our own color; and is it not better to encourage them by attending upon their ministrations, if they preach the gospel of Christ, even if they differ from us in non-essential points, than to go where our feelings are injured by this 'most foul, strange, and unnatural' prejudice, which exists among many white christians towards us? And should a murmuring thought arise in our hearts, let us for a moment contrast our situation with that of our brethren and sisters in slavery. What would they not give to enjoy their meetings unmolested? No assembling themselves together to hear the Word of God dispensed—no healing balm poured into their wounded hearts by the preachers of the gospel. No. If they are found on their knees, offering up their humble petitions to their heavenly Father in broken accents, they are whipped by their unfeeling taskmasters, until their blood bedews the soil. And this in a land of Freedom—a land of Bibles! O Lord! Thou hast said, Vengeance belongeth to Thee. We know that Thou wilt avenge their cause. At thine awful bar, priests and people will be alike accountable for the deeds done in the body.

And shall we be discouraged? Shall we, after receiving so many blessings from the Lord, distrust his goodness? Our cause is onward. Who, that sees our dear advocate fearless and undaunted amidst the calumnies heaped upon him by his enemies,

'Still bearing up his lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of his youth,'

does not feel his heart swell with emotions of gratitude to God for raising him up to defend us? O, let our grateful thanks be constantly ascending the Throne of Grace. And when we invoke the blessings of Heaven to rest upon our friends and us, let us remember those in bondage.

ZELMIRE.

Boston, July 14th, 1832.

☞ By a young lady of color.

For the Liberator.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

'All other passions change
With changing circumstances; rise or fall,
Dependent on their object; claim returns;
Live on reciprocation and expire
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.'

And dost thou, poor slave, feel this holy passion? Does thy heart swell with anguish, when thy helpless infant is torn from thy arms, and carried thou knowest not whither? when thou hast no hope left that thou shalt ever see his innocent face again? Yes, I know thou dost feel all this.

I well remember conversing with a liberated slave, who told me of the many hardships she had to encounter while in a state of captivity. At one time, after having been reaping all the morning, she returned at noon to a spring near her master's house to carry water to some hired laborers. At this spring her babe was tied; she had not been allowed to come near it since sunrise, the time at which it was placed there; her heart yearned with pity and affection for her boy, and while she kneeled at the spring and dipped the water with one hand, she drew her babe to her aching bosom with the other. She would have fed it from this fountain, troubled and almost dried with grief; but, alas! this consolation was denied her. Her cruel mistress observed her from the window where she was sitting, and immediately ran to her, and seizing a large stick beat her cruelly upon her neck and bosom, bidding her begone to her work. Poor creature! rage against her mistress almost emboldened her to return the blow; she cared not for herself, but when she reflected that her child would probably be the sufferer, maternal tenderness triumphed over every other feeling, and she again tied her child, and returned to the labors of the field.

American Mothers! can you doubt that the slave feels as tenderly for her offspring as you do for yours? Do your hearts feel no throb of pity for her woes? Will you not raise your voices, and plead for her emancipation—her immediate emancipation?

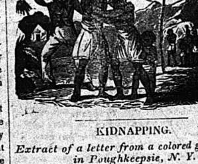
At another time, when assisting her mistress to get dinner, she dropped the skin of a potato into what she was preparing. The angry woman snatched the knife from her hand, and struck her with it upon the bosom! My countenance expressed so much horror at this account, that I believe the poor woman thought I doubted her veracity. Baring her aged bosom, 'Look,' said she, 'my child, here is the scar'—and I looked and wept that woman should have so far forgot her gentle nature. Soon after this, she was sold to another person, and at his death freed. She then went to reside in a neighboring city. Her old mistress, after a series of misfortunes, was reduced almost to beggary, and bent her weary footsteps to the same city: and would you believe it, reader? She sent for the woman she had so cruelly wronged, to come and assist her. Her friends persuaded her not to go; but she, noble creature! woman-like, weeping that a lady should be so reduced, obeyed the call, and waited upon her as faithfully as if she had been her dearest friend.

Calumniators of my despised race, read this and blush.

ZILLAH.

Philadelphia, July 8th, 1832.

SLAVERY RECORD.



KIDNAPPING.

Extract of a letter from a colored gentleman in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'There has been a case of kidnapping in our village. In the early part of this spring, a man, by the name of Isaac Butler, took some horses to Virginia to sell, and also a colored boy, who lived with his father, to ride the horses. Mr Butler returned, and said the boy had ran away. Mr B.'s father offered ten dollars to any one who would bring him back. This, it is supposed, was to make it appear that his son had not sold him. No more was said about it for some time; but a letter was sent to the post master and another one to Judge Emmet. It appears the boy had been sold, and left with a gentleman until Mr Butler came out of the state; then another man came and claimed him as his property. The boy declared he was free. The man who claimed the boy undertook to make the boy go with him; it is said he was going to take the boy farther south to sell him. The boy ran away, and was taken up and tried before a justice who was acquainted with Judge Emmet. The boy mentioned some of the principal gentlemen living in our village. The boy was then taken and put in prison, and those letters mentioned above were written to Poughkeepsie. Mr Emmet wrote back that the boy was free. The village called a meeting and appointed a committee, who employed an attorney and sent him on. Mr B. started four and twenty hours before, to get the boy; probably to carry him farther south, but could not get him. The letter from Judge Emmet had got there before Mr B. Mr E. had written not to let any one have the boy without papers showing he was free. The attorney, after having a law suit, got the boy and brought him back. Mr B. returned with the attorney and boy, still declaring he had not sold the boy. The committee called a meeting to receive the boy—at which meeting the attorney presented a *bill of sale* from the man in Virginia Mr B. was taken, and is now under bonds of two thousand dollars. The boy says Mr B. gave him two shillings, and told him he would return and take him back to New-York. It has cost the village about two hundred dollars.'

[☞ Not only does every precept of the gospel, but the safety of our free colored population, require the instantaneous abolition of slavery. As long as the horrid system is upheld, they can have little security for their freedom. Men, women and children may be kidnapped almost with impunity in the free states, whose rescue will always be difficult and often impracticable. The decisive action of the inhabitants of Poughkeepsie, in the case related above, is highly creditable to their humanity. The punishment of the villain, Butler, we trust will be exemplary.]—*Ed. Lib.*

MORE KIDNAPPING!

Not only are persons of color, who reside in the free States, liable to be seized at any moment by prowling kidnappers, but they cannot go into some of the slave States without being subjected to a heavy fine; in default of the payment of which, they are SOLD AS SLAVES! Read the following:

NOVEL CASE. Last week, Howell Thomas, a free man of color, was brought before our County Court, charged with a violation of the law prohibiting the emigration to this state of free negroes and mulattoes. The Court, having examined into the case, adjudged him to be liable for the fine of $500 provided as a penalty for the violation of said act—and he being unable to pay the same, was ordered to be sold accordingly.—*Oxford, N. C. Examiner.*

☞ We are indebted to our antiquarian friend C——, for the loan of a number of the 'Massachusetts Gazette, and the Boston Weekly News-Letter,' printed Feb. 8, 1770—and also for a number of the 'Massachusetts Centinel,' of December 29, 1784—in which we find the following articles. The proposition of Whitefield was a monstrous one, fit only for the devil instead of a minister of Jesus Christ.

MR. DRAPER, If you will be so good as to give the following Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in the country to his friend in Boston, you will oblige YOUR CONSTANT CUSTOMER.

I was greatly surprised and grieved, not long since, to find by Mr. Whitefield's Memorial to the Governor and Council of Georgia; that his plan is to buy a number of negro slaves, whose labors are to support the President, Professors and Tutors of his College, as well as Overseers, and other valuable purposes. Now as the slave trade is evidently founded on murder and man-stealing; this is only doing evil that good may come of it; in other words, it is going to the God of Ekron for help to carry on the pious undertaking. This trade 'is the abominable thing which the soul of the Lord hateth.' Is it not strange therefore that though Bishops cry aloud against it, and scarce one worthy person can be found who will plead for it; Mr. Whitefield should justify it by his practice? I say by his practice; for he can justify it no other way: Though there is reason to fear, his practice first will weigh more with some than all the scripture hath said against it. As Jericho was to be built under a curse; can we think the blessing of God will follow this College, if it must owe its existence to a trade that is accursed?

KINGSTON, (Jamaica,) Oct. 12, 1784.

A negro man, named Peter, having run away about two years ago from an estate in Sixteen Mile Walk, was lately taken up passing as free, in the character of a Maroon; to confirm the authenticity of which, he presented the following certificate of his freedom; the drollery of which induces us to think it will not be unacceptable to our readers.

Jamaica, ss. Know all men, that I Peter, having been my property, I have given unto my negro man his full freedom discharge from all manner of slavery in during of his life, to travil to any part he chuse to go in during of his life, without any molistasham.——Given from under my hand and seal, in the year of our Lord one seven hundred and twenty three Govern Bassiel keet was Govern. July the 5, 1788, I was discharged from all manner of slavory.

WILLIAM GRANT.
Signed and delivered,
Witness, Sir,
John Gordnan, *Bassel.*
Harry Grayam, *Keet.*

From the Washington Globe.

The Union or Anti-Nullification party in South Carolina, celebrated the 4th of July near Bishopsville, and it seems from the following letter, published in the Southern Whig, that the feast was poisoned. A negro man, it appears from the Whig, has been condemned to be hung on the 10th of August, having been convicted of being instrumental in getting the cook to put the poison into the victuals.

(Letter extracted from the Whig.)

'BISHOPSVILLE, July 9, 1832.

'You may rely on the statement I give you. Some of the guests were taken on the ground, but most on Thursday, and all with the symptoms—a severe pain in the bowels—a painful soreness through the whole system—with a head-ache and vomiting.

'I never saw so many ghastly faces. Our neighbor, Mr. Edmund Stuckey, has lost one of his sons—a young man, in every way promising.

'I have heard of several more who were dangerously ill. There were at least FIFTY sick on Dr. Bishop's Plantation. Only those who ate of the victuals from the Celebration were attacked. The cooks are taken up, and will be tried to-day.

'Lest yourself, and the citizens of Sampterville, may labor under false impressions from the different reports that no doubt hourly pour in upon you, I have thought proper to give you a short detail of the effects produced by what we all believe, viz: That poison was infused into the victuals at our Celebration on the Fourth!'

From the Jamaica Courant, June 19.

Attack by a Slave Ship, on a British Vessel.—On Friday last, about 3 P. M. when the mail boat Morning Star, from Nassau to this Island, was off Cape Mais, she fell in with a large barque, full of slaves. The barque hoisted Spanish colors, and immediately on the Morning Star showing the British ensign, she was fired at from the barque. One shot fell immediately under her forefoot and two others close astern. Two vollies of musquetry were also fired, but, fortunately, did not take effect. The Morning Star, by tacking, soon got out of danger, and the barque shaped her course along the land, apparently for St. Jago de Cuba; and it is to be hoped as his Majesty's ship Ariadne left Nassau four days before the Morning Star, on a cruise, that she may fall in with this vessel, and make John Bull pay for permitting slaves, under any circumstances, for being exported from Africa. In the event of capture the prize will be taken to the Havana, where the slaves will be condemned by the Mixed Commission—they will afterwards be indented to planters in the interior, and soon reduced to the condition of slaves. The Judges of the Mixed Commission will be satisfied with having done their duty by the condemnation, and the officers and the crew of any of his Majesty's cruisers will be entitled to £10 a head for every African so reduced to slavery, and it matters very little to the Spaniards whether the slaves are introduced into the island in the regular way of business or by confiscation, as in either case the strength of the country is increased.

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1832.

'AFRICAN COLONIZATION.'

Under this head, a very able article will be found on our first page, from the pen of EVAN LEWIS, a philanthropist of large conceptions and a strong mind, editor of 'The Friend, or Advocate of Truth.' Extraordinary pains have been taken, by the leaders of the Colonization Society, to entice the Society of Friends into a support of their delusive scheme, but they have almost entirely failed in despite of their artifices. Some of the Quakers have abandoned their principles, and joined themselves with the persecutors of their colored brethren; but the great body remain true to their faith and practice. 'We commend the paper from 'The Friend' to the attention of those who have apostatized, trusting that its array of evidence of the unprincipled character and destructive tendency of the African crusade will remove the scales from their eyes.

FORGETFULNESS. We are never more painfully struck with the utter forgetfulness (to use a soft term) of the miserable condition of two millions of our enslaved countrymen which every where prevails, than when reading the orations of the panegyrists of American freedom. We have before us a speech lately delivered at a Tariff meeting in New-York by Mr Jay, in which we observe the following preposterous assertions:

'Throughout this wide extended land, each man may sit beneath his own vine and fig-tree, and enjoy the reward of his labor; protected by equal laws, he sits down in safety, and rises in security, and there is none to make him afraid. The rewards of industry every where stimulate to exertion.'

Now this is not only ridiculously vainglorious, but unpardonably false. In one half of the States of the Union, there is scarcely an individual who 'enjoys the reward of his labor,' or who 'sits down in safety.' There are more than two millions of human beings who are utterly without the protection of law, whom no rewards of industry stimulate to exertion. On the contrary, they are exposed to the most brutal treatment, and are daily robbed of their hard earnings. Query—Does Mr J. rank them among cattle, or was he not aware of their situation?

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION IN AFRICA. The editor of the Christian Watchman has received numbers of the Liberia Herald to April 7. They announce the safe arrival of the schooner Crawford from New-Orleans, with twenty-two emigrants; the death of king Bromley, an opposer of the colony; and also the capture of two slaving schooners by French vessels of war. The colonists have had a battle with the natives of the Dey country, whom they routed. 'This well-timed chastisement,' says the Herald, 'will convince them that we have the power at any moment to avenge any insults.' The bullets of these MISSIONARIES cannot but make a *deep impression* upon the *hearts* of the natives, and spread the tidings of salvation among them very swiftly.

☞ We insert the following communication with some reluctance, because we are ignorant of the situation of the belligerous parties. Our correspondent is anonymous; but as his communication is written in a christian temper, we are willing to publish it. If its representations are true, we regret, as heartily as himself, that there should be any desirous of causing a division among brethren of the same faith and order, and we pray for a reconciliation on gospel terms. If they are false, our columns are open to a reply.

For the Liberator.

'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'

MR. EDITOR—It was with pleasure I once saw the people of color, in this town, worshipping God together. The public have assisted them to build a house of worship in this town, that they may be inseparably joined together. In perusing your useful paper, No. 29, I find that the Elder that had Charge of that church last year, is sent out a Missionary this year, and another Elder is sent to take Charge of the church. But the former Elder refuses to obey the mandate of his annual conference. He opens meeting here, in opposition to the church to which he belongs, and is striving to divide the congregation! I hope that the colored citizens of Middletown will not suffer themselves to be led away from their church; united they stand—divided they fall—and great will be their fall! I hope that the good people of Middletown will not encourage any violation of good order, but always may they support virtue. Pardon me, my dear sir, for disturbing you, about church business. But I am a friend to the people of color, and I am anxious for their present, future, and eternal happiness; and as I am persuaded that your influence is great among them, a word from your mouth will restore tranquillity. I remain, with high esteem,

Your humble servant,

A Methodist of the old Episcopal Church.

Hartford, Conn. July 12, 1832.

JUDGE THACHER'S CHARGE. We refer our readers to the first number of a series of essays from the Boston Daily Atlas, in the preceding page, in relation to the absurd and dangerous Charge of Judge Thacher, delivered before a Grand Jury in this city in March last—which Charge has been hailed with joy by the whole tribe of southern men-stealers and their insane apologists at the north. The reviewer, we learn, is a highly estimable and intelligent member of the bar.

Messrs Clapp & Hull, 184, Washington-street, have just published, in a neat pamphlet of 24 pages, the Rev. Dr Chalmer's Sermon preached at St. George's Church, Edinburgh, March 22, 1832, being the day appointed for a national fast on account of the Cholera. It is a masterly performance, clearly vindicating the efficacy of prayer, and giving the brazen infidelity of the age a seasonable rebuke. We shall make copious extracts from it hereafter. It should obtain a wide circulation.

Mr. Garrison, the able editor of the Liberator, would not intentionally credit the Hampden Journal, for articles of the growth of *our* soil. The plant he extracted from us, would not flourish in that region. No offence, brother Garrison—but our plants will not flourish there!—*Hampden Intelligencer.*

☞ The above refers to a sententious paragraph, copied into our last paper and erroneously credited to the Springfield Journal instead of the Intelligencer, respecting the Address of the Managers of the American Colonization Society. The paragraph, though a little one, confers *great credit* on the editor of the Intelligencer; and we would not intentionally rob him of his due.

☞ The editor of the Herkimer (N. Y.) Free Press disposes of the Address of the Managers of the Colonization Society in the following manner:

'We have received a pamphlet copy of the above mentioned address, but have neither room nor *inclination* to publish it. We begin seriously to suspect that 'there is something rotten in the state of Denmark,' and that there is too much ground for the suggestion in a late Liberator, by a western gentleman, that the slaveholders of the south are exerting themselves to get help from the north to ship off the *free blacks*, in order that they may hold their *slaves* the more firmly and securely, instead of emancipating them.'

The 'FAMILY LYCEUM' is the name of a weekly paper just published in this city by George W. Light & Co. and edited by Josiah Holbrook. The first number is a capital one, both in its typography and matter. No man in this country is better qualified to conduct such a publication than Mr. Holbrook. He is a great intellectual reformer, and is worth to society a thousand fold more than he will ever receive. The price of the Family Lyceum is two dollars a year, in advance. Six copies for ten dollars. To doubt its success is to impeach the liberality and intelligence of community.

The third (and decidedly the best) number of THE SHRINE has made its appearance, in a handsome style. It is conducted by a number of Undergraduates in Amherst College, whose scintillations of genius through this medium may be made to reach every dark spot in our country.

CONTENTS.

Historical Writings.—Hume and Gibbon; From Anacreon.—Ode Twenty-fifth; Knowledge of the Standard Works; Reputation; The Angel Message; A Liberal Education; American Literature; To the Musquitoes; Scientific Pursuits; Stanzas; Memory; To Charlotte.

LITERARY NOTICES:—British Magazines; Blackwood's Magazine; The New Monthly Magazine; The Monthly Magazine; Editor's Remarks; To Correspondents.

NOTICE.

☞ The regular monthly meeting of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society will be held on Monday evening next, at half past 7 o'clock, at the Franklin Hall, No. 16, Franklin-street. An address on slavery will be delivered by OLIVER [illegible] respectfully invited to attend. July 28.

We are indebted to a friend for a Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. The number of males is 145—females 77—total 222. Of this number 37 study Latin, 18 Greek, 27 French, 5 Geometry, 28 Chemistry, 47 Philosophy, 45 Algebra, 6 Surveying, 4 Book-keeping, 22 Ornamental Branches. The academy appears to be in a very flourishing condition.

☞ Wanted, to complete a file, numbers 2 and 3 of the Liberator, first volume. Any of our subscribers having them, who do not keep a file, will oblige us by transmitting them to us through the Post Office or by private conveyance.

Letters received at this office from July 21, to July 28, 1832.

Thomas J. Ray, Falmouth, Mass.; Henry E. Benson, Providence, R. I.; Arnold Buffum, Taunton, Mass.; Leah Fell, Philadelphia, Pa.; John King, Norwich, Ct.; William Anderson, New-London, Ct.; Alexander A. Jones, Lyons, N. Y.; Arnold Buffum, Smithfield, R. I.; Jehiel C. Beman, Middletown, Ct.; George Hogarth, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Robert Purvis, Philadelphia.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT. An accident of a most melancholy and shocking character occurred yesterday at the Quincy Railway. Messrs. Andrew E. Belknap, and J. G. Gibson of Boston, Mr. Backus of St. Jago de Cuba, and Mr. Benn of Baltimore, all boarding at the Tremont House, rode out to the railway, and went into one of the cars to ascend the inclined plane. Just as the car had reached the summit, the chain gave way, and the car rapidly descended, and struck a loaded car at the foot of the descent. The concussion was so great as to throw the gentlemen about twenty feet into the air. Mr. Backus was killed instantly; Mr. Benn had both legs broken; Mr. Gibson had several limbs broken, and Mr. Belknap was much bruised and injured. These particulars we learned from the report of a messenger who was sent into town for Dr. Warren, and we have reason to believe the statement accurate.—*Courier of Thursday.*

Abolition of Slavery in Virginia.—This great question is commanding renewed attention in various parts of Virginia. In Halifax, General Carrington in an elaborate address, (which we shall seize the first moment to publish) to the people of that county, sets forth his reasons for supporting it. An able pen in the Martinsburg Gazette reviews Mr. Brown's speech, and embodies many sound and valuable reflections. In the 'Union' (a new and able paper established at Lexington and edited by Charles P. Dorman, Esq.) appears a memorial to the people of the West, and form of petition to the General Assembly, both powerfully written, and calling for measures to arrest the progress of Slavery west of the Blue Ridge, and the means of extinguishing that which now exists in that region.—*Richmond Whig.*

Murder.—On Tuesday, June 22, Mr. William Faucett, living in the upper part of Sackville, N. B. called his family together about 10 o'clock to attend their evening devotion, which being over, he was sitting by a candle reading his Bible, when some monster in human shape fired a gun through the window at him, and killed him immediately; he never spoke or moved after being shot.

AGGREGATE OF CHOLERA CASES AND DEATHS in New-York, as given by the official Reports of the Board of Health, from the commencement:

	New cases.	Deaths.
July 2,	3	5
" 3,		
" 4,	7	4
" 5,	20	11
" 6,	37	19
" 7,	57	12
" 8,	40	19
" 9,	105	38
" 10,	109	44
" 11,	129	50
" 12,	119	51
" 13,	101	49
" 14,	115	66
" 15,	133	84
" 16,	163	94
" 17,	145	107
" 18,	138	104
" 19,	202	82
" 20,	226	100
" 21,	311	104
" 22,	239	90
" 23,	231	73
" 24,	296	96
Total,	2926	1302

Extract of a letter from New-York, dated July 19, 1832.

'The following incident will give you some faint conception of the misery and mortality, which prevail among the lower class of our population. A friend of mine was passing one morning this week at the foot of Warren-street, when he observed the hospital litter set down at the door of a cellar, and the porters and a physician enter the premises. Curiosity prompting, he followed them, and found himself in a filthy and wretched apartment under ground, in one corner of which was a pile of bed clothes. Here he perceived a black child staring with strained eye-balls, and writhing as if in great pain. He inquired of the physician, if it was suffering with the cholera; and learned that 5 blacks, inmates of the apartments, had been taken off dead; and that he had shortly before left the child and mother struck with the fatal disorder. The physician not observing the latter, inquired where she was. 'Here,' answered the child, and turning down the ragged bed clothes discovered the body of its mother—a corpse. Scenes like this are of daily occurrence. Our citizens are striving to do all in their power to mitigate the sufferings of these poor objects, but death will lay his fatal grasp on thousands of them before adequate relief can be offered.'—*Atlas.*

Among the victims of the cholera, the New York papers mention the names of George E. Smith Esq. Alderman of the Fourth Ward; Andrew Cook Esq. the venerable Secretary of the U. S. Insurance Company; and Miss Ann Maffitt, daughter of the Rev. John N. Maffitt, a young lady highly esteemed for her amiable qualities. Miss M. died at a boarding school in Broadway.

Intemperance.—The gradual increase of the cholera appears to create a gradual increase of intemperance, folly and dissipation, among certain classes of society. In the evening, the little grog shops and taverns about town appear to be filled with revelry and mirth. Among the young men in the lower, middling, and even higher stations of life, there is little cessation from the habits of dissipation. This fool-hardiness must, of itself, increase the number of victims to the pestilence.—*N. Y. Courier.*

The number of interments in New-York, during the week ending 21st inst. (Saturday) was *eight hundred and eighty-seven*—of which *seven hundred and sixteen* were by malignant cholera.

The New-York Gazette of Monday says—We understand, that on Friday there were 115 cases of Cholera, and 7 deaths, in the Sing-Sing State Prison. There were about 900 prisoners in the above penitentiary.

The steamboat Chelsea, which arrived at Boston from New-York on the 19th, had on board the dead body of Joshua Rue, who had died suddenly. Supposed to be a case of the cholera.

The ship Brutus sailed on the 18th of May from Liverpool for Quebec, having on board 330 emigrants. On the 27th, the cholera made its appearance, and spread so rapidly that the captain deemed it best to return to Liverpool, where he arrived on the 3d inst. Up to that day, the cases had been 117—the deaths 83!

Mr. Harwood, merchant of New-York, died at North Brookfield, in this State, last week, with all the symptoms of the spasmodic cholera.

The whole number of cases which had occurred in Montreal up to the 14th of July, inclusive, was 3724—deaths 1220.

HARTFORD. On the 20th the Board of Health reported the death of Thomas Jenkins, of spasmodic cholera, on board the steamboat M'Donough. He had been affected with a slight diarrhœa for two days, was intoxicated when he came on board the boat in New York, and on the day of his death.

PHILADELPHIA. It affords us great pleasure to state that not a case of malignant cholera has been reported to the Philadelphia Board of Health since the 17th inst.

BROOKLYN (N. Y.) July 21. The Board reported this day 6 cases, 3 deaths. Whole number for eight days, 25 cases, 12 deaths. Two cases at Flatbush, and one at Flatlands.

SYRACUSE. In a postscript to the Geneva Courier of the 18th, it is stated that the cholera had broken out at Syracuse, and that there had been seven cases, three of which proved fatal.

BUFFALO. The Board of Health announced on the 16th inst. a marked case of spasmodic cholera. The subject was an Irish laborer, and an habitual drunkard, according to the report. Two other cases were announced on the morning of the 17th, as having subsequently occurred.

At Albany on Saturday, there were 40 cases and 11 deaths; on Sunday, 19 cases and 14 deaths.

At Brooklyn, (N. Y.) on Tuesday, 13 cases and 5 deaths were reported.

FORT GRATIOT, (*Michigan.*) The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writes under date July 10th, as follows:

There has been only one new case of cholera among the troops during the last 24 hours. There now remain 13 or 14 cases, of which it is believed two thirds will recover. Our detachment, which consisted of about 400, has dwindled down to about 150, by pestilence and desertion. Col. Twiggs will undoubtedly recover. Dr. Everett's case is doubtful. No other officers, with the exception of Lieut. Clay, have been attacked. The dead bodies of the deserters are literally strewed along the road, between here and Detroit. No one dares give them relief, not even a cup of water. A person on his way from Detroit here, passed six lying groaning with the agonies of the cholera, under one tree, and saw one corpse by the road side, half eaten up by the hogs.

LATEST FROM EUROPE. By ship Caledonia, at New York, London papers to June 15th, and Liverpool to the 16th, have been received.

At the Queen's levee on the 14th, Capt Finch, of the American navy, and the Rev. C. S. Stewart, Chaplain in the United States' naval service, were presented to her Majesty by Mr Vail, the American Charge d' Affaires.

Sir Walter Scott had arrived in London from his tour to Italy and the Mediterranean.

Cholera cases in different parts of Great Britain during the day embraced in the last report of the Central Board of Health, 87, deaths 43. Total cases from the beginning, exclusive of London, 11,398; deaths 4,310.

In Liverpool on the 15th, there were 19 new cases and 2 deaths. Total in Liverpool, 200 cases and 82 deaths. The first case occurred on the 12th of May.

It appears from official reports, that the total number of cases of cholera in Ireland, from the commencement of the disease, is 7,959, and of deaths 2,303. At Dublin there have been 3,248 cases and 895 deaths; at Cork 2,837 cases and 872 deaths, being much more than one half of the total number in that part of the United Kingdom.

Eight hundred Chelsea pensioners have recently sold their pensions, for four years' purchase to furnish themselves with the means of emigrating to the United States. A ship was to sail from Blackwall with about 300.

Lord Elden, a truly great lawyer, who long stood as the facile princeps of the Scotch Bar, expired at his house in Picardy Place, aged 75.

DIED, at her residence, in Abbey street, Dublin, the 10th of May, Mrs. Moore, mother of the illustrious poet.

In London, Rev. George Burder, 80, author of the 'Village Sermons,' senior minister of Fetter Lane Chapel, and for many years Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

In Dover, Eng. Vice Admiral Winthrop, of the British Navy, brother of the Lieut. Governor of this State, 70.

Death of Com. Rodgers.—We regret to learn by Buenos Ayres papers, that Capt. George W. Rodgers, commanding the U. S. squadron on the South American station, died on board the U. S. ship Warren on the 21st May last, after an illness of ten days. The Warren was lying on the Outer Roads of the harbor of Buenos Ayres. The Cosmopolitan says, 'he retained full command of his senses to the last moment. A few hours before his death, he called his officers around him, and took a fatherly leave of them all.' The deceased was about forty five years of age, a native of Maryland, a brother of Commodore John Rodgers, now President of the Board of Navy Commissioners, and entered the service on the 2d of April, 1804. His commission of Post Captain is dated 3d March, 1825.

FROM ST. CHRISTOPHERS. We have received the St. Christophers Gazette of June 29th, from which we learn that the negroes of the Plein Palais Estate, in Trinidad, lately showed symptoms of insurrection; but it would seem that no plot was formed, and no serious difficulty threatened.—*N. Y. Daily Adv.*

An Order has been issued by the Captain General of the island of Cuba, prohibiting the introduction of free people of color. All vessels bringing such as passengers, or otherwise, will be compelled to take them away, and not only to support them, but to guard them also, during their stay in any of the ports of Cuba.

ENTERPRIZE. On Wednesday evening, arrived at N. York, in an open boat, seventeen colored men and boys, and one woman, last from Currituck. They say they are free, and left their homes in consequence of trouble among the slaves. Their boat is only 27 feet long, and 5 feet beam, and was propelled by oars the whole distance in 5 days.

DIED,

In this city, on the 10th inst. Mr John Howe, aged 37, son of Mr James and Louis Howe. At the age of eight years, he received a wound in the foot, which so affected his nervous system as to occasion a constant recurrence of fits. His mind had become by degrees enfeebled, until entirely broken down, in consequence of them. His widowed mother has for many years watched over him and attended him with maternal care and tenderness, until she has seen him sink gently into the arms of death, and in the faith of a glorious resurrection.

On the 14th inst. of consumption, Mrs Patience Dalton, wife of Thomas Dalton, aged 42 years—a woman harmless and inoffensive in her deportment, and much esteemed and respected by those who were acquainted with her.

On the 16th inst. David M. Walker, (colored,) aged 5 years, son of the late Mr David Walker.

GENTEEL BOARDING HOUSE,
FOR COLORED TRAVELLERS AND RESIDENTS.
ROBERT WOOD
GIVES notice to his friends and the public that he has taken the house corner of Garden and Southack streets, for the entertainment of genteel persons of color who may wish to be accommodated with board. It is situated in an eligible part of the city, and commands an extensive and pleasant prospect. Board may be obtained by the day, week or month. Every effort will be made by Mr. Wood to suit the taste and convenience of his patrons. Gentlemen of color, in other places, on visiting Boston, will find his house a desirable resort. Patronage is respectfully solicited. July 21.

Just published, and for sale at the Bookstore of Peirce & Parker, No. 9, Cornhill, and at this office,
THOUGHTS
ON
AFRICAN COLONIZATION:
Or an impartial Exhibition of the Doctrines, Principles and Purposes of the American Colonization Society: together with the Resolutions, Addresses and Remonstrances of the Free People of Color. In Two Parts. BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.
'Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee.'
'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'

150 ROGERS' PENKNIVES, one, two, and three blades, of a SUPERIOR QUALITY, and *elegantly finished*, all of different patterns. For sale by JOHN B. PERO, Nos. 2 & 3, Dock-square. April 28.

FRENCH FANCY SOAPS.
TWO HUNDRED BOXES,
A BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE FOR THE SKIN,
To be sold by the Box or single cake, at Nos. 2 & 3, Dock-square, by JOHN B. PERO.
April 2.

LITERARY.

A POEM

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT HAYTIENS.

By John Kenrick, Esq. of Newton.

Republic of Hayti, the Queen of the Isles,
Though tyrants may frown, 'tis your Father who smiles;
Your bonds He has broken; remember His hand
Has raised you to glory, and giv'n you the land.
Be joyful, and thankfully live to the praise
Of the author of life,—the Creator of days.
Your beautiful country, like Canaan of old,
Abounds in productions and blessings untold.
Let American People of Color awake,
For Providence calls them to go and partake:—
Ye despised and poor are invited to come,
And accept a delightful and permanent home;
Where room may be found for ten millions to dwell;
And all become thriving who aim to do well.
Such gracious proposals how can they refuse,
And merit the curse of the cowardly Jews;
Who afraid to go over and Canaan possess,
Were subjected to sorrows no tongue can express!
Ye Haytiens, accept the advice of a friend,
Who wishes you safety and peace without end.—
From foreign intrigues and protection keep clear;
United and firm, you have nothing to fear.
No more shall the people of Hayti be slaves,
While their island shall stand, and 'the sea rolls its waves.'
Thus blessed of Heaven,—independent and free,
Give thanks in the shade of your liberty tree.
Let schools be supported in every part,
And all that is needful in Science and Art,
On juvenile minds be right early impressed;
And soon they "ll be useful, and Hayti be blest.
Let righteousness reign; be obedient and just;
The Rulers you choose, you safely may trust.
Give honor to all to whom honor is due,
Especially those you have proved to be true.
Be honest—be punctual, industrious, and clever,
If you wish to live happy both now and forever.

TO THE HON. T. H. ESQ. ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY, AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

While deep you mourn, beneath the cypress shade,
The hand of Death, and your dear daughter laid
In dust, whose absence gives your tears to flow,
And racks your bosom with incessant woe,
Let RECOLLECTION take a tender part,
Assuage the raging tortures of your heart,
Still the wild tempest of tumultuous grief,
And pour the heavenly nectar of relief.
How free from scornful pride her gentle mind,
Suspend the sigh, dear sire, and check the groan;
Divinely bright your daughter's VIRTUES shone:
Expanding free, it sought the means to prove
Unfailing charity, unbounded love!

She, unreluctant, flies, to see no more
Her dear loved parents on earth's dusky shore:
Impatient heaven's resplendent goal to gain,
She with swift progress cuts the azure plain,
Where grief subsides, where changes are no more,
And life's tumultuous billows cease to roar!
She leaves her earthly mansion for the skies,
Where new creations feast her wond'ring eyes.

To Heaven's high mandate cheerfully resigned,
She mounts, and leaves the rolling globe behind;
She, who late wished that Leonard might return,
Has ceased to languish, and forgot to mourn;
To the same high empyreal mansions come,
She joins her spouse, and smiles upon the tomb.
And thus I hear her from the realms above:
'Lo! this the kingdom of celestial love!
Could ye, fond parents, see our present bliss,
How soon would you each sigh, each fear dismiss!
Amidst unmitered pleasures, whilst I play
In the fair sunshine of celestial day,
As far as grief affects an happy soul,
So far doth grief my better mind control,
To see on earth my aged parents mourn,
And secret wish for T——l to return.
Let brighter scenes your evening hours employ:
Converse with Heaven, and taste the promised joy.'

[From the Liverpool Albion.]

A PRAYER.

Heaven bless thee in the morn!
While the sun its rays is sending
O'er the dew-drop, on the thorn,
With golden light and bliss descending;
Ere the glorious day is born—
Heaven bless thee in the morn!

Heaven bless thee in the day!
On the deep and dreary ocean,
'Mid the dangers far away,
In anxious fears and fond emotion,
In thine absence hear me pray—
Heaven bless thee in the day!

Heaven bless thee in the night!
While the weary world are sleeping,
Fancy brings, in visions bright,
Thee the lonely night-watch keeping,
When darkness shrouds the moon's pale light,
Heaven bless thee in the night!

Heaven bless thee in thine home!
Where thine own awaits to cheer thee;
There to rest, no more to roam,
With all that can to life endear thee;
No more to brave the ocean's foam—
Heaven bless thee in thine home!

(From the Salem Observer.)

A HOSPITAL.

It is a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place;
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face,
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught; the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme around their softened beds
Some holy man by prayer all op'ning Heaven displeads.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Deep as the fountain of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the sweet breath that breathes upon a bank of violets. The fear drop speaks not half its tenderness. There is a language in a mother's smile—but it betrays not all her meaning. We have sometimes thought while gazing on her countenance—its dignity slightly changed by the intelligent accents of her young child, as it repeated, in a childish lisp, some endearing word—that the tenderness of a mother's heart is fraught with unlike virtues. So fondly, so devotedly does it listen to its accents, it would seem that she catches from them a spirit that overleaps the bonds of her affection. I have seen the mother in almost every condition of life—but her love seems every where the same. I have heard her bid, from her bed of straw, her darling child come and receive the impress of her lips; and as her feeble strains mingled in the air, I have thought there was loveliness in them not unlike the loveliness of an angel's melody. And I have seen the mother at her fireside deal out her last morsel to her little ones so pleasantly, that her own cravings seemed appeased by the pleasure she enjoyed.—But who, that is not a mother, can feel as she feels? We may guess upon her as she sings the lullaby to her infant, and read in her eye the index to her heart's affections—we may study the demure cast of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom, but we cannot feel the many influences which operate upon her nature. Did you ever mark the care with which she watched the cradle where sleeps her infant? How quick she catches the low sound of approaching footsteps! With what fearful earnestness she gazes at her little charge, as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Do its slumbers break? How sweet the voice that quiets it! Surely it seems that the blood of but one heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. And did you ever behold the mother as she watched the receding light of her young babe's existence? It is a scene for the pencil. Words cannot portray the tenderness that lingers upon her countenance. When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her? When hope has expired, what unspeakable regret overwhelms her!

I remember to have seen a sweet boy borne to his mother with an eye closed forever. He had strayed silently away at noon-day, and ere night fell, death had clasped him in his embrace. The lifeless tenement of that dear boy, as it burst upon the mother's vision, seemed to convey an arrow to her heart.—When the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, she lay her cat to his lips as if unwilling to credit the tale his pale face countenance bore. She put her hand upon his breast, but she felt no beating there.—She placed the ends of her fingers upon his brow, but it was cold.—She uttered aloud his name—she listened—but the echoing of that name elicited no responsive voice. Then came the misgiving that her child was dead. She imprinted a kiss upon his cheek, and her tears mingled with the cold moisture upon his brow. Her actions betrayed a fear that she could not do justice to her feelings, that she could not express half the anguish of her bosom. The silence that followed that scene was like the silence of the sepulchre. It seemed to too holy a nature to disturb. There was a charm in it—it was a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love.

Did you awaken, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressing closely upon your forehead? It is pleasant thus to break from a dream, even when affliction is on you. You are assured that you have at least one friend, and that that friend is a true one. You are assured that if you [illegible] again go forth into the world, you will die lamented. When pain and sickness are on you, such an assurance is consoling. At such a time you can read more fully a mother's feelings than a tongue can express them. The anxiety with which she gazes upon you—the tenderness with which she sympathises with you—the willingness with which she supplies your wants—all serve to represent the secret workings of her heart.

But a mother's love is increasing. Her children, as they advance in years, go out one by one into the world, and are soon scattered in the direction of the four winds of heaven. But though rivers may separate them from her, they separate not the bands of her affection. Time and distance rather increase her anxieties. She knows not the strength of her own attachments, until she becomes separated from her offspring. Until she bids a child farewell, her nature remains untried. But at the dread moment of separation, she feels the influence of her love—she feels the full weight of the many treasures of her affection she has unconsciously imbibed.

Who can look coldly upon a mother?—Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through childhood, guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to his affection are founded in nature, and could must be the heart that can deny them.—Over the grave of a friend, of a brother, or of a sister, I would plant the primrose, for it is emblematical of youth; but over that of a mother, I would let the green grass shoot up unmolested; for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads over the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age.

Buffalo Journal.

From Clapperton's Travels in Africa.

Translation of an extempore Arab Song.

'Oh! she was beauty's self, and shone in matchless symmetry! When shall I hear news of her? how support her absence and her loss? My hopes are but as the fantastic dreams of night; yet with this hopelessness my love does but increase even as a star shines the brightest in the blackest night. O! Mabrooka! thy head sinks too with sorrow at losing him whose thoughts are still of thee; but as the desert bird' drops and smooths its wing, but to display the richness of its plumage, so will thy silent grief but cause thee to appear with increased charm! Vain and cruel delusion! At the moment of the possession of earthly happiness to doom us to misancholy despair, was as if the traveller should draw water to the brink of the well, and then see the wished-for draught snatched from his thirsty lips!

'What she looks upon becomes graceful, enchanted by her loveliness! Oh! she is beauty's self, my polar star! of life.'

Translation of the Song of the Fezzanneers, on Boo Khaloom's Death.

'Oh! trust not to the gun nor the sword! The spear of the wanderer was as the traveller should draw water to the brink of the well, and then see the wished-for draught snatched from his thirsty lips!

'What she looks upon becomes graceful, enchanted by her loveliness! Oh! she is beauty's self, my polar star! of life.'

Translation of the Song of the Fezzanneers, on Boo Khaloom's Death.

'Oh! trust not to the gun nor the sword! The spear of the wanderer was as the traveller should

'Boo Khaloom the good and the brave has fallen! Who shall be safe? Even as the moon amongst the little stars, so was Boo Khaloom amongst men! Where shall Fezzan now look for her protector? Men hang their heads in sorrow, while women wring their hands, rending the air with their cries! As a shepherd is to his flock, so was Boo Khaloom to Fezzan!

'Give him songs! Give him music! What words can equal his praise? His heart was as large as the desert! His coffers were like the rich overflowings from the udder of the she-camel, comforting and nourishing those around him! Like rain persists in the field, so will Fezzanneers drooop, for Boo Khaloom returns no more!

'Even as the flowers wither, when the rain ceases to fall, so will Fezzanneers drooop, for Boo Khaloom returns no more!

'Oh! trust not to the gun and the sword! The poisoned arrow of the unbeliever prevails!

'Oh! trust not to the gun and the sword! The spear of the heathen succeeds! Boo Khaloom the good and the brave has fallen! Who shall now be safe?'

MRS. MINA.

We have heard no sympathy expressed for Mina, and a strong manifestation of indignation against Mrs. Chapman, whom the people regard in more guilty than her paramour. An incident illustrative of this feeling was mentioned to us. The last time that Mrs. C. was at Andalusia she applied for seats in the stage running to Philadelphia, for herself and children, which were promptly refused. A similar application at Dunk's Ferry on the Delaware, to be put on board the steam boat, proving also unsuccessful, she was obliged to start for the city on foot. Several vehicles passed her on the road, to the owners of which she applied for permission to ride, alleging, as a reason, great fatigue and suffering; but every one on seeing her face, reined up their horses and drove rapidly off, without replying, shunning the woman as a dangerous pestilence, whose touch is contamination and death.

Some some time ago gave public notice that she would dispose of, by auction, her household furniture, but on the day named, not a single buyer appeared.

In this city, we have been informed, this wretched woman, some weeks since, made application to the captain of a New-England packet to be conveyed to a port in Massachusetts. She stated that she had suffered an unparalleled affliction, and that it would be an act of holy charity to receive herself and children on more moderate terms than the usual charges. The captain felt interested in her story, and inquired her name. When posted in her story, and inquired her name. When he heard that it was Mrs. Chapman, he lifted up his hands in horror, and bade her instantly retire, declaring that all the wealth in the world would not induce him to take her aboard. 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'—*Phila. paper.*

THE DOG. At the late fire corner of Courtlandt and West streets, the following incident occurred, which tends in a striking degree, to illustrate the sagacity and fidelity of that most excellent animal,—the dog.

A young man slept in the third story of the building in which the fire originated. His dog, lying by his bed side, scented the fire which had broken out below. He immediately endeavored to awake his master, by laying his fore paws on his breast, and drawing them gently over his body. The young man aroused himself, but not suspecting the object of the animal, fell again to sleep. The dog then seized the bedclothes, and stripped them off his master, who a second time covered himself up and went to sleep. The dog, aware that no time was to be lost, took hold of the young man's shirt with his teeth, and tore it from his arm. At this moment, the flames were bursting into his chamber, and he saved his life by descending the tackle fall, which he threw out of the window, hand over hand. In his hurry to escape destruction, the young man forgot that his keeper had no means of descent, and burst in to a flood of tears on finding that he could not return and save his faithful [illegible] !—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Melancholy.—On Wednesday, while the schooner Manchester, Capt. Hooper, was leaving our port on a fishing voyage, the crew saw fit to pay a parting salute, as is often the case. An old swivel belonging to the vessel was accordingly charged, and fired, but on the second discharge it burst and caused one of the most shocking accidents we ever had the misfortune to relate, on the person of Mr. John Low, son of Mr. Cornelius Low, a fine young man, of about 21 years of age. Mr. Low was in the act of firing the swivel, and when it burst, the fragments struck his face, about two inches from the ear, taking away in a direct line, the whole *front* of his head, nose, both jaws, destroying the tongue and both eyes, without apparently injuring any material artery, or affecting his brain or body. We cannot so describe this accident, that the reader can imagine so shocking a spectacle as the body exhibited, and yet *realize* that a person could be alive;—but they can picture to themselves, a *human being*, in the prime of life, in agony from such a wound, and so conscious of the accident that its hands were employed continually in feeling about the head to ascertain its injury. This melancholy occurrence took place about three o'clock, and life did not become extinct until 10 at night.—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

BUFFALO. Dr. Cyrenus Chapin, of Buffalo, having lost a patient, and reported his case as one of malignant Cholera, the Board of Health of that village, directed a post mortem examination. Upon examination, the stomach, intestines, and the whole of the peritoneum, were found highly inflamed—the liver and its appendages perfectly healthy. The stomach, instead of the fluid resembling *rice water*, which is said always to be found there, in cases of Cholera, contained *meat* in large masses, pieces of *dried apples, onions, green peas, green currents*, and common *red cherries!* These last were swallowed stones and all; and of this mass, all perfectly undigested, the stomach contained *three pounds and ten ounces*, by actual weight!! The patient died suddenly, but had been previously indisposed. He had swallowed this mass—which would have killed an ostrich—before his stomach was able to bear it. He could not puke it up, and of course died of convulsions.

In one of the interesting letters which Judge Brackenridge is addressing to Andrew Jackson, through the Richmond Whig, we find the following paragraph, which appears to possess a remarkable adaptation.

'It is a melancholy truth, that the fame and notoriety of the ruffian warrior, with no other pretensions than that of being a destroyer of men, and very often with less than the man who kills the beef for our food, reaches the cottage and the glen, when the name of a Franklin, or a Fulton, the benefactors of mankind, is never heard; and because Washington exhibited the miracle of uniting in himself every virtue, the unthinking are induced to believe, that all success ful warriors must be possessed of the same attributes! You have given the enlightened men of this country an awful lesson—on the subject of mere military notoriety, and of the necessity of diffusing education and knowledge among the people as the only means of protecting them against similar imposture.'

Charleston, S. C. was visited, on the 29th ult. with a tremendous thunder storm. An elderly lady named Nell, and a negro girl, were killed by lightning.

Cholera Facts.—A man was taken from — in great distress, symptoms apparently violent, and carried to the hospital in the 13th Ward, where a pill opium was administered, friction applied, &c. &c. After a short time the patient complained of great pain, and inquired if he should not give him any thing else. 'No, not at present,' they replied. 'What, no brandy?' says he. 'Not a drop,' was the answer. 'I shall die!' says he, springing on his feet in anger, 'I'll not permit *this shop*,' and immediately walked off.

A poor woman, with very alarming symptoms, was taken up at — and being in great pain, was carefully placed under a cover on a sedan. On arriving at the Hospital, in — Ward, and removing the curtain, they found the poor woman greatly relieved, by the birth of a fine boy on the road.

Among the victims to the disease, we have to notice one physician, Sanford R. Knapp, M. D. aged 33. The circumstances of his case we do not particularly inform, except that he has been a good deal among Cholera patients. On the other hand, it may be remarked, that in general our physicians, hospital attendants, nurses and undertakers, have suffered as little from the disease as any other class of citizens equally numerous.

Among the deaths on Tuesday, was that of George Reade, student of medicine, aged 25. He had been for near two weeks afflicted with a bowel complaint, which he had neglected. He would not allow a physician to be called till eight hours after the sickness. He had often, since the first appearance of Cholera at Quebec, said that he should fill a victim to it, and as soon as he was attacked gave directions about his affairs, and said that he should die.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

The distress in New-York amongst the dependent classes, owing to the suspension of business, was very great. A single gentleman has week discharged from his employ about 1000 persons to whom he had been accustomed to pay upwards of $1500 a week—the greater part of them poor females. Benevolent exertions are making in the city to alleviate the distress of the suffering poor.

Much speculation (says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce) has been excited in different parts of the country, by the rumors of some Quebec letter-writer, *that a second person had been attacked here by the Cholera.* 'We believe,' say Messrs Gates & Co. of Montreal, 'that one has been attacked and died; but the wonder will cease when we tell you that we believe that there are not two dozen blacks in Quebec and here.' We have talk—on some notice of the matter here in N. York, where there are 14,000 colored persons, and the result is, that blacks are as liable to Cholera as whites, and that as many die in proportion to their number.

It is said to be a fact, that in Paisley, in a single day, the cholera was conquered and driven out of the place. Every house was white-washed, every gutter was cleansed, every spoonful of filth was removed in every vault, sink, or out house, of every description. The disinfecting agents were freely used, and the fire engines completed the process by thoroughly washing every square inch of surface in the town. The destroyer passed by, for it could find no place to light upon.

A very extraordinary phenomenon has been observed at Valenciennes, in France, in the grounds of several bleachers, which are more than 100 yards from each other. The linen laid out to whiten has become as red as if it had been dyed with blood. The water with which the linen was dressed has been analysed, and found not to contain the least acid. When the Cholera became extinct, this colouring ceased. A chemist of the town attributes it to the effect of gaseous exhalations, from whence he supposes the Cholera proceeded.

The Cholera and Temperance.—A London paper says: 'It is a remarkable fact, that in no part of England, Scotland, or Ireland, has any member of the numerous Temperance Societies now in progress, fallen a prey to Cholera.'

Among the distinguished personages who have fled from the Cholera at New-York, is the celebrated Mordecai Manasseh Noah, who, with his family, have taken lodgings at the Exchange Coffee House, Boston.

Beware of fear: preserve equanimity of mind.—An instance of the effect of fear is told in the London Atlas, which we have found copied by Galignani, as follows:—

'Last week, as the wife of a toll-keeper, at Ryde, was taking some vegetables out of a bucket, she discovered a rat in it, which so terrified her, that she died almost instantly.

Fear fevers the blood, irritates the nerves, and predisposes the body to disease, and especially to epidemics.

Female Society.—Without female society, it has justly been said, that the beginning of men's lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated D'Alembert makes a reflection that does honour to the female sex, and to the human feelings.—'We are, in a peculiar manner,' says he 'in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman, when our passions have subsided, to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable all of us to support our infirmity.—Happy is the man possessed of such a friend! and more happy still if he can preserve her, and escape the misfortune of a survival.'—*The Ladies' Pocket Magazine.*

A Roman Belle.—Silk, immensely dear, was much worn in the age of Seneca. 'The dress of our women,' said the philosopher, 'cannot be called clothing, as it neither hides their bodies nor preserves their modesty; as it is so transparent and closely fitted, that it serves to discover every part.' Malius Titus, the historian, informs us, 'that the head, neck and hands were decked with precious stones; and the ladies' snowy feet shone with chains of gold.'—'I have seen,' says Pliny, 'Lolla Paulina, wife of Caligula, dressed, not in her best manner, with rope of emeralds and pearls totally covering her head and neck; bracelets on her wrists; rings on her fingers; while her ears glittered with jewels.'

Joseph Bonaparte, Count Survilliers, the Ex-King of Spain, has taken leave of his neighbors at Bordentown, and embarked at Philadelphia in the private steamer of Capt. Larri, in the packet ship of the 20th inst. for Liverpool. It is probable, if the facts which are reported respecting this sudden movement be true, that the Count has peculiar objects in view in making this visit to Europe, connected with the disturbed state of France, at the date of our last news from that country.

A most shocking occurrence took place at Lynn, Eng., and the town was thrown into consternation in consequence of the assassination of the Rev. Arthur Iveson, by his own son, the Rev. T. Iveson! His son entered his room at 10 at night, and shot his father dead with a pistol. He then went to the house of Capt. Lake, and told what he had done, and then attempted his own life with laudanum. He is evidently deranged.

Is this true?—Mrs Trollop says, in her sketches, that 'the ladies of this country have strange ways of adding to their charms. They powder themselves immoderately, face, neck, and arms, with pulverised starch; the effect is indescribably disagreeable by day-light, and not very favorable at any time.'

A GOOD LIKENESS.

The gay Flirtilla showed her mimic bust,
And asked blunt Sense if 't were fashioned just;
'Ma'am,' he replied, 'in this 't is much like you,
The face is painted, and that badly too.'

Epigram, by Baour.

Le Brun on glory lives, I wean,
No wonder that Le Brun is lean.

Retort, by Le Brun.

Man, they say, grows fat by folly—
No wonder then Baour is jolly.

Rule in Planting Corn.—We were pleased the other day to hear the reply of a farmer to our question, how many kernels he put in a hill—

One for the black-bird,
One for the crow,
One for the cut-worm,
And two to grow.

BACK WOODS OF AMERICA.—*A Conversation.*—'What is the land?' 'Bogs.' 'The atmosphere?' 'Fogs.' 'What do you live on?' 'Hogs.' 'What were your draught animals?' 'Dogs.' 'What do you build your houses of?' 'Logs.' 'Any fish in the ponds?' 'Frogs.' 'What did you find the women?' 'Cogs.' 'What dog did you travel by?' 'Mog's.'

A SCOLDING WIFE. Dr. Casin having based the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy.—'There is no necessity for that,' said Fuller, 'as you have got the original.'

A FAIR HIT. The Lowell Compend says: 'One of our paragraphs is going the rounds, credited to some one else. If the knights of the scissors pass it in this, we 'll tell them a story by-and by, that they *won't credit at all.*'

A person endeavored to prove to Dr. Johnson that an atheist may be a man of good moral character. 'Sir,' said the doctor, 'when a man rejects his allegiance to his Creator, what has he to refrain from the perpetration of crimes? If an atheist was to drink tea with me, I should look very carefully after my spoons.'

Love passes to a woman's heart through her ear, and from her heart through her eyes. Love passes to a man's heart through his eyes, and from his heart through his lips.

MORAL.

From the Baptist Journal.

MARK WILKS' BREAKFAST FOR A PREACHER:

Being in Norwich, (Eng.) some few years since, curiosity prompted me to go and hear the celebrated Mark Wilks, a plain, evangelical and eccentric Baptist Minister in that city. I was disappointed, as a young man was requested to preach that evening, who was soliciting subscriptions for erecting a Baptist meeting house. Mark was a very generous hearted man, and he knew that the best method of introducing the young man to his congregation, was by his preaching to them.—The preacher selected for his evening meditation that sublime scripture, '*I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*' His theme was the everlasting love of God; that he loved David as much as when the conversion of his soul as afterwards, so much when he sinned with his neighbor's wife and indirectly murdered her husband, as when he was was following hard after God.' Every thing was on in this strain, and not a syllable was uttered of scripture like the following: 'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.' 'Keep yourselves in the love of God.' 'I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you.' 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha.' When the young man had descended from the pulpit, Mr. Wilks met him in the vestry, where the young man expected of course to be handsomely upbraided for his *soundness in faith*, his unpolished manner and his splendid talents, and to be invited to a lodging for the night, when Mr. Wilks thus addressed him: 'Sir, you may sleep at the Cats to-night.' 'What did you say, Sir?' 'Sir, said you may sleep at the Cats to-night.' 'Sleep at the Cats, Sir! I don't understand you.' 'Don't understand me? why I say, you—may—sleep—at—the—Cats—to-night; and call and take breakfast with me to-morrow morning.' A person present, perceiving the embarrassment of the young man, very kindly informed him, that there was a Tavern in the City called the Sign of the Cats, which was not very far from the Sign of the Bundle of Mischief, and that he might be accommodated there with a bed for the night. Next morning the young man made his appearance at the breakfast table in due form. Mark had previously requested permission of his wife for himself to make the tea that morning. In preparing the first cup, he put in an immense quantity of tea, as if his new guest could relish nothing but *bitters in the morning.* The cup being handed round, the usual politeness took place. 'I hope your tea is agreeable, Sir.'—'It is rather too strong for my liking, Sir, and I believe that is no sugar in it.' 'Oh ho! too strong for your liking! and no sugar in it! well, well, you must excuse it; wife is busy, and I am a raw hand at making tea. Here wife, bring us a slop basin!' and so in went the strong tea into the slop basin. Then Mark put a most profuse quantity of sugar into the cup with a little tea swimming on the surface; this being handed, was soon after stirred off with the usual compliment, 'I hope you will do to your liking, Sir.' 'Sir, there is too good sugar in it, I can't drink it.' 'What! that drink neither strong tea, nor sweet tea? you must have a very weak stomach, Sir! or-be healthy enough of other this morning!'—well! hand it this way, and let me try again!—practice makes perfect.—Here wife, how much tea should I put in? and how much sugar?' This matter being adjusted, a most *elegant* cup of tea was served up and drank off with relish. 'I hope it is to your liking, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir, it is very good.' 'Oh ho! very good! very good! fit for old Lady Mark!—fit for my young brother Cats to drink—our little Mat!—well—well—altogether—this—is—like—your sermon—last—night! my people don't like all alike!—and they don't like sweet! If you had given them a proper mixture of bitter and sweet, you would have found a welcome to their hearts, but as you did not find your hearts, you'll not find way to their pockets, and so the sooner you leave the city the better!'

May 8th, 1832. J. D.

THE GAY FEMALE. A minister of the gospel, occasionally visiting a gay person, was introduced into a room near to that in which she sat. After waiting some hours, the lady came and found him in tears. She inquired the cause of his weeping; the minister replied, 'I weep on reflecting that you can spend so many hours before your glass, and in adorning your person, while I spend so few hours before God, and in adorning my soul.' The lady struck her conscience—she lived and died a penitent of grace.