

From the Dublin Morning Register. A public meeting was held at the Exchange, for the purpose of bringing the attention of the public to the state of the country, and to the necessity of a more liberal and humane system of agriculture. The meeting was held on the 1st inst. and was attended by a large number of gentlemen. The Rev. Mr. Isaac Knapp, the late publisher of the Liberator, presided at the meeting. He opened the meeting by reading a paper in which he stated that the Liberator had been published for twenty years, and that during that time it had been a constant and faithful advocate of the rights of the oppressed. He then proceeded to read a paper in which he stated that the Liberator had been published for twenty years, and that during that time it had been a constant and faithful advocate of the rights of the oppressed.



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

BOSTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1841.

From the Liberator. No. 1.—The Handbill. Cousin William, I have been at my uncle's more than a week. They have all sorts of company here, and I am sometimes quite amused. Last evening I went into the kitchen to see what was going on there. My aunt was sitting by the candle stand darned stockings, and cousin Betty was busy employed in washing and drying the nice China tea-cups. Cousin Fred was sitting on one side of the fire-place, talking with a teamster about getting wood. A day laborer and a Capt. Jones were seated near them, quietly waiting for my uncle to come in, who had gone out on some business. The two youngest boys, George and Henry, were sitting on a block in the corner by a blazing fire, and all was peace and harmony. I had hardly seated myself when a little boy opened the door and asked for my uncle. He was told that he would be in soon, and kindly invited to wait and wait for him. He took his seat with the other boys in the corner, and I thought no more of him until I heard him cry, 'Oh! don't burn it—pray don't burn it—father told me to give it to your father.' 'What are you doing, George, said I—don't trouble the little boy—what is it you want to burn?' 'Oh nothing,' said George, giving up a small paper to the boy, and looking somewhat ashamed, 'nothing but a notice of a meeting.' 'What notice?' said I. 'A notice of a meeting,' said the boy, 'it's a notice of a meeting, it's a notice of a meeting.' 'Let me see what it is, said I, and the little fellow timidly brought me the torn and rumpled paper. It was a handbill, and it was addressed to the citizens of Boston, and it was a notice of a meeting to be held at the school-house, where an address would be given upon slavery. 'Won't nobody go to the meeting,' said the little boy, casting his eyes around, 'not a soul, not a soul.' 'Why not, said I, by the innocence of the child. 'What you, cousin Lavinia, cried Henry, 'you go to a nigger meeting! why it is going to be at the old red school-house—the coldest place in the world. You can't stay there. The windows are broken in, and the chimney has tumbled down.' 'We could get a better place, said the boy—'father tried to get the meeting-house, and the town-house, and the grammar school-house, but there would be a negro coming in.' 'But you would not go to a negro meeting any more, would you, cousin Lavinia, said I. 'What do you mean by a negro-meeting, said I, somewhat alarmed; 'will nobody be there but colored people?' 'Yes, there will, said the little boy eagerly, 'for I am going, and father is going, and mother, and aunt Mary, and Mr. Johnson.' 'But it's a nigger meeting for all that, said George, 'for they go there to make niggers as good as white folks, and have them all live together. And they want to have the niggers vote too.' 'The day laborer said the boy, 'they don't want to have the niggers get into office—they want to get into office themselves, and have the niggers vote for them.' 'But the hand-bill says there's to be an address upon slavery, said I. 'Slavery, cried Capt. Jones, 'I wonder what business people have to meddle with slavery! The slaves are the property of the South as much as horses and cattle are the property of the North. I think the abolitionists ought to be punished for disturbing the South.' Cousin Betty, who had finished washing the dishes, and was sitting by my side homing a muslin ruffa, whispered me that Capt. Jones was employed in carrying slaves from one port to another in the southern States, and made a great deal of money by it. Don't give yourself any trouble about the South, Capt. Jones, (said the teamster) 'it isn't the South the abolitionists are troubling in our country. The abolitionists are troubling in the ears here, and breaking up the churches.' 'Breaking up the churches, said my aunt, laying down her work and raising her glasses—'breaking up the churches! preaching about slavery can't break up the churches! Every body knows that slavery is wrong.' 'But it does break up the churches, continued the teamster. 'I went down to Bradford last week to carry some wood, and I saw a strange sight there the afternoon Sunday. I went to the church, and I saw a man who had a similar to the abolitionists, and he was preaching about slavery, and you never did see what an uproar it did make. Both the deacons left the church, and above half the church members; and they declared if they had to go to have the slaves turned loose upon them, to sit in their pews and slips, they would never come into the church again, nor pay another cent to support a clergyman so long as they lived. And they had told me at the house where I was, that they had held up a meeting-house in the next town the week before, because the abolitionists were going to hold a meeting in it.' 'And I don't much wonder at it, said the day laborer, 'if they were going to have the slaves there with them. I have seen the slaves at the South, and they are the meanest looking wretches you ever saw, all dirty and ragged, and half naked.' 'They can't get any clothes, said the little boy, casting his fearful eyes on Capt. Jones's super fine coat, 'they can't get any clothes—they can't get any clothes.' 'Monsieur, cried the captain, 'what do you ragged rascals do with money? they don't know any thing.' 'They can't know any thing, replied the boy; 'father says their masters won't let them learn to read.' 'That is very wrong, said my aunt, 'they ought to be taught to read the Bible.' 'read the Bible, repeated the captain, 'what good would that do them? it would only make them lazy, they would do nothing but sit at home and read the Bible, and the abolitionists would be encouraged if they can do anything to abolish it.' 'That isn't what they are upon, mother, said Frederic, 'they are preaching about political action, and negroes voting; they don't care any thing about slavery.' 'Did you ever go to an abolition meeting, Frederic?' asked his mother. 'No, ma'am, said Frederic, 'but I have read all about them in the newspapers, and I have seen the abolitionists in this hall between my honorable colleagues, viz., the gentleman from the Pickwickian sense, and after a little more experience, members of Congress will have to receive and bestow the most approbrious epithets with perfect composure. Until this happy condition of things arrives, the following lines are to be exacted, to wit: For calling a member an abolitionist, \$2 50 Do, abstractionist, 5 00 Do, jackass, 50 00 Do, liar, 100 00

SELECTIONS.

From the Madison County Abolitionist. Ireland. Joshua Leavitt, not long since, made the remark that the high way which TEMPERANCE was casting up would furnish a fine path for anti-slavery to travel upon. This is being most beautifully demonstrated in Ireland. All who are or have been acquainted with the history of this ill-fated and down-trodden people know that intemperance has been the chief of their curses, and has done more than all else to keep them degraded. Unfit to make any claim to well arranged effort, for their own enfranchisement, how could it be expected that they could look with interest on the struggle which was waging in the United States against slavery? A Daniel O'Connell, a Richard Allen, or a Frederick Douglass, have been unable, from the oppression which the Irish were suffering, to give that efficient influence to the cause of freedom which they would gladly and joyfully render. But a change has come over the 'Green Isle.' Its vast population are shaking themselves like a lion awakened from his sleep, and gathering up their energies—so long unquenched, and except to their own destruction—for a noble and God-like purpose. Eight millions of sober men and women cannot remain unshorn of their liberties. They must necessarily work out their redemption. With such a champion as O'Connell, whose ceaseless agitation, and whose noble consistency in the cause of universal liberty; whose talent, and whose tact have already given him an undying name, and done much already for the restoration of Ireland, who doubts the ultimate success of the nation, who doubts the influence to the cause of freedom which they would gladly and joyfully render. But a change has come over the 'Green Isle.' Its vast population are shaking themselves like a lion awakened from his sleep, and gathering up their energies—so long unquenched, and except to their own destruction—for a noble and God-like purpose.

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BOSTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1841.

From the Liberator. No. 2.—The Abolition Meeting. Cousin William, we arrived at the place appointed for the meeting before the people began to assemble. It was a large old-fashioned school-house, with small windows, and a high arched ceiling, and whose noble consistency in the cause of universal liberty; whose talent, and whose tact have already given him an undying name, and done much already for the restoration of Ireland, who doubts the ultimate success of the nation, who doubts the influence to the cause of freedom which they would gladly and joyfully render. But a change has come over the 'Green Isle.' Its vast population are shaking themselves like a lion awakened from his sleep, and gathering up their energies—so long unquenched, and except to their own destruction—for a noble and God-like purpose.

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AGENTS. MAINE.—A. Soule, Bath. NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—Leonard Chase, Milford. VERMONT.—John Bennett, Woodstock.—Rowland T. Robinson, North Ferrisburgh. MASSACHUSETTS.—Moses Emery, West Newbury.—C. Whipple, Newbury.—Isaac Stearns, Springfield.—Luther Boutell, Groton.—W. R. Willard, Adams.—T. D. Everett, Brandon.—J. Church, Springfield.—W. & S. B. Ives, Salem.—Daniel G. Holmes, Lowell.—Josiah V. Marshall, Dorchester and vicinity.—Richard C. French, Fall River.—J. B. Sanderson, Ames-Deford.—Wm. Henderson, Haverhill.—Isaac A. Smith, Newmarket.—Ellis B. Willard, Adams.—Edward Earle, North Ferrisburgh.—J. W. Stone, Waterbury.—A. Beane, Centerville.—Israel Perkins, Lynn.—E. Bird, Taunton.—B. Freeman, Brewster.—R. F. Wollcutt, Dennis.—George O. Harmon, Haverhill.—Joseph Brown, Andover.—Joseph L. Noyes, Georgetown.—John Clement, Townsend.—(For a full list of agents, see the last page, last column.)

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From the Madison County Abolitionist.

Southern Independence. I like southern independence. There is a sort of manliness about it that contrasts nobly with northern servility. There are but few 'southern men' at the South. For or against a tariff—for or against a bank—in favor of or against the right of petition—devotedly attached or thoroughly opposed to the system of slavery, are they all. Southern men are seldom found sustaining a ridiculous position. However wicked they may be, they gather about themselves all the 'sublimity of wickedness' and the 'splendor of iniquity.' It covers a multitude of sins. Now, I do not admire their love for slavery. I mourn that so many of the most gifted intellects should be so perverted, so turned away from the truth, in whose rays their might shine with so much lustre; but I confess that it is less disgusting to me than the spirit which is so frequently exhibited by men at the North. You can never get a southern man to deny his creed, 'whenever residing in our midst.' Retrospect of Western Travels, says of a northern man at Washington, 'that he always walks in a deprecatory tone, his head down, giving him the appearance of being perpetually harassed with the conviction that he could not fight a duel with others could.' It is even so. Men from the hills of New-England, from the valleys of the Genesee, from the broad prairies of Ohio and Illinois, are ashamed of the South as they are of the North. Who ever saw a man at Plymouth Rock, hanging so illustriously upon his broad brow, would have been perfectly astounded had they seen his crouching, cringing position on the steps of the capitol at Richmond. Magic could not work a greater change. I have more to say on this subject. J. C. J.

Abolition of Slavery in Massachusetts.

Mr. Editor.—An article in one of your late papers on the debt due from Hon. Henry Clay to his slaves, has brought to my mind an account given me some years since, of the manner in which slavery was abolished in Massachusetts. After the adoption of the Constitution, many slaves continued to be held in the State. They were manumitted in the town of Sheffield, Berkshire county. The late Judge Sedgwick was then a practicing lawyer in Sheffield, and my informant was a student of his. Mr. Sedgwick advised a man held as a slave by Col. Ashley of that town, to bring a suit against his master for his services, and offered to plead his case. The man did so. The case was tried at Great Barrington, then a town in Berkshire county. Judgment was rendered for the man, and slavery from that day ceased in Massachusetts. If every slave that day brought an action of debt against his master for unrequited services, there is not a Court of Justice in the world which would not give him his case. So perfectly clear is it to every man's conscience and judgment, that all are the owners of their own minds, and their own belongings, that if Justice could reach their claims in her scales, I should not have a doubt of the issue. Mr. Sedgwick lived to be a distinguished representative in his District in Congress, and was for years an eminent Judge of our Supreme Court. To the day of his death he looked back to the assistance he rendered the poor slave as the brightest spot in his life. The known and acknowledged anti-slavery sentiments of his children, particularly his gifted daughter, show that they are the worthy children of such a father. His preaching, showed the sin and guilt of slavery. The framers of our Constitution, in the bill of rights declared 'all men born free.' Sedgwick took the legal steps to carry that article of the bill into effect. How much of the prosperity of Massachusetts is due to the clerical, political and legal abolitionism of those generous and noble men.

Runaway Slaves.

The following is an extract from a letter from J. Miller McKim, a lecturer in the anti-slavery cause, dated Bellefonte, Pa. Aug. 25, 1841. There is one branch of the anti-slavery movement, as I think it may be justly regarded, which is making remarkable progress in this State. It is the self-emancipating department. There have been surprised at the number of fugitives from injustice, as Mrs. Child calls them, who are continually passing through the central part of the State, on their way to the North; and at the deep interest manifested by the inhabitants, in their success and safety. In one town, the name of which for obvious reasons I need not mention, a short time before I was in the place, and much risk of detection on the part of the inhabitants, that they were saved. For the purpose of putting them safe beyond the power of their pursuers, five individuals contributed a sum of about sixty-five dollars out of their own pockets. In another town where I had understood, a vanguard of our cause is but too understood, a vanguard of seven or eight children, had recently sought refuge on their way to the land of freedom. They were closely pursued, and it was only by the most active vigilance, and much risk of detection on the part of the inhabitants, that they were saved. For the purpose of putting them safe beyond the power of their pursuers, five individuals contributed a sum of about sixty-five dollars out of their own pockets. In another town where I had understood, a vanguard of seven or eight children, had recently sought refuge on their way to the land of freedom. They were closely pursued, and it was only by the most active vigilance, and much risk of detection on the part of the inhabitants, that they were saved. For the purpose of putting them safe beyond the power of their pursuers, five individuals contributed a sum of about sixty-five dollars out of their own pockets.

he slaveholders, that they, although always before bitterly opposed to abolition, came out and rescued the remaining two and set them free. Suits, I was informed, have been commenced by the slaveholders against some of the persons engaged in the rescue.

You see from these facts, that there is a spirit among the slaves themselves that is helping on the work of emancipation. A young man in Carlisle said to me, 'Give me seven or eight dollars, and I will colonize as many slaves as Mr. Pinney can with so many hundred.' And so I suppose he could, and more justly, in a shorter time, and more happily for the slave.

Runaway Slaves—Henry Clay.

The following extract is taken from a long and interesting letter, published in the last Standard, from James Canning Fuller, giving an account of his recent journey to the South:

From Mayville to Lexington, (sixty-five miles), in the best road I ever travelled, not excepting the English roads. It is made and repaired with whitish limestone, from beginning to end. They told me the repairs were principally made by Irish workmen, as slaves were not to be trusted to do the work. At starting, I observed that the mail bags were nearly empty; and the driver, being questioned, informed me that I could carry the whole mail in my coat pockets. When he told me he was a Pennsylvanian, I asked him whether he could not earn as much in a free, as in a slave State. He said that he had received a month's more than he ever received for driving a team in a free State, and that now he received thirty dollars a month. This opened the way for a little anti-slavery talk. 'Last Sunday night,' said he, 'I saw a black man making the best of his way for Canada; I might have stopped him, and had the reward of \$200, which was offered.'

I asked him whether it was best to have God's blessing, with the fruits of his honest industry, or his curse, with \$200 blood-money. He answered, 'I would rather have God's blessing, and my slaves were free;' to which I responded, 'Amen.'

Some incidents connected with the escape of this negro, go to prove that slaves can 'take care of themselves,' by a little ingenuity, when occasion requires. Thinking it would be more expeditious, as well as more agreeable, to ride from slavery, than to run from it, he took a horse; whether his master's or not, I did not ascertain. The turnpike gates were a great hindrance, and much increased the risk of apprehension. To avoid this, just before reaching a turnpike gate, he let down a fence, carefully put it up again, to avoid pursuit, passed round the back of the keeper's house, and came out through the fence beyond. As he was renouncing his horse on one of these occasions, the driver came up with him. Supposing him to be one of the keeper's family, he wished him good night; but instantly discovered by his voice, that he was a colored man, putting his horse to full speed. When he reached the turnpike gate, he was stopped by a man about twenty years of age, and told Dr. Whitehead he believed he had seen the man the night before. 'I hope to God he'll get safe into Canada,' was the reply.

'How can you say that, and be a slaveholder?' asked the coachman.

'I wish there were no slaves,' replied he; 'and as soon as others will liberate theirs, mine shall go free.'

Stage-coaches afford no facilities to the poor fugitives. By the law of the United States government, no colored man can drive a mail stage. Neither can any colored man ride on one, unless he is known to be free, or is a slave travelling with his master. Stage owners incur heavy penalties, if they infringe these rules. A verdict of \$1600 was lately recovered by a slave-master against the company.

At Washington, the stage was stopped to know if a colored boy could be put on. 'Yes; where is he?' 'Up at the jail yonder.' The querist took a seat inside; and soon after I spied a colored man on the outside, with a better relation. He was captured and taken to a horse with him, and imitated the Israelites, in borrowing various articles which he escaped from bondage. He assumed false whiskers, and a pair of spectacles; and on reaching the Ohio river, produced free papers duly stamped with the County seal. But, unfortunately, when questioned where he had staid the preceding night, he foolishly attempted to describe the place, and was thus detected: \$200 had been offered for his capture out of the State, and \$100 if taken in the State. To ride in a stage, with a man behind, whose legs and arms were fastened together with riveted chains and padlocks, was enough to make one feel the force of Patrick Henry's exclamation, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' It was a poor consolation to administer to the gnawings of his hunger, while beholding his manly frame thus manacled; but I thought he seemed to get his gingsers out of the matter, and I thought him a man who, where colored men were free, at Payne's tavern, in Fairview, the poor fellow had to undergo an examination from the landlord, and listen to a homily about truth-telling; so little do slaveholders seem aware that stealing and lying are constituent parts of their own system. In the stage-office at Lexington, we encountered the man who chained this poor fugitive. The driver, who had come with us on the last two stages, was a native of Dutchess Co., N. Y.; and he began to plead with the slaveholder in behalf of the slave. I heard of another case, where the angry master threatened to flog and sell a recovered runaway, whom he had with him; but the stage-driver remonstrated with him so effectually, that he wept like a child, and promised forgiveness to his slave. If we can only get the common people aroused, Wayland, Bishop Holding, and others of that stamp, may deal in metaphysical hair-splitting, but they will be able to do more for the stage-drivers, as a body, abolitionists, than all the clergy in the land; for I should fear the latter would much more easily yield to public opinion. I have no wish to disparage the D. D.'s or the Reverends; but, with a few noble exceptions, every body knows that they are seldom found in the van of unpopular reforms.

Having a great desire to see the imported cattle on Henry Clay's plantation, I went there. On approaching the house, I saw a colored man, who I said, 'Where were you raised?' 'In Washington,' 'Did Henry Clay buy thee there?' 'Yes,' 'Will thou show me his improved cattle?' He pointed to the orchard, and said the man who had charge of them was there. As I followed his direction, I encountered a very intelligent-looking boy, apparently eight or nine years old. I said to him, 'Canst thou read?' 'No.' 'Is there a school for colored people on Henry Clay's plantation?' 'No.' 'How old art thou?' 'Don't know.' In the orchard I found a woman at work with her needle. I asked, 'How old art thou?' 'A big fifty.' 'How old is that?' 'Nineteen or sixteen.' 'Where are they?' 'Colored folks don't know where their children is; they are sent all over the country.' 'Where were you raised?' 'Washington.' 'Did Henry Clay buy thee there?' 'Yes.' 'Where are thy children?' 'I don't know; they tell me they are dead.' The hut in which this 'source of wealth' lives, was neither as good, nor as well-floored as my stable. Several slaves were picking fruit in the orchard. I asked one of the young men whether they were taught to read on this plantation, and they answered, 'No. I found the overseer of the cattle with a short-handled, stout whip, which had been broken. He said it answered both for a riding-whip, and occasionally to whip off the slaves.'

These glances at Ashland reveal much concerning our mutual friend Joseph John Gurney's dear friend, Henry Clay; the man who boasts that 'every pulpit of his heart beats high for liberty'; yet is not ashamed to buy men and women at the Capitol! that place, which above all others, ought not to be cursed by the footsteps of a slave. Yet I fear there are not wanting in the abolition ranks men so wedded to political party that they may be tempted to vote for Henry Clay; serving their party and themselves thereby, and perchance thinking they serve their country.

Martin Van Buren—John Tyler.

Extract from the last annual report of the New-York State Anti-Slavery Society:

The nation was disgraced by and through Martin Van Buren, President of the United States, and Forsyth, the Secretary of State, who both did all in their power to sacrifice these men to southern wickedness and Spanish villainy, through the courts of law. In case the District Court of Connecticut had decided against the poor Medians, they, by their counsel, were not to be allowed a moment to appeal to the Circuit Court of the United States; but Martin Van Buren had ordered the sloop of war Grampus to lie off New-Haven, with its officers, ready the first instant the decision had been had against these poor people, to seize and drag them instantly on board our national ship, and sail directly to Cuba for instant death. The officers of the Grampus were ordered to delay a single moment, or take it for granted that these poor people, by their friends, would appeal in a case of life and death, to the Circuit Court; but no, they were to hurry them on board so suddenly as to cut off the last hope of the innocent miserable. Why all this deadly haste by Martin Van Buren, then candidate for President again? It was a bowing down to the South for their votes, that he ordered those officers of the Grampus, virtually, to destroy the life-precious of the Medians, and then throw them into the sea. Oh! how would he have loved to see the man who, as President of these United States, to propagate a few slaveholding voters, could deliberately order these thirty or forty men, these strangers, to be delivered up to sudden death, in defiance of all the common forms of justice—all to help him to hold his wretched seat a little longer.

An overruling Providence, in deciding the case in the District Court in favor of the poor Medians, frustrated the plan and intention of Martin Van Buren. We wish to call attention to the fact, that in the North, as it is by the counsel of the Medians, no man would ever shake the hand of Martin Van Buren again, who respected himself or his kind. Now Mr. Van Buren knew these Medians were not only innocent men, but men who in asserting their liberty had covered themselves with what the world calls glory. And let the fate of Martin Van Buren be a warning to all wicked men in times to come. Behold the hand of the Almighty, delivering these people from all their enemies, from the President of the United States, from Ruiz and Montez; in hurling the President from his chair, amidst a blaze of indignation, and roar of contempt, rarely seen or heard in any land or in any age. The Supreme Court of the United States—the sheet-anchor of the republic—amidst the wild roar and beating tempests of slavery's storm, has pronounced a decision in favor of human rights, encouraging to the best hopes of man, in this degenerate period of our nation's history—the spirit of which decision would liberate every slave in the republic!

The Whigs nominated General Harrison, whose sentiments on the subject of human rights were any thing, every thing, and nothing, except as it regarded his own human rights—those he was disposed to take care of at the expense of the great number of humanity which lay groaning, in the South, under the weight of 200 years of accumulated oppressions. But John Tyler was nominated and elected Vice President, because he had the terrible mark, that one great affliction, an owner of men, a slaveholder, and a man who, that in the form of government, whose central column is inscribed with the birth-rights of all men, to wit, freedom and equality, that this same people should select a man for the second office in that nation, whose most qualification consisted in his abhorrence of those principles; whose life had been spent in trampling human beings and their rights under his feet; whose bread, clothing, education, and very existence, had been pinched out of helpless slaves; yet, who, on being elected, was to be the chief magistrate of the nation, put forth in the hour of its greatest distress, on the 4th of July, 1776; who compelled slaves to work for him for nothing but the coarsest food and vilest clothing, placing all they earned beyond a wretched subsistence in his own pocket—and this he extorted with whips, chains, fetters, pistols, guns, stocks, and dungeons; yea, more, and some of these slaves he bought, and some he sold, for money, and some of them are said to be nearly related to him. This was the man whose qualifications won the confidence of his slaveholding and pro-slavery countrymen. This is the man who, by the demise of General Harrison, has become President of this nation. This is the man who has caused his party infinite mortification, by vetoing the second time a United States Bank bill. A Bank of the United States was one of those great things, and one of those things besides abolition, which induced some of our wise abolitionists to vote for him, rather than a slaveholder, at the expense of their tenderest sympathies for the slave. It is to be hoped, that Divine Providence, in removing Gen. Harrison, and in placing a slaveholder in the presidential chair by their votes—the same slaveholder who has vetoed the great measure for which they were made to turn aside from the path of duty, in voting for this enemy of the poor slave—will open their eyes, in all coming times, to the great duty of obeying the divine maxim, 'Do right and leave the consequences to God.' Man may appoint, and God can disappoint. No man ever did or ever will substantially improve his own or his country's condition, by any sort of expediency, which would not bear the approval of the Almighty. Right is always right; and no expediency can make wrong right.

Let us not be mistaken in this crime. The man who steals the horse, or abuses and kills him—it is but a horse, a brute; and he who kills him, he who lays his hands on man, to chattelize him, deals in merchandize that never dies, in souls whose destiny it is to outshine the sun, or who may be the witnesses in the tragedies of expiring worlds, and whose being will run parallel with the everlasting, unfolding, and ever-revealing God; and in hap-piness may attain a glory in the vast unfathomable ages of unborn eternity, which would eclipse the present benediction of the infant archangel, who burns before the Eternal Throne. Lay not, oh man! thy unhallored hands on these temples of clay. They are the abodes of undying energies, and of that spirit God breathed, of that immortality God-given, of that existence which will forever be to be. Oh base man, take not away man's angelic caste. Do not attempt to rifle immortality of its birth-right. Oh thou deadly ruffian, who would force extinguish the mind of Gabriel, that might unpart black thy boots, and would sell the great Apostle Paul for cankered gold, to an unbelieving Jew, if in thy power,—who sellest thine own children, who pollute thine own daughters,—oh thou wretched slaveholder, call on the rocks and the mountains to fall on thee, and the abused earth to open her jaws and swallow thee up, that thou mightest be forever hidden from the accusing of those injured immortal shades whose blood cries from the infernal seat for vengeance, long-delayed, justice long-deferred.

The Victims of Slavery.

A correspondent of the Hartford Observer, writing from Quincy, Illinois, gives the following particulars of the case of the three unfortunate young men, (two of them members of the Mission Institute, and the other a mechanic with a family residing at Theopolis), who have just been sentenced to twelve years imprisonment in the State Penitentiary of Missouri:

'The facts in the case, as near as I could learn, were as follows. These individuals were impressed with the idea that it was their duty to do something efficiently to aid the poor slaves in regaining their rights. They prayed over the subject—sought counsel of God, and consulted with students and with one another. Burning with hostility to slavery, they soon became determined to make the attempt to entice slaves across the Mississippi, and put them on the track to Victoria's dominions. They took a canoe, crossed into Mississippi, and came in contact with slaves to whom they made known their errand. They made an appointment to meet the slaves in the night in an old tenanted cabin, where two of their number were to explain to them more fully their chance for escape—while the third remained in the canoe ready to transport them. One of the negroes was a little suspicious that there was a trap; and he fled to his master, and he then went down the river and sell them to cotton or sugar planters—a thing which they dread more than death. This negro revealed the whole plot to his master. He bade him go to the place of rendezvous, and put questions into his mouth, for the purpose of drawing as much information from the young men respecting their plans as possible. In the mean time he gathered a company of white men—armed, who surrounded the cabin, and after being well satisfied of their plans, proceeded to execute their purpose. All the three individuals were conducted to Palmyra jail by the sheriff, amid the execrations of the populace. They are handcuffed and ironed, I understand—treated with far greater severity than horse thieves, who are confined in the same apartment with them.

I would here say that the movement was without the advice or apprehension of their teachers, and though some persons think they see in the undertaking and its results the finger of God, a groovy body of abolitionists in this region do not hesitate to affirm, and it is a very common opinion that they have broken no statute of Mo. The laws of the State are severe upon kidnappers. But their legislators seem not to have thought it possible that any man should care enough for the slave to entice him

to run away from his master to a land of freedom. But though no law has been broken—the measure has no tendency to open the eyes of masters to their wrong doings. It is rather calculated to obstruct, with prejudice and passion, all access to their understandings and hearts. One principal dependence for bringing about the peaceful emancipation of all very, lies in enlightening the minds of slaveholders. And any system of measures on the part of avowed abolitionists calculated to defeat this object is greatly to be deprecated. They have generally disavowed any intention or desire to meddle with the slave. But this effort is certainly an exception. Could these individuals have effected their purpose—they would not have left any stone unturned in encouraging negroes to quit their masters and push for Canada, and to be free. Mr. Alfonso Work is a mechanic from Middletown, Ct., and a member of the South Congregational church. The others, if I mistake not, are from New York. Their case was brought up at the celebration for the purpose of raising means to secure to them the assistance of able counsellors and a fair trial, and I understand the money has been secured. Their trial is expected to come on in September.

From the American and Foreign A. S. Reporter.

The Mendi People.

Thus the Africans, late of the schooner Amistad, call themselves. It is found that no such country as Mendi is known to geographers. The district from which the Medians came may be known to them by some other name, but these Africans, one and all, very distinctly pronounce the word Mendi, when speaking of themselves, or their native land. Their present location is not known. They do not describe its situation. They say, however, that it is six days from Mendi to the coast. Thus they compute distances. A day's journey, we conjecture, is from 20 to 30 miles. Mendi, then, may be some 150 miles from the Atlantic coast. We suppose it to lie a little north of east of the mouth of the river Gallinas.

Several of these people had heard of Sierra Leone, and they were kidnapped and sold to the Spaniards in order to be taken to that colony here visited Mendi with their goods. The names of the men who were taken to Sierra Leone, and who were to be familiar to them. James Covey, the interpreter, now here, is a native of Mendi, but as he was sold into slavery when only six years of age, he is not able to describe the situation of his native land. Full-wu-lu, one of the liberated Africans, who lived in the Fimmari, near the Mendi country, he, recently ascertained, has been at Sierra Leone. He has seen the others, and seems to entertain no doubt but that they could be found at Mendi, if they were only set down at Sierra Leone.

The Rev. Thomas Pyne, an Episcopal clergyman of London, has sent to a member of the committee acting in behalf of these Africans, a copy of a new work published in London for the benefit of those who have gone to explore Africa in the steamers fitted out for the Niger. It is entitled, 'Specimens of African languages spoken at Sierra Leone, and in the interior of the continent, by Mrs. Hannah Kilham. With by the volume the language or dialect which we have denominated Mendi, is called Kossa. No intimation is given in the abovementioned work, as to the native district of the Kossas. Mr. David Bacon, of New-Haven, speaks of it, we learn, as being in the interior, back of Grand Cape Mount and Sierra Leone, and as being called Longbar. The name Kossa is written Koro, in the African Repository, vol. vii. p. 283.

Since the act of the committee, appointing Mr. Coffin to proceed to Sierra Leone, and to take a list of the Africans, these distrustful people have opened their hearts more freely than heretofore, to their instructors and friends. They have acknowledged that hitherto they had agreed among themselves to be reserved respecting their native country, because they did not know as they would save them. Full-wu-lu now says that his father lives in Mendi, but that he, three years before he was stolen, lived with his grandmother, in Kovel, near Sierra Leone. It is a large portion of the mercantile and mechanic classes. Southern trade and travel are at the bottom of the mischief. Kenticuckians, it is notorious, were among the most active of the rascals.

You see but little sympathy manifested in behalf of the Philanthropist. Not a single paper here has uttered a noble sentiment on the liberty of the press. But we ask no aid—all we demand is, to be let alone. Single-handed, by the help of God, we can maintain the freedom of the press.

A better day, I hope, is coming. Our press is going again; new friends are starting up. The citizens are beginning to grow heartily ashamed of the disgrace they have suffered. The 'Mob City' of the West is not half so sweet a name as the 'Queen City.'

Since writing the foregoing, I see a notice in the Enquirer for a meeting on Thursday afternoon, to inquire what part abolitionists had in instigating the riot, and to send the young school to learn to spell their 'be, bi, bo, and your such matters; and customary also, for the teacher to arouse the intellect of such as were slow to learn the mysteries of Dilworth, by a free application of the rod to the most sensitive part of the delinquent's 'outer man.' In a word, in those days of pewter platters and spinning wheels, men and women of smaller growth, were whipped because they could not, or could not learn to read; but thanks to the progress of the age, the barbarous system of making 'idiot schools' is reversed at the South, or more properly, the south-west, where, instead of being flogged for not learning to read, it is recommended to flog those who do learn. If any feel doubts as to the correctness of this statement—this evidence of the progressiveness of improvement—we refer them to our authority—a paper called the 'New Orleans Crescent City,' of August 11th. The proof reads thus:

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From the Madison County Abolitionist.

Stand Erect.

Some of the good folks in this region 'know that the 'Queen City of the West,' Cincinnati, has had a terrible mob, in which all law was set at defiance, in which the Mayor kicked the great lot of the North American, and in which the office of the Philanthropist was destroyed, and a good many other pretty things were done to preserve the Constitution of our country, and keep quiet in their beds the owners of their frames. It seems that Cincinnati has, like other parts of terra firma, some abolitionists, who see

'Ghosts in the whistling of the wind; Spooks before, and spooks behind; and they want the Doctor to bang up Freedom's mouth-piece, till the 'Popo' tells him to take it down.

Stop the Philanthropist! Not for a day! Pray, of what are abolitionists of Ohio made? Are they men or mice? Stop the Philanthropist now! At this period! Never! By all that is sacred in freedom, I conjure the abolitionists of Ohio to represent her truly in her hour of trial. What is the use of being silent, unless it is to suffer? Do you know how to do, to be, and to suffer? Do you shine abolitionist, nonsense! Mere men in buckram. If Ohio will not put the Philanthropist on a good footing, and keep it on a good footing till blacklegs and scoundrels are tired of destroying it, then, I say, they need converting. If fears for their own life make them so prudent that Dr. Bailey must be forced to yield, then let him send to New-York or New-England for a little abolitionism! It knows how to maintain its rights, though all hell should rage, and that too, without fighting.

Send on, Doctor, if it is needful. We have abolitionists all through this country that can stand fire and faggot, rather than slavery should triumph. If you do not need us 'in propria persona,' then send on for cash, in case abolitionists of Ohio should sue up their pockets. We heretofore, go the doctrine that this cause is a common cause, that the friends of freedom are all bound together by the ligaments of a common task, and a common wish, and that Spaniards in the present case, and the points where the enemy make his strongest advances. Once more, for the sake of the sighing slave, for the sake of the cause of Justice and Right, I beseech the abolitionists of Ohio to falter not. Yield not an hair's breadth. Let the blood-hounds drink your blood, ere you jog an inch. Death is not the worst thing in the world. Better die than be disgraced. If such a mob should now happen in New-York, I should calculate that the press that should be destroyed, would, in three months, have 10,000 subscribers; and I calculate that Dr. Bailey will be held up, or else that abolitionism had better take a journey eastward for its health. Such sickly stuff as that must be which talks of 'prudence' and 'regard for its own life,' discretion and suspension, needs doctoring. Do not talk of suspending freedom any more. She has hung often and long enough in this country.

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.

Affairs in Cincinnati.

EXTRACT of a letter from the Editor of the Cincinnati Philanthropist, (Abolition paper), to a gentleman in this city, dated

CINCINNATI, Sept. 21, 1841.

By this time you know all about our mob. It was a ferocious one. The attack on the Philanthropist I confess, was entirely unexpected by me. Its destruction, however, was winked by a portion of the free press, and the mercantile and mechanic classes. Southern trade and travel are at the bottom of the mischief. Kenticuckians, it is notorious, were among the most active of the rascals.

You see but little sympathy manifested in behalf of the Philanthropist. Not a single paper here has uttered a noble sentiment on the liberty of the press. But we ask no aid—all we demand is, to be let alone. Single-handed, by the help of God, we can maintain the freedom of the press.

A better day, I hope, is coming. Our press is going again; new friends are starting up. The citizens are beginning to grow heartily ashamed of the disgrace they have suffered. The 'Mob City' of the West is not half so sweet a name as the 'Queen City.'

Since writing the foregoing, I see a notice in the Enquirer for a meeting on Thursday afternoon, to inquire what part abolitionists had in instigating the riot, and to send the young school to learn to spell their 'be, bi, bo, and your such matters; and customary also, for the teacher to arouse the intellect of such as were slow to learn the mysteries of Dilworth, by a free application of the rod to the most sensitive part of the delinquent's 'outer man.' In a word, in those days of pewter platters and spinning wheels, men and women of smaller growth, were whipped because they could not, or could not learn to read; but thanks to the progress of the age, the barbarous system of making 'idiot schools' is reversed at the South, or more properly, the south-west, where, instead of being flogged for not learning to read, it is recommended to flog those who do learn. If any feel doubts as to the correctness of this statement—this evidence of the progressiveness of improvement—we refer them to our authority—a paper called the 'New Orleans Crescent City,' of August 11th. The proof reads thus:

'In my time, as septuagenarians often say, when alluding to a meeting on Thursday afternoon, to inquire what part abolitionists had in instigating the riot, and to send the young school to learn to spell their 'be, bi, bo, and your such matters; and customary also, for the

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE MISSING SHIP.

BY EZRA SARGANT.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship—
what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

God speed the noble President!

A gallant boat is she,

As ever entered harbor,

Or crossed a stormy sea,

Like some majestic castle,

She floats upon the beam;

The good ships moor'd beside her

Like pigmy shallops seem!

How will her mighty bulwarks

The leaping surges brave!

How will her iron sinews

Make way against wind and wave!

Farwell, thou stately vessel!

Ye voyagers, farewell!

Securely on that deck shall ye

The tempest's shock repel.

The stately vessel left us

In all her bold array;

A glorious sight, O landsmen!

As she glided down our bay,

Her flags were waving joyfully,

And from her ribs of oak

'Farewell!' to all the city

Her guns in thunder spoke.

Flee, on thy vapory pinions!

Back, back to England flee!

Where patient watchers by the strand!

Have waited long for thee;

Where kindred hearts are beating

To welcome home the crew,

And tearful eyes gaze constantly

Across the waters blue!

Alas, ye watchers by the strand!

Weeks, months have roll'd away,

But where, where is the President?

And why is this delay?

Return, pale mourners, to your homes!

Ye gaze, and gaze in vain;

Oh! never shall that pennon'd mast

Salute your eyes again!

And now our hopes, like morning stars,

Have one by one gone out;

And stern despair subdues at length

The agony of doubt;

But still affection lights her torch

At night along the shore,

And glimmering by the surf-beat rocks,

To marvel, to deplore.

In dreams I see the fleet ship

Torn by the northern blast;

About her tempest-riven track

The white fog gathers fast;

When, lo! above the swathing mist

Their heads the icebergs lift,

In lucid grandeur to the clouds—

Vast continents adrift.

One mingled shriek of awe goes up,

At that stupendous sight;

Now helmsman, for a hundred lives,

Oh! guide the helm aright!

Vain prayer! She strikes! and thundering down,

The avalanches fall;

Crush'd, whelm'd, the stately vessel sinks—

The cold sea covers all!

Anon, unreating Fancy holds

A direr scene to view;

The burning ship, the fragile raft,

The pale and dying crew!

Ah me! 'twas such their maddening fate

Upon the billowy ocean!

Give up, remorseless Ocean!

A relic and a sign!

No answer cometh from the deep,

To tell the tale we dread;

Nor shall it till the trump shall sound,

And the sea give up its dead.

Oh, then may that lost company,

From earthly haven driven,

Meet where the weary are at rest,

And storms reach not—in Heaven!

EVENING.

How solemnly the weary sun,

Far in the glowing west,

Hath reft'd himself in golden clouds,

And left the world to rest.

How silently sweet evening's shade

Hath fallen o'er hill and dell—

Dew-drops their turking homes have sought

Within each flow'ret's bed.

And joyfully, yet wearily,

The waves leech on the shore,

Where gentle eases sit to hear

Them tell their wanderings o'er.

Thus beautifully and tranquilly

Hath faded day's array,

And night, like sleep, comes stealing on

Her dark mysterious way.

And oh, my I, when life's faint beam

The shades of death surround,

Thus calmly view its parting beam,

The world's slow fading sun

And as the beautiful sun went down,

All smiles, into the sea,

May I thus leave the busy world—

Thus seek eternity.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When all the world grows strange

Then shall her arms enfold thee;

When smiling fortune's change,

Then shall her words uphold thee.

When all these hopes will fail,

And leave thee sought but care;

And when thy cheek grows pale,

Or wasted with despair;

When desolation meets thee,

Without an arm to save;

When death himself shall greet thee,

A victim for the grave;

Then woman shall care thee

With all an angel's care;

Then shall she softly bless thee

With more than angel's prayer.

CENSURE.

Before thou censure, first inquire

If there's not in thy breast

Some sparks of hatred—hidden fire—

Which should be dispossessed;

Ere thou the course of friends condemn;

'Twere well, perhaps to follow them

COMMUNICATIONS.

Excommunication.

BOSTON, Sept. 24, 1841.

DEAR BROTHER GARRISON:

As this is a time of casting out with the church, and as I have shared a like fate with many others who have dared to think and act for themselves, in spite of the authority of the organized bodies called churches, who 'lord it over God's heritage,' I have thought best to transmit to you an account of the proceedings of the church, in relation to myself, together with some communications from the pastor and deacon of said church.

If you think this account will, in any measure, serve to show the rigor with which 'the powers that be' in the churches, would rule over those who place themselves under their jurisdiction; if it will tend in any degree to show the community the time-serving, compromising, proscriptive and cowardly spirit of the church; and if it will tell the world how wickedly the church will shrink away from any cause, however important the interests involved in it, the advocacy of which will bring persecution and odium upon the advocate, and the body to which he belongs; in short, if it will do any thing to aid the cause of justice, truth and right, please give it an insertion in the Liberator.

LOWELL, June 10, 1841.

MISS SARAH C. SANBORN:

It becomes my duty to inform you that you are no longer a member of the Wether-street Baptist church in this city. For this communication, I do not not you are in some measure prepared. While the church are fully satisfied that you have many good qualities of mind and heart, and might be very useful, they deplore your want of judgment, as manifested by a zeal that outruns knowledge and propriety, and that makes you appear self-willed, and, consequently, unamiable. While they believe you to be exceedingly imprudent, they have nothing to say against your motives. They pray that the time may come when you will examine the truth of the gospel, and will learn that the true place of woman is not in promiscuous assemblies, standing up as a teacher of rough multitudes, attracting toward herself and her sex the sarcasms of the polluted; but in the retirement of domestic life. When you can again walk with a peaceful church, and walk worthy of your calling, I do not think they will be happy to receive you. I annex a copy of your exclusion, taken from the church records.

Your well-wisher,

LEMUEL PORTER.

From the records of the Wether-street Baptist church, Lowell.

'Church meeting held after the evening meeting, Sabbath, May 30, 1841.

Miss Sarah C. Sanborn, who has for some time past lectured on various subjects to promiscuous audiences, in a manner to grieve Christians in places where she has lectured, had permission to explain her sentiments and conduct to the church, from which it appeared that her opinion of baptism, in relation to communion, of church organizations, &c., was widely different from the opinion of the church, as expressed in their articles of faith: further, that she insisted upon the right of lecturing to the public when, and where, and how she pleased, without respect to the wishes of the church—therefore,

Voted, 1. To refer Miss Sanborn's request for a letter of occasional communion.

2. To choose a committee of five, to confer with Miss Sanborn, and to report to the church next Saturday evening.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 5, 1841.

'The committee on the case of Miss Sanborn reported, that they recommend the withdrawal of the right hand of fellowship from Miss Sarah C. Sanborn, for the following reasons, viz:—

1. That she has adopted sentiments in relation to the ordinance of the gospel, and to the constitution and authority of a Christian church, that are injurious to the cause of Christ.

2. That she is in the habit of addressing promiscuous audiences of both sexes, upon the subject of moral reform, in such a way as to obtain great scandal for herself, and, consequently, for the church to which she now belongs.

3. That she has been labored with by the church, who have fully and patiently examined into her opinions and practices, and affectionately sought to withdraw her from her present course, without success.

After hearing the above report, the church Voted, without dissent, that the right hand of fellowship be withdrawn from Miss Sarah C. Sanborn.

LEMUEL PORTER, Pastor and Clerk.

A letter containing an account of the doings of the church on Saturday evening, June 5, together with the foregoing communication of Mr. Porter, was sent to Concord, N. H.; but as it did not reach there until I had left, (I had been attending a convention there,) I did not receive it then, and, consequently, after a few weeks, sent for a letter, stating their charges against me, not supposing that they had ever written. My letter was received, and an answer sent, containing a record of the doings of the church on Sabbath evening, June 20, with that of June 5, which record is written above. Also the following communications from Messrs. Porter and Poole:—

'MISS SANBORN: Your letter from Concord was received and answered. It was enclosed to Rev. Mr. Cummings, who afterward wrote me that you had left town, and gone he knew not where. If you remain in Providence long enough, (I was there when I wrote a second time for a letter,) you will get this; but we cannot pursue you with letters all over the country. The next time you write for a letter, you will find it in the Christian Watchman.'

The above was written by Mr. Porter, but was sent without signature.

The following is from Mr. Poole, deacon of the church:—

LOWELL, Saturday, August 23, 1841.

Mrs. SARAH C. SANBORN,

formerly Miss Sarah C. Sanborn:

I received your letter afternoon, [what afternoon he does not state], and, according to your earnest request, made all possible haste to return an immediate answer. Whether the enclosed records of the church will be satisfactory to you, I cannot tell. I did not think it necessary to say any thing to the church, in relation to yourself, as you are not a member, and have been so informed, according to your own request and our custom, by a full and explicit letter sent to Concord, N. H., by the church clerk. It seems, however, that you had gone from there before it arrived.

You seem to intimate that Mr. Porter is guilty of neglecting to inform you of your exclusion, and the causes; and me for not fulfilling my promise that you should be informed of that exclusion, should I take place. Had you been as anxious to receive information concerning the course the church took in relation to your case, as you was to obtain a letter of occasional communion, you would have saved yourself and us much unnecessary trouble.

As to your character being moral or immoral, I have nothing to say. The charges for which you were excluded are enclosed. Your own sense of propriety and your conscience must decide that case.

SETH POOLER.

(1) The true place of woman, &c. If woman is not in her true place when she is standing up in promiscuous assemblies, why does Mr. Porter and his church allow women to stand up thus, and teach at their own meetings? Why do they urge them to do this in almost every conference where men and women assemble promiscuously? If the church is honest in preferring a charge against me for speaking in promiscuous assemblies, why did they not do it when I was with them? I was always in the habit of speaking in such assemblies when with them, and of teaching, too. The true ground of their accusation, I believe, is, not that I address promiscuous assemblies, but because I advocate UNPOPULAR TRUTH in such assemblies. Again, if woman's only true place is in the retirement of domestic life, why does that church aid in sending out female missionaries and female teachers, for both sexes, to the west and other places; and why do they employ them to go from house to house to collect money to carry forward missionary operations, to build meeting-houses, &c. &c.?

(2) Had permission, &c. According to this expression, Mr. Porter does not think I had an undoubted right to explain my sentiments to the church. He

speaks as though it was a wonderful indulgence in them, and almost infinite condescension to permit me to do this! At that meeting, Mr. Porter said it was not customary for members to speak for themselves, (this is not the precise language, but the amount of it,) but as I was not under church censure, I could do this; implying that if I had been censured there as a criminal, I should not be allowed to open my mouth; thus being less lenient than our so-called courts of justice, with all their injustices!

(3) Insisted on lecturing when, where and how, &c. without reference to the church. Because I would obey the voice of God without asking permission of the church—or, in other words, without consulting the modern Sandhrist—therefore, my request for a letter of occasional communion must be denied! I did not know, as I told the church at that time, that I sought to ask them what my avocation should be. If they were as particular about the employment of the rest of the members, and if they were to exclude all whose employment did not suit their taste, I am inclined to think they would not have many left. If a dozen or twenty of their members were employed in 'dealing out death and damnation,' or, in other words, in selling alcoholic drinks—or if as many more were engaged in trafficking in the souls and bodies of their fellow-men—I do not imagine that it would have caused them the least uneasiness, because it is popular to commit such heinous outrages upon humanity!

(4) Has adopted sentiments, &c. The only new sentiment that I had imbibed, in relation to ordination, constitution, or solemnity of the church, was, that persons might partake of the emblems of Christ's broken body and spilt blood before baptism; whereas, before, I thought baptism pre-requisite to communion. As to the authority of the church, I never believed that it was an authoritative body. I do not and never did believe that the followers of Jesus have any right to rule over another. I believe that Jesus Christ expressly forbade it, when he said, 'So shall it not be among you.'

(5) Lecturing in such a way as to bring scandal upon herself, and the church to which she now belongs. This tells the whole story, and I hesitate not to say that it was for this alone, that I was excluded. There was a virtual confession of this truth by Mr. Porter, and the church, at the meeting, June 5. After I had told the church of the course I was pursuing, and the trials I had in prosecuting my labors, Mr. Porter made remarks to the church, which were substantially as follows:—'BROTHERS AND SISTERS—You have heard the statements of sister Sanborn, and you see according to her account, that by the course she pursues, she incurs scorn, derision, contempt and persecution; and you know that if one member suffers, the whole body suffers with it. The question is, whether you will take a part of this reproach; and bear it with her?' This said, no—and voted to withhold a letter. The question was asked whether I felt bound by the covenant of the church. I told them I did, so far as that I was in agreement with the Bible; and then asked them if they felt bound by the same covenant, saying, at the same time, that the covenant, stated that we should sympathize with each other in times of trial. I spoke of the severe trials which I had endured, and asked them if they would sympathize with me. Mr. Porter answered by saying, so. That in this case their sympathies could not extend toward me; that I invited scorn by the course I pursued, and they had no sympathy for me.

(6) Records of the church satisfactory, &c. In relation to this, I say they are not, because they do not speak the truth according to my view of it. According to their own practice, they would not exclude me for speaking or lecturing before promiscuous audiences. Again, in relation to the change in my views of communion, they could not have excluded me for that; because I told them that although I felt at liberty to go to communion with other churches, yet I was not at all strenuous on that point, and would concede it to them, and walk with them in all the ordinances, in future. I do not hesitate to say, that if I had told them I would desist from lecturing, I should have retained my standing in the church. Indeed, it was so said by them.

I say, and will hold myself responsible for the saying, that I was excluded for advocating an UNPOPULAR cause, and not for the reasons they assign.

Respectfully submitted,

SARAH C. REDLON.

MISCELLANY.

From the Temperance Recorder.

The Bible view of Temperance.

E. TAYLOR, Esq.—In the Sept. No. of the Temperance Recorder, among other resolutions adopted at the recent Convention at Saratoga, I notice the following:

'Resolved, That this Convention rejoice in every development of truth which shall remove existing obstacles to the cause of temperance, and as there is a difference among wise and good men in relation to the nature of ancient wines, supposed to be sanctioned by the word of God, that they be commended to the earnest consideration of the friends of temperance, with a request that they would present to the public the result of their investigation.'

Now, sir, it is known to many of the leading friends to the temperance reform in this country, that I have been zealously devoted to that cause from the beginning; and that for the last ten years I have been diligently engaged in scientific investigations, all bearing upon the question presented in the above resolution. I am painfully aware that, from the beginning, a large majority of the professed friends of temperance have regarded me with a jealous eye and a distrustful mind, as an ultratist. But I ask them solemnly to review the history of the temperance reform amongst us. Did I not earnestly entertain them at the first national convention at Philadelphia in May, 1833, to suffer the whole broad question of intoxicating liquors to come freely before the convention as matter of discussion, they brought such free discussions we might arrive at such conclusions as were wisest and best in relation to the extent of the pledge? Did I not say to those gentlemen, as sure as the world stands and this reform continues to advance, you will soon feel yourselves compelled to adopt the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors—and the more you endeavor to fortify yourselves in your present assumed distinction between 'total abstinence' and 'total abstinence from the greater evil,' the more you will have to overcome. And has not experience since proved this all to be true? And I ask solemnly, what temperance man living has ever advanced a single step in the way pointed out, and found that way to be wrong? Does any man's experience or knowledge, then, justify a distrustfulness of me as a teacher of temperance doctrines? On the other hand, has not the experience of all, so far as it has gone, demonstrated my truthfulness? I say this not vauntingly, for I pretend to no extraordinary prescience, no remarkable gifts. But I claim to have given myself, in an extraordinary degree, to patient perseverance in scientific research and investigation in relation to the temperance question, and to have arrived at correct conclusions; and the accuracy of my judgment in this matter, I say, has been fully confirmed by all experience in the temperance reform, during the last ten years. Why then should I have the authority of the Bible for the use of wine and strong drink, which I feel confident will be satisfactory to all candid minds, and for ever settle all controversy on the question. This work I am now prepared to publish, and for the sake of the facilities afforded by the public mail in transporting it to distant parts of the country, I propose to publish it as a periodical, in numbers of about one hundred octavo pages, comprising the whole work in ten numbers, in four last ten numbers, or from four to five hundred pages. This may seem to be a very large work on such a subject, but it must be remembered that it is a great and im-

portant subject, involving many important principles which require extensive investigation. Even more matter than will be contained in this work has already been printed on the subject, without bringing the controversy any nearer to a satisfactory conclusion than it was at first. And, indeed, nothing short of a full exhibition of the grand scheme and economy of the Divine government in the human world, or the philosophy of sacred history will effect the end desired. And hence it is impossible fully and satisfactorily to settle the question concerning the authority of the Bible for wine-drinking, without making such an exhibition of truth as will at the same time settle all questions involving the authority of the Bible in relation to the moral actions of man.

The work, therefore, which I propose to publish, will be extremely interesting to all classes of people desirous of understanding their own nature and condition, and the true relations which man sustains to his God and to his fellow man. It will be printed in a large, fair type, on good paper, and done up in a neat cover, at fifty cents a number, in advance; and published as often as once in three months, bearing the title of Graham's Quarterly Journal of Physiological, Psychological and Theological Lectures. I sincerely believe that the friends of temperance much to hope, and the cause of truth more than both, in assisting me in getting out this work; and I cannot but hope that they will regard my long and diligent toil in the cause of temperance, as deserving at least this much encouragement and recompense from them. I hope, therefore, that every temperance man in the country, who is able to do so, will get his postmaster to frank me his name for the work as soon as possible, that I may know how large an edition to print. I hope also that the friends of the cause, in the West and the North, will be found in the papers of the day—in large type—

'In 2300 tons, Democratic net gain, 90321!'

But this answer does not satisfy us, and therefore we repeat—'What is the gain?'

Have the people gained a uniform, complete, and universal system of education, whereby the avenues to the temple of Knowledge have all been thrown open, through all the distance, from infancy to the highest manhood, for all the children of the earth, who are willing to walk therein? If not, there is something yet to be gained.

Have they gained an equal distribution of the public burdens; so that no man is taxed on what he wants, instead of on what he has? nor simply because he is a man, instead of because he has ability to pay a tax? If not, there is more yet to be gained.

Have they gained a system of equal and equal wealth cannot shield a wicked man, silver be accepted instead of a sufficient—as now the case? If not, there is still more to be gained; and justice demands the effort.

Have they gained a complete practical recognition by government, of the equal right of every individual intelligence to live, to labor, and to participate alike in the benefits of society and government? The people of Maine, like their brethren in every other State and nation on the earth, want this, they have never had it, and if they have not got it this time, they must try again.

Have they gained equal chances to obtain all that man wants, the winning which depends on his own efforts; or must men continue to be born and die, there, as everywhere else, one all head, and the other all hands—no learning only how he may get money, and the other only how he may get it away from the first, and appropriate it to his own use—twenty never rising above the animal, that one may grow and become a man, and starting in life with an amount of wealth, intelligence, and consequent influence, which not one in twenty who have it not by the accident of birth, can ever hope to gain? All this wrong exists; and if it is not all corrected, there is still something left to struggle for.

We ask these questions, not in a spirit of contempt for the past, nor distrust of the future; but because we would learn more of what has been gained, than can be expressed in numerical figures, and the amount of votes is like counting the marks upon the log-line, whereby the steerman may know the progress of his ship through the water; but this alone cannot determine his progress toward his destined port. He has to consider the current, and lee-way and 'heave off the sea,' if by calculation he would know his true position; and still, with all his care and skill, he is frequently deceived. But when sailing onward with the land in sight, that one may gain, then can be expressed in numerical figures, and the amount of votes is like counting the marks upon the log-line, whereby the steerman may know the progress of his ship through the water; but this alone cannot determine his progress toward his destined port. He has to consider the current, and lee-way and 'heave off the sea,' if by calculation he would know his true position; and still, with all his care and skill, he is frequently deceived. But when sailing onward with the land in sight, that one may gain, then can be expressed in numerical figures, and the amount of votes is like counting the marks upon the log-line, whereby the steerman may know the progress of his ship through the water; but this alone cannot determine his progress toward his destined port. He has to consider the current, and lee-way and 'heave off the sea,' if by calculation he would know his true position; and still, with all his care and skill, he is frequently deceived. But when sailing onward with the land in sight, that one may gain, then can be expressed in numerical figures, and the amount of votes is like counting the marks upon the log-line, whereby the steerman may know the progress of his ship through the water; but this alone cannot determine his progress toward his destined port. He has to consider the current, and lee-way and 'heave off the sea,' if by calculation he would know his true position; and still, with all his care and skill, he is frequently deceived. But when sailing onward with the land in sight, that one may gain, then can be expressed in numerical figures, and the amount of votes is like counting the marks upon the log-line, whereby the steerman may know the progress of his ship through the water; but this alone cannot determine his progress toward his destined port. He has to consider the current, and lee-way and 'heave off the sea,' if by calculation he would know his true position; and still, with all his care and skill, he is frequently deceived. But when sailing onward with the land in sight, that one may gain, then can be expressed in numerical figures, and the amount of votes is like