

THE LIBERATOR. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Editor. VOL. XI.—NO. 50. REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the Washington Globe. The Prescription of Consul Trist.

There was one man whom we supposed Mr. Tyler would never permit to suffer under the oppression of any kind, much less one who would be drawn from the country, and who would be removed without his consent. We refer to Mr. Trist, our Consul at Havana.

We were in Cuba last winter, after Mr. Trist had been appointed to unmask the designs of his countrymen, and the enemies of his country. The Americans who are plotting in Cuba, many of whom have great interests at stake in that island, were exceedingly anxious for his speedy return, relying on his intelligence, firmness, and influence to counteract the dangerous designs which were apprehended in the policy of Great Britain, manifested by the appointment of the abolitionist Turnbull as its Consul.

Mr. Trist was the work of Mr. Webster, and we were surprised that he should sacrifice him to the designs of a political feeling which vanquishes every other feeling in Massachusetts; but what surprised us more was the suggestion for permitting the removal of Mr. Trist from his post.

Mr. Trist was the work of Mr. Webster, and we were surprised that he should sacrifice him to the designs of a political feeling which vanquishes every other feeling in Massachusetts; but what surprised us more was the suggestion for permitting the removal of Mr. Trist from his post.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. BOSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1841. WHOLE NO. 571.

POLITICAL.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard. Moral Influence—The Third Party.

With feelings of sadness, entirely unmixt with personal or party predilections, we observe the decreasing faith in moral influence, indicated by a large proportion of anti-slavery newspapers. This has been more and more conspicuous, ever since the first effort to form a distinct political party.

We speak of the influence on those actively engaged in forming or sustaining a political party; not of the moral influence which a party may exert on the community at large. The moral influence of a party is shown by the acknowledged fact, that the best and most religious men in the community are the very class who keep most aloof from the management of political machinery.

And what have we lost, and what are we losing, for the sake of game so very precarious? We are losing the confidence of a large class not called by our name, but increasingly disposed to aid our efforts; we are losing the respect, which our enemies could not help coupling with their hatred; and worse than this, we are losing confidence in each other.

The Friend of Man declares that re-organization, in a political form, has become necessary all over the country, because members have become listless, and inattentive to the stated meetings of the society. Action in the society languishes. It is ready to die.

SELECTIONS.

Proceedings of the Plymouth Co. A. S. Society. [Reported by the Editor of the Hingham Patriot.]

The resolution relating to the prejudice against the blacks was then taken up. Mr. Quincy said it was an unnatural prejudice, not implanted by God, but originating in our sense of the wrong which has been inflicted on the negro race by the whites.

Let us wait, with patient and strong perseverance, to perform a similar work for the blacks; for to this I believe we are called. The Liberty party will increase for a while, then fall into pieces, and be heard of no more. And when the party dies, the abolition of most of its members will die with it.

Not four brothers and a sister as erroneously printed last week. The three Martyrs of Quincy, Illinois, sentenced for 12 Years in the Missouri Penitentiary. Ye who have wept for the persecutions of the godly in ancient ages, draw nigh, and behold what slavery hath done—what Henry Clay and compromise have wrought.

AGENTS. MAINE—A. Southwick, N. P. Rogers, Concord; W. Wilbur, Dover; Leonard Chase, Milford.

State, by which three Students of the Mission Institute, at Quincy, are cut off in the midst of their days as official victims to slavery. What is more melancholy than the tale to be heard, if Spain, in enforcing some decree of the Inquisition, in relation to Popery, or England for the purpose of punishing a violation of her revenue laws, had sentenced three Americans, young men of great piety and promise, to count 12 long years in a Spanish or an English dungeon, the whole country would echo and re-echo, verberate and re-verberate, from Highgate to Okechupe, from Cape Henry to Lead Mines.

Story of Lewis Williamson, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF. Three miles below Gallopolis, I once possessed a farm of rich soil, that yielded seventy-five bushels to the acre. I lived in comfort with my family around me, and there I might have been living in peace and prosperity raised the envy of a neighbor, who had not joined mine.

When the business was accomplished, we set out for home. One day, a neighbor came running to tell me the state in which he had seen my property. The herble conviction flashed on my mind. I turned round to my employer, and said, 'Did you get me away to sell my wife and children?'











POETRY.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

From the Boston Courier. BY GEORGE S. BURTON. Hail to thy roaring flood, Eternal torrent! dark Niagara, hail!

How bounds my boiling blood, As thy loud voice comes thundering on the gale, And the tumultuous waves thy dark brown rocks assail.

Fierce is thy thunder shock, As the wild waters in their madness leap From the eternal rock, Plunging and raging, with impetuous sweep,

Till on the lake's calm breast thy boiling billows leap. So terrible and strong, Whirl maddening passions in the bondman's breast,

Trampled and scared by Wrong, Ere the tired spirit finds its hallowed rest, In Freedom's stormless home and glorious sunlight blessed.

Roll and roar on, wild river! Man's fetters cannot bind thy billows free; Chainless and strong for ever;

As thou hast been thy leaping floods shall be, Guarding, with watery wall, the land of liberty.

Glory to God on high! Free as thy tide are my unshackled limbs; And here, unadorned, I

Join the wild choros, thy mad torrent hymns, Stirring the pictured mist that o'er thy bosom swims.

Far from the southern plains I've traced my pathway, through the sunless wild, Spurning the hated chains

That on my heel clanked heavy, from a child, Binding to earth the soul degraded and defiled.

On, by the beacon led, That burns, unerring, in the northern sky, O'er the lone fields I fled,

To where thy thunder lifts its voice on high, And to the bondman tells the land of freedom nigh.

Here by thy foaming surge, Back on the hated land where I was born— Land of the chain and scourge—

I pour the fires of unrelenting scorn, And hatred, that shall burn till life's last ray is gone.

'Home of the true and brave,' Where BASTARD FRENCHBOOD broods her mongrel horde, And on the imbruted slave

Plants the red heel, and with the life blood poured, Stains the fall altars, where her horrid name is adored.

It gave me but the chain, The scourge, and task, and bondman's life of woe; And ruthless tears in twain

The holiest ties that bind us here below— Hearts that inwoven beat in one united flow.

Nor thus to me alone; But fettered millions lift their arms on high, And shriek, and wail, and groan,

To heaven ascending, in one fearful cry, Bid the red bolts of wrath in hissing vengeance fly.

And yet our God shall turn, And on this land his fiery volleys pour, Till his fierce wrath shall burn,

From far Astoria, to her eastern shore, And from her sable cape, to where thy waters roar.

Joy to the bondman then, When his right arm is laid for Justice bare, And loud from every glen

And mountain, lift by one funeral glare, Ascends the tyrant's wail upon the troubled air.

Then shall thy torrent be Their strong munition, and its bounding flood A guard to them that flee

From the Avenger of the negro's blood; When blackness shrouds the land where erst her glory stood.

Over thy rugged brow, Chainless and bright, the bow of promise bends, Making the dark mist glow,

As Hope the clouds of Sorrow, when she lends To earth the joyous light which from her glance descends.

Eternal Priestess, thine Is the pure baptism of the chainless free; Cool on this brow of mine

Thy holy drops descend, as broad to me Unroll the temple gates of meek-eyed Liberty.

Let the fell tyrant rage; Into thy arms my sinewy form I fling, And though his keel may wago

Mad warfare with thy billows, buffeting The roaring floods with might, thou'lt gussd me from his sting.

He may not cross thy tide, With the strong fetters of a tyrant's power; Thy waves in foaming pride

The shrieking wretch, in madness, would devour, And clap their hands, and shout the bondman's triumph hour.

O that the negro's God Would give to dust this mortal part once more, That o'er thy awful flood,

Swathed in the cloud-wreathed dun, my soul might soar, Exulting in the sound of thy eternal roar.

Loud with thy thunder tone, My voice shall blend; and when this land shall rock, With its last earthquake groan,

My shout the tyrant's dying shriek shall mock, And chant the victor hymn to Ruin's rending shock.

THE WELCOME BACK. Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to meet us; Where hands are striving as we come,

To be the first to greet us. When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath, And care be sorely pressing;

'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path, And find a friend's blessing; Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,

If we are sure of a welcome back. What do we seek on a dreary way, Though lonely and benighted,

If we know there are lips to love our stay, And eyes that will beam love-lighted?

MISCELLANY.

Christian Civilization.

It is stated that by the late census returns, there are in the United States 549,033 white persons over 21 years of age who cannot read or write. To what shall this be attributed? If we say that it is owing to the religion of the day, we may be thought to be censorious. But would the assertion be untrue? We think not; because if religion, with all the advantages it possesses, the learning, wealth, public opinion, &c. cannot do better for the people at large than to let 549,033 of them grow up unable to read or write, it must be that it indirectly produces these evils, or that it has not saving virtue enough to prevent them—either of which positions present an inconceivable argument against its efficiency. We can judge the worth of a system only as we see its practical effects upon the condition of the great mass of the people. If, as a general thing, it improves their moral, intellectual and physical condition, making them, as far as can reasonably be expected, more virtuous, useful and happy, why then the system is a good one, no matter who originated it, or by what name you call it.

Christianity is not anxious to shield the nominal Christianity of the times from any blow that may be fairly aimed at it, even by the hand of infidelity. So little, however, is the condition of our enslaved fellow-countrymen regarded, not only by that kind of Christianity, but by infidelity itself, (or rather open Atheism, for the editor of the Investigator says, in his last number—'We deny the Saviour in toto; of God, we know nothing, and can believe no more,') that even the keen-sighted Investigator 'remembers to forget' the appalling fact, that there are about five times as many colored persons as there are whites in this country, who are 'unable to read or write,' and who are not merely neglected, but positively prohibited by terrible pains and penalties from being instructed in the common rudiments of learning. The whole number of those who can neither read nor write in the U. S. amounts to more than two millions! The inference of the Investigator is, that 'Christianity does not improve men's hearts!' This, in our opinion, is very illogical. There is a gross fallacy in this kind of reasoning, which does not rise to the level of ingenious sophistry. Christianity is not responsible for this state of society. It deplores, seeks to change, and will ultimately overturn it—and nothing else will. Christianity is impartial love, disinterested benevolence, 'peace on earth, and good will to men.' It commands every man to love his neighbor as himself, to sympathize with the oppressed, and to disseminate light and knowledge. Why, then, are so many kept in ignorance? Is not this a professedly christian country? Yes. But is it so truly? No. Then its pretensions are false? Most certainly. Hence to identify its hypocritical conduct, its mean and ruthless oppression, with Christianity, is unjust and irrational. Is the latter to be rejected, because the people have falsely assumed its name? Then is Liberty to be driven away for the same reason? For the people profess to be the lovers of freedom, and yet enslave one sixth of their whole number! Is Liberty responsible for this? No! Hail, Christianity and Liberty, forever!—Ed. Lib.

The clergy in New-York and other places, are endeavoring to adopt some measures to advance the spiritual improvement of the army and navy of our country.—[Christian paper.]

'Spiritual improvement.' This means, we presume, that if the army and navy become pious, a sort of holy sanctification will be the result, the business of killing, which will secure the eternal salvation of those engaged in it. Verily, our christian brethren make the most of their religion, and show a very commendable zeal in extending its benefits. Who but one of the faithful would ever have thought of 'spiritualizing' the trade of killing, and making it a good and sufficient passport for heaven? No! poor unspiritual infidels never would. We are so shockingly irreligious as to believe that such kind of business is wicked; but this is a mistake, caused by our ignorance of the spirituality of the thing. Being carnally minded, unholly, ungodly, we necessarily become stupid in matters of faith, and see not how the good of souls can be secured by blowing out brains. Herein we perceive the evil of infidelity, and the virtue of Christianity; for, under the influence of the former, the trade of killing sends its participants to the lowest hell; but under the influence of the latter, the same murder, being 'spiritualized,' secures for its projectors the bliss of heaven. Great is the advantage of spiritual killing; and glorious the religion that can make such improvements. We shall have to come to it shortly; for we cannot long resist the convincing proof, that a system which can 'spiritualize' the trade of war, must have reached either perfection, or to gain heaven by selling a bullet through the thorax of your neighbor, is, we fear, an improvement that we can never attain to under the influence of infidelity.—Boston Investigator.

All this is excellent, so far as it goes to show the gross inconsistency of those who profess to be Christians, and yet sustain 'the army and navy,' and 'the trade of war.' The hit is palpable, and well-deserved. But we have yet to learn that infidelity is a whit better on this score, than the spurious Christianity of this country. Does it repudiate 'war,' 'the army and navy,' &c. If not, the rebuke comes from the wrong quarter. How much of forgiveness or non-resistance was exhibited by those who, during the sanguinary French revolution, attempted to de-throne the Almighty, by setting up an idol which their own hands had made, called the Goddess of Reason? Were they men of peace?—Ed. Lib.

Old Humphrey's short way with Infidels. In moving among mankind, I have now and then fallen in with infidels, who have not only declared their disbelief of the Bible, but endeavored also to destroy the faith of others in that blessed book. The way in which they have always begun their attacks, is to higgie and wriggle about with the disputed point of little importance, such as much confusion as if they were on the very point of overturning the whole tower of Scripture by their silly prattle. Just as soon would a poor blind mole travel up from the ground an oak of a hundred years growth, burrowing under one of the least of its roots. If ever you fall in with any of these unhappy beings, don't be drawn into a quarrel with them, but simply declare your opinion, leaving them to wrangle, if they like, by themselves. And then that if it be any thing good, and pure, and holy, and heavenly in the world, the Bible exhorts us to practise it; and if there be any thing that is evil, and base, and vile in the world, the Bible commands us to avoid it. That will be a poser. Tell them that the Bible contains more knowledge and wisdom than all the other books that were ever printed put together; and that those who believe its commandments have peace, and who believe its promises have life, and the trying hope, and joy in the cares of life, and the trying hope of death. That will be a poser too. Tell them that the Bible has been believed by the wisest and best of men from generation to generation, as the word of the living God, and that it makes known to a sinner the only way of salvation through the merits and death of a crucified Redeemer. That will be another poser.

And then ask them before they pull the book to pieces any more, to produce one that has done so many good things, and in guiding them in the way to heaven; and that will be the greatest poser of all to them. Depend upon it, this course will be better than wrangling and jangling about sticks and straws, losing your temper, and feeling yourself outwitted into the bargain, by the borrowed conceits of silly coxcombs, whose hearts and whose heads are equally empty.

From the Natchitoches Herald. Texas Lysching.

We have been put in possession of the facts in relation to this affair, which is one among the most Texas tragedies. The citizens of the whole country appear to be long and to be weary of their outrages; and from their numbers and total recklessness of character, it seemed impossible to arrest their injuries by the hand of civil power. Cattle had been stolen, robberies committed, and citizens insulted and murdered; but still, whenever any were arrested on the charge, the gang came forward with perjured oaths, and they were acquitted. 'Yokum' was hardened into the most inveterate degree of crime, and seemed bent to reap enjoyment by pursuing the most fearful acts of robbery and murder. It is a singular instance of the effects of habit. He was a rich and affluent planter, and lived in a sumptuous and most magnificent manner—kept a splendid equipage—owned over a hundred negroes, and large tracts of land—had constantly about a hundred breeding mares; made a yearly sale of fifteen hundred cattle, and had a large revenue coming in from other sources. There is no doubt but that he was the richest man in Texas. Yet, with all this wealth, his disposition to plunder knew no bounds.

The cause of his death arose from an abortive attempt to murder Mr. Carey of Houston County. Mr. C. is a highly respectable and wealthy citizen of the town of Houston, and was, at the time, staying at the residence of Yokum. He was suspected of having a large sum of money with him, and Yokum determined he should be murdered while in bed. The plan was to be executed during the day. Yokum was lying in bed, and was reading a newspaper. Nothing remained but the darkness of the night. Then the pulse had to beat its last throbs, and the cold hand of death steal away the last expiring breath. Fortunately, a faithful negro servant of Mr. Carey had heard of the intended murder, and communicated the design to his master in time to leave him a chance of escape.

A meeting was held, which resulted in the formation of an armed corps, exceeding one hundred in number, who resolved to drive the whole gang out of the country. This they proceeded to do, but, in the mean time, Yokum heard of his plot having been detected, and fearing the indignation of the people, had left his plantation, and in company with some of his gang and negroes, started for the West. When the corps heard of this, they immediately gave him pursuit. It was not long before they found out his route; and, soon after, both parties met at a place called the Big Cypress, near Houston. Here a portion of his gang, consisting of about a dozen of the most desperate ruffians of his gang. They then had his negroes bound to trees, and compelled them to unfold the secret acts of their late master. One of them detailed a most horrid catalogue of crime. He stated several murders known to him that his master had committed. Some of these were once citizens of the county, and their sudden disappearance had always been looked upon with suspicion.

He was subsequently examined with residence, when these evidences of murder were fully confirmed. At the bottom of the old well, human skulls were seen, where they had no doubt been thrown, as each fresh murder had occurred. Among various other things, also, there was a watch found, with a stranger's name in it. This a negro declared, he had seen on the person of a gentleman who had once lodged there all night. The residence of Yokum is called the Pine Island, and is on the Yoakum river, in the Pine Island, and is on the Yoakum river, and is a thoroughfare necessarily frequented by travellers; at his house, many have been compelled to stay, by the advanced state of the day, bad weather, &c. until it almost became a usual stopping place for travellers. From these circumstances, he had ample means for carrying out his nefarious and bloody trade. His temperance had its full effect in his fiendish deeds. There can be no doubt, that he has sent to the grave many a man, who would have been a valuable life. The rest of the gang have fled, and now ample security and peace exist throughout the country.

From the Boston Post. Habeas Corpus for Release of Slaves.

There lately arrived at New-Bedford, from New-Berlin, N. C. a schooner named the 'John W. Adams,' commanded by Lewis Newbern. Among the crew were two colored men, named George and Jack, slaves of Mr. McIvin, and a colored boy named Lewis, an apprentice to the master. On Friday last, David Ruggles, a colored man, at New-Bedford, petitioned Judge Warren, of the Common Pleas, for a writ of habeas corpus, averring that he had cause to believe that Captain Palmer held the above named George and Jack in unlawful restraint, and that he intended to carry them back to North Carolina, and reduce to slavery, against their will, contrary to the provisions of the Revised Statutes, chap. 125, sec. 20. Judge Warren issued the writ, and made it returnable to either of the judges of the Supreme Court in Boston. Mr. Gordon, U. S. Deputy Marshall, brought the colored seamen to this city on Saturday morning, and a hearing was had before Judge Wilde, in the lobby.

Ellis G. Spring, Esq. appeared in behalf of Ruggles, the petitioner, and Franklin Dexter, Esq. for Mr. McIvin, the owner. A colored man testified that he had heard the mother of the boy, Lewis, say she was a slave, but the duly authenticated indentures, that he was an apprentice to the Captain, were produced, and held to be proof that he was not a slave, and the writ was discharged as to him separately and privately examined the other two, George and Jack, and they severally and solemnly answered that they had wives and families in Newbern, and that they could not think of remaining here, but must go back. The judge told them that if they were at liberty to stay here, and to go back with their master. George answered that if he were free, still he would go back to his home, but said he had a wife and five children in Newbern, and would remain here no how.

Seemingly they would like to go back, and be free, but they would rather go back as slaves, than go back to their families at all. This being the state of the case, Judge Wilde said there was no evidence of unlawful restraint, and all three were ordered to be taken into custody by the officers of the New-Bedford, and by him to be returned to New-Bedford, and there they were found and taken under the writ of habeas corpus.

More Fugitives.

Extract of a letter from Hiram Wilson, dated Toronto, Nov. 2, 1841. 'I wrote this letter in great haste yesterday at the Niagara Dock, and intended to have sent it up the river, to be mailed at Lewiston, but failed of the opportunity. On my way across the lake, I discovered on board several colored persons—three men and three females, and learned that they were all from the state of Virginia, breaking away from false imprisonment. It could truly be said of them, 'the dead were alive, and the lost is found.' On discouraging with them, they were all anxious to find one Hiram Wilson, to whom they had been directed, and you may know it gave me great joy to say to them, I am the man. I brought them all up from the boat last evening, and introduced them under my humble roof. Hardly an hour had passed when from Darien, in the state of Georgia, two arrived from Darien, and we took care of them. I bless and praise God for the privilege of entertaining such strangers, though we are cramped for room, so that we can hardly turn round, and pinched exceedingly at this time for means of subsistence. We occupy only the upper part of the house you found us in a year ago, being obliged to rent out the lower for want of means. I would not have been able to do this, had I not seen and felt the importance of this work of humanity.'

This simple narrative, containing the joyful news of a woman and her two children from Virginia, and another woman from the distant state of Georgia, to say nothing of the three men, does not warm the heart, it is because not true to humanity; and if it does not give pain that our noble friends the Wilsons, are exceedingly strained for subsistence. Shall we because we have no means of subsistence, shall we continue to be fastidious, on they answer and by action continue to be fastidious. Shall this be remitted at all seasons of the year; navigation will soon close. Now is the time to send clothing, &c. &c.

From the Lynn Record. Thanksgiving and Temperance.

Went hand in hand in Boston. The cause of Temperance has become so popular, that even the Boston clergy are not afraid to express their minds upon it; and several of them, it is said, came out boldly in favor of the recent reform of the inebriates. Whether they spoke against moderate drinking is another affair altogether, and probably was not touched upon, and will not be, without great deliberation and caution. As it is, it shows the progress of the reform. We recollect at the State Temperance Convention, at Marlboro' Chapel, one year since, it was proposed that the ministers should preach upon this subject either stately or occasionally, on which one of these ministers of Boston, bristled up, like a hen disturbed in her incubation, and expressed his horrorification at such a proposal. 'Do let us worship God,' said he, 'in our wonted course, and do not disturb us by innovation, and the introduction of strange topics, inconsistent with the sacred duties, or, at best, of doubtful tendency.' He had been willing to meet them there, and go all lengths with them, where all were of one mind; it would increase his popularity; but to carry it into his pulpit, where too many of his hearers were concerned in the manufacture, traffic, or free use of alcohol, was too much for his tender conscience. He understood the same holy and horridness, and he understood, has lately dared to commend the modern reformation, in sight and hearing of his congregation.

England and China.

Hon. J. Q. Adams delivered a lecture in Boston, a few evenings since, in which he actually defended the Chinese. He was not only a defender of the Chinese, but of the English in their wanton attacks on the Chinese! How he, an old man of more than three score and ten years, could stand up before an audience composed of people so intelligent as are the citizens of Boston, and defend that atrocious outrage; or how that audience, who would declare it a gross libel on themselves to say that they are not Christians, could listen to that defence without manifesting any disapprobation of it, is to us a matter perfectly incomprehensible. Since the Chinese, the Romans, those universal robbers of antiquity, the world has not seen a more unjust war than that which the English are waging against China. It would be charitable to suppose that Mr. Adams's mental powers are undergoing a rapid decline; but he has no such excuse. The very lecture to which we refer, appears to have been marked by no ordinary display of talent. We can attribute the Mr. Adams to only an innate love of wickedness.—Nantucket Islander.

Profrigate.

'Dr. Dionisius Lardner is about to deliver in New-York, a course of scientific lectures.'

We copy the above from an exchange paper. It should be kept before the people; that this Lardner is the same individual, who a year or two since, while in England, destroyed the peace of a happy family, by seducing and eloping with the wife of a very respectable gentleman, named Heavyside. He had his hide nearly taken off by the wronged husband, was mulcted in a heavy sum, in one of the British Courts, and then fled to this country, with the victim of his baseness, who left behind her a family of young children. The villain, instead of being scourged from all decent society, is invited to deliver a course of lectures in New-York! P. S. We learn from the New-York Express, that Lardner's first lecture was attended by a crowded audience, the elite of the city, the greater portion of whom were ladies. What a moral age we live in!—Gloucester Telegraph.

The 'Prince de Joinville.'

A young man by this name, a son of the French King, had a splendid ball given to him in Faneuil Hall, one night last week, at which, it is said, 1500 of our Boston republicans danced attendance upon him. We are not yet able to ascertain the meaning of this fashionable and aristocratic parade; but what particular obligations this good city is under to a Bourbon King, or the son of a Bourbon, that it should give him a magnificent ball, when it pays no such honors to distinguished literary or scientific men, statesmen, or patriots, who come among us. Who is this 'Prince de Joinville,' and what are his meritorious deeds in the great cause of humanity, that he has turned the heads of our republicans into so many few dunces? Why, reader, this is the 'Prince de Joinville,' and his father is a King, one of the detestable race of the Bourbons. Truly, we good democrats are in a hopeful way, if we cannot honor more worthy men than the representative of a despot! But it seems to be the usual mode of doing things here. Let a 'Prince de Joinville' come, you will see thousands ready to 'crook the pregnant hives of the knee' to do him homage. Out upon such tom-foolery! When shall we learn to be AMERICANS?—Boston Investigator.

A Fierce Encounter.

The Concordia Intelligencer, (Louisiana,) gives the subjoined account of an affray which recently took place in that neighborhood: 'On the afternoon of the 8th ult., Mr. E. G. Collingsworth, the overseer of Marengo plantation, in this parish, was assaulted by three runaway negroes, two men and a woman, one of the men and the woman the property of Dr. Gustine, the other man belonging to Mr. Clark. The negroes jumped upon Mr. Collingsworth while in the field; and had he not been a strong, athletic man, he would have been murdered on the spot. The contest was a long one, and ended in the death of Gustine's colored man, which was caused by a blow from the hand of the negro, who had been struck on the head, and drove the blade fast and fierce into the back of the negro, until he surrendered as a dead subject. The negro is dangerously ill, and but little hope is entertained of his recovery.'

Awful Accident at Niagara Falls.

We learn that a boat with three men went over the Falls of Niagara, on the night of Monday last. They had started from Schlosser, at 9 o'clock, intending to cross over to Hudson's tavern, two miles above Chippewa. Shortly after they had left the shore, a cry from the river was heard at Field's tavern, near by, that excited no attention, as similar noises are very common in that quarter from boatmen passing to and fro. No suspicion of the accident was had until Thursday, when inquiry began to arise, and on Friday, awful evidence of the fate of the boat and her devoted crew was presented in the fragments found in the eddy below the Falls. It is supposed that the boat was struck by a squall, and being heavily loaded with six barrels of whiskey, and the wretched men on board being swept by the resistless current down the American rapids and over the frightful precipice below! The names of two were Jehiel D. Kinney and John York, and the other was a stranger, who had merely taken passage for Canada. The two former were from Nova Scotia; Kinney had kept a tavern eight miles below the Falls, for two years past, and had a wife and three children; the name of one of the men was Jehiel D. Kinney, and he had been found yesterday.—Buffalo Com. Adv. Nov. 27.

Imposition.

The Thompsonian system by Steam, run at first a little ahead of the world of arts, and met with a world of opposition, but has fairly fought itself into favor, and now goes by popular sentiment, un-molested. So popular is this system of practice in all its parts, that counterfeiters have every where risen up, advertising Thompsonian medicine, and putting up signs 'Thompsonian Head Quarters.' True to the spirit of the man, he has introduced a valuable invention at great sacrifice, it is right that he should have the benefit of it, and none but the vilest thief would deprive him of it. Yet in Boston, within forty rods of the office or medical store, kept by Dr. Samuel Thompson himself, the real founder of the system, there is one of these counterfeit establishments.—Lynn Record.

Locomotive Property.

Riches are taking to themselves feet, and fleeing away from their possessors at an astonishing rate. It is said that three hundred runaway slaves passed through Philadelphia from Baltimore alone, in six months. How they do love at this time, as their masters love justice and humanity! Let a premium be offered to the individual who will pluck out the eyes of that old seducer of property, the North Star.

It has been ascertained in Toulon, France, that one of the skeletons constantly fed his hope upon the bodies of the dead. All the coffins in the ground around his charge were found, on examination, to be empty. Large quantities of human flesh were found in his house, and about 50,000 francs in jewelry taken from the bodies. The living had at the park filled with deceased relatives.

EFFECTS OF THE COAL LAWS. The best bread is 60 per cent. dearer in the British than in the French metropolis. Flour is 66 per cent. dearer in London than in Paris. Wheat is 64 per cent. dearer in London than at Mirabeau. Flour was 78 per cent. dearer [on the 14th ult.] in London than in New-York. The duty on foreign wheat, imported into England, is now 34s. 8d. the quarter. This is equal to a charge of 47 per cent. on the prime cost at Paris, 56 per cent. on the prime cost at Lough, 63 per cent. on the prime cost at Naples, and New-York, 69 per cent. on the prime cost at Mirabeau, and 69 per cent. on the prime cost at Malta.

Horrible Outrage.—We understand that a most unprovoked outrage was perpetrated on the person of a female child under 10 years of age, in Calabar County, a few days since, by one Milton Freezeland, aged about 18 years. The child is since dead. The outrage has made his name, and we hope all good citizens will be on the alert to aid in his apprehension. We understand that he is about 5 feet 4 inches high, walks erect, has a dark complexion, and but little or no beard, and wears a dark homespun coat and pantaloons.—Raleigh Register.

We shall soon have seven different routes by steam-boat and rail road to Boston, either of which will be comparatively good, viz. 1. By steamboat to Providence and thence by rail road to Boston. 2. By way of Stonington and Providence. 3. By way of New-Haven, Hartford, Springfield and Worcester. 4. By way of Bridgeport, West Stockbridge, Springfield, &c. 5. By way of the North River, Hudson, West Stockbridge, and by a branch to the Housatonic Rail Road, and used by a branch to the West Stockbridge, &c. On the first three routes, the steam communication, the steam communication is already complete.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

Irish Prize for a Yankee to catch.—A premium of one hundred guineas is offered by the Belfast Flax Society to any person who will, within six months from the first of November next, exhibit a machine for breaking the woody part of flax from the fibre, and for scutching—produce from the straw highest quality, and quantity equal to the produce of Scotch flax, and Dutch hand-scutching, and obviate all the objections to the present flax-mill machinery, &c.

A Duel.—A Duel with rifles took place on Saturday last, at Blenheim, between Mr. Anthony Hamilton and Mr. Robert Green of New-York. Either because the rifles were not loaded, or the marksmen were not shot, no blood was spilt.

Melancholy Accident.—Last evening, a person named Ebenezer Kinsman, of Manchester, Mass. fell from the third story through a trap of the Furniture store, No. 47, Royal street. Dr. Harris was immediately called, but life was extinct, the neck being dislocated.—N. O. Bulletin.

A renegade took place last week between a young man named McKimick, and Pitt Coleman, Esq., in Hernando, Mississippi, in which the latter was mortally wounded, and has since died. Upon a hearing before a magistrate, McKimick was discharged upon the ground of self-defence.—Louisville Jour.

A large cargo.—We learn from the New-Orleans Advertiser, that the ship Boston, owned by Ezra Weston, of Dubuque, Mo., and captained by Levi H. Gale, Esq., cleared for the 13th inst. for Liverpool, with 3115 bales of cotton on board, under deck. The total weight of the cargo is 1,351,576 pounds, and the burden of the Hope is 980 tons.

Dr. Hunter, when starting in life, gave lectures. His first was attended only by the porter! 'John,' said Dr. Hunter, 'take that skeleton down beside you, that I may say with propriety—'Gentlemen.'

A Great Snow Storm in Indiana.—The South Bend (Ind.) Free Press gives an account of a great snow storm which fell in that vicinity the latter part of October. It commenced on the night of the 22d, and continued till the next night, when the ground was covered with snow to the depth of thirty-six inches. The roofs of a number of houses were broken in with the weight, and much damage was done to the fruit-trees.

It is mentioned in Hill's N. H. Patriot, that a Mr. Abbot, of Concord, has a contract to furnish \$4000 worth of knives, for the use of members of Congress at the next session. This Mr. Abbot manufactures some of the finest cutlery that is produced in any State, and as good as can be produced any where.—Belknap Gaz.

Education in Crime.—It is stated that during the year 1840, the total number of persons convicted of felony in England was 19,927—of these 4,105 were transported, out of which number only 390 had received such an education as enabled them to read and understand the bible, the remaining 3,715 being more or less, and the great majority wholly uneducated.

The 'glorious uncertainty' of the law is in few instances so plain and palpable as in New-Orleans. In that city, the law sends a man to the calaboose for being found drunk, and while there, the law supplies him daily with a gill of whiskey!

A gentleman who resides in Christian street, near Front, Philadelphia, and who has a number of plum trees in his garden, has been this year favored with a second crop of fine plums.

The Salem Advertiser has been informed that the Postmaster, at Topsfield, has been removed, on the ground that he is an abolitionist. Here's nuts for those who were deceived into the support of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.'

Libel Suits.—The suit between Mr. Cooper, and the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, came on for trial in Montgomery co. last week. Mr. Cooper obtained a verdict of \$500, which was paid to the editor, which was caused by illness in his family.

On the trial of the indictment against the editor of the Courier & Enquirer for the same cause, the jury being unable to agree, were discharged.

The National Debt of Texas is put down at \$11, 620, 127, including an appropriation of the last Congress, and \$1,000,000 of bonds hypothecated by Gen. Hamilton.

Jonathan Chapman, Esq. present mayor and Nathaniel Greene, Esq. are the opposing candidates for Mayor of Boston.

John Garrett, representative from Cherokee county, La. died a few days since.—N. O. Bee, 16th ult.

Capt. T. W. Thompson, the well known master-spirit of the Texan Navy, has been stabbed at Tobacco, and killed. An officer who was with Thompson, at the time, killed the assassin.

The Sultan has refused to grant, at the request of the English government, permission to erect a Protestant church in Jerusalem.

HOSE SQUADRON.—The command of this important corps has been assigned to Commodore Stewart.

Nonantum Hill. FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, &c. Nursery of William Kenrick.

OF PEACH AND PEAR TREES, OF PINE AND CHERRY TREES, a collection of many of the most valuable and productive, and valuable of new and finest kinds. Gooseberries of first quality, Apples, Quinces, Raspberries, Apricots, Grape-Vines, Blackberries, Currants, Strawberries, &c. The new abridged and descriptive Catalogue for 1842, which is now in preparation, will be sent to all who apply. Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Honey Suckles, &c. Splendid varieties of double yellow Harrison's Rose, or Rose of the Tree Peonies, of Hebea Rose, and other flowering Plants—of double Dublin, &c. Hubbard of first rate, newest kinds, Cocker-plum, &c. All orders addressed to the subscriber will be promptly attended to; and Trees, when so ordered, will be securely packed in mats and moss for transport to all distant places by land or sea, and delivered in the city free of charge for transportation by the wagon if sent by that mode. Or, by the Boston and New-York Railroad, if sent by that mode. WILLIAM KENRICK, Nonantum Hill, Newton. Oct. 25. epDI.