

THE LIBERATOR, PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY ROBERT F. WALLACE, GENERAL AGENT, 25 NASSAU ST. N. Y.

Advertisements for sale, and all letters addressed to the General Agent, will be published in the Liberator, at the rate of \$2 per square, payable in advance.

Advertisements for sale, and all letters addressed to the General Agent, will be published in the Liberator, at the rate of \$2 per square, payable in advance.

Advertisements for sale, and all letters addressed to the General Agent, will be published in the Liberator, at the rate of \$2 per square, payable in advance.

# OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD, OUR BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1846.

## SELECTIONS

BRISTOL, GREAT ANTISLAVERY MEETING TO REVIEW THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN REFERENCE TO THE RESOLUTIONS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Addressed from the Great Western (Eng.) Local Committee.

On Wednesday evening last, a large and influential meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, for the purpose of reviewing the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance, in reference to American slavery. Josiah Thompson was called to the chair.

THE OBJECTS, in explaining the objects of the meeting, said, if any gentleman differed from the speakers in the views they took, he would do himself no injury, if he should abstain from attending the meeting. He would do himself no injury, if he should abstain from attending the meeting. He would do himself no injury, if he should abstain from attending the meeting.

## REFUGE OF OPPRESSION

Good Temperance Convention has just closed in a very successful manner, and has, in the opinion of all who were present, been one of the most successful ever held in this country. The Convention was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst. The Convention was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst. The Convention was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst.

THE REFERENCE, of the whole question of slavery to a large committee, and the recommendation that the subject be referred to the Anti-Slavery Convention, was warmly approved. The resolution, which was carried unanimously, was that the subject be referred to the Anti-Slavery Convention, which was carried unanimously.

## FROM AN ORATION IN THE WEST AND SOUTH.

From Cincinnati I went to Kentucky, to see the friends of the slave. I went to see the friends of the slave. I went to see the friends of the slave. I went to see the friends of the slave. I went to see the friends of the slave.

THE REFERENCE, of the whole question of slavery to a large committee, and the recommendation that the subject be referred to the Anti-Slavery Convention, was warmly approved. The resolution, which was carried unanimously, was that the subject be referred to the Anti-Slavery Convention, which was carried unanimously.

## COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

THE ALLIANCE AND SLAVERY. At a large meeting of the Friends of the Cause, held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst. The Convention was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst. The Convention was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst.

## THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

ON THURSDAY a public meeting was held in Bristol, Kentucky, to hear Mr. W. L. Garrison and Mr. D. Douglass on the subject of American slavery. The meeting was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst. The Convention was held at the Public Rooms, Broadmead, on the 17th and 18th inst.

We must have no fellowship with evil works... We must have no fellowship with evil works, but rather separation. Now, our old maxim is a good one...

more her mountains, could not mar the dead soul of her people... more her mountains, could not mar the dead soul of her people. They are fire-branded slaves...

There were five in the number... There were five in the number. The names of the five are: Mr. Phillips, Mr. Adams, Mr. Kimball, Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Bayley.

national consent, and are thus consenting together... national consent, and are thus consenting together. They are consenting together for the purpose of promoting the cause of freedom.

for me who thought it... for me who thought it. I thought that I should do something to promote the cause of freedom.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. I thought that I should do something to promote the cause of freedom.

I. That abolishing it is... I. That abolishing it is. This is the first principle of the cause.

Every moral act is... Every moral act is. This is the second principle of the cause.

I supported the resolution... I supported the resolution. This is the third principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the fourth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the fifth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the sixth principle of the cause.

When the glorious Manin... When the glorious Manin. This is the seventh principle of the cause.

When the glorious Manin... When the glorious Manin. This is the eighth principle of the cause.

When the glorious Manin... When the glorious Manin. This is the ninth principle of the cause.

When the glorious Manin... When the glorious Manin. This is the tenth principle of the cause.

When the glorious Manin... When the glorious Manin. This is the eleventh principle of the cause.

When the glorious Manin... When the glorious Manin. This is the twelfth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirteenth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the fourteenth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the fifteenth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the sixteenth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the seventeenth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the eighteenth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the nineteenth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twentieth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-first principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-second principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-third principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-fourth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-fifth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-sixth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-seventh principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-eighth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the twenty-ninth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirtieth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirty-first principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirty-second principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirty-third principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirty-fourth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirty-fifth principle of the cause.

to do something, however imperfectly... to do something, however imperfectly. This is the thirty-sixth principle of the cause.



POETRY

MISCELLANY

From the Fountain, for 1847.

**THE REFORMER**  
 A voice from the East  
 All grim and wild and hoarse with  
 A strong One, in his wrath,  
 Whiting the golden shires of  
 About his feet.

The Church's heathenish  
 Enslaved in vain his ghastly  
 Wealth about his ghastly  
 With pale sails.

From the fountain  
 Before the sunlight  
 To draw the rain.

Spain, Art improved, you holy  
 That grand, old, time-ferry  
 Mark's Reverence, kneeling in the  
 Cord out, 'Forrest!'

Gray-headed One, who, dead and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed  
 Lashed on his staff, and wry'd his  
 His seat on crows.

Toiling Rome raised his dreamy  
 Overhung with pale jays of gold,  
 'Why, mist, to stand, in not  
 The fair, the old, the  
 Yet looser, near the Strong One's  
 Yet never, faded his  
 Shuddering and sick of heart  
 As from the fountain  
 The Water seemed the Builder  
 Upping from the ruin Old  
 I saw the New.

'Tis not the rain of the  
 The weeping of the  
 Whist' of the good old  
 Was living still.

Cain gave the brow of him  
 The frown which was  
 And left the  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

**THE ROTHSCHILDS.**  
 A writer in the Atlas  
 of the 8th-Paris of the Rothschilds,  
 with an account of the manner in which the father  
 laid the foundation of the Rothschild family  
 by this family.

But the Rothschilds care little for art, and  
 their philosophy is not of the highest order. It  
 is interesting that that of Goethe or Werter. It  
 is in the judgment, a quarter where will you  
 find the Jews ever were in the world, and  
 looked up every night at nine o'clock, besides other  
 equally harsh regulations, calculated to restrain  
 their spirit to be as hard as their yoke.  
 Before the sunlight  
 To draw the rain.

Spain, Art improved, you holy  
 That grand, old, time-ferry  
 Mark's Reverence, kneeling in the  
 Cord out, 'Forrest!'

Gray-headed One, who, dead and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed  
 Lashed on his staff, and wry'd his  
 His seat on crows.

Toiling Rome raised his dreamy  
 Overhung with pale jays of gold,  
 'Why, mist, to stand, in not  
 The fair, the old, the  
 Yet looser, near the Strong One's  
 Yet never, faded his  
 Shuddering and sick of heart  
 As from the fountain  
 The Water seemed the Builder  
 Upping from the ruin Old  
 I saw the New.

'Tis not the rain of the  
 The weeping of the  
 Whist' of the good old  
 Was living still.

Cain gave the brow of him  
 The frown which was  
 And left the  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

**THE ROTHSCHILDS.**  
 A writer in the Atlas  
 of the 8th-Paris of the Rothschilds,  
 with an account of the manner in which the father  
 laid the foundation of the Rothschild family  
 by this family.

But the Rothschilds care little for art, and  
 their philosophy is not of the highest order. It  
 is interesting that that of Goethe or Werter. It  
 is in the judgment, a quarter where will you  
 find the Jews ever were in the world, and  
 looked up every night at nine o'clock, besides other  
 equally harsh regulations, calculated to restrain  
 their spirit to be as hard as their yoke.  
 Before the sunlight  
 To draw the rain.

Spain, Art improved, you holy  
 That grand, old, time-ferry  
 Mark's Reverence, kneeling in the  
 Cord out, 'Forrest!'

Gray-headed One, who, dead and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed  
 Lashed on his staff, and wry'd his  
 His seat on crows.

Toiling Rome raised his dreamy  
 Overhung with pale jays of gold,  
 'Why, mist, to stand, in not  
 The fair, the old, the  
 Yet looser, near the Strong One's  
 Yet never, faded his  
 Shuddering and sick of heart  
 As from the fountain  
 The Water seemed the Builder  
 Upping from the ruin Old  
 I saw the New.

'Tis not the rain of the  
 The weeping of the  
 Whist' of the good old  
 Was living still.

Cain gave the brow of him  
 The frown which was  
 And left the  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

**THE ROTHSCHILDS.**  
 A writer in the Atlas  
 of the 8th-Paris of the Rothschilds,  
 with an account of the manner in which the father  
 laid the foundation of the Rothschild family  
 by this family.

But the Rothschilds care little for art, and  
 their philosophy is not of the highest order. It  
 is interesting that that of Goethe or Werter. It  
 is in the judgment, a quarter where will you  
 find the Jews ever were in the world, and  
 looked up every night at nine o'clock, besides other  
 equally harsh regulations, calculated to restrain  
 their spirit to be as hard as their yoke.  
 Before the sunlight  
 To draw the rain.

Spain, Art improved, you holy  
 That grand, old, time-ferry  
 Mark's Reverence, kneeling in the  
 Cord out, 'Forrest!'

Gray-headed One, who, dead and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed  
 Lashed on his staff, and wry'd his  
 His seat on crows.

Toiling Rome raised his dreamy  
 Overhung with pale jays of gold,  
 'Why, mist, to stand, in not  
 The fair, the old, the  
 Yet looser, near the Strong One's  
 Yet never, faded his  
 Shuddering and sick of heart  
 As from the fountain  
 The Water seemed the Builder  
 Upping from the ruin Old  
 I saw the New.

'Tis not the rain of the  
 The weeping of the  
 Whist' of the good old  
 Was living still.

Cain gave the brow of him  
 The frown which was  
 And left the  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

**THE ROTHSCHILDS.**  
 A writer in the Atlas  
 of the 8th-Paris of the Rothschilds,  
 with an account of the manner in which the father  
 laid the foundation of the Rothschild family  
 by this family.

But the Rothschilds care little for art, and  
 their philosophy is not of the highest order. It  
 is interesting that that of Goethe or Werter. It  
 is in the judgment, a quarter where will you  
 find the Jews ever were in the world, and  
 looked up every night at nine o'clock, besides other  
 equally harsh regulations, calculated to restrain  
 their spirit to be as hard as their yoke.  
 Before the sunlight  
 To draw the rain.

Spain, Art improved, you holy  
 That grand, old, time-ferry  
 Mark's Reverence, kneeling in the  
 Cord out, 'Forrest!'

Gray-headed One, who, dead and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed  
 Lashed on his staff, and wry'd his  
 His seat on crows.

Toiling Rome raised his dreamy  
 Overhung with pale jays of gold,  
 'Why, mist, to stand, in not  
 The fair, the old, the  
 Yet looser, near the Strong One's  
 Yet never, faded his  
 Shuddering and sick of heart  
 As from the fountain  
 The Water seemed the Builder  
 Upping from the ruin Old  
 I saw the New.

'Tis not the rain of the  
 The weeping of the  
 Whist' of the good old  
 Was living still.

Cain gave the brow of him  
 The frown which was  
 And left the  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

**THE ROTHSCHILDS.**  
 A writer in the Atlas  
 of the 8th-Paris of the Rothschilds,  
 with an account of the manner in which the father  
 laid the foundation of the Rothschild family  
 by this family.

But the Rothschilds care little for art, and  
 their philosophy is not of the highest order. It  
 is interesting that that of Goethe or Werter. It  
 is in the judgment, a quarter where will you  
 find the Jews ever were in the world, and  
 looked up every night at nine o'clock, besides other  
 equally harsh regulations, calculated to restrain  
 their spirit to be as hard as their yoke.  
 Before the sunlight  
 To draw the rain.

Spain, Art improved, you holy  
 That grand, old, time-ferry  
 Mark's Reverence, kneeling in the  
 Cord out, 'Forrest!'

Gray-headed One, who, dead and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed  
 Lashed on his staff, and wry'd his  
 His seat on crows.

Toiling Rome raised his dreamy  
 Overhung with pale jays of gold,  
 'Why, mist, to stand, in not  
 The fair, the old, the  
 Yet looser, near the Strong One's  
 Yet never, faded his  
 Shuddering and sick of heart  
 As from the fountain  
 The Water seemed the Builder  
 Upping from the ruin Old  
 I saw the New.

'Tis not the rain of the  
 The weeping of the  
 Whist' of the good old  
 Was living still.

Cain gave the brow of him  
 The frown which was  
 And left the  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.

Green grew the ground  
 Or sword-woman grazed the  
 The slave stood  
 The eyes of  
 When forward the  
 And cottage windows,  
 Looked out upon  
 And hills  
 Through vine-branches  
 Down, sparkling, from  
 And through prism walls,  
 A faint  
 And left  
 Like breaking day.