THE LIBERATOR.

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THE LIBERATOR.

'Oh! Gracious Heaven! must the shackles (of slavery) be yet rivetted on endless generations! Against this sin of a scarlet dye, I dare raise my voice! Fearless of offending, I have long ago attacked Tyranny in his strong holds!'

For the Liberator.

ABOLITION.

The enemies of universal emancipation contend, that the liberation of the laves would expose their present owners to immediate destruction,—or, using their own words, 'they would rise and cut their masters throats.' Admirable logic this. If you treat a man kindly, act towards him upon strict principles of justice, you will make him your enemy; whereas if you are unkind and make him the subject of cruel injustice, you make him your friends. It would seem that an idea so preposterous, could never have entered the mind of a rational being, and yet such are among the most forcible objections that are urged against the immediate emancipation of the slaves. A simple fact in connection with any subject is worth a whole volume of mere theory. Those who have been familiar with the relations that exist between master and slave at the south know, that kind masters make good slaves, and that cruel, oppressive masters provoke their opposition. I have known men who were slaves, that would stand between their masters and danger, in whatever form it might approach. I have also known slaves, who would be the first to rejoice at any evil that might befall their masters. This difference of feeling is to be traced almost invariably to the difference of treatment they receive. Some have gone so far as to assert, that the slaves are incapable of discriminating between justice and injustice, between freedom and slavery—thus depriving them of the principle of *instinct* as well as of reason—this idea is just as true in Philosophy as it is in Religion. Suppose this sentiment were universally adopted—what would become of that principle of reciprcoity that now exists between different portions of the human family—how long would it require to fill the earth with violence and the habitations of men with cruelty?—for it will not be denied that the point of distinction is not to remain here. Other nations than those of Ethiopia have dark if not sable skins. The Malays, Egyptians, and indeed many Europeans themselves who inhabit for a season tropical climates, would probably, in their turn be brought under the ban of proscriptions—'incapable of discriminating.' We are taught in the sacred writings that the 'Ox knoweth his owner and the ass his masters crib:' but the colored man, whom God has created in his own image cannot discriminate! Those who advance this idea must, of necessity go one step farther before they can make out even a plausible argument to sustain their position. They must adapt the principle, that the colored people belong to another and an entire different order of beings,—where in the chain of creation they are to be placed, it is difficult for me to determine, certainly not above the brute animals, for that would be contrary to the scripture above cited. Those who urge this objection should first make themselves acquainted with existing facts. A friend of mine subject of the existing prejudices between the whites and the colored people, among other things he remarked that he never would consent to set at the same table with a black person—my friend seemed somewhat surprised at this declaration, knowing that the other had travelled considerable (having for several years been a sea captain)—after expressing his surprise, he then proposed the following question—'Have you never,' says he, 'in the course of your travels, felt yourself honored by the attentions of colored people?' After pausing a little, the gentleman replied that he had—'Once,' said he, 'I visited one of the islands in the Pacific ocean. The King, who was a black man, gave me an invitation to a feast, which I accepted, and notwithstanding my prejudices against the blacks, I must confess that I felt myself highly honored by the civilities that were offered me at the table by the King, and others of the Royal family, who sat with me at the same table.' I presume however, that the fact of this man's being a King, produced a kind of chemical influence, by which the color of his skin was neutralized.

CLARKSON.

Providence, Sept. 6, 1832.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—A friend of mine in Philadelphia, last winter, sent me a file of the Liberator, which I carefully perused, and they produced a firm conviction on my mind, of the heavy judgments hanging over our land, on account of the enormous injustice to the poor degraded sons of Africa; and I have since received from the same hand a pamphlet on the same subject, which has gone further to confirm me, that God will either in mercy or in judgment, produce an enlargement of this people, and that he is now on his way; and I hope they will be preserved to wait the Lord's time. I have often remembered that passage in the divine record where it is evident the immediate followers of the Son and Saint of the Father, enquired, when art thou gowing to take upon thee the kingdom of Israel, and he answered, your time is always, but mine is not yet. They were impatient for the time to come, that they might be redeemed from the galling hand of slavery.

I hope thou mayest be favored from on high to hold on the way in one of the best of causes; to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. I could wish there was a Liberator in every dwelling in Pennsylvania, although we are clear of the sin of slavery, yet there is a mountain of prejudice against this people, under the belief that the universal emancipation of all in the United States would tend to bring them more evil than their present condition, under this apprehension, that they would be in every species of licentiousness and crime on emerging from the most abject and stupifying effects of slavery on the mind, that one extreme would produce another, and that the spirit of lust, violence and oppression, would again stretch forth her arm and the land would be filled with blood. The idea that they are not fit to be free, prevails to a most astonishing extent, and although our State has tried the experiment and found no inconvenience, as well as all the States to the Eastward, but on the contrary, a blessing has followed that ought to flash conviction in the mind of all those whose minds are not darkened by prejudice, one of the greatest obstacles in the way of their deliverance; and to remove this will be the work of time. Few men are willing to keep in the dark, and prejudice, and selfishness is darkness, and this is what all Reformations have had to encounter from the beginning of the world. Right information, or in other words, light whereby men walk safely; but he that walketh in the night stumbleth, because there is no light or right information in him.

I much approve of thy publishing all the cruel and oppressive acts of slave states, to let the people see, and they must produce a salutary effect, and as there is but little doubt but the Legislature of Pennsylvania will take up the subject of prohibiting the free blacks of other states migrating here, the debates on this subject, in our Legislature would be highly interesting to the readers of the Liberator, as well as to enlighten the public mind and show the course the wind blowed. I am much of the opinion that all debates on the subject of slavery, either here or abroad, would tend much to open the blind eye and unstop the deaf ear. The degraded, benighted and stupified condition of the poor blacks, is laid hold of as an argument against there fitness for civil and religious liberty, by the thoughtless and inconsiderate. There is not a shadow of doubt with me but the condition of the Hebrews, in the course of there long servitude in Egypt, was but little different in this respect, and hence it was said that an Hebrew, was an abomination to the Egyptian; and there is not a shadow of difference between the abomination of slaveholders of the present day [illegible] the people go are as great—and it has its origin in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, it is the strong man which keeps the house, with all its filthy goods. I hope thou mayest be enabled to continue thy course with a single eye, and thereby may be a light to enlighten and kill this prejudice so common throughout the land, until God smites the first born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon His throne even unto the first born of the maid servant that is behind the mill, and all the first born of beast, and there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more, and until this fear they never will let the people go. With good will, believe me to be

Yours, &c. NATHAN EVANS.

Willistown, Chester co Penn. 9 mo. 6, 1832.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY,

ADDRESED TO

MR. THOMAS RANKIN,

Merchant at Middlebrok, Augusta Co. Va.

BY JOHN RANKIN,

Pastor of the Presbytean Churches of Ripley and Strait-creek Brown Co. Ohio.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR BROTHER:—design, in the present letter, to remark upon e extent of the slaveholder's power in relatio to the infliction of corporeal punishments.

It is undeniable that proprietors of slaves may punish them in any manner which a cruel spirit of revenge may dite, provided they do not break limbs or take fe. Hence they may torture them extremely ring many years, and cause them to endure m than a thousand ordinary deaths, and yet neer take life nor even break a limb. Hence, pprehend, there never has been, among men, w productive of more misery than the one whi permits men not merely to enslave, but even ture their fellow-creatures according to the dites of every vengeful passion. I cannot expr the indignation which I feel, when contemplat the injustice and cruelty of this detestable law abhor it more than I do the most loathsome ass, and I detest all who, either in theory ractice, give it their sanction—but I am too sionate, let me recall this harsh expression, w has been dictated by the tumultuous passions my soul, aroused to the highest pitch of indit feeling, by the horrible scenes of cruelty were presented to my mind! My flighty imation added much to the tumult of passion by suading me, for the moment, that I myself slave, and with my wife and children placeder the reign of terror—I began in reality to for myself, my wife, and my children—the thts of being whipped, at the pleasure of a mond capricious master, aroused the strongest fes of resentment; but when I fancied that thel lash was approaching my wife and childand my imagination depicted in lively colorir tears, and shrieks, and bloody stripes, evedignant principle of my nature was excited e highest degree, and I could not well avoidcrating the law that permitted such injustice and cruelty, and my soul detested all who either in theory or practice, gave it their sanction. But my mind has now returned from its reverie, and I find that these dreadful sufferings are not so near home as I had imagined—the enslaved Africans have to endure them, and not I and my family, and therefore my boisterous feelings are sinking into a calm, and I begin to relent my harshness—And you, my brother, will readily forgive it, if you will but bring the subject home to yourself by imagining that you are a slave and as such subjected to the unrelenting lash of a cruel master, who delights to show his authority, and to treat you with the utmost indignity. And unless you will do this, I am afraid you will be often offended with my warmth and severity. We are naturally too callous to the sufferings of others, and consequently prone to look upon them with cold indifference until, in imagination, we identify ourselves with the sufferers, and make their sufferings our own. And the moment we do this, our whole nature teems with sympathy, our feelings become impetuous, and the wings of passion bear us away to the abodes of suffering humanity, there to administer relief. When I look upon slavery as a distant thing, and inflicted upon an indifferent race of beings, it seems to wear a tolerable aspect, but when I bring it near, inspect it closely, and find that it is inflicted on men and women, who possess the same nature and feelings with myself, my sensibility is immediately aroused—but when I, who sustain the relations of husband and father, see a husband and father whipped severely in the presence of his wife and children, and that perhaps merely to gratify the caprice of an illnatured master, my feelings become indignant—and when I see the mother most cruelly scourged in the presence of her husband and children, my feelings grow intolerable—my souls sickens at the sight, and my indignation almost prompts me to unlawful deeds of vengeance. But how can I quell my tumultuous passions, when in addition to all this, I see the poor little children whipped in the presence of their parents, until their little backs are literally covered with blood? Had you my brother, to endure all these cruelties, would you not abhor the law that permitted them to be inflicted upon you? And would you not detest [illegible] who, either in theory or practice, give it their sanction? Indeed such a law must in its real nature and tendency—it sanctions the most tragical scenes of cruelty ever witnessed among men—it permits the slaveholder to bind his fellow man, strip him naked, and whip him on the bare skin, with the keenest whips that art can invent, and that just so long as the most vengeful passion may dictate, provided the life is spared! Hence many poor slaves are stript naked, stretched and tied across barrels, or large logs, and tortured with the keenest lashes, during hours and even whole days, until their flesh is mangled to the very bones. Others are stript and hung up by the arms, their feet are tied together, and the end of a heavy piece of timber is put between their legs in order to stretch their bodies, and so prepare them for the torturing lash—and in this situation they are often whipt until their bodies are covered with blood and mangled flesh, and in order to add the greatest keenness to their sufferings, their wounds are washed with liquid salt! And some of the miserable creatures are permitted to hang in that position until they actually expire; some die under the lash, others linger about for sometime, and at length die of their wounds, and many survive, and endure again similar torture. These bloody scenes are constantly exhibited in every slaveholding country—thousands of whips are every day stained in African blood! Even the poor females are not permitted to escape these shocking cruelties. Of this I will give you an instance.

A certain citizen of Kentucky purchased a piece of furniture, and after he brought it home, his wife unfortunately broke some small part of it, and that in the presence of a neighboring gentleman; she nevertheless charged it upon a black girl of about seventeen years of age. The girl honestly declared her innocence but the mistress persisted in her charge against her. At length the brutish master seized the poor unfortunate girl, drew her clothes up over her head, hanged her by them to the limb of a tree, and in that shameful position whipt her several times very severely. By the extremity of torture she was sometimes forced to say that she did break the furniture, but in the moment of respite she would honestly deny it again—and this subjected her to more torture. Fortunately for the poor girl the gentleman who was present when the mistress broke the furniture happened to be passing by—he paused in amazement at the shocking scene—he soon discovered the cause of the cruelty—indignation overcame him—he approached the brutish master and told him that his own wife had broken the furniture in his presence, and declared that if he did not cease from torturing the poor girl he would give him as much as he had given her—with this the shameless monster thought it necessary to comply, and for that time the poor girl was released from his torturing hand. The gentleman who rescued the girl and stated this fact, is now a resident of the state of Ohio, and is known to be a man of truth.

It is painful to my feelings to record such a shameful outrage upon decency and humanity; but it is necessary to do it in order to show the horrible extent of the slaveholder's power over his slaves. Every slaveholder has power to strip his female slaves, and treat them in the same disgraceful manner, and thousands of them are base enough to put such power into exercise. It really grieves me to think that any government, and much more that our own does sanction such an abomination.

Finally, our system of slavery puts it completely in the power of the slaveholders to dismember their slaves, or even murder them at pleasure! It is true that slaveholding states have enacted laws to prohibit the proprietors of slaves from breaking their limbs or taking their lives; but what avail such laws while slaves are made the property of their masters? May not men order their property to any place to which they may wish it to go? Hence, may not the vengeful master order his slave into his kitchen, or some other secret place, and there break all his limbs, tear out his eyes, and even murder him with the most savage cruelty? Or may he not do all this even in the open field, in the presence of a thousand other slaves, and yet escape the sentence of the law? Not one of all this thousand could be a witness against him, and perhaps not one of them would even so much as dare to mention the crime. Hence, the poor slave has no security, either for his limbs, or his life, further than what is in the will of his master. And, alas! there is often but little there! Could you secretly attend the fields, the kitchen and the huts, in which slaves labor and live, you would see limbs broken, sculls fractured, and even eyes torn out. And what is if possible still worse, you would see many most cruelly murdered!

A respectable young lady, of my acquaintance, received a most painful shock by unexpectedly discovering one of the terrible things which are sometimes done in the kitchen. She visited the house of a certain Kentuckian, who was considered reputable. There she seemed at first to enjoy a pleasant hour in the social circle. In the parlor every thing appeared comfortable and decent—every countenance was so cheerful that one might have imagined that good nature and happiness resided in the bosom of each member of the family. But, alas! she unfortunately stepped into the kitchen. And ah! how changed was the scene! The most doleful aspect saluted her delicate eyes! There sat a poor old black woman with one of her eyeballs hanging on her cheek! It had been torn from the socket by the hand of her mistress! How painful was the sight, and how doleful was the tale of wo! And how little did the young visitant expect to witness such a scene! She could not conceal her feelings—she wept, and she retired with emotions of horror! This shocking cruelty was committed with impunity—and poor sable sufferer would not be heard in court, and such crimes are seldom perpetrated in the presence of such as would be heard, and when they are, but few, if any, are willing to be at the expense and trouble of commencing, and supporting a prosecution on the behalf of slaves. The truth is, when once a man is made the property of another, and thus put completely under his control, it is impossible to enact laws that will protect either his life or his limbs. And every attempt to punish the master for abusing the slave will but instigate him to greater cruelty! The love of gain affords all the protection the poor slaves can have, and it is well known that this has but little influence on the violent passions of men—to the vicious heart revenge is gain.

In spite of all law, slaveholders have the power of life and death over their slaves. And some of them do exercise such power with perfect impunity. It is undeniable that some drive their slaves nearly naked through frost and snow until they perish with cold,—some gradually starve them to death, and some cause them to expire beneath the burden of excessive toil—others whip them to death in a manner that more than equals the cruelty of the most barbarous savages, and not a few murder them with clubs, axes and guns or such like fatal weapons! It is undeniable, that in these several ways many slaves are murdered with the utmost impunity! It is seldom that even so much as a prosecution is incurred by murdering them; and I do not recollect of ever hearing of a single individual being executed for taking the life of his slave. I am persuaded there is as much humane feeling in Fleming county, Kentucky, as can be found in any slaveholding section of country of the same extent, and I think this will be readily admitted by all who are acquainted with the people of that county, and yet there is a certain individual, in consequence of an unjust suspicion, fell upon his poor old slave, beat him in the face, and mashed it in such a manner as soon terminated his life, yet by it, he incurred not even so much as a prosecution! I mention this case, not because it is either singular or novel, but because it happened in one of the most humane sections of one of the mildest slaveholding countries, and therefore, is well calculated to show what is the real state of things, even where slavery wears its mildest aspect. It shows clearly that the system of slavery in its best form is fraught with the most horrid murders!

I will close this part of my subject, by giving you an account of one of the most terrible displays of slaveholding power, one that ought to make every slaveholding nation tremble, and one that must fill every humane bosom with horror! I will give it just as I received it from the pen of the Rev. William Dickey, who is well acquainted with the circumstances which he describes, and who is a man of undoubted veracity.

'In the county of Livingston, Ky. near the mouth of Cumberland, lived Lilburn Lewis, a sister's son of the venerable Jefferson. He, 'who suckled at fair Freedom's breast' was the wealthy owner of a considerable number of slaves, whom he drove constantly, fed sparingly and lashed severely. The consequence was, they would run away. This must have given, to a man of spirit and a man of business great anxieties until he found them, or until they had starved out, and returned. Among the rest was an ill grown boy about seventeen, who having just returned from a skulking spell, was sent to the spring for water,

and in returning let fall an elegant pitcher. It was dashed to shivers upon the rocks. This was the occasion. It was night, and the slaves all at home. The master had them collected into the most roomy negrohouse, and a rousing fire made. When the door was secured, that none might escape, either through fear of him or sympathy with George, he opened the design of the interview, namely, that they might be effectually taught to stay at home and obey his orders. All things being now in train, he called up George, who approached his master with the most unreserved submission. He bound him with cords, and by the assistance of his younger brother, laid him on a broad bench, or meat block. He now proceeded to WHANG off George by the ancles!!! It was with the broad axe!—In vain did the unhappy victim SCREAM AND ROAR! He was completely in his master's power. Not a hand amongst so many durst interfere. Casting the feet into the fire, he lectured them at some length. He WHACKED HIM OFF below the knees! George roaring out, and praying his master to BEGIN AT THE OTHER END! He admonished them again, throwing the legs into the fire! Then above the knees, tossing the joints into the fire! He again lectured them at leisure. The next stroke, severed the thighs from the body. These were also committed to the flames. And so off the arms, head, and trunk, until all was in the fire! Still protracting the intervals with lectures, and threatenings of like punishment, in case of disobedience, and running away, or disclosure of this tragedy. Nothing, now remained, but to consume the flesh, and bones; and for this purpose the fire was briskly stirred, until two hours after midnight. When, as though the earth would cover out of sight, the nefarious scene, and as though the great master in Heaven would put a mark of his displeasure upon such monstrous cruelty, a sudden and surprising shock of Earthquake overturned the coarse and heavy backwall, composed of rock and clay, which completely covered the fire, and the remains of George. This put an end to the amusements of the evening. The negroes were now permitted to disperse, with charges to keep this matter among themselves, and never to whisper it in the neighborhood, under the penalty of a like punishment. When he retired the lady exclaimed, 'O! Mr Lewis where have you been and what have you done!' She had heard a strange pounding, and dreadful screams, and had smelled something like fresh meat burning! He said that he had never enjoyed himself at a ball so well as he had enjoyed himself that evening. Next morning he ordered the negroes to rebuild the backwall, and he himself superintended the work throwing the pieces of flesh that still remained with the bones, behind as it went up, thus hoping to conceal the matter. But it could not be hid—much as the negroes seemed to hazard they whispered the horrid deed to the neighbors, who came, and before his eyes tore down the wall, and finding the remains of the boy, they testified against him. But before the court sat, to which he was bound over, he was, by an act of suicide, with George, in the eternal world.

Sure there are bolts, red with no common wrath, to blast the man.

WILLIAM DICKEY.

Bloomingsburg, Oct. 8, 1824.'

'N. B. This happened in 1811 if I be correct, the 16th of December. It was the sabbath!'

This awful scene of cruelty exhibits what tremendous things the slaveholder may do! And though the dreadful wretch was taken up on suspicion, and bound over to court, yet, I apprehend, there was little probability of his actually [illegible] have eventually, so managed the matter as to make the sentence fall upon the heads of his slaves. But be that as it might, it is certain, that the state, by making men his property, gave him the opportunity of perpetrating the horrid deed and therefore it stands first in the list of crimes!

FROM YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

* This apprehension is rendered very probable by the fact that the populace actually let him out of prison in order to screen him from justice.

TOUR OF THE EDITOR. LETTER II.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 13, 1832.

My Dear L.—My ride from Worcester to this place was a delightful one—rendered so particularly by the company of an esteemed friend who is deeply interested in the cause of abolition, and by the mode of conveyance—in a chaise. Stage transportation is commonly a stupid and disagreeable affair, requiring an excess of patience and fortitude, and a prodigious sacrifice of bodily ease. Think of it, for a moment! To be incarcerated—wedged—packed—consolidated, (any thing else you please,) with eight others, (a majority, perchance, of extra rotundity,) in a narrow space, (the exact dimensions the coach-maker can give you,)—shut out from the free air and rich sunshine of heaven—covered perchance with dust—assailed and shaken even to soreness every few rods by a troop of belligerous stones or wide-mouthed gullies—now whirling along at an impetuous speed, and then toiling up hill with the gain of an inch at every struggle of the team—the company silent and solitary, though populous, or perhaps superabundantly loquacious about nothing at all, or perhaps never trying their voices except in alternate complaints respecting the road, the carriage, the driver, the horses, the distance, the weather, and the other grievances which cluster as thick as dust about a stage-coach, or perhaps stealthily reconnoitering each other's person for the purpose of discovering 'who and what are you?' or perhaps (having endeavored in vain to avoid a direct encounter of eyes) staring reciprocally at an opposite statue, or perhaps (O, most companionable device! O, happy release from trouble!) dozing felicitously in the arms of Morpheus, and bidding defiance to bad roads, lazy horses, long distances, and speechless associates! Think of all this!

Yankees, you know, are proverbially cautious and wise. I have often been amused in travelling in stages to observe how discreetly sentiments were thrown out on subjects liable to excite a tempest of debate. The fear of unwittingly giving offence, and an irrepressible desire to canvass the opinions of the passengers, often balance the mind so exactly as either wholly to suppress or painfully cramp freedom of speech. The first remark, by way of introduction, is obvious and easy enough—it relates to the weather. This is called 'breaking the ice'—and not inappropriately, for it frequently opens a river of conversation. But how to proceed, is the difficulty. Sometimes one of the company is courageous enough to open a fire on the subject of politics or religion, reckless of consequences, and the battle becomes general and ardent. You may introduce any other theme—the whole circle of physical sciences—and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you will scarcely be able to provoke and sustain half an hour's conversation. But advance some theological opinions, or proclaim yourself a friend of Wirt, or Clay, or Jackson, and the veriest blockhead instantly grows intelligent and positive—not a tongue is idle—the discomforts of travelling are forgotten, and distance is annihilated—and before the discussion is half consummated, the journey (however protracted) ends, and every man separates from his antagonist inwardly ejaculating, 'If I could ride ten miles farther with you, I'd fix you!'

How shall we account for all this? Is it because the science of politics or of morals is better understood than any other, or requires less investigation? Exactly the reverse: as this is the answer to my first inquiry.

But of all conveyances, give me a chaise, and a free spirited horse, with a beloved friend at my side—a bright sky, an invigorating air and a pleasant landscape—and then my cup of enjoyment is full.

In riding from Worcester to Providence, I had a good opportunity to witness the exceeding fertility and opulence of the soil in Worcester County, and to admire many highly cultivated farms which bore a proud testimony to the value of free labor. Here, every thing intimated independence—happiness—freedom; no driver was seen in the fields with his gang of miserable vassals; the curse of slavery had not blighted the ground; man went forth to his labor, stimulated by the hope of reward for his voluntary toil; and many a school-house and village spire demonstrated that the intellects and souls of the inhabitants were placed at a high value. I could not help sighing, in contrasting the miserable condition of the south with this heart-cheering state of things.

In passing through several villages in Rhode-Island, I was surprised to observe the number of factories which towered up on the right hand and the left. Although I have long since withdrawn from the field of politics, I feel a strong interest in the perpetuity of that system which fosters and protects the industry of the American people; consequently, the unexpected sight of these huge establishments, all alive with power, gave me no inconsiderable pleasure—pleasure, however, mingled with pain—for I fear it will be found, in almost every instance, that an exorbitant exaction of labor and time is required of the operatives; that the education of the children is neglected; and that unnecessarily severe regulations are made for the government of the factories. I am decidedly in favor of the ten-hours-a-day plan: any extension of labor beyond this space of time, without an adequate remuneration, is, I conceive, a pitiful fraud and wretched economy. Ample repose is needed to restore the wasted energies of the body and the buoyancy of the spirit, and to [illegible] how they grind the face of the poor; for oppression injures the value of labor, begets resentment, produces tumults, and is hateful in the sight of God.

This is my first *abiding* visit to Providence, and I have enjoyed it perfectly. There is not much regularity about the place; but many of its localities are commanding and beautiful. The Arcade is a costly and spacious structure, decidedly superior to that in New-York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, (the last mentioned scarcely deserves remembrance,) and probably unrivalled in this country. And here let me bestow a panegyric (which I should have given last June) upon the new City Hotel, kept by Mr Wood—a gentleman whose politeness and attention to his visitors add much to the pleasure of their residence, and to whom I have been indebted for a thorough examination of his house from the attic to the cellar. Its internal contrivances are singularly ingenious—there is seemingly not an inch of room wasted or misapplied; it has several large and beautiful rooms for the accommodation of parties or families—a spacious hall capable of holding several hundred people—and numerous well-arranged private apartments. Every thing is new, rich, appropriate, without any betrayal of meanness or prodigality. The supplies of the table are abundant and various, served up in a superior style. Altogether, it is decidedly *the best* hotel I have found in any of the cities; and I commend it in an especial manner to the patronage of travellers.

As I came through this city in June, I made a short visit to the venerable MOSES BROWN, (the patriarch of Friends,) who is now in his ninety-fifth year. I have just returned from a second visit, highly gratified to find that his health continues good and his intellect clear. He is certainly an extraordinary man, and sustains the heavy weight of almost a century in an extraordinary manner. His interest in all the great philanthropic movements of the age rather increases than suffers diminution—especially in the abolition cause. From the commencement of the Colonization Society down to the recent visit of one Joshua N. Danforth, ('*one* Arnold Buffum, a hatter!') he has been frequently annoyed by its agents, who have artfully sought to obtain his approbation of this unholy combination—but in vain. He has met them all promptly, and exposed the folly and wickedness of the African crusade. So intensely, indeed, does he feel on this subject, that he assured me, on my first visit, that, old as he was, he was at times almost tempted to take up his pen, (and he writes vigorously even now,) and oppose the Society! He expressed his surprise and regret that '*The Friend*,' a paper published in New-York, I believe, should admit articles into its columns favorable to the scheme. This truly benevolent and good man has done much to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of the colored population of Providence, and they will cherish his kindness in their memories long after his departure to a better world. He feels much interested in the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, and manifested considerable pleasure on being made acquainted with its steady growth. I left him, this morning, conversing in an animated strain in his carriage with an aged resident six months older than himself, and who is yet active and strong: they had never met before. Each had his store of ancient reminiscences to unfold—extending back 60, 70, and 80 years, or more—and it was curious to see how easily they removed the crusts of time, and revealed the hidden things of oblivion. May Heaven long preserve the life of this venerable man!

During my visit at his dwelling, an individual from New-York was introduced, named ———, (a relative of the patriarch, and a member of the Society of Friends,) whose deportment was somewhat pedantic and lofty—acquired, no doubt, in the school-room, as he was a teacher. The subjects of slavery and colonization being introduced, he instantly avowed himself hostile to immediate abolition, and (of course) friendly to the Colonization Society. He then began (ignorant all the while of my name) in unmeasured terms to denounce 'one *Garrigus*, or Garrison, or some such name—a madman, a fanatic, and a radical, who was calling for the immediate liberation of all the slaves in this country,' &c. &c. This personal assault was exceedingly diverting to all the company, nor could I refrain from laughter. Assuming as much gravity as possible, I asked him whether he knew Mr. Garrison personally? He replied, no. Are you familiar with his sentiments? I again inquired. Yes—he had seen two or three numbers of a paper which he published, called the Liberator. Did you ever see any principles advocated in it by him, which are not held in common by the Society of Friends? O, his memory was not sufficiently tenacious to enable him to cite particular passages. I then inquired, whether he understood the doctrines and principles of the Colonization Society? Yes, he did. Taking up a copy of my 'Thoughts,' which happened to lie on table, I read a few passages from the Reports of the Society, for his edification. These seemed to stagger him, till taking the book from my hands, he discovered on the title page that I was its author—on which he sneeringly remarked, 'O, this is by that radical Garrison!—I do'nt believe his statements!'—and he was again commencing a tirade against me, when he was checked by friend Brown (who could no longer suppress his pleasant humor) in the following quaint and pithy manner—'Thee does not know to whom thee has been talking—this is William Lloyd Garrison!'—The effect of this annunciation upon the gentleman was ludicrous in the extreme: he apologised for his plainness of speech, confessed that he had read very few of my writings, and that he had heard many allegations against me which he *supposed* were true, &c. &c. I told him that I hoped he would continue to speak as frankly as he had spoken before the disclosure of my name; that I had taken offence at nothing [illegible] of my veracity; and I could easily forgive that, on the supposition that it was hastily made to avoid a defeat. A long and spirited conversation ensued, in which nearly all the company participated; and on parting, I gave him a copy of my 'Thoughts,' for his harmless traducement,—persuaded that our interview had not been altogether unprofitable, and that henceforth the 'madman Garrigus, or Garrison, or some such name,' would not rank quite so low in his estimation.

On Sabbath afternoon, I gave an address to the colored inhabitants of this place, on the motives which should induce them to strive after knowledge, and particularly urging them to be industrious, economical and temperate in their habits. Their meeting house is large and commodious, but unhappily was built in such a manner as to create divisions which prevent the settlement of a minister, and which probably will never be healed until it is owned by a particular denomination. The audience was large, and highly respectable in appearance.

In the evening I delivered an address on slavery in the Rev. Mr. Wilson's meeting house; (which is of startling magnitude) before a great assembly of people. They gave me a patient and attentive hearing, in a discourse one hour and a half long, which, as far as I could learn, made generally a favorable impression.

On Monday evening I again addressed the people of color, on the state of the foreign slave trade, the progress of the abolition cause in England and in this country and on African colonization.

On Tuesday evening I had the unspeakable satisfaction of assembling with them in their meeting-house, for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society. The chairman of the meeting (Mr George C. Wyllis) made some very pertinent remarks, expressive of his approbation of the contemplated association, and urging his brethren, by the highest motives that could operate in the human breast, to unite them as one man. Other colored gentleman (as also some white friends who were present) addressed the meeting in a hearty and animated manner. They not only advocated total abstinence for health, but would not consent to have in the constitution of the society, the phrase, (which I have long since regarded as a very indefinite and perilous one,) '*except as a medicine.*' Between forty and fifty individuals, of both sexes—nearly all who were present—immediately enrolled themselves as members! Many others will undoubtedly follow their example. Thus my colored brethren in Providence have put into my hand another weapon, with which to beat down the enemies of their race: thus, too, do they successfully repel the slanders of the Colonization Society. What a reward is this for all my labors in behalf of this afflicted people! I know that their gratitude far outruns the measure of my deserts, and that they are willing to do me any service; but I ask and desire no other remuneration than this—to see them progressing in virtue and knowledge, and leading quiet and peaceable lives. I have a higher aim than merely to restore them to their proper station in society; for the honors, and offices, and emoluments of this life, are as dust in the balance compared with the favor of God, and the obtainment of eternal happiness.

Last evening I gave an address in the Rev. Mr Waterman's meeting-house, descriptive of the sufferings endured by our slave population, and answering some of the most popular objections to the course pursued by abolitionists. Some of my remarks evidently offended the fastidious delicacy of a portion of my audience, who left the house. Perhaps the movement was a contrivance of 'the enemy'—indeed, the first individual who retired was a warm colonizationist. I may allude to this occurrence more particularly, on my return. It is proper to state that several of those who went out, came back again in a few minutes, as if ashamed of their conduct.

There is probably no other place in which our cause has more hearty, indefatigable, estimable advocates, than in Providence. I am encouraged to believe that a large and influential anti-slavery society will be organized here in a few weeks, under the most auspicious circumstances.

To-morrow evening you may expect me in Boston. I trust I shall not arrive too late to listen to the discourses of the Rev. George Bourne before our Society.

Yours, truly,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

For the Liberator.

Extract from Mr Jocelyn's Address to the Convention of the Free People of Color of the United States, delivered on Monday, the 11th of June, 1832, in the City of Philadelphia.

'I would propose that the People of Color, as a means of improvement, and of doing good, should establish monthly visits, different, far different from the expensive and luxurious feasts which are quite frequent among all classes of society. Instead of loading your tables with every thing to gratify the epicure—instead of requiring the host or hostess to serve with scrupulous attention, and to bring in tribute all the skill and strength of the household to please the eye and taste of the visitors, let the simplest fare be given, and let the visit be a MENTAL FEAST, in which all can partake with great pleasure. Let the food presented be the truth—let the delicacies be selected paragraphs from newspapers or other periodicals and literary works—and from the treasures of each mind let thoughts on interesting and important subjects be offered either in written composition, or in the easy and graceful manner of free and social conversation.

The various subjects connected with personal improvement, and the improvement and advancement of your whole people *in religion—in education—in the ornamental and mechanical arts, and every thing relating to your civil rights, will command your attention.* And while partaking of mere bread and water—(simple yet grand elements of life) you will be prepared to sympathise the better with suffering humanity—to feel for the [illegible] delicacies of your tables—whose food, in thousands of instances, is scanty, and whose labors are severe. How will your souls swell with pity, as you cast your eyes upon the south, and behold particularly the hundreds of thousands of wretched slaves on the sugar and rice plantations—where, on the latter, human life is but a span long, and on the former, where it is soon cut off by intolerable burdens which the cupidity of tyrants lay upon the poor slave from the first dawn of the morning until darkness prevents labor. You will behold much cruelty on the cotton plantations, though not to the same extent as on the sugar estates—and more or less throughout the slave states, you will behold your brethren deprived of instruction—left by thousands in ignorance even of the way of salvation by the blood of Jesus and grace of our God—scenes of wo and defilement, cursing and polluting nearly one half of the slave population and hundreds of thousands of the oppressors, too sad, too dark for the view of the virtuous, meet the vision of all who tread the dark soil of slavery. 'T is there they must behold the sufferings of thousands torn from their dearest relatives—husbands from their wives—children from their parents and brothers from their sisters—separated forever and driven by unrelenting task-masters while vitality endures.

You will view with emotions not to be expressed the distresses of your brethren in the slave states, whose freedom is only made the occasion of the greatest persecution—and with all this load of wo upon your spirits, how will you thank God for your better lot, and pray him to bring deliverance. At such times your minds will be active and inventive, and plans of usefulness fitted to raise your characters and condition in society, and to throw light on the question of duty towards the sufferers, may be devised and presented to move the public mind to action.

Let your indignation be manifested only by truth and christian efforts, and your love extend so as to embrace all the oppressed, and to forgive the oppressors.

At the beginning or close of your visit, let some appropriate passage of scripture be read, and a prayer for the divine blessing be offered. A few visits like this will awaken an interest in the great things relating to your welfare as a people, which will surprise yourselves.

In cities where the people of color are numerous, several visits might take place at the same time. And in order that there may be a general concert, should the visits proposed meet your approbation, I propose that the first Tuesday evening in each month be appropriated for this purpose.

After a little time I would recommend that you invite some of your white friends to attend these visits with you. Notwithstanding the prejudices of society there are not a few white persons of philanthropy who would be delighted to meet with you and witness your improvement, who might suggest many things of much utility to you. Also, if possible, gain the occasional attendance of persons of influence in community who may in your view have incorrect opinions respecting your condition, character and designs.'

SLAVERY RECORD.

For the Liberator.

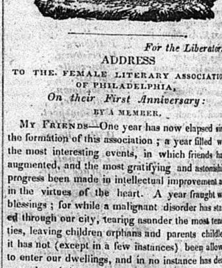
'Whose tender mercies are cruelty.'

The following fact was related to the author of this communication by an eye-witness. It strongly corroborates many other incidents of a similar character, that have been, and we fear will continue to be inflicted upon that much injured portion of our fellow beings. It strongly marks the hardening influence of slavery upon those who can, in defiance of every moral principle, traffic in human flesh and blood.

A man and his wife, who kept a fancy goods store in Charleston, S. C. have among their slaves a boy about 14 years old, by the name of Billy. One day he was sent by his mistress to the pump for a pitcher of water: having stayed rather longer than she thought he ought, when he returned, she met him in the yard with a cowskin, and began without any ceremony to lash him therewith. After having exhausted herself in beating the poor boy, she went into the store and throwing the cowskin on the counter, said to her husband, (who by the by must have been a very accommodating creature,) I wish you would go out and give Billy a lashing. *Without inquiring the cause*, this monster in human form went out and ordered the boy to pull off his jacket. O, massa, says the boy, I have done nothing!—Pull off your jacket! was the reply. Accordingly poor Billy obeys, and receives from his *kind* master fifty stripes, (they were counted by the individual who saw the whole transaction,) laid on with unsparing cruelty. By this time his own feelings had become somewhat excited, so much so that on going back into the store, he says to his *amiable* wife, What has Billy been doing? She replied, that she sent him for water to the pump, and instead of going directly, he had been in front of the house, quarrelling with the negroes. *It is no such thing*, says the husband, I saw Billy when he went to the pump; another boy came before him and Billy had to wait until the other boy had got his water, then he got his and came directly in.

Comment is unnecessary.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.



For the Liberator.

ADDRESS
TO THE FEMALE LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA,
On their First Anniversary:
BY A MEMBER.

MY FRIENDS—One year has now elapsed since the formation of this association; a year filled with the most interesting events, in which friends have augmented, and the most gratifying and astonishing progress been made in intellectual improvement and in the virtues of the heart. A year fraught with blessings; for while a malignant disorder has stalked through our city, tearing asunder the most tender ties, leaving children orphans and parents childless, it has not (except in a few instances) been allowed to enter our dwellings, and in no instance has death ensued, and though neighbors and friends have fallen around us, like the chilling blasts of autumn, we have been preserved. Does not gratitude for these important blessings demand renewed exertions on our part to strict performance of duty? do not the numerous instances of sudden death we have witnessed loudly proclaim, 'Be ye also ready'?

To continue this association will be one way of showing our gratitude and of aiding the cause. I presume none of you doubt this; if there is one here so skeptical, I would repeat to her a remark made by our unflinching advocate—Every effort you make in this way, said he, helps to unbind the fetters of the slave; and if she still doubts, I would tell her that as the free people of color become virtuous and intelligent, the character and condition of the slave will also improve. I would bid her, if she wishes the enfranchisement of her sisters, to sympathise in their woes, to rehearse their wrongs to her friends on every occasion, always remembering that our interests are one, that we rise or fall together, and that we can never be elevated to our proper standing while they are in bondage. Too long has it been the policy of our enemies to persuade us that we are a superior race to the slaves, and that our superiority is owing to a mixture with the whites. Away with this idea, cast it from you with the indignation it deserves, and dare to assert that the black man is equal by nature with the white, and that slavery and not his color has debased him. Yet dare to tell our enemies, that with the powerful weapons of religion and education, we will do battle with the host of prejudice which surround us, satisfied that in the end we shall be more than conquerors. My sisters, let me exhort you then to perseverance, by it great things have been effected; indeed, there are few things which perseverance, joined to a sense of

duty may not accomplish. By perseverance the great Demosthenes was enabled to overcome a natural defect in his pronunciation, so great, that on his first attempt to speak in public, he was hissed: to rid himself of it, he built a vault where he might practice without disturbance. His efforts were crowned with the mosst brilliant success, he became the first orator of the age, and his eloquence was more dreaded by Philip than all the fleets and armies of Athens. By perseverance Hannibal passed the Alps in the depth of winter, with an army of 140,000 men. By perseverance some of you have already warred successfully with sloth, that inveterate foe to intellectual advancement. By perseverance Benjamin Franklin and a host of worthies rose superior to obscure birth and early disadvantages, and acquired lasting fame in the various departments of literature and the mechanic arts, and we may do the same.

Think that the eyes of our friends are upon us, they who have forsaken all they held dear on earth to plead our cause, are looking to us to uphold their hands, shall we disappoint them? Think of the groans, the tears of your enslaved sisters, and rouse up every slumbering energy and again go forward in the path of duty and improvement, adopting Perseverance as your motto, and the difficulties of the way will vanish like clouds before the morning sun. As often as this dear evening shall return evince, by your attendance here, that you love literature, that you love your people, and that nothing shall be wanting on your part to elevate them.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25th, 1832.

ZOE TO BERA.

Dearest Bera—You acknowledge that too much is expected of the teacher, and say, you do not censure them for the faults of the system; and yet you think they form the barrier to a better. I confess this charge surprised me, and I was led seriously to reflect upon it, and the result of my reflections is that my friend Bera is certainly much mistaken. Admitting that a change in the system would affect the interest of the teacher, what liberal minded man or woman, (and should not all teachers be liberal minded,) would hesitate to sacrifice an interest altogether pecuniary to the introduction of a system fraught with good to the whole human family! I indignantly answer, no one. I admit that parents have great influence over the minds of their children, so has the judicious and affectionate preceptor; the child places implicit reliance on whatever his teacher tells him, and thinks him the standard of excellence, he believes that one who is constantly exhorting him to do well, cannot err. I will relate an anecdote illustrative of the influence which teachers possess.

A little boy between three and four years of age, on entering school one morning, addressed his teacher in these words, Miss M——, I have a new brother. Do you not love your brother? enquired she. No, I don't love him at all. But my dear little boy, you must love your brother, he's a sweet innocent baby, and the bible says, 'little children love one another.' Will you try to love him? He appeared lost in thought for some time and then said, I'll try. When he returned home he was asked if he had made up his mind to love the baby, (having stoutly declared when he left, that he would not love him.) Miss M——, says I must love him, and I suppose I must. From that time he treated the young stranger with uniform kindness. I do not pretend to assert that he would not have loved his brother, had not his teacher advised him to, but I believe her conversation influenced him to treat him with kindness sooner than he would otherwise have done, and that she could with equal facility have taught him to hate.

Seeing then, that the instructor has almost unbounded influence, is it not lamentable, that it is not more frequently exerted in removing prejudice and implanting in its stead a love of justice and mercy, a detestation of oppression in all its forms; were they careful to do this, would not it alone, in time, unbind every fetter in the union and erase from our otherwise fair escutcheon, the foul blot of slavery? In sincere affection,

I am your friend, ZOE.

Philadelphia, 1832.

HYMN

Proper to be sung on all occasions by people of color who do not intend to emigrate to Africa.

Air—*Sweet Home.*

I.

Great God, if the humble and weak are as dear
To thy love as the proud, to thy children give ear.
Our brethren would drive us in deserts to roam;
Forgive them, O Father, and keep us at home.
Home, sweet home!
We know of no other; this, this is our home.

II.

Here, here our loved mothers released from their toils
To watch o'er our cradles and joy in our smiles:
Here the bones of our fathers lie buried, and here
Are friends, wives, and children, ay, all we hold dear.
Home, sweet home &c.

III.

Here is law, here is learning, and here we may move,
Most merciful God, in the light of thy love.
Boasts Afric such blessings? oppressors, declare:
Oh no, we may seek but shall not find them there.
Home, sweet home &c.

IV.

Columbia, dear land of our birthright, may He
Who made us a people, rain blessings on thee:
From thy bosom no pleading shall tempt us to roam;
Till force drives us from it, this, this is our home.
Home, sweet home!
Till force drives us from it, this, this is our home.

V.

Juries. Mr O'Connell stated, that the time had been in Ireland, when he could get a jury to find the Lord's prayer libellous by the aid of proper innuendoes.—*Law Magazine.*

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1832.

Ivimey's Lecture. A very valuable lecture, delivered before the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Association of Chelmsford, England, by Joseph Ivimey, has been published, and copies may be obtained at this office. The writer contends that the utter extinction of Slavery is an object of Scripture Prophecy. He discusses the origin of Colonial Slavery, gives an account of the present state of Slavery in the British Colonies, and shews from Scripture that Slavery will certainly be brought to an end. He discloses an amount of suffering on the part of the slaves, sufficient to affect the sensibilities of every one who has a heart. But it is not sympathy alone to which he speaks. The claims of emancipation are founded in right, justice, and eternal truth. We wish our readers would procure copies of this valuable work. It is a very handsome octavo pamphlet, of 74 pages, printed at London. The principles which it advocates are supported and elucidated by Scripture, and it cuts up Slavery root and branch. Some of the instances of the horrible sufferings inflicted on the unfortunate and miserable blacks, we shall extract for our Slavery Record.

Is Slavery defensible from Scripture? This question constitutes the title of an excellent tract, published at Belfast, (Eng.) by Charles Stuart, Esq. He shews, very clearly, that the slavery mentioned in the Bible, is different from West India Slavery; and respecting its right, he contends that it is no more authorized by Scripture, than concubinage, bigamy, polygamy, jealousy, divorce, and witchcraft, which are mentioned in the Bible, have laws for their regulation, and some of which from the peculiar state of the Jewish nation, seem to be partially tolerated. The pamphlet is calculated to do much good.

African Repository. The nineteenth number of this publication of the American Colonization Society, is chiefly filled with an Address, delivered at New-Haven, on the last fourth of July, by Professor Silliman, of Yale College. The subject is—'Some of the Causes of National Anxiety.' We heartily agree with the Professor that Slavery is one of the most powerful of these 'Causes;' that it is an 'enormous evil;' that it is unjust, impolitic, unchristian; that the slaves have a right to their freedom; and that to withhold moral and religious instruction from them is '*highly* impolitic and unjustifiable.' We cannot however agree with him that the 'enterprise of African Colonization is a *happy* conception, and in *perfect* unity with the spirit of the age!' We are not disposed to quarrel with him on this subject; and the less so, as we find that every day is adding to the number of those who cherish a different and more liberal opinion.

The High School Reader. This valuable addition to the stock of reading books for schools, will be highly appreciated by the lovers of staid morals and good sober dignity. The compiler, the Rev. J. L. Blake, is extensively and eminently known to the public as author of a goodly number of very useful and popular school books; and the religious class of the community, will be under great obligations to him, for preparing a work which may be entrusted to children and scholars, without the remotest apprehension that their morals will be corrupted by the perusal. No article has obtained admission of a questionable kind, and very few, of which the literary merit is not of a high order. We find the names of Milton, Young, Gray, Blair, Thompson, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Croly, and Hemans, among the European, and those of Bryant, Percival, Sprague, Doane, Croswell, Brainard, Pierpont, Irving, Wirt, and many others of good repute, among the American Contributors. The book possesses sufficient merit to recommend it to the notice of all concerned in the education of youth.

Shaw's Architecture. We have looked over the pages and plates of this work with much pleasure. It appears to be just such a book as was wanted by the Carpenter. It is a large quarto of 200 pages, ornamented and illustrated by 97 beautiful plates, delineating the first principles of this invaluable art, and furnishing numerous and important examples of the different orders of architecture, the various modes of building, and other things calculated in the most decided manner, to produce essential improvements in the style of our national architecture. The compiler has made rich and important selections from the best works, and given specimens from the best masters. The expense of publishing such a work must have been great, and we trust that the patronage which it receives will liberally reward the compiler and publishers, Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

Littell's Museum. This valuable magazine of foreign literature, science, and art, comprises the best selection to be found, of essays in prose and poetry, from the most popular European periodicals. Extracts are made from the Edinburgh Quarterly, Monthly, Retrospective, Westminster, Eclectic, Foreign Quarterly, and Oriental Quarterly Reviews; the British, Monthly, New Monthly, Frasers, Sporting, and Blackwood's Magazines; the Asiatic, Quarterly, and United Service Journals; the Atheneum, La Belle Assemblee, and London Literary Gazette. The work is published in 12 large octavo numbers, of 100 pages each; comprising altogether the greatest and best collection of periodical literature to be found, at the very reasonable price of six dollars a year. Those who wish for the essence of all the popular English Magazines, without their expense, will find it by subscribing for this truly valuable publication.

Boston Literary Magazine. The last number maintains the interest which the former ones awakened. The article on American Genius is an encouraging one, and the story of the Unlucky Artifice is well told.

The Naturalist. This useful magazine of knowledge merits a most extensive patronage. Its scientific editor, Mr. Brown, continues unwearied in his researches, and brings us something new and valuable at every visit. The last number contains some fine articles on Aerostation, Ornithology, Conchology, Silk Manufacture, and other subjects instructive and entertaining.

Fessenden's Almanac. We have received much gratification by perusing the pages of the New-England Farmer's Almanac, for 1833, by Thomas G. Fessenden, the editor of the New-England Farmer, and author of several works in Hudibrastic verse, which had great popularity a few years ago. It contains a valuable amount of information for the farmer, with a chronicle of remarkable events for the past year. The poetry at the head of the Calendar pages, is very humorous and appropriate. In *February*, the author says—

Terrific storms rush on, as if
The prince of air impelled them,
Musquito nets, and ladies' fans,
Are therefore used but seldom!

April's a fitful go between!
A paragon of changes!
Has ups and downs, through all extremes
Of Thermometric ranges.

Sometimes she scowls, with sconce so long
'Twould reach from here to yonder!
Sometimes she smirking seems as pert
As Miss —— 15, or under!

Like shabby beau, or faded belle,
Now counterfeiting splendor;
Now uglier than a figure 3,
With 0 to recommend her!

My dear Madam *May!* I'm sorry to say
That you look rather sickly and pallid,
As if from some hole just under the pole
Your ladyship lately had sallied.

How poets will lie—(that is, all but I!)
When they talk of your being so charming,
If truth may be told, youre so backward & cold,
That I can't get along with my farming!

I liken your lips to rock maple chips!
Which winter's cold drifts have laid under!
You have icicle toes and fingers like those,
And who then can love you, I wonder.

August.

The storm anon comes driving on,
Hail stones, like ice-bergs horrent;
The sky's on fire! fire! fire! fire!
And yet it pours a torrent!

Zephyr.

He steals a kiss from my sweet Miss,
Before she can forbid it!
She sighs to find it was the wind,
And not her lover did it!

Christianity versus Slavery. In the seventeenth number of the Biblical Repository, we find it stated that 'Christianity, by its spirit, abolished Slavery in the ancient world.' Do the writers and readers of that journal perceive the inferences which must fairly be drawn from these premises?—That Christianity and Slavery are incompatible—that slaveholders cannot be christians—and that Christianity, as now practised, is less efficient than it was in early ages. These propositions are fairly grounded, and can be easily maintained. Indeed, any one, who will take a candid and impartial view of what Christianity is, and then look at Slavery and see what that is, must admit that they *cannot* exist together. What fellowship has Christ with Belial?

English Anti-Slavery Society. The friends of the blacks in England have formed an association called the Agency Anti-Slavery Society. Its object is professedly 'to substitute judicial for the private and irresponsible authority now exercised over 830,000 of their fellow creatures, and to obtain for them an equal enjoyment of civil rights.' This society has met with violent opposition from those who are interested in the continuance of colonial slavery. The meetings have been disturbed, and the regular lectures prevented. The committee give notice that they shall in future call in the aid of the civil power to prevent disturbances in their meetings.

Bishop of New-Jersey. We hear, with much pleasure, that the Rev. George Washington Doane, Rector of Trinity Church, in this city, has recently been elected, by a Convention of the Episcopal Church, Bishop of the Diocese of New-Jersey. We regret indeed to lose so good a man from the city, but he will undoubtedly be more eminently useful in the new sphere in which he is called to move. He will bear with him the good wishes of many, and our best regards will ever accompany one whose character we so highly appreciate, and in whose friendship we have so long participated.

Isle of France. The recent arrival of the ship Hercules, Capt. Rich, brings intelligence that the slaveholders of this Colony are greatly incensed by the exertions of the English liberationists, especially the Methodists, who are earnestly endeavoring to procure laws in favor of emancipation. Mr Jeremy, the agent of the English government, has become very obnoxious to them; in consequence of his attempting to put into effect the laws for ameliorating the condition of the slaves. Such displeasure is to be expected from those who hold the slaves in their unrighteous bondage.

Liberia. The two persons sent to Liberia by the Natchez Colonization Society, have, it is said, published the following report. We should be glad to know whether they may be regarded as impartial witnesses. We have seen a colored gentleman, a merchant, lately from Liberia, who was solicited, while at the south, to give a lecture on the condition of the Colony, but fearing to report the truth, and unwilling to state falsehood, he declined.

'We, the undersigned, having been sent to Liberia to ascertain the situation of the colony there, are happy to state, for the benefit of the colored people generally, that during a residence of nearly three weeks in the colony, we visited the four principal settlements, in all which we found the colonists healthy, well pleased with their situation, and improving their circumstances very rapidly. A uniform expression of gratification that they had found a place of freedom and comfort, and in Africa, was made without exception. Such was the impression on our minds of the advantages of emigration to this colony, that we have determined to report favorably of the object to the Society which sent us out; and, as the best testimony of our full persuasion of its great advantages, have determined to settle our business and remove to Liberia the first opportunity. We see our brethren there freemen, and advanced to the full privileges of unrestrained enterprise and Christian liberty. We have time only to give this brief assurance now, but shall make our full report public on our reaching Natchez.

Gloster Simpson,
Archy Moor.

Piracy. A most atrocious instance of piracy and murder has recently been detected. Two sailors, whose names are Joachim Antonio and Joachim Sylva, arrived in Boston about two weeks ago, and took lodgings in Ann-street. Their mutual recrimination, and having several hundred dollars in their possession, induced their apprehension, and they were brought before Judge Davis for examination. Antonio maintained a sullen silence, but Sylva stated that they belonged to the Portuguese brig Triumpho, which sailed from Brazil for Lisbon, and had on board a valuable cargo, and $18,000 in money. There were seven passengers; a lawyer, named Marte, with his wife; a Portuguese merchant, named Lawrence, with his child; a Portuguese supercargo, named Justino; and a black woman with her child. About two weeks after they sailed, the crew took possession of the vessel, murdered the captain and one of the crew, and all the passengers except the two women and the white child. They kept the women in their service about a week, and then cut their throats and threw them overboard. They then sailed to Guadaloupe, where they stated that the captain had been knocked overboard by the boom. They sailed in the Sarah Louisa, for this port, where they arrived on the 22d September. They were committed to prison, Antonio to take his trial for piracy and murder, and Sylva to be employed as state's evidence.

TO OUR PATRONS.

☞ We want money. That is the plain truth. *Will you help us to some?* We have labored, most earnestly, late and early, industriously and we think faithfully, to make our paper useful in the great cause of freedom and the rights of men. We are willing to spend and be spent—but we need support, and we must have it. We cannot live upon air. We earnestly request our delinquent subscribers to *pay up.* We ask them to read the two following paragraphs. After that, if they do not feel their bowels of compassion stirred, we shall set them down as possessing hearts as hard as those of slaveholders.

Rowland Hill's method of illustrating the old proverb that

'SHORT ACCOUNTS MAKE LONG FRIENDS,'

He had just concluded his sermon, when he said, 'One word more, my christian brethren. The next is our quarterly meeting; and there are many of you here to-day, who may not then be present: therefore you may as well go into the vestry, and pay your money directly; for though I may be able to go on pretty well if you be not present yourselves, yet it is impossible I can get on at all if I don't have your money.'

HOW TO HAVE A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

A person being dangerously ill, was visited by a clergyman, who perceiving the poor fellow give way to despondency, kindly inquired if any heinous sin lay heavy on his heart. The sick man replied, with a sigh, that he had been guilty of a grievous sin, but its magnitude was so great he was almost afraid to name it. The clergyman asked him if he had been an unkind husband? No. A tyrannical father? No. A treacherous friend? No—but I have done a great deal worse than either. 'Have you violated any of the commandments?' No, I believe not; but, alas!' cried out the despairing invalid, 'I have taken a paper two years, and neglected to pay for it.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The stanzas 'To the Moon' do not, we think, possess sufficient merit to entitle them to a place in the Liberator. We advise the writer to turn his attention to some other pursuit. He will never be a poet.

'Josephine' shall receive early attention.

An article on the condition of the colored people is altogether too long for our columns. The writer should condense her thoughts and finish more.

'S. P. D.' shall have a place as soon as we have room.

The sermon of our Albany friend is so very long, that we must request him to have patience. We wish our writers would condense their thoughts more. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' and generally of wisdom.

'Even brevity, for *want* of wit,
May make some slight amends.'

We think it would be well for 'A Friend to Freedom' to re-consider the propriety of publishing his remarks.

The publication of the animadversions of our friend 'now in New-Haven,' would probably answer no valuable purpose.

'P. E. W.' and 'Leo' are requested to prepare their communications with more care.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The celebrated Dr Adam Clarke, one of the most distinguished modern Oriental scholars, died of cholera near London, on the 26th Aug., aged 69. Dr C. was a Wesleyan Methodist, and one of the heads of the conference. Among the literary notices of the London papers, we observe mention of 'Memoirs of Lafayette, and of the Revolution of 1830, by M. B. Sarrons, Secretary to General Lafayette.' On the week ending Sept 1, the deaths by cholera in London were 274; those of the week previous were 158. A son of Lucien Bonaparte who was on a voyage to Greece on board a merchant vessel lately met his death. He appeared to be pefectly happy, and without any motive for suicide, but he was found dead in the captain's cabin, where he had been left alone, and it is not known how his death was caused. A paris paper calculates that the number of condemnations for offences by the press during the month of August amounts to 480 month's imprisonment.

Stage Accident.—On Tuesday afternoon as the New-Bedford stage was entering Weymouth, on its way to this city, the horses took fright, and before passing through the town, upset and severely injured four or five passengers. Mrs Cowen, a lady belonging to Martha's Vineyard, who was coming into the city on a visit to her children, had her shoulder dislocated, and her breast very much hurt, so much so, that doubts were entertained yesterday morning of her recovery. At the last accounts the other passengers were convalescent. No want of care is attributed to the driver of the stage. An outside passenger, perceiving the horses becoming restive, very imprudently seized one of the reins, which turning the horses suddenly, is said to be the cause of the accident.

Dreadful Accident.—On Saturday afternoon, Mr John Wallace, superintendent of Colonel Peabody's mills, in South Salem, went into the upper loft of the lead mill to adjust the machinery, and in doing this, his clothing caught in a cog wheel which was moving with great velocity, and before he could extricate himself, his arm was mangled in a most shocking manner, the bones being broken to pieces from below the elbow, nearly to the shoulder. His face and eye were also badly wounded. He was alone at the time of the accident, and reached the lower stairs before he obtained assistance, almost exhausted with the loss of blood. Medical aid was obtained as soon as possible, and the arm was amputated at the socket of the shoulder, but his life could not be preserved, and he expired about 4 o'clock yesterday morning.—*Salem Register.*

Distressing Occurrence.—At the general muster in Stow, in this country, says the Hudson, Ohio, Telegraph, a lad eight years old, only son of Mr. Ruel Tiffany, was shot through the head and instantly killed, through the carelessness of the man who was preparing to shoot at a mark. The boy had been sent to adjust the mark, and prepare it for the next fire—and while he was thus employed, the gun in the hands of the individual who was making preparations for firing, went off unexpectedly; the ball entered the back of the head and went out at the mouth, producing instant death.

Indian Murders.—A party of Pottawattamies, who had encamped at the mouth of Eel river, got into a drunken frolic, and one of them became offended at his squaw, and it seems that nothing would satisfy him but the forfeit of her life; he seized his knife and gave the fatal stab. It entered under the right arm and penetrated to the heart. The hardened wretch had scarcely effected his purpose until he met the fate he merited,—the avenger was at hand; a squaw, related to the murdered one, seized a tomahawk and buried it in his head. He fell lifeless beside his murdered companion.—*Logansport Ind. Times.*

Foreign Criminals.—The American Consul at Hamburgh, Mr Cuthbert, writes to the Mayor of the city of New-York, under date of Aug. 2d, 1832, 'A few days since, I received information that the police of the city had sent fifteen or eighteen convicts on board the brig Dorothea, of and for New-York, Jeremiah J. Dickenson, master. The vessel had left the port before I was informed of it; but I sent a letter on board, directed to Joseph Pitcairn, Esq. requesting him to give you immediate information. One of the convicts, named ——, is a notorious incendiary, and I am informed the others are notorious villians.'

The brig has arrived at New-York with the precise number of passengers above mentioned. Foreign governments wink at the departure for our shores of vagabonds, incendiaries, and assassins, who have violated their laws, and then insult us for affording a receptacle for their convicts. If our laws are insufficient to prevent it, we trust there will be a remedy for future cases of this kind.

One Dollar and Found.—Chickens and Champaigne thrown in. No charge for twenty. Business is business,—and opposition is, ever has been, and ever will be, nothing more or less than opposition. The Steamer Connecticut is advertised to run between this city and Portland for $1,00 and found!!! *Transcript.*

Roguery.—Some thieves entered the Porter and Wine Cellar of Messrs Lecain & Stone, in Merchant's row, last night. After rummaging the Money drawer, and trying to open the desk, they took what change they could find and decamped, but not until they had tested the quality of the wines. The old Port, a bottle of which was broached, but left with its crust undisturbed, did not suit the palates of their lordships, but, pouncing on a small parcel of high flavored and racy Madeira, they did it abundant honor.---*Ibid.*

Monsieur Tonson come again. Tape worm or no tape worm, Calvin Edson is alive—now in Gorham—and is to be exhibited in this city on Monday. The wags in New York who have killed off Calvin, and made him undergo (in print) a *post mortem* examination, will therefore wheel about, and tell their readers that the worm has not yet got Edson. —*Portland Advertiser.*

Rev. Dr. Wisner, of this city, has been elected one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions, to be associated with Rev. Rufus Anderson and Rev. David Green the present Secretaries.

At the late session of the Supreme Judicial Court, in East Greenwich, R. I. Joseph W. Baker was sentenced to be hung, on the 30th day of next November. The crime for which he is thus doomed to forfeit his life was burglary.

The ladies are invited to look in at E. Willard's, No. 107 Washington street, and examine an entire new lot of beautiful wrought combs.

A Mr Keyes advertises to cure smokey chimnies of the most troublesome kind. If he can do so he should be accounted a benefactor.

We are pleased to learn that Mr Downe, the distinguished Flute Professor, contemplates giving a musical entertainment in a few days. He has many friends here.

A carpenter's wife, at Huddersfield, being informed that Boards of Health were necessary to preserve the public from cholera, she went and asked the doctor what *wood* they were made of, that her husband might make his own!

Health of New York.—The whole number of deaths in the city of New York last week, were 137—24 of which are reported as Cholera. The average number of deaths per week through the year 1831, were 122 and a fraction.

A new steamer, called the Telegraph, has been built and fitted at New York, to run between New Bedford and Nantucket. She is about 200 tons burden, and runs her passage in 5 or 6 hours. She is owned and commanded by Capt E. H. Barker.

Letters received at this office from Oct. 6, to Oct. 13, 1832.

Daniel Reed, Richmond, Ind.; J. C. Weems, Elliott's Mills, Md.; Josiah Green, Rochester, N. Y.; Frederick Oney, Norwich City, Ct.

MARRIED

In this city, on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Sharp, Mr. Thomas Cummings to Miss Rebecca Brown, both of this city.

LITERARY.

The following poem, not found in any edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, may please his admirers.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Percy, or Percival Rede, of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate: once when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr Cooper's painting of the first of these accidents, suggested the following stanzas.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Careered along the sea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three!

Man, horse, or hound, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede;
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engrossed their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbor'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;—
With eyes of flame and quivering ears,
The brave sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game 's afoot!—halloo! halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But wo the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drenched the grey goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a moan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hallo ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies.
Nor what is death—but still
His aspect has expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mixed with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favorite bending low,
In speechless grief recline:
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
'The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

'And if it be, the shaft be blessed,
Which sure some erring aim addressed,
Since in your service, prized, caressed,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I.'

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray;
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
'Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!'

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and wo
Down dark Oblivion's river;
But Art can time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoils from Lethe's breast,
And in her Cooper's colors drest,
The scene shall live forever.

TO A GENTLEMAN ON HIS VOYAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE RECOVERY OF HIS HEALTH.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY, AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

While others chant of gay Elysian scenes,
Of balmy zephyrs and of flowery plains,
My song, more happy, speaks a greater name,
Feels higher motives, and a nobler flame.
For thee, O R—— ! the Muse attunes her strings,
And mounts, sublime, above inferior things.

I sing not now of green embowering woods;
I sing not now the daughters of the floods;
I sing not of the storms o'er ocean driven,
And how they howled along the waste of heaven;
But I to R—— would paint the British shore,
And vast Atlantic, not untried before.
Thy life, impaired, commands thee to arise,
Leave these bleak regions and inclement skies,
Where chilling winds return the winter past,
And nature shudders at the furious blast.

O thou stupendous, earth-inclosing main,
Exert thy wonders to the world again!
If e'er thy power prolonged the fleeting breath,
Turned back the shafts, and mocked the gates of death;
If e'er thine air dispensed a healing power,
Or snatched the victim from the fatal hour,
This equal case demands thine equal care,
And equal wonders may this patient share.
But unavailing, frantic is the dream,
To hope thine aid, without the aid of Him
Who gave thee birth, and taught thee where to flow,
And in thy waves his various blessings show.

May R—— return, to view his native shore,
Replete with vigor not his own before;
Then shall we see, with pleasure and surprise,
And own thy work, great Ruler of the skies!

MISCELLANEOUS.

BYRON'S WRITINGS.

I have been reading Byron to-day—following him through the classic ground of Europe, and blending myself in sympathy with his heroes,—bending with Conrad o'er the dim waste of waters,—leaning with Lara gloomily against the pillars of the banquet-room —dark and alone, amidst light and love and music, —scowling with the Giaour in the dim aisle of the convent,—

'With gloom beheld—with gloom beholding
The rites which sanctify the pile.'

I have gazed with Alp, while the cloud of his destiny swept darkly between him and heaven,—or looked with Manfred from 'the difficult air of the iced mountain-top'—down where the mist boiled upward from the valleys

——'white and sulphurous,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles.'

Byron is no more, nobly he perished in the classic land of his adoption, where

——'The mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the sea.'

He sleeps well, 'after life's fitful fever;' and God forbid that any one should wantonly attack his memory. I would not, if it were in the power of a man to do so, detract one tittle from the full measure of his great fame. But I have feared—and still fear—the consequences—the natural and unavoidable consequences of his writings. I fear that, in our enthusiastic admiration of Genius, our idolatry of poetry, the allurements to vice and loathsome depravity, the awful impiety, and the staggering unbelief contained in those writings, are lightly passed over and acquiesced in as the allowable observations of a master intellect, which had lifted itself above the ordinary world, which had broken down the barriers of ordinary mind, and which revelled in a creation of its own; a world, over which the sunshine of imagination lightened at times, with an almost ineffable glory, to be succeeded by the thick blackness of doubt and terror and misanthropy, relieved only by the lightening flashes of terrible and unholy passion.

The blessing of that mighty intellect the prodigal gift of Heaven—became, in his possession, a burthen and a curse. He was wretched in his gloomy unbelief, and he strove, with that selfish purpose which too often actuates the miserable, to drag his fellow beings from their only abiding hope—to break down in the human bosom the beautiful altar of its faith, and to fix in other bosoms the doubt and despair which darkened his own,—to lead his readers—the vast multitude of the beautiful, the pure and the gifted, who knelt to his genius as to the manifestations of a new divinity—in that ever darkened path which is trodden only by the lost to hope —the forsaken of Heaven—and which leads from the perfect light of holiness down to the shadows of eternal death.

If ever man possessed the power of controlling at will the passions of his readers, that man was Lord Byron. He knew and felt the mightiness of his power—and he loved its exercise—to kindle in a thousand bosoms the strange fire which desolated his own. He loved to shake down with a giant's strength the strongest pillars of human confidence—to unfix the young and susceptible spirit from its allegiance to virtue and to the dearest ties of nature. No man ever drew finer and more enchanting pictures of the social virtues—and love and friendship never seem more beautiful than when made the subject of his vivid and graphic delineation. But a cold sneer of skepticism, an unfeeling turn of expression, or a vulgar and disgusting companion associated with images of purity and loveliness, breaks in upon the delicious reverie of the reader, like a foul satyr in the companionship of angels; and the holiness of beauty departs—the sweet spell is broken forever, and the sacred image of virtue is associated with disgust and abhorrence. It seems as if the mighty magician delighted in adorning with the sun-like hues of his imagination the Paradise of Virtue, in order to discover more fully the fell power which he possessed, of darkening and defacing the fair vision, of sending the curse of his own perverted feelings to brood over it, like the wings of a destroying angel.

J. G. Whittier.

AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

In this section of our country where the *red man* is now seldom seen, where peace is the inmate of every dwelling, and security lulls the weary to repose, it is difficult to conceive of the heart-rending cruelties which were once committed by the ruthless savages on the white inhabitants of the frontiers, cruelties which have recently been repeated in the western parts of Illinois.

The following affecting incident relates to the cruel treatment of two young ladies by the Indians half a century ago, and cannot be read with indifference:

Frederick Manheim was an industrious German, who with his family consisting of himself, his wife, a daughter eighteen years of age, and Maria and Christina, his youngest children and twins, about sixteen years old, resided near the river Mohawk, eight miles west of Johnson.—It was on the 19th day of October, 1779, the father being at work at some distance from his cottage, the mother and eldest daughter on a visit at a neighbor's, when two hostile Canasadaga Indians rushed into the house and captured the twin sisters.

The party to which these savages belonged, consisted of fifty warriors, who after securing twenty-three of the inhabitants, and firing their houses, retired with the utmost precipitancy, till they were quite safe from pursuit. The place where they halted, the evening of that day, was a thick pine swamp, which rendered the darkness of an uncommon gloomy night still more dreadful. They kindled a fire, which they had not done before, and directed their prisoners, whom they kept together, to refresh themselves with some provisions; and the Indians eat by themselves. Instead of retiring to rest after supping, as usual, the appalled captives saw their enemies busied in operations which boded nothing good. Two saplings were pruned clear of branches up to the very top, and all the brush cleared away for several rods around them. While this was doing, others were splitting pitch pine billits into small splinters about five inches in length, and as small as one's little finger, sharpening one end, and dipping the other in melted turpentine.

At length, with countenances distorted by instant fury, and with hideous yells, the two savages who had captured the unfortunate Maria and Christina, leaped in the midst of their circle, and dragged those ill-fated maidens, shrieking, from the embraces of their companions, among whom were their parents and sisters. These warriors had disagreed about whose property the girls should be, as they jointly had seized them, and to terminate the dispute, agreeably to the abominable usage of the savages, it was determined by the chiefs of the party, that the prisoners who gave rise to the contention should be destroyed, and that their captors should be the principle agents in the execrable business. These furies, assisted by their comrades stripped the forlorn girls, already convulsed with apprehension, and tied each to a sapling, with their hands as high extended above their heads as possible, and then pitched them from their knees to their shoulders, with upwards of six hundred of these sharpened splinters above described, which at every puncture was attended with a scream of distress, which echoed and re-echoed through the wilderness.

And then, to complete the infernal tragedy, the splinters, all standing erect on the bleeding victims, where every one set on fire, and exhibited a scene of monstrous misery, beyond the power of speech to describe, or even the imagination to conceive. It was not until near three hours had elapsed, from the commencing of their torments, and that they had lost almost every resemblance of the human form, these helpless virgins sunk down in the arms of their deliverer, death.

A HORRID SCENE.

BUCKINGHAM Co. July 5, 1832.

Mr Editor—One of the most awful exhibitions of intemperance that my eyes ever beheld, has just occurred in this neighborhood—so true is that memorable saying—'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'

The narrative is this. A Mr——, the victim of intemperance for the last eight or ten years, had become one of the grossest tyrants in his family, that the country afforded. It had been long thought that he would beat his heart broken and grief worn wife to death, for there was scarcely ever a time when he was intoxicated, (which was very often,) but she had to feel the weight of his iron arm, and seek shelter and protection in the house of some neighbor—as he became more intemperate, (which is the case with most whiskey drinkers,) he became more brutal in his family. He had pursued a course of drinking till all the finer feelings of the man were lost, and such principles as are the legitimate offspring of intemperance, were implanted. On the 3d inst. he arose in the morning, 'to follow strong drink,' and soon became furious, and commenced beating his defenceless wife and children; then to tearing their clothes and breaking up his wares. After beating his wife till her life was endangered, he told her that he intended to spend his life in the penetentiary; for he would on that day kill somebody, or somebody would kill him, or he would kill himself,—his wife dropped on her knees to him, and begged him to kill no one nor himself, for no person would hurt him—he ordered her from his presence, and said if she did not, he would sink her into hell—he drove her off into the woods with an infant in her arms, and her oldest daughter—he then sent his two oldest sons into the field about some wheat, and told the other children they might go away for an hour, and then return. He then took a gun well charged, it seems, and placed it on a brick, with the muzzle to the back part of his head, and with a stick that lay near his head, it is supposed he pushed the trigger. The contents went through his head, blowing off the fore part thereof. So soon as it was discovered, I was sent for, and got there before the blood ceased running—a justice of the peace was also sent for, who ordered him to be buried without farther proceedings, being fully satisfied that he was his own murderer.

This is the effect of strong drink; an immortal being has precipitated his soul to the dreadful tribunal of God, and left a wife and eight children, in the most wretched condition; the greater part of whom must become chargeable to the county. I leave this for the reader to make further comments upon—reflect, reader, and if you are a whiskey drinker, let it sound in your ears louder than seven thunders, to drink no more.—*Rel. Herald.*

A LITERARY WIFE.

How delightful is it (says D'Israeli in his 'Curiosities of Literature') when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband. It is then truly that the intercourse of the senses becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have been to others a most dreadful labor; whereas his wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she compared passages, and transcribed quotations; the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardor for literature, eminently appeared in these two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side and ever assiduous—ever with some useful book in her hand—she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus shared the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters he represented himself as married to two ladies, one of whom gave him boys and girls; the other was philosophy who produced books. The lady of Evely designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Lucretius. She felt the same passion in her own breast as animated her husband's who has written with such ingenuity. Of Baron Halley it is recorded, that he inspired his wife and family with his different pursuits. They were usually employed in assisting his literary occupations; they translated manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered plants, and designed and colored under his eye. What a delightful picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says, 'Her affection to me has given her a turn to books, and my compositions which she takes pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, and are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her, from time to time, how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When, at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some certain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth, nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamored.'

Extraordinary Courage.— A gentleman, thus addresses the editor of an English paper—'On the night of the 23d, whilst on my road to Dacca, I made my budgerow fast on a bank a little below Jaffergunge, and was awoke about one o'clock in the morning by the cries of my dandies that a tiger had jumped on board and seized on one of the crew. I started up, and saw the tiger leaping from the boat with one of the crew in his mouth, making off for the jungles; at the same moment my sirdar bearer, with great presence of mind, seized a large hog-spear which happened to be in the boat, and jumped after the beast, and speared him through the side, which caused him to drop the poor fellow, who ran for the boat with all possible speed, and the rest of the crew, with their sticks and bamboos, despatched the animal.—The man, I am happy to say, received little injury, having been caught by his clothes.—The tiger was a male, of tolerable size.'

SHOCKING PIRACY AND MURDER. Two Portuguese sailors were examined on Friday before Judge Davis, upon complaint of Andrew Dunlap, Esq. U. S. District Attorney, charged with piracy; their names are Joachim Silva and Joseph Antonio: the latter was sworn as witness. The vessel (the Spanish brig Triumph) was from Brazils, bound to the Western Islands. After she had been a short time at sea, a portion of the crew murdered, in the night, the Captain, mate, supercargo and four passengers, consisting of a lawyer, a merchant, and a black woman and her child.—The wife of the lawyer was also murdered about a week after her husband. The vessel had on board $18,000 in specie. Being unable to navigate her, they put into Guadaloupe, where they escaped detection by some plausible story, and took passage on board the brig Sarah Louisa, for this port, where they arrived last Sunday week. They were detected by some careless conversation which passed between them in the presence of a third person. They have been fully committed.—*Post.*

TRIBUTE TO WHOM TRIBUTE IS DUE. On Friday of last week, a lad fell into the river from one of our wharves: being unable to swim, his cries soon reached the ears of numerous individuals who collected at the end of the wharf, not one of whom dare hazard his life to save the little sufferer. At the moment the boy, being nearly exhausted, was about sinking for the last time, a colored man, named LATON YANCY, pressed through the crowd, plunged into the river, and by a masterly and timely effort, snatched the boy from a watery grave.—*Detroit Gaz.*

The Order of Transportation Inverted.—A patent of pardon to John Surgic, convicted of rebellious conspiracy at Montego Bay, Jamaica, has been lately signed by the Governor, on condition that he be transported to England for life, and that should he ever return to that island, the penalty of death be carried into execution forthwith.

Flogging with laths, the only corporal punishment that remained in use in the Prussian army, has just been abolished by order of the king.

MORAL.

THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER.

A year has passed since the death of my best earthly friend, and three years since I had heard his kind words and salutary admonitions. Eighty-five winters had howled around his head—yet they had not whitened his locks; nor had multiplied sorrows obliterated that native energy of the soul, and produced that second childhood which is so common to age. He dropped away—he fell like the leaf, because he was ripened and the time of his gathering had come.

I stood by his grave—had traversed a long and tedious way for the sole purpose—and while all was hushed, a voice whispering from the sleeping dust seemed to say, 'Child, have you come to bedew my dust with filial tears? Wipe them away—I am walking the streets of the New Jerusalem. My robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb. I beckon you away to the skies. Remember from your earliest childhood, I pointed you to the abodes of bliss—I told you of a place where the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick,' and 'where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes.' I told you the world you inhabit was a vale of tears, and you must not expect to go through it singing. I told you that temptations would lie in your path; and I told you to 'cleanse your way' by giving place therein, to the words of eternal life. Listen to the voice of instruction; return to your home—struggle a little longer with the maddening storms, the furious whirlwinds which have seemed to mark you for their prey—and then with me shall you be safely gathered in a healthier clime, where not a wave of sorrow shall roll over you, where kindred and friend, father and child, shall be lost—shall be swallowed in the Father of all.'

My full soul was soothed; my tears had gone back to the fountain; I said, it is enough! My father yet lives, and I shall see him when I die. The sun was setting upon the grave yard—the long shadow of the steeple where with him I had often gone to worship—the farm he had cultivated—the house he had inhabited—all lay in sight. I looked upon his grave for the last time; and as I bade farewell to the most loved spot on earth, I felt the last string was severed—and my connexion to sublunary things forever dissolved. I felt like an isolated being, inhabiting this bleak world alone; with none to care, with none to pity. I felt that the guide of my youth, the counsellor of my days, could no more drop the tear of parental tenderness on my hapless head, and I longed to mingle my dust with his—I longed again to talk with him of that heavenly world, he had while on earth so delightfully anticipated—and drink with him the pure river of the waters of life, and pluck from the tree on either side of the river that fruit which grows alone in the Paradise of God.

INFIDELITY

PUT TO SHAME AND SILENCE BY A SON OF AFRICA.

A few evenings since, I attended a Lecture in which the Speaker introduced an anecdote, as near as I can recollect, in the following words.

A slave was discovered by his master in the exercise of devotion, rendering praise and thanksgiving to that Being from whom cometh all good, and was thus accosted, 'What are you about, Sambo?' to which he replied: 'Massa, my soul feel happy, God so good to me.' His master (an Infidel) said to him, 'You fool, you have no soul, no negro has an immortal soul.' To which the untutored slave thus retorted:—'Well, massa, if poor negro have no immortal soul, I bless God because he make my body happy. The Infidel was silenced. L.

From the Liverpool Albion.

In the time of trouble, He shall hold me in his pavilion.—PSALMS XXVII, verse 5th.

When sighs oppress my heavy heart,
Depressed by thought and care,
I seek thy blessed ark, O God!
And find my comfort there.
The bird of peace from thee descends,
With healing on its wing;
I bless the balm, and in thy praise
I 'm happy when I sing.

Beneath thy holy sacred dome
My spirit finds repose;
I breathe to thee each troubled thought,
And all my griefs disclose.
Thy consolations brightly beam,
And cheering as the spring,
In tones of praise I kneel to thee—
I 'm happy when I sing.

When mortal ties my cares increase,
The world's cold frowns annoy,
My sorrowing footsteps thither bend,
Where there is no alloy,
To thee for them my prayers appeal;
Unto thy hope I cling;
In gratitude my voice I raise—
I 'm happy when I sing.

READY MADE CLOTHING, &C.

B. B. F. MUNDRUCU, NO. 50, ANN-STREET,

HAS constantly for sale a great variety of ready made clothing, consisting in part of black, blue, olive and mixed Coats, Frocks and Coatees; cassimere Pantaloons of every description; also, check drill Pantaloons, a new and fashionable article for Summer wear; velvet, silk, Valencia and Marseilles Vesting, a great variety, including every desirable style; Petersham and kersey Pantaloons; Coats, Short Jackets, nd Monkey Jackets; moleskin, bangup, beaverteen and oil cloth Coats, Jackets and Pantaloons; duck Frocks and Pantaloons; woollen and cotton Drawers; plain red and twilled flannel Shirts; black lasting, bombazine, Russia cassimere, brown and white drilling Coats, Frocks, Jackets and Pantaloons, for Summer wear; linen and cotton Shirts; checked do.; linen, cambric and imitation do. Shirt Bosoms, Dickeys and Stocks; corded and plain cambric Cravats; pongee, bandanna and a great variety of Fancy Pocket Hdkfs.; a great variety of Hosiery, consisting of raw silk, ribbed and plain, Angola, Vigonia, marbled, zebra and random, cotton, worsted and silk Hose and half Hose; Gloves of all kinds; Umbrellas; Hats, Caps, Comforters; Pumps, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO AN ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMERY AND FANCY GOODS, Jewelry, Buttons, Bosom Studs, Razor Strops, Knives, &c. &c., too numerous to particularise. All of which are offered at the very lowest prices for cash.

☞ Purchasers will do well to call and examine before purchasing, as every article will be sold a BARGAIN. *Boston, May 4.*

GEORGE PUTMAN, HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER,

HAS removed his Dressing-Room from No. 211, Washington street, to the new building No. 2, Broomfield-street, which has been fitted up (by his own direction) in a manner calculated to afford the greatest possible amount of comfort to Gentlemen while under his well known skilful operation. The chairs are so easy—the cushions so yielding to the touch—the razors and other cutting instruments so keen and smooth—the copious supply of warm water so soft and pure—the towels, either crash or diaper, so clean and sweet —himself and assistants so polite and accommodating;—in short the *tout ensemble* of his new Establishment so well contrived and neatly arranged, that his customers, one and all, will undoubtedly confess with pleasure their entire satisfaction therewith, and make him the happiest of *tonsors.*

WADE AND BUTCHER'S RAZORS,

☞ *Made expressly for Barbers' use.*

JUST RECEIVED, per Ship Ann Mary Ann, a few doz. of the above mentioned prime article. For sale by J. B. PERO. Oct 6

STOCKS & LINEN COLLARS,

viz: Velvet,
Bombazeen,
Satin,
Silk,
Hair Cloth, &c.,

Constantly on hand and for sale by J. B. PERO.
Oct 6 tf

FLORIDA AND LAVENDER WATER,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE, BY *the doz. or single, by* J. B. PERO.

GENTEEL BOARDING.

RESPECTABLE persons of color can be accommodated with board, in a pleasant and healthy situation, where there are no small children, by A. RAMSEY, *No.* 155, *Church-street, NEW-YORK.* Sept. 29.

EMERSON'S

GENUINE RAZOR STROPS, constantly on hand for sale per dozen or single by J. B. PERO.
Oct 6 tf

For Gentlemen who may feel desirous of having exclusive apparatus, he has provided drawers to contain their boxes, brushes, towels, essences, oils, powder, &c. &c. which articles he will always be happy to supply. 6m March 10.

A CARD.

RESPECTABLE PERSONS OF COLOR, (none else) can be accommodated at the house of PETER GARDINER, *No.* 19, *Powell-street, PHILADELPHIA.*

BOARDING HOUSE

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF GENTEEL PERSONS OF COLOR,

(*At the corner of Leonard and Church streets, NEW-YORK.*)

THE Proprietor of the above House returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their liberal patronage, during the past season, and solicits a continuance of their favors; he assures them that no pains shall be spared to render satisfaction to the most fastidious.

JOHN RICH.

New-York, March 24, 1832.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE AT QUINCY.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken a large and commodious House pleasantly situated, at the Four Corners, in Quincy, (8 miles from Boston,) for the accommodation of Travellers and such company as may favor him with their patronage. No pains will be spared to make the most liberal provisions for his visitors, and to gratify their desires.

☞ No Spirituous Liquors will be sold, but Hot Coffee and Tea may be obtained at all hours of the day.

☞ Boarders accommodated on liberal terms.

BENJAMIN R. DOWNES.

Quincy, Mass. May 5, 1832.

GENTEEL BOARDING HOUSE,

FOR COLORED TRAVELLERS AND RESIDENTS.

ROBERT WOOD

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