





...reported a friend of this Society to observe, that we are nothing but a pack of the disaffected of the true secret of the meeting. It is to be right, and to be right is to be true. The right with honest soul and single heart to do as they are touched, then and there. From a cliff to cliff leap the live thunder. ... To be concluded next week.

THE LIBERATOR. BOSTON. FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1840.

Extracts of Letters from Mr. Garrison. From a number of private letters, written by Mr. Garrison since his embarkation for England, we have copied the following extracts, presuming that they will occupy in the Liberator could be filled with nothing more gratifying to our numerous readers. We copy according to the order of the respective dates.

In the Gulf Stream, May 29. Six days at sea, yet not more than one day's sail from New-York. ... The pilot left us at about 3 o'clock, at which time I began to feel quite seasick. It was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to write a very brief notice to Bro. Johnson. Day after day, we have been sailing about from north to south, and from south to north, making scarcely any headway direct—now sailing for Charleston, S. C., and now for Havana, S. P., all at last we found ourselves in the Gulf Stream, almost entirely becalmed. We have had, however, some consolation, (not a trifling one, I trust,) that we have overtaken and distanced several vessels, and have had none to stand of us. The weather, however, has been uniformly calm, mild, delightful, with a few clouds to be seen in the horizon, the sea looking down upon us with a smile of complacency. The shoreless bills following in our wake on tireless wing, the waves heaving softly and harmoniously together, and occasionally a swarm of fish trooping gently around us. Still, here we are, and with very little prospect that we shall be in London in accordance with our hopes and expectations at the time of our departure. It is all right, and I feel nothing of impatience or disquietude in my mind at our situation and prospects; because I know that the Almighty can never do aught amiss, and that he is disposed and has the ability to govern winds, waves and ocean in the best possible manner. All my fears, anxieties, and I have thrown upon him, and left them to him, he will do as he pleases, and I will do as he wills. Not a word, but that he has done, O God—a spirit of cordial, hearty acquiescence, not of forced submission.

Capt Cropper is a Virginian, of Herculean stature, free and easy in his manners, and not at all disposed to display his authority, or to act the part of a despot. Our passengers constitute rather a motley assemblage. In the steerage, there are between forty and fifty, mostly Irish and Scotch. In the cabin, we have about thirty—American, German, Scotch, Irish, English, &c. Of Americans, there are not more than two or three, beside Grovesnor, Rogers, and myself. There are some half a dozen men, but none of them appear to be of cultivated minds. The men (with the exception of three, and one other passenger) are a very coarse, golluscous, coarse-looking, low-minded set, boisterous in their manners, coarse in their manners, and disposed to make light of every thing serious and sacred. To attempt to reason with them is like casting pearls before swine. We have had some serious conversations with them on various topics, and not altogether in vain; but they are awfully estranged from God and the spirit of his dear Son. They treat us, however, quite respectfully, and feel themselves restrained, in some extent, in our presence. The thought of being associated with them for three or four weeks longer, is by no means agreeable. If such were to be my companions throughout eternity, how miserable should I be, especially if there were any agency between my spirit and theirs! I hope we were not to have fallen into their company. O, how large a portion of mankind live like beasts, without God and without hope in the world, enemies to each other, caring for nothing but the gratification of their lusts and appetites, and dead in trespasses and sins! ... Nearly all the passengers indulge pretty freely in drinking brandy, wine, porter, &c. They banter us occasionally for our temperate habits, and we rebuke them quite as often for their tipping.

At Sea—lat. 49, 54, long. 20, 45—June 12, 1840. The farther I find myself removed from you, the more do I find myself to me. You will readily understand this paradox, without any explanation. The bodily separation of true-hearted friends but cements their souls the more closely together. The date of this letter shows you that I am not, this day, where it was my hope to have been when I left New-York—namely, at the opening of the Convention in London. We have now been twenty-one days on our passage, and shall need four or five more of good weather, to see us land at Liverpool; and it is probable, therefore, that we shall be able to take our seats in the Convention much as early, before Monday, June 29th. We have had "Jonah's luck," as to head-winds and tides, but, for the last eight days, our speed has been of a galloping character. All things are ordered wisely by Providence, and this conviction makes me very cheerful and submissive. I cannot better improve a leisure hour to-day, than by addressing a few hasty lines to you, as a token of my friendship. But I warn you that this is no place in which to generate "thoughts that breathe," or from which to enkindle "words that burn." If my brain be not sea-sick, I am sure that my heart is sick of the sea. Not that I love the ocean, but that I love my mother earth more.

We are now directly opposite to Cork, but at too great a distance from it to see it even in miniature. A fishing-boat, having on board three or four wretched-looking Irishmen and as many squallid boys, is bearing down upon us for the purpose of selling us some fresh fish. ... Not being able to keep up with the speed of our ship, we have thrown them a rope, and are thus towing them along until we can make an exchange (by means of the rope) of some corned beef and pork for some fine flounders and haddock. Both parties appear to be well pleased with their bargain. I have just excited the hot indignation of a medicinal doctor on board, (an otherwise intelligent man,) because he has made the mistake of the fingers of every haddock bore he made his memorable draught of Jesus, ever since Peter suddenly pronounced it "a fishy story"—not supposing, for one moment, that he gave credence to such a fable, for he is no Catholic. He instantly took fire at my "impediment of his veracity"—said the miracle was as duly authenticated as any other performed by the Saviour—admonished me that we were drawing near his native land, and that it behooved me to be careful how I came across his track—and with a menacing air gave me to understand, that if I were a non-resistant, he was not! All this would have been quite ludicrous, had I not been in his cups. It is proper to add, that he has excited his animosity, as well as that of others in the cabin, on various occasions, on account of my reporting the use of drink, whiskey, wine, and other intoxicating and profane language—galling &c.

A Philadelphia packet-ship (which sailed two or three days before the Columbus) is just ahead of us, and looks for all the world like a fine large dwelling-house afloat, with chimneys, windows, and other appurtenances. The illusion, at this distance, is complete, and not less curious than unique. We are fast gaining upon her, however, and shall soon alter her "questionable shape." As yet, we have distanced every competitor.

I am very much struck with the unerring precision of nautical skill and science. Here we have come some three thousand miles across a trackless ocean, and have been for three weeks out of sight of land—yet aiming, all the while, for Cape Clear, and, in the immediate approach, which we are now making, the pilot's eye before him seems visible as any on board. This closely approximates to the perfection of knowledge.

The abridgment of my liberty, and the company with which I have been compelled to associate, since the 22d ultimo, make me a more earnest advocate of immediate emancipation than ever. My day of jubilee I hope is at hand. It shall be my first object, as soon as I touch that soil which sets every captive free, to assist in liberating all who pine in slavery throughout the globe.

Monday morning, June 15. Providence is smiling upon us most benignly. Since I finished my crawl to you yesterday, every thing pertaining to sky, air and water has been the most delightful character. We are now within 120 miles of Liverpool, with a tranquil sea, and going at the rate of 8 or 10 knots an hour; so that there is scarcely a doubt that we shall be walking in the streets of Liverpool in the course of twenty-four hours. But there is a homely adage, "Do not ballow until you get out of the woods"—and another to this effect, "There is a slip between the cup and the lip," so I will not allow myself to be too sanguine on this point. Should we not be disappointed, however, we shall remain to-morrow night in Liverpool, and on Wednesday morning take the cars for London, which will soon carry us to the "capital city of mankind."

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agree with our most celebrated doctors of divinity, that slavery is a "paternal" institution, and that, if abolitionists will persist in their work of "agitation," they must not complain at any treatment they may receive. To be "cabin'd" with such associates, who neither fear God nor regard man, is certainly most unfortunate, and adds immensely to the unpleasantness of our situation. We have borne a faithful testimony against them, but it is only throwing pearls before swine.

You may easily conceive that, what with sea-sickness, and what with the uproar of these excitable "gentlemen,"—added to my growing aversion to pen, ink and paper,—I have not felt in a mood to read or write since my embarkation. The only journal I have kept has been written upon my memory, not upon paper or parchment. I remember that, day after day, we had head-winds or were becalmed; that, some times, the ocean "deeps like an unweaned child," and "spoke 'lifted up its voice on high"; that we have spoken two vessels, and seen several others; that we have seen several whales, porpoises, dolphins, &c. &c.; that we have caught and stuffed (not eaten) several of another Cary's chickens; that we have had one or two rough days, but generally very beautiful weather; that we have tilted the boy, and sent a large kite heavenward, till it looked no bigger than a paper bird, (if you can imagine the size); that, in the Gulf Stream, our thermometer stood at 80 and upwards, and on the Grand Banks at 40 and 45—and all these things, and others equally important and marvellous, I might have duly and succinctly chronicled in a journal, from day to day as they transpired, but I have chosen to give you a specimen only, and the remainder must, alas! be lost to you and the world.

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three days before the Columbus) is just ahead of us, and looks for all the world like a fine large dwelling-house afloat, with chimneys, windows, and other appurtenances. The illusion, at this distance, is complete, and not less curious than unique. We are fast gaining upon her, however, and shall soon alter her "questionable shape." As yet, we have distanced every competitor.

I am very much struck with the unerring precision of nautical skill and science. Here we have come some three thousand miles across a trackless ocean, and have been for three weeks out of sight of land—yet aiming, all the while, for Cape Clear, and, in the immediate approach, which we are now making, the pilot's eye before him seems visible as any on board. This closely approximates to the perfection of knowledge.

The abridgment of my liberty, and the company with which I have been compelled to associate, since the 22d ultimo, make me a more earnest advocate of immediate emancipation than ever. My day of jubilee I hope is at hand. It shall be my first object, as soon as I touch that soil which sets every captive free, to assist in liberating all who pine in slavery throughout the globe.

Monday morning, June 15. Providence is smiling upon us most benignly. Since I finished my crawl to you yesterday, every thing pertaining to sky, air and water has been the most delightful character. We are now within 120 miles of Liverpool, with a tranquil sea, and going at the rate of 8 or 10 knots an hour; so that there is scarcely a doubt that we shall be walking in the streets of Liverpool in the course of twenty-four hours. But there is a homely adage, "Do not ballow until you get out of the woods"—and another to this effect, "There is a slip between the cup and the lip," so I will not allow myself to be too sanguine on this point. Should we not be disappointed, however, we shall remain to-morrow night in Liverpool, and on Wednesday morning take the cars for London, which will soon carry us to the "capital city of mankind."

Wednesday morning take the cars for London, which will soon carry us to the "capital city of mankind." Last night it was very beautiful—the moon shone brightly, illuminating the sea with its joyous beams, pouring a radiant tide of light upon our gallant bark, and revealing to us in the distance the outlines of the Irish coast, and the stars looked down upon us with their angelic eyes, as if they steal away our hearts, and the waves chanted melodious music—and all went merrily as a marriage bell. Feelingly I exclaimed with the poet—

"Most glorious night! thou wast not made for slum—so I continued to pace the deck until a late hour, yawning upon many things, and now and then giving a meaning look toward the blue West, where lies the dearest home of all the homes on earth—I e the dearest to me. At midnight, I threw myself upon my bed and found (what I could not the night previous) repose and sleep. The morning has broken upon us splendidly. I begin to feel as if I were not wholly lost to mankind, and could be of some little service to somebody in this suffering world. God grant that my mission to England may not be in vain! My weakness is perfect—his wisdom unerring; my ignorance excessive—his knowledge vast and exhaustless. Aid me, O God, at this crisis! Make my tongue as the pen of a ready writer; fill my mind with great and good thoughts, give me a double portion of thy grace, and exert over me a loving mastery in all things!"

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POETRY.

Oh, the sunny summer time! Oh, the leafy summer time! Merry is the bird's life, When the year is in its prime!

NON-RESISTANCE.

Important Letter. We are under the necessity of deferring the conclusion of Bro. Wright's letter to A. A. Phelps, in order to make room for the following important document.

ON THE ADVANCE.

Anti-slavery movements are in progress in Iowa and Wisconsin. Many abolitionists have emigrated to the north-west, carrying with them the principles of the cause.

THEORY OF LEGISLATION.

Having to do with the formation of a Society, the individual, the whole of the nation, the whole of the world, the whole of the universe.

BOARDING HOUSE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE ACADEMIC YEAR commences the second of May. The Boarding House for Young Ladies is situated at Cambridge, Mass.

THEORY OF LEGISLATION.

Having to do with the formation of a Society, the individual, the whole of the nation, the whole of the world, the whole of the universe.

PEACE OF MIND.

By Dr. Haffeney, of Liverpool. Come, heavenly peace of mind, Descend into my breast.

MISCELLANY.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT. On Wednesday afternoon the 10th of June, a young man named James...

THE DUEL.

The Tuncaloosa (Ala) Monitor of the 10th inst. states:—An affair of honor took place on Monday morning last, 6th inst., in Pikes county...

BOARDING HOUSE FOR SEAMEN.

COLORED SEAMEN'S HOME. UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SEAMEN'S HOME SOCIETY.

NOTICE.

JAMES TOLMAN, of the late firm of Macomber & Tolman, has taken the store recently occupied by Winckler & Frye...

PROPOSALS.

FOR PUBLISHING A SELECTION FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE LATE DR. FOLLEN. BESIDES various articles which Dr. Follen has written...

VATTEL.

In what particular, Sir, do the principles laid down in the Declaration of Sentiments and Constitution differ from your own and those of the men who are mentioned in it?

DOCTOR PARRISH.

The late eminent Dr. Parrish of Philadelphia was affected in early life with a disease of the lungs, commonly called consumption...

CONTRACT OF SLAVES.

The Alexandria Gazette learns from Westmoreland County, Va. that there has recently been an examination of some slaves...

MINISTERS OF CHRIST BECOMING POLITICAL DEMAGOGUES.

We understand that the Rev. J. N. Meffitt, the eloquent Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Cincinnati...

GENTEEL BOARD.

FOUR ladies and several upper chambers will be ready to receive the gentlemen who wish to be accommodated on the first of April...

AGENTS OF THE LIBERATOR.

MASSACHUSETTS.—William Loring, Southwick, Freeman, Brewster, Ezekiel Thomas, George W. Adams, and Vermont:—R. F. Wallcut, Boston; George W. Adams, New York;—R. F. Wallcut, Boston; George W. Adams, New York;—R. F. Wallcut, Boston; George W. Adams, New York.