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THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

CRYSTAL PALACE, N. Y., Monday, 4 P. M., Sept. 5, 1853.

DEAR GARRISON: I entered this Palace at 9 A. M., and have wandered over it now seven hours—just enough to become personally interested. I have passed through the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, the German States, and various other countries, and am now weary, and have seated myself to rest and to write, in the centre of this world—right in the very heart of it. In the North-East, I cast my eyes, and there is the United States, with her axe, her hoe, her shovel, her plough, her ox-yoke, her reaper, her scythe, and her infinite variety of the useful. She makes a grand exhibition of the substantial and serviceable, amid this display of foreign fancy and refinement. I turn to the North-West, and there are Austria, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, and other countries. To the South-West, I see France, Belgium, and the German States. To the South-East, I see Great Britain and Ireland. It is literally true that each country is heard here, as in the days of Pentecost, speaking in its own vernacular—in a language much more truthful and natural than the nations spoke on that day. The spirit of human improvement inspires the nations that speak here. I cannot sit here under this dome, and listen to the different languages in which the nations speak, through their works, and not feel that, after all, human nature is one and indivisible.

'Who is that?' says a man to me, pointing up to an enormous statue near me, and right behind the Greek Slave. 'Who is that, holding the Constitution?' 'Daniel Webster,' said I. 'What!' said he, 'Daniel Webster, the Defender of the Constitution?' 'None other,' I said. 'It is Daniel Webster, the "Defender of the Constitution," but the marauder upon humanity. He protected the Constitution, but assaulted MAN. He saved the Union, but outraged and ruined MAN. He was one of the most unprincipled men that ever lived. Thank God! the country that he blighted by his feted and pestilential presence, is rid of him!' The man muttered between his teeth, 'This World's Fair is no place for such remarks.' The World's Fair, said I, 'is the very place where the world's criminals and humanity's foes ought to be arraigned, tried, convicted and condemned; and the best use the Palace could be put to, one day in seven, would be to throw open its doors, gratis, and ask the world to come in here and listen to an analysis of the conduct of Daniel Webster, since March 7th, 1850.' Would not I like to mount up there and stand beside that statue of Webster, and tell all this people about the slave-holder, Daniel Webster? Would I not mount the gigantic statue of Washington and his horse, and tell the world here assembled about Washington, the slaveholder, the slave-hunter and slave-breeder? I would. Would not I make a stir! Washington the slaveholder! Washington the slave-hunter! Washington the slave-breeder! For all these he was. And he knew that slaveholding, slave-hunting and slave-breeding were wrong. For him, what apology can be made? A slaveholder, leading a nation through a seven years' war for liberty, and not know it is wrong to hold and use man as a chattel! It is impossible.

Before, and close to me, is the Greek Slave, standing right between Washington and Webster—two slave-hunters! Was this by design? No; that could not have been; but it is a remarkable coincidence, as Koskuth says. Every American can but notice the fact. I walked all through the United States, and could not find a fetter, a chain, a handcuff, or a slave-whip. Slavery is abolished in the United States, as she is exhibited to the gaze of other nations! Americans are ashamed of the most prominent feature and characteristic of their country. In this Crystal Palace, where the world meets, the United States dares not flourish her whips and chains, and bloodhounds, in the face of Britain, Italy, France, Switzerland, or even of Austria and Turkey, that are right opposite to her, and watching her in the commission of national deeds of darkness and of shame. She boasts of her liberty, but she quails before the contemptuous frown of Austria and Turkey! These nations are open in their despotism. The United States perpetuates a worse despotism than they, under the name of liberty, and hunts the fugitive slave while she shouts out, 'Asylum for the oppressed of all lands! O, it is too bad! When will this Republic become truthful and honest. At present, she is the most unblushing, malicious and unscrupulous liar on the globe.

Specimens of Rum, Brandy and Wine are here on exhibition. Pity this World's Exhibition cannot be held without being used to advertise the drunkard's drink, and the cause of all the woes that follow in the track of drunkenness! I hope the day will come when such articles of death, to body and soul, will not be exhibited in such places. And it will come; only let a Whole World's Temperance Convention be held in connection with these Exhibitions, not only two days, but many days, and let women, as well as men, come forward and make their appeal to the world's great heart. Make liquor-makers and venders ashamed to come forward upon the world's stage to exhibit their deadly poisons, as the slaveholders, slave-hunters and slave-traders are now ashamed to exhibit here the implements of their satanic deeds.

Britain, the United States, France and Switzerland, have on exhibition here, Dirks, Pistols, Bowie-knives, Swords and Guns, to show their skill as human butchers. Strange that man should pride himself on his skill and ingenuity in making and wielding deadly weapons, and in slaughtering men, women and children. It cannot always be thus. The reign of violence and blood must cease; the dispensation of love and good-will must come. Men will see that love is the only power that can govern man—the only element of real omnipotence. Brute force is powerless, by whomsoever wielded, to govern men. Brute force and moral principle are eternal antagonisms. The ballot-box and cartridge-box are essential each to the other. Both are essentially and eternally antagonistic to morality and religion. Love cannot sustain or be sustained by violence.

I have heard the English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, Swedish, Welsh and Russian languages spoken in this palace to-day. O, what a loss to the world that it has no common language! It will, it must have one. Railways, steam, telegraphs, and the World's Fair will create the necessity. At this moment, he would be the world's greatest benefactor who should invent a language easy of attainment, and adapted to universal use. Nothing is so much wanted. Such a man or woman would be, in deed and in truth, the light of the world. Over the advent of such a man, all of heaven and earth might shout, 'Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, and good-will to men!'

It were idle, dear Garrison, to attempt a detailed description of the contents of this Palace. Many nations are here, but not so many as will be here in the future; for if my soul be a true prophet, as I am sure it is, in this year, these World's Fairs will, in the future, be held on a scale of which the most sanguine do not dream. This Palace actually covers about four acres, not over. Some five acres are enclosed by the railing. The Palace of London enclosed eighteen. Both are but newborn babes. The full-grown man will appear some fifty years hence, and then the world will hold a Fair of which the human family may well be proud. Perhaps, though, we may well be proud that this age brought the child into being.

At this moment, I feel very sad. I broke off at the above paragraph, and went to see if I could find any specimens of the ingenuity and industry of the Indian. I found several Indian tribes represented here; but they occupy only a little corner, a hidden nook, seen and noticed by few. Yet their handicraft is very beautiful. 'Where is the Indian?' I asked of one of the police. 'In your corner,' said he; 'I will show him to you.' He did so, and as I looked on him, as here represented,

I asked, 'Is this all? The Indian, who once strode over this continent, and called it his own—pride, fierce, daring, great in his native freedom, now, on this World's Fair, can scarce be found. His Christian (?) and civilized (?) despoilers and destroyers proudly exhibit their rums, and swords and guns with which they have swept the aborigines from the earth. Who but must drop a tear over the fortunes of the haughty, daring, and often manly and noble Indian? HUMAN BROTHERHOOD! How beautiful it sounds here! I have seen no cross and scowling looks here. This is a kind of Fashion Palace, where all nations are fused into one. At this moment, someone is playing on a fine-tuned piano near me, the sweetest of all sweet airs, 'Lilly Dale.' Who can help being happy here? Who can help feeling proud of his humanity? Nationalism and sectarianism, where are they? They dare not enter here. Would they might never be felt or known again. Here is the place to worship God, the universal Father. Why do they not open it on Sundays, and let all who worship that God come up here and bow at his altar? I believe a purer, more just and acceptable worship would be offered here, in looking at these specimens of human ingenuity and power, and in mingling human hearts—in looking at them and in talking about them, and the topics to which they would naturally lead—than ever did or will ascend from the hundreds of sectarian houses in yonder city. This, to me, is more like unto what I think the temple of the true God; and these works, the products of the souls and hands of men and women, give us higher and juster conceptions of the true God, than do the prayers and ceremonies and singings of the priests and churches. Why do they not open this Palace to the people on Sunday, for a shilling, or sixpence, and let them come here and worship the true Father of all—the God who 'hath made of one blood all nations?' It could be done; it ought to be done. Trust the masses to come here and get their spirits refreshed and enlarged by contact with universal man, and by listening to a voice preaching to them from all lands, saying, 'MY CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER!' For such seems to me the lesson taught by the World's Fair. But I must stop and go.

HENRY C. WRIGHT. P. S.—6 P. M. Still in the World's Fair and on the world's platform. You will see, by the geography, this was all written on my knee, and in haste—masses of men and women moving, chatting, laughing, snoring and pattering with their feet all around me. It is a beautiful, but somewhat wild spot; and my feeling is one of vastness and sublimity. I feel myself a member of the great human family. I cannot conceive, as I sit here, how I ever was a sectarian or a patriot; how I could ever recognize any body of human beings as the Church of God and the Government of God, except the entire family of man. I certainly feel that for me to become a member of any sect, Christian or Pagan, or to be a member of any political organization, would be a degradation. To go from a Man to a Protestant or Catholic, to a Christian (as commonly understood) or a Mohammedan, would be a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. I wish every friend I have on earth, and every enemy, could spend a whole day and evening in this Palace. Children, over eight or six years, should be brought here. I am surprised that there are no more here. Better be brought here than to sectarian Sabbath Schools and places of worship. The lesson that might be taught them here would be of more value to them, and do more rightly to develop their humanity than what could be taught them from all the Sabbath School books and theological books and creeds the world ever saw. They are about to light the Palace, and then it will be a scene of enchantment. But I shall visit this place again, and will stop now, and post this letter by a post box kept here in the Palace. H. C. W.

NO POSTPONEMENT.

Last week, just before our paper went to press, a letter was received from our friend, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, at Syracuse, stating that, in consequence of the trial of some of the alleged rescuers of Jerry, to take place at Canandaigua on the 27th of Sept. (which would attract a large number of the friends of our cause), it was deemed both expedient and necessary to postpone the Jerry Rescue celebration until further notice. We accordingly announced the postponement as a 'fixed fact.' It was, however, a mistake. Mr. May telegraphed us this effect on Friday, but we did not receive the message till Monday afternoon! Of course, it was too late to make the correction in our last number. The celebration, therefore, will come off at Syracuse, as at first announced, on the first of October. It will be seen, by the correspondence between the Committee and Gerrit Smith, that Mr. S. has promptly agreed to preside on the occasion. Read his outspoken and impressive letter on the subject.

POSTPONEMENT.

The semi-annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which was advertised to be held at Syracuse on the 20th and 30th inst., has been postponed to Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 21 and 23. The Standard, Bagle, Freeman, &c., are requested to notify their readers to this effect.

The Yellow Fever in New Orleans.—The epidemic, after having raged for about two months to an extent unparalleled in this ill-fated city, carrying disease and death into every precinct, is at length, we are gratified to announce, gradually but certainly abating. Numerous cases of a peculiarly distressing character are presented to the readers of the daily papers. The Philadelphia Register mentions, that in the associate office of the mercantile agency of William Goodrich & Co., of that city, all the clerks died successively, in a few days. The doors were locked up by the porter, a colored man, who also died the day after he had telegraphed the state of things to the principal office. But who can estimate the extent of suffering among the destitute, who have been the chief victims of the fell destroyer?

The New Orleans Crescent says: A few months ago, a merchant of this city took to his home and heart a youthful bride, and went to reside in the Fourth District. Wishing to live in privacy, he engaged only one servant—a fresh green girl from the Emerald Isle. She took the fever, and in a few days died. Another was hired, and shared the same fate. A third and fourth filled the room in the household, and followed in succession the sweeping summons of the same fell destroyer. Following the impulse of a natural dread, the merchant went to Mobile to avoid the destructive visitation of the scourge, and the next day buried his young and beautiful bride. Disgusted with a home where nought but empty chambers were left to tell the memory of the departed joys, he returned to the city to sell out his household, determined to leave a locality to him so suggestive of sorrow. He died the next day. When our informant visited the premises, there was but one living creature there. It was a solitary parrot, swinging in its lonely cage, and waiting unwitingly its deserted state of life. The New Orleans papers publish a card from three pastors of the Presbyterian Church, proposing to call Christian congregations to daily public prayer, to be held during the prevalence of the devastating epidemic.

On Trion walk, yesterday, we noticed a boy, about eleven years of age, carrying on his head a coffin, which, on inquiry, we learned contained the body of his little sister, who had died of yellow fever. He was accompanied by his elder sister, a girl of some thirteen years of age. They were slowly and sadly making their way to the cemetery.—N. O. paper.

A most terrific calamity occurred on the wharf at Wheeling, on Monday, last week. Some twenty kegs of gunpowder exploded, while being removed from a dray. The carman was instantly killed, and another man severely injured. The wharf boat was completely wrecked, and two steamers were badly damaged. Hundreds of dollars worth of windows were broken in the vicinity.

A man named Taylor, in Dubois county, Ind., last week, was assaulted in the woods by three men, who knocked him down and beat him. He ran to his feet, and pulling out a pistol, shot one of the men down. With a bowie-knife he killed the second, and wounded the other with a pistol shot while he was fleeing.

Mr. Alexander, a Kentuckian, was killed in an affray somewhere in Arkansas, last week. He had been employed to carry the mail, and was in his office in the city of Philadelphia, several years since.

Henry Alexander, a man of color, an extensive speculator, of Mayslick, Mason county, Ky., has failed for \$60,000. His assets were \$15,000.

Jane Saunders, a colored woman, died at Chappaquiddick, last week, aged one hundred years and three months. She was a native of Martha's Vineyard.

An Ohio Peach Orchard.—Mr. Davis, of Clermont county, near Milford, has sent daily to market, during the peach season, from three to four hundred bushels of peaches. He estimates the product of his orchard this year at thirty thousand bushel. His peaches are of the best quality, and sell readily at high prices.

The recent Arrest at Niagara Falls.—Patrick Reed, alias Jones, the alleged murderer of James E. Jones of Savannah, who was arrested at Niagara Falls some days since, was discharged from custody at Buffalo, by Judge Shilton, on the 8th inst., on the ground that the man was supposed to be a regular preacher of the Free Will Baptist Denomination. The writer in the Banner, who had heard her preach a full and complete discourse, speaks of her in highly eulogistic terms.—A. S. Standard.

Hon. Gerrit Smith has contributed one thousand dollars for the relief of the New Orleans sufferers. Another slave had been found secreted on board the British ship Samuel, in Hampton Roads. Mary Simondson, familiarly known as 'Aunt Polly,' who had arrived at the extreme age of one hundred and twenty-six years, and who long had her residence in a neat little cottage near Shippensburg, Pa., died suddenly last week. John Helling, a miserly wretch, has been held for bail in Boston, on a charge of causing the death of his son by neglect and cruelty. The 'old hunk' is worth \$5000, and yet he kept his son, after he was stricken down by disease, in a damp, dark, and filthy cellar, denying him the common comforts of life, not even treating him as if he were a human being. The Washington correspondent of the Tribune writes—Col. Benton is indulging an unamiable spirit towards the Administration, a gentleman called him if he often visited the White House. He replied with Bentonian emphasis, 'No, sir—no, sir, I never go to the buzzard's roost.'

THE FIFTH WORCESTER ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

Will open at SATURDAY morning, Sept. 20th, and close on TUESDAY evening, Sept. 24th.

We would earnestly invite all who have ever cooperated with us, to renewed effort in the great cause of humanity, and the liberto indifference, to a more faithful investigation of its claims. None can remain passive in this matter. Every day we are called to make our election between apparent self-interest and the slave interest—between love of the world's good opinion and hatred of oppression. So long as the great wrong continues, so long are we all helping others to forget its iniquity, to tolerate its cruelty, or helping them to feel its sin; to undo its heavy burden. Fairs are not merely available for the raising of funds, but as a means of awakening public attention, and the discussion of anti-slavery principles, they have proved most valuable and efficient. We ask, then, aid, from all who themselves love 'life, liberty and happiness,' and who would help their brothers to the same bright light. We would send our appeal throughout the country to all our faithful fellow-laborers, reminding them, that contributions of Needlework, of useful and fancy articles, will be gratefully received. The Refreshment table must depend, as formerly, upon donations, which which we hope will be various and abundant.

Sarah H. Earle, Emily Sargent, Lucy Chase, Hannah Rice, Adeline H. Howland, Eliza N. Stowell, Olive Loveland, Hannah M. Rogers, Sarah L. Batman, Abby W. Wyman, Mary Channing Higginson, Worcester; Sarah R. May, Leicester; Emma W. Wyman, Dedham; Mary E. Hodges, Barre; Francis H. Drake, Leominster; Polly D. Bradish, Upton; Catharine S. Brown, Hubbardston; Maria D. Fairbanks, Milville; Nancy B. Hill, Blackstone; Abby B. Mussey, Lancaster; Louisa F. Hall, Upton; Susan B. Everett, Elliza Howe, Princeton.

There will be speaking at the Bazaar on the last three evenings; in which it is expected that W. L. GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, ANDREW T. FOSS, and others will take part.

OBITUARY.

Died, at his residence in Little Compton, R. I., Aug. 23rd, Capt. OVEN WILSON, aged 67. Under the harsh exterior of this eccentric old seaman beat the true heart of a man, in sympathy with all progressive improvements for humanity, and glowed an honest soul, indignant at all which savored of cant and hypocrisy. By his fearless and decided rejection of the religious superstitions, and his rebuke of the irreligious conduct of church Christians, he earned the bitter hate or cold contempt of the interested, who had not the magnanimity to confess his kindness and excellence in all human relations. With shrewd good sense, and large human love, his effectiveness was yet tharred by an excess of denial over affirmative faith, and by the antiquated notion of being illuminated by direct inspiration; a fancy at which none were so ready to mock, as those whose whole creed lies on such thin fog-mocks of superstition.

In his last illness he endured, with surpassing patience, severe physical suffering, looking calmly back with a clear conscience, and hopefully forward with a perfect confidence, that borrowed no light from the Church's heaven, no shade from the Church's hell. He filled his humble sphere in life with a rough many integrity, and fronted the great ordeal of death with a serene soul, that ought to make those bigots blush who display so gloriatingly the 'death-angels' of men who guess not, as they do, the grand riddle of the future.

Died, in Milford, Mass., Sept. 12, Mr. DAVID STEARNS GORREY, aged 42. Mr. G. was of the old firm of Godfrey & Mayhew, doing business extensively in Milford and Boston. At the time of his death, he was President of the Savings Bank at Milford, and had been since its institution. Perhaps no man among us enjoyed more largely the love and confidence of his fellow-citizens here, and of his numerous friends and acquaintances elsewhere, than the deceased. He was particularly esteemed for his invariable kindness and great liberality to the poor, the unfortunate. In him the wretched slave had an old, staunch, firm friend, who had been doing, for years, all in his power, with his tongue, his pen, his purse, and especially his vote, that every vote might be broken and the oppressed go free. After suffering much from a diseased arm, he, several months since, underwent amputation. This gave him only temporary respite. The disease soon concentrated itself upon the stump. After many weeks of excruciating pain, he at last sunk gradually down, and death, long desired and prayed for by him, came to his relief. The people of Milford feel that they have lost one of their most prominent citizens, and many of us a most valuable personal friend.

G. B. STEBBINS, an Agent of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:— South Abington.....Monday eve, 6 o'clock. Sept. 19. South Scituate.....Tues. and Wedn. eve's, 20 and 21. Hanover.....Thursday.....22. Hanson.....Friday.....23. Pembroke.....Sunday.....25. West Duxbury.....Tuesday eve, 6 o'clock.....27. Duxbury.....Wednes. and Thurs. eve's, 28 & 29. Kingston.....Friday.....30. Plymouth.....Sunday.....Oct. 2. South Hanson.....Mon. and Tues. eve's, Oct. 3 and 4. Joppa.....Thursday.....6. East Hingham.....Friday.....7. Abington.....Sunday.....9.

N. B. The Sunday meetings will be meetings of the County Society. In behalf of the Society, LEWIS FORD. ANDREW T. FOSS, an Agent of the Worcester County (South Division) Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:— Westboro.....Friday eve, 6 o'clock.....Sept. 16. Hopkinton, Hayden Row.....Sunday.....18. Town Hall.....Monday eve, 6 o'clock.....19. Southboro.....Tuesday.....20. Worcester (at A. S. Fair).....Friday.....23. Millbury.....Sunday.....25. Uxbridge.....Monday eve, 6 o'clock.....26. Mendon.....Tuesday.....27.

LECTURES.—The Tenth Course of Lectures before the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society, will be delivered, upon successive Sunday evenings, at Lyceum Hall, commencing October 24. Particulars in a future notice. E. J. KENNY, Rec. Sec'y.

NOTICE.—A quarterly meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Haverhill, on Saturday evening, and on Sunday, day and evening, September 24 and 25, agreeably to adjournment. JOSEPH MERRILL, Sec'y.

N. E. FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The Sixth Annual Term will commence November 23d, and continue four months. Professors: Wm. M. Cornell, M. D., Physiology, Hygiene, and the Elements of Chemistry; Enoch C. Rollins, M. D., Chemistry; Stephen Tracy, M. D., Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children; John P. Litchfield, M. D., Principles and Practice of Medicine; John K. Palmer, M. D., Materia Medica and General Therapeutics; Henry M. Cobb, M. D., Anatomy and Surgery. Fee to each Professor, \$10; Graduation Fee, \$20. SAMUEL O'BROGARY, Secretary, 15 Cornhill, Boston.

WRITINGS OF W. L. GARRISON. SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON—\$16 pages, duodecimo. Price—in cloth, \$1.00; extra gilt, \$1.25. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill.

PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN. JUST published, and for sale by ROBERT F. WALLACE, 21 Cornhill, 'A Saxon of run Pennan Prose of WOMAN,' preached at the Music Hall, March 27, 1853. BY TROUBLE PARSONS, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society. Photographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrington and Rufus Leighton. Price 6 cents single—50 cents per dozen.

interrupted the speaker. When quiet had been restored, he continued: I protest against this illegal and unjust proceeding. [Renewed interruption from the opposition, and applause from the majority.] Mr. President, I protest, and if my protest is not heard here, it shall be made known in The Tribune and Herald of tomorrow morning. I hope the reporters will do me justice.

Mr. Barstow, of Providence, said Mr. Phillips could make his protest in The Liberator! [Hisses.] Mr. Carey—A credible observation from an ex-Mayor. [Cheers.] Rev. Mr. Wolcott repeated his earnest protest against the business of the Convention being proceeded with. [Loud applause.] Mr. Blackmer, amid the greatest confusion, read the following: Resolved, That one hour of each morning session of this Convention be devoted to hearing of reports from each State and Territory and Country here represented, giving information as to the actual condition and prospects of the Temperance cause in those places.

