

THE LIBERATOR

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THE LIBERATOR.

We are told not to meddle with vested rights; I have a sacred feeling about vested rights; but when vested rights become vested wrongs, I am less scrupulous about them. Rev. Mr. Burnist of England.

A friend has put into our hand a number of the Boston Yankee for May 27, 1819, containing the following views of slavery from the pen of a citizen of Norfolk county. At his request we republish the entire essay, though a portion of it relates to the celebrated Missouri contest, and is therefore out of date. The sentiments are in union with our own, excepting those which refer to the expediency of African colonization.

SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the Yankee. Sir—During the late session of Congress, a bill was brought forward for admitting a part of the Missouri Territory into the federal union, as an independent state. An amendment was proposed to it, designed to prevent the perpetuity of slavery, which, after much opposition, was carried by a majority of two votes. By this amendment, no more slaves were to be carried into that State, and the children of those already there, were to be free at the age of twenty-five years.

This decision of the House led me to hope we were about to see a stop put to the march of slavery; or that, at least, it would never be permitted to extend any farther to the west or north. Knowing that a large majority of the citizens of twelve, out of the twenty-one states which compose our republic, are opposed to slavery, and that very many of the most respectable inhabitants of the other nine states regret its existence, I was not prepared to see so noble an effort resisted by our Senate. But so it was: The bill was by them referred to a committee, with instructions to expunge the prohibitory clause; and this having been done, it was sent back to the House for concurrence. But the House persisted, by the same majority, in refusing to pass the bill without those restrictions on slavery, and it consequently fell through.

In looking over the list of yeas and nays in the House, I was surprised to find, notwithstanding such success in the negative respecting this amendment, such as Mr. Mason of Boston, and Mr. Holmes of Maine. I also learn that the Hon. Mr. Otis, of the Senate, was on the same side.

Whatever may have been the motives of these gentlemen, I cannot believe that, in voting thus, they have represented the sentiments of their constituents. If they have, those sentiments are not the same they once were, and a new crisis is at hand. Neither did this vote accord with the principles of our founders, and of those who achieved our independence. I read in a paper, a few days since, an extract from the minutes of the Selectmen of Boston, in 1721, containing instructions to their delegates in General Court, to use their influence in favor of the abrogation of negro slavery. This shows what Bostonians once were.

The fathers of our republic assembled in Congress about two months before the formation of the federal constitution, passed "an ordinance for the government of the territory northwest of the river Ohio; the first article of which provides that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." This ordinance is expressive of the sentiments of our first love to liberty and the rights of man. Indeed, with what face could a people who had made such an appeal to the world as was contained in the Declaration of Independence, do otherwise? How could they, and of those who achieved seven years on the principle, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;—how could such a people be in favor of holding their fellow men in slavery for life, and of extending this practice throughout their country? It was not so; and the names of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington bear witness, that among slaveholders themselves, it was considered inconsistent with the laws of God and the rights of man. The federal constitution was formed in the spirit of concession and compromise; and though it tolerated slavery, it also bears evidence that its frames looked forward to a time when the slave trade should cease. Had they realized that involuntary servitude was to be perpetuated, and extended to new states, till the greater part of our country was to be disgraced with this evil, would they have said

what they did respecting the year, eighteen hundred and eight?

Although we in New-England generally profess to be opposed to the principle of slavery, but few are aware of the impolicy of it. But few know the evil effects it produces on the characters, habits and happiness of those who live within its immediate influence. It is, however, considered by some of the first men in our nation, as the greatest curse on our country. Where it exists, property becomes very unequally distributed; arrogance and aspiration are engendered among the rich; ignorance and idleness among the poor. The constant increase of mulattoes, and the rapid approximation in color of these towards ourselves, tend to do away the original distinction between Freeman and Slave; and to substitute, as the characteristic of the latter, that which supports the whole family of man. Without labor, who would have bread? and yet to labor or work is among slaveholders too frequently considered disgraceful! The intercourse between white men and female slaves has become so frequent, as to be rather a subject of glorying than of shame.

Thousands of negro and mulatto females annually become mothers to children by white men! And as every mixed blooded being are becoming whiter in this generation, it becomes necessary to impose restrictions on their privileges, to keep them under. In some of the southern states, it is not lawful to trade with a slave, without his permit from his master. In Savannah, it is contrary to law to teach a colored person to write or read. It is not considered safe to permit them to meet together in peace, or to be a subject of religious worship. And all this is necessary to keep them under.

Shall we extend a practice so fraught with mischief to our new western states? Must they, in order to be admitted into the union upon a footing with the original states, be allowed the privilege of holding their sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, in servitude for life? If we do not stop the progress of this business now, when and where will it end? Will not a majority of the free and independent states of our republic soon become slave states? Do we not anticipate the day when the west shall rule her eastern sisters? And if slavery is permitted to proceed, will not the desires of those be gratified, who say that slavery ought not to be excluded from either of the states?

It has been urged in defence of southern slavery, that it was engined on the people, and that having been so accustomed to the assistance of negroes, they cannot in their warm climate dispense with it. Is it therefore necessary to entail this evil upon the people of Missouri? Is not their a country as far as to the labor of white people, in proportion to its necessity, as ours in New-England? Would they not be more enterprising, more healthy, more virtuous—nay, would they not ultimately be more wealthy without slaves than with them?

Look at New-York, at Pennsylvania: Are not the inhabitants of these as well informed, as wealthy, as happy, as any of their slaveholding brethren? Do not they raise enormous quantities of produce for exportation, without the assistance of any unwilling servants? Look at Ohio and Indiana: Do not these people who have made more rapid progress in every art that adorns and blesses human life; and yet all this by the labor of freemen. Could not Missouri, could not all the western country do the same? Shall that garden of America, shall those luxuriant plains become to us what the mines of Mexico and Peru have to Spain?

Is it consistent in us to enact laws to prevent the importation of slaves, and then to tempt the unprincipled to the violation of those laws? And is not this the very effect of extending slavery to new states? Does it not increase the demand for them; and will it not also increase the labor and sufferings of those left in the old slave states? Does it not greatly encourage the increase of mulattoes? If citizens of slaveholding states wish to extend to the western country, cannot they dispose of their slaves where they have been born? And would not their being compelled thus to do, prevent much suffering, now annually occasioned by the separation of husbands and wives, parents and children?

Does not the removal of these people into distant and sterile parts of our country, and to perpetuate their residence among us; and to render less practicable the plans of those who are desirous of restoring them to Africa? Is it consistent in us to boast of being the most enlightened and virtuous nation on the globe, and to invite our sister nations to follow our republican example, and yet to perpetuate and extend so unchristian, inhuman, and anti-republican a practice as this is? Finally, is it not as certain that injustice and oppression will ultimately bring down the judgment of Heaven on nations as on individuals? And can any good man avoid, in view of this evil, trembling for our country when he reflects that 'GOD IS JUST'?

It is confidently believed that the political prosperity of the United States will be greatly promoted by putting a stop to the march of slavery; and that by restoring the colored people to Africa, we shall not only confer a blessing on them, and the native tribes of that continent, but shall open the way for a great and profitable commerce in its rich and useful products. As a season for investigation and reflection is now enjoyed by these gentlemen who have been honored with an election to the next Congress, it is ardently wished that they would give this subject their attention, and prepare themselves to decide one of the most important questions which can come before them, in a manner which shall promote the happiness and glory of their country.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

Sir—I have been much pleased with some of your papers. I have been particularly gratified by the communications in your last number from persons of color. If there be many of their complexion who can and will write so well, it will not require long for them to obtain all their rights as American citizens.

I am not, however, going to praise your paper, but to suggest what it has occurred to me, would be an improvement in it, if consistent with your plan. I think it would be well for you to have a particular department in your paper, to be entitled 'Slavery Record,' or something of the kind, in which you should give all the occurrences showing the evils of slavery which come to your knowledge, such as murders of blacks by whites, and of whites by blacks, cruelties inflicted on blacks, insurrections and plots of slaves, separations of families in sales, cases of the internal slave trade, kidnappings of free blacks, and any others which show the enormous consequences of the present system. At the end of the year, you might make a table of all the information obtained, under the general name of 'Evils of Slavery,' with different columns, headed 'Murders of Blacks,' 'Murders of Whites,' 'Insurrections and Plots,' 'Vessels engaged in the Slave Trade,' 'Free Blacks Kidnapped,' 'Cruelties Perpetrated,' &c. giving the numbers under each head, and showing the State to which they are referred. A table of this kind would lead to valuable conclusions as to the nature and amount of suffering occasioned by slavery, and probably also as to the effect of the different laws in different States. I think it probable that it would appear that the evils were least in the States where emancipation is the least restricted, and the laws are most favorable to the slaves. The arguments which such a table would afford for the abolition of Slavery, would, I think, be unanswerable.

Fried Lundy in the Genius of Universal Emancipation publishes a 'Black List,' which is very much like what I propose. If it was known that you kept a corner of your paper for intelligence of the character suggested, a good deal of information would probably be sent you from individuals, which does not now find its way into the public papers, and which the interests of humanity demand should be made known. If all the horrors of the abolition which now overwhelm the southern section of our country, could be once depicted in their true colors, the whole system would be soon overthrown by the irresistible influence of public opinion.

A. L.

[We are obliged to 'A. L.' for his suggestion.—There will doubtless be no lack of atrocities to fill the proposed department.]—Ed.

LIBERTY.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

Sir—If you should think the following worthy of a place in the Liberator, by inserting it you will oblige a colored subscriber and friend.

—LIBERTY! What a delightful sound! The very breathing of the name creates a feeling of joy and happiness. Who is he that would not cry out with that statesman who exclaimed, 'Give me liberty, or give me death?' Such was the sentiment of one who aided in rousing his countrymen to that glorious struggle which freed them from oppression. They were then able to proclaim to the world, Liberty. But, alas! this land, upon which Heaven smiled, and from which the yoke of British servitude was cast off, has required the goodness of Him who created all men free and equal, by fastening the odious bonds of slavery on a poor, defenceless race of human beings.

O Columbia! for shame! Henceforth let thy proud banner be furled! let it no more wave in the pure air of heaven! let its emblems of peace, justice, and liberty, be forever effaced! for too long hast thou offended in the sight of God and man—too long hast thou caused Africa's sons to mourn: O, insensible people of the United States! think ye that that merciful God, who has declared 'Ye shall be as one people,' will not hear the cries of Ethiopia's bleeding sons? that He will not avenge their wrongs? that He will not punish their oppressors? O! be assured that 'God is just, and that his justice will not sleep forever.'

Philadelphia, Jan. 20, 1831.

[We suppose some of our white folks will state to find that a colored man can comprehend the meaning of the term liberty; but we shall be able, by and by, to put their skepticism to the blush.]

WALKER'S APPEAL.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

Sir—I have received and read with great satisfaction the first two numbers of the Liberator, with the exception of the notice you have taken of Walker's Appeal, which production I have ever been opposed to (1)—opposed to, in the first place, not because he is a man of color, but because I do not believe that he wrote it; for the matter brought forward in said pamphlet is the result of more reading than could have fallen to the lot of that man, and, at the same time, have left him so vulgar as he has been represented to me. (2) Besides, sir, he could never have read all the authors quoted in his book, and seen of what true greatness consisted, and then bestowed such unbounded praise upon one whose name the political, the moral, and the religious world will be found equally indifferent about handing to those who may come after me (3)—To say nothing of the excellent criticisms upon the speeches of the most talented men of the age—all of which discover to us a greater degree of education than we have any reason to believe that he possessed.

I am aware, sir, that I differ very widely from many of those with whom I stand intimately connected; for some of them are so inflated as to believe it an inspired work. Such inspiration is passing strange with me.

We are forbidden, by high authority, to do evil that good may come. Why then, can this first brand so injudiciously among the stable? Behold its injurious effects! In many of the southern states, the free people of color enjoyed some privileges and good situations, which not only afforded them the means of support but also of education—so that the rusty mind was daily becoming bright, and its brilliancy bearing forth to the destruction of prejudice. These privileges are now taken away: I am opposed to the pamphlet, therefore, in the second place, because I believe it to be at the bottom of the recent enactments of severe laws in the southern states, such as are too notorious to be mentioned.

There is no man among us, who is more sensible of his political degradation than I am; but, at the same time, I am unwilling to resort to any dishonorable means of deliverance—such as Walker points out.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21, 1831.

(1) We know not wherein we differ from 'Lico' in his view of the pamphlet. We have repeatedly expressed our disapprobation of its general spirit. It contains, however, many valuable truths and seasonable warnings.

(2) We are surprised at this incredulity. Mr Walker was personally unknown to us; but we are assured, by those who intimately knew him, that his Appeal was an exact transcript of his daily conversations; that, within the last four years, he was hurtfully indefatigable in his studies; that he was not 'vulgar,' either in manners or language; and that he was a blameless professor of religion. (The historical facts which he has collected were too familiar to have required extraordinary research. Besides, the internal evidence of the pamphlet clearly substantiates its authorship.)

(3) We cannot find that there is any other individual extolled than the venerable and worthy bishop, or Richard Allen of Philadelphia. Surely our correspondent cannot mean to deny him the tribute of merit, which Mr Walker has bestowed?

For the Liberator.

THE SLAVE.

He once knew a home with his sunburnt plowman, His friends smiled around him, his prospects were bright; How changed is his lot!—that home now deserted, The Christians have brought him, to dwell on their shore; His own little cottage with palm-trees was shrouded, That cot shall afford him its shelter, no more.

Oh, why did he quit all those friends who were nearest! Could Fame call him forth o'er the far distant wave? O! no! he was borne from his bed of distress, To the land of the Free, and the house of the Lord; He loaded with chains by the hands of the oppressor, He groves are forsaken, his track was unsteady, For—'said I, of the Free, and the house of the Lord, Oh, why did he quit all those friends who were nearest!

AN UNJUST LAW.

We invite the attention of members of the Legislature to the following communication, which contains some suggestions appertaining to the 'good name and fame' of our Commonwealth. And here we would venture to hint for their further consideration, that the highest species of legislation is that which relates to the happiness and freedom of man, and not to the inspection of pickled fish or the preservation of alewives. How long shall our statute book be disgraced by an enactment which usurps one of the dearest rights belonging to freemen?—Blot it out!

To the Editor of the Liberator.

Sir—I rejoice to find that, in some of your papers, you notice the law declaring the marriage of a white with a Negro, Indian, or Mulatto, to be void. The law appears to me to be wrong in principle, and ineffectual in practice.*

It is wrong in principle, because it imposes a severe and tremendous penalty upon an act in itself innocent. A marriage in fact between a white and a colored person is declared void—that is, their intercourse is illegal, they become amenable to the criminal laws of the State, and their children are illegitimate. The right of every individual to consult his own taste and feelings in matrimony ought to be sacred. The very first article of the Constitution of this State, paraphrasing a passage in the Declaration of Independence, declares, that 'all men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and unalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness.' Unless, say that Indians, negroes, and mulattoes, are not men, and therefore are not born free and equal, and have not the right of seeking and obtaining happiness, the law in question violates one of the fundamental principles of our Constitution. Our courts have decided that by virtue of this provision, every slave in the Commonwealth was free. If the Constitution is to be construed now in the same honest and fearless manner that it was by our fathers, would not this law be pronounced unconstitutional by our courts, as infringing on the right of every individual to seek happiness?

But the law has no effect whatever in preventing marriages between blacks and whites. If a white person and a black person are disposed to marry one another, the marriage will take place. If they go into another State where such marriages are lawful, and have the ceremony performed there, they can immediately afterwards return into Massachusetts, and the marriage continues legal here. If they are in fact married here, the marriage is void, and the children illegitimate. But in one way or the other, the connexion will take place. Since this is the case, is it not better to make the marriage here legal, than to put the parties to the expense of going to another State, or to make their issue illegitimate? The innocent children are made the victims of this legislation.

It is not necessary for me to point out the causes which render the marriages of blacks with whites infrequent, or to enquire whether they are just or not. I believe this law is not one of these causes. I would not recommend the whites to marry blacks, or the blacks to marry whites; and still less should I recommend persons who are well-informed, polished and virtuous, to marry those who are rude, ignorant and degraded, whatever may be their complexion. I would not legislate in either case. I would not make it penal for the virtuous to marry the vicious; the well educated, the uneducated; or the white, the black. It is better, in each case, for individuals to choose their spouses for themselves. If they choose indiscreetly, they will be sufficiently punished without any penal laws.

I object, however, to the law in question, not so much on account of its direct effects, as because it is the expression of an unmanly and unchristian prejudice against persons of color—a prejudice which has done more than any other cause to create and perpetuate in its victims the vileness and degradation which it imputes to them.

I was mortified beyond expression, a short time since, in reading a legal article in a southern periodical which appealed triumphantly to this law, as a proof that even in Massachusetts the blacks were a proscribed and degraded caste. I felt it disgraceful to my native State, that the advocates of slavery should find in her statute book arguments in support of oppression.

*The following is the section of the law above referred to:

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, That no person by this Act authorized to marry, shall join in marriage any white person with any Negro, Indian or Mulatto, on penalty of the sum of Fifty Dollars, two third parts thereof to the use of the county wherein such shall be committed, and the residue to the person to be recovered by the Treasurer of the same county, in manner as aforesaid; and all such marriages shall be absolutely null and void.

EDITORS.

There is not a body of men in our country who need to be watched with such untiring vigilance, as the conductors of the press; none who are so capable of corrupting public sentiment, or retarding the progress of truth, or rivetting the fetters of slavery. A great hue and cry is made about the dangers of priestcraft; but, in our opinion, a time-serving, unprincipled and heartless combination of editors is, of all others, most to be deprecated.

We extract the following paragraphs from papers printed in New-England—the first, as a specimen of editorial humanity—the second, as illustrative of the same trait, with a larger share of sagacity. One terms our abhorrence of negro oppression a 'mawkish sentimentality, which weeps over IMAGINARY suffering'!! The other—the 'COMMON REPUBLICAN'—says, 'if the abolition of slavery could be effected with safety, and the colored population sent back to Africa; he should be in favor of the measure; but as he thinks it cannot be done, ergo, it is proper the slaves should remain in interminable bondage. What a thorough-going republican the editor must be! Such sentiments, emanating from the south, would excite no surprise; but being those of New-England men, they fill us with disgust and astonishment.'

Mr Garrison can do no good, either to the cause of humanity or to the slaves, by his violent and intemperate attacks on the slaveholders of the south. That mawkish sentimentality which weeps over imaginary suffering, is proper to be indulged by boarding school misses and antiquated spinsters; but men, grown up men, ought to be ashamed of it. Every body considers slavery as an evil, as a dark stain upon our national escutcheon—even the planters themselves are conscious of this, and would willingly dispense with their slaves if it was practicable; but it is injudicious and useless for us at the north to meddle with the subject; and we are sorry that a man who seems rational and sensible on all other matters, should have suffered himself to take a course that is calculated to exasperate our Southern brethren without benefitting any body.

Middletown Gazette.

'We should be in favor of the abolition of slavery, if its abolishment could be effected with safety, and the colored population sent back to Africa; but merely to have them obtain freedom and let loose upon society, would be the greatest curse that could befall them or community. The people of Boston are aware of the consequences of having a free black population among them, and would, without doubt, contribute largely for their transportation. The subject looks fair in prospect, yet we doubt of its success, upon any plan hitherto presented to the public.'—Essex Chron. & County Republican.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

In the proceedings of the Rhode-Island Legislature, now in session, there is the following item:

'Petitions of colored people of Providence owning real estate, to be exempted from taxation or permitted to exercise suffrage and enjoy advantage of free schools, was read and referred to the Judiciary Committee.'

We are glad to perceive that our free colored population begin to understand their rights, and to petition for a redress of grievances. To deprive them of the elective franchise is an act of oppression, which is greatly aggravated by the taxation of their property. We trust the Legislature will listen to their petitions, and thus not only redress the character of the State, but furnish an example worthy to be followed by every member of the Union.

THE RIGHT LANGUAGE.

The editor of the Boston Telegraph, in copying the letter of our Philadelphia correspondent, published in our last number, appends to it the following sensible commentary:

'The editor assures us, it was written by a colored gentleman, resident of Philadelphia. This being the fact, it is plain, because a man has a dark skin, it does not follow he has no brains; or that when opportunity offers, they cannot be used to good purpose. The communication, in our view, is well written, breathes a true spirit, and is calculated to convince any honest mind, that to remove the colored population of the United States is not the best course to be pursued. This is, in fact, their home, as much as any country; they have as good right to breathe the republican air of America, as any of the white population; and, no doubt, the breeze of liberty, when snuffed by them, is as sweet and refreshing, as it can be to us.'

Proposals have been issued for a weekly periodical, to be published alternately at Philadelphia and New-York, and conducted by Marcus T. C. Gould & Isaac Hopper, distinguished members of the Society of Friends. The editors say, 'the wrongs of Africa, and the best means of mitigating the evils of slavery, will frequently claim our attention.' We wish them the most ample success. There are now but two periodicals expressly devoted to the abolition of slavery—the Genius of Universal Emancipation and the Liberator. The cause demands a hundred presses.

The Editor of the Portland Mirror has sent to the American Colonization Society the sum of \$471.89, received during the last year in Maine. Total in two years, \$916.95. It would be better to apply this money to the elevation of the colored population of that State; but we suppose it would be difficult to obtain a donation for that purpose.

THE SLAVE GIRL'S ADDRESS TO HER MOTHER.

Oh! mother, weep not, though our lot be hard, And we are helpless—God will be our guard: For He our heavenly guardian doth not sleep; He watches o'er us—mother, do not weep.

And grieve not for that dear loved home no more; Our sufferings and our wrongs, ah! why deplore? For though we feel the stern oppressor's rod, Yet he must yield, as well as we, to God.

Torn from our home, our kindred and our friends, And in a stranger's land our days to end, No heart feels for the poor, the bleeding slave; No arm is stretched to rescue, and to save.

Oh! ye who boast of Freedom's sacred claims, Do ye not blush to see our galling chains; To hear that sounding word—'that all are free'— When thousands groan in hopeless slavery?

Upon your land it is a cruel stain— Freedom, what art thou?—nothing but a name. No more, no more! Oh God, this cannot be; Thou to thy children's aid wilt surely flee: In thine own time deliverance thou wilt give, And bid us rise from slavery, and live.

Philadelphia.

ANA.

WALKER'S PAMPHLET.

From what we can learn of this incendiary and sanguinary production, we deprecate its circulation, and cheerfully accord with those who are taking measures to suppress it. But we do not believe it contains all the deep denunciations which has been attributed to it: it seems, however, that in its daring march through the south, it makes stout hearts quail, and even Governors tremble. Slavery is certainly a pestilence walking in darkness; but when the advocates of its ultimate extermination urge the probability of future insurrection from the multiplication of the evil, they are scouted at as fools, and cursed as cowards. When the northern states generously offer their funds to assist in removing or mitigating this evil, our Governors magnanimously try to attempt to avert the alarm; and that they want neither their sympathy nor assistance. But when an old negro from Boston writes a book and sends it amongst us, the whole country is thrown into commotion. If Perkins' steam-gun had been charged with rattle-snakes, and shot into the midst of a flock of wild pigeons, the fluttering could not have been greater than has been recently felt or exhibited in the eastern part of this state by the judgment of a few copies of this pernicious production; even Governor Owen saved the alarm; and for aught we know, was on the point of calling out the whole militia of the state to make mortal battle upon—an old pamphlet. Governor Giles, of Virginia, was first panic struck with this momentous subject; the doors of the Legislature were closed for the purpose of trying this pamphlet for life; sentence of death was passed; but, before the day of execution arrived, it made its escape to Georgia; and not daring to stop there for fear of being overtaken,—as if delighted in the company of gentlemen, its first attempt was to scrape the alarm and, for aught we know, who had the politeness to favor it with an introduction to the gentlemen of the Legislature; its treatment, however, was not very flattering; it was likely to fare little if any better than in Virginia: it was now visited us, and God knows what will be the upshot. But while we are amused with this misplaced alarm of Governors and Statesmen, let us not overlook the burning volcano that lies but partially concealed beneath, the ultimate explosions of which cannot be prevented by adding to the cause which produced it. If the Legislatures of the southern states wish to guard effectually against insurrection, they cannot do so by abridging the already limited privileges of the slave. They will of course be successful for a while, but they will only be drawing tighter that cord of oppression which will ultimately burst asunder, and leave a people disenthralled: their misguided efforts will only serve to bend that bow which will hurl the arrows of destruction through our country. Let them take warning from the annals of the past, and learn wisdom from the downfall of kingdoms. Human beings were never made to submit to absolute and unconditional despotism: they never have done it, they never will do it.—Greensborough (N. C.) Patriot.

A PREMIUM FOR RICE.

The sum of TEN DOLLARS will be given, as a premium, over and above the market price, for Five Casks of Fresh Rice, of a good quality, raised by Free labor, and delivered in Philadelphia, to CHARLES PEIRCE, before the 1st of June next.

The gentleman, above named, is well known as a very respectable Grocer, in Philadelphia, who has, for several years past, made it a particular business to send articles of his line that are exclusively the production of Free labor.—Genius of Universal Emancipation.

Late English papers state, that at no former period were the tables of Parliament so loaded with petitions, as they now are, from various parts of the kingdom, for the abolition of slavery in the colonies. This has been found an efficacious mode of proceeding, at other times, and they are resolved to give it full latitude now.—Id.

In Cincinnati, a quantity of fine white sugar has been received from the Colony at Liberia; it is superior to the best white Havana, and afforded at the same price.

The favors of our correspondents exclude our regular essays upon slavery; but our resources are only exhausted, not lost.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—NO. II.

THE ECLIPSE.

'I hope the 12th of February will be a fine day,' said George.

'Why do you care for that day more than any other day?' said Lucy; 'it is not any body's birth day, is it?'

'No body's that I know of,' said George, 'unless we call it the moon's birth day, for it will be a new moon.'

'Oh I know now what you are thinking of,' said Lucy, 'the eclipse of the sun—Oh yes, what a disappointment it will be if it is cloudy.'

'What is the eclipse of the sun?' said Helen; 'tell me about it.'

George. On the 12th of February, a little before 12 o'clock, if we look at the sun, it will seem as if a very little piece was gone from one edge of it. A larger and larger piece will disappear, and it will look as if some round dark thing were sliding very slowly over the sun, and hiding it from us; till at last the whole sun has disappeared, and only a little piece is left bright, which will be of the same shape as a new moon. Then this bright piece will grow bigger and bigger as the dark thing slides on, till the whole sun comes out bright again. All this will take up nearly three hours.

Helen. What is going to make the sun look so? Lucy. I know. It is the moon, getting between us and the sun that will hide him from us, and this is called the sun's being eclipsed. But, George, how soon shall we see the moon?

G. Not at first, father says, because the sun is so bright; but after it has got some way over, we shall perceive that there is something dark there. Father says we must get some pieces of glass, and smoke them over a lamp, and look at the sun through them, and then we shall be able to see the whole eclipse from the beginning to the end; but we cannot see the sun well, without something to take the brightness off. It will hurt our eyes, too, to look at the sun without the smoked glass, so much as we shall want to. But I am afraid little Helen don't understand how it is the sun is to be eclipsed.

H. Not very well.

G. I have thought of a way that perhaps will make you understand. Mother, will you let us have two plates: we will take care not to break them. A white and a blue one I should like best. Now I shall stand the white one on its edge, very carefully upon the table, and leaning against the wall. Lucy and Helen, do you stand on the other side of the room, opposite the plate, and so that your eyes come just the same height as the plate. Stoop a little, Lucy. Now I stand the blue plate on its edge facing the same way, and pass it very slowly over the table in front of the other. The white one is by little and little covered up by the blue one, so that you do not see it; then as I move the blue plate on, you begin to see the other side of the white plate, and see more and more of it till it is all uncovered. And that is the way the moon will pass over the sun and prevent our seeing it.

L. But the moon and the sun are not flat circles like plates; they are round like a ball or orange, the same as this world is.

H. Are they? They look flat.

G. They look flat because they are so far from us, but they are really globes or balls, as Lucy says. Any ball a great way off would look like a flat circle. And it is their being such a very great way off that makes them look so small too, for they are really immense worlds.

H. Immense worlds! They do not look bigger than those plates.

G. You know when we were on the top of the State House and looked down upon the common, all the men we saw there looked as small as little boys; that was because they were so far from us. Now the sun and the moon are many, many thousands of miles farther from us than those men were.

L. I wonder how people know how far off the sun and moon are.

G. Oh I do not understand about that. Learned men, who have studied a great deal, find out a great many wonderful things by thinking and thinking, and making observations and calculations.

H. I have found out something, by thinking. I think the moon must be nearer to us than the sun, because you say it comes between us and the sun.

'So it is,' said George, kissing her, 'and I am glad you found it out yourself.'

H. But the moon does not look any nearer than the sun.

G. No, it does not; but the day of the eclipse we shall see that it passes between us and the sun; unless there should be clouds between us and the sun and moon, to prevent our seeing them.

L. Tell me how it is the earth and the moon move, so that the moon gets between us and the sun. I learned about it once, but have forgotten.

'Does the earth move?' said Helen, in great astonishment.

G. Yes, this great world which is twenty-five thousand miles round, is all the time moving very

st. Now, Lucy I will try to show you how the earth and moon move. Come, Helen, stand in the middle of the room to represent the sun, Lucy shall be the earth, and I will be the moon.

H. I am to make believe be the sun; what must I do?

G. Only stand still. Lucy, you must walk round Helen, as the earth moves round the sun.

L. Yes I know about that, and the line I walk in is my orbit.

G. And I being the moon, must walk round you, as the real moon moves round the earth. Now begin, Lucy, and I must begin too, for the moon does not stand still while the earth moves. Make your orbit as large as you well can, and yet leave room for me. Go very slowly, or else I shall not be able to do my part.

L. You have to walk faster than I do, because you have so many ins and outs to make, going round me, so I suppose the moon must move faster than the earth.

G. Yes, I think it must; but I think there cannot be so much difference between their motions as between yours and mine.

L. I see one thing; that the moon as well as the earth goes round the sun.

G. Certainly, the moon could not keep going round and round the earth as it does, without also going with the earth round the sun.

L. Now we have been quite round Helen once, and got back to the place where we set out. The earth and the moon have finished one revolution.

G. I have made one revolution round Helen the sun, but several round Lucy the earth.

L. How many?

G. I have been round you six times, but to represent the moon properly I ought to have gone round you about 13 times; for the moon goes about 13 times round the earth, while they are both going round the sun. But I found it difficult to do so. Now let us go again, so as to observe about the eclipses. Mind, Lucy, when in going round you I get exactly between you and Helen.

'Now,' said Lucy, stopping.

'Now,' said George, 'Helen or the sun is eclipsed.'

L. So she is, for I cannot see her, because you are right between us. And is this really the way that the moon in moving round the earth comes between the earth and sun, and covers up the sun?

G. Very much so, although Helen and you and I are not much like the sun, earth, and moon. Is it not wonderful to think of such a great world as this travelling with such immense rapidity as a thousand miles in a minute?

L. Oh! that is faster than I know how to think of.

G. And so regularly that both the earth and moon always get round in just such a time. You must take care, Lucy, not to think that you understand exactly how the earth and moon move, by what we have been doing, for their motions are in several respects different. One difference is, that the moon never has to turn back in going round the earth, as I had to in going round you. But I cannot explain this to you now.

L. I think, George, you ought to be the sun, and Helen the moon, because you know the sun is a great deal larger than the earth, and the moon is smaller than the earth. Now suppose you are the sun, and Helen the moon. Helen is between you and me, but she is too small to hide you from me. I can still see you; so how can the moon, which is a great deal smaller than the sun, cover it up and prevent our seeing it?

G. Because the moon is so much nearer to us than the sun is. Hold this book at some distance from your eyes, and see how easily you can cover up that house with it, which you see out of the window.

L. Though the house is so much bigger.

G. Get a small plate, Lucy, and stand here by the table, and hold it so that it will just hide the large one from you.

L. It does now exactly.

G. Keep just where you are, and look while I move the small plate nearer to the large one.

L. Now I begin to see the edges of the large one. I see all the outside of it except where your hand comes in the way.

G. That is just the way that the people in Nantucket, and some other places, will see the edge of the sun on the day of the eclipse. The moon will cover up the middle of the sun, but they will see a bright circle of sun shining all round it.

L. Oh that must be very pretty, but why shall not we see it so too?

G. Stand a little on one side of where you are now, and tell me how the plate looks.

L. I see part of the great plate on the side nearest to me, but the little plate covers up all the rest.

G. What shape is the part of the great plate that you see?

L. Of the shape of the new moon.

G. And that is just the way we shall see the sun when the greatest part is hid by the moon. But in some places people will see a ring of the sun, as

you saw a ring of the plate when you stood exactly opposite. When a ring of the sun is seen all round the moon, the eclipse is called an *Annular* eclipse. The word annular comes from *annulus*, which is the Latin for ring.

L. One thing more I want to ask you about: the earth moves round the sun once in a year?

G. Yes, it does.

L. And the moon round the earth thirteen times in a year?

G. About thirteen times.

L. Well, every time that it goes round, it must come between the earth and sun I should think; at least, you did between Helen and me; but there are not so many as thirteen eclipses of the sun in a year, are there?

G. No, there are not.

L. What is the reason?

G. I will think about it, and try to explain it to you in the evening.

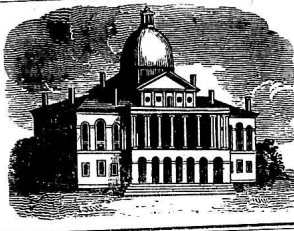
H. Shall we play eclipse again this evening?

G. Perhaps so, but I must go now.

L. Stop a minute, brother, and tell me how large the sun and moon are, and how far off they are, and I will try to learn it so as never to forget.

G. The sun is more than one million and four hundred thousand times larger than the earth, that is, it would take more than one million four and hundred thousand such earths to make a globe as large as the sun, and it would take fifty moons to make a globe as large as this earth. The sun is about ninety-six millions of miles from the earth, and the moon is about two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth. Now you may find out, Lucy, how many times further from us the sun is than the moon.

U. I. E.



BOSTON,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1831.

THE WORKING CLASSES.

Society, like the ocean, has its mutations. In a republican government, especially, where hereditary distinctions are obsolete, and the people possess undisturbed power; where the avenues to wealth, distinction and supremacy are open to all; it must, in the nature of things, be full of inequalities. But these can exist without an assumption of rights—without even a semblance of oppression. There is a prevalent opinion, that wealth and aristocracy are indissolubly allied; and the poor and vulgar are taught to consider the opulent as their natural enemies. Those who inculcate this pernicious doctrine are the worst enemies of the people, and, in grain, the real nobility. There is, no doubt, an abuse of wealth, as well as of talent, office and opulence; but where is the evidence that our wealthy citizens, as a body, are hostile to the interests of the laboring classes? It is not found in their commercial enterprises, which whiten the ocean with canvas, and give employment to a useful and numerous class of men: it is not found in their manufacturing establishments, which multiply labor and cheapen the necessities of the poor: it is not found in the luxuries of their tables, or in the adornments of their dwellings, for which they must pay in proportion to their extravagance.

It is a miserable characteristic of human nature to look with an envious eye upon those who are more fortunate in their pursuits, or more exalted in their station. In every grade, there are unprincipled, avaricious and despotic men; but shall individual cases condemn the whole body? Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to affirm, that mechanics are more inimical to the success of each other, more unjust toward each other, than the rich toward them.—Nominate an intelligent mechanic to fill a responsible office; and by whom is he thrust down so quickly as by his own brethren? If our mechanics do not retain their due proportion of power and influence, theirs is the fault.

It is said, there are too many priests, too many lawyers, too many doctors, and too many dunces. If this be an evil, how shall it be curtailed? We know of no other mode than by living so righteously, as to require no spiritual admonitions; so equitably, as to need no appeal to the courts; so abstemiously, as to avoid all medical prescriptions; so industriously, as to make indolence—whether among the rich or the poor—dishonorable. The clergy, the medical faculty, and the members of the bar, are certainly not useless to society; but the sooner we render their aid unnecessary, the happier will be our world.

We find that our remarks are occupying more space than we can well spare, and must defer their conclusion to another paper. It must not be understood, that we are opposed to the reformation of public abuses. Wherever they exist, let a speedy and judicious remedy be applied.

In giving place to the following communication, we are enabled to say, in behalf of the writer, that, as a friend, we admire his moral qualities; and as a citizen, appreciate his republican and active habits. There is nothing to which we object in his exposition of the designs of the working classes: it remains to be seen how far we shall agree in the mode of redress.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

MY DEAR SIR—Although you do not appear to have perceived it, I think there is a very intimate connexion between the interests of the working men's party and your own. You are striving to excite the attention of your countrymen to the injustice of holding their fellow men in bondage, and depriving them of the fruits of their toil. We are aiming at a similar object, only in application to another portion of our fellow men. In the history of the origin of slavery is to be found the explanation of those evils we deplore and seek to remove, as well as of those you have attacked. The inequalities in the condition of the citizens and families of this republic have originated in the same causes. These causes are

1. The assumption on the part of a fortunate few among our ancestors, in ancient times and countries, of the right to command the labor and services of the mass of their fellow countrymen—either as slaves, vassals, serfs, or operatives; and to remunerate them for their labor, only to such an extent as they in their sovereign pleasure saw meet to bestow.
2. The abject ignorance in which these large masses of mankind have been kept by the few who have usurped authority over them, and controlled their condition.
3. The indolence, vice and depravity, which such injustice has naturally engendered among the enslaved and oppressed—habits consequent upon the depression of spirits produced by suffering and the deprivation of all the enjoyments of life.
4. The perpetuation of opinions, habits of thinking, department and usage, towards those working classes, which, though nominally free, still are in Europe and America, to a great extent, dependant on the power and will of the wealthy, educated and exalted.

5. The value and the prices of labor have been rated not by the *worth of their product*, but by the *power of those who command its proceeds*, or for whom it is performed—to obtain it, and enjoy its benefits.

And finally—a disposition to regard and treat men who have been degraded by oppression, as deficient in intellectual capacity and moral ability to become equal to the fortunate few in those refinements and accomplishments, which these esteem as entitled to consideration and respect. And the infliction of punishment in the various forms of neglect, indifference, contumely, or oppression—for a character which has been the inevitable result of the condition in which these laboring classes have been kept, and the circumstances by which they have been surrounded.

Now, you propose to remedy these evils, by extending to the enslaved the sympathy of the philanthropist; by educating and otherwise fitting them to take care of themselves; and by awakening the moral sense of those who now enjoy the fruit of their labors, to the injustice and wickedness of thus robbing their fellow men of the products of their industry and toil.

We seek to enlighten our brethren in the knowledge of their rights and duties; to excite them to the acquisition of useful knowledge and the practice of virtue; and to cherish that self-respect which they are entitled to feel, who support and sustain all other classes of society. We, too, appeal to the moral sense of the wealthy and powerful, and to their justice and philanthropy, in behalf of those whose labors give value to their estates—income to their capital—ornament and beauty to their dwellings and apartments. We demand of these, that they should pay to the hard-working farmer and mechanic, not only a fair equivalent for his services, but that homage and respect which are due to him who braves the inclemency of winter and the intensity of summer; who toils early and late to raise up into life a virtuous family. We insist that where reason and argument will not avail, it is a duty owed by working men to themselves and the world, to exert their power, through the ballot-box,—and by ameliorating our system of laws, to irradiate those evils which operate so extensively and unjustly.

The Foreign Review states that Professor Blumenbach, of Göttingen, possesses a small library of books, all of which are written by negroes, showing that there is hardly a science in which some negro has not been distinguished.

LEGISLATIVE.
In the Senate and House of Representatives, on Wednesday last, was presented a memorial of the American Convention for the Abolition of Slavery, praying the Legislature to instruct their Senators, and request their Representatives in Congress to use their influence for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia—which was committed to the select committee on an order of the 18th inst. relating to State Rights, &c.

In the Senate, during the present week, a very animated debate on the subject of extra judicial acts has taken place, in which the Rev. Mr. Thacher distinguished himself. There was a large and attentive collection of spectators.

BENNINGTON SEMINARY.
The advertisement of his flourishing Seminary will be found below. Bennington is a delightful residence; and it gives us pleasure to recommend Mr BALLARD to the patronage of parents, who are anxious to secure the morals and improve the minds of their children. He has all the graces which adorn the christian—all the excellencies which form the perfect instructor. The advantages which his school presents are unrivalled in New-England.

BOLIVAR. Advice from Santa Martha to the 13th December, received at Baltimore, mentions that BOLIVAR was then in a very low state of health, and was not expected to live 48 hours.—His disease was consumption. He had issued the following Proclamation or Farewell to the Columbians:—

Columbians!—You have witnessed my efforts to plant Liberty where tyranny before reigned—I resigned the command when I was persuaded that you no longer had any confidence in my disinterestedness; my enemies abused your credulity and trampled upon what to me is held most sacred—my reputation and my love of Liberty. I have been the victim of my persecutors, who have driven me to the borders of the grave—I freely pardon them.

On the point of disappearing from amidst you, my tender affection (carino) suggests that I ought to manifest to you my just wishes.

I aspire to no other glory than that of consolidating Columbia; all ought to labor for the inestimable blessing of union; the people, by obeying the actual government, in order to escape from anarchy; the ministers of the sanctuary, by addressing their prayers to heaven; the soldiery, by employing their arms to defend the guarantees of society.

Columbians!—If my death shall contribute to allay party spirit, and to the consolidation of the Union, I shall descend with calmness to the tomb.

(Signed) SIMON BOLIVAR.
San Pedro, 10th Dec. 1830.

ITEMS.
Fatal Accident.—Mr Nichols, proprietor of one of the paper mills at Newton, a few miles distant from this city, was suddenly killed on the afternoon of Wednesday, by becoming entangled in the machinery, and having his head literally braised in pieces.

New-York.—The whole number of arrivals last year from foreign ports, was 1519. The number of passengers brought by these vessels was 30,224. The number of arrivals in 1829 was 1319—passengers 16,064: making an increase in 1830, of arrivals 200—of passengers 14,160.

Notwithstanding the great fall of snow at Baltimore, the carriages on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway were stopped but one day.

Wood is stated to be three times its ordinary cost in Providence, and the Franklin Steam Boat Company have given notice that their stock may be purchased at the original cost, by the poor and such as are unable to purchase at the high prices.

Ohio.—The population of this vigorous commonwealth is ascertained to be nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand—making the prodigious increase of sixty-one per cent in the last ten years.

Census of Maine.—The population of the State of Maine, as ascertained by the new Census, is 399,883. In point of population, Maine is now the second State in New-England.

Census of Michigan territory, 81,695.

BENNINGTON SEMINARY.
THIS Institution will furnish instruction in the various branches of a literary, scientific and polite education. There is a boarding-house connected with the school, under the superintendance of Mr CHARLES HICKS, intended for the accommodation of scholars from abroad. The government of this department of the school is strictly parental, and the pupils are constantly under the care of their teachers, who board with them and regulate their amusements and recreations, as well as their studies out of school. Particular attention will be paid to the formation of correct habits and elegant manners, and to the cultivation of a happy disposition. The whole expense in this department, including tuition, board, washing and mending, fuel and light, is one hundred dollars per annum. Payments to be made semi-annually in advance.

There is also a department for the special instruction of School-Teachers. Two courses of lectures will be given annually on the best methods of teaching and governing a school. The Teachers' class for the present term will open on the last Wednesday in February, and continue twelve weeks. Additional charge for the Lectures, \$3.

JAMES BALLARD, Principal.
Bennington, Dec. 13, 1830.

LITERARY.

For the Liberator.

THE SLANDERER.

In early times,
Mid fairy climes,
There grow a benighted flower,
Whose fatal breath
Brought instant death
To all who felt its power.
But far, far worse,
The dreadful curse,
That mar our peaceful lives;
The serpent's sting
No pang can bring
Like those the Slanderer gives.

Oh, mark him well,
That fiend of hell,
And drive him far from hence:
Behold, his tread
Strikes fear and dread,—
A noon-day pestilence!

And when, at last,
His days are past,
And he in death shall sleep;
No flowers shall wave
Above his grave,
No friends in sorrow weep.

Night's direful bird
Shall there be heard—
That spot he shall prefer:
No other sound
Shall mark the ground
Where sleeps the Slanderer.

For the Liberator.

TO A LADY.

Lady! thy cup of bliss seems overflowing,
And happiness is pictured on thy brow:
What can I offer that is worth bestowing?
Wishes, alas! with gifts cannot endow.
Thou art a wife—and mated into one
Who is thy true and noble counterpart;
Pleasant the sight, and rare the union—
As star to star, so answers heart to heart.
Thou art a mother—therefore doubly blest!
O may no monster tear thy darling boy
From thy fond clasp—nor any harm molest,
But time add interest to thy wealth of joy:
May God his benison add unto mine,
And thou, at last, in heaven an angel shine!

G—n.

SCRAPS.

Singular Blessing.—Osglander, in his memoirs of the late of Wight, written in 1700, gives us the following record of a blessing formerly enjoyed by that favored spot.—'I have heard,' says our author, 'and partly know it to be true, that not only, heretofore, was there no lawyer or attorney in the Wight, but, in Sir George Cary's time, 1588, an attorney, coming to settle there, was by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his skirts, with bells about his legs, hunted out of the island.'

Boston Custom.—The following extract from the Town Records of Boston, is highly honorable to the character of the early inhabitants of that city. 1635. Voted, that no members of this congregation or inhabitants among us, see one another at the law, before that Mr Henry Vane, and the second elder Mr Thomas Oliver, and Mr Thomas Everett, have had the hearing and decided the same, if they can.

An Outline.—When the Duke of Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre looking man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townsend being asked whether the French government had sent the Preliminaries of a treaty, answered, he did not know, but they had sent the outlines of an ambassador.

A correspondent informs us, that there is an old widow woman living down the Peninsula in Delaware, who has had seven husbands! among which she has had a Hogg, and a Hawk, and is left now a Chicken.—Elkton Press.

A rich officer of the revenue one day asked a man of wit, what kind of a thing opulence was?—'It is a thing,' replied the philosopher, 'which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man.'

A profane coachman, pointing to one of the horses he was driving, said to a pious traveller, 'That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him.'—'Yes,' replied the traveller, 'and so does One above.' The coachman seemed to feel the reproof, and immediately became silent.

It must be a gloomy moment to one who is just leaving the world, to think that no human being has been made the better for his existence; and that possibly thousands have been worse, and will continue to be more and more depraved long after he shall cease to be a tenant of this earthly abode.

How to shake off trouble.—Set about doing good to somebody—put on your hat, and go and visit the sick or the poor—inquire into their wants, and minister to them—seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.

The meanness of the earthen vessel, which conveys to others the gospel treasure, takes nothing from the value of the treasure. A dying hand may give a deed or gift of incalculable value. A shepherd's boy may point out this way to a philosopher. A beggar may be the bearer of a valuable present.—Cecil.

MORAL.

The following article is extracted from the unpublished Travels of Theodore Eibert, a young Swede. It is one of the finest specimens of reflective composition that we have ever read, and deserves an existence which shall survive the grandeur of St Paul's, or the greatness of the 'capital city of mankind.' Its epithets are peculiarly choice, massive and gorgeous; and the whole structure is stately and imposing. But the sentiments of the youthful foreigner—how comprehensive, how copious, how profound! What a vast accumulation of transient opulence,—what a meagre epitome of moral worth,—is London made to possess! If this be an accurate sketch of a professedly refined and religious city, who is able to take the dimensions of a world of depravity?—Ed. Lib.

LONDON.

This, then, is St Paul's. What a miracle of man's pride; but how little does it suggest of man's humility! Here are proportion, size, strength, all the meager attributes of beauty, and beauty, too, itself. But how little of fitness? There is nothing of religion. The emblems on the funeral monuments are all of the earth, earthy. The whiteness of the light, the bright, active business of the area, the payment at the door, the hard, stolid worldly look of the Cathedral officials; what have these to do, I will not say with Christianity, but with any other feeling than curiosity, with any deep sympathy, any trembling aspiration, with faith, or hope, or charity? Nothing—nothing whatsoever. It may be a good Cathedral; I am sure it is a bad church. This wide blank circumference, with the dusty banners above, and the statues of victory, and Neptune, and the stone lions around it, and the patterning feet and loud tones of idle wanderers; it is an exchange, a show-room, a promenade—any thing but a temple. It has nothing of the shadowy magnificence of the Teutonic minister, harmonizing so well with all our higher and more obscure feelings. It was made as a haunt for Deans and Prebendaries; but who would think of bringing to it his prayers, his thanksgivings, and his penitence?

But, leaving the interior of the church, and mounting to one of the outer galleries, there is a change indeed. We lose St Paul's, and see nothing but London. The building becomes no more than a vantage ground, from which to contemplate the vast city. Far and wide spreads over the earth the huge, dim capital of the world. Look Northward over that province of brick, to the dim outlines of the hills, which seem scarce more than a part of the murky atmosphere; and west toward that other realm of houses, outstripping the gaze, and encircling other distant towers, and stretching away to the seats of government and legislation; and again south, where the wilderness of human habitations is cleft by the wide and gleaming river, laden with all its bridges, and fleeced with a myriad of keels for wealth or idleness; and see, too, the broad fronts and soaring pinnacles of a hundred churches, and the port that raises against the sky its trellis-work of innumerable masts; and, over all this, is one hue of smoke, and one indistinguishable hum of activity.

It is difficult to reduce one's thoughts and feelings at such a spectacle, to any thing definite. The mind at first, is all vague restless astonishment, while the eye wanders over leagues of building; and sees every where the same working mass of busy vitality. How is it that the scene has been produced, which so fills and stirs us? How is it, that this portion of the world has been so cut off from all the rest, and set apart as the agent of such peculiar impressions? Time has been when there was nothing here but marsh and meadow, and woody knoll, and the idle river rolling down its waters between banks only trodden by the wolf and elk, to a sea, with no human eye had ever traced its course. Time was when the shaggy savage first leaned upon his club on yonder northern hill, turning his eager eyes over the green plain, and the broad river; and then led down some straggling horde of barbarians to rear their huts of mud and wicker beside the stream, perhaps upon the very spot now filled by this enormous pile of architecture. The wicker was changed for brick and wood, and the narrow dungeons, which were the homes of the other generations, threw their shadows over the weapons of the Roman legions, and over faces which wore the hues of every climate under the sun. The city became the home of burgiers, the haunt of nobles, the seat of kings. The massy bridge, the moated castle rose; and the clumsy boats of those rude centuries began to float hitherward with every tide, till, with the halls of hundreds of Barons, and the guilds of hundreds of trades, now filled with mastering armies, now desolated by plagues and famines, sometimes active with revolt, and again glittering with royal triumphs, London became a mighty city. The growth of many ages, the greatness of a whole people, have made it what it is. Successes, which gave wealth to the nation, gave more than its share to the capital; and misfortunes, which desolated the country, have driven its population hither. The commerce of the world pours into its gates, and circulates through all its streets. Here are the thrones of three kingdoms, and of three-score colonies, of

the provinces of the west, and the empires of the east, and hither come the gifts of subject millions. The tides of every sea, and the wheels of every manufactory on earth, speed the current of existence through the veins of London. And thus it is, that I am now surveying at a glance, this whole immense domain of battle and competition, a kingdom of swarming streets, an enormous concentration of human wealth, power, and misery.

The recollections of London but little accord with the feeling produced by the sight of it. At a distance, we think of a few resplendently bright, of a few pre-eminently dark, points in its history. The slaughter of Roman Catholic and Protestant martyrs by royal tyranny and sectarian intolerance,—the escape of the five members to the city,—the study of Milton,—the scaffold of Vane. But when we look upon the scene itself, we see little but the wide-spread collection of vulgar desires and fierce passions,—the size of Mammon's temple, and the number of his worshippers. We scarcely connect the idea of religion with those churches which are so entirely imbedded among worldly structures, and many of which we know to be completely the mere husks and shadows of devotion, scarcely ever entered even by a score of all those thousands now hurrying past them,—empty pretences, and solemn mockeries! There is little to indicate any nobly intelligence than the mechanical among the crowds all bent upon gain, and surrounded by the ingenious devices of luxury, which mingle in yonder streets for the various rivalries of traffic. Every thing around is so alien from meditation, that we are inclined not to study and think upon it, but to take part in its restlessness, and give ourselves up to its absorbing interests. There is nothing here to which any feeling attaches itself, but the inclusion beneath our eyes of so many hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. Extent, number, ceaseless and multitudinous occupation,—these are the objects which strike us. The details are only interesting as linked to these. For there is here no crumbling pyramid, or shattered Coliseum; no volcanic mountain filling the atmosphere of a city with the menace of death. But we are face to face with a larger mass of living and busy humanity, than on any other spot of the world's surface.

And is not this enough to think of? If the height on which I stand would enable me to look down into the hearts of the crowds which pass beneath me, what could earth show of more profound and intense interest? These confluent streams of life are big with a thousand varieties of opinion and feeling, into all of which we can in some degree enter, and which cannot be thought of without an anxious and mysterious curiosity. The greater number of these persons are ignorant, misguided, opposing their will to duty, never to passion, utterly reckless and almost utterly wretched. I have, as it were, beneath my hand, a million of living souls; yet, in fact, to moral purposes, dead and decaying. Nurtured in alternations of toil and vice, they are, through life, bound down by the tyrannous necessities of their daily existence, or only loosed at intervals for the relaxation of debasing excess. Their sympathies are deadened by the want of sympathy around them; for the greedy poverty of the crowd has devoured almost all their love for their neighbor, and the more ravishing selfishness of the rich, has, alas! swallowed up the whole of theirs. Many of these myriads know scarce any thing, but the pressure of the hour; the retrospect of the past is similarly painful; and, when they look forward for a moment to the future, they transfer to it the direct suffering or the unsatisfying pretence of pleasure which deforms the present. The dust eats the dust; and the image of God is degraded in man to the likeness of the beasts that perish. Yet wherefore should this be so? There are also in the city I look upon hundreds, at least, of expansive hearts and searching intellects, not indeed arrived at clear satisfaction, yet stirred by the prompting consciousness that there is a higher aim of being than the outward world or our senses and passions can furnish. They vary perhaps on innumerable subjects of prudence, of duty, of religion; but while there is within a living power, restless and aspiring, there are also hope, and strength, and comfort. But, above all, there may be even now moving among those undistinguished swarms below me, or dwelling upon that dim eminence which rises in the distance, some great and circular mind, accomplished in endowment, of all-embracing faculties, with a reason that pervades like light, and an imagination that embodies the essence of all truth in the forms of all beauty—even such an one as C—, the brave, the charitable, the gentle, the pious, the mighty philosopher, the glorious poet. How strange is the bond which unites all these together under the name of man! Or is not that which they have in common, the very capacity, by the cultivation of which we might exact the measure of those I see, into perhaps the highest perfection I have thought of?

I am now standing on a building which proclaims to every eye in the capital of England the nominal supremacy of Christianity; yet none in ten of its inhabitants never turn a thought towards the benevolence and piety of Christ, while many of the remainder, with all the phrases ready in their mouths,

which make their speech a confused jargon of worldliness and religion, yet feel, it is to be feared, no whit of love to God or man, but angrily cling to their seat, and idolatrously bow to some lifeless偶像. Nor is this to be wondered at. Every thing around us tends to make religion a matter of forms, and names, and lip-service, and thereby to deprive it of all permanent hold upon the hearts of men. All, all selfishness. Selfishness in the conduct of every one of the corporations which compose our minister to the government: selfishness in the intercourse of society: selfishness in the anxiety of every class to weigh down those below it. But where is the attempt at the moral culture of the people? Or who the men that, without thought for the feeding of their own vanity, or the spread of their own power, go forth in courage and sincerity for the regeneration of their country? If such there be, (and some such there are,) where are the signs of their exertions? Track home to their lanes and cellars many of the craftsmen and laborers, the servants of our pleasure, and see and their families, the anxious tempers, the sullen rage, the evil cravings, the mutual unrepentant reproaches, which add a sting to penury, and throw poison into the waters of bitterness. But if, instead of stopping there by the squalid fireside of the poor, we turn away to the dwellings of the rich, how much is changed in the shape, but how little in the material! Here, too, are jealousies, and hatreds, and malignity, vulgar anxieties and miserable ambitions. To be sure, the lean cheek of envy is fed from plate instead of earthenware, and self-oblivion is sought for in the costliest, not the cheapest, intoxication; but the miserable debasement of human nature shows as foul in velvet and jewels as in rags.

Look at that dark roof,—it covers a prison: and there the laws of the country proclaim that the most atrocious guilt is collected,—the worst moral diseases. We do nothing to make men self-denying and conscientious. The Government says, 'If you do not agree with us on every point of doctrine, you have no title to become wise or good, and we will not assist you.' We surround the people with insuperable temptations: We do little towards instructing, nothing towards educating them; and we set them the perpetual example of secure selfishness. A wretched child, born perhaps in a work-house, and nurtured in a brothel, is taught to gain his daily bread by crime; and compelled, by the menaces of his protectors and the physical sufferings of hunger, to trample down his moral repugnance, plunder some rich man's superfluity. Again and again, perhaps, he succeeds: at last comes the sudden vengeance of the law; and, to remedy the evil, he is thrown into a prison; probably the only abode on earth worse than his habitual home. He learns still more to glory in criminal enterprise. The pride of endurance comes to his aid: and with no good feeling strengthened, no new idea of man's social relations or higher duties communicated, he is disgraced, an outcast upon the world, again to prey upon the world, again to prey upon his kind; until, before he is yet a man, some consummate outrage brings him to the scaffold. Then through all these streets pours the dense throng of eager spectators; and, while the bell sounds from yonder tower, thousands without a thought either of terror or compassion, but with the same love of excitement which makes them seek the inferior stimulus of a dram, hurry from every corner of London to see the horrible removal from the world of a being, who, perhaps, never heard the name of God or duty, or received the sympathy of one human creature. Such is society. Such is London.

Such scenes as these might well disgust us with cities. It has been often said, and is in some degree true, that the evils of humanity are increased by being brought together in towns; that corruption thus communicates corruption, and that, in these hot-beds, every vice bears fruit after its kind. But be it remembered, that good has a tendency to spread as well as ill, and is no less living and productive. In the enormous assemblage of minds I now survey, what an object is there for good men to act upon! Evil as are the arts, and discoveries, and means of enjoyment, heaped up and displayed in this vast store-house of the world and treasury of invention, if they be considered as in themselves final ends; how immeasurably valuable are they as instruments of real improvement! And above all, placed here at the central heart and moving springs of the whole social earth, every beneficial impulse we may give will thrill, not merely through all the mass of this, the capital city of mankind, but will be felt in the utmost limits and recesses of the globe! From this spot, the beneficent energy of a single man may produce good to the future generations of the whole race, which will be felt and celebrated, not merely when his bones are among the graves of the church-yard beneath my eye, but when the church-yard itself shall be encumbered with the ruins of this great structure; when the remains of a fallen city shall have choked up the channel of yonder river; when these palaces and towers shall have no inhabitant but the owl, and no visitant but the forest deer; and silence and desolation shall prevail where once was London.