



# THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. I.]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS.

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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND.

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## THE LIBERATOR

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## THE LIBERATOR.

Slavery is the full measure of pure, unmitigated, unspiciated wickedness; and scorning all competition or comparison, it stands without a rival in the secure, undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence.—WILBERFORCE.

ALEXANDRIA, 19th August, 1831.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

DEAR SIR—In your paper of the 6th inst. you say, in a prefatory flourish by the way of announcing my communication, that you had received and intended to publish an address from me, and that my blindness and infatuation were remarkable. With this precedaneous censure or admonition, I was induced to believe that I had greatly offended the majesty of the doctrine that you are so desirous to inculcate; and looked for your response, with equal dread, as for the eruption of a volcano when threatening with its inward thunders; and your paper of the 13th inst. at hand, has confirmed my anticipation. But the acrimonious reprimand with which you have assailed me, has passed away, and its effects are only heard in the distance; and all your high sounding criticisms, as they relate to the subject matter of my address, are as insubstantial and evanescent as the color of the bow which appears in the interval of a storm; and the only salutary effect which it has produced upon my mind is to more deeply impress me with the justice and humanity of that cause, which I feel myself but too feeble an instrument to render ample and satisfactory service.

In remarking upon my communication, you say that, by giving it publicity, you are sure it will elicit a burst of indignation from your colored subscribers. If, indeed, it will have this effect, it will but show, in my estimation, that my colored brethren, your subscribers, are insensible to their best interest; and that you are instrumental in rendering them so by your persuasions.

Again you say, that I am 'the only advocate of the Colonization Society among the colored people throughout the Union—to your knowledge.' I am glad you made this reservation, as I happen to know of a great many.

Again you say: 'We have before reminded him of his inconsistency of conduct. If he has such glorious visions of a residence in Africa, and believes that he must always be a degraded outcast in his na-

tive land, why does he not give us a proof of his sincerity by migrating to Liberia? His bombast will satisfy no one. Words are but wind; actions are the test of principle.' To all of this I have only to say, that to time I refer the proof of my sincerity; and that, for the present, I will remain here, and endeavor to benefit the Colony, by openly espousing its cause, as one of that race to whose redemption and future felicity the Colonization Society has so largely contributed, and to reproach those who would depreciate one system known to be feasible for the success of another, the impracticability of which is demonstrable from every argument used in its favor. Again you ask: 'Is not J. B. H. a little vain?' and inquire, too, if 'Messrs Gurley, Orr, and other members of the Colonization Society, do not gorge his vanity to the utmost by their unusual caresses?' I despise vanity, and am not aware of any unusual caresses from any member of the Colonization Society.

You think 'something besides a rational conviction of the utility of the colonization system has awakened Mr H's admiration.' What can it be? The system offers no other inducements than those so frequently enumerated. Julius Casar says, 'With money I can get men, and with men I can get glory;—but such is not the case with the Colonization Society—for it uses its funds to meliorate the condition and alleviate the wants of its emigrants, and not to buy up or reward its advocates; a sufficient quantity of which will always be found among the good, the great, and the virtuous of the country.'

'We are struck,' you say, 'with the contrast between Mr Hephburn and his colored brethren. They are manfully contending for the recognition of their rights, and confidently relying upon the magnanimity of their countrymen for their restoration.' After a careful observation, I cannot discover a ray upon which to rest that hope which you say they entertain. For I tell you, that to contend for a restoration of their inalienable rights of equality, &c. in this country, is as futile and nugatory, as to throw missiles at the pyramids of Egypt in order to level them. And never, oh never, while memory lasts, while sensibility is vigorous, will I suffer myself to be led away by a blind and inconsistent theory, which, from the very nature of things, cannot be perfected, and consequently must be at variance with the best hopes of future redemption of the now degraded outcasts of the United States.

You charge me of meanly covering beneath the glance of a white man—of confessing my natural inferiority. In this you do me great injustice. I never covered beneath the glance of any man, and those who know me will add their testimony to this declaration; and if ever my untutored pen could have written a confession of natural inferiority, it did not obey the impulse of my heart. Ah! sir, you mistake me much. Facts are stubborn things—and, as such, I have given them to you; but none of them, I am well assured, can be construed into the confession which you accuse me of having made.

You accuse me of urging my brethren to remove to a clime where I dare not go myself, and where those who do go, perish like rotten sheep; that I am 'blindly clinging to a combination which enslaves ten victims where it emancipates one, and throws a hundred obstacles into the path of freedom where it removes one.'

In the abstract, I urge none of my colored brethren to remove to a strange clime: to do so would be as contrary to the wishes of the Society, as to the impulse of my own feelings; a clime, you call it, where those who do go, perish like rotten sheep. As for my humble self, I can discover no meaning in such a comparison; and I must confess that I do think the expression savors strongly of infatuation in one who is always so ready to condemn it another.

My colored friends at the north, in pouring forth the anathemas of their wrath, accuse the Colonization Society of making extraordinary efforts to coerce them to go to Liberia; and your trumpet forth these proceedings as the dogmat of your conviction. Will you please inform me where, how and when the Society used this compulsory authority?

While such extraordinary efforts are making, by yourself and a few others, to mislead my colored brethren from the only practicable hope of liberty and equality, it becomes my duty, yea, my highest ambition, to give them all the information in my power, relative to the great and momentous subject of colonization; and when the proper time shall arrive, nothing shall deter me from migrating to Africa. And whatever I shall do myself, or with the assistance of others, shall be wholly directed to what the common advantage may require.

What has been the language of the more generous heathen, but the very reverse of *Favor thyself*? And shall we, my friends, in this enlightened age of missionary societies, of genius and enterprise, and with the promises of revelation, talk about sickly clime and other such imagined impediments? And as to the combination (to which you say I blindly cling), enslaving ten victims where it emancipates one, and throwing a hundred obstacles into the path of freedom where it removes one, I have only to say, in your own words, that declarations are not proof—that assertions are not facts—that such bombast will satisfy no one, and words are but wind, &c. And when you give us something else, I will then endeavor to prove that the colonization system has done, and that it is calculated to do, more than any other system which ever has or ever can be invented by the ingenuity of man; that it is not incompatible with public justice, the internal quiet of the nation, and peace and amity toward the comfort and happiness of those whose condition it seeks to meliorate.

I say that no act of enfranchisement can efface the unfortunate distinctions between the people of color and the whites. You say, this is the language of slaveholders and the apologists of slavery. I maintain my original position, but am no apologist for slavery or slaveholders; and, at the same time, I am not in favor of a general simultaneous emancipation under existing circumstances, because human prudence forbids that we should precipitately engage in a work of such hazard, and it would be nothing more than throwing so many of the human race upon the earth without the means of subsistence.

I have thus endeavored to answer your leading strictures upon my address. In conclusion, permit me to say, that it appears to me the course you pursue is inimical to the cause you profess to espouse. The public, sir, are not unmindful that you have taken the advantage of the popular prejudices of the people of color, in general, to condemn and view with distrust all efforts of the whites to place them in a more enviable situation. Whilst posterity will do justice to the Colonization Society, your proceedings will be ascribed to the errors of enthusiasm or fancy, which to pursue bewilders, to grasp deceives.

JOHN B. HEPBURN.

### MR. HEPBURN.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—We are highly pleased that the time has come, in some degree, which has been so long wished, viz. for the liberty of the press. Through your intrepid zeal, you have established one, which promises to be of great utility to remove prejudice and enlighten the dark understanding of those who sit in a benighted state of stupidity. We are rejoiced to hear, from time to time, from our friends in different parts of the world. The glorious cause of liberty and equal rights appears to be on the march; and may the good spirit, which is kindled in Europe, be felt in America, and the joyful tramp of jubilee be sounded in the ears of the captives wherever they are bound under the taskmaster, or the slavish fear of prejudice. We verily believe the time of deliverance will come,—although there appear to be some fearful and unbelieving, and many obstacles present themselves to retard its progress.

We were surprised to find, in your last number, a piece under the head of 'A Defender of the Colonization Society'; and how much more was our surprise increased, when the writer proved to be a colored man! We did not know that there was a single individual, who had the least drop of African blood flowing in his veins, to be found advocating this society, and calling its motives pure,

benevolent and uninterested. For our part, we would inquire, how Mr Hephburn can think its motives pure and benevolent, after reading the *Liberator*? What must he think of those pieces on African Colonization, written by Philanthropists? Is his eye blinded, and mind darkened, that he will not see? Does he not see colonizationists straining every nerve, and spreading every sail with a full breeze of prejudice, to transport us, the Afric-Americans, from our native land to the burning shores of a foreign clime, unknown to us in every degree, to undergo the vertical rays of a scorching sun? Africa is no more congenial to our health, or adapted to our constitutions, than it is to our fairer brethren. If Mr Hephburn has such glorious views of the elysian fields and delectable mountains in that burning country, why does he tarry here a moment to help keep up the spirit of partiality, prejudice and blind zeal? We fear that he is not fully competent to fill the station which he has assumed, viz. a defender of the Colonization Society, or to demonstrate the propriety of our migrating from this country even to the most credulous amongst us. May we not be led to suspect that he is under the influence of those for whom he has such a tender regard? Does not his sophistical reasoning clearly show the fact? We seriously fear, unless he speedily turns, it will prove with him as with an ancient Pharaoh—Egypus, fourth and fifth volumes—Pharaoh's chariots and his hosts hath he cast into the sea. His slaves captives are also drowned in the Red Sea. The people have sorrowed, because they were at the bottom of a stone. If Mr Hephburn should be a tool in the hands of the colonizationists, we have no objections, but would adopt the language of the poet:

Let mean, obsequious, fawning fools;  
Content to be their knavish tools;  
But braver souls despise the hire,  
And from their base employ retire.

As long as Mr Hephburn continues to advocate such principles, we shall consider him as an enemy to humanity, religion and justice, and a traitor to his brethren. We do not fear relative to his making proselytes among the more enlightened of his brethren. How should a man be regarded, who can look with an eye of indifference upon two millions of his brethren who are groaning in slavery? Does he wish to infer, from stating the great number of the pilgrims who died upon their arrival in this country, that we ought to go where we may die as suddenly? Mr Hephburn had better see if his views are not contrary to the Declaration of Independence, which declares 'that all men are born free and equal'; and, finally, we would refer him and all who may echo his sound, to the 22d chapter of Numbers.

S. L. A.  
Middletown, Aug. 16, 1831.

### From the Genius of Universal Emancipation.

#### SLAVE PRODUCE.

Eat! they are *dates* for a lady's lip,  
Rich as the sweets that the wild bees sip!  
Mingled viands that nature hath poured,  
From the piteous stores of her flowing hoard,  
Bearing no trace of man's cruelty—say  
The red life-drops of his human slave.

List thee, lady! and turn aside,  
With a loathing heart, from the feast of pride;  
For mixed with the pleasant sweets it bears,  
In the hidden course of scalding tears,  
Wring out from woman's bloodshot eye,  
By the depth of her deadly agony.

Look! they are robes from a foreign loom,  
Delicate, light, as the rose-lark's bloom;  
Stainless and pure in their snowy tint,  
As the drift unmarred by a footstep's print.  
Surely such garments should fitting be,  
For woman's softness and purity.

Yet fling them off from thy shrinking limb,  
For sighs have rendered their brightest dim;  
And many a mother's shriek and groan,  
And many a daughter's burning moan,  
And many a sob of wild despair,  
From woman's heart, is lingering there.

MEN MUST BE FREE.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

My much esteemed and most truly good friend: Your last paper contained a communication, under this head, signed by 'A Colored Philadelphian,' and bearing date of July 28th. The perusal of this well composed essay was to me a source of the highest gratification. I was gratified in the idea of its coming from one of my brethren, whose views appear to be so congenial with those of my own. Seldom have I seen a communication, the effects of which have been so powerful in arousing the sensibilities of my nature, as has been the case in this. I would not err from truth to say, that I was completely enamored with the true and independent sentiments so fearlessly expressed in the writer's communication. Being sensible of my inabilities, I have seldom, if ever, attempted a review of any person's composition; but this coming so directly in accordance with my soul's opinion, that soul could not, under a sensation so pleasing, permit it to pass by without giving its sanction of amen to the spirit of truth that so sweetly moved along the magic pen of the author. Were I to judge him from what appears to be the tenor of his mind, I should pronounce him a valuable man to the race to whom he claims kindred. May all their spirits be kindled with the same fire that burns within his breast, and so run from breast to breast, until fetters fall and freedom be given to all.

The line of difference drawn by the author in regard to the treatment of the colored people in this country and elsewhere, together with his sarcasm on this boasted land of liberty, is admirably well done. His remarks, too, on the colonization scheme, carry with them so much truth, that I know not how they will meet the approbation of that class of beings, whose every movement proves so inimical to the true interests of the descendants of Africa. The call he made to his brethren to remain where they are, in the land of their nativity, I hope will receive their united attention. The writer appears strongly impressed with the belief that the period is not far distant, when the whole population of color being aroused from their sleeping lethargy, shall shake the yoke from their necks, as doth the elephant the dust from his trunk. We will be unto them, in that day, who buy and sell flesh and blood! As true as there is a sun shining effulgently over our heads, this prophecy will be fulfilled.

I perfectly agree with the writer, that we are men, and that we, as such, will and shall be free. His requesting his brethren to lean upon the arm of God for support in this case, was in him a wise calculation—and I go hand and heart with him in thus placing reliance on the Divine Author of every good, for all that aid so essential, and without which we can do nothing. For it is written, not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord. If our trust be in God, then we shall do valiantly; yea, we shall overthrow oppression, that fiend to our sacred cause, and, like Gideon of old, come off conquerors through Hira with whom there is no respect of persons. The modern Belshazzars shall see it, and fear shall take hold of them, and they shall be visited by the wrath of God Almighty, and they shall be pierced to the heart by the following passages of Scripture, to wit: 'These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto Him. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations; feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren.'

The reproof of lying prophets. And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Thus saith the Lord God: We unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing! Therefore, thus saith the Lord God; because ye have spoken vanity and lies, therefore, behold, I am against you, saith the Lord God. So will I break down the wall that ye have daubed with untempered mortar, and bring it down to the ground, so that the foundation thereof shall be discovered, and it shall fall, and ye shall be consumed in the midst thereof, and ye shall know that I am the Lord. Thus will I accomplish my wrath upon the wall, and upon them that have daubed it with untempered mortar, and will say unto you, the wall is no more, neither they that daubed it. And will ye pollute me among my people for handfuls of barley, and for pieces of bread, to slay the souls that should not die, and to save the souls alive that should not live, by your lying to my people that hear your lies? Wherefore thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against your pillows, wherewith ye there hunt the souls to make them fly, and I will tear them from your arms, and will let the souls go, even the souls that ye hunt to make them fly. Your kerchiefs also will I tear, and deliver my people out of your hands; and they shall be no more in your hands to be hunted; and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

The foregoing are from Ezekiel, 13th chap. and being the words of a holy God who cannot lie, I am fully persuaded that they must and will be fulfilled. Will it not be policy, then, for slaveholders to make peace with God, by using every possible

means to liberate their slaves, and save themselves from so great a curse? Some are desirous to know what can be done for the people of color, save sending them to Liberia? I answer, treat them as they ought to be treated, and let them remain where they are. But say some, 'our proud spirit will never permit us to associate with that color, although God knows no difference; therefore away with them out of the country, and make room for the whites, though they may come out of the lower regions of darkness.' Now, if so be that the dark complexion is so obnoxious to the white people, I motion, as the flies are of that stamp, that the Americans go immediately to work, and colonize the whole of them out of the country. In regard to their removing out of the country all the colored people, that can never be done; and if force is attempted, some blood must and will be spilt. What, then, must we do? I answer, for those who wish to leave the United States, establish a colony for them in Canada. Here an objection may arise; but I assert and maintain it as a fact, that all the other plans on foot will most assuredly fail; and the quicker something is done, the better it will be; for the vials of God's wrath are nearly filled, and will soon be poured upon those for whom it is prepared. How dreadful will be their condition! for it is an awful thing to fall into the hands of an offended God. As I believe in the words of the Almighty, my trust in the fulfilment thereof is firmly fixed—that we must and will be free. Our cause is that of liberty, and the precious fruits it contains. We will support it—and that is not all—in speaking of our rights, we will be heard. HOPE.

Boston, August 23, 1831.

SLAVERY RECORD.



INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA!

Extract of a letter from a gentleman to his friend in Baltimore, dated

RICHMOND, August 25d.

An express reached the governor this morning, informing him that an insurrection had broken out in Southampton, and that, by the last accounts, there were seventy whites massacred, and the militia retreating. Another express to Petersburg says that the blacks were continuing their destruction; that three hundred militia were retreating in a body, before six or eight hundred blacks. A shower of rain coming up as the militia were making an attack, was the powder so much that they were compelled to retreat, being armed only with shot-guns. The negroes are armed with muskets, axes, &c. &c. Our volunteers are marching to the scene of action. A troop of cavalry left at four o'clock, P. M. The artillery, with four field pieces, start in the steam boat Norfolk, at 6 o'clock, to land at Smithfield. Southampton county lies 80 miles south of us, below Petersburg.

From the Richmond Whig, of Tuesday.

Disagreeable rumors have reached this city of an insurrection of the slaves in Southampton County, with loss of life. In order to correct exaggeration, and at the same time to induce all salutary caution, we state the following particulars:

An express from the Hon. James Trezvant states that an insurrection had broken out, that several families had been murdered, and that the negroes were embodied, requiring a considerable military force to reduce them. The names and precise numbers of the families are not mentioned. A letter to the Post Master corroborates the intelligence. Prompt and efficient measures are being taken by the Governor, to call out a sufficient force to put down the insurrection, and place lower Virginia on its guard.

Serious danger of course there is none. The deluded wretches have rushed on assured destruction. The Fayette Artillery and the Light Dragoons will leave here this evening for Southampton; the artillery go in a steamboat, and the troop by land.

We are indebted to the kindness of our friend Lyford for the following extract of a letter from the Editors of the Norfolk Herald, containing the particulars of a most murderous insurrection among the blacks of Southampton County, Virginia.—Gaz.

NORFOLK, 24th Aug. 1831.

I have a horrible, a heart rending tale to relate, and lest even its worst feature might be distorted by rumor and exaggeration, I have thought it proper to give you all and the worst information, that has as yet reached us through the best sources of intelligence which the nature of the case will admit.

A gentleman arrived here yesterday express from Suffolk, with intelligence from the upper part of Southampton county, stating that a band of insurgent slaves (some of them believed to be runaway from the neighboring Swamps,) had tarred out on Sunday night last, and murdered several whole families, amounting to 40 or 50 individuals. Some of the families were named, and among them was that of Mrs. Catherine Whitehead, sister of our worthy townsman, Dr. N. C. Whitehead,—who, with her son and five daughters, fell a sacrifice to the savage ferocity of these demons in human shape.

The insurrection was represented as one of a most alarming character, though it is believed to have originated only in a design to plunder, and not a view to a more important object.—As Mrs. Whitehead being a wealthy lady, was supposed to have had a large sum of money in her house. Unfortunately a large number of the effective male popu-

\* Southampton is bounded by the counties of Isle of Wight on the North, and Northampton, in North Carolina, on the South.

lation was absent at Camp Meeting in Gates county, some miles off, a circumstance which gives a temporary security to the brigades in the perpetration of their heinous crimes; and the panic which they struck at the moment prevented the assembling of a force sufficient to check their career.

As soon as this intelligence was received, our authorities met, and decided on making an immediate application to Col. Howe, commanding at Fortress Monroe, who, at 6 o'clock this morning, embarked on board the steam boat Hampton, with three companies and a piece of artillery for Suffolk. These troops were re-inforced in the Roads by detachments from the U. S. ships Warren and Natchez, the whole amounting to nearly 300 men.

Today, another express arrived from Suffolk, confirming the disastrous news of the preceding one, and adding still more to the number of the slain.—The insurgents are believed to have from 100 to 150 mounted men, and about the same number on foot. They are armed with fowling pieces, clubs, &c. and have had a reconnoiter with a small number of the militia, who killed six and took eight of the prisoners. They are said to be on their way to the Diamond Swamp, in which they will be able to remain for a short time in security. For my part, I have no fears of their doing much further mischief.—There is very little disaffection in the slaves generally, and they cannot muster a force sufficient to effect any object of importance. The few who have thus rushed headlong into the arena, will be shot down like crows, or captured and made examples of. The militia are collecting in all the neighboring counties, and the utmost vigilance prevailed to subjoin a list of the victims of their savage vengeance.

[This list—which is embraced in a subsequent account—comprises 58 persons of all ages.]

Muskets, pistols, swords and ammunition have been forwarded to Suffolk to-day, by Com. Warrington, at the request of our civil authorities, and a number of our citizens have accoutred and formed themselves as a troop of cavalry, and set off to assist their fellow citizens in Southampton. I trust the next news you hear will be that all is quiet again.

In haste, yours,

Extract of another letter to the same gentleman, dated at Norfolk, 5 o'clock, P. M.

It is now 5 o'clock.—Thompson's Stage has just arrived—the above statement is confirmed; and in addition states that 500 negroes well mounted and armed, and headed by one or two white men, is the amount of the insurgent force.

BELEFIELD, (Greensville Co.) Aug. 24.

In the greatest haste I write you a few lines.—I can merely say that we are all in arms and in great excitement on account of the insurrection, which broke out on Sunday night last—between 80 and a hundred of the whites have already been butchered—their heads severed from their bodies. The intention of the negroes was to reach the Diamond Swamp. I think, however, that we have them so hemmed in as to render it impossible for them to do so. On Monday night I reached Bellefield (head quarters of the troops) and was given the command of a small body, and a piece of Artillery which I stationed so as to command the bridge. I was up the whole night visiting each one of my sentinels every ten minutes.—At Jerusalem, the blacks made three desperate attempts to cross the bridge, but were repulsed with some loss. No whites were lost in any of the skirmishes which have taken place. These fellows commenced by murdering a family, taking their arms and horses, and pushing on to the next house with all possible speed, where they massacre every white, even to the infant in the cradle.

They continue in this manner until they are interrupted, when they disperse and skulk about the woods, until another favorable opportunity occurs of collecting together and repeating their horrible massacres. Between 25 and 30 families have already been entirely destroyed. Three families were yesterday murdered, one consisting of five persons.—Something will be effected to-day, as very active officers and well armed men are at the head of these villains. Yesterday a very spirited resistance was made by a party, sent out to reconnoitre and discover the position of these fellows, consisting of four against twenty blacks; the whites repulsed them, killed three or four, and took several prisoners.—Many of the blacks are well mounted; their leader was shot in the attempt made to force the bridge at Jerusalem.

We do not yet know their strength, but think they are now effectually hemmed in and must all perish within a few days. Dr. Scoot left Bellefield yesterday with a strong party of horse, and the determination of pursuing them until every man of them was taken or destroyed.

MURFREESBOROUGH, N. C. Aug. 25.

You have no doubt heard something of the horrid conduct of the blacks in Southampton this week, and the deep interest that all must feel, and the very extravagant stories that have been circulated. I have been induced to think a brief statement of the case necessary to be made public.

It is not known that any mischief has been done in North Carolina; and although strong suspicions are entertained that there existed an understanding among the blacks, yet no evidence has been found to confirm them.

On Monday morning last, about 3 o'clock, the massacre commenced at Mr. John Travers's—the exact order in which they proceeded is not stated, and is probably not known. Unfortunately for us, it was at the time of our County Court, and the principal part of the citizens of this place was there, (at Winton) about 12 miles off, so that it was late in the day before we were apprised of it generally. The few men who were in town immediately collected, and about 6 P. M. Capt. Camp, of the Governor's Guards, arrived, and instantly made the proper arrangements for the protection of the town.

In the mean time, the Colonel was not idle, and so soon as a sufficient number was organized, a party, composed of horse and foot, say a company of each, was ordered to the scene of action, whereby they arrived on Tuesday evening. The massacre of the whites was over, and the white people had commenced the destruction of the negroes, which was continued after our men got there, from time to time as they could fall in with them, all day yesterday.

We have heard nothing, nearly thirty negroes have been killed, and the jail at Jerusalem is full to overflowing. We suppose them entirely suppressed, if they are not all killed and taken. The great force for arms, from Virginia, rendered any further aid from us unnecessary. Our people describe the situation of the country there, in the most gloomy colors. The dead bodies of white and black lay just as they were slain, unburied. However, preparation for their interment was making. I annex a list of the dead whites, but it is supposed there are more dead, of whom no account has been received. I do not pretend to vouch for the correctness of their statements, but it is such as we have received.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN WHEELER.

List of white persons ascertained to be killed.—Joseph Travers, wife and 3 children; Luther Francis; William Reese and mother; J. Esau Tarbar and 2 others; Henry Bryant, wife, child and mother; Mrs. C. Whitehead, 3 daughters, 2 sons, and 1 grandson; Trajan Doyle; Mrs. Williams and child, (with John Williams); Nat. Francis's 2 children and overseer; Thomas Barrow, who has barely escaped between 20 and 30 negroes kill his wife and child; Waller, 8 children, and a young lady; two sisters of Francis Fols; B. Jones's daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Williams and two others; Jacob C. Williams, wife and 3 children; Taswell Worrell's wife and child; Rebecca Vaughan, 2 sons and niece; James Story and wife. Total 59.

Passengers by the Fayetteville stage say that by the latest accounts 120 negroes had been killed.

A gentleman who left New-York Saturday evening informs us that just before leaving the city, he saw a letter from a postmaster in North Carolina, as the borders of Southampton County, and about seven miles from the place where the assaults commenced their depredations, in which it was stated that the insurrection had its origin from the circumstance that the father of the two white leaders was indicted for some offence, tried and sentenced by one of the Courts of Southampton County to pay a fine of \$1000, at which his sons were so enraged, that they had resolved to have vengeance on the whole county. They induced ten or a dozen negroes to join them, and immediately commenced their work of destruction by cutting off the heads of all the whites, and killing all the blacks who refused to unite with them.—Lovell Journal.

[We cannot place much confidence in the above account of the origin of the revolt.]

COMMENTS OF EDITORS.

The insurrection of the blacks in one of the counties of Virginia, and the indiscriminate massacre of the white inhabitants, an account of which will be found in another column, furnish a subject of serious reflection. It certainly is an awful warning; and they indeed must be fool-hardy, who despise its admonition. The good man must shudder at the recital of the outrage, whilst the Christian philanthropist feels that renewed exertions are necessary to prevent one off-renewed evil, by the insurrection of another, whose long and unrelenting existence, under several varieties, and makes us think of it but too lightly, until a day of tremendous retributive approaches, and the curse of inhumanity recede to plague the offender.

We sincerely hope that the account we have published will prove exaggerated. It affords us so pleasure to record the details of a slave insurrection, attended as it always is and inevitably must be with murder and most foul outrage. But it does not seem to us that they who are most exposed to the violence, and are such immediate measures to prevent it, and rely upon the ignorance of the slave, for protection against those terrible calamities, which the brute passions, fostered by that ignorance, are sure to produce when once roused into action. Let our Southern Brethren do more to enlighten their slaves and they will do much to protect themselves. Let them introduce, a system of gradual emancipation, and emancipation.—Let the black be taught that the white man does not recognize an indispensible property in his body, mind, and soul.—that he acknowledges the evils and injustice of slavery, and is willing to aid, so far as his duty to himself, his neighbor and his God will justify his conduct, in producing its ultimate extinction.

What forbids the passage of a law that every child born of a slave, shall be free, and educated to the public expense? These children might be taught to work on plantations, and their superior value, as free and independent laborers, would be more than equivalent to their wages. We wish that every State would think more of this subject. Slavery, in this country, cannot exist forever, and they who feel its course fall heaviest, should surely not be the last to attempt a remedy for the evil.

Boston Transcript.

THE CRISIS. I tremble for my country, and Jefferson, in reference to the existence of Slavery in this country: I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep for ever. It is not for nothing that the apostle saith, States would think more of this subject. Slavery, in this country, cannot exist forever, and they who feel its course fall heaviest, should surely not be the last to attempt a remedy for the evil.

The appalling news from Virginia cannot be recalled to mind the almost prophetic forebodings of Jefferson. It is possible that this insurrection may prove partial and temporary; but the continued number of the slaves has long been a standing miracle of Divine forbearance towards this guilty nation of oppressors, and we have no reason to suppose that with long continued impunity in our present brutishness and apathy. We are liable at any day in



BOSTON,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1831.

THE INSURRECTION.

What we have so long predicted,—at the peril of being stigmatized as an alarmist and declaimer,—has commenced its fulfilment. The first step of the earthquake, which is ultimately to shake down the fabric of oppression, leaving not one stone upon another, has been made. The first drops of blood, which are but the prelude to a deluge from the gathering clouds, have fallen. The first flash of the lightning, which is to smite and consume, has been felt. The first wailings of a bereavement, which is to clothe the earth in sackcloth, have broken upon our ears.

In the first number of the Liberator, we alluded to the hour of vengeance in the following lines:

Wo if it come with storm, and blood, and fire,
When midnight darkness veils the earth and sky!
Wo to the innocent babe—the guilty sire!
Mother and daughter—friends of kindred tie!
Stranger and citizen alike shall die!
Red-handed Slaughter his revenge shall feed,

And Havo yell his ominous death-cry,
And wild Despair in vain for mercy plead—
While hell itself shall shrink and micken at the deed!

Read the account of the insurrection in Virginia, and say whether our prophecy be not fulfilled. What was poetry—imagination—in January, is now a bloody reality. Wo to the innocent babe—to mother and daughter! Is it not true? Turn again to the record of slaughter! Whole families have been cut off—not a mother, not a daughter, not a babe left. Dreadful retaliation! The dead bodies of white and black lying just as they were slain, unburied—the oppressor and the oppressed equal at last in death—what a spectacle!

True, the rebellion is quelled. Those of the slaves who were not killed in combat, have been secured, and the prison is crowded with victims destined for the gallows!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors!

You have seen, it is to be feared, but the beginning of sorrows. All the blood which has been shed will be required at your hands. At your hands alone? No—but at the hands of the people of New-England and of all the free states. The crime of oppression is national. The south is only the agent in this guilty traffic. But, remember! the same causes are at work which must inevitably produce the same effects; and when the contest shall have again begun, it must be again a war of extermination. In the present instance, no quarters have been asked or given.

But we have killed and routed them now—we can do it again and again—we are invincible! A dastardly triumph, well becoming a nation of oppressors. Detestable complacency, that can think, without emotion, of the extermination of the blacks! We have the power to kill all—let us, therefore, continue to apply the whip and forge new fetters!

In his fury against the revolvers, who will remember their wrongs? What will it avail them, though the catalogue of their sufferings, dripping with warm blood fresh from their lacerated bodies, be held up to extenuate their conduct? It is enough that the victims were black—that circumstance makes them less precious than the dogs which have been slain in our streets! They were black—brutes, pretending to be men—legions of curses upon their memories! They were black—God made them to serve us!

Ye patriotic hypocrites! ye panegyrists of Frenchmen, Greeks, and Poles! ye fusion declaimers for liberty! ye valiant sticklers for equal rights among yourselves! ye haters of aristocracy! ye assailants of monarchies! ye republican nullifiers! ye reasonable dismissionists! be dumb! Cast no reproach upon the conduct of the slaves, but let your lips and cheeks wear the blisters of condemnation!

Ye accuse the pacific friends of emancipation of instigating the slaves to revolt. Take back the charge as a foul slander. The slaves need no incentives at our hands. They will find them in their stripes—in their emaciated bodies—in their ceaseless toil—in their ignorant minds—in every field, in every valley, on every hill-top and mountain, wherever you and your fathers have fought for liberty—in your speeches, your conversations, your celebrations, your pamphlets, your newspapers—voices in the air, sounds from across the ocean, invitations to resistance above, below, around them! What more do they need? Surrounded by such influences, and smarting under their newly made wounds, is it wonderful that they should rise to contend—as other heroes have contended—for their lost rights? It is not wonderful.

In all that we have written, is there ought to justify the excesses of the slaves? No. Nevertheless, they deserve no more censure than the Greeks in destroying the Turks, or the Poles in exterminating the Russians, or our fathers in slaughtering the British. Dreadful, indeed, is the standard erected by worldly patriotism!

For ourselves, we are horror-struck at the late tidings. We have exerted our utmost efforts to avert the calamity. We have warned our countrymen of the danger of persisting in their unrighteous conduct.

We have preached to the slaves the pacific precepts of Jesus Christ. We have appealed to Christians, philanthropists and patriots, for their assistance to accomplish the great work of national redemption through the agency of moral power—of public opinion—of individual duty. How have we been received? We have been threatened, proscribed, vilified and imprisoned—a laughing-stock and a reproach. Do we falter, in view of these things? Let time answer. If we have been hitherto urgent, and bold, and denunciatory in our efforts,—hereafter we shall grow vehement and active with the increase of danger. We shall cry, in trumpet tones, night and day,—Wo to this guilty land, unless she speedily repent of her evil doings! The blood of millions of her sons cries aloud for redress! IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION can alone save her from the vengeance of Heaven, and cancel the debt of ages!

DEFENCE OF THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY. To my inquiry, where and when I once delivered an impressive speech in behalf of the Colonization Society, the editor of the Washington Spectator replies:

'In Park-street Church, Boston, on the Fourth of July, three or four years ago, we cannot say which, because we cannot now lay our hand upon the speech, but to it the editor can readily turn if he has a file of the Boston Recorder. A collection was taken up on the occasion for the Colonization Society. We certainly read such a speech by Mr Wm. Lloyd Garrison. We recollect thinking the doctrines of the Speech, so far as they related to slavery, ultra; and conversing with a friend at the time in regard to them.—We would think the Editor of the Liberator for a copy of that speech, and we think we shall be able to prove that he there gave his support to the Colonization Society.'

Now, the truth is, I purposely avoided, in the address above alluded to, making a strenuous effort in favor of the Colonization Society—not, I confess, because I then deemed it wrong in principle, but because I doubted its efficiency. I did not, in fact, but once introduce its name. This omission gave not a little umbrage at the time. Alluding to it, a stupid censor in the American Traveller, of this city, remarked:

'I would ask Mr Wm. Lloyd Garrison, why he was omitted to be named by a society whose object is professedly the emancipation and colonization of the blacks? I should think him much in the predicament of another boy, who, being ordered upon an errand, became so much engaged playing in the gutter, that he forgot what he was sent after.'

It is true, a collection was taken up on the occasion for the Colonization Society—much to my regret at the present moment.

If, however, my address had been decidedly and exclusively encomiastic of the colonization scheme, what then? Is a man, whose eyes are clearly open to error, always to cling to it, in order to save his consistency? This, indeed, may be the doctrine of colonizationists, but I repudiate it. Investigation and experience have altered my views of many things, and I cheerfully acknowledge my mistakes. I plead guilty, then, of having made the following—and only the following—allusion to the Colonization Society, in a confessedly 'impressive speech' occupying ten columns of the National Philanthropist:

'I call upon our citizens to assist in establishing auxiliary colonization societies in every state, county and town. I implore their direct and liberal patronage to the parent society.'

It shall be the aim of my life to atone for the above ridiculous and unworthy appeal.

In another paragraph, I spoke of the Colony at Liberia, (to sustain an argument in favor of intellectual equality among the whites and blacks,) in the following terms. I have no desire to alter my position, that the emigrants have done well—remarkably well—in moral and intellectual improvement, considering the appalling difficulties which have towered in their path. The people of color, here or in Africa, will be able to compete with the whites in any contest for superiority, if granted equal privileges.

I turn to another spot, with feelings of pride and exultation, in proof of African aptitude to learn, and ability to govern. That spot is Liberia, at present the lungs and heart of Africa, full of generous respiration and warm blood. I there contemplate a Colony, which, even in its infancy, shows the signs of a giant. I see (what, in one particular, I do not here) a republic, founded on the broad basis of liberty and equality without distinction of color—and with an excellent civil government. I see those, whom we formerly treated with contempt and subjected to servitude,—suffering them to arrive to the maturity of ignorance and wretchedness before we broke their bonds,—changed almost instantaneously into intelligent, moral, peaceable citizens. I see a rising on an incipient commerce, which promises a quick and splendid fruition—their agriculture in a thriving state—their schools and houses of worship multiplying in every settlement.

I shall send the editor of the Spectator a copy of my address, challenging him to detect another particle of colonizationism.

We have given all the particulars of the inspection that have come to hand, up to the time our paper went to press.

MARRIED—In Middletown, Ct. by the Rev. Jehiel C. Burdett, Mr. Lancel Freeman, of Meriden, to Miss Maria Worthington, of Middletown.

A CHANCE OF NOTORIETY! A partisan of the Colonization Society, in the last New-Haven Palladium, says—greatly to our notoriety—there is a print called the Liberator, published in Boston by a Mr. Garrison. We thank him for lifting us up from obscurity.

His republican sensibility is terribly shocked by our advocacy of equal rights for our colored countrymen. It is folly to contend that their rights are inalienable, except they reside in Africa. 'God,' he declares, 'has put a mark upon the black man.' 'The God of Nature intended they should be a distinct, free and independent community.' God has put a mark upon every man, woman and child, in the world; so that every one differs in appearance from another—is easily identified—and, according to the logic of this writer, should occupy a distinct portion of territory, or, like the honest Irishman's pig, live in 'a gang by himself.' A man of his principles ought to be sent into exile, forthwith.

He has made a wonderful discovery! The God of Nature, it seems, has been frustrated in his intentions. Colored persons were born by mistake in this country: they were intended to be born in Africa—a queer *lusus nature*!—consequently, we must rectify the error by transporting them as fast as possible. Truly, a most formidable job! There occur at least sixty thousand of such mistakes annually—while the Colonization Society has corrected only about fourteen hundred in fourteen years!!!—Alas! alas!

This great discoverer is afflicted on the score of intermarriage. He modestly opposes—contrary to well known facts—that all the overtures will be made by the blacks—and, if so, what shall be done? It will be dangerous to refuse, &c. &c. &c. Poor fellow! we pry his misfortune in being afflicted with such a delicate skin and pretty face! If an ugly black creature should chance to make proposals to him—only imagine the perplexity of his situation! 'Tis a hard choice, where the alternative is acceptance or death.

He says the Colonization Society ought to receive the applause of every christian, every patriot, every philanthropist, and every black that has the spirit to wish to be free, or deserves to be free! [mark that!] Why? Because it agrees with him that a sixth-part of our countrymen ought not to enjoy their 'inalienable rights' among us, in despite of the Declaration of Independence, and seeks to remove them to an unknown land. What a republican and pious combination! Surely it is actuated by nothing but disinterested benevolence and a patriotic horror of black skins!

The annual commencement of Harvard College took place on Wednesday last. The exercises, on the whole, were of a superior order. The English Oration on 'Radicalism,' by William Hammett Simmons of this city, was decidedly, in our opinion, the best effort of the occasion. Its delivery was singularly felicitous, and its matter worthy of the highest panegyric. We should like to see it in print. It was a caustic rebuke to that wild spirit of jacobinism, which seeks to overthrow social order and the administration of law in this country, ever complaining of imaginary grievances and endeavoring to kindle the fire of discontent in the booms of the working classes. We were pleased with a Literary Disquisition on 'the influence of the multiplication of books upon literature,' by Edgar Buckingham of Boston, and Joseph Ricketon Williams of New-Bedford. Young Buckingham displayed a considerable share of his father's shrewdness, wit and severity. Mr Williams's effort was very creditable, both as to manner and matter. Mr. George Stillman Hillard, a candidate for the degree of A. M., delivered a most impressive oration on 'the dangers to which the minds of young men in our country are exposed.' We have seldom listened to a better specimen of fine writing, refined sensibility, and virtuous sentiment: it was delivered with commendable modesty and appropriate action.

The approbation of our colored countrymen in Rochester is received with pleasure. They have liberally supplied themselves with two hundred copies of our Address to the People of Color.

PUBLIC MEETING IN ROCHESTER.

At a full and respectable meeting, composed of gentlemen of color of the village of Rochester, it was unanimously

Resolved, That we view Mr Garrison's unwearied exertions and labors in our cause, of great and increasing benefit to our race, and as claiming our highest gratitude and thanks.

Resolved, That we consider the course he pursues, as editor of the Liberator, of great utility and usefulness, and, as a proof, intend to continue our patronage, and would recommend to our brethren to do the same.

It being thought expedient to appoint an agent for the Liberator in this place, Josiah Green was, therefore, appointed agent.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Liberator. Rochester, August 17, 1831.

the year, to be called upon to face an army of oppressed men, fighting for liberty. Have we counted the cost of meeting them? Look at the estimate of Jefferson.—'The Almighty has no attribute that could take sides with us in such a contest.' Fearful prospect! Let us tremble and repent, and do works meet for repentance. While men talk of the danger of emancipation, it is wonderful that they can forget the danger of withholding it. May Heaven's mercy stop the effusion of blood, and give us wisdom to profit by this sore visitation. *Genius of Temperance.*

We recapitulate these events as the prelude to other similar catastrophes, and as emanating from that ardent desire of liberty implanted in the human breast, and which will sooner or later burst the bonds of oppression, and seek its kindred spirit among the free. These infuriated, wretched beings, (reduced to a state of desperation,) have doubtless rushed on to certain destruction, as they will be hunted down like wild beasts; and the record of their fate may possibly deter others at present from such rash means to effect their freedom; but the fire will continue to burn, like the smothered volcano, until its internal discontent shall reach that state of intensity which no obstruction can limit.—*Lynn Record.*

30,000 SLAVES ANNUALLY!!!

It is stated that a company of merchants at Nantz, France, have actually contracted to supply the island of Cuba with 30,000 slaves annually!—How many of these will be smuggled into the United States? Let us have a gradual abolition of slavery, by all means!—because the more victims we get from Africa, the slower, and consequently the safer, will be the work of emancipation, and the greater will be the number of happy emigrants for our enterprising and philanthropic colonizationists to remove!! Thus the trade between Africa and this country will wonderfully increase in briskness.

Horrors of Slavery.—A few nights past, a cottage near Haddonfield, New Jersey, was broken open, and a man with his wife and children carried off. They were subsequently examined before John R. Sicker, one of the judges of the inferior court of common pleas, who granted a passport for their removal; the man as the slave of Ezekiel F. Chambers, and the woman as the slave of Wilmer. The infant being born in New Jersey is free by law. They were afterwards imprisoned in Kokesperger's tavern, in Federal-street, near the arsenal, and from thence removed to the debtor's apartment of Arch-street prison, as the slaves of Charles Knight. A writ of habeas corpus was taken out, but before it was served they were carried off.—*Phild. Chron.*

On the 18th ult. about 40 miles East of Cape Cruz, Cuba, the British government ship, Speedwell boarded a French slave, with 151 slaves on board, who, as well as the crew, were in a sickly state. It was afterwards understood that she landed her whole cargo at Trinidad, Cuba.

A slaveholder, named Enoch Knight, was lately shot in Augusta, Georgia, by the overseer of his slaves.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

For the Liberator.

ADDRESS OF A LITTLE SLAVE BOY

TO HIS MASTER'S SON.

Dear white young master, hear, I pray,
What your poor black boy aims to say.
I often wonder why should be
Such difference betwixt you and me;
For I'm as tall and strong as you,
And many things as well can do,
Have hands and feet, can run and walk,
Can feel and see, can hear and talk.
'T is true I am not nice of speech,
For who poor simple black will teach?
For me to labor, dig, and hoe,
Is all that I am like to know;
But you have teachers every day,
And much you learn, at least you may;
They teach you to be good and wise,
But my hard lot this boon denies.
Dear good young master, pray attend,
You can poor friendless black befriend;
Neglected, ignorant, and rude,
I fain would learn, would fain be good:
Oh teach me part of what you know,
You will not lose what you bestow;
And if a slave I still must be,
Oh let my mind at least be free.
I heard your kind mama one day
A little lesson bid you say,
She bid you fix it in your heart,
Nor ever from its law depart;
'Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.'
As you repeated what she taught,
My ear, my heart, the lesson caught;
And will be make this rule his guide?
He will, he must, my heart replied:
And oh! what joy to all my race,
When all of his this rule embrace.
Now, dear young master, what would you,
Were our lots changed, wish me to do?

W. M.

A letter from the Secretary of the American Colonization Society, together with several communications, will be inserted next week.

LITERARY.

From Poems, by Alonso Lewis.

ADAM AND EVE.

There were two forms within a garden fair, One had high locks, and short and wreathy hair, A broad pale forehead, and a thoughtful eye, That now looked deeply in the silent sky, Now upon her beside him. She stood there— A form all gracefulness, serene and fair. Her long dark locks flowed round her marble neck, And in the sunlight threw their shadowy fleck Across a breast so delicately pure, That mortal spirit might not well endure To gaze, and love not. But within her eye, There shone a light as from eternity! She was all poetry!—so pure and fair, She seemed a spirit of the upper air, A form to love and worship. And they stood Beside each other in that solitude, That living solitude of birds and flowers, While strange imaginings and swift winged hours Fluted all gayly by them. From the sky They drank sublime emotions, and their eye Received delight from the enticing hue Of the rhodora with its living blue; And long with rapture was their vision set On the bright tulip and the rose of jet. All things around were delicate and fair, Sublime and unlike; for a spirit there Had breathed its fragrance and its living hues Through kindling sunlight and inspiring dew; And all the scene so rich and tranquil glowed, As God had formed it for his own abode!

From the Stirling Journal.

A DREAM.

'Sleep hath its own world And a wide realm of wild reality.'—Byron. I felt that my death hour was come; I strove to pray—I strove to weep; But the winds stuck in my parched throat, And the lean flesh did coldly creep— So horrible it was to die, At midnight, in my lonely sleep. I heard the rattle in my throat, And then I surely knew That I should die; and then the dark Death angel o'er me flew— Oh, God! how cold I felt that shade, As it broad and broader grew. Like a drowning man, I downward sank Within that horrid sea; The cold waves, gurgling in mine ear, Did rush all fearfully; Then o'er my heart the death-spasm fell, And I shrieked convulsively. And now I knew that I had died: For, lighter than the wind, I passed the sun—yay, all the stars Did glimmer far behind— A lone and bodiless thing I swept 'The universe unconfined. Oh, many a happy thing I saw Floating on their glittering wings— Flinging their fleshless fingers o'er Their harps of golden strings— All unawares, I lingered there To drink their murmuring. All unawares, I prayed to God, Charmed by that starry spell, Amid that land of happy things Whose tones so wildly fell— All unawares, I prayed, that there I evermore might dwell. But darkness gathered o'er me then, And I shuddered fearfully, For the great judgment throne was set, Far on the flaming sky, And earthy crimes my fears awoke, And I prayed that I might die. Like the spear-leaf borne on the storm, So was I whirled on, Where tens of thousands burning ones Begirt that great white throne— A diadem of stars, far o'er 'The universe, they shone. I turned me to the judgment throne— But blasted grew my sight, Like him who gazes on the sun Unwearably bright— I shrank in darkness and in fear, From that great throne of light. I saw the skeletons of men Float past the dazzling sun; And the blue stars looked ghastly wan— Their race of light was run.

The moon swept by, like a ball of blood, And sunk in that burning solitude. Then rose so wild a wail— So horrible and high— Like a thousand thunders, breaking And rolling through the sky: That wail was nature's funeral dirge, The damned spirits' cry. That cry so wild, my blood so chilled, It lay like ice upon a stream; And thus I woke, and blessed God That all was but—a midnight dream; But from that moment I began To be an altered and a holy man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Newburyport Herald.

HAYTIAN BLACK.

We have been much interested lately by a series of letters, which have fallen under our eye, written to a gentleman of this town, by a gentleman now high in office in the island of St. Domingo. These letters began about a year since—and the first is one, which announces to his correspondent here, the fact of his residence in Hayti, and certain incidents of his life. The object of these letters is to revive a friendship, which, it seems, was contracted as early as the Revolution in St. Domingo. The writer expresses in very warm and grateful language his acknowledgments for favors shown him at that time—though Capt. W. the gentleman addressed here, does not recollect the fact of having conferred the favors to which allusion is made, nor even the person of his correspondent. The kind and generous spirit which dictates these very friendly epistles, and the freshness of his recollections, are not a little remarkable, as exemplified in a person, who has passed through numerous vicissitudes and been subject to the hardening influences of age and of office. He was, during the Revolution, as we learn, in the condition of a slave or servant—but has amply redeemed himself since. We have noticed the case, because we do not believe the character singular in Hayti. It is one of a people, which, we believe, with some defects, has been nevertheless abused and calumniated—but which numbers many individuals among its higher classes, whose virtues and intelligence would compare favorably with similar manifestations in any part of the civilized world. No person can be insensible to the noble spirit of patriotism evinced in the following passage, taken from one of the writer's letters—and, it being from one of late date, (July 28, 1831,) it may show how far we may depend upon the Haytians making a proper resistance to the aggressions of the French Government—which, it will be recollected, still lays foolish, and with its present pretensions to freedom, ridiculous and shameful claims upon this island. 'The Republic of Hayti will always maintain the rank it holds among nations; and you will never have cause to blush for any concessions which your country may form with ours. Our civil dissensions are but momentary—the mere creatures of a day. As to foreign invasion—we say, 'let it come!' 'Si fractus illabatur orbis—impavidus serient ruinae.' Religion will ever be our consolation in adversity—she will also teach us moderation in prosperity.' If the people of Hayti are animated and governed by sentiments like these—we trust that every French or foreign force, that lands offensively on its shores, will be gathered to the mouldering bones of the invading armies which have perished there already.

\*Should the globe dissolve in ruin—its wrecks would close upon us unperceived.

LOWELL.

The editor of the Salem Observer has made the following minute calculation as to the amount of cloth manufactured at Lowell in different portions of time: 'There are from 12 to 14 millions yards of cloth manufactured annually—equal to 44,000 per day—3000 per hour—60 per minute—or a yard every second!' The Observer gives the following account of the recent land speculations in Lowell. 'The Proprietors of Locks and Canals have sold, within seven weeks, \$500,000 worth of land; and within the last few weeks, in amount \$279,000, from 3 cents to \$1.25 per foot. Speculations in land during the last few weeks have been great. Two lawyers bought a lot of seven acres for \$14,000, and had the consciences to sell the same in a few days after, for \$54,000. During the height of the speculation fever, a speculator accosted a countryman standing near the scene of sale, with 'if you take your bargain?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What will you take for your bargain?' 'Twenty-five dollars.' 'It is a bargain,' and counted him over the money, while the countryman pocketed, and adroitly gave our speculator the slip, with all right and title he had to the land. Real estate has risen on an average, within the last eighteen months, nearly 100 per cent. Some lots well situated for business, sold for 2 shillings per foot within six months, have, within three weeks, brought 75 cents per foot. Rents afford a greater profit here, than in any other town in New-England.'

FATE OF SOVEREIGNS.

Within thirteen months, ending the 1st of July, no less than thirteen Sovereign rulers ceased to govern, either in consequence of the will of their own subjects, or by the mandate of a higher power:—Eng.—George IV., dead. France.—Charles X., deposed. Algiers.—Mahmoud, turned out. Rome.—Pius VIII., dead. Saxony.—Anthony, deposed. Naples.—Francis, dead. Belgium.—William, deposed. Sardinia.—Charles Felix, deposed. Brunswick.—Duke Charles, deposed. Greece.—Capo d'Istria, deposed. Brazil.—Don Pedro I., abdicated. Colombia.—Bolívar, dead. Poland.—Archduke Constantine, deposed.

Siamese Twins.—In the examination of these interesting youths at Lyndfield, on the charge of firing upon some persons who teased them, a correspondent of the Centinel says:—An argument offered by one of the Twins afforded much amusement to the Court. It was nearly in this form, and was addressed to Mr. Prescott, the complainant:—'You swear you fired o' me; and fraid I kill you, about you—at same time you know I have guns—you see I about you if I choose—and you keep round me, following me—I ask you civilly not to follow me—you want let me go away—you call me and my mother bad name—and yet you want you fraid I kill you. Now, suppose I see a man in my country, in Siam—he goes out into woods, and sees a lion asleep—he say "Oh! I fraid that lion kill me"—what I think of that man if he go up and give that lion a kick and say get out you ugly beast? I wish you'd answer me that.'

Another batch of D. D.'s and according to present appearances a large one, is 'being issued' from the various College mints, where it is as easy to coin them as pennypieces at the mint of the United States. This ridiculous nomenclature seems likely to maintain its ground a little longer, notwithstanding the efforts of Stuart, Cox, Beman, and others to effect its abolition. There were no D. D.'s in the case of the American better encouragement, or rather the simplicity of the Gospel would be better consulted. Let government and the schools keep their honors to themselves, or bestow them where they are needed: an ambassador of the King of Kings, if he be truly such, has no occasion for earthly titles and distinctions.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

Friend Lundy, of Washington City, has just commenced a new volume of his spirited and able paper, the Genius of Universal Emancipation. We are pleased to hear him state that he has recently received about two hundred and fifty new subscriptions: but sorry to learn that some of his subscribers, like some of ours, forget to make their remittances. He desires a better encouragement, or rather the people owe their own interests better attention than to permit such labors as those of Lundy to go unrequited.—Genius of Temperance.

A thief in Philadelphia lately stole a lottery ticket, which drew a prize of ten thousand dollars—another instance tending to illustrate the general fact, that the benefits (?) of lotteries are chiefly enjoyed by plunderers.—Ibid.

A young gentleman and lady residing in England being violently attached to each other, and the relatives refusing to consent to their union, they agreed to go abroad, and put an end to their existence. They arrived at Lisbon, and, with loaded pistols pointed at each other's bosoms, they agreed to fire at the same moment. His pistol took effect, and he laid the young lady dead at his feet; but her's missed fire. On his arrival in England, he was arrested, tried by a Special Commission, and was hanged at Newgate.

In the examination of the colored man at New-York, testing his grandfather, named Slaughter, 103 years old, his father, a testifier, was accustomed to rise by break of day, that he never drank ardent spirits, except a glass of bittern in the morning sometimes; and drank only a little buttermilk and water with his dinner; was always a hard working man; and had been a sawyer in N. York for 80 years.

Female Friends.—We have remarked that, as the ground of general truth, the females of the society of Friends are more intelligent than any other class; and we attribute this to the fact, that their time is not spent in finding out new fashions, or in altering dresses, or inquiring how Miss Such-a-one's bonnet is trimmed, but in improving their minds and fitting themselves to be useful members of society; to fill stations of high and uncompromising respectability.—Greensboro' Pat.

Death of Capt. Woodfall.—Letters from Alexandria of the beginning of May, mention the death of Capt. Woodfall, a gentleman who had been sent by the African Society in this country, to explore the interior of Africa. Capt Woodfall was to have penetrated into Africa through Abyssinia, and had arrived at Kourdelan, in the last mentioned country, where death put a stop to his career.

Conversation.—Avoid quotations unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend —, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despicable animal, made a very mal-adroit use of the words: 'Ah! said he, with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, 'tis as fearfully and wonderfully made!'

A good humored Jackson man having been asked how he would stand if this new eruption from the Jackson Vesuvius should stand it, replied he, 'we shall stand it as Pompeii did—'—'It is a bargain,' and counted him over the money, while the countryman pocketed, and adroitly gave our speculator the slip, with all right and title he had to the land. Real estate has risen on an average, within the last eighteen months, nearly 100 per cent. Some lots well situated for business, sold for 2 shillings per foot within six months, have, within three weeks, brought 75 cents per foot. Rents afford a greater profit here, than in any other town in New-England.'

The Railway.—Since the opening of the branch of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway from Bolton, there have been some 1546 passengers. The average receipts for fares and carriage of merchandise is at the rate of £10,000 per annum, and the effect has been to drive every stage coach from off the road between Bolton and Liverpool. Mr Rush, in a letter published in the Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner, written in reply to one from a number of Anti-Masons of that county, inviting him to be a candidate for the Presidency, declines the proffered honor, and announces his determination to remain in private life.

The Boston Patriot says:—Dr King, of North Carolina, a philosopher of considerable reputation, has lectured in this city for some time past, maintaining a new theory respecting lightning rods, that they should not be smooth, but rough and jagged, and that each point may detach its portion of electric fluid. It is said that the rod upon the State House is altered in this manner.

The fair and capricious Parisians are just now flocking to some new baths, instituted for the embellishment of the complexion. They are composed half of goat's milk and half of plain water, and have little floating bags of chevril-seed by way of perfume.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—The schr. Pommery, Capt. Mauro, arrived this morning with Capt. Gamble, the mate, five of the crew, and some twenty-seven passengers, the only survivors of 800 souls, who on the barque Lady Sherbrooke, from Londonderry, bound to Quebec, lost on the 19th ult. near Cape Ray, Newfoundland.—Halifax paper.

It has lately been determined in France, that a foreigner cannot contract marriage in that country, without a certificate from the proper authorities of his own, stating that there is no obstacle to his marrying in France.

A mutiny took place on board the brig Mary, of Philadelphia, off the Capes of the Delaware, recently, and the captain and mate were killed. The vessel and mutineers have been secured.

A colored woman, named Mary Fredericks, died lately at Baltimore, at the age of one hundred and twelve years. Ten years ago she became blind, but was able to work till within a few days of her death.

Sir Walter Scott, at the last accounts from Edinburgh, was dangerously ill.

MORAL.

For the Liberator.

A CHRISTIAN'S DYING HOUR.

My dying hour, has softly come— My cares, my sorrows, now are done; Rise now, my soul, to bliss above, And ever sing thy Saviour's love. A dying hour! how sweet the thought! A Saviour, dear, I have loved and sought; I've offered up my soul, in prayer, To Jesus who is ever near. A dying hour! ah! how sweet To lay my soul at Jesus' feet! I'll sing his praise, proclaim his love, And ever dwell with him above. Philadelphia, Aug. 26, 1831. ELLA.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

STANZAS.

If half the pains that we bestow To gain a little name below, 'Mong fellow worms of earth, Were but directed to acquire A title to a station higher, We should not shame our birth. 'Tis strange! that, seeing, we are blind, Casting the pearl of Truth behind, To pick up Folly's sand; Wandering in mist, to left and right, When forward shines the steady light, Of our best, promised Land. 'Tis strange! 't is pressing nat'l thought, With Revelation's volume brought Home to our very door, That we should trifle years away, And still put off, and still delay, To make our 'calling' sure. How? when the end of life draws nigh— How shall we dread to meet the eye Of Mercy's kindest God? How shrink, to know we must appear Neglectors of our duty here, And strangers to His road! The Sun for us yet sheds his ray, For us yet lingers waning Day, Each moment be our own, Precious as gemming in our eyes, The righteous steps on which we rise Up to our Maker's Throne. VERITE.

On Pulpit Ostentation.—How little most the presence of God be felt in that place where the high functions of the pulpit are degraded into a stipulated exchange of entertainment on the one side, and of admiration on the other; and surely, it were a sight to make angels weep when a weak and vaporing mortal, surrounded by his fellow sinners, hastening to the grave and the judgment seat with them, finds it a dearer object to his boast, to regale his hearers by the exhibition of his Master, than to do in plain earnest the work of his Master, and urge on the business of repentance and of faith by the impressive simplicities of the gospel.—Dr. Chalmers.

Who make drunkards.—A little boy not long since, speaking of his father, said, 'He got drunk and falls down in the road, so he can't come home.' 'But what makes your father drunk?' asked a gentleman in reply. 'Rum,' answered the boy. 'And don't you drink when your father does?' 'No, sir,' said the boy, 'he makes it too strong; but I drink some when mother makes it.' Let it not be said that females have nothing to do in the abolition of intemperance. There is a reason to believe that many have become drunkards by drinking a little when mother makes it. Christian Soldier.