

# THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. II.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS.

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN, ALL MANKIND.

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### THE LIBERATOR.

Q. A Negro child is born to-day. What right on earth have we to say that that child shall be a slave? I want to know by what authority we act, under what warrant we proceed, when we say that that child shall eat the bitter bread, and do the bitter labor of a bondsman, all the days of his life? I know the answer that will be given me: "The father is mine; the mother is mine; and therefore the child is mine." That is, you have made his parents eat the bitter bread, and do the bitter labor of slaves; and this crime which you have committed against his parents, is to be your apology for the crime which you design to commit against him."  
FOXWELL BUXTON.

### ADAM ARATOR TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR.

Sir—Though you did not say you should be glad to hear from me again, I think it is likely you will, as what I have got to say will be so much to your mind; and when I can do any body a good turn, I'm not one to lose the chance by waiting to be asked. Well, sir, I know you'll be glad to hear the news that I've come quite round to my wife and daughters' and your way of thinking, that our using any part of the slaveholders' crops is a helping them on in their wicked way of carrying on their farms. It was a pretty curious way in which it was brought about, and I've a notion of giving you the whole history of it from beginning to end,—from the sowing the seed to the ripening the grain. You might have seen, sir, that I was not like one of your hard bound, tough pieces of land that nothing would ever bring to, and it was not long before the truth began to sprout, and all the ugly weeds of prejudice, as a body may say, were choked clean out by it. But to go straight on with my history. Wife and the girls kept growing worse and worse, and seeing that I was n't of their way of thinking, it came rather hard upon them; for when we had not any of the substitutes, as they called them; they used to go without things, unless I found it out by

chance. But this could not last long. About election time, wife and the girls always got one new Sunday gown which was to last through the year, and the first wear of it was generally at the squire's spring party; but last spring you've no notion how put out I was to see them at the party with their old year's gowns on; just like a chimney in May filled with dried up evergreens, instead of good fresh apple blossoms, or fine bright pines. I did not say any thing to them, for I thought they must feel ashamed enough themselves, for there were some city folks come up to make the squire a visit; but I thought I'd just give the squire a hint, and may be he would advise me what to do. He'd a great notion of making fun of them, but that's a job I like better to do myself than to have any body else do for me. So the squire said he would come on purpose some day, and see if he could not reason them out of their fantastical notions, as he called them; and accordingly the day after his city company went away, in he came as sure of victory as ever I was at a ploughing match—and I've beat at three, sir.

"It grieves me, madam," says the squire to my wife, "to see you and the young ladies inflicting on yourselves so much useless self-denial. I detest slavery as much as any man, and would do any thing I could to put an end to it; but for you, and two or three others to give up the use of slave labor, productions, can have no effect. If indeed every body would do the same, it would be our duty to join."

"I cannot see, sir," said my wife, in her modest way, "but what if it would be right for every body to do it, it must be right for each one to do it."

"That's true," thinks I to myself, but the squire did not seem to see any thing in it, but went on his own way.

"Besides the evident impossibility," said he, "of doing any good by going without, it is to be considered that you may actually do a great deal of harm by it. Let your compassionate heart, dear Mrs. Arator, think of the miseries of thousands of manufacturers thrown out of employ by people's giving up the use of cotton."

"Nolla! I squire," said I, "if it was not for seeming unwise, I should just like to say those two arguments of yours are pretty much like my two well buckets, when one goes up, 't'other goes down. If wife's plan can do such a mighty deal of harm, up goes the notion of it's not doing any thing at all."

"As to the manufacturers," said wife, "folks would not go without clothes because they did not make them of slave-raised cotton, and whatever they were somebody must manufacture."

"But the point on which I would dwell," said the squire, "is the inability of one or two people setting about such a scheme when the southern planters can find a market for their produce in every part of the world."

"Still," said wife, "the market we New-Englanders give must make some odds."

"Agreed," said he, "but we are talking about one, not about all the inhabitants of New-England, which amount to two millions. Now I say that what each one uses, is just nothing at all."

"Two million times nothing is nothing," said my Jen, who has just got to multiplication in his cyphering.

"That's true, child," said I, "ever so many nothings could never come to make up an any thing."

"And so," said wife, "if all the folks in the world who use slave produce are altogether helping in slavery, each one of them must be doing a little bit of that great sin."

"That's coming pretty close to the point," thinks I, and I was wondering what the squire would have to say to it. But he'd no notion of driving his plough right against such a stump in his way as that, so he just gee'd round it.

"I perceive, madam, that you do not take an enlarged and comprehensive view of the relations of trade and commerce; and of the intricate and involved combinations of interests which are comprehended in the vast machinery of human society."

law makers in the world can't take away the sin of, and I thought, squire, you detested slavery as much as any man.

"And so I do," said he, "slavery in the abstract I most heartily abhor."

"I don't know how had it may be in the Abstract," said I, "and seeing we can't do any thing about it, I don't think it's worth while to worry ourselves about how it is in the Abstract. It is bad enough in the United States, according to all we hear told, and I thought it was slavery there and in the other countries we trade with that you detested, for that's what wife and I meant."

"I perceive, my good friends," said the squire, "that we do not exactly understand each other, and we will converse more on the subject another time; and then making his bow, he a kind of sneaked off as we all thought. And now, sir, I'm going to tell you, that I can't say I ever did justly understand about slavery in the Abstract. There's only one thing I've found out, and that is, that as sure as you hear people begin to tell how much they abhor slavery in the Abstract, it's a certain sign they are going to bring up some sort of an excuse for slavery in the United States."

Some of my hired men were sitting in the hall, and heard all the squire's arguing, and it seemed to clear them up just as it did me. Says Ned Grew, (he it was that passed the sweetening by, and is the truest man I ever hired), "Ma'an Arator gave the squire a pretty good licking, for all he thought to lick her so; I guess he'll go to bed feeling pretty cheap." I shall tell you more of Ned another time, for I have not got half through my story, and how I turned the business over in my mind. I reckon now I've written more than you'll want to put in your paper, for I see you've something of a regular plan, as wife and the girls have, in laying out their garden, and may not want to spare so much room to such a homely herb as this; but you're welcome to thin it out as much as you please.

### ADAM ARATOR.

For the Liberator.  
SENTIMENTS OF A MAN OF COLOR.

MESSES GARRISON AND KNAPP—Allow me to express the high satisfaction I feel on seeing the enlargement of the Liberator. It affords matter for every pleasing reflection to observe this, as being an indication that inquiry is awakening in reference to the condition and rights of a people who have been long and cruelly oppressed. I would fondly hope, that in this land where Liberty is said to dwell, clothed with all her most fascinating enchantments, your noble and untiring efforts in the cause of humanity and natural rights may not be fruitless and unavailing. Why should not this land, which is an asylum for the persecuted of almost all nations, also be a sanctuary of security and repose to the wearied and depressed African? Humanity and justice can assign no sufficient reason.

Permit me, gentlemen, to say that I am impressed with sentiments of deep and lasting gratitude to you, for the able and fearless manner in which you have exposed the wickedness and moral deformity of slavery, as likewise for your views on the character and tendency of the Colonization Society. Your articles upon this subject breathe the spirit and sentiments of every colored man of any intelligence. Why establish a Society for the purpose of inducing the African to forsake this soil which he has enriched with his labor, and watered with his tears; which the violence and rapacity of Europe and America have made his native land? Why plunder him of his liberty, degrade his character, and then entice him into a foreign, and to him a strange land? This is not justice. Is it mercy? You have shewn the scheme to be impracticable and delusive. No man, who takes a sober view of the question, can entertain a doubt. But suppose the Society could attain what it is, and has been attempting, viz. the removal of the free people of color, it would then have done more towards tightening the cords and strengthening the chains of slavery, than ten thousand laws against freedom, sanctioned and enforced by the whip and the gibbet. It is well known that the slave has no chance of being informed of his natural rights, but by his intercourse with those of his color who are free: it therefore becomes highly desirable for those who wish to see oppression finally established, to remove the free people of color. Thus the free African who permits himself to be allured from his debase countrymen, gives a bond, as far as he is concerned, that his kinsmen who are in bondage shall continue meek and submissive as beasts of burden. Let the free colored man reflect—let him consider deeply, before he puts the seal upon this compact—the seal is the blood of his countrymen.

You will pardon me, gentlemen, for saying so much on this question, as it is one in which I feel the most deep and lively interest. I join with the friends of equality and justice every where, in wishing that your efforts in this great and arduous enterprise may be crowned with success.

Yours, respectfully,  
J. B. VASHON.

Pittsburgh, March 16th, 1832.

### THE MACON REPERTORY. No. III.

The ingenuity with which sinners palliate, evade or justify their iniquities, is strongly illustrated by the Macon Repertory. Having attempted to blind our eyes, by shifting the criminality of kidnapping from the living offenders to the dead transgressors, he proceeds to ask—Do we not treat them, the slaves, with as much humanity as they do their servants? What concern has this topic with slavery? Would a man's taking care of a horse which he had stolen, exculpate him from the charge of theft?—and shall a kidnapper be justified because he affords nutriment to his slave sufficient to make him work for his indulgence, or because he pumps and adorns a girl merely to gratify his sensuality?

But this question must be met with a decided negative;—for we affirm, that a dog and a horse in the southern states are ordinarily better fed and housed than the human inhabitants of the 'Negro quarters'; and that no citizen in one of our northern towns dare to torture a horse or a dog in the public streets, as the colored people are usually lacerated and flayed, mangled and killed; and the Macon Repertory knows, that this is the constant exhibition among the slave-drivers of all classes, and of all characters—and that officers of the nominal christian church are as deeply chargeable with the heinous guilt, as any other class of the negro-thieving community. Besides, admitting that a northern farmer was unjust and cruel to his hired dependent, by what logic or by what principle of equity can a southern slave-driver thus justify his unrighteousness? This rule of exculpation must be found in the Macon Repertory's newly discovered sixth letter from Paul to Timothy—for most assuredly, it is recorded in no other moral code upon earth.

The Macon Repertory next propounds this inquiry: "Where in all the book of God are they taught unqualified emancipation and freedom?" We reply, every where, from the first chapter of Genesis, when God having created man free, pronounced his magnificent work, "very good," to the last chapter of the Revelation where the Lord of life and glory proclaims, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The devil was the first slaveholder; for he kidnapped Adam and Eve in Paradise; and, alas! he's led captive at his will, all her offspring, except those who have made an insurrection against his tyranny, and with christian weapons, have fought their escape from their thralldom. Satan as 'prince of the power of the air,' claims all Eve's posterity on account of their mother; and the slavists copy his example—they first steal the woman, and then kidnap her offspring.

There is not in 'the oracles of God,' a doctrinal principle, a divine precept, a pertinent example, an illustrative type, an appalling denunciation, a consolatory promise, a historical fact, or a prophetic testimony, which does not either directly or indirectly condemn American slavery. Patriarchs knew nothing of kidnapping, and undying bondage, and ceaseless domestic torture. Moses, by his laws, perpetually condemns every man thief, man dealer, slaveholder, or slave catcher, to death at once; and enumerates the buying, selling, traffic, merchandize, or even the retention of a man in slavery, as a crime equivalent to murder, which can be expiated only by the death of the offender.

The whole of the Jewish law opposes slavery. What were the sabbatical years, and the years of jubilee, but universal, immediate liberty? The Jewish history corroborates and explains the code—2 Chron. chap. 28, verses 8, 15. Nehemiah chap. 5, verses 1—13. Prophets confirm the truth—Isaiah chap. 58, verses 3—7. Amos chap. 2, verse 6. Obadiah 14, 15. Zachariah, chap. 11, verses 4, 5. And the New Testament determines the whole by the Lord's infallible command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself—all that ye would men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"—and Paul emphatically illustrates it by one decisive injunction—"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." The Macon Repertory avers, that he and his confederated slave-drivers fulfill these laws more truly than a northern farmer, who gives his laborers their honest equivalent. Satan himself, the first kidnapper, and a slaveholder of nearly six thousand years practice, would not have the insolence, could he hold converse with men, boldly to avow, that a slaveholder loves his colored people as himself—that a slave-driver would exult in being carried away to Congo, and there pass his life, the counterpart of that existence, through which the descendants of the kidnapped Africans grope to eternity—and that slavists display reciprocal integrity and justice in their intercourse with the bondmen and bondwomen whom they scourge, and starve, and pollute and murder. Yet all this is done in the Macon Repertory, by a Methodist preacher, in 1832—and pronounced with as much gravity as if it were all true, instead of being only and utterly false—and accompanied by the most severe condemnation of all those who declare that a slaveholder is an odious kidnapper; and that in the present state of our country, a man who acts in defiance of the Gospel, the Declaration of Independence, the Bills of Rights of the several States, the fundamental prin-

ciples of liberty, the judgment of conscience and common sense, and every feeling of human nature, is not a christian. Satan is the grand kidnapper and slaveholder—and all who follow his example are just as good christians as their master.

### THE PROTESTANT.

For the Liberator.  
DIALOGUE BETWEEN QUERIST AND APOLOGIST.

Querist. What is the slaveholder's pretext for holding?  
Apologist. The laws regulating property.  
Q. Had the slaves a voice in making those laws? Were they at any time a party or consenting to them?  
A. No; but the owners continually buy or inherit them under the sanction of the law.

Q. Bought them? from whom?  
A. From A.  
Q. From whom did he derive the possession?  
A. From B. and so on through the alphabet.  
Q. But where did Z. obtain the power to hold?  
A. From the kidnapper.  
Q. Who is he?  
A. The man who violently drags another from his country, or home, and dooms him to perpetual bondage. This is the origin of all unconditional servitude.

Q. But must not the kidnapper violate every principle of divine, natural and legal justice?  
A. His practice may not exactly accord with the two former, but it is not at variance with the latter—for several highly civilized, christian countries have protected him in it—and afford the best possible encouragement for the prosecution of his trade by supplying the necessary means to drive it;—and a never glutted market for the article, at the scene of action.

Q. Have christian governments patronized this trade?  
A. Yes; and many of their people have accumulated enormous estates by it;—and so pleased were those christians with their gains, and so accustomed to this mode of acquiring them, that twenty years unremitting exertion, on the part of a large body of squeamish, though otherwise distinguished statesmen, were barely sufficient to abolish it in our government, though it was in opposition to the wishes, and still more to the interests of the mass of subjects, that it should be continued. It was generally the higher orders, and better sort of people who favored the trade. Under this government, the executive held his station by the 'Grace of God.' Several other governments, equally zealous, continue to afford every facility for the prosecution of the trade. Others have made enactments against it, which have had less practical result than might have been expected;—and two of them at least are associated for its suppression. It is known to all the world, that all the property of this kind found on the high seas, if taken by the war vessels of the association, will be confiscated, together with the vessels containing said property. This has often happened. There is one recent and striking fact of the kind, which is remembered by many. A national vessel of the coalition just spoken of, took a considerable cargo of the flesh and blood commodity, and brought it into a port of their own country, when it was delivered up to persons duly authorized by government to attend to matters and things of this nature. These agents saw fit to distribute the captives among their new christian friends, where they would have access to christian precept and example. To avoid the imputation of partiality in the distribution, or for some other cause, public notice was issued by the government when the distribution would be made. Now it was foreseen that from sympathy for these poor creatures, or some other motive, many would desire to take one or more under protection. So great was this desire, that from two to four hundred dollars per head were offered for this privilege—the auctioneer was appointed to decide who had the best claim in each case; this he did on the principle that he who offered most for the privilege of providing for one of those destitute ones, felt the strongest desire to take this responsibility upon him. The aggregate of fees thus paid in was large;—but as the rescued sufferers knew nothing about the profitable disposition to be made of money; and besides having now a permanent provision made for them and their posterity for ever, it could avail them nothing; and so was deposited in the government treasury, a lasting monument of the sincerity, intensity, and disinterestedness of its zeal in a cause to which it had pledged itself, in the face of the world.

Q. But would it not have been in better keeping to return those rescued captives to their own country?  
A. Several considerations prevented this;—though comparatively trifling, economy might be enumerated—their transportation would have been

expensive—this would have diminished the public funds; whereas the course pursued had the opposite effect on an increased ratio. But waiving this objection—and without enquiring into the probability that their exasperated countrymen would, immediately on their landing, kill and eat them raw—others of vast importance present themselves. Had they been returned, and had they ended their days on their native soil, it would have completely excluded them from contrasting civilized refinement, with heathenish ignorance;—it would also have cut them off from the opportunity of christian instruction; at least from seeing its practical results, in a professing community; and they might have been re-taken by those antiquated semi-christians, who would have initiated them into christian mysteries, under circumstances very adverse to their advancement—where uniformity of belief precludes that activity which produces fermentation—the necessary precursor of growth, both in the natural and spiritual world. This activity, which, by the bye, is not exclusively in religious opinion, is nevertheless seldom deficient there, if there is a sufficiency of teachers, who have imbibed different views—each maintains his own with a zeal not to be disputed, though it may sometimes be understood. But this is rather digression.

Q. Is there no acknowledged or established principle, by which the propriety of these doings may be tested?

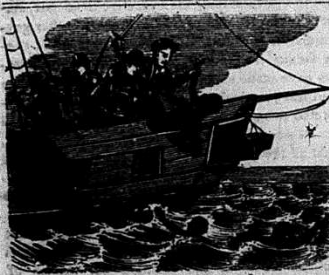
A. Yes; the natural equality of condition.

Q. Do any who admit this, hold slaves?

A. Yes. One government, in particular, which has incorporated into its charter of rights, what it denominates 'self-evident truths,' such as that 'all men are born free and equal'—have certain unalienable rights, life—liberty—and the pursuit of happiness—held slaves at the time it made that declaration to the world; they held them, too, during the seven years that they were fighting bravely for their own political liberty; and the keeping of this kind of stock so prospered on their hands, that at that time they have about two million heads. It is true, they imported many of them; but they have been very successful in propagating the species. Indeed, every care has been taken; the prices offered have been sufficient inducement to call attention to the breeding business in some districts—for this purpose they have prudently selected parts where other kinds of produce did not thrive—the pure air and plain limited feeding in these districts were found favorable to the health of females, which was quite an object; and if this kind of living did not tend, so much as could be wished, to feelings of interest between the sexes, what was wanting in inclination was supplied by solicitation—and though the masters have often been unkindly reproached with taking no part in the exercises of the slaves, or interest in their diversions—and though it may be true, in some respect, their cooperation in this particular is a standing refutation of the calumny—the beautiful variety in the stock would satisfy any but the hardened incredulous. It is said that some of the most distinguished men in various districts, have rendered their personal service (though unaccompanied to any kind of labor) in this improvement, to a very great extent. Nay, so far have they carried their patriotic zeal in this matter, that they have in many instances persisted in performing their full share, when they have been treated with tears to desist from their labors.

(To be continued.)

SLAVERY RECORD.



THE SLAVE SHIP.

The Slave Ship was winding her course o'er the ocean,

The winds and the waters had sunk into rest,

All hushed was the whirl of the tempest's commotion,

That late had awakened the sailor's devotion,

When terror had kindled remorse in his breast.

And onward she rode though by curses attended,

Though heavy with guilt was the freight that she bore,

Though with shrieks of despair was the midnight air rent,

And ceaseless the groans of the wretches ascended,

That from friends and from country forever she tore.

On the deck, with his head on his fettered hand reared,

He, who once was a chief and warrior stood;

One moment he gained, by his frowns unrelucted,

To think o'er his woes, and the fate he detested,

Till madness was firing his brain and his blood.

'Oh never!' he murmured in anguish, 'no, never!

These limbs shall be bent to the menial's toil!

They have left us, my bride—but they shall not

forever

Your chief from his home and his country disveer—

No! never will I be the conqueror's spoil!

'Say! long didst thou wait for my coming, my mother?

Did you bend o'er the desert, my sisters, your eye?

And weep at the lengthened delay of your brother,

But ye shall,—yes, again ye shall fondly embrace me!

We will meet, my young bride, in the land of the blest;

Death, death, once again in my country shall place me,

One bound shall forever from fetters release me!

He burst them and sank in the ocean's dark breast.

JAMAICA.

The expenses of suppressing the late rebellion of the slaves in this island are estimated to amount to 150,000 pounds sterling, or between \$600,000 and \$700,000. The colonial assembly have authorized a loan of £50,000 to meet this expenditure.

The governor has issued a proclamation to arrest the destruction of the Dissenters' Chapels. An advertisement in the Kingston Chronicle, signed by six Baptist Missionaries, says—

Having exercised our patience until the lawless rage of those who are alike inimical to the laws of God and man, has demolished ten or eleven of our Chapels, and thus destroyed full £16,000 worth of property, belonging to the Baptist Mission in this Island, we deem it high time, on the part of ourselves and our brethren, with whom we are not able at present to confer, to offer the following remarks, with a view to vindicate our characters and repress such disgraceful depredations.

Our Missionaries here, and the Society at Home, have been reviled and calumniated by every species of abuse that ingenuity could invent, or malice promulgate. Every epithet has been employed that could blacken the character, or misrepresent the motives both of the Society and their Agents. We have been charged with preaching doctrines of a seditious and dangerous character, and of propagating among the slave population principles and sentiments tending to disobedience and insubordination. This charge we flatly deny, and call on our accusers for proof. The doctrines we maintain, we are prepared, at any proper time, modestly but fearlessly to defend. But not thinking it necessary at present to trouble the public with an extended statement of our belief, not considering a Newspaper the most proper medium for a Confession of Faith, it may suffice to remark, that our religious doctrines, however misrepresented by our enemies, differ nothing from those contained in the authorized composition of the Established Church; nor, as they regard the present question, from those of any other body of true Christians.

The Colonial Assembly met on the 28th ult. The following is an extract from the Speech of Governor Belmore.

It is a remarkable feature in these transactions (the insurrection) and worthy of particular and attentive consideration, that the leaders and chief promoters of this insurrection appear to have been almost exclusively composed of persons employed in confidential situations in the properties to which they belonged, and no doubt can remain, that by their influence and example, the slaves were encouraged to perpetrate the crimes in which they have been so deeply involved. I regret to state, that in suppressing this most calamitous rebellion, many slaves perished in the field, and numbers have been executed after trial, but the audacity of the rebels was so great, that striking examples were found indispensably necessary; for mistaken lenity would have only operated as an indirect encouragement to the disaffected to persevere in their lawless designs.

Mr. Beaumont, a member of the Legislature had rendered himself very obnoxious for supporting the English ministers. On the 29th in the course of debate, Mr. B. remarked that the insurrection had been caused by the influence of slaves in places of trust, and in some measure from the hardships under which the slaves labored—that the Sectarians were in no way connected with it. This speech was interrupted by hisses and cries, and the Speaker was for a time unable to restore order.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

Extract of a letter to the editor of the New York Gazette, dated

KINGSTON, Jam. March 2.

Since I last wrote you, martial law has been taken off by our Governor, and the rebellion is considered at an end; but the general opinion is, that it is only a suspension of arms—the slaves are sulky and discontented, and only wait for another fair season to wreak their vengeance on their present conquerors; which according to accounts received by our last packet, will not be long ere they will have a favorable time for such enterprise. England is determined to crush her colonies, and they are equally determined not to yield their property but with their lives.

You will glean much more from the file of papers herewith sent you, than by any thing I can write on the subject. Our Sessions of Assembly have just commenced, and I am sorry to say bid fair to be a very stormy one. You will find by yesterday's Courant that Mr. Beaumont has rendered himself very obnoxious, as he on all occasions supports the measures of the English ministry. I am afraid he runs great personal risk; the walls of the Sessions House are bedaubed with the following words, in very large characters, 'Beware of Beaumont the Traitor.'

Horrors of Slavery!—Captain Charles Stuart a native of America, has been delivering a course of lectures, on Negro Slavery, at Brighton. He gave the following account of the mode of punishing slaves in some parts of Jamaica. 'In one instance, a female of 22 years of age was tied up, her wrists being put through the nooses of cords fixed to posts; her ankles fixed in other nooses and with a tackle extended to an opposite direction to her hands, and was then flogged; she became hysterical, and remained so till her punishment was completed. An old woman of 60 years had been served the same; this was at St Andrews, where the block and tackle stocks, by which the body is stretched as on a rack, is used when they flog. They are allowed to keep the body thus stretched six hours at a time. The stoutest man can be reduced to a fainting fit in a quarter of an hour on these stocks.'

Execution.—The Negro girl Elizabeth who was sentenced by the Borough Court, on the 31st Dec. last, to be hanged on the 10th ult. for the murder of Kezia Tate, (a colored woman) by poison, but respited for one month, was yesterday executed, pursuant to her sentence.—Norfolk Beacon, March 10.

Slave Labor Factories.—The Legislature of Mississippi have passed an act incorporating a company for the establishment, in that state, of cotton Manufactories. The company contemplate the employment of slave labor.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.



For the Liberator. LINES.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SLAVE. Night drew her darkening curtain round the faintly glowing west, And gave to every weary slave the precious boon of rest;

But the mother sat by her infant's couch, and the spell of sleep was vain; While her thrilling heart bore strongly up her worn and feeble frame. She sat a mother's watch to keep beside her dying boy,

With thought too highly raised for grief, too darkly sad for joy; She sat to see the flame of life in early morn go down, Ere years might dim its brilliancy, or cloud the light that shone.

She sat to see the spirit pass away unstained and free, Ere it had learnt how bowed by wrong its loftiness might be; To mark the closing lid seal up in death's undreaming trance, The eye that never yet had quailed beneath oppression's glance.

She wept not that the feeble plant, which might in evil hour Be crushed on earth, in feiner climes would blossom to a flower; Nor yet that he whose fate would be to bend beneath the rod, Should from the proud oppressor's power be sheltered by his God.

It was not well that she should weep beside that couch of pain— What gift had years to offer him but slavery's galling chain? Oh! blest to soar so soon away, and blest this hour of strife— How beautiful the touch of death when it awakes to life!

Yet when from human hearts are rent away their music strings, And all their sweetest, purest founts are turned to bitter springs; When poisoned all their waters are, and broken all the chords, Then awakes up the secret soul a grief too deep for words.

And oh! how bitter is the fate that seals the mother's eye! To tears, when she must calmly stand and see the loved one die! How fervently the heart will cling to life's sole single link! How strongly nature's voice will plead e'en on th' eternal brink!

And closely now the mother's arms are folded round his form, As she would keep her dying child from the Eternal One; But other thoughts crowd over her, his doom she would not stay— Let his spirit leave its chains below and joyous soar away!

The fearful hour is drawing on; her watching eye can see Death's solemn seal upon his brow of fearful mystery; That signet seal, that awful calm, which tells us that the dead Have opened to a burning scroll no living eye can read.

'T is over! on the sea of life his bark shall ride no more; He has soared from earthly mists away to a bright celestial shore. But, mother, it would calm thy wild and bitter sorrowing, To see him before the holy throne, as he waves a seraph's wing.

NEWBURYPORT. L. H. [By a young lady of color.]

ven for those who are in bondage? For life appears to them like a lingering death, clouded with we and hung round with despair, where peace and comfort have expired. What must be the agonies of a female when she looks upon her weeping infant which is soon to be torn from her arms! The first being whom the child knows is its mother; the mother is the first object of attention; her tears, her smiles, her caresses, are the subjects of infant observation. How full of interest is the thought, that the infant which lies in the cradle, or in its mother's arms, is now receiving the outlines which form the character of the future man or woman! Let females peruse these remarks with deep and prayerful attention.

Boston. CHARLOTTE.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.



For the Liberator. UNCLE'S STORY.

Mr Wilson had just seated himself in the midst of his sister's happy family, consisting of herself and her husband, and their five children, when little Charles placing himself on his uncle's knee, said, 'Come, uncle, tell us a story; these will be just time enough before Susan and I go to bed.'

'What shall I tell you?' said his uncle, 'shall it be something true, or a make-believe story?' 'Oh something true,' said Ellen, the eldest child. 'Let it be about a girl just as big as I am.'

'About a child just as big as I am,' said all the others together. 'Well, I fancy I can please you all,' said their uncle. 'I will tell you a true story I heard last night, about a number of children, some of whom were about the age of each one of you.'

They all gathered round their uncle, and Susan, the twin sister of Charles, took her seat on his other knee. 'A gentleman who was travelling in North Carolina,' said Mr Wilson, 'was one day invited by the lady of the house where he was dining, to go out with the rest of the company, and see what she had to show. When they got out, they saw a large trough, into which she had all the scrapings of the plates from the dinner table put, and the wash from the house, the water the dinner was boiled in, or some such thing. She then blew a whistle which hung at her side, and between thirty and forty children came running as fast as they could. What do you think she called them for?'

'I guess,' said Ellen, 'that she had some little pigs, and she thought the children would like to see them eat their dinners, as we do when we go to your house, uncle.'

'No, it was not that,' said the gentleman. 'She was going to give them all a piece of apple,' said Susan. 'Or a nut,' said Charles. 'I suppose she kept a school, and called all her scholars out to play,' said William. 'No,' said their uncle, 'and I do not think you will ever find out.'

'Then do tell us, uncle.' 'In the first place,' said he, 'I must tell you these children had none of them any clothes on.' 'No clothes!' said all the children. 'Thirty little boys and girls out of doors without any clothes! Where were their mothers, where were their nurses to let them run out so?'

'Their mothers could not help it,' said Mr Wilson. 'They were not there.' 'Ah,' said William, 'I guess they were all little orphans, and had no fathers and mothers, and the good lady was going to give them all some clothes to put on. Did she?'

'I believe not,' replied his uncle. 'As soon as they saw the trough, they all rushed to it, stooped down, and began to suck up what was in it.' 'What, eat it, uncle?' said James. 'Without any spoons,' said Charles. 'Yes, without spoons or plates.'

'What would be the good of spoons or plates,' said James; 'who would want to eat such dirty stuff?'

have helped it,' said Mr Wilson, 'but they were slaves too, and their children were taken away with out their leave, and sold.'

'Don't they let the slaves have their own children?' said James. 'Not always,' said his uncle. 'Their masters sometimes sell them, and they never see their parents any more; and I suppose that was the case with those I have been telling you about. Are you not sorry for these poor little children?'

'Yes,' said Susan, 'I am sorry they had no father and mother to love them and kiss them when they went to bed. Where did they sleep, uncle?'

'They probably slept in a place like a barn; for the gentleman who told the story, said they rubbed out of the straw; so I suppose they had straw to lie on, altogether like pigs.'

'Did they learn to read?' said Charles. 'And to write?' said William. 'Oh no,' said their uncle; 'the woman did not care about teaching them. She only kept them to make money of them, and besides people do not want their slaves to read and write.'

'If I was away from my father and mother,' said Helen, 'I should write letters to them, and mother would write to me, as she did when I was at your house; and that would be next best to seeing her.'

'But these poor children,' said her uncle, 'could not write to their parents, nor have letters from them, for their parents had never been taught to write.'

'Then,' said Ellen, 'it was worse for them to be sent away from their fathers and mothers, than it would be for us. Oh how they must have cried to know they could never see their fathers and mothers again, or hear from them either.'

'And after they had lived together,' said her mother, 'and got to love each other like brothers and sisters, they were to be sold to different people and never see each other again.'

'And this,' said Mrs Selwyn, 'is one scene only among the many horrors of slavery. How much mourning, and how many tears must this one woman have caused!'

'Yes,' said Mr Wilson, 'for the poor slaves are as fond of their children as any people in the world. The gentleman who told this story mentioned having seen a female slave, who told him that eighty years before she had been torn away from her children in Africa, and that she had never ceased to mourn and grieve for them. She was then one hundred and eight years old.'

'Who told you these stories, uncle?' said William. 'I heard them last evening, at a lecture on slavery,' said his uncle. 'The gentleman who delivered the lecture was the person who saw and talked with the old woman. She lived on the estate of the Washington family, at Mount Vernon, and it was there he saw her. He visited the tomb of Washington; and as he stood by it, he talked with an aged slave about Washington, and how much he had done for his country. "Ah, but master Washington did not give liberty to the black man," said the poor slave.'

'But you are very comfortable, you have plenty of every thing, I suppose?' said the gentleman. 'Yes,' the black man answered, 'master gives us plenty of work.'

'But you are kindly treated, and have as much to eat as you want?' said the gentleman. 'Yes,' said the slave, 'master gives us three bushels of corn every quarter-day and sixteen pounds of meat a year.'

I wish if I mother would And me, I You've been possibly I me mother.

SATU LET The follow 13th March with such in Post Office worth as less therefore qu some penma freedom of t gent origin. tary upon Society. T this combin and gives in in his abus The Logic standing: b to fly, as to slavery. H mitted by all case as well defy contrad out of one I with human furnishi fuel, go ful diet, an freedom in a Nov how st and yet to be a and princip to discover. with kindne comfortable wholesome dulgence— labor for su jurious ty fr But this is I have an priety or i sons of colo honorable a ner that of affection or call for the State, beca of the Com an incidental chain which tude. But spur is a scout a lau blacks, wh constant co even 'the givian' is other blood are 'two d by selling annually I into this gnia; but for the pub

To Wm. There is a paper he ful cuts wi attention; Your paper tion, desig famous pu effect than their cond hold them actuated I would not cause its mensurate dent to a sided six the libera less follow admitted interests; istence of crosses th magnitud are gener less, imp misdeine of tea, 'What is resent it treated i lenient; rant of t or case, inform t defy cor out of o with h furnishi dent fae diet, an men in the othe moderat would g lies, an free. ty, sug can do whency ezantiz to Libe tion e clima strange

'I wish if there should be another such lecture, mother would take me to hear it,' said Ellen.

BOSTON.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1832.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

The following letter is post-marked 'Aldie, Va. 13th March.' Contrary to my usual practice with such impositions, I shall not return it to the Post Office for an abatement of postage.

The logic of this writer dishonors his understanding; but a man-stealer may as well attempt to fly, as to reason coherently on the subject of slavery. Here is a specimen!

There is another small matter between us, Master Garrison. You don't seem to like the law of your State, which prohibits the unholy alliance between white and black.

I have never expressed any opinion of the propriety or impropriety of intermarriage with persons of color. I neither advocate nor oppose an honorable amalgamation.

To WM. LLOYD GARRISON: There has been accidentally thrown in my way a paper headed 'The Liberator.'

The Colonization Society and its auxiliaries are using their efforts to effect their unhallowed object. It seems their motto is,—Onward to the work of oppression.

Another meeting has been held in that city, to take into consideration the measures that might be deemed most expedient to adopt to further the object of colonizing our free people of color on the coast of Africa.

The patrons of the Liberator, who are accustomed to think and write, are respectfully requested to consider what would be the probable consequences to the West India sugar plantations, if every town in New-England could show one or more establishments like that mentioned below.

Charles Sprague; A Trip Eastward; Evening Sketches and Reading; Analogy; Musings—the Ocean; Coleridge's Tragedy of Remorse (Coleridge's prose is better than his poetry); Romance of Real Life; The Man of Circumstances [a brief and sensible paper]; Critique on 'Marriage'; Notices of New Publications; Essay Room—Literary Notices.

The Lynchburg Virginia says, 'We know that many of the slaveholders would consent to give up their slaves on any terms, provided the measure should be universal, and they could at once be removed. Strange as this may sound in the ears of Northern fanatics, it is true.'

Agreeably to public notice, an Address on Slavery was delivered in the Rev. Mr. Green's meeting-house on Monday evening last, by Mr. ROBERT B. HALL, at the request of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society.

The Committee of the U. S. Senate, to whom were referred several memorials and petitions praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, has been discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

It grieves us to see in this paper an advertisement, offering a reward for the detection of a slave, who has thrown off the yoke of bondage, and escaped from his master.

In our interview with Mr. Boudinot, the editor of the Cherokee Phoenix, on Wednesday, he stated that he was not the proprietor of the paper, and consequently not responsible for the insertion of the advertisement referred to above.

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We are right glad to see our honest-hearted, sensible old friend, ADAM ARATOR, once more; and especially to find that he is becoming a convert to the self-denying but benevolent creed of his wife and daughters.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of two numbers of the New Haven Chronicle, containing a correspondence between the Rev. Simon S. Jocelyn of New Haven, and Rev. B. G. Gurley, Secretary of the American Colonization Society.

Some remarks upon the communication of 'A. S.' are omitted until next week. For the Liberator. AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

Mr. Editor:—I perceive in your number of the 4th inst. a communication, subscribed Philo-Africanus, requesting me to state, through the medium of your columns, my sentiments respecting the Colonization Society—the justice of its measures, and the practicability of its plans, &c.

Thus, Sir, have I given a summary of my sentiments on these subjects—topics fraught with the utmost interest at the present day—and these are the sentiments, which, as far as they relate to the Colonization Society, I shall endeavor to defend and establish in future numbers, provided you admit my communications into your pages.

Rumor of Cholera in Maine.—Much excitement has been caused at Topsham and Brunswick in Maine, by a supposed case of the spasmodic cholera. The Portland Courier, the Editor of which paper derives his information directly, from the attendant physician, gives the particulars in detail.

Francis Wiles. RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that his House, No. 152, Church-street, is still open for the accommodation of genteel persons of color with BOARDING AND LODGING.

George Putman, HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER, HAS removed his Dressing-Room from No. 211, Washington-street, to the new building No. 2, Broomfield-street, which has been fitted up (by his own direction) in a manner calculated to afford the greatest possible amount of comfort to Gentlemen while under his well known skillful operation.

Wanted, immediately, a young man who is desirous of learning the Hair Dressing business. Apply at this office. March 24.

Barbadoes.—It appears from an official statement published in an Antigua paper that the loss of lives in the island from the burriano on the 11th Aug. last, amounts to the following, viz: Killed, whites 247, colored 65, slaves 1165, total 1477.

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In the Typhoon at Manila, Oct. 23, it is computed that 10,000 houses blew down, and that 70,000 men, women and children were homeless. The Convents have given \$25,000 for the relief of the sufferers.

NEW DEFINITION. NIGER. A slave, or more properly, a Georgian turned inside out. A term of reproach, implying utter moral depravity.—Communicated.

An Address on the subject of SLAVERY will be delivered at the First Methodist meeting-house in LYNN, TO-MORROW EVENING, (Sunday), at half past 6 o'clock, by ARNOLD BUTTUM, President of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society.

Letters received at this office from March 24 to March 31, 1832.

J. W. Jenson, Elmira, N. Y.; Eli Hazard, Buffalo, N. Y.; John Peck, Carlisle, Pa.; D. T. Kimball, Jr., Andover, Mass.; Wm. B. Bowler, Portland, Prince; John B. Vashon, Pittsburgh, Pa.; P. A. Bell, New-York City; D. A. Spaulding, Lockport, N. Y.; Amos G. Beaman, Middletown, Ct.; Alonzo Lewis, Lynn, Mass.; Edward J. Peasey, Nantucket, Mass.

DEATHS. At Buffalo, Jan. 28, Mrs Julia Owens, wife of Mr Joshua Owens, aged 27.

On the 5th inst. at Brooklyn, L. I. Mr John Harvey, hair-dresser, long a worthy and respectable inhabitant of that place.

BOARDING HOUSE FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF GENTLE PERSONS OF COLOR. (At the corner of Leonard and Church streets, NEW-YORK.)

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

JOHN RICH. New-York, March 24, 1832.

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LITERARY.

[For the Liberator.]

THE MARTYR OF SCIO.

Written after hearing the account by Mr Richmond, (a late traveller in Greece,) of an inhabitant of Scio, who, when captured by the Turks, abjured Christianity and became a follower of Mahomet. Soon after his apostasy, he rushed into the presence of the Turks, exclaiming, Give me back my faith! Give me back my faith! Every effort was made to reclaim him, wealth and honor were offered him, but his constancy remained unshaken. He was in consequence beheaded by the Turks, and the Greeks of a neighboring village purchased his body, and going to their church at midnight, performed his burial rites.

Give me my faith! give me my faith! My idle fears are gone; Welcome to me the touch of death, Welcome the martyr's crown! Away! the falsely spoken vow; From off my burning soul; My spirit mocks your fetter now, And spurns at your control.

Ye may not check that spirit's flow, Ye may not quell its force; And lightly fall reproaches now To stay its onward course. But give me back my faith again, Let but my soul soar high— 'T were freedom then to wear the chain— 'T were victory to die!

Give back my faith!—The accents wrung On the startled tyrant's ear, And his spirit quailed as he heard a tone From the silent sepulchre. Marked those around that flashing eye? Heard they those burning words? Saw they upon that forehead high How stirred the bosom's chords?

Give back my faith!—Let sorrows come, Your words were deeds of doom, Think ye, that he whose soul is pure Cares nought for outward gloom? My faith!—I sprang the worthless gift Of wealth ye offer now— My faith!—that I again may lift To Heaven a tranquil brow!

This little life! your threats; how vain! Yet were it lighter load, What boots the smiling brow of man, Before the wrath of God? I read my doom—my fears are past— Light dawns upon my mind— But know ye all that now I cast Your false creed to the winds!

He ceased—but farther records tell Of a weeping train that night, Their deep low chant, as o'er them fell The half veiled censer's light,— They bore his remains on with deep hushed breath, To sleep in the grave forever; And the martyr, who sealed his faith with death, By them was forgotten never! NEWBURYPORT, March 21st, 1832. L. H.

[For the Liberator.] THE FRIENDS OF AULD LANG SYNE. May He whose love hears every prayer, Grant this request of mine; And take beneath his special care, Our friends of auld lang syne. We'll think Him for the favors shown To friends of auld lang syne.

Whatever path of life they tread, May fortune round them shine; And ever o'er their ways be shed The joys of auld lang syne. We'll ne'er forget those friends of ours, The friends of auld lang syne.

Of those dear friends some distant roam, Some in the grave recline; And most have left that happy home, The home of auld lang syne. That sweetest spot on all the earth, The home of auld lang syne.

And if a wanderer fate shall doom, A wreath shall memory twine, Of flowers that shed their sweet perfume, And speak of auld lang syne. Of simple dear 'forget-me-not,' That bloomed in auld lang syne.

When to the world I bid farewell, And sink in life's decline, My parting thoughts shall fondly dwell On days of auld lang syne. Remember me when I'm at rest, A friend of auld lang syne.

INVOCATION.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

With thy pure dew and rains, Wash out, O God, the stains From Africa's shores; And, while her palm trees bud, Let not her children's blood With her broad Niger's flood Be mingled more! Quench, righteous God, the thirst That Congo's sons hath curst— The thirst for gold! Shall not thy thunders speak, Where Mammon's altars reek, Where maid and maiden shriek, Bound, bleeding, sold? Hear'st thou, O God, those chains, Clanking on Freedom's plains, By Christians wrought? Them, who those chains have worn, Christians from home have torn, Christians have hither borne, Christians have bought! Cast down, great God, the fanes That, in unhallowed gains, Round us have risen— Temples, whose priesthood pore Moans and Jesus' o'er, Then bolt the black man's door, The poor man's prison! Will thou not, Lord, at last, From thine own image, cast Away all cords, But that of love, which brings Man, from his wanderings, Back to the King of kings, The Lord of lords!

RESOLUTION.

Our doubts are traitors, And make us lose the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt. SHAKS.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

By PHILLIS WHEATLEY, AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

Who taught the conflict with the powers of night, To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight? Who strong thy feeble arms with might unknown! How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown! War with each principed, throne and power is o'er, The scene is ended, and no more. O could my muse thy feat on high behold, How decked with laurel, how exalted with gold! O could she hear what praise thine harp employs, How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys, What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain! What holy raptures in her numbers reign! To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace, To still the tumults of life's tossing seas, To ease the anguish of the parent's heart, What shall my sympathizing verse impart? Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound? Where shall a sovereign remedy be found? Look, gracious spirit, from thine heavenly bower, And thy full joys into their bosoms pour; The raging tempest of thy grief control, And spread the dawn of glory through the soul, To eye the path the saint departed trod, And trace him to the bosom of his God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELOQUENT EXTRACTS

From the Speech of Mr Webster, delivered at Washington, Feb. 22, 1832.

When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully or Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre of a great part of that change has been wrought—and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief. Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out of his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century, America has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from beneath governments, to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, in foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself. Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from Heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty, is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health, as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free States may be stable, as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared. In short, whether wise, regular and virtuous self-government is a vision, for the contemplation of theorists; or a truth, established, illustrated, and brought into practice, in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun—for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror—not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great Western Sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the Lamp of Liberty be hereafter lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray, to glimmer even, on the darkness of the world? Gentlemen, there is no danger of our overrating, or overestimating the important part which we are now acting in human affairs. It should not flatter our personal self-respect, but it should reanimate our own patriotic virtues, and inspire us with a deeper and more solemn sense both of our privileges and our duties.

Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has obtained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher

degrees of prosperity, exist also. We have, while this lasts, a political life, capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote by accident efforts, every public interest. But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these facilities; it would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new, possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself, hereafter, in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous wars sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvest. It were but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished Government? Who shall rear again the well proportioned columns of Constitutional Liberty? Who shall frame together the beautiful architecture, which unites National sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No, gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Colosseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitter tears, however, will flow over them, than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of constitutional American Liberty.

But, gentlemen, let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that Gracious Being, who has hitherto held our country, as in the hollow of his hand. Let us trust to the intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven, which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty, which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career. Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century, which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon; so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing to the sea; so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country.

In New-Orleans, no smiles proceeding from a cheerful heart enliven the features, for the stern struggle between avarice and death is continually going on; and in the bustle and hurry of business, the car freighted with luxuries for the living jostles against the hearse of the dead. The mask of artificial mirth and reckless dissipation, to which that place presents so many inducements, is continually falling off, and exposing to view the ghastly nakedness of the skeleton. Murder, too, though within a few less frequent, lurks at every secret corner. The New Orleans vanguard parades the streets frequently during the day, proceeding to and from their work on the levee, under an armed guard. This band consists of convicts, in number about a hundred, chained two and two, and from the clanking of their irons they have obtained their appellation. Slaves are seen set up for sale at public places, or driving the wretched overloaded little mules commonly used, through mud and mire, till the animals fall dead with exhaustion. The sabbath is a general holiday, in the modern acceptance of the term; gambling and drinking, and fighting and dancing, are practised by the crowds of blacks and whites of creoles and quadroons, of Spanish, French, English, Irish and Americans, assembled in the public squares; and the sports of the fandango, and the roundabout, quoits and throwing at rings, are put in general operation. The theatre and ball close the day.

Heroism of filial affection.—In the course of the last winter, five Dutch gentlemen set out from Rotterdam to travel on skates to Amsterdam. They had passed over about twelve miles of the waste of inland waters, which extends between the two cities, and were, with the exception of one of the party who kept apart, skating with great velocity, in close files; and bands linked in the Dutch manner, and were striking out far from the shore, when, at once, the whole file was precipitated through the ice, and two out of the four were hardly seen to rise again. The other two were father and son, both remarkably fine men, and the father an expert swimmer, which enabled him to support himself and his son too for a considerable time, during which he was so collected as to give directions to the only one of the party, who had not fallen in, how he should conduct himself to afford assistance; but at length he gave utterance to the thought that his son's continuing to hold him would be the death of both. The son immediately kissed his father, and, with the familiar and endearing expression he was accustomed to, bade him 'good night,' loosed his hold, and deliberately resigned himself to death. The father lives, and the name, at least, of Henry Hock, the son, must live also.—Liverpool Courier.

Statistical Table.—There are 19 State Temperance Societies already formed. There are 3000 Temperance Societies in the United States. There are not less than 300,000 persons pledged to total abstinence from vessels sailing out of our ports without ardent spirits for use among the crews. More than 1000 distilleries have been stopped. One hundred public houses have discontinued selling any kind of intoxicating liquor. Three thousand merchants have given up the traffic in ardent spirits. Three thousand drunkards have become reformed. There are in the United States 375,000 regular drunkards. There are 15,000 persons excommunicated annually from the 12,000 churches in the United States for intemperance and its kindred vices. There are in our cities and large towns about one grog shop to every twelve families.—Baptist Register.

Crime in France.—Out of every 100 persons accused, 61 are regularly condemned. Out of the whole population, 1 in every 4,460 inhabitants is accused. In every 100 crimes, 25 are against the person, 75 against property. Experience shows that the number of murders is annually nearly the same; and what is still more singularly, that the instruments, or means employed, gular, that the instruments, or means employed, are also in the same proportion. The inclination to crime is at its maximum in man about the age of 25; in woman, 5 years later. The proportion of men and women accused is 4 to 1. The seasons have an influence against the perpetrator crimes are committed against the person, fewer against property; the reverse is the case in winter. The development of the inclination to crime agrees very perfectly with that of the passions and physical strength; and on the other hand, the development of reason tends to restrain the inclination. The greatest physical strength of man is developed between the ages of 30 and 35; and the greatest mental powers between the age of 45 and 50. At this age, the greatest number of chefs d'œuvre of the French theatre have been produced. It is a singular contrast, that about this age we find mental alienation most frequent and most difficult to remove.—Revue Encyclopedique et Annales d'Hygiene.

A mere want of the performance of duty is never considered as negligence. We never speak of a blind man neglecting to see, or a deaf man neglecting to hear, or of a sick man neglecting to labor. The neglect of duty always consists in doing something else instead of duty. Every person neglects his duty, yet him do ever so much instead of his duty. If the minister labors when he neglects to study, he neglects his duty. If the farmer reads when he ought to till, he neglects his duty. If the physician visits one patient, when he ought to visit another, he neglects his duty. If the judge attends to one, he neglects his duty. If the student neglects his duty when he ought to attend to another, he neglects his duty. If a supreme ruler consults the interest of all his subjects, he neglects his duty. And if any man seeks his own interest, he neglects his duty. Negligence is so far from doing nothing, that it always consists in doing something that ought not to be done.—Boston Telegraph.

African Evening Schools.—We have been highly gratified at finding that three large schools, for the gratuitous instruction of the poor colored people, are in active operation in different parts of this city, under the care of white volunteer teachers. Though opened but one evening in the week, they afford important advantages to those who are disposed to avail themselves of them. We visited one the other evening, and were struck with the decent appearance, the respectful attention and application of the pupils, who were between 300 and 400 in number, and of different ages from 6 or 8 to 70. The benevolent may here find a very useful employment for an hour or two in a week.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Infanticide.—On Sunday afternoon Mr. Wheeler, toll gatherer at Cambridge bridge, on returning from dinner, discovered a bundle in the water, and drawing it out found it to contain the dead body of a newly born female child. It was wrapped in a woman's nether garment, and tied in a dark handkerchief with yellow spots; a string, partly of cotton cord, and partly of narrow black ribbon, was tightly round its neck twice, but not tied. Dr. Charles Walker testified before the coroner's inquest that the usual means had not been taken to preserve its life at the time of its birth; but that, although marks of violence were found upon it, there was no positive proof that the said child was born alive.—Boston Advertiser.—A. J. West.

Curious Fact.—By a recent trial in France, it was shown by conclusive proof that Charles the X. late king of France, owned two shares of the Quotidienne, and their profits were actually paid to him. In his July decree against the press, which led to the revolution, he was, as he conceived, consulting his private interest. He is not the only one in the new or old world who contrives to pull down one press to assist another, in which a pecuniary interest exists; but such attempts frequently end in pulling down the puller.

Weight of great characters, August 9th, 1788, weighed at West Point.—George Washington, 209 lbs.; Gen. Lincoln, 224; Gen. Knox, 280; Gen. Huntington, 130; Gen. Grant, 166; Col. Swift, 219; Col. Michael Jackson, 252; Col. Henry Jackson, 238; Lt. Col. Huntington, 232; Lt. Col. Cobb, 186; Lt. Col. Humphreys, 221.

The New-Orleans papers contain the details of an engagement between 9 Americans and 164 Indians, in the Province of Texas, in November last. Of the former, one was killed and three wounded, and none of them escaped without having their clothes pierced and their skins grazed by bullets. Of the Indians, 21 were seen to fall. They were finally repulsed.

The following gentlemen compose the committee of the House of Representatives to proceed to Philadelphia to examine the books and papers of the Bank of the United States, and report whether the said Bank has violated its charter, viz. Mr. Clayton, Mr. Adams, Mr. Duffie, Mr. Johnson, of Ky. Mr. Cambreleng, Mr. Thomas, of Md. and Mr. Westmough.—National Intelligencer.

A few days ago, a person passing through the Rue Saint Anna, Paris, picked up a woman's hand, carefully wrapped up in a sheet of paper. This curious circumstance has given rise to various conjectures, the most probable of which is, that the hand, which is very beautiful, was accidentally dropped by some student of anatomy.

Captain Jose Almeida, a Portuguese by birth, who commanded an American Privateer during the last war, and was well known in Baltimore, after having been confined in a prison for two years past, at St. John's Porto Rico, was publicly shot, a short time since.

The legislature of Maryland have passed a law authorizing a subscription, on account of the state, to the Baltimore and Washington Rail Road, to the amount of \$800,000.

OLIVER WOLCOTT, who is now 71 years of age, is the only surviving member of Washington's Cabinet. He succeeded Alexander Hamilton in the Treasury Department.

Connecticut.—The number of permanent residents in this state unable to read, (exclusive of minors,) is estimated at thirty! Perhaps no other part of the world can boast of a people so generally educated as are the people of this State.

The late Patrick Dillon, Esq. of Ballinakil, Queen's County, bequeathed £40 to chapels in that neighborhood, £460 to the poor of Ballinakil, and £50 a year for masses for the souls of himself and wife.—Limerick Chronicle.

One of the members of a sporting club in Baltimore, shot down at one shot twenty-two red-headed ducks last week.

The National Intelligencer of Saturday says, We understand that General Jackson, (the President of the United States) completed the fifty-fifth year of his age on Wednesday last, the 14th instant.

A hail storm happened in Georgetown, D. C. on Monday evening last week, during which it is supposed 2000 panes of glass were broken—400 were broken in one building.

Rather Ancient.—A Cincinnati Editor, speaking of the antiquity of some of his news, says—The matter was in type before the flood.

A Montreal paper states that two Methodist Missionaries have been shot by sentence of a drum-head court martial, in the island of Manilla.

Look to your Money.—The following Bank Charters have nearly expired, and notice we believe, has been given to send in their bills immediately for payment; viz. Newburyport, Kennebec, Mendon, and Saco Banks.—Essex Gazette.

The whole population of England, by the last returns, is 13,039,338, showing an increase of 16 per cent, in the last 40 years.

MORAL.

From the Genius of Temperance, MAGDALEN FACTS.

GENTLEMEN:—Through the medium of your paper, I wish to correct one sentence on the 26th page of 'Magdalen Facts, No. 1.' In the 14th line from the bottom, insert 'persons who had been' between 'certain' and 'members,' and in the 14th and 15th lines from the bottom, omit the words, 'principally from the Methodist and Romish sects.' The sentence corrected will then read 'and were then allowed certain persons who had been members of churches of different denominations have been taken, &c.'

A friend, the other day, asked me if I designed to reproach the Methodist denomination, by using them in that sentence. Now, though it is true that I am no believer in some of the doctrines taught by the Methodists, yet I have not, on that or any other account, the least desire to reproach them. How can I publicly do so in the magazine cause, when I was often accompanied in my missionary visits, made in this city, to the meetings among whom I have been laboring, sometimes by three and much of the time by one who is a stated Methodist? By missionary labors among the degraded outcasts of society, the Methodists do us a noble example for the imitation of other profane. The Methodists will not feel that I reproach them by saying that some of their apostates can and do sin with as little compunction as some of the apostates of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, or of any other denomination. I have neither time nor intention or inclination to enter the field against the Methodists as an accuser or a polemic.

In the discharge of my duties as chaplain to the Magdalen Asylum, I asked each inmate of the institution whether her mind had ever been awakened to a true sense of her condition before God, by the truths of the gospel; and the influence of the Holy Spirit, and found that a great many of those who were not from foreign countries, or of the Romish communion, had, prior to their removal, been awakened at Methodist meetings, either in a country or city. And this is the fact that I wrote that sentence. And this fact in preaching to awakened sinners and in urging them to accept of the gospel may be turned to a good account, by those who are laboring in revivals of religion. It is often said that there are more persons awakened by the methodists than by any other denomination, and if this is true, then it is not very strange that a great many of those who are not converted, but only awakened by them, do, for a season, hear the preached word with joy, and afterwards turn again to the pleasures of the world and the service of the wicked one. I exceedingly regret the mention of either the Methodist or Romish denomination in that sentence, and I sincerely hope that neither of those terms will give any umbrage to either of those sects.

As I extracted an article from the able pen of the Editor of the Methodist paper in this city, and inserted it in my pamphlet, I hope that fact of itself will suffice to convince my Methodist brethren that I have no desire to stigmatize them.

Messrs. Editors, I thought that this explanation from me was called for, before that sentence in my pamphlet should excite any unpleasant feelings in the minds of any individual member of that large and respectable denomination, in this city or elsewhere. Yours, J. R. McDOWALL.

Temperance among the colored people.—We have been favored with a copy of a Constitution of the Middletown, Pa. (colored) Temperance Society. The pledge is in the following words:—

'The members of this Society, convinced that WATER is the natural and most healthy drink for all men, and that the use of spirituous liquors is unnecessary; and being deeply impressed with a sense of the numerous physical and moral evils arising from Intemperance, do hereby mutually pledge themselves that they will abstain from the use of distilled spirit, except when prescribed by a competent physician in cases of sickness; that they will not provide it for the use of their families, for the entertainment of their friends, or for persons in their employment;—and that in all allowable ways they will discourage the use of it in the community.'—Genius of Temperance.

Flying with horror from the thought that we are unfit to die, if God should take us this day and hour out of the world, keeps off the discovery of our true state more than any thing else, and fully hinders our preparation for it.—Rev. Thomas Adams's Diary.

Had the time, the money, the energy and skill, which have been dedicated to the destruction of human happiness and life, been devoted to the education of the poor, and the moral improvement of our race, the world would already have been a paradise.

Just published, and for sale at this office, price 10 cents.—MEDITATIONS: from the pen of Mrs. Maria W. Stewart. Presented to the First African Baptist Church and Society in the city of Boston. Mrs. Stewart is a highly intelligent colored lady, and known as the author of a valuable little tract, entitled 'Religion and the pure principles of morality the sure foundation on which we must build.' We commend her 'Meditations,' which partake largely of a devotional spirit, to the patronage of the people of color, and of all those among the whites who are disposed to encourage genius and piety in a person of her complexion. Some errors occurred in printing the work, which an intelligent reader will detect, and for which the printers are responsible.