













POETRY.

From the National Rev.
Night on the city of the Moor!
On noar and tomb, and white-walled shore.

JUSTICE AND LIBERTY IN INDIANA.

DEAR GENTLEMEN,
I return for want of the Liberator. I cannot get to see it. It is more to me than all other papers.

ADVICE.

THE following preamble to the forthcoming newly-modelled Constitution of Indiana, is worthy of notice.

PARTICULARS OF THE INSURRECTION.

DEAR SIR—With you will receive the prospectus of the Liberator, in my last, which I trust has reached you.

CONSUMPTION AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

IF neglected, colds soon turn into consumptive disease. Before the disease is well advanced, there is one hope for the afflicted.

DRUGS.

FROM THE LIBERATOR.
How few are now the readers in the field!
How many, peering on the tipping stage.

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THE JUDGE.
The judge says—Gentlemen, there are too many indications of a coming storm.

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