

THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. 1.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS.

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND.

[SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1831.]

THE LIBERATOR

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THE LIBERATOR.

THE SALUTATION.

To date my being from the opening year,
I come, a stranger in this busy sphere,
Where some I meet perchance may pause and ask,
What is my name, my purpose, or my task?

My name is 'LIBERATOR'! I propose
To hurl my shafts at freedom's deadliest foes!
My task is hard—for I am charged to save
Man from his brother!—to redeem the slave!

Ye who may hear, and yet condemn my cause,
Say, shall the best of Nature's holy laws
Be trodden down? and shall her open veins
Flow but for cement to her offspring's chains?

Art thou a parent? shall thy children be
Rent from thy breast, like branches from the tree,
And doom'd to servitude, in helplessness,
On other shores, and thou ask no redress?

Thou, in whose bosom glows the sacred flame
Of filial love, say, if the tyrant came,
To force thy parent shrieking from thy sight,
Would thy heart bleed—because thy face is white?

Art thou a brother? shall thy sister twine
Her feeble arm in agony on thine,
And thou not lift the heel, nor aim the blow
At him who bears her off to life-long woe?

Art thou a sister? will no desp'rate cry
Awake thy sleeping brother, while thine eye
Beholds the fetters locking on the limb
Stretched out in rest, which hence, must end, for him?

Art thou a lover?—no! nought e'er was found
In lover's breast, save cords of love, that bound
Man to his kind! then, thy profession save!
Forswear affection or release thy slave!

Thou who art kneeling at thy Maker's shrine,
Ask if Heaven takes such offerings as thine!
If in thy bonds the son of Afric sighs,
Far higher than thy prayer his groans will rise!

God is a God of mercy, and would see
The prison doors unbarr'd—the bondmen free!
He is a God of truth, with purer eyes
Than to behold the oppressor's sacrifice!

Avarice, thy cry and thine insatiable thirst
Make man consent to see his brother cursed!
Tears, sweat and blood thou drink'st, but, in their turn,
They shall cry 'more!' while vengeance bids thee burn.

The Lord hath said it!—who shall him gainsay?
He says, 'the wicked they shall go away,'—
Who are the wicked?—Contradict who can,
They are the oppressors of their fellow man!

Aid me, NEW ENGLAND! 'tis my hope in you
Which gives me strength my purpose to pursue!
Do you not hear your sister States resound
With Afric's cries to have her sons unbound?

TO THE PUBLIC.

In the month of August, I issued proposals for publishing 'THE LIBERATOR' in Washington City; but the enterprise, though hailed in different sections of the country, was palsied by public indifference. Since that time, the removal of the Genius of Universal Emancipation to the Seat of Government has rendered less imperious the establishment of a similar periodical in that quarter.

During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact, that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free states—and particularly in New-England—than at the South. I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relen-

less, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen than among slave owners themselves. Of course there were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not dishearten me. I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, *within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birth place of liberty.* That standard is now unfurled; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoiliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe—yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondman set free. Let southern oppressors tremble—let their secret abettors tremble—let their northern apologists tremble—in all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble.

I deem the publication of my original Prospectus* unnecessary, as it has obtained a wide circulation. The principles therein inculcated will be steadily pursued in this paper, excepting that I shall not array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great cause of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religions and of all parties.

Assenting to the 'self-evident truth' maintained in the American Declaration of Independence, 'that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population. In Park-street Church, on the Fourth of July, 1829, in an address on slavery, I unreflectingly assented to the popular but pernicious doctrine of *gradual* abolition. I seize this opportunity to make a full and unequivocal recantation, and thus publicly to ask pardon of my God, of my country, and of my brethren the poor slaves, for having uttered a sentiment so full of timidity, injustice, and absurdity. A similar recantation from my pen was published in the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* at Baltimore, in September, 1829. My conscience is now satisfied.

I am aware, that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

It is pretended that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. *The charge is not true.* On this question my influence,—humble as it is—is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God, that he enables me to disregard 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare,' and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power. And here I close with this fresh dedication:

'Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place,
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base—
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalising sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:
Such is the vow I take—SO HELP ME GOD!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, January 1, 1831.

* I would here offer my grateful acknowledgments to those editors who so promptly and generously inserted my Proposals. They must give me an available opportunity to repay their liberality.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

What do many of the professed enemies of slavery mean, by heaping all their reproaches upon the South, and asserting that the crime of oppression is not national? What power but Congress—and Congress by the authority of the American people—has jurisdiction over the District of Columbia? That District is rotten with the plague, and stinks in the nostrils of the world. Though it is the Seat of our National Government,—open to the daily inspection of foreign ambassadors,—and ostensibly opulent with the congregated wisdom, virtue and intelligence of the land,—yet a fouler spot scarcely exists on earth. In it the worst features of slavery are exhibited; and as a mart for slave-traders, it is unequalled. These facts are well known to our two or three hundred representatives, but no remedy is proposed; they are known, if not minutely at least generally, to our whole population,—but who calls for redress?

Hitherto, a few straggling petitions, relative to this subject, have gone into Congress; but they have been too few to denote much public anxiety, or to command a deferential notice. It is certainly time that a vigorous and systematic effort should be made, from one end of the country to the other, to pull down that national monument of oppression which towers up in the District. We do hope that the 'earthquake voice' of the people will this session shake the black fabric to its foundation.

The following petition is now circulating in this city, and has obtained several valuable signatures. A copy may be found at the bookstore of LINCOLN & EDMANDS, No. 59 Washington-st., for a few days longer, where all the friends of the cause are earnestly invited to go and subscribe.

Petition to Congress for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, the petition of the undersigned citizens of Boston in Massachusetts and its vicinity respectfully represents—

That your petitioners are deeply impressed with the evils arising from the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia. While our Declaration of Independence boldly proclaims as self-evident truths, 'that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,'—at the very seat of government human beings are born, almost daily, whom the laws pronounce to be from their birth, not equal to other men, and who are, for life, deprived of liberty and the free pursuit of happiness. The inconsistency of the conduct of our nation with its political creed, has brought down upon it the just and severe reprehension of foreign nations.

In addition to the other evils flowing from slavery, both moral and political, which it is needless to specify, circumstances have rendered this District a common resort for traders in human flesh, who bring into it their captives in chains, and lodge them in places of confinement, previously to their being carried into the markets of the south and west.

From the small number of slaves in the District of Columbia, and the moderate proportion which they bear to the free population there, the difficulties, which in most of the slaveholding States oppose the restoration of this degraded class of men to their natural rights, do not exist.

Your petitioners therefore pray that Congress will, without delay, take such measures for the immediate or gradual abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and for the preventing of bringing slaves into that District for purposes of traffic, in such mode, as may be thought advisable; and that suitable provision be made for the education of all free blacks and colored children in the District, thus to preserve them from continuing, even as free men, an unenlightened and degraded caste.

If any individual should be unmoved, either by the petition or the introductory remarks, the following article will startle his apathy, unless he be morally dead—dead—dead. Read it—read it! The language of the editor is remarkable for its energy considering the quarter whence it emanates. After all, we are not the only fanatics in the land!

[From the Washington Spectator of Dec. 4.]

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE CAPITAL.

'The tender ties of husband, father, friend,
All bones of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death;
They lose in tears, the far receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no more!'

It is well, perhaps, the American people should know, that while we reiterate our boasts of liberty in the ears of nations, and send back across the Atlantic our shouts of joy at the triumph of liberty in France, we ourselves are busily engaged in the work of oppression. Yes, let it be known to the citizens of America, that at the very time when the procession which contained the President of the United States and his Cabinet was marching in triumph to the Capitol, to celebrate the victory of the French over their oppressors, another kind of procession was marching another way, and that consisted of colored human beings, handcuffed in pairs, and driven along by what had the appearance of a man on a horse! A similar scene was repeated on Saturday last; a drove consisting of males and females chained in couples, starting from Roby's tavern on foot, for Alexandria, where with others, they are to embark on board a slave-ship in waiting to convey them to the South. While we are writing, a colored man enters our room, and begs us to inform him if we can point out any person who will redeem his friend now immured in Alexandria jail, in a state of distress amounting almost to distraction.* He has been a faithful servant of a revolutionary officer who recently died—has been sold at auction—parted from affectionate parents—and from decent and mourning friends. Our own servant, with others, of whom we can speak in commendatory terms, went down to Alexandria to bid him farewell, but they were refused admittance to his cell, as was said, 'the sight of his friends made him feel so.' He bears the reputation of a pious man. It is but a few weeks since we saw a ship with her cargo of slaves in the port of Norfolk, Va.; on passing up the river, saw another ship off Alexandria, swarming with the victims of human cupidity. Such are the scenes enacting in the heart of the American nation. Oh, patriotism! where is thy indignation? Oh, philanthropy! where is thy grief? Oh, SHAME, WHERE IS THY BLUSH? Well may the generous and noble minded O'Connell say of the American citizen, 'I tell him he is a hypocrite. Look at the stain in your star-spangled standard that was never struck down in battle. I turn from the Declaration of American Independence, and I tell him that he has declared to God and man a lie, and before God and man I arraign him as a hypocrite.' Yes, thou soul of fire, glorious O'Connell, if thou couldst but witness the spectacles in Washington that make the genius of liberty droop her head in shame, and weep her tears away in deep silence and undissembled sorrow, you would lift your voice to tones of thunder, but you would make yourself heard. Where is the O'Connell of this republic that will plead for the EMANCIPATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA? These shocking scenes must cease from amongst us, or we must cease to call ourselves free; ay, and we must cease to expect the mercy of God—we must prepare for the coming judgment of Him who, as our charter acknowledges, made all men 'free and equal!'

* At the same time this man was sold, another—a husband—was knocked off. The tears and agonies of his wife made such an impression on the mind of a generous spectator, that he bought him back.

When a premium of fifty dollars is offered for the best theatrical poem, our newspapers advertise the fact with great unanimity. The following is incomparably more important.

PREMIUM.

A Premium of Fifty Dollars, the Donation of a benevolent individual in the State of Maine, and now deposited with the Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, &c. is offered to the author of the best Treatise on the following subject: 'The Duties of Ministers and Churches of all denominations to avoid the stain of Slavery, and to make the holding of Slaves a barrier to communion and church membership.'

The composition to be directed (post-paid) to either of the subscribers—the name of the author in a separate sealed paper, which will be destroyed if his work shall be rejected.

Six months from this date are allowed for the purpose of receiving the Essays.

The publication and circulation of the preferred Tract will be regulated by the Pennsylvania Society above mentioned.

W. RAWLE,
J. PRESTON,
THOMAS SHIPLEY, } Committee.

MY SECOND BALTIMORE TRIAL.

I have delayed making any public strictures upon this mock trial, for various considerations; and, in consequence of the length of the following report of it, (which, I will here barely remark, is as rich in embellishments as the ingenuity of a servile reporter could make it,) I am unable, in the present number, to give my defence. Next week, however, it shall come; in which, due notice shall be taken of Capt. Nicholas Brown's remarkable affidavit. To screen his employer from merited reprehension, he has chosen to invoke upon himself the guilt of the wicked transaction. Let him take the consequences.

Is the inquiry made, how do I bear up under my adversities? I answer—like the oak—like the Alps—unshaken, storm-proof. Opposition, and abuse, and slander, and prejudice, and judicial tyranny, are like oil to the flame of my zeal. I am not discouraged; I am not dismayed; but bolder and more confident than ever. I say to my persecutors,—‘I bid you defiance.’ Let the courts condemn me to fine and imprisonment for denouncing oppression: Am I to be frightened by dungeons and chains? can they humble my spirit? do I not remember that I am an American citizen? and, as a citizen, a freeman, and what is more, a being accountable to God? I will not hold my peace on the subject of African oppression. If need be, who would not die a martyr to such a cause?

‘Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitat on is the heart,—
The heart, which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.’

[From the Baltimore Gazette.]

BALTIMORE COUNTY COURT,
OCTOBER TERM, 1830,

Francis Todd,
vs.
William Lloyd Garrison.

Action on the case
for a libel.

This cause was tried at the present term, before Archer, Chief Judge; the evidence on the trial was in substance as follows:

In October, 1829, the ship Francis, belonging to the plaintiff, who is a resident merchant at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on her voyage from Baltimore to New Orleans, took on board at Herring Bay in the Chesapeake, as passengers, about eighty negroes, purchased by Mr. George B. Milligan, formerly of the State of Delaware, but for some years a Planter in Louisiana, from two gentlemen in Calvert County, for his own use. The agreement for the transportation of these people was made by Mr. Milligan, with Captain Brown who commanded the vessel, and Mr. Henry Thompson, to whom she was consigned in Baltimore. The Plaintiff, the owner, was not consulted, nor apprised of the destination or employment of the ship, until she was about to sail. By the agreement, these people were to be found in provisions by the Captain; but, solicitous for their comfort, Mr. Milligan had directed, before the vessel left Baltimore, that certain extra articles should be purchased for their use, such as blankets, shoes, hats, whiskey, sugar, tea, and a quantity of cotton shirting to be made up by the women during the passage, for themselves and children, with needles, thread, &c. amounting to \$400. The provision on board were all of the best quality:—for instance, prime Pork, which cost \$12, and Mess Beef, which cost \$11 per barrel.

Accompanied by Mr. Milligan, these people came on board cheerfully and willingly. Their former proprietors having been compelled to part with them, they rejoiced at the prospect of still living together, instead of being separated, as they would have been if otherwise disposed of. During the voyage there was not a single instance of complaint or discontent among them,—their accommodations on board were the same as those of the steerage passengers;—no restraint was imposed on them—no confinement resorted to, no fetters used. They arrived safely at their new home, about twenty miles below New Orleans, and when Captain Brown visited the Plantation, shortly before his return to Baltimore, he found them perfectly contented.

On the 20th November, some weeks after the ship had left Baltimore, the following article appeared in a newspaper printed in this city, ‘edited and published by Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison,’ called ‘Genius of Universal Emancipation.’

BLACK LIST.

HORRIBLE NEWS—DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

THE SHIP FRANCIS.

This ship, as I mentioned in our last number, sailed a few weeks since from this port with a cargo of slaves for the New Orleans market. I do not repeat the fact because it is a rare instance of domestic piracy, or be-

cause the case was attended with extraordinary circumstances; for the horrible traffic is briskly carried on, and the transaction was effected in the ordinary manner. I merely wish to illustrate New England humanity and morality. I am determined to cover with thick infamy all who are concerned in this nefarious business.

I have stated that the ship Francis hails from my native place, Newburyport (Massachusetts,) is commanded by a yankee captain, and owned by a townsman named

FRANCIS TODD.

Of Captain Nicholas Brown I should have expected better conduct. It is no worse to fit out piratical cruisers, or to engage in the foreign slave trade, than to pursue a similar trade along our coasts; and the men who have the wickedness to participate therein, for the purpose of heaping up wealth, should be sentenced to solitary confinement for life:—they are the enemies of their own species—highway robbers and murderers; and their final doom will be, unless they speedily repent, to occupy the lowest depths of perdition. I know that our laws make a distinction in this matter. I know that the man who is allowed to freight his vessel with slaves at home, for a distant market, would be thought worthy of death if he should take a similar freight on the coast of Africa, but I know, too, that this distinction is absurd, and at war with the common sense of mankind, and that God and good men regard it with abhorrence.

I recollect that it was always a mystery in Newburyport how Mr. Todd contrived to make profitable voyages to New Orleans and other places, when other merchants, with as fair an opportunity to make money, and sending at the same ports at the same time, invariably made fewer successful speculations. The mystery seems to be unraveled. Any man can gather up riches, if he does not care by what means they are obtained.

The Francis carried off seventy-five slaves, chained in a narrow place between decks. Captain Brown originally intended to take one hundred and fifty of these unfortunate creatures; but another hard-hearted shipmaster underbid him in the price of passage for the remaining moiety. Captain B, we believe, is a mason. Where was his charity or brotherly kindness?

I respectfully request the editor of the Newburyport Herald to copy this article, or publish a statement of the facts contained herein—not for the purpose of giving information to Mr. Todd, for I shall send him a copy of this number, but in order to enlighten the public mind in that quarter—c.

At the succeeding February term of Baltimore City Court, the Grand Jury presented this publication as a ‘gross and malicious libel.’ They afterwards found an Indictment against both the Editors, which was at the same term tried against Garrison alone—Lundy being out of the State. The Jury, without hesitation, found a verdict of guilty; and after an ineffectual attempt to arrest the judgment, upon technical objections, the Court imposed a fine of \$50. This the Defendant was either unable or unwilling to pay, and he was therefore committed, and remained in jail for some time, till it was satisfied.

A private action for this libel had been instituted by Mr. Todd against both the Editors; and in consequence of Lundy's absence, the process was served only on Garrison, who was in fact the writer of the article. After his conviction in the City Court, he was distinctly informed through his Counsel, that as Mr. Todd had no vindictive feelings to gratify, the suit would be withdrawn, if a proper apology, and recantation of the calumny were put upon record. This offer Mr. Garrison not only refused, but while in confinement, published a pamphlet containing, with his report of the trial, a republication of the libel, and a number of gross insinuations against the Chief Judge of the Court.

At the trial of the civil suit, the publication having been proved, Mr. Jones, the Pilot of the Francis, testified that the negroes were taken on board at Herring Bay, and that the ship then proceeded to Annapolis to obtain the necessary Custom House papers:—that they came on board cheerfully and willingly—and that while he remained with them, which was until he left the Capes, they appeared to be contented and happy. That unusual attention seemed to have been given to their comfort and accommodation;—their berths were commodious, the women and children being separated from the men;—their provisions abundant and of good quality;—extra stores provided for them, which were distributed daily to them by Captain Brown, and that the clothing which had been furnished by Mr. Milligan, was amply sufficient for their wants. He further deposed that they were treated with kindness by Captain Brown;—that they were under no restraint, but were permitted to go about the ship by day and night, as other passengers, and that no chains, hand-cuffs, or other fetters, were used in any instance, nor did he believe that there were any on board the vessel.

The deposition of Capt. Nicholas Brown was then read by consent, in which he stated—

That about the middle of the month of September, 1829, he came on to Baltimore, to take charge of the ship Francis, of Newburyport, belonging to Francis Todd, merchant of that place, the said ship being consigned for freight or otherwise to Henry Thompson, merchant of this city—That in the month of October following, Mr. Thompson and himself engaged to carry to New Orleans on board the ship Francis, from seventy-five to one hundred black people, for account of Mr. Milligan, a very respectable planter on the banks of the Mississippi; and that they made this engagement without consulting the owner of the ship, neither could he have known it, until about the time of her sailing from Baltimore—That Mr. Thompson and himself were the Agents of the Francis in Baltimore—That he sailed from the port of Baltimore with the said ship about the 20th of October, having no slaves on board, and proceeded down the Chesapeake Bay as far

as Herring Cove, where he received on board the Francis eighty-eight black passengers in families, all brought up together on two estates in Calvert County; and that they were all perfectly willing to come on board the ship—nor was any one required to compel them, they having a perfect understanding with their new master, Milligan, who was present at the time of their embarkation, that they were not to be sold again at New Orleans—but that he intended them all for his own estate. That Mr. Thompson and Deponent provided for them on board the ship, previous to her departure from Baltimore, the best provisions; in addition to which, by request of Mr. Milligan, Mr. Thompson put on board, expressly for their use, tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, whiskey, tobacco, &c. &c. with every kind of convenience for using the same, and clothing of every description to make them comfortable, which was dealt out to them day after day, while on the passage, at my discretion; that they all expressed much satisfaction at their treatment while on board the ship; that they had their perfect liberty on board; that their conduct was good at all times; that they needed not chains nor confinement, nor was any one of them put in chains or confined during the whole passage. That after Deponent took them on board, he returned up the Bay as far as Annapolis, where they were all examined by an officer of the Customs, and regularly cleared from that port for New-Orleans. That about the middle of November he landed them all in good health and spirits, on the plantation for which they were intended, belonging to Mr. Milligan, 17 or 20 miles below the city of New Orleans. That their quarters on board the ship Francis were large and not narrow, that all of them had good comfortable sleeping places or berths, and that they were well provided with a plenty of blankets, &c. &c.—That the ship's hatches were never closed on them during the whole passage for any other purpose than to protect them from rough and wet weather, and make them comfortable. Finally, from the very high opinion Deponent has of the honor and integrity of Mr. Milligan, their owner, he considers his act in carrying these people away as one of the best of his life.

Let it be remembered, that he was not the cause of their bondage, but that he has actually relieved their condition in some degree, by carrying them to a climate much more congenial to their nature. Mr. Francis Todd and Deponent were brought up together at Newburyport, from children, and he has known both him and his business up to this time, and never knew him to carry slaves in any of his vessels; and he verily and conscientiously believes he never had a slave or slaves carried in any vessel of his to any part of the world, except in the solitary instance of the ship Francis aforesaid; and he knows he never owned a slave in his life.

NICHOLAS BROWN.

Sworn and subscribed to before

SAMUEL PICKERING,

A Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, for the City of Baltimore, on the 9th of September, 1830.

Here the case closed on the part of the Plaintiff. The defendant did not attempt any justification of the truth of the matters published;—he examined no witnesses, and the cause having been submitted to the Jury, they returned a verdict for the Plaintiff, with damages of One Thousand Dollars.

A late Convention of the Manumission Society of North Carolina unanimously adopted the following report of a Committee appointed to investigate the subject. Coming from a slave state, it is doubly gratifying to my feelings.

‘The Committee to whom was referred the communication from the Chair, report,

1. That it is the opinion of your committee that nothing libellous was contained in the article for which William L. Garrison was indicted and convicted.

2. That Mr. Garrison did not surpass that liberty which is guaranteed to the press by the constitution of the United States.

3. Your committee recommend that the Association enter their protest against the illegal and unconstitutional decision in Garrison's case.

4. That the communication entire be published in the Greensborough Patriot.’

The following commentary upon the trial was published in the Journal and Tribune of this city, some weeks since; and, emanating from the pen of the editor of that paper—a lawyer—is entitled to much consideration.

We have read a report of the case of Francis Todd, of Newburyport, vs W. L. Garrison, late editor of a Baltimore anti-slavery paper, for a libel, and we cannot but think the verdict of the Jury doubtful in law, or if legal, unreasonable in point of damages. Mr. Garrison edited a paper, devoted, we believe, from the best motives to the best of purposes. The

charge that he made against Mr. Todd, was that he transported in his vessel a cargo of slaves from Maryland to Louisiana, there to be sold in the market, and that they, or a part of them were in irons, or were put in irons during the passage, and were otherwise treated harshly. For this, Mr. Garrison declared that he would cover Mr. Todd ‘with thick infamy.’ Mr. G. also inferred that Mr. T. had made his property by carrying such freights.

We presume that the main fact of freighting a ship with negroes from one port of the United States to another, would be no libel, even if false, because this is a legal and usual business, with which it is no more libellous to charge a man, than to say that he had caught a freight of fish and carried them to market.—The main fact, however, was admitted to be true; but it was denied that the slaves were carried to be sold, they being already sold to a humane master [Mr. Milligan.] It was also denied that the slaves were ironed or otherwise harshly treated. These denials not having been rejoined to by the defendant, and having in fact been supported by the evidence of the captain, and one or two others, must be taken as correct, and Mr. Garrison's statements as erroneous, in the subordinate particulars of the irons, the harsh treatment, and intended sale at New Orleans.

It does seem to us, that to say a man puts a slave in irons, whips him or sells him, is not *prima facie*, a libel, even though false; because these are lawful acts for slave-owners to do, and they are done every day. If the writing states that such acts were done without cause, or to an unreasonable extent where there was a cause, such writing, if untrue, might be a libel.

At all events, it was and is evident that Mr. Garrison's intent and aim was to direct the force of public opinion against the sale and bondage of human beings ‘born free and equal’ (as a certain Declaration says) and against all persons, particularly Yankees, who in any way co-operate in it, or profit by it. In so doing, he attacked the *laus* more than he did Mr. Todd, or at least equally with him, for he charged Mr. T. with nothing which the laws of any State or of the United States do not allow under certain circumstances, and no circumstances whatsoever were stated; thus leaving the case open for the reader and the court to suppose justifiable as readily as unjustifiable cause. Here the maxim, that every thing is to be construed in the *milder sense*, was applicable. Mr. Garrison had a perfect right, and in our opinion deserves praise for ‘covering with infamy,’ as ‘thick’ as he could, any slave dealer, slave owner, (voluntarily becoming or remaining such) or slave agent or driver in the world. All the infamy which he could heap upon them on the general grounds of violating the laws of God and nature, and justice and humanity, in trading in human flesh, or putting men in bondage, or holding them there longer than is absolutely necessary, was and is just, lawful, praiseworthy and profitable to the Commonwealth, and no libel at all; and we doubt very much whether the particular allegation of putting in irons, treating harshly, and carrying to market, are in themselves libellous, though false.

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

Though distant be the hour, yet come it must—
Oh, hasten it, in mercy, righteous Heaven!
When Africa's sons, uprising from the dust,
Shall stand erect—their galling fetters riven;
When from his throne Oppression shall be driven,
An exiled monster, powerless through all time;
When freedom—glorious freedom, shall be given
To every race, complexion, cast and clime,
And nature's sable hue shall cease to be a crime!

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

Thou who avengest blood! long-suffering Lord!
My guilty country from destruction save!
Let Justice sheathe his sharp and terrible sword,
And Mercy rescue e'en as from the grave!
O, for the sake of those who firmly brave
The lust of power—the tyranny of law—
To bring redemption to the perishing slave—
Fearless though few—Thy presence ne'er withdraw,
But quench the kindling flames of hot, rebellious war!

And ye—sad victims of base avarice!
Hunted like beasts—and trodden like the earth;
Bought and sold daily, at a paltry price—
The scorn of tyrants, and of fools the mirth—
Your souls debased from their immortal birth!
Bear meekly—as ye've borne—your cruel woes;
Ease follows pain—light darkness—plenty, dearth!
So time shall give you freedom and repose,
And high exalt your heads above your bitter foes!

Not by the sword shall your deliverance be;
Not by the shedding of your masters' blood;
Not by rebellion, or foul treachery.
Uprising suddenly, like swelling flood:
Revenge and rapine ne'er did bring forth good.
God's time is best!—nor will it long delay:
Even now your barren cause begins to bud,
And glorious shall the fruit be!— Watch and pray,
For, lo! the kindling dawn, that ushers in the day!

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1831.

Mr. Nathaniel Daniels is authorised to receive subscriptions for this paper, and receipt the same.

Post Masters are authorized to act as Agents.

TO-DAY.

Another New Year is born, and, after the similitude of man's inevitable fate, in a little space must die. Brief as it will prove, how various and important will be its history—to individuals, as well as to nations! How many thrones may it not shake, or fetters sever, or revolutions witness! The crisis of the world has not yet come: scarcely the preface of its eventful history is writ. Empires are to be re-fashioned, and a large portion of the earth reclaimed from superstition and barbarism, from oppression and idolatry. We talk of the march of mind; we marvel at the age of creation;—but does knowledge keep pace with ignorance, or virtue with vice, or benevolence with suffering, or liberty with tyranny, among mankind? Most evidently not. How long will it take to regenerate and disenfranchise Africa? how long to christianize Asia? how long to reform republican America? how long to redeem the world? Surely time is in its infancy. Strange that men predict a millennium at so early a day.

The past has been an eventful year; the present will probably be yet more troublous. Europe has just begun to feel the upheavings of the earthquake which is to overthrow its strong towers, and the heat of a fire which is to melt every chain. There are signs in the political firmament of Great Britain which portend sudden and disastrous convulsions; but known only to God are the hidden things of time.

In this country, of those who hailed the opening of the past year, there have died at least three hundred thousand. More than a million mourners have 'gone about the streets.' How frail is man! Who and how many must die the present year? Perhaps half a million. Of this number, how many shall we or our friends make! O Life! O Death! O Eternity!

In this free and christian republic, too, we remember, there were kidnapped during the past year, and reduced to remediless bondage, MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND INFANTS, the offspring of slave parents!!! A greater number, this year, is to me: a similar doom! Have we no reason to fear the judgments of Heaven upon our guilty land?

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is an extract of a letter from one of the most distinguished reformers of the age. It contains some hints to ministers of the gospel, which ought to be given publicly for their benefit:

'The cause in which you are engaged, will certainly prevail, and so will mine; but when? It is not for us to ask. God will accomplish it in his own time; and perhaps by our means. We ought to be content to be His instruments, without aspiring to direct Him. Slavery and war will be abolished throughout all Christendom, and the abolition of them depends on public opinion; and public opinion is directed by the pulpit and the press—by speaking and writing; and there is no other way. Unfortunately, many of our ministers are too much under 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare,' and they therefore 'shun to declare the whole counsel of God.' Many who entertain correct sentiments about war and slavery, have not the moral courage to declare them. How they will answer it at the bar of God, I know not. Many seem to fear to examine these subjects, lest they should bring upon themselves greater responsibilities than they are willing to bear; not reflecting that duties neglected bring as great condemnation as crime committed. But all ministers are not so: there are noble examples to the contrary; and when the pulpit shall unite with the press, war and slavery will cease to pollute the Lord's vineyard.

* The cause of Peace.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Vermont.

'DEAR SIR—One of my neighbors has just had the reading of your proposals for the Liberator, &c. He says it is professedly the very thing that is wanted. If you steadfastly pursue your object, you will in the end be crowned with the honors of the greatest victory ever won by mortal power. He would assure

you, that you need fear no overthrow in the contest—for the moral power of the nation is on your side;(1) and if you fail, you lose nothing—as, in that case, it will be evidenced that but little will have been left worth preserving. 'You will please forward me a copy of your paper, which will be paid for when received. And believe me a friend to Liberty, Peace, Temperance and Christian Morality; yet purified from licentiousness, violence, enthusiasm, (2) and fanaticism.'

(1) It may be; but at present it has no efficacy, being struck with a fearful paralysis. Still we confidently rely upon its awakened energy to redeem the land from the curse and crime of slavery.

(2) 'Enthusiasm'? In all great reformatives, a generous and ever blazing enthusiasm is necessary to quicken the dormant, and to inspire the heart of the reformer. But licentiousness, and violence, and fanaticism—these are traits which do not belong to truth or justice.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Mount-Vernon, N. H.

'DEAR SIR:—I have recently read your proposals for publishing the "Liberator," and I think that no American, who makes any pretensions to philanthropy, patriotism, morality or christianity, can do less than wish you "God speed." You will please to add my name to your list of subscribers.'

WORKING MEN.

An attempt has been made—it is still making—we regret to say, with considerable success—to enflame the minds of our working classes against the more opulent, and to persuade men that they are contemned and oppressed by a wealthy aristocracy. That public grievances exist, is unquestionably true; but they are not confined to any one class of society. Every profession is interested in their removal—the rich as well as the poor. It is in the highest degree criminal, therefore, to exasperate our mechanics to deeds of violence, or to array them under a party banner; for it is not true, that, at any time, they have been the objects of reproach. Labour is not dishonorable. The industrious artisan, in a government like ours, will always be held in better estimation than the wealthy idler.

Our limits will not allow us to enlarge on this subject; we may return to it another time. We are the friends of reform; but this is not reform; which in curing one evil, threatens to inflict a thousand others.

For 'THE SALUTATION' of the Liberator on our first page, we are indebted to a lady, who sustains a high reputation for poetical merit, and whose soul is overflowing with philanthropic emotion. Will the public help us to secure her constant services?

It will be our endeavor to diversify the contents of the Liberator, so as to give an edge to curiosity, and relieve the eye and mind of the reader. One page will be devoted to foreign and domestic transactions; another, to literary, miscellaneous and moral subjects.

Lord Erskine when at the bar, was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the Bench. In a contest he had with Lord Kenyon, he explained the rule of his conduct at the Bar in the following terms:—

'It was,' said he, 'the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this paternal lesson to the grave—I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that any obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice—I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children.'

The following individuals formed the jury which brought in a verdict of One Thousand Dollars, at Baltimore, in favor of Mr. Francis Todd. It will doubtless gratify them to see their names in 'print.' More anon.

- Daniel W. Crocker, Stewart Brown,
- Samuel D. Walker, George A. Hughes,
- William H. Beatty, Andrew Crawford,
- John Francisus, Robert Hewitt,
- George M'Dowell, James W. Collins,
- G. A. Vonspreckelson, John Walsh.

The trial of Judge Peck continues to occupy the attention of Congress, to the exclusion of almost all other business.

OUR APPEAL.

For the successful prosecution of our labors, we appeal to the following classes of our fellow countrymen, and we presume they are sufficiently numerous to fulfil our expectations:

To the religious—who profess to walk in the footsteps of their Divine Master, and to be actuated by a love which 'worketh no ill' to others. To whom, if not to them, shall we turn for encouragement?

To the philanthropic—who show their sincerity by their works, whose good deeds are more numerous than their professions, who not only pity but relieve.

To the patriotic—who love their country better than themselves, and would avert its impending ruin.

To the ignorant, the cold-hearted, the base, THE TYRANNICAL—who need to be instructed, and quickened, and reclaimed, and humanized.

TO OUR FREE COLORED BROTHERN.

Your moral and intellectual elevation, the advancement of your rights, and the defence of your character, will be a leading object of our paper. We know that you are now struggling against wind and tide, and that adversity 'has marked you for his own;' yet among three hundred thousand of your number, some patronage may be given. We ask, and expect, but little: that little may save the life of 'The Liberator.' Our enemies are numerous, active and inveterate; and a great effort will undoubtedly be made to put us down.

WALKER'S PAMPHLET.

The Legislature of North Carolina has lately been sitting with closed doors, in consequence of a message from the Governor relative to the above pamphlet. The south may reasonably be alarmed at the circulation of Mr. Walker's Appeal; for a better promoter of insurrection was never sent forth to an oppressed people. In a future number, we propose to examine it, as also various editorial comments thereon—it being one of the most remarkable productions of the age. We have already publicly deprecated its spirit.

WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE?

Reader, do you approve of the cause and the paper? Then subscribe, and sustain them both. But you are too poor. Too poor! and yet a freeman!—a sorry compliment this to Liberty. Then be a little more economical, a little more industrious, a little more intelligent.

Borrowers are authorised to read and circulate the present number of the Liberator as industriously as possible; but, afterwards, they are respectfully requested to subscribe and not to vex their more conscientious neighbors.

The Publishers of the Liberator have formed their co-partnership with a determination to print the paper as long as they can subsist upon bread and water, or their hands obtain employment. The friends of the cause may, therefore, take courage; its enemies—may surrender at discretion.

GENIUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

We congratulate our friend Lundy on the removal of his paper to Washington city. The Lord bless him abundantly in his new situation. What zeal has he not evinced, what suffering not felt, what sacrifice not made, in the noble cause to which he has devoted his life! Friends of bleeding humanity, uphold his arm, encourage his heart, patronize his work.

Editors who are willing to exchange sheets with the Liberator are requested to be prompt in their reciprocity.

The Cherokee Delegation to Congress have publicly denied the reports that their brethren were ready to make a treaty to emigrate, if reservations are granted certain Chiefs. They are determined to hold their ground, unless driven off by force.

The number of children between the ages of four and sixteen, in the common schools of Ohio, is believed to be not less than 350,000. The militia of the State comprises 116,000 men.

Last October, a plot for an insurrection, in which were 100 negroes engaged, some of whom were free, was discovered at Plaquemines, Louisiana. So say the papers.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Russia is said to have actually declared War against France.

In England, the Wellington Cabinet has resigned, and is succeeded by a Whig Cabinet, with Earl Grey for First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Brougham for Lord Chancellor. There has also been another change of Ministry in France.

The loss of property by the recent bombardment of Antwerp is said to be immense, and estimated by many at 20 millions of dollars. It is stated that the American and British Consuls had, during the heat of the bombardment, gone to the Dutch Commander, and warned him that their Governments respectively would demand remuneration for the property of their citizens and subjects.

There has been a grand review of the National Guard at Paris and vicinity, in the Field of Mars at Paris. More than 100,000 armed troops were on duty, and it was supposed that 200,000 spectators were present in addition. It is described as a magnificent spectacle.

It is stated in the Paris National that the Duke and Duchess of Angouleme were about to make a pilgrimage on foot from Lulworth Castle to Edinburgh, in consequence of its having been recommended by the famous Prophet Prince Hohenlohe, who, after a communication held with the Lord in three masses, predicted that the Duke de Bordeaux would re-establish the Throne of St. Louis.

FIFTH CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Counties.	Males.	Females.	Colored.	Total.
Plymouth	20905	21678	410	42993
Suffolk	28586	31693	1883	62162
Nantucket	3339	3534	279	7202
Hampshire	14990	14995	225	30210
Bristol	23366	25178	930	49474
Middlesex	38107	39348	513	77968
Norfolk	20436	21296	169	41901
Barnstable	13997	14363	165	28525
Worcester	41545	42449	371	84365
Hampden	15288	16003	349	31640
Franklin	14447	14765	132	29344
Dukes	1709	1768	48	3518
Berkshire	18310	18510	1005	37825
Essex	39451	42929	527	82887
Totals,	294449	308559	7006	610014

Free Colored Population.

Males under ten years of age,	804
of ten and under twenty four,	886
of twenty four and under thirty six,	726
of thirty six and under fifty five,	635
of fifty five and under one hundred,	321
of one hundred and upwards,	5
	<hr/> 3,377

Females under ten years of age,	823
of ten and under twenty four,	956
of twenty four and under thirty six,	810
of thirty six and under fifty five,	651
of fifty five and under one hundred,	385
of one hundred and upwards,	4
	<hr/> 3,629

Colored males,

Total number of free colored persons, 7,006

Population of Rhode Island, in 1830, 97,212; in 1820, 83,059; increase 14,153.

Population of Connecticut, in 1830, 297,726; in 1820, 175,238; increase 22,488.

Population of Delaware, in 1830, 76,739; in 1820, 72,749; increase 3,990.

Population of New York, in 1830, 1,934,496; in 1820, 1,372,812; increase 561,684.

Virginia.—In 45 counties of Virginia, which by the census of 1820 had a population of 438,165, the present population is found to be 506,516, making an increase of 68,351, or nearly 16 per cent. The increase in the number of whites is 41,468, or 17 per cent; of slaves 20,635, or 12 per cent; and of free blacks 6,248, or 40 per cent. The increase of slaves heretofore has always been in greater ratio than that of whites. There is now a greater increase of whites.

In relation to the Bohon Upas, or poison tree of Java, Capt. Delano, of Duxbury, in his voyages, states that it may be handled with impunity; and the Philadelphia Gazette states that when Java was in possession of the English, a physician of that city took a portion of the poison gum from a tree.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr. David Russell to Miss Dydia Thompson.

In South Boston, Mr. Joseph Smith to Miss Elizabeth Delany.

In Dorchester, Capt. Wm. R. Austin to Miss Ann Catharine, daughter of S. Downer, Esq.

In Salem, Mr. Samuel O. Baker to Miss Sarah B. Richardson—Mr. Piney Blanchard to Miss Sarah Osmert.

DEATHS.

In this city, widow Prudence Brewer, aged 74. In Salem, Mr. James Hunneman, aged 64—Mary Harris, youngest daughter of Rev. Henry Colman, aged 13—Miss Sally Osgood, aged 78. In Beverly, Mrs. Mary Wilkins.

LITERARY.

Truth: A New-Year's Gift for Scribblers.
Boston: 1831. pp. 52.

This is the severest, in some passages the most equitable, satire that has issued from the American press. Something of the kind has long been wanting; for the frequency of panegyric upon worthless writers has destroyed its legitimate effect. It is evident that there exists a combination of puffers in our land, who mutually laud each other to the skies; and if one receive a merited castigation, the rest are sure to come in to his rescue. This is an unholy alliance against good taste, genius and merit, which it were serviceable in any man to overthrow. Still, we are sorry to say, the anonymous author of this work exhibits more courage than discrimination therein; that the coarseness of some of his strictures blunts the keenness of the rest; that, though necessity was laid upon him to identify authors, there is evidence of some personal hostility; that, in treading out of existence, with just contempt for their insignificance, the poetical grubs and butterflies which swarm in our literary domain, he has in the plenitude of his anger, assailed geniuses of extraordinary size and worth. Pierpont, for instance, is described as 'howling Ains of Palestine', and otherwise contemptuously treated. Edward Everett is broken upon the wheel, as a poet, for his 'Dirge of Alaric,' though he does not pretend to write poetry. Percival does not get his due. The attack upon Whittier is certainly unmerited. It is not for him to be ashamed of his former mechanical pursuit; but for his friends—and not them only, but for the public—to boast of a genius which has thus early raised him to so conspicuous a station. Our author justly satirizes the propensity of mechanics to repudiate their useful trades for the poor vanity of wielding a quill; but he should remember, that some of the most eminent astronomers, mathematicians, statesmen, critics, &c. &c. have been originally mechanics, or have risen from the humblest walks of life. Genius is not created, though it may be fostered and adorned, by wealth and learning: it breaks through, with a giant's force, all the artificial distinctions of society; and it is never so honorable, as when it has ascended to a great height through the briars and pit-falls of adverse fate.

We are sorry, we repeat, that our author has been so lavish and indiscriminate in his censure, because it endangers the usefulness, as well as the popularity, of his satire. We have no doubts of its equity or efficacy, in the lump; it will do good, in despite of its many blemishes; but greater good might have been accomplished by a more judicious and just course. To be sure, there is an attempt at justification. 'I attack none in a personal manner,' he declares, 'who have not themselves offended in the same sort.' But are they worth imitating?

There is one remark, in his Preface, which is big with truth, and worthy of deep consideration:—'I verily believe,' says the writer, 'that the itch of rhyme has withdrawn more persons from the useful pursuits of life than the doctrine of rotation in office, which is a bold word.'

Prentice, Neal and Willis are tomahawked and scalped. Bryant, Halleck and Brainard are eulogised in handsome terms.

[For the Liberator.]

TO AN INFANT.

Fair bud of being,—blossoming like the rose,
Leaf upon leaf unfolding to the eye,
In fragrance rich, and spotless purity,—
Which hourly dost some latent charm disclose—
O may the dews and gentle rains of heaven
Give to thy root immortal sustenance;
So thou in matchless beauty shalt advance,
Nor by the storms of life be rudely driven.
But if, oh envious Death! this little flower
Thou from its tender stem untimely break,
An angel shall the drooping victim take,
And so transplant it to a heavenly bower;
Where it shall flourish in eternal spring,
Nurtured beneath the eye of a paternal King.

G.—n.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.

I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it; and when I cannot live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me, I ought to keep myself out of it.—*Algernon Sidney.*

[For the Liberator.]

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Brightest, merriest of days!
Welcome in a thousand lays!
Not a heart but leaps for gladness,
Nor a brow that's veiled in sadness,
Not an eye that beams not brighter,
Not a step that is not lighter!
Day of joyful hopes and wishes,
Prodigal of gifts and kisses;
Want, with all his pining brood,
Leaps and sings with gratitude;
Nakedness—a shivering claimant—
Now obtains a seemly raiment;
Sorrow wipes her tears away;
On a happy New Year's Day;
All the forms of sharp distress,
Charity's fair hand doth bless!

What awaits, O new born Year!
On thy brief, untried career?
Pass not, till the world is free
From the yoke of tyranny;
Broken be th' oppressor's rod,
In the dust his throne be trod;
Till the sea of human blood
Cease to roll its gory flood,
And the thundering tones of war
Echo not from lands afar!—
Till the scourge of intemperance,
With its train, is banished hence,
Of the fall the deadliest fruit,
Sinking man below the brute,
Foulest of impurities,
Bloodiest of enemies,
Body-eater, soul-destroyer,
Universal plague—annoyer;
Pass not, till, from sea to sea,
Christ shall gain supremacy;
Idols to the bats be given—
In their stead the Lord of heaven
Be consulted, loved, adored,
By a guilty race restored.

G.—n.

[Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.]

EDUCATION.

It was finally and forcibly said in the rhetorical language of the venerated Stoughton, 'that God sifted a whole kingdom for the wheat which was sown in the American wilderness.' That seed was not confined to New England. It has been scattered broadcast over the now fair and flourishing domain which we proudly call our Country. It has shot up, not thinly, but luxuriantly, and in evidence of its effects, we have only to point to the innumerable seminaries of elementary and general instruction; to the schools and academies, the colleges and universities, which, dispersed through the Republic from Maine to Florida, constitute the glory of our beloved land.

Nor are they less our defence than our glory. Knowledge is power. A people generally enlightened cannot be enslaved. Other eyes may look with complacency upon our national fortresses; upon our armaments, naval and military: for my own part, I contemplate with livelier satisfaction, and more assured convictions of their efficiency to the end in view—our security and repose as a people—the institutions of learning, which, in every gradation of excellence adapted to the age, the capacities, the wants of the rising generation, abound in our land. I am no enthusiast: I am neither a pedagogue nor bookworm.—But I hazard nothing in saying, that the humblest village school-house is a little bulwark of our country's liberties. Our seminaries, small and great, for the diffusion of useful knowledge among all classes of the community, collectively present an impregnable wall of defence. Whilst these remain, no Agamemnon, no Achilles will be able to take our city. It will abide in fearless security, and unshaken, indissoluble strength.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the London Monthly Magazine.]

ALCHYMY.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND why the alchemists of former times are considered by the philosophers of modern times as little better, if at all better, than fools.—I am quite serious; though I know I make the declaration at the hazard of being accounted an egregious fool myself. But let me state my own case. I renounce, at the outset, not only as utterly futile, but as a presumptuous denial of Heaven's declared will the dream of compounding and elixir, which, by the subtle concentration of the essence of vitality, or, in other words, by the discovery of the elemental principle of life, should enable the fortunate possessor of it to renew his youth, as the vegetable world revives at the approach of spring. I give this up, I say; not merely as a visionary bawble of the imagination, but as a direct attempt of the creature to contravene and abrogate a decree of the Creator.—But I make my stand in defence of alchemy, upon that other grand object of its followers—the discovery of the philosopher's stone, as it is called; or of the tincture, or powder, or art,—not of transmuting metals, or converting a lump of lead into a lump of gold,—but of *bona fide* MAKING gold by a regular and scientific process. 'It never has been done,' is the triumphant answer of philosophers; but that it *therefore* never will be done, is not the deduction of philosophy. He who should have

attempted, when alchemy was in fashion to discover the means of navigating rivers, and seas without the aid of wind or canvass, or of producing a brilliant and permanent light without employing any combustible substance, would have been deemed as confirmed a disciple of folly by his own generation, as the seekers after the philosopher's stone have since been by succeeding generations. Yet the steam-boat and the gas-lamp are now too common to excite the wonder or attract the notice even of the vulgar; and there are many other mechanical inventions and discoveries of science, which might be adduced to fortify this mode of argument. Why, then, should the notion be treated as an absurdity too gross almost for serious argument, that one of those incidents to which we owe various discoveries, or some of those experiments which have led to such astonishing results in chemical science, may one day penetrate the laboratory of nature, and detect her process in the formation of this precious metal? In short, is there any difficulty in conceiving such a progress to be made by the gradual triumphs of science, as to acquire the power, by analytical investigation, of ascertaining not only what are the component parts, but what are the respective proportions in which those component parts exist, in a piece of gold? And if one chemical science gets thus far,—if once she is able accurately to detect and separate whatever those component parts may be, and to determine, with equal accuracy, whatever may be their several proportions,—I should not despair of the synthetical process soon accomplishing all the rest. In conclusion, this is the sum and substance of my doctrine—that it is within the reasonable calculation of chemical science to be able to resolve gold into its primary elements; that when so resolved, the relative and positive quantities of those elements may be ascertained; and, lastly, that when we know what are the separate ingredients, and what are their combined proportions, to make gold will be no more difficult than it is now to make any other artificial metal. They who deny these propositions *a priori*, must be prepared to do so upon the grounds that there exists some moral, physical, or philosophical impossibility of decomposing gold, as palpable and self-evident as that which would stare a man in the face who should seriously set to work to contrive how he might get the sun and moon into a crucible, in order to make suns and moons, or stars and comets. And so ends my argument in defence of that branch of alchemy which sought to discover the philosopher's stone!

WEEPING.

Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for anything or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard: and they will weep because they cannot have every thing their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arm of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he relents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture?—Women weep to get at their husband's secrets, and they also weep because their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortunes, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbors how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband, that she may get another. The widow of Ephesus bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other.

THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED AND THE TULIP ROOT.

A small grain of mustard seed being thrown by accident near to a large tulip root: 'How durst you,' says the insolent neighbor, 'take rank with a tulip!' 'My dear Sir,' replies the grain, 'forgive me the chance which brought me here, and let me rest in peace. My life, at present, is dull enough, but if you will permit me to stay, I promise you by and by a sheltering shade for yourself or your family.'

People of easy fortunes discourage a budding genius: the latter, not in the least attentive to their arrogance, suffers without complaint; foreseeing, that when he is arrived at his full growth, their walk, compared to his, will be but a mere *crawling*.

GRAVE CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Schmidt, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote to Frederick II. in the following terms: 'Sire—I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting books of Psalms for the Royal Family. I acquaint your majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the Royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade, next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.'

SCHMIDT, Sacrist of the Cathedral.'

The King, much amused with the epistle sent the following answer:

'I acquaint you, Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing, may buy books. Second, I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that those who want to be warm, may buy wood. Third, I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that I shall no longer trust to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.'

FREDERICK.'

BREVITY.

Short speeches, short stories, short courtships; a wise man will always be *short* in these things. I never knew a short sermon that was not more liked for it—a short story that had not the more pith in it—or a short courtship that was not more fortunate than a long one. I showed a lad who had been running after his sweetheart two years, old cousin Jeremiah's long purse, which measured half a yard, and had but a single six-pence at the bottom—he borrowed it to take down to Charlotte, and they both took a hint from it, and got married at once.

Tell all the story-tellers and speech-makers, tell all manner of good people, how pleasant a thing it is to be *short*.—[Oliver Oakwood.]

Lady Morgan, in her late work on France, mentions having seen a horrible relic in the museum of a private gentleman. It was a copy of the Constitution of 1793, *bound in human skin!* It had been the property of a terrorist, who paid the forfeit of his atrocity on the scaffold.

MORAL.

RELIGION OPENS THE HEART!

The Rev. Mark Wilkes is, I believe, still alive.—He was and still is well known in London. He is an eminent divine, a pious and most worthy man; and a considerable wit, withal. God has placed him in easy circumstances, has also given him a warm and charitable heart. No deserving poor man went away sorrowfully from Mark Wilkes' door. One day a poor man, belonging to his church, who had something of Mark Wilkes' manner, as to the matter of wit—and who certainly was a very worthy and pious man—came to his door, and told his minister, that 'his poor wife had just been confined, and that she had brought him another fine child. But then so it is,' added he 'God has not given us, this day, a morsel of bread in the house.' 'Ah!' said Mark Wilkes, affecting great indifference, 'John! I have always understood that when God sends a child into this world, he also sends bread with it.' 'Most true! your Reverence,' cried John, 'God's goodness always does so; but, then, he has sent the child to me—and the bread to you. And therefore it is that I have come for some of it.' 'Come in, John,' cried Mark Wilkes, as a tear coursed down his cheek—'come in, and take as much as you want.'—*Ref. Dutch Mag.*

MEDITATION.

'Seen of Angels,'—1 Tim. iii. 16.

Angels of mercy! Ye saw Him leave His seat of glory above, and descend to the meanest and most wretched of His worlds. Ye were in attendance, when He stooped from the height of His power, and was born in a stable at Bethlehem! Ye were with Him in the vast howling wilderness, when the dark hour of temptation had passed, and He was left alone. Ye were with Him in His retirement, in the secret and fervent pouring forth of prayer, such as never man prayed. Ye were with Him in the garden, when His agony was hard upon Him, and even His pure soul seemed to shrink from the trial before Him. Ye were with Him in His hour of desertion and mocking, of scourging and death! And ye were with Him in the sepulchre, and ye saw the stone rolled to the door—the guard set, and ye heard the last call answered—the last watch-given.

Angels of glory! Ye saw him burst the bonds of the tomb, and rise triumphant! Ye saw Him chain to his infernal den the king of hell, and seize the keys of death and the pit! Through your shining ranks he passed on His way to His Father's mansion! Ye have seen that glorified body which was pierced for man! Ye have bowed before Him in heaven! Ye see him now above, all lovely as He is, and cast your crowns before His throne, and give Him blessing, and honor, and praise, and power, for ever and ever.

O then for your tongues to describe His sufferings! O for your harps to celebrate His glories!—*London Christian Guardian.*