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28 | THE LIBERATOR. | FEB. 18.
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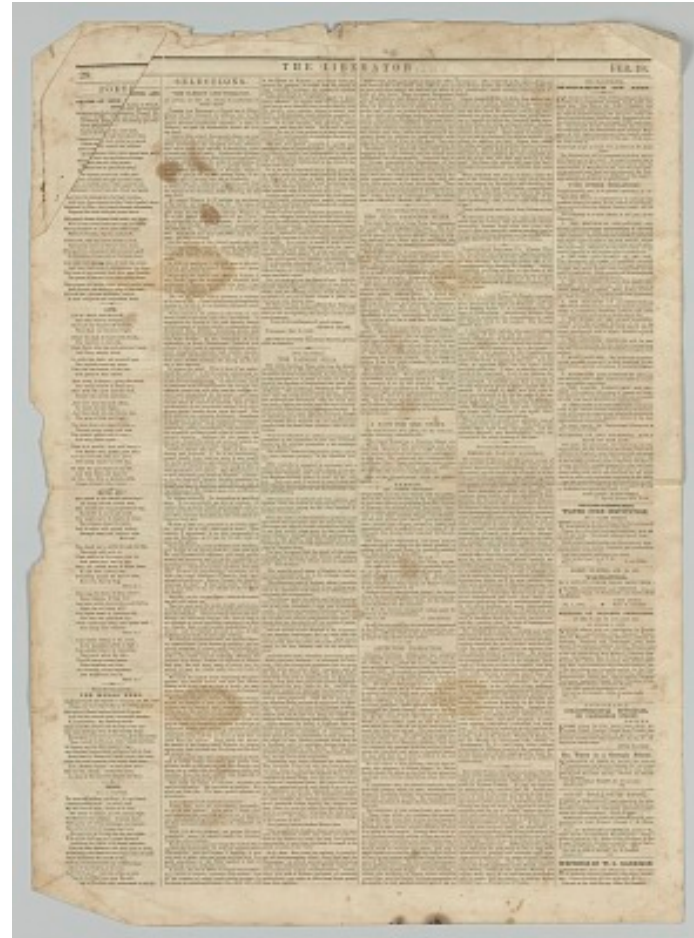
[[newspaper format]]

[[start column one]]

[[fold in page obscures some text and causes misalignment of lines]]
POETR [[fold]]
GRAVES OF PENN, [[fold]] NGTON, AND
ELL [[fold]]
In the ancient burial-gro [[fold]] Society of Friends, called 'Jordan,' in
[[fold]]
amshire, are the graves of William Penn, [[fold]] nnington, Thomas
Ellwood, and others [[fold]] ied men of the early days of the Society.
[[fold]] this interesting spot occasioned the follo [[fold]] :-
Graves of the [[fold]] of the noble dead, Whose ann [[fold]] donned the
rolls of time, And as me [[fold]] er their tombs have spread An un [[fold]]
ful sacred, and sublime. Grave [[fold]] hteous, which their names have
made M [[fold]] than the sepulchres of kings; Mo [[fold]] ated than the
vain parade [[fold]] stition and its garnish'd things [[fold]] no organ's
proud and lordly peal [[fold]] quem sounded through the lofty aisles;
[[fold]] hem, not mitred priest, with raptur'd zeal, [[fold]] roclaimed a
victor's laurels, blood and spoils. [[fold]] hey [[fold in page obscures
some text and causes misalignment of lines]] were the champions of a
high vocation, And more than conquerors thro' their Leader's love;
Sustained by Him, hey passed through tribulation, Prepared for their
immortal crown above. The gospel theme of grace, and truth, and light,
Was in their hearts enshrined, and sanctified; They preached it in a dark
and sullen night, Midst persecution, bigotry, and pride. Undaunted, they
for sacred Freedom stood, Unwearied, strove in Mercy's holy cause;
True patriots, who placed their country's good In Christian virtues, and
in Christian laws. And when their patient fight of faith was ended, And
their blest work of righteousness was done, The tears of man around
their biers were blended, The peace of Heaven upon their spirits shone.
Then prayer and praise those sainted spirits lighted, Safe through the
shadowy valley of the tomb, Till with the 'glorious multitude' united, In
their congenial and resplendent home.

LIFE

Life is a battle, and the world
The field whereon we fight;
There are our banners all unfurled,
There flash our falchions bright.
Either we shall be found with Truth, -
The warriors on her side,
Stout Faith, wise Age, and generous Youth,
And Duty, sternly tried;
Or with that dark, yet crowded host,
The myriads none can name,
Who rear the banner of the lost,
And glory in their shame.
Then rouse, O sleeper! grasp the sword,
The trump sounds in thine ears,
Bear forth the spirit and the word,
Scatter thy doubts and fears;
And move into the thick [[letter c reversed]] affray,



To battle for the Right,
And thou shalt win the bloody day,
The prize of Life and Light:
For thus alone our peace is won, -
Through many pangs and woes
The victor's golden race is run, -
Toil only yields repose.
Then be a warrior, stout and brave, -
And Death - why grimly greet him?
Let him not seek thee as a slave, But boldly march to meet him.
So fight the good fight of thy life,
And then thine end shall be
As his, who, from a glorious strife,
Comes crowned with victory.

MOVE ON!
The march of life should never stay-
All things should onward tend,
Man should not clog progression's way,
But strive to move and mend.
The waters move in depths of ocean,
The streams along the dales,
And rivulets, with onward motion,
Through sweet and verdant vales
Move on!
The clouds move gently through the sky,
The earth rolls ever on:
Time swiftly in its course runs by,
And years pass, one by one.
Men, too, should strive to follow them,
In this their onward way,
Permitting nought the tide to stem,
But ever, day by day
Move on!
Men may be wiser, if they strive-
More virtuous, if they will;
And who, within this world, would thrive,
Must aim at higher still!
Let bigots stand by doctrines old,
The wise will pass them by;
Weak minds may cling, with subtle hold,
But strong ones valiantly
Move on!
Like waters rolling to the ocean,
Down mountains piled on high-
Like clouds forever in commotion,
That move across the sky-
We will forever onward press,
Thus fetterless and free;
And deeming virtue happiness,
Our watchword ever be,
Move on!

From the National Era.

THE MORAL HERO.

Suggested by the late Speech in Congress of Mr. Giddings, and more especially by its closing passage.

The thirst of Fame inspires the soul-lit page, And bids the canvass glow,
the marble breathe; O, Immortality! thy burning wreath Hath lured the
human soul through every age! Nor vain the hope, even in this earthly

stage; Nor aught, even here, save virtue, gives the crown! 'Twas twined for Phocion, Cato, 'neath the frown Of fortune, and the fickle people's rage, And brighter blooms while sculpture falls to dust: Even thus, O GIDDINGS! shall it deck thy brow, While all earth's marble piles betray their trust: Yon 'Modern Capitol' to time must bow- But bravely, sternly, 'obstinately just,' A victor of the immortal heights art thou!

TRUST.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The same old baffling questions! O, my friend, I cannot answer them. In vain I send My soul into the dark, where never burn The lamps of science, nor the natural light Of Reason's sun and stars. I cannot learn Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern The awful secrets of the eyes that turn Evermore on us through the day and night, With silent challenge and a dumb demand, Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown, Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone, Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand! I have no answer for myself or thee, Save that I learned beside my mother's knee: 'All is of God that is, or is to be; And God is good.' Let this suffice us still [[obsured by fold]] ing in child like trust upon His will, [[obsured by fold]] ves [[/obsured by fold]] to His great ends, unthwarted by the ill!

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SELECTIONS.

THE CLERGY AND TOBACCO.

AN APPEAL OF REV. MR. TRASK TO CLERGYMEN OF EVERY ORDER.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN: - Permit me, a fellow laborer in the vineyard, to address you in the fewest words I can command, on a theme to which I have devoted considerable attention; I refer to Tobacco, as used in fashionable forms all over our land.

I believe this subject has special claims on your consideration, as ministers of Christ, who professedly minister for the salvation of men, whom I have not a doubt this narcotic is destroying upon a broad and fearful scale. I believe the evidence is mournfully conclusive, that it is weaving Death's winding sheet around the souls of multitudes, of multitudes of young men, in a special sense. I shall present a mere outline of thought which I should be glad to fill up and enlarge upon, if necessary, and if brevity were not so desirable.

Respecting the Cultivation, Commerce, and Cost of Tobacco, I rely on statistics of Macgregor, and on the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the year 1851.

We export Tobacco to 22 nations or provinces of the earth; we import it from 21. The value of exports is \$9,219,251. The value of imports (cigars only) \$2,520,812. We cultivate Tobacco in 28 of the States and Territories of the Union; the cultivation is on rapid increase. In 1851, we raised 199,522,494 lbs. National consumption 100,000,000 lbs. Cost to the consumers, \$20,000,000. New York city pays \$10,000 a day for cigars; \$8,500 for bread.

On the authority of Dr. Coles I would add, the American Church annually expends \$5,000,000 on this vile narcotic, and less than \$1,000,000 on benevolent objects, or for the conversion of the world.

In 1840 we employed 1,500,000 men in the cultivation and manufacture of Tobacco, and many more at the present time.

Respecting the nature and effects of Tobacco, I rely chiefly upon the

testimony of chemists and physicians of Europe, and in our own land. I repose some confidence, moreover, in what I have seen, heard, and know.

The use of Tobacco clearly constitutes a violation of the laws of life. Physiologically and philosophically considered, the use of it is a violation of physical, intellectual, and moral life.

With respect to its action on the body, it evidently injures the teeth, the voice, and breath. It squanders the liquids of life, and thereby brings on biliousness, a sunken cheek, a cadaverous eye, discolored skin, debility, trembling joints, and has power enough to load the system from crown to foot with disease. In the estimation of such authorities as Rush, Waterhouse, Twitchell and others, it often leads to apoplexy, epilepsy, palsy, heart complaints, cancers, and sudden deaths. Respectable physicians have said, that not less than some 20,000 annually die among us, by the use of this narcotic.

It injures the mind. This it does, if we understand the matter; 1, by its intense activity and insidious power as a poison; 2, by its direct bearing on the nervous arrangement. In other words, mind is connected with nerves - nerves are brought into intimate connection with this narcotic; and are excited and exasperated by its power; and hence mind is so disturbed, pressed and urged onward beyond what is natural or endurable, that it often breaks down, as an over-driven animal, or an over-driven engine breaks down upon the road. The evils inflicted are variously developed. Sometimes they appear in the forms of a treacherous memory, clouded perceptions, weak judgment, cowardice, irritability, idiocy and delirium; and sometimes in the mournful overthrow and eclipse of reason, and outright insanity. Asylums for the insane, far and near, eloquently sound out notes of alarm respecting its disastrous action on intellect.

Tobacco injures the soul. This it does both directly and indirectly. 1. It is an intoxicating, mortal, deadly drug; and, as such, it may stupify the moral sensibilities, and shroud the soul in the slumbers of spiritual apathy, very much as this is done by alcohol and opium. The Pantagonians, it is said, habitually get drunk on Tobacco. Churches in the Sandwich Islands discipline members for getting drunk on Tobacco; and there is not a doubt, but that by drugging the soul, it neutralizes the influence of the Gospel upon vast multitudes, especially the young. It injures indirectly. It demoralizes in manifold ways. It is notoriously an ally of alcohol. It wastes time, property, health and strength, and becomes an idol to ten thousand thousand votaries, and often assumes that place in the soul which belongs to God only.

In view of this evil, presented in so brief a manner, permit me to ask, what can be done? This inquiry, I apprehend, is as fitly propounded to you, my Brethren, as it can be to any body of men on the globe. Your attainments, your profession and standing, give weight to all you say and do; your post is at the very fountains of influence, you shape public morals and manners, and to you are committed, in an eminent sense, the destinies of millions of rising youth! If there is power anywhere, it is with you. If there is responsibility anywhere, it is with you, - and, therefore, if there is duty anywhere, it is with you. Hence, I repeat the inquiry, what can be done? It has been said, 'when we know not what to do, we should not do we know not what.'

Happily, we do, or may know, what to do touching the evil before us. That we may meet the point clearly and at once, I remark, that we wish for no Legislation touching this abomination. There are many reasons for this, though we will name but one, viz: there is little or no conscience or moral sensibility respecting it, in State or Church, that would sustain Legislation, if obtained; and to legislate in such a case, is like building upon sand, or upon airy nothing.

We need no acrimonious zeal, nor furious blasts, or counterblasts, from thrones or pulpits; and we utterly misjudge, if sneers, sport, and ribaldry

are becoming the ministers of Christ, when dealing with a sin which may be seriously affecting the present and future welfare of millions of fathers and sons, far and near, many of whom are besotted, it may be, whilst under the very voice of our ministry.

We need the naked truth respecting this grave matter; this will be heard, and this our Divine Master will bless; and in view of truth, we may soon learn, that the time to simply laugh has passed away, and the time to act has come.

Ministerial intellect, science, and moral energy, should be brought to bear upon this momentous subject, and be assured, such investigation would bring up to the surface of this ocean of iniquity, strange things, - impure and horrible things. Such a process upon the face of society would reveal one prolific cause of abounding miseries in relation to bodies and minds, and present a spectacle of corruption as impressive, as though you were to enter some grave yard, and lift up three or four feet of earth from the surface. Clear away the smoke, the smoke of the battle which Tobacco is waging upon man, and we shall see the dying and the dead all around us.

Let clergymen take this subject seriously in hand, and it would create individual and public conscience, wake up the nation and the church, and bring on a crisis like the Temperance crisis, and exorcise, from the body politic, this huge ally of Alcohol, this progeny of the pit.

The mode of action, I conceive, requires no special originality. The quo modo is obvious. We need not look far. We have model reforms as precedents.

Action should be both individual and social.

What, then, have we individually, personally to do in this matter? It is plain, I think, that each minister who uses this narcotic as a luxury, can and should drop it; and his example will be his first and most influential step in measures of reform.

Each, it is fair to presume, can govern his own household; hence, he should banish the nuisance from his own premises.

Each in his own way can bring the truth to bear against this immorality, as well as against other immoralities; and that brother, I imagine, is not very rich in gifts, who can bring nothing from the great storehouse of the Bible against a lust so manifestly at war with the soul.

It is true, the whole Bible he might use in assailing a habit so impure, expensive and useless; but in his straits, he might read certain passages in Leviticus to certain gentlemen who chew the cud

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in the House of Worship; and if that does not answer the purpose, he might hurl the whole of that venerable economy, and economy of physical purity, upon them as an avalanche.

Individual influence, individual action, is peculiarly effective. It begins with our own persons, then moves as a friendly wave over the family, over the parish, over schools, towns, counties, and states; it is precisely that which is requisite to meet this enormous evil, and such is all we can exercise. It is not utopian, but practical, direct, pungent, and does the work. There may be social action; the use of this poison is in many aspects a social vice, and measures to eradicate the use of it may assume social forms.

We are not indeed prepared to specify an particular form of organized effort; still, such effort is evidently feasible, and indispensable in successfully coping with an evil of such magnitude; an evil so completely entrenched in the vitals of the State and Church.

It is not to be expected that a reform pointedly in conflict with the most

tenacious habit known in the history of our race, a habit which holds the vast majority in fascinating and bewitching bondage, can become popular in a day, or move on ward unaided with a momentum of its own. Neither should it be expected that individuals, men in humble circumstances, unpaid, uncheered by others, can breast this herculean evil, with any flattering hope of success.

There is much public work that should be done. Schools, colleges, clerical and medical associations should be addressed, and their co-operation solicited in this movement. Lectures may be delivered; tracts written; public journals fed with pertinent articles, statistics collected, - statistics respecting the terrific increase in its cultivation, manufacture, and traffic. In a word, a world of work is to be done, which, in current language, calls for 'material aid,' together with the social and hearty cooperation of every patriot, and every Christian.

The evil is great, in a peculiar and obvious form, - it is becoming alarmingly so. Our young men and lads are becoming thoroughly poisoned, and either reform or a marked depreciation of the race must inevitably ensue.

But we despond not, for there is hope. Individual and social effort, well directed, of one half the amount, which has been expended upon Alcohol, I think, with the blessing of God, would thrash this mountain of evil till it shall become a plain, and that at no very distant time.

Be this as it may, I am confident that Piety and Patriotism, Church and State, urge us, to do with what we can in repelling the ravages of this insidious destroyer.

Yours with sentiments of much esteem,

GEORGE TRASK.

FITCHBURG, Feb. 5, 1853.

Editors favorably disposed are desired to give the above insertion.

From the Tribune.

THE PATRIOT JULIA.

Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, who has the felicity of being consort of His Excellency John Tyler, ex-President of these United States, has been induced to sign her name to a letter of reply to the Address of the Duchess of Sutherland and other English ladies to the women of America on the subject of Slavery. We are heartily sorry for her.

Literature was not Julia's best point, for hitherto she has achieved less distinction with her head than her heels; but we are quite sure she never concocted this silly, heartless, pettifogging production. It reads a good deal more like her husband, though we should suppose even his reservoir of ignorance could hardly have supplied all the misstatements crowded into its three close columns - like the following:

'You have subscribed an Address, not prepared by yourselves, as the emanation of your own susceptible hears, but the admitted production of the newspaper press of England.'

'The African, under her [England's] policy, and by her laws, becomes property' in her American colonies.'

[This untruth is repeated in substance half a dozen times - the fact being that slaves were imported into Virginia, sold and worked there, before England had any policy or laws on the subject. And even now, it would be hard to find any law whereby slaves were ever held in British Colonies, except those made by the slaveholding Colonies themselves.]

'The separation of husband and wife, parents and children, under our system of negro slavery, is a thing of rare occurrence among us, and then attended by peculiar circumstances.'

Now, the writer of this letter knew perfectly well that there has not been a time for years when families were not offered for sale, together or separately, as they would bring most in that very Richmond Enquirer through which his performance is given to the public, and that hundreds if not thousands of cases of such separation occur every year in Virginia

alone.

We have intimated that the spirit of this letter is deeply discreditable to the writer, and reflects injuriously on the body whose name is appended to it. For instance:

'The crocodile, good sisters of England, is said to cry most piteously; but woe to the unhappy traveller who is beguiled by its tears!'

'The newspaper press of England affects a mawkish sensibility on a subject with which it has nothing properly to do, and all for ends which every reflecting person cannot fail to understand.'

'The African, under her policy, and by her laws, became property. That property has descended from father to son, and constitutes a large part of Southern wealth. We desire no intrusion of advice as to our individual property rights, at home or abroad. We meddle not with your laws of primogeniture and entail, although they are obnoxious to all our notions of justice, and are in violation of the laws of nature.'

'We are content to leave England in the enjoyment of her peculiar institutions; and we insist upon the right to regulate ours without her aid. I pray you to bear in mind, that the golden rule of life is for each to attend to his own business, and let his neighbor's alone.'

And this same rude, heartless, consciously guilty

'Mind your own business!' is reiterated at every turn, with the concurrent assurance that we never meddle with any other folks' concerns; and all the time, the writer is telling the British ladies how their own poor in London need all their sympathy - how they have exiled the Scotch Highlanders, starved the poor Irish, &c. &c. And all this is said in a spirit of taunt and recrimination, and with no intention of procuring amendment of the wrongs thus reproved. Now we do not care a pin whether Julia had seen fit not to twit the British aristocracy of their own shortcomings or otherwise; but to affect prudery and forbearance on the subject, and yet do the very thing for which she berates the Stafford House gathering, is ridiculous.

Julia assures the ladies of England that our Southern matrons are models of 'Christian deportment and perfect amiability of manners.' To have given an air of plausibility to this assertion, she ought to have further apprized them that she is Southern only by marriage, having been born and fully developed at the North. For whatever of ill-breeding her letter evinces, the South, therefore should not be held responsible. Profundity was never esteemed an attribute of Mrs. Gardiner Tyler, but she has been at school and can read, so that she cannot be so downright a natural as to suppose the Stafford House ladies intended by their meek and timorous Address to explode the American Union. She ought not, then, to have permitted such sad trash to go out over her signature as all the rigmarole about Ladies Palmerston, John Russell, the Countesses of Derby and Carlisle, &c., having probably consulted their husbands before signing the Address, and that there is room for suspicion that this is one step in a conspiracy for 'wrecking the bark of this Union.'!!! No, Julia! you are not silly enough to be earnest in this.

You gravely inform Stafford House that

'The women of the Southern States are, for the most part, well educated; indeed, they yield not in this respect to any females on earth, and they have peculiar opportunities of acquiring knowledge in regard to the public concerns of the world.'

Well, then: How could you embody in your Reply all that moonshine about 'Poor Jack and the Press-gang,' in which you are evidently laboring under the hallucination that British vessels are now manned by means of Impressment! Surely, when you talk of British ignorance of American institutions, you ought to have been better posted than this signifies.

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And besides, Julia, you ought to know the difference between the evils which men suffer in spite of the law, and those which are inflicted on them by virtue of the laws. There is much Pauperism, Vice, Degradation and Misery in Great Britain; but the laws of that realm deprive no human being of his right to sue or testify in a court of justice, and compel no woman to surrender herself or her child to revolting lechery or vindictive wrath. Should the Duchess of Sutherland inflict a blow on the poorest, humblest child on her vast estates, she could be arraigned for the outrage before Judge and Jury, where the testimony of the poorest would be entitled to equal weight with that of the loftiest Peer in the land. Let any Duke treat the daughter of one of his peasantry as a slaveholder may treat his slave with perfect impunity from legal redress, and he would soon find himself in serious trouble. Great as may be the wrongs, unmerited the degradation, of the British poor, they know and are thankful that they are not slaves. They have a future before them—they have law for their protection, not merely for their oppression—and so long as they obey the laws, their persons at least are inviolate. They are at any rate regarded as human beings, and never spoken of by their superiors in fortune as you, Mrs. Julia! speak of 'our negroes.' The world sees the difference, Madam, and lays it to heart!

[[line]]

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

MRS. JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

This lady, the wife of John Tyler, has mistaken her vocation, and misjudged the times. She is to be pitied. Those who care nothing about the subject of slavery will lampoon her for a want of modesty and tact, while those who do care about the subject will judge her harshly for want Of feeling and of truth.

The English women, in addressing their sisters, on this great topic, in America, were mild--almost timid. They spoke kindly and with high-bred courtesy. But Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, as if forgetful of her sex, and the genial charity which belongs to it, is rude of speech, insolent in tone, and curt in manner, in her reply. It smacks of the spirit of a rude snob. It is, in itself, decidedly vulgar.

The Tribune handles Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler's defence of American slavery, and her reply to the English women, without gloves. It makes her appear sadly. Yet whose the fault? Her voice is lifted up for slavery, as if she were its champion. She is a volunteer. She braves the columns of a newspaper, and courts scrutiny. She has got it. Mercilessly it comes; but mercilessly only because the occasion called for it, and Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler needed it.

The reply--it is some three columns long--is trashy. There is nothing in it worth a moment's thought. Any school girl, of ordinary capacity, could have written a better one. The only excuse to be offered is, that she did not write it, but was induced through a silly vanity to sign her name to it. The Duchess of Sutherland had the credit of preparing the English address; who so fitted to answer it as Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, wife of Ex-President John Tyler?

Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler's reply is untruthful, as well as uncharitable. We

wonder at it, so glaringly mistaken and so coarsely harsh is it. We cannot conceive it to be the work of a woman of delicacy of taste or delicacy of feeling. No right hearted or right minded American woman would or could pen it. Nor is it the product of a Southern lady. It is signed by one who is Northern born and Northern educated, and who must herself bear the blame, and suffer the penalty of being untruthful and ill-bred.
[[line]]

A FACT FOR MRS. STOWE.

The New Orleans True Delta, of the 11th ult., has the following editorial notice:

'THE GREAT RAFFLE OF A TROTTING HORSE AND A NEGRO SERVANT.--The enterprising and go-ahead Col. Jennings has got a raffle under way now, which eclipses all his previous undertakings in that line. The prizes are the celebrated trotting Horse 'Star,' buggy and harness, and a valuable negro servant--the latter valued at \$900.--See his advertisement in another column.'

Here is the advertisement, which we publish gratis:

RAFFLE.

MR. JOSEPH JENNINGS

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that at the request of many of his acquaintances, he has been induced to purchase from Mr. Osborn, of Missouri, the celebrated dark bay horse 'Star,' age five years, square trotter, and warranted sound, with a new light trotting Buggy and Harness; also the stout mulatto girl 'Sarah,' aged about twenty years, general house servant, valued at \$900, and guaranteed; will be raffled for at 4 o'clock, P. M. February 1st, at any hotel selected by the subscribers.

The above is as represented, and those persons who may wish to engage in the usual practice of raffling will, I assure them, be perfectly satisfied with their destiny in this affair.

Fifteen hundred chances at \$1 each.

The whole is valued at its just worth, \$1,500.

The raffle will be conducted by gentlemen selected by the interested subscribers present. Five nights allowed to complete the raffle. Both of the above can be seen at my store, No. 78 Common street, second door from Camp, at from 9 o'clock A. M., till half-past 2 P. M.

Highest throw takes the first choice; the lowest throw the remaining prize, and the fortunate winners to pay Twenty Dollars each, for the refreshments furnished for the occasion.

N. B.--No chances recognized unless paid for previous to the commencement.

Jan. 9. 2w J. JENNINGS.

It will be rare sport for the gentlemen interested in the fifteen hundred chances, to spend five evenings in a raffle in which a fine mulatto girl, twenty years of age, is one of the prizes.

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AFFECTING NARRATION.

Solomon Northrop, whose case has attracted considerable attention, was a freeman, born in Essex county, N. Y., about the year 1808; became early a resident of Washington county, and married there in 1829. He resided at Saratoga Springs in the winter of 1841, and while there, was employed by two gentlemen to drive a team South, at \$1 a day. He took out free papers to show that he was a citizen, and went on to Washington city, where he arrived the 2d of April, and put up at Gadsby's Hotel. Soon after, he felt unwell and went to bed. While suffering, some persons came in, and gave him some medicine. This was the last thing he knew until he found himself chained to the floor of Williams' slave pen in this city, and hand-cuffed. In the course of a few hours, James H. Burch, a slave-dealer, came in, and the colored man asked him to take off his irons, and wanted to know why they were put on. He was told it was none of his business. He replied that he was free, and told where he was born. Burch called in a man by the name of Ebenezer Rodbury, and they two stripped the man and laid him across a bench, where he was held and given a hundred lashes. He was told that he would be killed if he ever stated that he was a free man.

He was taken to New Orleans, and at last became the property of Edwin Eppes, in Bayou Beouf, about 130 miles up the Red River, where he was kept on a Cotton plantation, since the year 1843.

In September last, his friends received a letter from him, stating where he was; whereupon Mr. Henry B. Northrop obtained the necessary papers, and went in search of him. He succeeded, and after eleven years of illegal slavery, Northrop is a free man.

The condition of this colored man, says the N. Y. Times, from which we condense this account, during the nine years that he was in the hands of Eppes, was of a character nearly approaching that described by Mrs. Stowe, as the condition of Uncle Tom while in that region. During that whole period, his hut contained neither a floor, nor a chair, nor a bed, nor a mattress, nor anything for him to lie upon except a board about twelve inches wide, with a block of wood for his pillow, and with a single blanket to cover him, while the walls of his hut did not by any means protect him from the inclemency of the weather. He was sometimes compelled to perform acts revolting to humanity, and outrageous in the highest degree. On one occasion, a colored girl belonging to Eppes, about seventeen years of age, went on Sunday, without permission of her master, to visit another colored girl of her ac-

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quaintance. She returned in the course of two or three hours, and for that offence she was called up for punishment, which Solomon was

required to inflict.

Eppes compelled him to drive four stakes into the ground, at such a distance that the hands and ankles of the girl might be tied to them, as she lay with her face upon the ground; and having thus fastened her down, he compelled him, while standing by himself, to inflict one hundred lashes upon her bare flesh, she being stripped naked. Having inflicted the hundred blows, Solomon refused to proceed any further. Eppes tried to compel him to go on, but he absolutely set him at defiance, and refused to murder the girl. Eppes then seized the whip, and applied it until he was too weary to continue it. Blood flowed from her neck to her feet, and in this condition she was compelled the next day to go into the field and work as a field hand. She bears the marks still upon her body, although the punishment was inflicted four years ago.

When Solomon was about to leave, under the care of Mr. Northrop, this girl came from behind her hut, unseen by her master, and throwing her arms around the neck of Solomon, congratulated him on his escape from slavery, and to his family; at the same time, in the language of despair exclaiming, 'But, O God! what will become of me?'

These statements are taken from Solomon himself.

By the laws of Louisiana, no man can be punished there for having sold Solomon into slavery wrongfully, because more than two years have elapsed since he was sold; and no recovery can be had for his services, because he was bought without the knowledge that he was a free citizen.
[[line]]

FUGITIVE SLAVE DELIVERED UP. Charles Wesley, the colored boy claimed as a fugitive from this city, having recovered from the illness with which he was attacked, was brought before the U. S. Commissioner for a hearing on Tuesday. Failing to establish anything adverse to the claim of his master, which was clearly proven he was delivered up, and placed in the hands of the U. S. Marshal, to be conveyed to his owner.--Wilmington (Del.) Journal.
[[line]]

SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.--On Tuesday morning, the case of Charles Wesley, an alleged fugitive from labor from the State of Delaware, came up for a hearing before U. S. Commissioner Ingraham, of Philadelphia. Satisfactory evidence was adduced to constrain the Commissioner to order the fugitive back to his master. The Evening Bulletin says:--

'A touching little episode was enacted between the calling of the case and its conclusion. A young colored man, of modest demeanor, and considerable intelligence, but evidently an enthusiast, arose and asked permission to say a few words. Permission was granted by the Commissioner. He began as follows:--I feel impelled, by the spirit of the Lord, to speak in this case. I do not claim to represent Him, but the spirit which dwelleth within me. I come to raise my voice in behalf of the oppressed. I feel I can exercise little power over men's actions, because I am one of the oppressed. I can only pray that a scratch of the pen will not be given to paper against the oppressed. If it shall be done, woe will come to every one concerned in it--for the army of the oppressed is now

led on by the Lord in person.-- That same mighty power which led your armies under Washington, when you were oppressed, now heads ours. Therefore I say again, Woe! Woe!! if you add to our oppressions.

These words were uttered in a plaintive tone of voice, and with much emotion. They had a very visible effect upon every one present, and the strictest decorum was manifested by every one throughout the whole hearing of the case.'
[[line]]

From the Massachusetts Cataract.

MEDICAL USE OF ALCOHOL.

Dr. Gilman of Boston, in his recent course of three lectures at Worcester, on the medical use of Alcohol, demonstrated conclusively,-- that neither the medical, nor the surgical use of alcohol is in any case absolutely necessary,--that alcohol is often injurious when thus used,-- that there is no lack of substitutes for it as a stimulant,--as a solvent, and as a preservative,--that the doctors and the apothecaries have therefore no excuse but custom, convenience, large profits, and the appetites of their patrons, for the multitude of medicines that are prepared and palmed off in alcohol, under the name of tinctures,--that the oils and gums thus dissolved and administered in alcohol are instantly precipitated when blended with water or the fluids of the mouth and stomach, and of course might just as well, or better, be taken in their original state, in some other medium, and without the alcohol,--that the foundation of much, very much of the intemperance of the land is laid in the nursery by the little, but constant, and ultimately ruinous dosing of alcohol,--that alcohol, whether taken as a medicine, or as a beverage, has the same natural and inevitable effect upon the system, and goes out, as it goes in, the same irritant poison, entirely unchanged by the process of digestion,--that the person who is taking monthly, weekly, daily, or hourly, a portion of alcohol as, or with a medicine, is just as inevitably forming an artificial appetite for intoxicating drinks, as if he were taking it thus often as a social beverage in the drawing-room, the hotel, or the grog-shop,--that multitudes of 'reformed inebriates' have been thrown back into the pit of wretchedness and ruin, from which total abstinence had raised them to usefulness and honor, by the often heedless, and many times culpable and cruel alcoholic prescriptions of physicians druggists,--and that until this bane of the human race is banished from the nursery, the sick room, and the 'medicine chest,' the tide of intemperance can never be entirely rolled back.

Dr. Gilman is a learned, scientific and skilful physician of some twenty years of extensive practice, but has for the last five years, in that practice, entirely banished the use of alcohol, and that, too, with the most signal benefit to his patients, himself, and the cause of temperance. He proposes to demonstrate nothing that he does not accomplish. He personally invited each of the alcoholic physicians of Worcester to hear his lectures, and there publicly question him, and refute his arguments, if they could, but not a solitary one of them all, dared thus to 'face the music' in defence, or justification of their rum-dosing practice. He proved by experiment, in the presence of the audience, that none of the alcoholic tinctures will blend with water, while the same oils and gums, prepared in his way, without alcohol, would do so instantly and beautifully, without destroying in the least the crystal translucency of the water. Camphor, for instance, was and can be easily dissolved in acetic acid, that is, pure distilled vinegar, which is as white

and clear as water, and thus prepared, is much more elegant, convenient, economical, and harmless. Dr. Gilman is backed up in the positions he has taken by the highest medical authority in the Union, such as Dr. John C. Warren of Boston, Dr. R. Mussey of Cincinnati,--Dr. Sewall of Washington, D. C.,--and many other eminent physicians in different parts of the country, and he has done, and will do, much good by these lectures, wherever he has been, or may be called to deliver them.
[[line]]

Rev. JOHN SCOBLE, for many years past the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, is, according to the National Era, about to settle in Western Canada. We are not disposed to undervalue any services that Mr. Scoble may have rendered to the cause of freedom in time past, but it is only just to say that he has long been the wily foe of the American Anti-Slavery Society; that he has done his worst, by appeals to sectarian prejudice and the cry of 'infidel' against its advocates and supporters, to poison the minds of British Abolitionists, and induce them to withdraw therefrom their confidence and support. If his opposition had been open and manly, we might have respected him accordingly, but it has been marked by jesuitical subtlety, sneaking cowardice, and priestly cunning. There is no need that we should enter into particulars now. His departure from England, and from the post which he has so long made subservient to personal and sectarian ends, occasions us no regret, while we augur no good from his influence in Canada. That his migration may hasten the death and burial of the British and Foreign Society, which, as the London Morning Advertiser truly says, is an anti-slavery association only in name, and pro-slavery in reality, is our fervent hope.--Pennsylvania Freeman.

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THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART. [[line]]

ON January the 1st, 1853, will be published the first part of a magnificent monthly work under the above title. The Editor, Mr. JOHN CASSELL, has very successfully superintended and published a similar work in England during the past year, under the title of the Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art, the circulation of which has averaged 60,000 each number. Encouraged by the success which has attended this enterprise, he has determined upon issuing a Magazine of still higher pretensions; one, indeed, which will prove the pictorial wonder of the age. Each number will consist of

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2. THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE AGE. This department will consist of beautifully executed portraits of the leading characters of the age, especially of those who figure on the stage of humanity as the world's benefactors. Each portrait will be accompanied by an interesting biographical sketch.

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