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80. THE LIBERATOR. Volume XV.-- NO. XX.
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[[column 1]]
POETRY.
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A LESSON OF LIFE:
BY A TEACHER TO A LISTLESS STUDENT.

Up and on, nor sit despairing
O'er the common ills of time;
Life, though dull to thy comparing,
Has a meaning most sublime.

Grope not through the world supinely,
Wasting manhood by the way;
But arise, and act divinely,
Working with the shining day.

Think of those who went before you,
Who have flourished and have died,
And let great men's lives conjure you
Still to struggle and confide.

Be deceived not, nor misguided,
But in youth for age prepare;
And avoid a mind divided--
Indecision heeds despair.

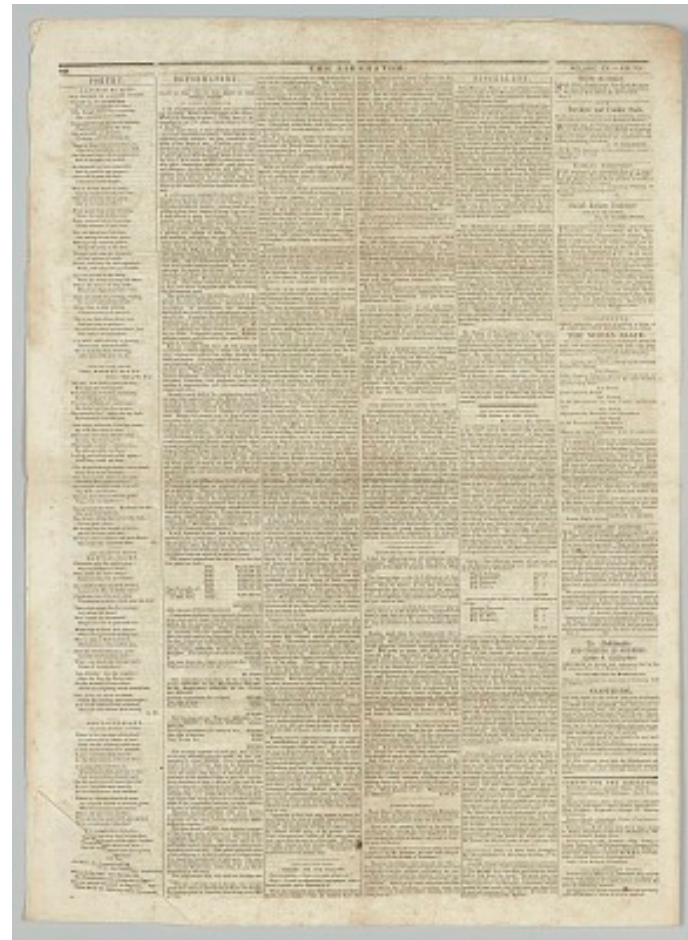
Who is he that shines in story,
And is numbered with the wise,
That has won his way to glory,
But by toil and sacrifice?

Every spark from action beaming,
Makes the path of duty clear;
Every moment lost in dreaming,
Brings remorse of spirit near.

Live not abject nor beholden,
But among the strivers strive;
Making every moment golden,
Brings its honey to the hive.

Thought and labor are demanded
Of the heritors of earth;
Think, and keep thy soul expanded--
Work, and know the joy of worth.

Up, and onward to the battle,
While the heart is young and brave,
Where the drums of duty rattle,
Where the flags of promise wave.



Eyes are round you, looking, waiting,
To record each earnest deed--
Be not then in hope abating,
When to strive is to succeed.

Not a star that shines above you,
But has labor to perform--
Not a flower whose beauties move you,
But inaction would deform.

Up, then! while the day is glowing,
Rest and refreshed anew;
Till to dust thy form bestowing,
All is done that man can do.

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FROM THE BANGOR GAZETTE.
THE BEREFT SLAVE.
Tune--*Pilot of the Deep.*

'Ah me! how slowly wears the day;
How lags the burning sun;
Still, faint and wretched, I must stay
Until this task be done.
This hoe my hand can hardly raise;
My limbs have lost their power;
Oh, gracious God! grant that my days
Be numbered with this hour.

'Last night, toil-worn, I hied me home,
My wife and child to meet;
But to the door they did not come,
As erst, my step to greet!
What could it mean? I hurried in--
No wife, no child was there!
I called, and called, and called again;--
Alas, they would not hear!

'The frightful thought flashed on my mind,
They were to me no more;
That some cursed dealer in his kind
Had torn them from my door!
The thought is awful truth, I'm told:
Oh, God! and is it so?
That my poor heart is left for gold?
Take, take the spirit too!

Thus groaned the slave. His heart was full;
His task went sadly on;
The driver's whip, that moved the dull,
Fell as upon a stone.
He heeded not the threats or blows--
All that he loved was fled;
His hopes were crushed--his spirit froze--
The mind--the mind was dead! G.

[[short dividing line]]

FROM THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

MARTIAL GLORY.

Wherefore pant for martial glory?
Why so prodigal of blood?
What avails the hero's story?
Praise of man, but not of God.

Ah! shall brother war with brother,
Armed with fire, or deadly steel?
Christians, too, defy each other,
Threatening wounds which none can heal?

Then what means this fair creation?
Is it all an idle show?
Was it made for devastation?
Mingled scenes of guilt and wo?

What reply is heard from reason?
What does generous feeling say?
War on man to God is treason;
Mortal, pause--thy conflict stay.

Does the warrior breathe a spirit
Sanctified by Christian love?
What! can blood and carnage merit
Palms of victory above?

Vain delusion! love thy neighbor;
Save thy foes, thy Savior said;
Nor for wreaths of honor labor,
Which thy blighting breath would fade.

Pity, Lord, our moral weakness;
Check the warring hand and tongue;
Arm us all with love and meekness,
Sole and sure defence from wrong.

S.W.

[[short dividing line]]

THE FATHERLAND

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?

O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God, and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heavens wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,
Thank God for such a birthright--brother,
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

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|: EPIGRAM, :|

[[*Italics*]] On Morse, the Ceraunographer--Nature complaining of her
Son's Spoliations. [[/*Italics*]]

What, daring man! cries Nature, will ye spare?
See Franklin force the clouds their bolts to bury;
The sun resigns his pencil to Daguerre,
While Morse the lightning makes his secretary.
[[/column 1]]

[[column 2]]
REFORMATORY.
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FROM THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES?

BY SAMUEL E. COUES, ESQ.

I ask of judicious and practical men the following questions: What is the
advantage of the Navy? What is its function in peace? What does it
accomplish in war? In plain words, what is the use of the Navy?

A few years since, it was taken for granted that a navy was absolutely
necessary. This was the established public opinion; no one questioned
the utility of our ships of war. Fighting vessels were deemed as
important as colleges or schools. But the times have changed. The

question is now boldly asked all over New-England, What is the use of the navy? It is asked not only by ultra peace men, who place themselves against all wars, defensive and offensive, but by those who still hold to the opinion that, at times, war is unavoidable. There are very many who can see no benefit from the navy in times of peace, and who regard the fighting ships as the means of useless slaughter in times of war.

A very common apology for the expenditure for our navy,--by those who take a limited view of the subject,--is, that the money is not wasted, for it supports mechanics, artizans, seamen and officers, giving to them their means of living. It is true, that it thus affords to many their support. The navy is popular among those towards whom the money flows out in golden streams. For instance, the navy pays annually to about sixty men, as captains, a quarter of a million dollars. The building and repairing and sailing one ship of the line disburse one million of dollars. There are many who desire thus to live out of the public. Since the accession of Mr. Polk, in the short space of three or four months, there have been several thousand applications for midshipmen's warrants. For one vacant office, that of 2d lieutenant of marines, there were over twelve hundred applicants. But, we ask, who pays the money for the navy? It comes from the pockets of those who have earned it, to go to those who spend it. It is a mere transfer from hand to hand. The nation does not gain. The nation, in fact, loses when it supports men who do nothing for the common good.

The next answer to our question,-- and it is the answer the most relied upon,-- is, a navy is needed for the protection of commerce. Commerce is the interchange of merchandize, the circulation throughout the world of the conveniences and luxuries of life. It supplies the United States with the productions of other countries, and furnishes other countries with the surplus goods of our own. We do not underrate the value of commerce. It builds up our cities. It supplies many wants. It accumulates capital, and stimulates the productive industry of our citizens.

But our country could have all this profitable commerce, without owning a single ton of shipping, without one sail on the ocean, bearing the stars and stripes. Foreign vessels would carry on our freighting as well, as cheaply, as our own, and do their own fighting, if fighting were necessary to protect them. The carrying trade is a distinct branch of business. The owning of ships has no necessary connexion with commerce, more than carting or wagoning has with the merchant's purchases and sales.

Already, nearly half of the merchandize imported into, and exported from, the United States, is carried by foreign vessels. In 1843, the proportion of foreign tonnage employed by our commerce to American tonnage, was as 500,000 to 1,200,000 tons. During the present year, in four of our cotton ports, there were, at one time, 150 foreign ships to three hundred American; the tonnage of the foreign ships, being larger vessels, almost equalled the tonnage of the American. Of all the foreign arrivals at Boston in the year 1844, half (though small vessels generally) were British vessels, and at other eastern ports existed the same state of things. The ships of northern Europe have the bulk of the exports from New-York, to that part of Europe. The tobacco of Virginia, the coffee of Cuba, the oil of our whale ships, go usually on board of these vessels; and foreign vessels have been chartered or employed by our own merchants for the East-India voyages.

If we had not a single ship, we could receive or send away all the goods which, in the prosecution of commercial business, we required to be received or sent away. This, too, at fair prices of freight; for so rapid can be made the increase of ships, that goods will always be freighted at the lowest possible price, and as experience thus far has manifested, at lower prices in foreign vessels than in the vessels of the United States. From this cause, we are now rapidly losing the employment of our ships; they are not able to encounter the foreign competition. We certainly, therefore, need no navy for the protection of commerce.*

It will, however, be said, that if the navy is not needed for the protection of our navigation; that having merchant ships afloat, they require the navy. Let us compare the cost of the navy with the profits of the navigation interest which it is said to protect.

The annual expenditure for our navy for the last few years as been:

1838,	\$6,131,580 53
1839,	6,182,294 25
1840,	6,113,896 89
1841,	6,001,076 98
1842,	8,397,242 95
First 6 months of 1843,	3,727,711 53
From 1st July, 1843,}	
to 30th June, 1844,}	6,498,199 11
	<hr/>
	\$43,052,002 32
Add expense of Navy Department,	350,000 00

Forty-three millions, four hundred thousand dollars, a sum much larger than the profits of our navigation for the same portion of time, as every shipowner will readily admit. From an official report, we ascertain that the expenditure (including the first cost and repairs and armament) for the ship of the line 'Delaware,' is \$1,051,000; for the 'Columbus,' \$671,000; for the 'Pennsylvania,' \$784,000; for the 'Ohio,' \$843,000; for the 'North Carolina,' \$812,000. The average cost of a line of battle ship is \$830,000
 One year in service, wages, provisions, &c. 220,000
 Ship's proportion of navy yard, &c. 50,000

 \$1,100,000

The expenditure has been, for the frigate 'Potomac,' \$527,000; for the 'Macedonian,' \$269,000; for the 'Brandywine,' \$699,000; for the 'Columbia,' \$398,000.

Average expenditure for a frigate,	\$475,000
One year in use,	110,000
Navy Yards, &c.	25,000
	<hr/>
	\$610,000

For the sloop of war 'Warren,' \$267,000; 'Vincennes,' \$300,000; 'Falmouth,' \$335,000; 'Adams,' \$275,000.

Average expenditure of a sloop of war,	\$315,000
One year in service,	50,000

Navy Yards, &c.	10,000

	\$375,000

The average expense of each gun thus carried, as we say, uselessly over the ocean, for one year, amounts to about \$15,000. Now, admitting the profit of an American ship to be four thousand dollars per annum,--and this rate of profit would cover the ocean with ships,--it will take the year's earnings of one hundred ships to pay the expenditure necessary to have a sloop of war, and to use her for one year; one hundred and fifty ships for a frigate; and nearly three hundred ships for a line-of-battle ship; i.e. a little fleet of a seventy-four, and frigate and sloop requires five hundred and fifty ships to do a profitable business, to earn sufficient in a year to build, repair, and sail this fleet.

Seventeen hundred merchant ships must be thus profitably employed every year to earn the annual expenses of our navy, if every ship clears \$4000 dollars per annum!

We have about 1,000,000 tons shipping engaged in the foreign trade, which is, two thousand ships, averaging five hundred tons each. The cost of this shipping is \$60 per ton. The actual value of our mercantile marine is about \$40 per ton, taking them together, new and old. This would make the value of our shipping to be forty millions of dollars, about five times the annual cost of the navy. Our navigation, therefore, must earn every year, or benefit the country 20 per cent. of its value, to pay for its protection by our navy.

The ship-owner does not, upon an average, one

 * We are informed that a foreign ship brought goods from China to New-York at \$7 per ton freight, the average price in American ships being over \$20 per ton.
 [[/column 2]]

[[column 3]]
 year with another, earn five per cent. beside the interest on the capital employed. This estimate,--5 per cent.--would give two millions as the profit to the owners. The captains, officers, and American seamen engaged in foreign trade, do not receive over three millions wages. The increased value of American ship-building materials, (principally timber, for the iron, copper, hemp and canvass are mostly imported,) on account of the construction of ships, does not exceed one and a half millions. The labor paid in ship-building is about one million dollars. Altogether, seven and a half millions are the national profit of our navigation, or about the cost of the navy.

But, if you please, double this estimate of the profit of our navigation; prove, if you can, that I undervalue the benefit concerned of our commercial marine, and that I overvalue the cost of the fighting ships, still, it settles nothing in favor of the navy, for the navy is not of the least practical advantage to the navigation.

There are nations now enjoying a profitable navigation, who have not a single vessel of war; and who are sailing their ships so cheaply as to interfere, most seriously, with the employment of our ships by our commerce.

In time of peace, all the protection for merchant ships, which will be claimed as necessary, is protection against pirates; now, seventy-fours and frigates never catch pirates, certainly not as many as they educate to the business; for it is universally admitted, that pirates are made by men living among death-dealing instruments, by their being trained to use the weapons of war. If we must have a defence against pirates, it should be small vessels always in commission, not ships of the line, or frigates, swinging idly at their moorings, or making their passages across the ocean. Who, in his senses, would employ our large ships to catch pirates?

In peace, the huge clumsy floating batteries carry abroad in state, some minister plenipotentiary, or sail to exercise the crew, or to try their comparative speed, a most idle, wanton expenditure of money. In war, there is no navigation to be protected; vessels of neutral nations then make the profit, they do the business; the vessels of belligerents rot quietly at the wharves. It is not, then, either for our commerce or our navigation that we need the navy.

The use of the armed force in war is for two purposes: to protect our own country, and to annoy and distress the enemy. Let us see which function our navy discharges, if it discharges either.

The navy is no protection to our homes, to our firesides, to our country, in war. For this, we rely on the army, the militia, the forts, and the military posts. Anchored in our harbors, our seventy-fours, compared with the land battery, are very inefficient; and, surely, sailing over the ocean, they do not defend the country. The whole navy of Great Britain could not defend us, or prevent an enemy from landing on some part of our extended coast. What could our 50 ships do in this service? Military men themselves never depend on ships of war for the defence of the country which employs them.

On the other hand, the navy cannot seriously annoy the enemy on the ocean. Privateers, who pay themselves by their plunder, are the most efficient means of annoyance. In this kind of glory, our navy would not share to any extent; theirs is the glory, not of stealing, as of slaughter, without any profit or advantage whatever from the slaughter.

In war, our ships of war are but slaughter-houses for American seamen. Those not blockaded, would sail on the ocean singly,—that is said to be the best arrangement—flying from the stronger, and chasing the weaker enemy. Now and then, some of them would catch a fight—a hard fight—gun for gun—man for man—and the issue? about as many are killed on their decks as are killed on the decks of the enemy. In the name of God, our common Father, I ask, why drag out our seamen thus to be killed, in killing others? Grant a successful termination to the fight, ay, to the whole naval war; let every ship of our navy capture or sink an enemy's ship—let each seventy-four kill five hundred men, and every frigate two hundred men, and every sloop one hundred men—would this loss so humble Great Britain as to make her down upon her knees and beg for peace? Great Britain could lose more ships than we could possibly fight with in five years' war, and very calmly go about building others. Queen Victoria's throne would not be overturned. If we were to lose the same comparative number of our fighting ships, as we could in a most successful ocean war conquer of hers, it would not severely distress us; we could bear this; she could bear this; it would not alarm

either, or tend to bring about a peace. The fighting on the ocean is aimless and objectless: we can, in no event, seriously injure the enemy, and, most probably, the extent of the injury done, would be about the amount of the injury that we suffered in doing it.

It may be said that we have forgotten the glory of this warfare, the wreath of laurels that would entwine the brows of more than a dozen captains. It is most true that we have overlooked it, and generosity should compel us to allow this *glory*, for this is all that our fighting ships ever possibly achieve. Let us then admit 'Glory,' frankly and freely. How to estimate it is the difficulty. A captain has battered and sunk an enemy's frigate, and his own frigate is only half torn to pieces. He has killed one hundred and ten Englishmen, and has wounded fifty-eight more, while *only* fifty-five of his own crew have been slaughtered outright, and only twenty-nine more are in the cock-pit, maimed and mutilated, some slowly dying of their wounds, some writhing in agony under the surgeon's knife. The ocean is reddened a little more by the life-blood of Englishmen than by the life-blood of Americans. Most glorious! for this, gallant Sir! for this you sail on the ocean--for glory; for your proudest achievement is the killing of more of the enemy than you cause to be slaughtered of your own crew, upon your decks.

Imagine that between this country and some other country lay a broad tract of land, a sandy desert, uninhabited, useful only as the passage ground between the nations. A war is declared--we send out some fifty wagons, armed with swivels and muskets. The enemy sends out his wagons too.

These wagons meet occasionally, and fight and attempt to destroy each other;--a species of guerilla warfare is kept up. About as many are killed in the wagons of one country as are killed in the wagons of another. What matters who succeeds, who has the little victory? Tears of the bereaved, it is true, fall; the wail of orphans goes up to God, and there is sorrow in both the countries at every encounter. But however sanguinary this guerilla warfare, whatever be the number killed on either side, or however many wagons destroyed, it has no effect whatever seriously to injure or benefit either nation, or induce either to sue for peace. Such is naval warfare, most glorious and chivalric!

There is one apology for a navy, which, when it is mentioned, cannot fail to create a smile. It was once said that a navy was necessary, for our nation were in this predicament. If it had declared war, and a nation against whom it issued the proclamation of war did not chose to attack us, then how could we fight without a navy to go in quest of a foe?

Reader, are you a Christian, and can you support an establishment, the only function of which is useless carnage--offensive war? We do not now say to you that you should not call out the army, or build forts for your protection. You may not be prepared to carry out in full the principle of 'overcoming evil with good.' But, if you claim the name of Christian, how can you support a navy useless in peace, and which in war carries on the work of death, without half the apology or excuse that the bloodshed is useful to you? In the name of common sense, give up useless murder. Do not make unnecessary slaughter. Defend your country, if you will, but remember that your trade and commerce with other countries are not worth fighting for; that even were they worth fighting for, you annihilate trade and commerce by the very declaration of war.

Unpopular as this view may appear to some, depend upon it, the time is rapidly approaching when fighting will be deemed disgraceful to a civilized people. In saying this, we cast no reflection upon the officers of the navy, or its present friends. Their education and habits of life cause them to look upon this service in a false light. When the true light comes to their minds, they will be ready to abandon the navy at once. 'Onward,' is the watchword of every heroic soul.

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FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

'PARTIES' FOR THE GALLOWES.

NEWSVENDER.--'Now, my man, what is it?'

BOY.--'I vouts a nillustrated newspaper with a horrid murder and a likeness in it.'

When the miserable man Tawall heard the death-shriek of his victim--when he hurried from the
[[/column 3]]

[[column 4]]
cottage, leaving a corpse upon the floor--the iniquitous effect of his crime was, by no means, wholly developed. He fled a murderer; blood was upon his head; and conscience, like a fiend, crying to him. But the evil--the enormous evil done to society--was not wholly accomplished. The traders in blood and horrors--the butchers of the press, for truly they are so--had to stimulate and feed the curiosity of society with pictorial illustrations of murder--and the world was to be familiarized with atrocity. And then came the disgusting, degrading exhibition on the days of trial. A well-dressed mob, jostling and elbowing to look upon a murderer--to listen to the most sickening details of hypocrisy and crime--a matter of agreeable and healthful excitement. The tears that trickled down 'the innocent nose' of Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, when wrestling with his swelling heart, he touched upon the domestic history of the prisoner, were to the audience much more delicious, more exciting too, than the emotion of any other actor--say the highest--at a play-house. Well, the murderer is convicted--is sentenced to be killed by the law. The law hangs the assassin as a punishment and an example; as an expiation of a wrong suffered by the dead--as a warning to the living. Now, what a mournful, miserable blunder is this public killing of a man for the alleged purpose of teaching the sacredness of human life! We subjoin an instance of the great moral good--by way of example--to be obtained by the punishment of death. The following is extracted from the Morning Post:--

'The exasperation of the inhabitants of Gravesend, where the parents of the murdered Sarah Hart reside, is so great against Tawell, that parties have already been formed to go to Aylesbury to be present at his execution.'

How greatly must 'the parties' be edified! Will they visit Aylesbury, awe-stricken, to be admonished by a terrible ceremony? Why, no. The parties will be pleasure parties. And for their exasperation--their

virtuous resentment, we have little doubt they will compound between that and a little agreeable excitement. The pleasure vans of Hampton Court will, it is our belief, not contain more jovial merry-makers than the gallows-vans of Gravesend. In what a serious, teachable frame of mind will these pilgrims congregate before the gaol of Aylesbury!

By the way, it appears that the worthy denizens of the town were about to be defrauded of one of their most valued immunities. We give the subjoined from the Times:--

'In the town of Aylesbury, for ages past, Friday has been the execution day; and great surprise, if not *dissatisfaction*, has been expressed by some of the inhabitants, because Tuesday had been named. The last man who was hanged at this town, suffered for murder, about eight years ago, prior to which no such penalty was paid for many years; yet the townspeople say, 'We always hang on Fridays, up there, facing the Town-Hall, with a scaffold we keep for the purpose.'

Thus, when a hanging be had, the Aylesbury people will have it on Friday; even as doubtless they stickle for pan-cakes on Shrove-Tuesday.

Poor Sarah Hart! Miserable victim! Nevertheless, we question if her death by the hand of a murderer may be considered as so great a social injury as that inflicted by the execution of the assassin. On one hand, we have a fellow-creature murdered--on the other a multitude brutalized.--Tawall growing grey at Macquarrie Harbor, would do far less evil than Tawell hanging at Aylesbury.

[[line break]]

THE EXECUTION OF JAMES TAPPING.

The unfortunate criminal who this day expiated in front of the prison at Newgate, the crime of which he had been convicted, namely, the murder of Emma Whiter, at Bethnal Green, had all along, we are happy to say, paid the utmost attention to the admonitions of the reverend chaplain, Mr. Davis; but up to the last moment he strenuously denied that he was guilty of the deed imputed to him, and insisted, with every appearance of sincerity, that the unfortunate girl had herself, in a passion of jealousy, put a termination to her own existence. On arriving at the base of the scaffold, the prisoner shook hands and bade farewell to those near him; and then, with a firm step, ascended the ladder, attended by the chaplain and the under-sheriffs. The crowd, which could have been numbered no less than 6000 persons, greeted the appearance of the criminal with cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations, which furnished the very best of all possible arguments against the publicity of these executions. The unfortunate man viewed with the most perfect calmness the awful preparations; and after a few brief words, the under-sheriffs retired, and was left with the chaplain and the executioner. His last expressions were:--'I acknowledge the justice of my sentence, and hope to be forgiven, as I forgive all men;' and in another moment he was launched into eternity. It is said that the young members of the family, who had been wholly supported by the prisoner, will be thrown upon the parish.--*London Sun.*

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FROM THE PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN.

UNIVERSALIST CHAPLAIN.

I find the following item of intelligence in the Universalist Watchman, of the 5th inst., with a definition of the *kind of praying* suitable to a *Navy Yard!*

The Banner says:--'Br. N. C. Fletcher, of East Thomaston, Me., has been appointed chaplain in the Navy. This, we believe, is the first Universalist clergyman who has ever received such an appointment. It will afford him a handsome support so long as he lives--\$600 per year whilst at home, and \$1200 per year when on duty.'

Our views of war are such, that should we pray in a Navy Yard, or on the tented field, we should feel bound to pray that the whole business of killing men, and of training them to the work of human slaughter, may be abolished as speedily as possible, and forever.

Reader, mark first, the sectarian pride that a Universalist clergyman has received such an appointment. Then second, the congratulation that *'it will afford him a handsome support as long as he lives.'* Half price at home, and \$1200 per year when on duty! And third, notice the kind of praying which the editor of the Watchman feels called to recommend. Is he not getting rather *ultra*, for one of the brotherhood? I freely confess that such developments as the above, make the *impassable gulf* between the Christianity of Christ, and that of the sects, so plain, that I turn away with disgust from the popular religion. It matters but little under what sectarian name it is presented. Nay, from the most exclusive, down to those who are loud in their talk about a *universal Father*, and a *universal brotherhood*, we discover a miserable *expediency*, which atheistically denies God the Father, and crucifies, between two thieves,-the Church and the State--the essential doctrines of Christ and Son.

I know there are some exceptions among the Universalists and other sects. But where are the masses, and what are they doing for the rebuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom? Let the appointment of this Universalist chaplain, and the wicked pride of his denomination, with other kindred disclosures answer. It is too bad that such a mask of hypocrisy should be worn, and that such unmeaning cant should so cajole and blind the multitude.

Had I been at the elbow of the editor of the Watchman when he penned the closing paragraph quoted above, I would have asked him to solve the following problem, viz: How long will it take to abolish the 'whole business of killing men, and training them to work of human slaughter,' provided the navy be well supplied with praying chaplains? What fanatics we are! Why not wait for the Millenium? |: G. W. S. :|

[[line break]]

: From the Investigator. :|

POOR MAN!--The editor of the New-Hampshire Courier had a fit of piety come over him last week, and during his spasms he broke out in this wise:

'Were we the greatest Infidel in the world, we should consider it among the first and highest duties incumbent upon us, to teach our children to revere and venerate the Bible as sacred--the word of God--the gate to Heaven.'

This ludicrous burst of excessive piety was well replied to, by Mr. Pillsbury, the able and independent editor of the Herald of Freedom:--

'Were he 'an Infidel,' and believed the Bible a fabrication, and an instrument in the hands of wicked designers, to deceive, mislead, and destroy the people, still he would teach his children 'to revere and venerate it, as sacred--as the word of God--the gate to Heaven.' Really, he is a more dishonest man than I took him to be. I believe I wouldn't teach my child to 'revere as sacred,' what I honestly believed to be *gross lies.*'

[[column 5]]
MISCELLANY
[[line]]

THE MEXICAN PRESS ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

--The journals of the Mexican capital comment very freely upon the correspondence between Mr. Shannon and Senor Cuevas.

The Diario recommends peace and internal tranquillity as the sole means of 'recovering the territory usurped by the North Americans.' The Monitor is astonished at the backwardness of the government in not making an immediate declaration of war upon the United States. It adds that it has been informed that troops have already gone towards Texas, and advises the government to furnish them with resources for the campaign. The Minerva censures the ministry for their conduct upon the Texas question, and calls for explanation with respect to the departure of an English frigate from Galveston, with overtures to the government of Texas. The Vor del Pueblo assails the ministry, accusing them of incapacity, and declaring that before undertaking a war upon Texas, they should employ proper measures for saving the Californias from the anarchy which threatens to destroy and ruin that rich and vast portion of the republic.

The papers literally teem with articles upon Texas, showing that the public mind in that quarter is deeply excited upon the subject, and probably ripe for extreme measures. The Diaro de Vera Cruz is one of the few moderate prints in the republic, and that journal observes that though sincerely and ardently desiring peace, it can scarcely see how it is to be preserved.

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The Massachusetts men of Berkshire county, lately gave tolerable distinct proof of their opinion on the sinister and dishonorable mode in

which the Northern Democracy has acted on the subject of a *surreptitious annexation of Texas.* Mr. John Sherril, of Richmond, was the only Loco Foco Representative from Berkshire county, who recorded his dissent to the resolutions of his party on that subject and at the annual town-meeting held in that town, on the 7th inst., a vote of the people was *unanimously* taken, approving of Mr. Sherril's vote on this question, and tendering him the thanks of his constituents for his 'firm, judicious, and honorable course.' Whatever may be the opinion of the people of Massachusetts, on the subject of the annexation of Texas, upon proper principles, and in a constitutional form, there can be no question that a vast majority of them, of all parties, look with indignation and scorn upon the miserable doughfaced trickery, which has sought to bring the event about. The Richmond Representative and his constituents probably furnish fair indices of New-England feeling on this subject.--*New-York Courier & Enquirer.*

[[horizontal line]]

Mr. Potter, of Yale College, in a Temperance address lately in New-Haven, says:--'My heart bleeds as I remember the fate of three of my early companions who started life with myself. One of them possessed the finest mathematical mind I ever knew. He would take the Ledger and go up three columns at a time with perfect ease. He was the first man in American that beat the Automaton chess player, and he told me that he had every move in his head before he entered the room. That man fills a drunkard's grave. Another, who was an excellent accountant, and could command almost any salary, met the same melancholy fate. Another, possessing the same brilliant capacities, has gone down; not the grave, perhaps, but he has sunk clear out of sight amid the mire and filth of intemperance.'

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FROM THE PHILADELPHIA CHRONICLE.

'THE BABES IN THE WOODS.'

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 11.

A touching incident occurred among the mountains in the upper part of this county, last week, while the fire was raging in that vicinity. A Mrs. Lupold has been somewhat deranged occasionally, for some time past, but was not considered much out of the way, until, one day last week, in the absence of her husband, she left her infant in the cradle, and taking with her two other children, one about five years of age, the other only three, fled to the mountains, and nothing could be discovered of them until Saturday last, when she was found almost famished, and nearly naked; but the children were missing. The neighborhood soon turned out to scour the mountains in search of them, but in vain, until Monday last, when some men providentially happened to come upon them in one of the wildest regions of that wild country, where no one would have dreamed of looking for them. They had been out four days and four nights, (cold nights, too,) barefooted and half naked otherwise, their clothes being nearly torn off them by the underbrush, and their little legs blackened by the ashes of the conflagration through which they had wandered, and their flesh a good deal lacerated. They had cried themselves sick, and one of them had taken off its dress to make a bed

of; and there they lay, at the root of a tree, locked in each other's arms, unable to speak, having eaten nothing, it is supposed, since they left home. The poor little sufferers were taken to the nearest house and comfortably provided for, and are said to be doing well. They were found ten miles distant from the place at which their mother was first discovered, and that they did not perish is altogether providential, and almost miraculous.

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NAVAL.--The following vessels of war are now on the Mexican coast, having been spoken within a short distance of Vera Cruz:

Frigate Potomac,	44 guns.
Ship Vincennes,	20 "
Ship Falmouth,	20 "
Brig Somers,	10 "
--	
	94 guns.

Other vessels are on their way to join the above, as follows:

Steamer Princeton,	10 guns.
Ship Saratoga,	20 "
Ship St. Mary,	20 "
Brig Porpoise,	10 "
--	
	60 guns.

[[horizontal line]]

ABOLITION ROW.--There was considerable of an abolition fracas at Madison, Indiana, on Friday morning, 25 April. The circumstances, we learn from the clerk of the Importer, are these: Some time since a free mulatto stole several negroes from Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and carried them to Indiana. On a demand from the Governor of Kentucky upon the Governor of Indiana, to deliver the kidnapper to the authorities of Kentucky, Gov. Whitcomb issued a warrant for his arrest. He was accordingly arrested by the sheriff of Jefferson county, Indiana, and delivered to Mr. Blackstone, an officer from Kentucky, who took him on board the Importer, at Madison, for the purpose of bringing him to Louisville. While the Importer was lying at that place, the abolitionists managed to have a writ of habeas corpus issued to bring him before a court. The sheriff sent three of his deputies on board with the writ, who were about breaking the door of the state room open which Mr. Blackstone and the negro occupied, when the captain of the boat told them not to do it. Mr. Blackstone then opened the door, holding a loaded pistol in each hand, and told the deputies that if they wanted to take the prisoner, they must take him over his dead body. The deputies, seeing Mr. Blackstone determined, desisted, and the prisoner was brought to Louisville on Friday evening, and lodged in jail.--[[italics]] Louisville Journal. [[/italics]]

[[horizontal line]]

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.--It is our painful duty to announce the sudden death of Mr. John Faxon, of this town. Mr. Faxon had been to

the city yesterday, as was his daily custom, and was returning about noon, when at the store of Mr. Glover, in Dorchester, he stopped to give his horse water. It is presumed that while he was standing by the animal, it became frightened, and in starting, knocked Mr. F. down, and both wheels passed over his body. Medical and other assistance was immediately at hand, but all aid was in vain, life being wholly extinct in the course of a few minutes. There were found upon him two severe wounds, one on his temple and one on the back of his head, which might have been caused by the hoofs of his horse.

Mr. Faxon has left, as we understand, a wife and ten children to mourn his untimely fate. His death has created a void in his family and society that cannot be filled. As a citizen, he was active, industrious and enterprising, and as a husband and parent, the inconsolable agony of his household speaks in language compared with which all words are weak. Mr. Faxon was fifty-two years of age.'--*Quincy Pat.*

[[horizontal line]]

HANDSOMELY DONE.--A letter from Lexington, Ky., to a gentleman in this place, speaking of Mr. Clay, says:

'He (Mr. Clay,) has been largely in debt, but within the last week his entire indebtedness, (amounting to near \$30,000) was cancelled, and his notes delivered to him from the bank! The great man was deeply affected, and asked who had done this thing. "We know not," was the reply, "the money was deposited to your credit, and your notes are cancelled. It need not concern you who did it. It was not your enemies."--*Summerville Reporter.*

[[column 6]]
NEW BOOKS.

MRS. Child's Letters from New-York, 2d series. Flowers for Children, Nos. 1 and 2, just published. For sale by Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill.

May 8

[[dividing line]]

NEW

Furniture and Feather Store,

No. 43, UP STAIRS, NORTH SIDE BLACKSTONE-STREET,
BETWEEN HANOVER AND ANN-STREETS, BOSTON--

WHERE may be found a general assortment of FURNITURE and FEATHERS, at all prices, to suit all, and at low prices too for the quality, for cash or on credit. Purchasers are requested to call before purchasing elsewhere.

C. W. BRABROOK.

N. B. The first price is the only price, except a small discount for cash.

March 14.
[[dividing line]]

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

JUST published, in a pamphlet form of 18 pages 18 mo., Public
Worship, by Charles K. Whipple. Price \$1 25 per hundred, 20 cts. per
doz. For sale by BELA MARSH, 25 Cornhill.

[[image: hand pointing right]] Also, the View of Archbishop Whately, of
Dublin, on the Sabbath Question.

April 4. tf.
[[dividing line]]

Social Reform Bookstore.

BELA MARSH,

No 25 Cornhill, Boston,

HAS FOR SALE,

THE WATER CURE JOURNAL and Teacher of Health, edited by Joel
Shew, M. D. Price one dollar a volume--24 numbers--in advance : Dr.
Shew's large work on Hydropathy, or the Water Cure; a new edition,
very much enlarged and revised : Conversations on some of the Old
Poets, by Jas. R. Lowell : Physiological Mysteries and Revelations, by
Eugene Beckhard, M. D. : Moral Physiology, or a brief and plain treatise
on an important subject, by a Distinguished Reformer : The works of
Owen, Brisbane, Godwin, Boyle and others on Social Reform : The
Phalanx, Social Reformer, Constitution and By-Laws of Brook Farm
Association--do. of Hopedale Community : Mrs. Child's Letters, Life of
Follen, Dr. Alcott's Works, the Physiological and Phrenological Works of
Fowler, Graham and others. Spear's, O'Sullivan's and Chapin's Works
on Capital Punishment : The Sermons of Rev. Theodore Parker, The
True Position of Mr. Parker, and Sermons by Rev. John T. Sargent.
Woman in the Nineteenth Century, by S. Margaret Fuller.

Feb. 28. tf

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PROSPECTUS.

THE subscriber proposes to publish a series of ANTI-SLAVERY
DESIGNS,--to be called,

THE NUBIAN SLAVE.

The series will consist of seven Designs, drawn on stone, and bound together in book form; the intermediate pages being occupied by a poem, which, by uniting the scenes, preserves the unity of history.

THE FIRST

Is a vignette TITLE PAGE, embodying the emblems of American Liberty.

THE SECOND

Is the AFRICAN FAMILHY, SITTING AT THE DOOR OF THEIR HUT.
In the distance are the slave-stealers, unobserved by them.

THE THIRD

IS THE AUCTION SCENE.

THE FOURTH

IS THE SEPARATION OF THE FAMILY AFTER THE SALE.

THE FIFTH

Represents the BRANDING AND SCOURGING.

THE SIXTH

Is the ESCAPE of the slave family.

THE SEVENTH

Shews the family PURSUED WITH BLOODHOUNDS, OVERTAKEN
AND SHOT.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, because the market is so glutted with all sorts of productions, it is the only safe way to introduce A NEW THING. The application of PICTORIAL ART to MORAL TRUTH is capable of producing a great, and, as yet, almost untried force, which the FRIENDS OF HUMAN FREEDOM have now an opportunity to test. It is hoped, then, that no prejudice against the mode of publication will deter them from lending their names, or, at least, from enquiring whether the cause of RIGHT may not be advanced by this means.

The work will be got up in the best style, possible; and will be afforded to subscribers at one dollar per copy. Those who send \$4, of four good names, will be entitled to FIVE copies.

[[image: hand pointing right]] Anti-slavery papers, and other papers friendly to the cause, are respectfully requested to give this Prospectus two or three insertions in their columns. All orders may be addressed to 25 Cornhill.

CHARLES C. GREEN.

Boston, March 14, 1845.

[[dividing line]]

EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY!

THE NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATION OF EDUCATION AND

INDUSTRY have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of a few more boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife and other Teachers, and will be subjected to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the Association. The name of the Association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider \$100 a year (one half in advance, as an equivalent for instruction and board, which is simple and without flesh, from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

D. MACK, Director of Education.

BROUGHTON MEADOWS, Northampton, Feb. 1st, 1845

[[image: hand pointing right]] Papers friendly to a reorganization of society upon the basis of the laws of God and the nature of man, are requested to notice the above advertisement

Feb. 7. 2m

[[dividing line]]

To Abolitionists
AND FRIENDS IN GENERAL.

JOHN P. COBURN

INFORMS his friends and customers, that he has removed from No 8 Brattle-street, to

51 Cornhill and 24 Brattle-street

Where he continues his same line of business, with an addition, viz:

CLOTHING,

Cut and made in the neatest and most fashionable style. He has also taken considerable pains to select A FINE RATE CUTTER, who will give his attention to cutting only. He has selected an assortment of the most fashionable CLOTHS, viz: Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, as well as VESTINGS of the latest style, all of which he will make up in the most fashionable style, and on reasonable terms, and will taken GENTLEMEN'S OFF-CAST GARMENTS in pay, or part pay.

Please give him a call, if you wish to be used well and get the worth of your money.

[[image: hand pointing right]] J. P. COBURN would furthermore inform

the public, that he has made extensive arrangements, and is prepared to execute any amount of Clothing in the above line.

[[image: hand pointing right]] The highest price paid for Gentlemen's off-cast Garments. Also, clothing cleaned and repaired in the neatest and most thorough manner, at short notice.

[[double dividing line]]

AGENTS FOR THE LIBERATOR

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.--Leonard Chase, Milford.

VERMONT.--Rowland T. Robinson, North Ferrisburg.

MASSACHUSETTS.--John Levy, Lowell;--Richard C. French, Fall River;--Isaac Austin, Nantucket;--Elias Richards, Weymouth;--George W. Benson, Northampton.

RHODE-Island.--Amarancy Paine, Providence;--William Adams, Pawtucket.

NEW-YORK.--S. H. Gay, New-York City; James C. Fuller, Skaneateles;--Thomas McClintock, Waterloo;--John H. Parker, Peru.

PENNSLVANIA.--M. Preston, West Grove;--James Fulton, Jr., McWilliamstown;--Thomas Hambleton, Russellville;--B. Kent, Andrew's Bridge;--John Cox, Homorton;--James M. M'Kim, Philadelphia; JOSEPH FULTON, Penningtonville.

OHIO.--Lot Holmes, Columbiana.

[[short dividing line]]

FROM THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

Remittances by Mail.--'A Postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter if written by himself.'

[[image: hand pointing right]] Agents who remit money should always designate the persons to whom it is to be credited.
[[/column 6]]

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Smithsonian Institution

National Museum of African American History and Culture

The mission of the Smithsonian is the increase and diffusion of knowledge - shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world. Founded in 1846, the Smithsonian is the world's largest museum and research complex, consisting of 19 museums and galleries, the National Zoological Park, and nine research facilities. Become an active part of our mission through the Transcription Center. Together, we are discovering secrets hidden deep inside our collections that illuminate our history and our world.

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