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THE NORTH STAR.

Poetry.

From the Tribune.
THE NORTH STAR.
BY GEORGE G. ABBOTT.

Lo! the Northern Star is beaming
With a new and glorious light,
And its cheering radiance streaming
Through the clouds of misty night!
Freemen! in our great Endeavor,
'Tis a signal hung on high,
And will guide us on forever,
Like a banner in the sky.

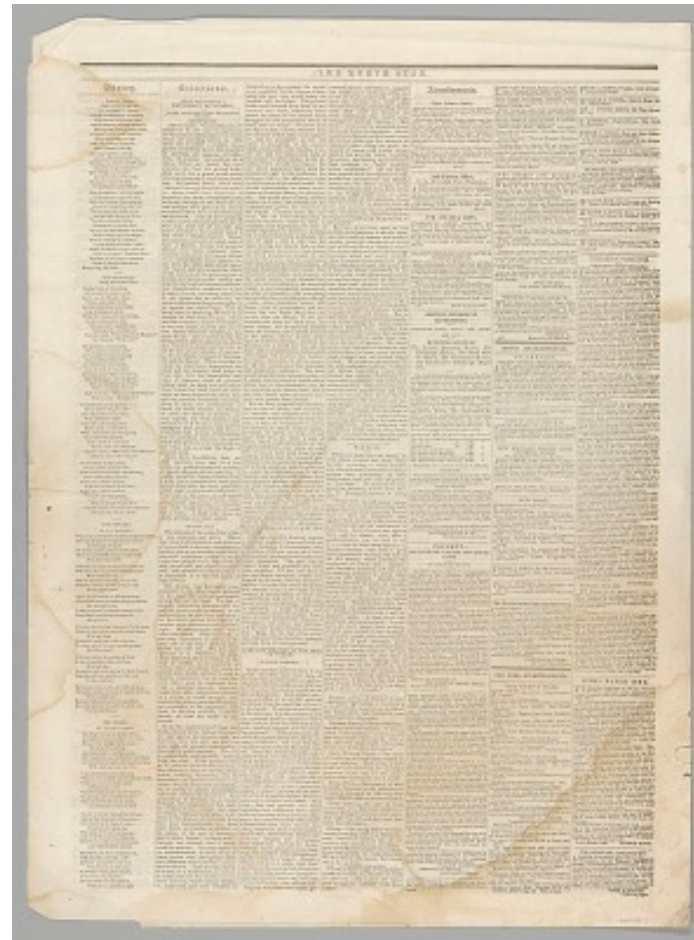
Growing brighter in all ages,
Cheering Freedom on its way,
Shedding o'er Time's clouded pages
Glimmers of the coming day—
Ever telling man the glory
And the freedom of its birth,
Waiting to record the story
Of the freedom of the Earth!

How the mariner, 'mid the surging
Of the stormy waves and dark,
Hails the Northern Star emerging
From the clouds above his bark.
'Tis the trust that faileth never,
And the light that never dies—
'Tis his beacon-star forever,
Beaming in the Arctic skies.

'Tis the star that Freedom claimeth
As her emblem pure and bright,
And we watch it as it flameth
'In the dark and troubled night:'
While we march to battles glorious,
With our weapons, Truth and Love,
Freedom, as she proves victorious,
Hails the Banner Star above.
Boston, Aug. 21, 1848.

From the Harbinger.
THE WORLD'S LIE.

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell—
And I saw the life-tide rolling,
With a sullen angry swell;
And the battle-ships were riding,
Like leviathans in pride,
While their cannon-shot was raining,
On the stormy human tide.



Then my soul in anguish wept,
Sending forth a wailing cry;
Said the world, "This comes from Heaven!"
Said my soul, "It is a LIE!"

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell——
And a sound of mortal mourning
On my reeling senses fell.
And I heard a fall of lashes,
And the clank of iron chains,
And I saw where MEN were driven,
Like dumb cattle, o'er the plains.
Then my soul looked up to God,
With a woe-beclouded eye;
Said the world, "This comes from Heaven!"
Said my soul, "It is a LIE!"

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell——
And I heard the solemn tolling
Of a malefactor's knell.
And I saw a frowning gallows
Reared aloft in awful gloom;
While a thousand eyes were glaring
On a felon's horrid doom.
And a shout of cruel mirth
On the wind was rushing by;
Said the world, "This comes from Heaven!"
Said my soul, "It is a LIE!"

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell——
Where the harvest-wealth was blooming
Over smiling plain and dell;
And I saw a million paupers,
With their foreheads in the dust;
And I saw a million workers
Slay each other for a crust;
And I cried, "O God above,
Shall thy people always die?"
Said the world, "It comes from Heaven!"
Said my soul, "It is a LIE!"

THE REWARD.
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backwards from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his mis-spent time?
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, Oh terrible Remorse?
Who would not cast

Half of his future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone.
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants to all,
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels dot his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in the hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or hue, hath be it:

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise of Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart
He gazes backward and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.

THE YEARS.
BY ERASMUS PERRY.

The Years roll on, the Years roll on;
And shadows now stretch o'er the lawn,
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn——
The morn of mortal life;
And dusky hours to me have come,
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,
And quenched the light, and ceased the hum,
With which my way was rife.

I now look backward on the path
Whereon I've walked 'mid wrong and wrath;
I look and see how much it hath
Of bitterness to tell;
But life's hard lessons must be learned;
By goading care is wisdom earned——
Then upward let the eye be turned,
And all earth's scenes are well.

On roll the Years, the swift still Years;
And as they pass, how feeling sears——
How drieth up the fount of tears——

Emotion's fires grow dim:
This pulse of life not long can last,
And as the Years go hurrying past,
The blooms of life are earthward cast,
And withered heart and limb.

The Years, the Years sublimely roll,
Unfurling like a lettered scroll——
Look on! and garner in thy soul
The treasures of their lore;
It is God's writing there we see;
O read with deep intensity;
Its truth shall with thy spirit be,
When years shall roll no more.

Selections.

(By M. DE LAMARTINE.)
THE POLITY OF REASON.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE REVUE EUROPEENE.
CHAPTER VII.

APPLICATIONS.—Circumstances are propitious for the rigorous application of this political philosophy to the events which are unrolling before us. The earth has trembled: a sudden, unexpected, irresistible shock, has unsettled all interests, all passions, all affections, all systems. All is debris, all is chaos, before us; hearts, like consciences, are free; the ground is levelled as if for a grand social reconstruction prepared by the Divine Architect. An ancient power, which some venerated through conviction or memory, others hated from impatience or prejudice, has been overwhelmed, and, so to say, through its own fatal will; no one amongst us is guilty of it; friends or enemies have seen it fall with equal astonishment. I am not here speaking of that crowd who have plaudits for all who soar, yells for all who fall: this power perished in the tempest which it had itself so blindly aroused. Royalists ourselves in heart or mind, men of logic or fidelity, we can but weep in silence over these dispersed ruins, venerate and lament the august victims of an irremediable error, remove insult from the white hairs of the aged, call respect and pity around the tombs of the martyrs, of the pious asylum of woman, and not proscribe pardon and hope for the heads of innocent children; but, abandoned to ourselves by a fact stronger than us, we belong entirely to it; our reason has no more ties, our private affection no longer struggles in us against our social logic. Let us learn, then, in deploring all there is to deplore in that chain of ages, whose last link is broken, in spite of ourselves, in our own hands, to profit like men by that liberty which the catastrophe has made for us! Let us not be led by the feeling which has no place in the actual fact, but let us reason and act; let us not be men of one opinion, of one party, of one family, but men of the present and the future! When our sons, to whom we shall have bequeathed our work and our memory, shall judge us from afar, with the impartiality and rigor of distance, when all personal feeling shall be dead and cold before them, when they shall sound the social order we have prepared for them, they will not receive for excuse our prejudices of birth, our predilections of blood, our family customs, our delicacy of mind, our fitness of position, our vain regrets, our weak dislikes; they will ask of us if we have acted as men, intelligent men,

prescient and free, or if we have lost, in vain recriminations and in powerless sorrows, the epoch which was given to us to regenerate social order, and ascertain the depth of political truth.

Upon these foundations, then, we shall establish thus, and in a few words, the political symbol of a rational epoch whereon we are entering. I confine myself to laying it before you; it is for you to contrast it in each question of detail with the three principles which ought to govern and enlighten it. The limits of this letter do not permit me, upon any of these articles, either development, discussion, or commentary: each would be a book; it needs but a word. I shall take them up again, perhaps, at a later period.

CHAPTER VIII.

The attempt of the coup d'etat of July was senseless and guilty. There was error in the intention, and violation of sworn faith in the act; consequently neither reason nor morality in the deed; impartial conscience judges it as the event has judged it; a coup d'etat is only moral and just when it is necessary, and whensoever it is necessary it is successful: it is the first axiom of high politics.

The dynasty was thoroughly compromised in the chastisement inflicted by the deed: the political punishment struck beyond the fault. The fire of popular indignation consumed the dry and the green wood: resistance, in its perfect right, for two days, exceeded it on the third: on that the violation of another right commences—the dynastic right. Its maintenance alone would have been moral. Was it possible, in the very excitement of action, in the very fire of the fray? History alone knows and will say. We are quite ignorant of it. Whatever the judgment delivered by a revolution in the heat of conflict, in the partiality of victory, there are always two voices to protest more loudly against it—once in heaven, conscience; one on earth, history: but it must be confessed here, with a mournful sincerity, since two rights were alike violated and reversed in a private or social struggle, conscience, like history, attaches the strongest culpability to the aggressor, and finds, in the first violation, if not the excuse, at least the cause of the second.

If, in the appreciation of these two faults, we are led to balance the popular right against the dynastic right, we find that they are only one and the same right, the people's right of safety, the right of social necessity. The one is primordially and eternally derived from the other. If the people violate it; if, without an invincible necessity, they destroy it, they are striking themselves, violating themselves, and by themselves are punished for their own crime; but, the event once accomplished, is society to perish irremediably under the ruins of its dynasties? Are generations to transmit, like a bloody heritage, the vengeance of this right, the redress of that wrong? Are men of reason, light and conscience, to abstain, in the absence of this right, from their most imprescriptable law, from their duties as citizens, as children of the nation, of the age, of humanity; and to retire, forever, "to their tents," because one national chief is substituted for another? No: that would be the commencement, in them, of an offence, graver than that against which their inertness would pretend to protest and be severe. Their bootless fidelity to a man, to a recollection, to a name, to a duty, that the fact would have rendered fictitious, would become infidelity, more real and more culpable to themselves, to the country, the people, to all

mankind: for the purpose of honoring the past, they would betray the present and the future. The generations would demand from them an account of their force, voluntarily abandoned by them, in the eternal social struggle, in the progressive march of ideas and of things. Whoever does not fight in that contest, whoever does not advance in that path, is accountable for, and an accomplice in, the evil which is triumphant, or the society which stands still; and, besides, if every one had the independent right of the country to acknowledge in the dynasties which spread over history, the one which appears to him to have the primordial right to his obedience, the exclusive title to his affection — what would become of the social world? We should acknowledge as many sovereigns as there are names in our calendar. One would serve Clovis, another believe in Pepin; the absurdity of the consequences proves the absurdity of the dogma. Common sense, like morality, like the invincible necessity of national existence, leads us, then, to conclude, the legitimacy, the best of social objections, is, however, nothing but a social convention, a salutary fiction of right; that it only has the right, so long as it has the fact, or that it is striving to recover it; that dynasties which possess the present do not possess the future; that the royal races rise and descend in eternal rotation of human destinies like other races; that the power, expression, and property of the entire society is not alienated forever, is not infeudated to an immortal family, is not interminably transmitted, as a fief of humanity; that everything may perish, that everything may change—men, races, dominions, names and forms, even of governments and empires; but one single thing does not perish, does not change, is not prescribed—the duty for each man, for each citizen, not to separate himself from his country, not to nullify himself in the nation, not to protest alone against a social necessity, admitted by the fact; for a social fact has also its logic and its consequences independent of its right; but to serve the country, the nation, humanity, in all the phases, in all the conditions of his moveable and progressive existence. The most simple morality here becomes policy.—A single case is excepted, that in which divine law, or the conscience, may be in opposition with human laws; this is the case which makes heroes or martyrs, men greater than citizens.

For us, then, constitutional royalists, men at once of fidelity and of liberty, or morality and progress, two duties are clearly written before our eyes: the one, a duty of conscience—to serve the country, to march with the nation, to think, to speak, to write, act and fight with her; the other, a duty of honor, which a special position, an exceptional delicacy, may impose on some few of us—to hold aloof from the immediate action, and the favors of government; not to solicit its good graces, not to deck ourselves with its gifts, not to court its confidence, not to adore victory, not to glide with fortune from one palace to another, not to repudiate our first worship, the affections of our cradles; not to carry to the feet of a new race, consecrated, albeit, in our eyes, by necessity, hearts still warm with our devotion of yesterday, to a race which exile shelters, and which misfortune consecrates in that prophetic palace of the vicissitudes of the throne, and of the returns of adversity.—Even mourning sits well on grief without hope.

Although morality does not reprove a contrary conduct when a political necessity instigates it, this conduct, after a devotion of fifteen years, after benefits received, perhaps, would make even virtue suspected. The past has its rights; honor and gratitude may have their scruples. To this rule there is but one single exception, which confirms it by its rarity, even by its improbability: it is the case where the prince will require of us, in the name of the country, a service which no other can render him

as well as we. In this case, honor, all personal feelings, must yield to patriotism, a social feeling; and, consequently, above the former. Sometime, in these incalculable chances of revolutions, the prince may find himself the first in this formidable exception. King, by the fact of his necessity, innocent of his elevation, unhappy perhaps, for his own grandeur!

FORCE OF GRAVITY IN THE MORTAL WORLD.
BY ELIHU BURRITT.

In the material universe there is one grand, royal law, upon which hang all the laws that govern matter or motion. That law, the union and source of all the laws known to the physical world, is the law of Gravitation. In its object, operation and effect, it is to the material world just what the royal law of love is to the moral. To every atom of matter in the universe, it is the command, and the command shall be obeyed—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Thou shalt attach thyself to his eternal throne with all thy capacity of adhesion, and draw with thee thy fellow atom towards the same centre. Since the world was made, not a grain of sand, not a drop of rain or dew, nor a viscle of air, has ever broken that law; and there has been peace through all the peopled amplitudes of space. Pervading the whole universe with its socializing influences, it attracts particle to particle, planet to primary, sun to sun system to system; mooring all the creation of God around his throne, the common centre of matter and of mind. And there, firm and peaceful, that royal law holds them, while they make music with the harmony of their motions, singing as they revolve in their orbits which it prescribed them when eternity was young, and which shall remain unaltered by a hair, when eternity shall be old. Upon the almighty and omnipresent force of that law, depends the destiny of worlds which geometry never measured, the condition of beings outstretching the arithmetic of angels. Should it release its hold on a single atom floating along on the sunless disk of nonexistence, trembling would run through all those innumerable creations," and signs of woe unutterable that all was lost."

Suppose, now that some human government should undertake to suspend the operations or existence of this royal law of the physical world. And suppose that its puny arm could palzy that all-pervading, concentrating force; what mind could not conceive the wild catastrophe that would ensue through the material universe? Millions of suns would be quenched simultaneously in everlasting night. All the worlds they lighted and led, would crumble in their orbits into the minutest divisions of matter, filling the whole immensity of space while hostile atoms, each at war with his fellow, repelling its society, and dashing on in its centrifugal madness, to "make confusion worse confounded." All the beings that peopled those decomposed worlds, would float promiscuous and dismembered over the black surges of the boundless chaos; and not a throb of life or ray of light would beat or shine amid one doubt for a moment, that all this, and more than we can conceive of ruin, would be the instantaneous consequence of destroying the great law of gravitation?

But what is all this; what to God and his moral universe is all this disaster, this wreck of matter and crash of worlds; what this disruption of every vein of life and form of beauty; what is this to that other and more dreadful catastrophe which war would produce, when it reaches up and essays to paralyze, with its iron hand, the great law of Love, the law of

gravitation in the moral world, which attracts and centres around the heart of God, all the hearts that beat with spiritual existence?— Amid the decompositions of the material universe, every undying spirit would be safe from the general ruin, nor verge a hair from its moral orbit, not be jostled from its centripetal tendency towards its great Source and Centre. But in that other act of immeasurable iniquity, man would consign the moral world to a chaos infinitely more appalling than that which would involve the material universe, should he strike from existence the law of gravity. He would sever every ligament of attraction that attaches heart to heart, spirit to spirit, angel to angel, and all created beings to God. He would set the universe on fire with malignant passions, on whose billows contending spirits, once blessed, now damned, would thrust at each other's existence, and curse themselves and God. That act would put a sword in every angel's hand, and every harp in heaven, with horrid discord, would summon the frenzied and battling seraphs to mutual and deathless slaughter. It would blast the foliage of life's fair tree, turn the crystal river into burning pitch, and line its banks with fighting fiends. Hate, malignant and quenchless, would burn in every heart, and no two spirits in the universe would unite, even in common melevolence.

BAD LUCK

There are many persons among us, with whom fortune has dealt rather harshly, according to their account, and who constantly bemoan their inauspicious fate, attributing all their misfortunes, both real and imaginery, to "bad luck." To all such we commend the following article from Rev. H.W. Beecher's lectures to young men:

"I may here, as well as any where, impart the secret of good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in fishing.—Another, who had a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck in his hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, with lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing dilligence at every thing but his own business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who is honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dream of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck, for the worst luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

TIGHT LACING.—A learned doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise one to grow to be women.

RATHER STRONG.—Parker Pillsbury, speaking upon one occasion of

the so-called "cottonocracy" of Boston, said that they would "dam up the river of life, that they might build cotton-mills in the city of the New Jerusalem."

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GOOD ADVICE.—If, said an Irish apothecary, you find three tumblers of whiskey disagree with you over night, don't take 'em till next day, then leave 'em off entirely.

DICKY.—The young ladies of a fashionable boarding school in Massachusetts, instead of making use of the common and uncouth term, dic-tionary; have unanimously adopted the more refined orthography of richard-tionary. We find this in the papers, but cannot vouch for its truth.

If I am to have a fault I would rather speak too harshly, and thrust truth frth too unwisely, than to play the hypocrite to any one, and hold truth in.—Luther.

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POVERTY: ITS ILLEGAL CAUSES AND LEGAL CURE.
BY LYSANDER SPOONER

The Albany Patriot calls it—"A neat pamphlet of 108 pages—a very remarkable production."—"Whether all the anticipations of Mr. Spooner would be realized by the full adoption of his theory, we do not here stop to enquire; but we heartily commend his endeavour to the notice of all who love a transparent forcible diction—intrepid independence—original thought—and entire freedom from the cant of sect or party. As a judicial writer, he has a depth, a compass, far beyond any one whose productions have met our eye in a long time."
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might be otherwise unable to accomplish, that the operation of the system needs but to be explained to ensure the serious consideration of the public.

In several instances it has happened that the party insured has died shortly after having paid only one or two instalments of the premium, when his family have received from this office the full amount for which he had insured.

Full information on this important subject may be obtained by applying, personally or by letter (post paid) at the office of the subscriber, the authorised agent of the Girard Life Insurance Company.

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Being Agents for most of the celebrated Family and valuable Patent Medicines, and receiving the same directly from the Manufacturers or their Agents they are enabled to supply all orders at wholesale and retail, on the most favorable terms.

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WE are Agents for the Buffalo Paper Mills, where Paper of the best quality is made from pure spring water, very white and smooth. A supply of News and Book Paper kept constantly for sale by us, at Mill prices, in large or small lots. Any size and quality of Paper not on hand, furnished at short notice. Printers and others will do well to call and examine the quality and price, at No. 6 Exchange st.
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A FEW copies of CLARKSON's HISTORY OF THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, with prefatory remarks on the subsequent abolition of Slavery; a beautiful London edition, with a fine Portrait of the Author, done on steel,—a book which could not be imported for less than three dollars, can be had at 21, Cornhill, if applied for immediately, at the very low price of ONE DOLLAR, cash. Also, EULOGIUM ON CLARKSON, by ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, at the reduced price of twelve and a half cents.

MACON B. ALLEN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Massachusetts Block.

BOYS' CLOTHING.
SAMUEL WILSON, 10, Brattle Street, having made recent additions to his stock, is prepared to furnish BOYS' CLOTHING, of as good material and fit, and at as cheap prices, as can be obtained in the city.

NEW ENGLAND SECOND HAND CLOTHING STORE,
No. 56, UNION STREET, BOSTON.
JOHN WRIGHT keeps constantly on hand a great variety of New and Second Hand Clothing. Goods of all kinds, such as old clothes, W. I. goods, Watches, Boots and Shoes, &c., exchanged for new clothing. Cash advanced on all kinds of goods, from one to one hundred dollars.

JOHN D. REVALEON, Hair Cutting Saloon, and Perfumery Emporium,
114, Blackstone-st.

NEW BOOKS.
FOR SALE at the Anti-Slavery Depository, 21, Cornhill —namely, The Liberty Bell for 1848. A few copies remain. Life of William W. Brown, 2d Edition, with additional matter and new engravings. Price, bound, 37 1/2 cts; in paper covers, 25 cts. Mr. Shackford's Appeal in regard to the War with Mexico, 12 1/2 cts. Position and Duties of the North, with regard to Slavery. By Andrew P. Peabody, 5 cts. Six Months at Graefenberg. By Henry C. Wright. \$1.00.

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THOMAS P. SMITH, No. 38, Brattle Street, sign of the Golden Ball. New and Second Clothing Store.

ISAAC H. SNOWDEN, Book, Newspaper, and Fancy Job Printer, 1 1/2, Water Street.
[[symbol: index]] All orders promptly attended to, and neatly executed.

THE Massachusetts Quarterly Review,
COMMENCED on the first of December, 1847, to be continued on the 1st of March, June, and September. It will be devoted to the interest of no party or class, but its conductors will endeavor to present an open and fair field for the notice and discussion of matters pertaining to Philosophy, Politics, Literature, Religion, and Humanity.
The Review will be conducted by R. W. Emerson, Theodore Parker, and J. Elliot Cabot, assisted by several other gentlemen.
Each number will contain about 125 pages, at the price of \$3 a year, in advance.
Communications, subscriptions, &c. should be addressed to the Publishers,
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NEW GOODS just received. General reduction in prices.
Fine 4-4 Prints, various styles.
New styles of Prints of meduim quality, usual width.
Fine and wide Paper Muslins. Also Colored Cambrics.
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Satinets, good and cheap. Also on hand, mostly at reduced prices,
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Muslin de Laine, plain and neatly figured, all wool.
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Table Diaper and Cloths, of different styles.
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Long and half Hose, fine and heavy.
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The whole stock exclusively Free Labor Goods, to which the Subscriber would invite the attention of country merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.
Much pains is taken by the Managers of the Free Produce Association, to assist the Subscriber to enlarge the assortment from time to time.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
Northwest corner Fifth and Cherry-sts.
Philadelphia 2d mo. 1st, 1848. tf

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the office of the Anti Slavery Standard —
The Legion of Liberty, and Force of Truth, 10th edition.
This work contains about 230 pages of close reading; 300 eminent authorities, and about sixty illustrative engravings. Price 37 1/2 cts. in muslin, and 25 cents in paper covers. A very liberal discount to those who purchase a number of copies.
The Condition, Influence, Rights, and Appeal of Women, from various authors, 12 1/2 cents.
Letter to the People of the United States, touching the Matter of Slavery. By Theodore Parker.—pp. 120. Price 18 3/4 cents.
Wm. W. Brown's Lecture before the Female A. S. Society of Salem, Mass. Reported by H. M. Parkhurst, Boston.—pp. 22. Price 5 cents.

PHILIP A. WHITE, Druggist, corner of Frank fort and Gold Street.

WILLIAM S. POWELL, Sailor's Home, 61, Cherry Street.

DR. J. M'CUNE SMITH, 93, West Broadway.

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WM. H. TOPP, Merchant Tailor, 546 Broadway. Also an extensive assortment of Cravats, Stocks, Hosiry, Gloves, &c.
Albany, Feb. 11, 1848.

GENTEEL BOARDING HOUSE.
CHARLES HIGHGATE, would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he continues to devote every attention to those please to favor his "home" with a call. The house is pleasantly located at 632 Broadway, Albany.
Feb. 18, 1848.

WILLIAM RICH, Hair Dressing and Bathing Saloon, Troy House, Troy, New York.

WILLIAM B. LOGAN, Dealer in Fashionable Boots and Shoes, 80, Purchase Street, New Bedford.
W.B.L. keeps constantly on hand a good assortment, and will sell cheap for cash. Strict attention paid to custom-made work, by Messrs. Parker and Davis

WASHINGTON'S Daguerrian Gallery, 136, Main Street, Kellogg's Buildings, Hartford, Connecticut.

NORTHAMPTON WATER CURE.
Electricity and Hydropathy.
THE public are respectfully informed, that since the philosophical deductions of the learned Dr. Means, of Emory College, Ga., and the scientific experiments of Mr. Hemmer of England,* have recently and indubitably established the fact, that the conclusions at which the

undersigned arrived by the sense of touch, in 1844, are in harmony with natural and physiological laws—to wit, that the human body, in a healthy condition, is in a positive electrical state, and that the electrical emanations from the cuticular surface, indicate health, or the symptoms and character of disease—there is some reason to hope, that certain physicians, ignorant of these principles or natural laws, a knowledge of which is essential to the safe and intelligent practice of the healing art, will cease their vociferations against the POSITIVE, ELECTRICAL STATE of the human body, and will hesitate to dissuade those whom they have failed to relieve of their complaints, from seeking nature's remedy at the NORTHAMPTON WATER CURE. Thus sustained by the light of science, the undersigned may be permitted here to repeat his experience, that, in all cases where the wrist, stomach, or lungs, are in the electro-negative condition, the patient is beyond the power of water to afford relief. On the other hand, when the parts of the body alluded to, are in the electro-positive state, however disarranged, there is ground to hope for a cure.

Had not the results of past years' practice already convinced the public of the safety or truthfulness of the principles by which the undersigned is governed, in detecting the symptoms and character of disease, and practising the cure, the recent scientific demonstration of their correctness, by Professor Means and Mr. Hemmer, could not fail to convince the most incredulous.

Gratefully appreciating the credit so generously awarded for his success as a Hydropathic Practitioner, by a discerning public, and the gratitude evinced by those whom he has had the pleasure to relieve of their complaints, the undersigned will assiduously endeavor to sustain the credit, and merit that gratitude, in the case of every invalid who may afford him an opportunity to effect a cure, by his original and philosophical method of practice.

The Northampton Water Cure is pleasantly situated near Bensonville, on the west bank of Licking Water, or Mill River, about two and a half miles from the centre of the town. It is conveniently arranged, with separate parlors, bathing and dressing-rooms, for Ladies and Gentlemen, well ventilated and conveniently furnished lodging rooms, and a variety of baths, supplied with water, which, for abundance, purity, and adaptedness to water-cure purposes, is unsurpassed by that of any other establishment in this country. The scenery in this vicinity is picturesque and romantic. There are a variety of pleasant walks, sufficiently retired, to allow water-cure patients to appear as they should, plainly dressed, enjoying their rambles without being exposed to public gaze or observation.

Among the complaints which are here successfully treated, are headache, tendency of blood to the head, cold extremities, general and nervous debility, bronchitis, pulmonary affection, liver complaint, jaundice, acute or chronic rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lame limbs, paralysis, fevers, salt rheum, scrofulous and erysipelas humors.

All patients who visit this establishment for a course of treatment, should furnish themselves with three comfortables, three woollen blankets, one or two linen and three cotton sheets, two pillow cases, six or eight crash towels, some well worn linen, to cut for fomentations, an old cloak or mantle, an umbrella, and a pair of slippers.

Terms for treatment and board are \$5 50 to \$8 50 per week, payable weekly—washing extra. A patient who from choice or the character of his complaint, occupies a room alone on the third floor, will pay \$8 00 per week—on the first and second floors, \$8 50 per week. Patients requiring extra attention or fire in their rooms, (except for swathing purposes,) will furnish their own nurses and fuel, or pay an extra price.

D. RUGGLES.

Northampton, March 1848.

N.B. Visitors to the Establishment, from the east, west, or south, can

take the cars of the Conn. River Railroad at Springfield. Carriages will always be in readiness at the Northampton depot, to convey them hither.

* The human blood, in a normal and healthy condition of the human system, is in a positive state, which is constantly maintained by the activity of the generating sources within—an excess generally passing off in silence from the cuticular surface, so that out of 356 experiments made by Mr. Hemmer of England, upon the "uncovered skin," 322 indicated the presence of positive electricity. This surplusage of the fluid upon the surface, we believe to be indispensable to the healthful condition of the whole animal economy, and that when, from any cause, it is diminished or ceases, diseased action ensues." Geoaddress, delivered before the Medical College of [[isSrgia?]], at the opening of its annual session, Nov. 8, 1847, by A. Means, A.M., M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy, and Professor of Physical Science in Emory College, Ga., page 25.

ATHOL WATER CURE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to call the attention of Invalids, especially those suffering from chronic disease, to his hydropathic establishment in Athol, Mass.

His house was opened for the of patients reception of last season, and it is believed offers excellent facilities for a philosophic and thorough course in hydropathy. The supply of water is abundant, and in purity has been pronounced "equal to water on a distilled." The location is quite eligible, being but a short distance from the V. & M. railroad. The vicinity abounds in a variety of scenery, and has charming grounds for walks and rambles. So that with the water, suitable regimen, mountain air, and exercise, patients can scarcely fail to obtain the healthful results for which they labor.

The following case illustrates this remark. Mrs. B., wife of Dea. B., of Warwick, Mass., aged about thirty-five years, was brought to me last August. Her case presented the following phenomena. If placed in an erect position, and left unsupported, she forthwith fell backward to the ground. If being well supported, she made an effort to walk, either foot, when carried forward, despite her efforts to the contrary, would cross the other. She had been in this condition nearly a year. Her treatment commenced the 16th of Sept., and was continued to the 25th Oct. only, when she left, so far recovered as to be able to walk half a mile with ease. Since her return to her family, she has continued her baths, with corresponding improvement to her health. She now attends to her domestic duties, and with the assistance of a small girl, does the work of her family.

Patients are desired to bring three comfortables, one pair woollen blankets, one pair of sheets, half a dozen towels marked, with old linen for bandages.

Terms, from five to ten dollars per week according to the necessities or choice of the patients. Those who are less particular in the selection of rooms, or are willing to occupy them in common with others, will be charged less.

Athol, March, 1848. GEORGE HOYT.

THE DELAWARE ABOLITIONIST

A PAPER of the above name will be published in Wilmington, by the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society. It will be edited by a Committee, and will be published on a half medium sheet, at twenty-five cents pe year, or for twenty—four numbers. It will be devoted to emancipation in Delaware,

and will advocate its accomplishment by all lawful means. It will be
published semi-monthly, if means are afforded, or as often as the means
can be obtained.
JAMES B. BROOKE.
Publishing Agent.

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National Museum of African American History and Culture

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