VOICE OF FREEDOM.

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POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

"Give me Liberty, or give me Death."

They left the ploughshare in the field,
They bade their homes a swift adieu—
And where the trumpet loudest pealed
The dauntless heroes flew!
Though fearful fell the battle spear,
More fearful still the battle rain,
On rushed the hardy Mountaineer,
Like torrents to the plain.

They gave their blood—they gave their breath,
But when the shout of victory rang,
Brave warriors, struggling hard with death,
Up from the red turf sprang!
And while the war cloud rolled afar,
While swelled the triumph-shout on high,
Gave to the hills one wild hurrah!
Then laid them back to die!

Deem ye the fires of freedom burn
But dimly in the human breast,
That man, down-trodden, will not turn
And pierce the foot that pressed?
Look on the Creole's gory deck,
When freedom's blade with vengeance-stroke,
Fell on the haughty tyrant's neck,
As lightning on the oak!

Domingo slept—and scarce a sound
Floated on evening's balmy breath—
Dark midnight came—the very ground
Rocked with the cry of "death"!
And gleaming blade and flaming brand
Lit up the funeral pyre of men;
Long years have passed,—but on that land
No chain has clanked again.

Sleep, Southron, till *your* pleasant dream
Is broken by the battle-cry,
And ye awake to see the gleam
Of flashing steel—and die!
Then, then, your beautiful domain,
Your lofty tower, and loftier spire
Shall be, like Moscow's peopled plain,
Wrapt in devouring fire!

Sept. 1st, 1843. W. G. B

TEMPERANCE.

EXTRACT

From the Speech of Father Mathew at Leeds, England.

The fidelity of the Irish teetotallers to their pledge is above all temptations. Lately that fidelity was put to a strong test at Naas, near Dublin, where two large vats of porter were tapped for the use of all comers, by order of a respectable family, a member of which had on that day been married, but the teetotallers, under the exemplary priest, the Rev. G. Doyle, refused to a man to taste the beverage, (loud cheers) The moderate drinker is in a continual state of warfare, because every habit increases by indulgence, and he is ever in dread that he may become intemperate; but once you take the teetotal abstinence pledge you have passed all danger, you have attained the goal, and you are free for ever.—(loud cheers.) You may conceive with what joy I found this morning at the breakfast so many friends of total abstinence assembled, and particularly so many of my separated brethren, who, although they had long been total abstainers, took the pledge again from me. In Ireland we are all united, and so also are the high-minded people of Scotland. I recollect when I was in Aberdeen, a young clergyman of Glasgow came to me there in order to take the pledge, so that he might seek—as he said—a portion of that blessing which God had given to Father Mathew. I humbly repeat this to show the desire for union manifested in Scotland. (cheers.) In former days. Irishmen were looked upon as wild beasts, and were kept assunder by their keepers; but now we have leaped over our bars, and we defy our keepers because we dwell together in peace. With regard to making others take the pledge, I never used any other mode than advice. I never use anything approaching to compulsion, for I ever act in accordance with the spirit of some poetical lines which I heard when a school-boy:—

"Come at the beck, come at the call,
Come with good will, or not at all."
[Loud Cheers.]

I read, too, when a school-boy, of the fable of the four gods—and *apropos* of these gods, I must tell you that the famous drink Nectar, was nothing else than sugar and water, and that if water was good enough for the gods it is surely good enough for men. (laughter and cheers.) I read, I repeat, that fable in which four gods are represented as sitting upon high Olympus, and looking down upon a poor peasant in the vale below, who, although the day was warm, had on a heavy frieze cloak. "Oh thou fool," said Rolus, "I will blow a cold blast, and rend thy cloak from thee;" but the more fiercely the blusterer blew, the tighter did the countryman keep his garment around him. "Oh," said the West Wind, "leave that fellow to me;" and immediately the West Wind brought down a torrent of rain upon the unlucky peasant's head, who, instead of taking off his cloak, immediately put the hood over him. (Loud laughter.) "Well, let me try what I can do with the saucy rogue," exclaimed the East Wind, and began to blow the sods of turf and the sand about the sturdy countryman's ears, who, in a moment, however, gathered his cloak completely around him, and laughed in his sleeve.—(Roars of laughter.) At last came the South Wind—the gentle, the bland and refreshing South Wind, redolent of flowery perfumes, and fraught with a delicious and temperate warmth, and as soon as his mild sway began, the peasant opened his garment a little, then a little more, until gaining confidence, he let it hang loosely about him, and at last, warmed by the genial influence of the South breeze, he flung it off at once and proceeded joyfully on his journey without it. (Great cheering.) So, my dear friends, if you wish to bring any one into your ranks, imitate not the burly blustering winds, but rather the southern one, and you will have a similar success. (Loud and long-continued cheers.) I was first engaged administering the pledge in Cork, and I had no idea of going to any distance, but having received and accepted an invitation to proceed to Limerick, in order to preach a sermon, I was quite surprised to find the streets blocked up by an immense multitude, which, during the day increased to more than 400,000 persons, to numbers of whom I have given the pledge. Let me extreat of my otal abstainers in Leeds never to violate the pledge; an d let me beg of them also to imitate the example of the Irish teetotallers, none of whom have ever been brought before judge or jury as guilty of any grievous crimes. It is true that some few have been charged with such transgressions, but they have been found innocent. (Loud cheers.) The total abstinence pledge is the best preventive of crime. I recollect some time ago, as I was travelling between Abascragh and Ballinasloe, in the country of Galway, a girl came running up to me, exclaiming "Oh Father Mathew, give me the pledge, or I shall lose my life." "Why, my good girl," says I, "for these last two days I have been in this neighborhood, and why did you not come to me?" "Oh that's not the thing at all, at all," says she, "but every one in the bog is a teetotaller, except myself, and as no one will do any thing wrong, I am always when there is any turf to be stolen, asked to do the job for the others." (Roars of laughter.)—Well, I complied with her request, gave her my own medal, and from that day there has not been a single sod of turf stolen from the bog in which she lives. (Renewed laughter, and great cheering.) Indeed, the very expression employed by numbers of the people in Ireland, when speaking of the total abstinence pledge, explains its moral efficacy.—"We are converted," they exclaim, after having become teetotallers, and I remember being told in the diocess of the Bishop of Killaloe, that even "seven priests have been *converted*," because they had taken the pledge. (Loud laughter.) I pray God that you all may be truly converted, and may the Almighty bless you all, through Christ our Lord. Amen.—The illustrious speaker sat down amidst a burst of enthusiastic applause, which can be better imagined than described. He then proceeded to administer the pledge, and retired about 11 o'clock. And thus ended the good day's work. It is impossible to describe adequately either the sensation produced in this borough by Father Mathew's visit, or the good it has already effected.

☞ **Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.**—*Sherlock.*

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE POSITION OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

While so much is said in some sections about purifying the M. E. Church from slavery at the next General Conference, it may be well to look at her position, as defined by her great official organ. The Christian Advocate and Journal, published in New York, is an official paper, and has double, perhaps five or ten times wider circulation than any other paper in the connection. What then says the great official organ of the position of the M. E. Church?

In a late number, in reply to Mr. Boyd, the Advocate denies that the M. E. Church has any rule prohibiting the buying and selling human beings *as slaves*. The rule which forbids 'the buying and selling of men, women and children, WITH AN INTENTION TO ENSLAVE THEM,' he says, does not, and was never intended to prohibit the traffic in *slaves*, but only to prohibit buying FREE persons, with a view to make slaves of them. The Editor supposes it to be in the highest degree absurd, to talk of enslaving those who are already enslaved. We have always supposed the design of the rule was to prohibit buying *slaves* with an intention to *hold them as such*, leaving it lawful to buy them *with an intention to set them free*. We may have been mistaken, and the advocate may be right. The letter certainly favors his construction. But whether he be right or wrong, as to the original intention of the rule, such is the influence of that paper, that its constructions and expositions will prevail with the vast majority of the church.—It may be considered as settled that the Discipline of the M. E. Church contains no rule against the domestic slave trade; that is, it is lawful for private members of the church to carry on a trade in slaves, such persons as are held according to the laws of the several slaveholding states.

A great show of abolition is now made at the North, in an effort to change the rule in question, so as to make it read buying OR selling, instead of buying AND selling; but this is all a cheat, in the light of the construction the official organ now puts upon that rule. The change will effect nothing, if it relates to the foreign slave trade, and not to the domestic trade in slaves. If it can be violated only by buying FREE persons, as the Advocate contends, it does not and cannot touch the question of slavery as it now exists in this country.

There is another point in the same article, on which we will offer a remark.

The Advocate refuses to allow Mr. Boyd to prove in its columns, that slavery is man-stealing, on the ground that it would be an impeachment of Father Abraham.

The editor says of Mr. Boyd's attempt to prove that slavery is man-stealing, 'He may try if he pleases, but not in the Christian Advocate and Journal.—We shall not allow him to arraign the good old patriarch Abraham as a man-stealer, or as a thief of any other sort, in our columns.'

We imagine that more concern is felt for the characters of southern slaveholders than for Abraham, and to protect them from the arrows of truth, they are sheltered under the wing of the patriarch. This is clearly placing southern slaveholders on a level with Abraham of old, and claiming the example of the father of the faithful, in justification of American slavery. Mr. Boyd did not propose to prove that Abraham was a slaveholder or a man-stealer, but that slaveholding, as it exists in America, is man-stealing; and as the Advocate objects to this, on the ground that it would be wrong to arraign Abraham as a man-stealer, it follows that Abraham practised slavery which involved the same principles as American slavery. The Advocate must then condemn Abraham, or justify American slavery. But the Advocate has already refused to condemn Abraham, or to lend its columns for that purpose; it must, therefore, justify American slavery. Will any one say, henceforth, that the official organ of the M. E. Church is not pro-slavery? We blush for Christianity, when it has such Advocates.

"O WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTALS BE PROUD?"

There is nothing that will make man feel his own littleness, and the very small part he occupies in this world, more than to walk among the graves of the departed—to stand by the tomb-stone that marks the resting place of one who, but a short time before, was like himself full of life and health—whose hold on life was apparently as strong as his own; but who now lies beneath the green sod, where neither the sun's bright glance, nor the moon's mild rays can reach him. He may go away, and amid the jostling busy crowd those feelings may be stilled. he may turn away from his fellow-man with a cold and haughty look, as though he would say, "I am holier than thou;" but here, as he stands with the silent dead around him, a sense of his own unworthiness rushes upon his mind, and he is humbled and rebuked.—He may be proud of his wealth, of the display he can make before the world, and scorn to be seen in the company of the poor but honest laborer; but when he realizes the truth that the same narrow home awaits alike the rich and the poor—that the frail tenement of which he was so proud, will soon rest beneath the same sod that covers his dependent brothers, his pride is subdued, and for a time he can look upon his fellow-man as on a brother.

It would be well for us if we would more frequently leave the gilded halls of pleasure, and direct our steps to the spot where, undisturbed by the noise and clamor of the world, the dead repose. As we stand upon that consecrated ground, with the trees waving gently over us, and the birds singing sweetly among the branches, and reflect that beneath the same sod which our feet now lightly press, we may in a short time repose, shall we not in deep humility exclaim, "*O why should the spirits of mortals be proud?*"—*Lowell Offering.*

An Eloquent Portrait of the Saviour.

The following is a description of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

'There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ.

'The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of diseases with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverent. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ear, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large; the cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red, his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry, his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so great a being!—No man has seen him laugh, the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men."

HEALTH.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Dr. Woodward, the able Superintendent of the Massachusetts Lunatic Hospital, in his last report introduces the following passage, in which he urges with much earnestness, and with strong argument, the immense importance of a proper physical education—a subject which, in these times of extraordinary mental excitement, is too much neglected.

There is undoubtedly an intimate connexion between *education* and *insanity*, especially between early training and that condition of the brain which is manifested in precocious mental development.

One of the great defects, both of *nursery* and *school* education, is the neglect of proper training of the bodily powers during childhood and youth.

Nature provides an excess of the principles of life, that all young animals may not only *grow*, but be *active* and *frolicsome*, so that the locomotive system may be healthy, strong, and well developed. Noise is also as useful as it is natural to children, because the lungs, and other organs of respiration, cannot be rendered strong and vigorous without exercise, any more than the muscles. An opposite system of management, now too prevalent, leaves the child effeminate and slender. But this is not the worst of the evil. If the child is deprived of exercise, and kept at his studies too early or too long, the excess of the vital principle, which is produced for the purpose of giving activity and energy to the digestive and locomotive system, and they will become too susceptible, or diseased. This course, if pursued, leads directly to precocity of intellect, or to a train of nervous disease, such as epilepsy, chorea, spinal distortion, &c., which often mar the brightest intellect, or bring on insanity.

Next to neglect of the proper training of the locomotive system in producing physical imbecility and disease, is a pernicious system of dietetics, pampering the appetite with improper food, condiments and confectionary, inducing dyspepsy, the more inveterate because produced before the natural tone and vigor had been given to the stomach, and its power of endurance least.—Then come the restraints of dress, which prevents the natural and healthy development of the vital organs, before growth is completed, and impede the natural functions or organs well formed, whose office is essential to life. All bandages upon the body are pernicious, even tight shoes will often produce headache, and tight cravats bring on apoplexy.—Bandages on the chest are particularly injurious, as they impede respiration, one of the most important vital processes in the human system.

The chemical principle, of which respiration frees the blood at every round of its circulation, is a poison to the brain, that destroys life in drowning, strangulation, the inhalation of irrespirable gases of wells and caves, and from the fumes of burning charcoal in close rooms. Any impediment to the regular and constant inhalation of vital air impedes the expulsion of this principle and it eventually goes to the brain, diminishing its energies, disturbing its functions, and tending to produce disease.

Such are briefly the foundations of innumerable evils laid in early life by ignorance or neglect of the natural laws of man.

An inheritance accompanied by wealth and every thing to pamper and satiate, often fails to afford the happiness and substantial enjoyment which poverty secures with its daily toil and the homely subsistence which stern necessity compels.

The evil, well understood, leads to the remedies which education must apply to counteract it.—Firm and healthy bodies, brains, lungs, stomachs, and moving powers, must be first secured. Care must be taken that none of them be overtaxed.—The precocious and feeble must be taken from their books and put to active exercise; the robust and vigorous must be taken from cruel exercise and sports, and put to study and more placid employments, lest with vigor they become unfeeling and pugnacious.

Some of the mental faculties may need restraint and others encouragement; active passions and propensities must be repressed, and all be kept under the guidance of the intellectual and moral powers. Firmness and cheerfulness under trial and suffering should be duly cultivated, that the evils which cross our paths may be borne when they cannot be avoided. In this way the ills of life may be endured without repining, the source of many diseases dried up at the fountain, and the causes of insanity be diminished both in number and severity."

MISCELLANY.

From the Lowell Offering.

CHAPTERS ON LIFE AS IT IS.

THE POLITICIAN AND HIS WIFE.

THE people have assembled; the hour has arrived when all listen with eager expectation to catch the first footfall of the lecturer. Anon, a noble form enters. With a lofty air, and dignified step, he crosses the hall. So absorbed is he with his own thoughts, that he seems totally unconscious of the presence of any other person. Not so the lady in black, near the stand; escorted thither by a friend, she has been engaged in quiet conversation; and, though every observer would pronounce her beautiful, yet no one would mistrust her calm and passionless eye, that of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. ———, whose exquisite poetry, and poetic prose, have thrilled the hearts of admiring thousands. But the moment her husband approaches, for the lecturer is no other, her countenance lights up with almost angelic radiance, and her eye, (not the "love-darting eye" of the poet's heroine) before so passionless, pours forth a flood of inconceivable tenderness. O with what pride and fondness does he gaze on the lordly being as he strides past her, without even a glance. But she heeds it not; and, as he rises to speak, seems to lose her own individuality, and live only in the rich intonations of his voice, as he discourses of the philosophy of cause and effect, and exemplified in our social and political institutions. No one who beholds her now, lighted with the fires of intellect, can doubt her possession of genius, and genius of a high order.

But why, sir, do you not cast a glance toward the gentle creature who thus hangs in rapture on your works? The fire of her eye, would add inspiration to your philosophical reasoning, and thus send its gladdening influence to every heart in the assembly.

But the claims of society, party, and country, engross his whole attention. At length the *hour* is past, the pleased audience disperse, and the haughty politician is transformed to the fond and devoted husband, as he leads her away, a "glory and ornament upon his right arm."

H. J.

A boy in Conway, aged about 8 years killed a Catamount a few days since. He took it to be a Raccoon, and his dog, being of like mind, lost his life by making too close an acquaintance. This is the second appearance of this animal in the vicinity of Conway, within a few years.—*Pittsfield Ea.*

The idea that religion is a kind of slavery, to which none can submit without sacrificing the natural enjoyments of life, has ever been the greatest hindrance to its advancement among mankind. How much wiser and better should we be if we could carry along with us, from infancy to old age, the full conviction that happiness springs from the substantial cultivation and exercise of the Christian virtues.

TO WASH WOOLEN GOODS.—The art of washing woolen goods so as to prevent them from shrinking, is one of the desiderata in domestic economy, worthy of being recorded, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we explain this simple process to our readers. All descriptions of woolen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and as soon as the article is cleansed, immerse it in cold water; then let it be wrung and hung up to dry.—*Exchange paper.*

ANTI-SLAVERY.

ONCE A SLAVE, ALWAYS A SLAVE.

Such was the favorite saying of the Hon. William Southgate, on the trial of Van Zant. "*Once a slave, always a slave!*" An Algerine pirate seizes Mr. Southgate's brother, sells him in the man-market of Algiers for a slave; the laws of that State sanction the transaction, and stamp the brand of property upon him. The only answer his master has to make to all impertinent demands for his surrender is, "*Once a slave, always a slave.*" Such is the law of the sovereign State of Algiers.

The serf of Russia breaks his bonds and escapes to our shores. His master pursues and seizes him; but being arrested for false imprisonment, he exclaims, "Is he not my slave — my property? *Once a slave, always a slave* — such is Russian law." Aye, but not American law—and American law governs here.

The sovereign State of Kentucky fastens the chain on the necks of a certain class of her population, and impiously exclaims, "*Once a slave, always a slave.*" What shameless audacity! It is a claim that the law of Kentucky shall over-ride the laws of every State in the world—nay, more, that it shall subordinate the Divine Law itself. Kentucky is sovereign, to a certain extent, within her own territory. Out of this, her laws are impotent. The slave of Kentucky becomes free the moment he passes her bounds, so far as her laws are concerned. If not free in fact, it is because some other law, equally inhuman, crushes him to the dust. Mr. Southgate's maxim is this, that the law of slavery, no matter by what power enacted, even though the most obscure and limited in the world, is a universal and perpetual law, with claims upon the respect of all men at all times. It is too absurd for further notice.—*Philanthropist.*

ANGLO-SAXON AMERICA.—The Mount Vernon Democrat, animadverting upon the communication of a correspondent, writing in defense of the rights of the negro race, says:

"But our correspondent, though a gentlemen of extensive and varied learning, has not been able to cite one solitary example of *white* slavery, possessing the peculiar traits of servitude, which have characterized the negro slavery of the West Indies, and the South for the last two centuries."

All that correspondent has to do is, to cite the slavery of the Anglo-Saxon race, a slavery as abject and absolute, as that of the negro slave. And for proof, let him refer the inexperienced editor of the Democrat, to Turner's Anglo-Saxon history, where he will learn that, (if he is himself of the Anglo Saxon breed,) he has descended from as servile, degraded a stock as the African race.—*Ohio paper.*

[The Helots were *white*. There were 60,000,000 of slaves, chiefly *white*, in the Roman empire. The Southerners are constantly telling us that slavery with them is identical with Roman. The *Jews* were in slavery longer than the modern Africans have been. The slavery of *white Americans* in Arabia, and the Barbary States, has been very similar to negro slavery. According to accounts, white Americans and Europeans have become as much debased and stupefied by it, as Africans are in the United States.]—*A.S. Standard.*

Connexion of the North and South.

[The following pungent speech, delivered by ABBY KELLEY, at Little Falls, N.Y. a few months since, appears in the last number of the Mohawk Mirror.]

A man is known by the company he keeps. The receiver is as bad as the thief.—*Old Proverbs.*

Mr. S. S. Foster, (of Canterbury, N. H.) being present, and having read the impressive words of Christ contained in Matt. xxv. ver. 31 to 48—'When the Son of Man shall come in his glory,' &c. Miss KELLEY earnestly invited any one disposed to make remarks, to occupy the stand; but none doing so, she then took up the oft-repeated question, 'What has the North to do with slavery?'

What has the *North* to do? Why, what has one half to do with the whole? or what has the right ventricle of my heart to do with the left? It seems to me no one could rationally ask such a question, even were slavery only known upon 'the farthest verge of the green earth.'

When the brave Pole arose in arms against his proud oppressor, and when the patriotic Greek, wakened from the slumber of ages, lighted the torch of liberty, our northern orators and bards cheered them in language such as this:

'Strike till the last armed foe expires!
Strike, for your altars and your fires!
Strike, for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land!'

Yes! money, arms and warlike stores, with ship-load after ship-load of clothing and provisions, were sent from hence to aid those distant nations in their strife for freedom; while no one thought of asking, 'What has the North to do with *Poland* or with *Greece?*'

Our missionaries are not confined to *northern* limits; and while they traverse the vast western plains without the bounds of our republic, ascend the Rocky

Mountains, and sound the news of 'peace on earth and good will to men' to farthest Oregon - nay, penetrate the Burmese jungles, and preach to the antipodes of China and Japan, who dreams of offering such a query in respect to *them?*—Yet the oppression of the Poles, and gloom of moral night enveloping the Hindoo and Chinese, compare not with the misery and darkness of millions in our own south-west.

It is again demanded, 'What has the North to do with the South?' It is because the South is to the North what Russia is to Poland—what Turkey is to Greece. But the inquiry is not only selfish—it is equivalent to asking, 'Am I MY BROTHER'S *keeper?*' the interrogatory of the primal *murderer*, Cain. The answer, however, is so long, that we might also say 'the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.'—We are, in fact, wound and *bound up in slavery:* but time will not admit of copious details, and I can only now allude to some important points

She holds the reins of power by *our consent*, through various social, commercial, and political relations. Frst, *socially.* True, at this distance, we can with difficulty feel our own participation in her crimes. Time was, when I, too, writhed beneath THE TRUTH; but I now think it for the highest interest of all to find the truth—and having found, to embrace and hold it fast. Keep the distinction then, in mind, between *slaveholders* and slave *claimants;* and we shall find ourselves, as well as our southern neighbors, extensively involved in guilt.

Is it within the bounds of possibility for two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders to retain, without assistance, near *three million* slaves? Three millions—an ominous number! for three millions were led out of Egypt, and three millions once successfully opposed the prowess of Great Britain. I ask again, if 250,000 are capable of holding such a number, when, in the coarse language of another, three millions 'might EAT them, and then scarcely have a full meal?'—No; the reverse is clearly shown by southern testimony.

When JOHN Q. ADAMS, nobly contending for the right of petition upon *any* subject, presented the request of his constituents for a dissolution of the Union, a southern Congressman observed, that 'this would break up slavery;' whereas the South were always wont to threaten, in case of abolition, to dissolve as a remedy. 'In such an event,' said he, 'a million of slaves stood ready at the tap of the drum!' Yes, they were prepared, like Washington, to strike for *liberty!*

The editor of the Maysville Intelligencer says, 'We are surrounded with a dangerous class—only restrained from insurrection by the fear of death.' But we need not travel to Kentucky to show that the North are slaveholders. The *social* cord which binds the slave is strong—the *political* still stronger—but the *ecclesiastical* cord is strongest.

I will here announce, that meetings on this subject will be held again *to-morrow* (Sunday) at the usual hours of service in the morning, afternoon and evening. The slave—alas! he has no Sabbath but beyond the tomb; and too many of our clergy are like those whom prophets styled 'dumb dogs:' they will not open their mouths for the oppressed.

Priestly allows, that people are never better than their laws, while many are far *worse!* and as the public sentiment makes laws, let us observe its operation at the North. Suppose a horde of bandits occupying the Green Mountains, and subsisting by the plunder of the farmers of Vermont: would not those who go and stay among them as lawyers, doctors or merchants, become participators in their crimes? So with our citizens who go to the South, who mingle with slaveholders, and share the profits of ill-gotten gain. And what, to the all-seeing Eye, is that man's guilt, who steals his neighbor's horse, his cattle or his corn, compared with him who takes the helpless infant from the cradle, the wife, the daughter, or the eldest son, and bears them into bondage everlasting—perpetual servitude of body, and hopeless night of the *immortal mind!*

What kind of *morals* do we teach?—For often, when a northern youth appears averse to honest labor, although we would not bid him take to *stealing sheep*, we send him to the South; where, if expert enough in *whipping* out a proper quantity of rice, or cotton, or tobacco, as a negro overseer, to purchase a plantation for himself, we call him *smart* and *enterprising*. Next, to be counted *pious*, a church, erected by his bounty, is finished with 'the price of blood'—a place where statedly the hired apologist of crime may stand.

'And in his tasselled pulpit thank the Lord,
That, from the toiling boudman's utter need,
He piles his own full board!'

And would our youthful nabob seek a partner in his clustering honors and his piety, he needs but enter, ruffian-like, the cabin door of a defenceless vassal—to clutch a child or two, and turn the proceeds for a superb beaver, watch, and suit of clothes—sell off the father or the mother, or consign the trembling grown-up daughter to the pimp of a seraglio at New-Orleans; soon he is enabled to support a glittering coach-and-four—and dashing hither to the North, 'astonishes the natives' as he comes!

It is the morn of a New-England Sabbath, when lo! a Carolina retinue appears, stops at the house of God, and the best pew is opened to receive our wealthy and *religious* guest; while *Jim*, his sable body-guard, is beckoned to 'sit yonder in a lower place.' Anon, communion is announced; and though the humble pilferer of *limbs* might in such case be pushed aside, this wholesale thief of MEN is courteously invited to the ordinance—bows to the symbols of a Saviour's passion, and takes the sacred elements with a *piety* at which the fiends of Pandemonium might chuckle and grow fat!

And not unfrequently do such deceptive 'pomp and circumstance' ensnare the northern female into a like participation in the slaveholder's guilt. Not so the shrewder maid, whom Whittier describes as spurning every proffer of his crimsoned hand.

'Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip, and the footsteps of fear!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
But know that the Yankee girl, sooner would be
In fetters with *them*, than in freedom with *thee!*

Upon the *compensation* question abolitionists are asked, 'What! would you take men's *property* without a fair equivalent?' O no; I think with Gen. Hayne, that 'he who digs the soil is first entitled to its products.' I therefore go the whole for compensation TO THE SLAVE for every day of his hard toil; nay, and if this be not enough to satisfy the advocates for compensation, I would demand full payment for the labor of his father and grandfather before him!

If flesh and bone are made, (as some anatomists affirm,) from what we eat, the human system being renewed in seven years; and if Hayne's maxim in regard to title be correct, Calhoun and Clay's component parts, for instance, will be found to consist of stolen bread and butter, and these slaveholding candidates for the highest office in the gift of FREEMEN, eight times the property of their own diggers of the soil! And should stern justice reinstate the lawful owners in possession of the premises for which they have so often paid, we might have cause to apprehend that hordes of former masters, (a lily-fingered race, too idly reared to work,) would stroll this way, and plunder us in person, as we have long suffered them to do by indirect means; for verily, the North deserve some punishment for the craven part which they have always acted in this matter. But emancipation would at least make peace where now *there is no peace;* it would bind up broken hearts, and bring together scattered families; and Heaven, perhaps, might overlook the sins of centuries, and pity, and *forgive.*

The slaves, as is well known, were chiefly introduced by northern mariners; and some of my own ancestors were probably engaged in this abominable trade; for many a Bay State vessel went to Africa, applied the torch at midnight to the native's peaceful dwelling—and by its lurid glare bore off the hapless inmates—thrust them into the infernal slave ship, and brought them here—their lasting monument of sin and shame!

See our political connexion with this Heaven-daring crime, in the congressional act for the benefit of soul-drivers, passed in 1839; when in defiance of the laws of God, 'Thou shall not deliver to his master the servant that is escaped to thee,' northern with southern representatives whispering, 'WE WILL!' empowered the slavocrat to enter the free States, and by the aid of 'a convenient witness,' to take his human property wherever he could find it. Thus did the total North become the planter's hunting-ground; and every person here who is not out-and-out an abolitionist, stands pledged to be a blood-hound, and bark upon the track of the poor fugitive at his proud master's beck. A law of your own State, indeed, awards her citizens the privilege of trial by jury in cases of contested claims; but as the southern planters boast that they 'can bribe a Yankee Justice for a shilling,' means of evasion will be found; and slavery is therefore still sustained by New-York, until by a declarative law her soil is rendered absolutely FREE.

Blackstone directs that where a legal instrument is ambiguous, the side of mercy should prevail; and by this rule, our supposed obligation to bayonet the slave in case of insurrection, may be interpreted another way. For as the Constitution only binds us to suppress 'domestic violence,' and slavery is notoriously so, the patriotic abolitionist preserves his true allegiance to the spirit of our national compact, while by the ballot-box and every lawful means, he strives to put this *system of domestic violence* down.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Voice of Freedom.

Mr. Editor:—Very much has been said among the friends of Temperance about the license question. As that question is yet unsettled, perhaps a few words in relation to it might not come amiss in connection with the other articles I have written on the subject of temperance. It has not only been a question among the friends of the temperance cause, but it has been a question in which the whole community has participated,—whether it was right, and expedient, to license men to sell intoxicating drinks? This to my mind is the simplest question which could be proposed, and still it has agitated whole communities, towns, counties, and states. It has been taken advantage of by sects, and political parties, for the purpose of accomplishing their own selfish ends.—Individuals have taken advantage of it, whenever they thought their own selves could be benefitted thereby. The excitement on the license question in Massachusetts and several other of the States, is undoubtedly still fresh in the minds of most of your readers. The Fifteen Gallon Law of Massachusetts is the most notorious of all, as well as the most to be deprecated. That is one instance of very many, which shows the rottenness of political parties. After the law was passed, it immediately became a party question. The party that was then in the minority, came out in opposition, and thus the two parties were divided. Any rational and unbiassed man will see at once that nothing but politics could ever have made that division. If there had been no party interest there, there probably would not have been much opposition to the law, and if there had been opposition, there would not have been such a division as there was. It is not possible in that case, that all of one party, when acting purely from their own judgment, should have been in favor of that law; and all of the other party opposed to it. But perhaps this may be considered a digression. It shows, however, that men have not always acted in relation to the temperance cause, from right motives, but acted for the benefit of party, and through selfish motives.

But to the question:—Is it right to license men to sell ardent spirits? My opinion is, and always has been, that it is wrong. Not only do I think it morally wrong, but that it is injurious to the public, and injurious to the temperance cause. I go for entire prohibition of manufacturing or selling the article. But let us examine the license question. In the first place, let us inquire as to the ground on which the Legislature put the license law. They of course have some reason, or they would not make such a law. They tell us it is to prevent intemperance. They say they put such restrictions upon their law, that no man can obtain a license but him who will keep an orderly tavern. I have no doubt but in some cases where towns have had the moral courage to take the matter into their own hands, and pursue the intention, or the spirit of the law strictly, that intemperance may have been in some small degree suppressed. But those cases are rare, and in most places the monster intemperance, has been no more impeded in his progress than he would have been had there been no license law, and every one at liberty to sell all the poison that he chooses to. So that the license law has been comparatively of no importance in this point; and taken as a whole it has been a damage to the temperance cause. But to settle this question. I think we need go no farther than to inquire whether the license law is founded on right. Has the Legislature a moral right to enact such a law? I maintain the ground that they have no right to give a man liberty to sell ardent spirits—they have no right to say to him he may sell rum, and they will protect him if he will pay them a small sum. Selling ardent spirits is as much an evil, in itself, as theft, robbery, counterfeiting, slavery, or any moral evil of that class. The Legislature has no right to say a man may commit theft, and go unpunished. The Legislature has no right to license horse racing, gambling, or any evils which are in themselves wrong.—But all will admit this point, I have no doubt; but some would tell me that selling ardent spirits should not be classed with horse-racing, gambling, stealing, &c. The last mentioned are public wrongs, and is not the selling of ardent spirits? Is there a greater or more deadly one to the public? Can any one thing be mentioned which has been a greater curse to the world? or more destructive to society? We all know that if ardent spirits are sold, men will ruin themselves and destroy the peace and comfort of their families. But, says one, the wrong consists in the *doing*, not in the *selling*—the seller is not to blame, if he who buys his liquor makes a bad use of it! Let me ask the individual who makes this reply, why the Legislature has fixed a penalty upon the gambler, or the thief? Why do they say a man shall be punished for lascivious conduct, or a breach of the peace? Why not with the same propriety say that, if a man will gamble and lose his money, it is his own fault? or that the thief shall go unpunished? The point is very clear to my mind; and in all the arguments which I have seen in favor of the license law, I have never seen any thing satisfactory to me. I am in favor of prohibiting the vending of ardent spirits, except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. But I shall postpone what I have to say upon that point until I write again.

B.

For the Voice of Freedom.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR.

There is nothing perhaps which presents a more striking contrast to the eye of man, than to see at one period of time, a country enjoying all the advantages and luxuries which peace, tranquility and prosperity can give a nation, and then at another, to see the same country groaning under all the miseries of war. For example—you now see the aged and infirm, who were yesterday promising themselves contentment, peace, and perhaps affluence, in their declining years, with their hopes blasted, their homes destoyed, their lands and property condemned to the use of the spoiler, and themselves driven from their native country, and compelled to spend their remaining days in wretchedness and poverty. The soldier also, as he returns from the field of battle, where he has been in the defence of his country's rights, expecting to be greeted by the kind voices of his family and friends, discovers that the victor has been there, and those whom he left in the enjoyment of peace and happiness are scattered, he knows not where.—The remains of some may perhaps be found mingled with the ashes of their dwellings, and those who have escaped the merciless arm of the foe, like himself, are left to drag out a weary life, deprived of home and country and all which once made them delightful. The husbandman too, if he himself has escaped, views with sorrow the remains of his barns and granaries which contained the rewards of his 'hard, hot toil,' now destroyed, and dreads the coming winter, when before he heeded not its approach, or welcomed it as a season of pleasure and cessation of toil. The fertile fields which were smiling in freshness and beauty are now black and desolate, and nature seems to mourn with man.

Few wars that have been waged and carried on, have ever resulted in any benefit to mankind, except in the case where a nation bowed down under bondage and oppression, has thrown off the yoke and delivered themselves from the usurped power of a Tyrant. In so just a cause, war may have had its beneficial effects. But it has generally been carried on to gratify the ambition or passion of some cruel and blood-thirsty Tyrant. Thus it was with ill-fated Poland. Her fertile soil is now blackend and desolated by the blasting storms of Russian despotism, to gratify the ambition of her Tyrannical Sovereign Poland lacked not brave and determined men to defend her rights, but they were few; no friendly arm was extended to aid her or loose the grasp of the blood-thirsty foe, that was drenching the earth with the crimson flood flowing from the veins of her unyielding defenders; defenders that lacked not courage to assert their rights or valor to defend them. She still hoped and struggled on until her noblest blood had been poured forth and her bravest heroes sacrificed to the desolating arm of relentless tyranny.

The unflinching valor of those heroes has been the admiration of every nation, but they sunk alone; none gave her aid or encouragement.—Had Europe forgot the obligation she owed to Poland? Had she forgotten the nation that was foremost to check the devastation of the turbaned foe? Had she forgotten that the shield of Poland was among the first and most powerful in protecting her from the prostrating blow threatened by the followers of Mahomet in their headlong career of desolation, that she thus suffered Poland to fall, that she stood unmoved while the brighest flower that decked her garland of liberty was blasted by that storm of Russian vengeance and oppression? Yes, Europe forgot to be grateful; forgot her obligation; talked of peace and liberty while Poland struggled; sat indifferent while that bold, proud spirit was crushed which enabled her champions to choose death or voluntary exile, rather than yield themselves slaves to the usurped power of a foreign foe. More than this; she even hindered the arm that would have raised the sword in defence of struggling liberty, while two of her most powerful and influential kingdoms, that had been chiefly benefited by the arms of the now sinking Poles, favored the advance of the northern Autocrat's host led on by the bloody-minded Suarrow, and received the reward of their ignominy and baseness by sharing a portion of that beautiful country, while the rightful possessors were condemned to voluntary exile, the sword, or to the gloomy walls of a prison.

What anguish must have been felt by the few, surviving heroes as they cast a last, long, but hopeless look over the land of their nativity, where they so long had dwelt free and happy—that land now trodden by the foot of a merciless foe. This look has been cast. Those brave men have beheld the desolation that marked the progress of a ruthless enemy; they have seen him approach "with fire and sword, and spare not" until he had desolated the whole of their fair, happy, and much loved land.

Chains have bound the last valiant arm raised in defence of Poland's liberty. The conflict is over—the sun of her freedom is set. An awful silence now reigns in the cottages and mansions once vocal with the songs of joy. The manacled Pole mourns over the home of his youth, now gone perhaps for ever. He looks upon the graves of his ancestors and hopes that he shall soon repose there, for the world has no longer, attractions for him. It is to him as a wilderness dressed in mourning for his fallen country, and the moaning winds, as the funeral authem of his once quiet and happy home. He would fain shut his eyes to the dark picture, and forget the desolation of the past in the darkness of the tomb. But the blow has been struck, and now the bones of many of Poland's bravest defenders whiten the plains of their usurped country, where they once roamed free and unrestrained by any power save that of heaven.

Yet, the Goddess of liberty has not quite forsaken Europe; though compelled for the present to dwell among the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland, her banner still waves within sight of the down-trodden and suffering, and promises them the hope of future amelioration. This sight will inspire them with hope and perseverance till her influence shall be felt throughout the length and breadth of the continent, and Poland yet be permitted to regain her place among the free and independent nations of the earth. Some Tell, or Bruce or Washington may yet arise to wave the standard of freedom again over her once proud castles.

Freemen's prayers are rising for that ill-starred land, with the hope that tyranny may soon cease within its doomed dominion. A spirit of freedom is yet alive, which will again raise a battle cry over her soil, that shall spread far and wide, until the usurper's power shall be driven from the land. For as mankind become more enlightened in so just a cause as liberty, they will trample to earth the yoke framed by Tyrants to bow the neck of man.

There is now a land, though the mighty ocean rolls between it and your's, unhappy Poles! where peace and freedom reign secure from the power of kings and despots, that is ready to receive you, until your own shall be restored. Yes, Columbia's sons bid you welcome to their lovely land, the land over which the 'star spangled banner' waves in triumph, and offers that protection to the oppressed friends of liberty, which is denied them in their own.

HENRY A. GRISWOLD.

Brandon, Sept. 8, 1843.

VOICE OF FREEDOM.

Brandon, Thursday, September 14, 1843.

TO THE READERS OF THE VOICE.

On entering upon our work as Editor, *pro tem.* of the Voice, perhaps it may not be improper to give a brief exposition of our views and the course intended to be pursued. The primary object of this paper seems to have been, to discuss the subject of American Slavery; to set forth the evils of the institution, and to assist in accomplishing its overthrow. It has aimed to do this by peaceful and honest means; by endeavoring to show that involuntary servitude is an evil to the master as well as to the slave; that compulsory labor, in the nature of the case, can never successfully compete with free labor; that for man to exercise dominion over man is unjust usurpation; that every individual, in the wide world, has rights which can never be forfeited except by crime; and that immediate emancipation is the only safe and righteous mode of doing away the evil. This object will still be kept in view, and while our brethren of the Press are battling in various ways for the extermination of this evil, we must be allowed to battle in ours. We wage no war with *them*, as long as they are pressing up to the gates of the old citadel of slavery, whether they wish to take it by siege or storm. Believing slavery to be a political institution, and supported by government, we think it must be overthrown by the same power which upholds it. While we have a preference for the party whose primary object seems to be to secure universal freedom, other parties, in whose ranks may be found many noble spirits among the foremost in the fight, shall be treated with candor and fairness.

The subject of Temperance has hitherto had a prominent place in the Voice. Glad tidings of emancipation from the thraldom of the tyrant, Alcohol, which have reached us from all parts of the land, and even from beyond the sea, have made this department of the paper highly interesting to every philanthropic and christian reader. The laborers in this good work seem generally to rely more upon moral suasion for the accomplishment of their benevolent designs, than upon legislative enactments; still, we can not see why there is not as much propriety in legislating against the sale of ardent spirits, as against any other crime, which mars the peace and happiness of society.

Articles upon Health, Education and Moral Reform, as well as those of a religious nature, tending to show man the true relations which exist between himself and his Maker, and leading his mind upward to the source of all good, will freely be transferred to our columns.

The *voice*, uttered by this paper, has been one which has met a full and hearty response from our soul. It has spoken out in favor of the trampled and against the trampler. Legalized oppression, tho' upheld by half a nation, and supported by wealth and learning and talent, has heard no word of palliation in the *Voice* from the Green Mountains of Vermont. Free as the winds that bear them to the land of chains, its tones have been to the sighing bondman tones of cheer, but to his oppressor tones of terror.

Temperance Reform in Ireland.

The late London papers give interesting accounts of the progress of the Temperance Reform in Ireland. Father Matthew has been at work with hands and head and heart.—The true way to labor. He has done more to dry up the tears of wo; to elevate the condition of his countrymen; to make Ireland a nation, than all the statesmen who have labored to change her political condition. Even O'Connell could have done nothing had *he* not paved the way. Had that illustrious champion of freedom, a few years since, assembled his tens of thousands and addressed them with all the zeal and passion which characterize his speeches now, their fiery blood, heated by strong drink, would have driven them to deeds of violence, and the fires of rebellion would have blazed out among the cities of England. Father Mathew mingles not in party politics. His object is to make old Erin's Isle a gem amid the sea—a green spot where the withering breath of Intemperance shall never again fall upon herb & flower—where "blooming dames and bearded men" shall stand erect in health & beauty. Unchain Ireland from the fetters of Intemperance, and the world can not enslave her. It is impossible long to trample upon and oppress a moral people.

Father Matthew is now in England, laboring to extend there the blessings which have gladdened & cheered a thousand homes in his native land.

The Church and Slavery.

The Western Citizen of Aug. 24th, contains a series of resolutions passed by the Baptist church of Plainfield, Will Co. Illinois, disclaiming all fellowship with "professing christians, who, at this enlightened day persevere in the unhallowed acts of subjecting their fellow men to a level with the beasts."

What say the churches of Vermont? Will they extend the right hand of fellowship, and welcome to their communion and to their pulpits, those who make merchandize of God's image, and sell his suffering poor for gain? How many have spoken out? How many *will* speak out, not languidly, but from full hearts, burning with love for all mankind, and swelling with pity for those who have "fallen among thieves?" Will the church of Christ, whose temple-spires all point to a land where caste and color are unknown, longer remain in fellowship with those who withhold the Bible from millions of their countrymen? Shall we not hear from them?

Lord Brougham, in a letter to Dr. Sewal, expresses his intention of visiting this country.

INDIANA.—The Democrats of this State, for the first time since the organization of the government, have elected a Governor; Lieut. Governor; and eight out of ten members of Congress. The State Legislature is nearly equally divided.

RHODE-ISLAND.—The Providence Journal gives information relative to the late election in that State. Cranston & Potter have again been elected by great majorities. So the "Law and Order" party have again triumphed over the "Dorr party."

A FALLING OFF.—In 1842, the number of casks, barrels, &c. of intoxicating drinks landed at New York was 20,183; in 1843, 2,111.

☞ The proceedings of the *National Convention*, held at Buffalo, Aug. 30th, came to hand too late for this week's paper. The meeting was one of the most interesting character. About 400 delegates were present, embracing all the States from Maine to Illinois, besides Kentucky and North Carolina. JAMES G BIRNEY, of Michigan, and THOMAS MORRIS, of Ohio, were unanimously nominated as candidates for the offices of President and Vice President of the U. States. A full account of the proceedings will be given in our next number.

THE ROVER.—The reader's attention is called to an advertisement, to be found in another column, of this splendid weekly Magazine. From a hasty perusal, we believe it to be deserving of liberal patronage. Specimen numbers can be seen at this office.

D. S. M.