

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.—MAY 24, 1834.

NO. 11.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

This paper will be issued semi-monthly, in the village of Rochester, under the supervision of the Managers of the Rochester Anti-Slavery Society. It will be printed on good paper, medium sheet, at ONE DOLLAR per annum, always to be paid in advance. Any person remitting Five Dollars, will be entitled to six copies for one year.

Letters, &c. must be directed to the Editor of the Rights of Man—postage to be paid in all cases.

WILLIAM C. BLOSS, Tracelling Agent.

Mc. EZEKIEL FOX is appointed Agent for this paper in the village and vicinity.

DOMESTIC PIRACY OF THE UNITED STATES.

As we prefer to call things by their appropriate names, we have taken the liberty of giving a new version of the caption of the following letter from the correspondent of the Evangelist. We do it not by way of opprobrium or through ill-nature,—but sincerely and honestly, that we may as far as in our power, correct the English language, and thereby convey to our readers ideas of things as they actually exist.

From our Correspondent.

INTERNAL SLAVE TRADE.

LANE SEMINARY, Walnut Hills, }
Ohio, April 22, 1834. }

Brother Leavitt—In my former communication, I gave a summary of those characteristics of slavery which were developed and established by facts related during the recent discussion of colonization and abolition in this institution. I wish now to add to that statement what I then omitted: to wit—that these facts were gathered from all parts of the slave-holding sections of the Union; and that in my summary, I gave the characteristics of slavery as it exists in the United States generally, and not as it exists in any particular locality. There probably are some small portions of slave-holding states where all the characteristics mentioned by me do not exist, and with a virulence far more terrific than is indicated in my letter. I intended to give, on those points of which I spoke, the average character of the system.

I will now give you a few facts in regard to the internal slave trade as carried on in the Mississippi Valley. They were detailed before an Anti-Slavery Society, by Mr. Marius R. Robinson, a member of the theological department of this seminary, who has recently returned from a four month's tour thro' the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Mr. Robinson is a resident of Tennessee, and a graduate of Nashville University. In his recent tour he visited many of the principal towns in those states. He says there has been no time when the domestic slave trade was so brisk as at present. In Mississippi and Louisiana the slave market is literally crowded. There are three principal reasons for the large demand—1st. The high price of cotton last fall, induced many planters to go more largely into the cultivation of it, which increased the demand for laborers. 2d. The cholera has swept off thousands of negroes during the last two years, and the planters are now filling up the ranks made thin by this scourge. 3d. The country wrested from the Choctaw Indians, has recently been brought into market.—Of course the lands must now be cultivated by slaves.

The slaves which pass down to the southern market on the Mississippi river and through the interior, are mostly purchased in Kentucky and Virginia. Some are bought in Tennessee. In the emigration they suffer great hardships. Those who are driven down by land, travel from two hundred to a thousand miles on foot, through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. They sometimes carry heavy chains the whole distance. These chains are very massive. They extend from the hands to the feet, being fastened to the wrist and ankles by an iron ring around each. When chained, every slave carries two chains—i. e. one from each hand to each foot. A wagon, in which rides "the driver," carrying course provisions, and a few tent coverings, generally accompanies the drove. Men, women and children, some of the latter very young, walk near the wagon; and if, through fatigue or sickness they falter, the application of the whip reminds them that they are slaves.—

Our informant, speaking of some droves which he met, says, "their weariness was extreme, and their dejected, despairing woe-begone countenances I shall never forget." They encamp out nights. Their bed consists of a small blanket. Even this is frequently denied them. A rude tent covers them, scarcely sufficient to keep off the dew or frost, much less the rain. They frequently remain in this situation several weeks, in the neighborhood of some slave-trading village. The slaves are subject, while on their journeys, to severe sickness. On such occasions the drivers manifest much anxiety lest they should loose—their property! But even sickness does not prevent them from hurrying their victims on to market. In the Choctaw nation, my informant met a large company of these miserable beings, following a wagon at some distance. From their appearance, being mostly females and children, and hence not so marketable, he supposed they must belong to some planter who was emigrating southward.—He inquired if this was so, and if their master was taking them home. A woman, in tones of mellowed despair answered him:—"Oh, no sir, we are not going home! We don't know where we are going. The speculators have got us!"

Those who are transported down the Mississippi river, receive treatment necessarily different, but in the aggregate no less cruel. They are stowed away on the decks of steamboats (our boats are constructed differently from yours), males and females, old and young, usually chained, subject to the jeers and taunts of the passengers and navigators, and often, by bribes, or threats, or the lash, made subject to abominations not to be named. On the same deck, you may see horses and human beings, tenants of the same apartments, and going to supply the same market. The dumb beasts, being less manageable, are allowed the first place, while the human are forced into spare corners and vacant places. My informant saw one trader, who was taking down to New-Orleans one hundred horses, several sheep and between fifty and sixty slaves. The sheep and the slaves occupied the same deck. Many interesting and intelligent females were of the number. And if I were satisfied that the columns of a newspaper was the proper place to publish it, I could tell facts concerning the brutal treatment exercised towards these defenceless females while on the downward passage, which ought to kindle up the hot indignation of every mother, and daughter, and sister in the land. But I may relate facts of another kind.

A trader was recently taking down nine slaves in a flat boat. When near Natchez, his boat sprung a leak. He was compelled to abandon her. He put his slaves into a small canoe. Being manacled and fettered, they were unable to manage the canoe. It upset—they were plunged into the river—and sunk, being carried down by the weight of their chains. The water was deep and the current rapid. They were seen no more. My informant conversed with a man who accompanied a cargo of slaves from some port in Virginia, round, by sea, to New Orleans. He said the owners and sailors treated them most unmercifully—beating them, and in some instances literally knocking them down upon the deck. They were locked up in the hold every night. Once on the passage, in consequence of alarm, they kept them in the hold the whole period of four days and nights, and none were brought on deck during that time but a few females—and they, for purposes which I will not name. Mr. Editor, do the horrors of the middle passage belong exclusively to a by-gone age?

After slaves arrive in market, they are subjected to the most degrading examinations. The purchasers will roll up their sleeves and pantaloons, and examine their muscles and joints critically, to ascertain the irprobable strength, and will even open their mouths and examine their teeth, with the same remarks, and the same unconcern, that they would a horse. And why should they not! The horse is a chattel in the eye of the law, and the slave is nothing more. Men purchase both for

the same purposes. Will reasonable men believe that any general and permanent amelioration in the condition of these beings can be wrought, till the right of property in them is abrogated? While the law makes them a chattel, men will hold them and treat them as a chattel. That law would be as powerless as it would be inconsistent, which should make it the duty of men to educate and enlighten their chattels. No. The system is wrong at the foundation—and there the reform must commence. Degradation is the legitimate offspring of slavery. Destroy slavery, i. e. the right to hold property in man, and then you can elevate its victims. Many intelligent planters take this view of the subject. But to return.

The females are exposed to the same rude examinations as the men. When a large drove of slaves arrives in a town for sale, placards are put up at the corners of the streets, giving notice of the place and time of sale. Often they are driven thro' the streets for hours together (for the purpose of exhibiting them) exposed to the jeers and insults of the spectators. About a year since, my informant saw about a hundred men, women and children, exposed for sale at one time in the market place at Nashville; and while three auctioneers were striking them off, purchasers examined their limbs and bodies with inhuman roughness and unconcern.—This was accompanied with profanity, indelicate allusions, and boisterous laughter.

The slaves are taken down in companies, varying in number from 20 to 500.—Men of capital are engaged in the traffic. Go into the principal towns on the Mississippi river, and you will find these negro traders in the bar-rooms, boasting of their adroitness in driving human flesh, and describing the process by which they can "tame down" the spirit of a "refractory" negro. Remember, by "refractory" they mean to designate that spirit which some high-souled negro manifests, when he fully recognizes the fact, that God's image is stamped upon him. There are many such negroes in slavery. Their bodies may faint under the infliction of accumulated wrong, but their souls cannot be crushed. After visiting the bar-room, go into the outskirts of the town, and there you will find the slaves belonging to the drove, crowded into dilapidated huts,—some, revelling—others apparently stupid—but others weeping over ties broken and hopes destroyed, with an agony intense, and to a free man, inconceivable.—Many respectable planters in Louisiana have themselves gone into Maryland and Virginia, and purchased their slaves.—They think it more profitable to do so. Brother Robinson conversed with one or two of them when on their return. This shows that highly respectable men engage in this trade. But those who make it their regular employment, and thus receive the awfully significant title of "soul drivers," are usually brutal, ignorant, debauched men. And it is such men, who exercise despotic control over thousands of down-trodden, and defenceless men and women. There are planters in the northern slave-states, who will not sell slave families, unless they can dispose of them all together. This they consider more humane,—as it in fact is. But such kindness are of no avail after the victims come into the southern markets. If it is not just as profitable for the traders to sell them in families, they hesitate not a moment to separate husband and wife—parents and children, and dispose of them to purchasers, residing in sections of the country, remote from each other. When they happen to dispose of whole families to the same man, they loudly boast of it, as an evidence of their humanity. My informant gave interesting details on this point, but I have not room for them.

There is one feature in this nefarious traffic which no motives of delicacy can induce me to omit mentioning. Shall we conceal the truth, because its revelation will shock the finer sensibilities of the soul—when by such concealment we shut out all hope of remedying an evil, which dooms to a dishonored life, and to a hopeless death, thousands of the females of our

country? Is it wise? Is it prudent? Is it right? I allude to the fact, that large numbers of female mulattoes are annually bought up, and carried down to our southern cities, and sold at enormous prices, for purposes of private prostitution. This is a fact of universal notoriety in the south-western states. It is known to every soul driver in the nation. And is it so bad that Christians may not know it, and knowing it apply the remedy? In the consummation of this nameless abomination, threats and the lash come in, where kind promises and money fail. And will not the mothers of America feel in view of these facts?

All the above statements, general and particular, are avouched for by Mr. Robinson. Many of them, or rather those of a similar nature, have come to my own knowledge from other sources. I will now relate briefly a few facts of a different character, showing the unspeakable cruelty of this traffic in its operations upon the slaves left behind. The following was related during our debate, by Andrew Benton, a member of the theological department, who was an agent of the S. S. Union for two or three years in Missouri. A master in St. Louis sold a slave at auction, to a driver who was collecting men for the southern market. The negro was very intelligent, and on account of his ingenuity in working iron, was sold for an uncommonly high price—about 7, or 800 dollars. He had a wife, whom he tenderly loved—and from whom he was determined not to part. During the progress of the sale, he saw that a certain man was determined to purchase him. He went up to him and said, "If you buy me, you must buy my wife too, for I can't go without her. If you will only buy my wife, I will go with you willingly, but if you don't, I shall never be of any use to you." He continued to repeat the same expressions for some time. The man turned upon him, and with a sneer and a blow, said, "Begone villain! don't you know you are a slave?" The negro felt it keenly—he retired, the sale went on, and he was finally struck off to this man. The slave again accosted his new master, and besought him with great earnestness and feeling to buy his wife, saying that if he would only do that, he would work hard and faithfully,—would be a good slave—and added with much emphasis, "If you don't, I never shall be worth any thing to you." He was now repelled more harshly than before. The negro retired a little distance from his master, took out his knife, cut his throat from ear to ear, and fell weltering in his blood!—Can slaves feel?

The following happened in Campbell county, Ky. This county lies directly across the Ohio river, opposite Cincinnati. A slave had been purchased by a trader from the lower country. The flat-boat in which he was to go down was lying at the village of Covington, just opposite Cincinnati. The morning came in which he was to go. He was brought on board in chains. His colored acquaintances gathered around him to bid him "good bye." Among those who came, was his wife.—She had followed him on foot from their home, a few miles in the interior. For some time she stood on the boat in the silence of despair—weeping, but speaking not. But as the moment of separation drew near, she gave vent to her grief in wild incoherent shrieks, tearing her hair, and tossing her arms wildly into the air. She was carried home a raving maniac. In this condition she continued for weeks, raving and calling out for her husband.—The family who owned her, whipped her repeatedly, because she neglected her work to talk and cry about her husband so much. He has never returned. All the circumstances of this affair are known personally to many individuals in Cincinnati.

A member of this institution recently visiting among the colored people of Cincinnati, entered a house where was a mother and her little son. The wretched appearance of the house and the extreme poverty of its inmates, induced the visitor to suppose that the husband of the woman must be a drunkard. He inquired of the boy, who was two or three years old,—

where his father was. He replied, "Pa-pa stole." The visitor seemed not to understand, and turning to the mother, asked what he meant. She then related the following circumstances. About two years ago, one evening, her husband was sitting in the house, when two men came in, and professing great friendship, persuaded him under some pretence to go on board a steam boat then lying at the dock, and bound down the river. After some hesitation, he consented to go. She heard nothing from him for more than a year, but supposed he had been kidnapped.—Last spring, Dr. ——— a physician of Cincinnati, being at Natchez, Miss. saw this negro in a drove of slaves, and recognized him. He ascertained from conversation with him, that he had been driven about from place to place since he was decoyed from home by the slave drivers, had changed masters two or three times, and had once been lodged in jail for safe keeping, where he remained some time. When Dr. ——— returned to Cincinnati, he saw the wife of the negro and engaged to take the necessary steps for his liberation. But soon afterwards, this gentleman fell a victim to the cholera, which was then prevailing in Cincinnati. No efforts have since been made to recover this negro.—No tidings have been heard from him since the return of Dr. ———. He is probably now laboring upon some sugar or cotton plantation in Louisiana, without the hope of escaping from slavery, although he is a free born citizen of Philadelphia.

But other methods, more dastardly if not more cruel, are resorted to, to decoy negroes into the southern market. Mr. Robinson, gentleman above mentioned—related a case in point. While he was going down the Mississippi, on board of the same boat was a man who had with him a female slave. He repeatedly told her that he was taking her down to live for a short time with his brother. Under this impression she went cheerfully. He told some of the passengers, however, that this was merely a decoy to induce her to go willingly, but that his real object was to sell her. Sometime before they reached New Orleans, Mr. R. left the boat for the interior, and did not arrive in N. O. until some days after the boat reached there.—The next day after his arrival, he visited the New Exchange, and there saw this woman exposed to sale. He described her appearance as dejected in the extreme.

The slaves at the north have a kind of instinctive dread of being sold into southern slavery. They know the toil is extreme, the climate sickly, and the hope of redemption desperate. But what is more dreadful they fear that if they are sold, they will have to leave a wife, a sister, or children whom they love. I hope no one will smile unbelievably when I say—that slaves can love. There is no class of the community whose social affections are stronger. The above facts illustrate this truth. Mr. Benton, of whom I spoke above, tells me that while prosecuting his agency in Missouri, he was applied to in more than a hundred instances by slaves, who were about to be sold to southern drivers, beseeching him in the most earnest manner to buy them, so that they might not be driven away from their wives, their children, their brothers and their sisters. Knowing that his feelings were abhorrent to slavery, they addressed him without reserve, and with an entreaty bordering on frenzy. Mr. B. related the following, of which he was an eye witness. A large number of slaves were sitting near a steam boat in St. Louis, which was to carry them down to New Orleans. Several of their relatives and acquaintances came down to the river to take leave of them. Their demonstrations of sorrow were simple but natural. They wept and embraced each other again and again. Two or three times, they left their companions—would proceed a little distance from the boat, and then return to them again. When the same scene would be repeated. This was kept up for more than an hour. Finally, when the boat left, they returned home, weeping and wringing their hands, and making every exhibition of the most poignant grief. Take the following facts as illustrative of the deep feeling of slave mothers for their children. It is furnished me by a fellow student who has resided much in slave states. I give it in his own words. "Some years since, when traveling from Halifax, in North Carolina, to Warrenton, in the same state, we passed a large drove of slaves on their way to

Georgia. Before leaving Halifax, I heard that the drivers had purchased a number of slaves in that vicinity, and started with them that morning, and that we should probably overtake them in an hour or two. Before coming up with the gang, we saw at a distance a colored female, whose appearance attracted my notice. I said to the stage driver, (who was a colored man,) "What is the matter of that woman, is she crazy?" "No, massa," said he, "I know her, it is ———. Her master sold her two children this morning to the soul-drivers, and she has been following along after them, and I suppose they have driven her back. Don't you think it would make you act like you was crazy, if they should take your children away, and you never see 'em any more?" By this time we had come up with the woman. She seemed quite young. As soon as she recognized the driver, she cried out, "They're gone! they've gone! The soul-drivers have got them. Massa would sell them. I told him I could not live without my children. I tried to make him sell me too; but he beat me and drove me off, and I got away and followed after them, and the drivers whipped me back:—and I never shall see my children again. O! what shall I do!"—The poor creature shrieked and tossed her arms about with maniac wildness—and beat her bosom, and literally cast dust into the air, as she moved toward the village. At the last glimpse I had of her, she was nearly a quarter of a mile from us, still throwing handfuls of sand around her, with the same phrenzied air." Here we have an exhibition of a mother's feelings on parting with her children. But when we reflect, that hundreds and probably thousands of mothers are separated from their children annually by this traffic, who will circulate the aggregate of agony which is poured upon the poor black, by the internal slave trade?

I might add other facts, but the length of this communication admonishes me to draw it to a close.

I remain Yours,
In the bonds of the Gospel,
HENRY B. STANTON.

From the Anti-Slavery Reporter.

¶ We are much gratified to be able to lay before the readers of the Reporter, the following interesting communication. Who would believe that a serious attempt is now making to deprive every alleged fugitive from slavery, arrested in this state, of a TRIAL BY JURY? Such is the fact. ¶

Bedford, N. Y. 19th April, 1834.

DEAR SIR—Incessant occupation since I returned from New-York, has prevented me from complying before this, with your request to furnish you with certain particulars relative to slavery in the District of Columbia. In the enclosed paper, you will find some interesting facts. With much respect, I remain your obedient servant,
WILLIAM JAY.

ELIAZER WRIGHT, JR.
FACTS RELATIVE TO SLAVERY IN THE DIST. OF COLUMBIA.

On the 1st of August, 1826, a notice appeared in the National Intelligencer at Washington, from the Marshall of the D. of C., that a negro named Gilbert Horton, and claiming to be free, had been committed to jail in Washington city as a runaway, and unless his owner proved property, and took him away by a certain time, the negro would be sold "for his jail fees and other expenses, as the law directs." Horton was a native of Westchester Co. N. Y., and known there to be free. A public meeting of the inhabitants of the county was called, to take measures for his liberation. The meeting was held 30th August, 1826, and a series of resolutions were unanimously adopted; one of them calling on the Governor to demand the instant liberation of Horton as a free citizen of the State of New-York. Two of the resolutions were as follows:

"Resolved, That the law under which Horton has been imprisoned, and by which a free citizen without evidence of crime, and without trial by jury, may be condemned to servitude for life, is repugnant to our republican institutions, and revolting to justice and humanity; and that the representatives from this state in Congress are requested to use their endeavors to procure its repeal.

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to prepare and present to the citizens of this county for their signatures, a petition to Congress for the immediate abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia."

Governor De Witt Clinton in compliance with the request of the meeting,

wrote to the President of the United States, forwarding evidence of Horton's freedom, and requiring his immediate liberation "as a free man and a citizen." Horton was released before the receipt of the Governor's letter. The Westchester petition was signed by 800, and presented to the House of Representatives.

In Dec. 1826, Mr. Ward, representative in Congress from Westchester, introduced a resolution calling on the committee for the D of C. to inquire whether there was any law in the District authorizing the imprisonment of a free person of color, and his sale as an unclaimed slave for his jail fees. The resolution was adopted after much opposition by the Southern members. The committee reported that there was such a law, vindicated its general policy, but recommended that when the arrested negro was unclaimed he should not be sold, but that the county should pay the cost of imprisonment. The people of Georgetown presented a remonstrance against this proposition of the committee. The law remained unchanged, and so remains, it is believed, to this day.

On the 12th Feb. 1827, Mr. Nelson, of the New-York Senate, introduced the following resolutions, which were referred to the committee of the whole, but were not finally acted upon:

"Resolved, As the sense of this legislature, (if the assembly concur therein.) that the existence of slavery at the seat of the government of the U. States, and in a district under its exclusive control, is derogatory to the national character, and inconsistent with the great principles of liberty, justice and humanity, on which the institutions of our republic are founded.

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this legislature, Congress ought to take such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed advisable for the final abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and for the immediate prohibition of the further introduction of slaves into the District."

"Resolved, That his excellency the Governor, be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the President of the United States, and to each of the senators and representatives in Congress from this state."

On the 27th March, 1827, a petition was presented to Congress from 1,000 citizens of the D. of C., praying for a revival of the slave laws, and an act declaring that all children of slaves to be born in the District after the 4th of July, 1828, should be free at the age of 25, and that the importation of slaves into the District be prohibited. From this petition, the following is an extract: viz.

"A colored man last summer, who stated that he was entitled to freedom, was taken up as a runaway slave and lodged within the jail of Washington city. He was advertised, but no one appearing to claim him, he was according to law put up at public auction for payment of his jail fees, and sold as a slave for life!—He was purchased by a slave trader, who was not required to give security for his remaining in the District, and he was soon after shipped from Alexandria for one of the southern states. Thus was a human being sold into perpetual bondage, at the capital of the freest government on earth, without even a pretence of a trial, or the allegation of a crime."

In 1828, both houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature passed the following resolution by an almost unanimous vote: viz.

"Resolved, That the Senators of this state, in the Senate of the United States, are hereby requested to procure, if practicable, the passage of a law to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, in such a manner as they may consider consistent with the rights of individuals and the Constitution of the United States."

On the 9th Jan. 1829, the House of Representatives

"Resolved, That the committee for the District of Columbia, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the gradual abolition of slavery in the District, in such manner as no individual shall be injured thereby. Ayes 141—Noes 59.

On the 28th Jan. 1829, a committee of the New-York Assembly, to whom had been referred various memorials relating to slavery in the District of Columbia, made a report, in which they remarked, "Your committee cannot but view with

astonishment, that in the capital of this free and enlightened country, laws should exist, by which the free CITIZENS of a state are liable, even without trial, and even without the imputation of a crime, to be seized while prosecuting their lawful business, immured in prison, and tho' free, unless claimed as a slave, to be sold as such for the payment of jail fees."—The committee recommended the following resolution: viz.

"Resolved, if the Senate concur herein,) That the senators of this state, in the Congress of the United States be, and are hereby instructed, and the representatives of this state are requested, to make every possible exertion to effect the passage of a law for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The resolution passed the Assembly but was not acted upon in the Senate.

In 1831, the corporation of Georgetown passed a law making it penal for a free negro to receive from the post office, have in his possession, or circulate, any publication or writing of whatever description, of a seditious character, and particularly the newspaper called the Liberator, published at Boston. The punishment for each offence to be a fine not exceeding \$20, or imprisonment for not more than 30 days. In case of inability to pay the fine and prison fees, the offender to be sold as a servant for 4 months.

Dreadful Hurricane—Loss of Lives—and destruction of Property.—We have the most appalling accounts of a storm which has swept through the counties of Nottoway, Dinwiddie and Prince George, tearing up houses and trees and destroying the lives of men and horses, &c. A gentleman from Petersburg has furnished us the following account. Some idea of the violence of the hurricane may be formed from a fact stated to us by another gentleman who visited the farm of Mr. Wm. E. Bosseau the day after its occurrence. He mentions among other things that a wheel to some cart had been torn from it—the felloe broken into pieces—the spokes torn from the nave—and the circular band which holds the wood work together, straightened out and broken into different pieces.

The whirlwind had been heard of as high up as Mr. Herbert Rhease's on Mamazone creek in Dinwiddie, where according to the information of a gentleman whom our informant saw, the overseer and two negroes were killed; and much damage was done to the out houses and fences, but these were not particularly described. Thence, it proceeded rather to the south of east to Pool's tavern on Cox's road where it carried off two large buildings, one a work shop, the other a carriage house besides minor injuries. Thence it proceeded down the road to Mrs. Kennon Price's, where several small buildings were carried away—thence, it is supposed to have gone rather more northwardly; but nothing was heard of it by our informant until it reached Precise's shop on the C. H. road where it destroyed the wheel wright, smith shop, and some smaller buildings—Thence it went to Mr. William Bosseau's, about a mile north of the C. H. road, where it swept off an addition, very recently erected, to his dwelling house; some out-houses and fences—Thence keeping nearly the same course, and passing in a quarter of a mile of Mr. Lainer's on the north, and of Mr. Pergam's on the south of its track, it reached Mr. Wm. E. Bosseau's. Here the destruction was the greatest and most appalling. A large dwelling house, stable, carriage house, corn crib, kitchen, and every other out house was completely destroyed, every fruit tree and ornamental tree about the dwelling was torn up by the roots, the yard and garden paling and fencing completely swept away. Mr. Bosseau's brother, a youth of fifteen, and a female servant were crushed to death—another dangerously wounded. Mr. and Mrs. B. were both severely bruised and injured by the falling of timbers from the houses and other places on them.—Mr. B. was in a field at some distance from the house, saw the whirl-wind approaching, and ran to the house to get his family out into the garden for safety—but was too late to save them all. His brother was killed in the porch door. The houses are described as broken to pieces—scarcely any two pieces of timber to be found adhering to one another—most of the large pieces broken in two. The chimneys destroyed—and scarcely a fourth of the timbers, &c. remain on the plantation. The fences were carried off and some cattle destroyed. Mrs. B's situation when last heard from, rather alarming. Thence it extended through the woods, destroying the trees in its progress, blowing them up by the roots and throwing them in opposite directions through a space of about 100 yards wide where our informant saw it, until it reached the lumber-house of P. R. R. Co. near the North Spring; blew off the roof and did little other injury to the company.—Thence it extended to Aullsfield (formerly the residence of Mr. Wm. Baird) where it killed the negro waggoner and two horses—and did some other injury. About this point our informant supposes that its direction began to change, and it took round, a little to the north of east, destroying the out-houses of Mr. Shand's of Prince George and injuring his stock, fences, &c. At Mrs. John James Thweatt's similar injuries are understood to have been sustained. At Prince George C. H. it passed rather to the north of the tavern and destroyed northern wall of the jail.

It appeared when seen above the horizon about 3 miles off like a large black dense cloud, yet somewhat resembling a volume of boiling water, the whole mass moving eastwardly, yet rapidly whirling around, and at the same time in state of internal commotion like water foaming and boiling over.

The hurricane also visited Caroline county, and we learn that at Dr. Morris' place the trees about his residence were torn up by the roots.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

ROCHESTER, MAY 24, 1834.

NOTICE.

The Rochester Anti-Slavery Society will meet at the late Institute Room, in the Court House, on the last Monday of every month, at 7 o'clock P. M. By order of the Board.

FOURTH OF JULY. ANTI-SLAVERY COUNTY CONVENTION.

Believing that Slavery in these U. S. is a monstrous political and moral evil, contrary to natural right, perverting the order of things, inconsistent with the spirit and letter of the Declaration of our Independence; and that if suffered to continue, will sap the foundations of our Government, having already created a sectional distinction between the North and the South, which grows wider and wider every year, and whose tendency is to dismember the Union; that it is in every respect contrary to the spirit of our civil and religious institutions; that the Genius of Liberty, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ alike forbid it; that in fine; it is a curse upon our country, and a stain upon our character, rendering us a hissing and by-word among the nations of the earth, retarding the progress of civil liberty, and the day when "all shall know the Lord," and that for these reasons it ought to be abolished as speedily as possible; we, therefore residents of the county of Monroe, do recommend a County Convention of the Friends of Anti-Slavery from every town in the county, to be held at the Methodist Episcopal Church in the City of Rochester, on the 4th day of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. then and there to organize a County Anti-Slavery Society on the principles of the National Anti-Slavery Society, and to be auxiliary thereto.

Brighton.—Rev. S. Griswold, Joseph Bloss, Thomas Blossom, James O. Bloss, Meed Atwater, A. D. Jennings, Orange Stone, J. W. Gale.

Brockport.—R. McCulloch, S. Judson, C. J. B. Mount.

Clarkson.—G. W. Pond, Dr. G. Tabor.

Chili.—Rev. L. Brooks, Rev. Pratt.

Gates.—Lindley M. Moore, J. Chichester, Mr. Howard.

Henrietta.—Daniel Quimby, Joseph Brown, L. Jackson, J. Russell, J. Gorton, James Sperry, Lyman Shattock, Rev. R. G. Murray.

Mendon.—Rev. J. Thalheimer, Milton Sheldon, Esq., Geo. W. Allen, Ezra Sawyer, J. Bishop, T. Smith, H. Gifford, E. D. Gilson.

Perinton.—Rev. Daniel Johnson, Gilbert Benedict, Amasa Slocum.

Pittsford.—Ira Bellows, Esq., Ephraim Goss, Esq., James Linnell, Dr. Philander Patterson.

Pennfield.—Dr. S. G. Chappell, Dr. A. W. Chappell, Lot Thompson, Lorenzo D. Ely, Benjamin Stockman, Wm. Moody, Esq.

Riga.—Dr. L. L. Lilly.

Rush.—George Howard, George A. Coe, H. B. Hall, Wm. Allen, David Stone.

Rochester.—Rev. W. Wisner, Arist. Champion, A. W. Riley, A. L. Ely, Geo. A. Avery, Jo's Edgill, E. F. Marshall, G. A. Hollister, Wm. H. Foster, Dr. Ely Day, Wm. P. Stanton, Ezekiel Fox, Samuel Hamilton, Esq., Russel Green, Sen. A. M. Hunt, B. Campbell, James Wallace, N. S. Kendrick, B. Colby, H. B. Beers, Amos Tufts, A. H. Burr, John Allen, Alfred Parsons, O. N. Bush, Dr. Samuel Tuttle, Dr. A. G. Smith.

FOURTH OF JULY.

The Birth day of our Liberty! what day so appropriate to assemble and give thanks to Him who hath made us free! and there manifest the sincerity of our gratitude by proclaiming again, that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness, and so far as in our power, wash our hands from the sin of slavery by "doing works meet for repentance"—By protesting against its necessity, its cruelty, its mockery and by raising our highest note of indignation against the further prolongation of its horrid and hateful existence. Who will be so base a slave of prejudice and apathy as not to do something to obliterate its disgraceful blot from the otherwise fair and beautiful page of American history.—Let every man, who loves his neighbor, his brother, his Liberty, his country, his God, come to this Convention—not by delegates—but in propria persona.

"AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

What is the use of discussing the subject of Slavery here; why don't you go to the South? objects the moral cowards of the North. Let them read the following and be ashamed of their ignorance and impertinence.

To our unexpected correspondent and liberal subscriber we offer our unfeigned thanks, and trust he will furnish us with as many facts as possible respecting this demoniacal land Piracy of the U. S. We shall like the Prophet "cry aloud, spare not, and lift up our voice like a trumpet and show the people their transgressions." We are gravely told by men claiming common sense and honesty, "that the slave-holders would gladly

abolish slavery if they could, without making the condition of the slaves worse." Why then those "negro hunters?" Why then pursue a thousand miles, and expend a \$1000 to retake a run-away slave not worth \$200? To make an example of him; aye, to worse than crucify him. And all this to show "that they would abolish slavery if they could!" What contemptible hypocrisy!

To the Editor of the Rights of Man:

Sir, knowing that this fallen world lies in sin, and that the devil is yet the prince and power of the air, it follows of course that a paper devoted to the Rights of Man, and advocating the cause of the oppressed, must languish for support, and unless its friends make sacrifices it must fail for the want of it. I beg of you therefore to accept a moiety of the money at my command, which is at present but ten dollars and send one copy of your paper to — Va. And sir, I hope the time will soon come when through the influence of your paper, and its fellows, the selfish, wealthy, and worldly minded shall be arrested in their opposition, like Paul, and be made to contribute to your cause.— America like England, on the subject of Slavery must have a wide spread, deep toned public opinion. The sin of prejudice, or the prejudice of sin, forms all the unrighteous laws, forges all the galling chains, and fills to the brim the bitter cup of Slavery. Public opinion must be embodied against this sin, it must be stereotyped and wafted by the winds of heaven, to enlighten and convict all of the fully, the sin and consequent danger of Slavery. Already public opinion begins to change at the south, and the friends of humanity will send you facts from this quarter which almost raise the dead, such facts as will awaken the public attention, not only to its danger but its duty too.

Why sir, I was born in a Catholic country, and have seen bones broken on the rack, and blood flow from the guillotine, but of all the extended evils that ever I witnessed, the American slave trade produced the worst. One of the kidnappers visited us in — Va. the other day, he bought a car man of this place who was much respected, of a man who was Administrator of the will of the negro's master. By the will the negro was to be free at twenty eight years, he is now twenty-six, having but two years to serve. The robbers having made the bargain they next contrived to kidnap him by sending him to the jail with a barrel of flour, on the delivery of which he was seized and locked up till the boat waited for him at the wharf. Manacled they took him a board. His wife and child and mercantile friends rushed down to the wharf but it was too late, and all in vain; he had paid but two hundred for his victim; they offered him double the sum; finally six hundred and fifty dollars was made up for him and refused; and I need not mention the shrieking and crying of the wife and child. He hid them not; and this is but one instance out of two millions of the subjects of our wicked oppression. Some of your northern men will say "what is that to us? see thou to that." But if, as in the 50th psalm "when thou savest a thief then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaken with adulterers." God will reprove you and set your sins in order before your eyes, and says unto you, "Now consider this ye that fear God lest he here tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver."

Many of these kidnappers tell our Anti-Slavery brethren here: we consider slavery wrong, but a great misfortune. But on that supposition they would hardly spend a thousand dollars to overtake one who ran away from this great misfortune for the sake of making an example of him. No, even christians themselves hold on, and they will hold on under the doctrine of expediency until they find that in holding on they must let go of Christ.— And that there is no peace for the wicked, but in ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well.

Yours truly,

* Not sure that our correspondent intended the whole of his letter for publication, we have for the present suppressed a few words and his signature.—Ed. R. of Man.

MYSTERIOUS.

We understand that a gentleman who resides west of this place, discovered in his orchard a 40 gallon oil cask, contiguous to the bank of the canal, and on knocking in one of the heads, to his astonishment, the contents proved to be the body of a female, approaching a state of decomposition; it was entirely divested of every article of clothing. Doubtless this was an expedient adopted to elude a recognition of the body.

We also understand that the body was immediately interred without examination, or without calling a jury of inquest, and that these hasty proceedings were by the advice of one or more physicians, who were called on the occasion. We are surprised to hear that so awful and suspicious a circumstance should have been suffered to pass without more scrutiny, and indulge the hope that a farther examination may yet be instituted, that something may be discovered about the cask or body by which the whole transaction may be exposed.—Lock Dem.

State Prison Labor.—The bill providing for the appointment by the Governor, of three commissioners, to visit the State Prisons, examine into their labor and economy, and particularly the propriety of teaching the convicts mechanical trades, has passed both houses.—Albany Argus.

BURDEN'S BOAT.—We learn from the N. York Mechanics' Magazine, (a work, by the way which ought to be more liberally patronized and which shall receive more of our attention hereafter,) that this water velocipede is now at the Dry Dock in that city, being finished. The Journal promises soon to give a full representation of it, and, on its first trip, to record every particular of interest to its readers.

From the Providence Journal.

CHARTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF RHODE ISLAND SURRENDERED.

At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of the most ancient and honorable Society of free and accepted masons for the state of Rhode Island, &c. holden at Mason's Hall, Providence, March 17th, 1834, the following resolutions and memorial, were adopted.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge surrender to the General Assembly of this state, at their next May session, to be holden at Newport, within and for said state, the charter of Incorporation heretofore granted by said General Assembly to this Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That the following memorial and act of surrender be signed in the name and behalf of this Grand Lodge, by the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Masters, Grand Wardens, Grand Treasurer, and Grand Secretary of the same, and that the corporate seal of this Grand Lodge, be affixed thereto, in testimony of the assent of this corporation to the aforesaid surrender.

Attest, SAM. W. WHEELER, Grand Sec'y.

To the honorable General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island, next to be holden at Newport, within and for said state, on the 1st Wednesday of May, 1834.

The Grand Lodge of the most ancient and honorable society of free and accepted masons for the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, respectfully represent that by an act of the general Assembly, passed at their May session 1812, a charter of incorporation was granted to your memorialists, constituting them a body politic and corporate, under the name and style of the Grand Lodge of the most ancient and honorable society of free and accepted Masons for the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,—that your memorialists have from that time to the present continued and acted under the authority granted them as a body corporate and politic, and in all things have conformed and been obedient to the laws of the State, that they now relinquish and surrender into the hands of this general Assembly the aforesaid charter of incorporation, granted to them as aforesaid, with all the powers, privileges and franchises thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining, reserving to, and claiming for themselves as individuals, all those rights and privileges which belong in common to every citizen in this Republic.

In testimony whereof the said Grand Lodge have hereunto caused their corporate seal to be affixed, this 30th day of April, A. D. 1834.

By order and in behalf of the Grand Lodge.

Signed, JOSEPH S. COOKE, Grand Master. SYLVESTER KNIGHT, D. G. Master. BARZILLAI CRANSTON, L. S. G. S. Warden, CYRUS FISHER, G. J. Warden, PARDON CLARKE, Grand Treasurer. SAMUEL W. WHEELER, Grand Secretary.

Distressing accident and loss of Life.—Yesterday about ten o'clock, a Sail Boat, with nine passengers on board, put off from the wharf to cross the Bay to the public pier. The wind was blowing very heavy. When about half way across, she capsized and seven out of the nine were lost. Thomas Miles, son of Capt. Miles, of the steam boat New York, and a Mr. Woodbury or Woodford, from French creek, in this county, clung to the boat, and were taken off by a boat which put off to their relief. Thomas McCortey, deputy collector of this port, and a Mrs. Thomas, wife of the second mate of the steam boat William Penn, both of this town, were among the number lost. The other five were strangers, who were going to take passage on board the New York, which was then coming into the harbor. We have taken every possible means to ascertain the names and residence of the strangers. From the Register of names in the public Hotels and on the way-bills, and other sources, we gather the following result, which still may not be accurate, to wit: Amos H. Bishop, Battered, Otsego co. N. Y. Luther Douglass, Sherman, Michigan Ter. A man by the name of Palmer, who took passage on board the stage at North East in this county, on the 13th inst. A young man name not known, said to belong at North East in this county, and a gentleman from the town of Palmer, Michigan Ter. name not known, understood from his conversation, to have been a merchant at that place. One of the bodies has been found, but nothing about him, by which his name can be discovered.—Erie Gaz.

THE PHENAKISTICOPE.—Many of our readers have doubtless seen this curious instrument, invented by Professor Stampele, of Vienna, and lately introduced into this country from Paris. It is so constructed that a series of figures painted on a revolving card and reflected by a looking glass, are made to present to the eye a variety of motions, which give the figures the appearance of life. It is not only an amusing toy, but it serves to illustrate some principles of optics not very familiar, and well deserving of being understood. We are glad to learn that Mr. Josiah Loring, whose unrivalled Globes we took occasion to notice lately, has undertaken to manufacture this little instrument.—Those of his manufacture are in every respect equal to those which are imported from Paris, and he has furnished them with an additional card which serves to illustrate some of the principles on which the instrument is constructed. The optical illusion produced by the movement of these figures is very surprising, and affords a fund of amusement, not for children only, but for persons of mature age.—Boston Daily Adv.

In Potter county, Pennsylvania, three rivers have their sources very near each other; and their confluent mouths at a singular distance. These rivers are the Susquehanna, the Alleghany and the Genesee—which flow respectively into the Chesapeake Bay, the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A light Man.—W.aley, in his "Wonders of the Great and Little World," gravely tells us that Philletus of Coos, who was an excellent critic and a very good poet in the time of Alexander the Great, had a body so lean and so light, that he used to wear leaden shoes, and never walked out without a leaden weight about him, lest he should be blown away by the wind.

From the Rochester Daily Dem. of May 16.

STEAM BOAT OSWEGO LOST!

The following letter from Rev. Mr. CURRY gives a minute and interesting detail of the incidents attending the stranding of the Steam Boat Oswego, mentioned yesterday. It was put into our hands by a friend, to whose urgent solicitation we are indebted for Mrs. C's consent to the publication of such parts of it as we thought proper. We give it nearly entire, and think no apology necessary, should it evidently was not written for the public eye.

Oswego, May 13, 1834.

Tuesday morning.

My Dear Wife—Once more must I tell you of a most merciful deliverance which the Lord has shown me by an high hand, and by an outstretched arm. Soon after we left Rochester, the wind rose and we had been out only a few minutes before the boat began to roll in the trough of the sea, with the wind upon her side; after some difficulty she was got before the wind, and continued to run well for a short time, and we hoped soon to reach Oswego. During all this time the gale was increasing; soon she again lurched and lay rolling in the sea without obeying the rudder at all. The after bulwarks were knocked away and nailed on her bows, where some blankets had previously been fastened for the purpose of bringing her before the wind, but all to no purpose.

Thus we continued from about 2 o'clock P. M. until 12 at night, we found her drifting ashore, and let go both anchors with chain cables, when she was brought up with a tremendous crash; but she still moved gradually toward shore. Once she struck heavily, but did not spring a leak so as to alarm us with the fear of sinking.

The gale's mean time increased, and the waves dashed by in fury. All the passengers were called on deck to be ready for the worst. Then was a solemn moment! The clamor of the captain and hands, which during their efforts had been loud and harried, was now hushed, for they could do no more. The night was intensely dark. No one could tell where we were or the nature of the coast. Then I thought of Eternity, and offered a prayer that God would care for my wife and child; and oh, how fervently did I thank him that you were not with me. I looked upon the waves, and heard their tremendous roar, and anticipated the moment when the struggle should commence. I had at the commencement of the voyage felt a fear—nay, almost a surety, that we should be brought to extremity; as I lay in my berth reviewing my life, oh how my heart smote me. I was agitated, for I did not feel ready to depart and be with Christ.— But I knew where my strength lay. I called on God; felt myself to be a Jonah, and asked for mercy for myself and all who were on board. The Lord heard my vows and prayers; and it was not long before I felt resigned. As the danger thickened, he sustained me, and I could even have gone quietly to sleep without a tear, but the motion of the boat prevented me. I lay musing and longing for the decisive moment.

At length the shore was plain in sight—presently the boat struck! A few swells lifted her higher on the beach, and on examining with a lantern we found to our great joy that we were within ten or twelve feet of high water mark! A seaman speedily went on shore and succeeded in fastening a line; others now went to his assistance; a fire was kindled on the beach, which showed us more minutely the situation we were in. The boat lay on a gravelly shore, in such a situation as to convince us that the danger of losing life was over. A long plank and pole were found among the drift wood on shore, and laid against the boat's side; two short ladders were made fast to the plank, and the women went on shore, then the men; and we were glad to huddle together around the fire, and sit or lie in heaps on the stones, thanking God for his deliverance—for no life I believe was lost! We suffered some with the cold, but with the help of blankets and mattresses, were made more comfortable than we expected.

In the morning we learned that we were about four miles from Oswego. Mr. Kempshall, myself and several others, set out on foot through the woods to find a house. After walking about a mile, we found inhabitants, and hired a wagon to carry us into Oswego before breakfast. I am now at the tavern, resting and nursing a head ache, which I have had since morning, in consequence of long fasting and fatigue.— I did not eat or sleep since I saw you till this morning after coming to Oswego. I should like to fill this sheet, but am so stupid that I must leave you to your own reflections, on this marked interposition of Providence in our behalf. I spoke to several at the time of our deliverance, and all agreed that the special guidance of God alone could have saved us. A few lengths further east, and we must, to all human appearances, have perished.— As the Lake for a mile out is filled with breakers, if the wind had not increased and blown a hurricane at the time we first struck, the boat would probably have bilged on a rock.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord, for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men!" * * * W. F. CURRY.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Burns paid little deference to the artificial distinctions of society. On his way to Leith, one morning, he met a man in Hoddin-grey—a vest country farmer: he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped and conversed with him. All this was seen by a young Edinburgh blood, who took the poet roundly to task for his defect of taste. "Why, you fantastic gomeril," said Burns, "it was not the great coat, the s.ouce bonnet, and the Sauguar boot hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh you and I, and ten more such, any day."—Cunningham.

Inpunity of Ambassadors.—A member of the Cherokee delegation of Indians, on his way to Washington upon a mission from his tribe, was recently arrested for debt in the Arkansas territory, and required to give bail. It was contended, however, that as an Ambassador of a foreign power, he was not liable to arrest in a civil suit. Cf this opinion were two justices of the peace before whom the question was mooted, and he was thereupon discharged.—Com. Adv.

For the Rights of Man.

Scene—A work house in New Orleans, in one corner of which is seen a youth of 17, kneeling by the side of a colored woman of 60,—the woman in the struggle of death.

Then call'd the dying mother to her son; And as she call'd a youth of goodly mien Knelt by her side—'tis true he was not white— Nor was he nurtured in a Christian land. Yet in his countenance shone there such a light Of virtue and intelligence, as would At sight, arrest and fix the wand'ring gaze.

He saw his mother—aged and infirm— Worn out with grief—distress'd by sore disease— Expiring on her bed of burials and straw, With scarce a rag to shield her from the storm. Ah! mother,—said the sighing, weeping youth— In our own land it was not so with thee; Thou art not us'd to such hard fare as this.

I little thought when first the Christians came To us—and told us of their glorious land— The Liberty for which they fought and bled; And fawned around us with the serpent's guile, 'That they within were nought but ravenous wolves;

Drest in sheep's clothing—watching for their prey. But when they seized us in the dead of night, And fir'd our peaceful dwelling o'er our heads; And when they furious dragg'd us to their boats, And chain'd us down for fear we should escape; Ah! then I knew—I realiz'd our fate. And I foresaw long seasons of despair That would be spent by thee in fruitless sighs.

When'er I think of Afric's sunny shores— The dear delights of youth and hopeful age— Our kindred Friends—the Idol of my soul; They seem to twine around my contrite heart, And tears alone relieve my troubled breast. E'en now perhaps the Idol of my heart Sits lonely watching on the shore, where last Was seen the ship that bore us far from home, In hopes that some kind breeze would tidings bring Of him who was so rudely torn away.

But Mother! thou shalt wear the chain no more— No longer fear thy master's cruel scourge; Our Gracious Master—he hath called for thee. And when he brings thee to his rest above, Remember me.—

—I oft my tedious task Did haste to finish—for when'er I saw My own dear Mother writhing 'neath the lash, Because her hands too feeble were to work,— I did resolve—(and this renewed my strength)— To hurry on with my own rigid task, And help my aged mother on with hers.

TELEMACHUS.

Rochester, May 1st, 1834.

LIFE.

"The eternal change But grasps humanity with quicker range— And they who fall, but fall as worlds would fall To rise, it just, a spirit o'er them all.

Byron.

The life of man is brief; his existence but a span: and, like all else of earth, he buds, and blossoms; withers and dies.— And what is death that it should be dreaded and mourned as the greatest misery that can befall man? Is it the end of our being—the entire dissolution of the principles of our nature—the dissolving and utter annihilation of our spiritual essence? Our souls recoil at such ideas, and will not for a moment give credence to them. What then, is death, which we are taught to regard with feelings of awful dread? It is a change of existence; it is the spirit, the inward life, passing from one sort of its privilege to another; it is the dropping of this mortal coil, and putting on immortality: it is the escaping of the imprisoned soul from the care of mortality to a region of light and ethereal liberty: it is the ordeal through which man is destined to pass in order to fit him for a higher, holier, purer state of being: it is a boundary which, when passed, brings him into closer contact with his Creator. Why then, should man fear death? Why repine at his lot? Why say that the trees and the flowers fade but to bloom again, and in that are more favored than man? How strange! when every feeling within tells us that we fade but to blossom more brightly, and cease our existence here to live happier in another sphere. Yes! this earth, though it has borne many generations of men, and has received their bodies into its bosom, shall moulder and decay, but the spirits of mankind shall still survive! Yes! the silver moon, the planets, the myriad stars, shall pass away and fall into annihilation, yet shall the souls which inhabited them not moulder or decay or pass away, or be annihilated, but shall soar nobly in the regions of Heaven, glorifying the Creator, and singing praises to the most high God! The spirit shall not die, but live in glory unutterable by mortals' fettered tongue! Such is death: a transition from darkness into light—from misery to joy—from woe to happiness—from grossness, to pure undefiled and glorious immortality!

CHINESE MUSICAL KITE.—A merchant in Philadelphia lately received from China a paper kite, which differs chiefly from ours in that it carries with it an Æolian harp.—

The principles of the Æolian harp are well known. It is simply a catgut string stretched along any crevice through which the air rushes. According to the degree of tension and size of this string vibrating by the force of the rushing wind, it produces different notes, which also vary in strings of the same size and tension when struck by the wind with a greater or less degree of force; but always in such a manner as to produce perfect harmony. The string of the Æolian harp is fixed from the head to the point of it, so as to be but a small distance from the back-bone. Two holes, one rather larger than the other, are made along the back-bone in the kite, through which the air, when the key is raised, strikes the string, and produces the musical effect of the Æolian harp. Instead of a catgut string, a fibre of cane is made use of in this instance. Captain Howell says he has frequently been witness to the effect of this musical plaything, and the first time he heard it, struck him with surprise. He heard and could see nothing that appeared to have connection with the sound. Such music from the clouds must have appeared extraordinary; and it might easily be supposed to come thence, as to proceed from a child's paper kite.—N. Y. Mirror.

VENTRILQISM.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexander made us, I never witnessed, and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled; that was allowed by every one; but the effect there was not to be compared to that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord's step-daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but, I am such an astonishment and terror, from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexander made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hands and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buzz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted, in a rough obstreperous manner, on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg;—on which the landlord ran to the door and locked it, and ordered the man to go about his business, for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man go round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, threatening; all the while Alexander was just standing with his back to us at the room door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement, as Jane was in, I never beheld. "But ye need not be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's bolted an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is na sa wide a' that jag." However, down he come—and down he come, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it saying, "he is winning down, I believe after a'." He is surely the devil." Alexander went to the chimney, and, in his own natural voice, ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in, he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him burling down over slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations. We drank freely and paid liberally, that afternoon: but I am sure the family never were so glad to get rid of a party in all their lives.—The Ettrick Shepherd, in Friendship's Offering.

LABOR IS HONORABLE.—The following paragraph, extracted from the message of Governor Davis to the legislature of Massachusetts, is highly creditable to its author:

"While we continue to respect labor—while we look upon it, as it is, the great element that imparts to our country a growth which errors in public policy can scarcely check, and to our institutions their overpowering strength; while we hold it to be meritorious and honorable, instead of servile; while we cling to the purity and simplicity of life, which belongs to this condition, instead of degenerating into the follies, the vanity and false hopes which overgrown wealth often beget; while we pursue a policy that will give to this labor the most ample scope and encouragement in all its various occupations, we shall have little occasion to entertain apprehension for our free institutions, if we also continue to provide liberally for the culture and improvement of the mind."

STRAW WEAVING.

We had the pleasure a few days since of witnessing the operation of weaving straw for the manufacture of bonnets—at the establishment in this town under the charge of J. Goulding. There are now employed in this establishment upwards of 100 females, engaged in weaving the straw into plaits, or webs of about two inches in width. The variety of patterns is large, many of them very beautiful. In some the common rye straw of this country is interwoven with the Tuscan straw. The web or warp into which the straw is woven is composed of silk, doubled and twisted from the cocoons very fine, but yet sufficiently strong for the purpose. This silk is prepared, as we are informed by Mr. G., by a son of his who is located in Mansfield, Conn. where for several years past a considerable quantity of silk has been produced. Mr. Goulding was formerly a silk weaver in Manchester, England, and his family understood the culture of the worm, the manufacture and weaving of silk, and are said to be in the exclusive possession of this information in this country. Mr. Goulding has already invented machinery, and woven several patterns of silk vesting and webbing in this country, but at present this part of the business cannot be profitably carried on here. He intends, however, to prosecute the business, and has set out trees for that purpose at Dedham.

We have no doubt that the production and manufacture of silk will become a very important part of American industry, as many millions of dollars are annually paid for the imported article. We have as yet much to learn, but a few years will put the country in full possession of all the necessary information for carrying on successfully every part of silk manufacture.

We notice by the papers that some silk handkerchiefs have been manufactured in Dayton, Ohio—under the superintendence of Daniel Roe, Esq. the product of the native mulberry. Their colour is the natural colour of the silk, and they appear to be a very durable article.—Bunker-hill Aurora.

The Number Five.—The Chinese have a great regard for this number. According to them there are five elements—water, fire, metals, wood, earth; five perpetual virtues—goodness, justice, honesty, science, and truth; five tastes—sourness, sweetness, bitterness, acidity, and salt; five colors—azure, yellow, flesh color, white and black; they say there are five viscera—the liver, the heart, the lungs, the kidneys, and the stomach. They count five organs of the senses—ears, eyes, mouth, nose, and eyebrows. A Chinese author has written a curious dialogue between these senses. The mouth complains that the nose is not only to near, but above her; the nose in reply defends its position, by stating that but for it the mouth would eat stinking meats. The nose in turn complains of being below the eyes; they reply that but for them men would often break their noses.—Le Lanterne Magique.

LAUDABLE EMULATION.—We find the following account of an innocent and useful amusement in the last Newport Republican:

Last Thursday many of the community witnessed a somewhat novel and pleasing sight. It was a trial of the skill in the use of the plough. Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Robert Johnston, engaged fifteen ploughs with their necessary teams and men to plough some fifteen acres of green-sward. A fair compensation for each team and man, and a premium of ten dollars to him who should plough his particular land the neatest in accordance with rules submitted and approved by the company before the task commenced, were the terms proffered and accepted by the tillers of the soil. The trial occupied some six or eight hours. Sixty head of cattle were harnessed for the occasion. The whole scene was beautiful and amusing—and when these honorable sons of the soil had finished the work they were given to do, the committee, appointed for the purpose, examined the respective claims, and reported in favor of Joshua Peckham. It is our opinion, which is something worth seeing that we are a farmer—that a like tract of land, of fifteen or twenty acres, was never ploughed better. The day ended well.

"And each took off his several way. Resolved to" plough "some other day."

How much more manly and praiseworthy, says the Working Man's Advocate, is a trial of skill of the above mentioned description than a fox hunt, a horse race, a shooting match, or a cock fight, none of which amusements can be pursued but at the expense of humanity and the loss of time. The one must be a source of enduring satisfaction, while the other can at best afford but momentary gratification.

Multiplicity of Smiths.—It is a well known fact, that the thriving family of "Smiths" have always held numerical predominance over any other that has been established since the Norman conquest: whether it be attributable to their extraordinary progenital powers, or to a public preference of the monosyllabic cognomen, perhaps is not known. A curious packet, however, which was delivered a few days ago, shows how frequently this name is made use of. On two bags of flour, the direction runs thus: "Mr. Wm. Smith, of Carlton;" "from Mr. Wm. Smith, of South well;" "by Wm. Smith the Newark carrier;" "to be left at Mr. Wm. Smith's, the Crown in Newark, till called for." It may be necessary to observe that each of these names refers to a different person.

FROM GOODSELL'S GENESEE FARMER.

SOAP MAKING.

This is a process in which many of our good house-wives experience much inconvenience and vexation. This arises from their not being sufficiently acquainted with the simple, and compound substances which they employ.

When a solution of potash, or ley, is deprived of carbonic acid, or rendered caustic, it readily combines with animal fat, and forms the compound called soft soap. When both the ingredients are in a proper condition, there is no difficulty in making soap.

As soap for the use of farmers' females, is more commonly prepared by leaching the ashes, which have been made during winter, we will give such short directions as will enable all house keepers to make a good article with little trouble.

A barrel with one head is most commonly made use of as a leach; into this, when placed at a suitable height upon a board, should be put one peck of fresh burnt, slacked lime, and the barrel filled with ashes. Water should be put upon the top, and allowed to filter through until the most of the potash contained in them has been separated. The object in putting the lime at the bottom of the cask is that the ley may pass through it, and deprive it of any carbonic acid it may contain, and which would prevent it from combining with the grease and forming soap. When potash is saturated with carbonic acid, it forms pearlash, or saleratus, which will not combine with grease; but as lime has a stronger affinity for the carbonic acid than the potash has, it will retain it when leached through it, and allow the potash or ley to run off in its caustic state.

Another cause of failures in soap making is, the quantity of salt that is often mixed with the grease; this should be carefully separated by boiling it in a kettle with a quantity of water, by which means the salt will unite with the water, and leave the grease in a proper condition for mixing with the ley. When there is care to free the ley from acid and the grease from salt, fine soap may be made at the rate of a barrel from every fifteen or twenty pounds of grease.

The strength of the ley, to combine readily—should be such as to float a new laid hen's egg, and all that runs after it is of that strength, should either be reserved and put upon the next leach full of ashes or boiled down until it acquires the specific gravity required.

In order to have soap as mild as possible, there should be as much grease added, as the ley will dissolve, in which case the soap will be smooth, and salve like, and will be soon convenient for washing; then when it is hard or liver like, which last is made by adding about an equal quantity of water to well made soap, and is what soap makers call sophisticated soap.

Those who would make hard or bar soap for family use, can do it, by appropriating a suitable portion of clean made soft soap, into which, while boiling, the should add by degrees, common salt, until it undergoes a change or curdles, after which they should allow it to cool, when the hard soap will be upon the top; this may be taken off, and the bottom cleaned from those impurities which will be found adhering to it, cut it into bars for drying, or it may be put into the kettle again with a very little water, and again heated and allowed to cool as before, when it will have become more uniform.

Rationale.—In this process, the potash has a stronger affinity for the muriatic acid of the common salt, than the soda has, and of course a decomposition takes place,—the potash combining with the muriatic acid, forming muriate of potash, and the soda combines with the grease and forms hard soap.

Cure for a Film in the eyes of a Horses, or of an Ox.—Edward S. Jarvis, Esq. of Surrey, Me. in a letter to Mr. Joseph R. Newell, proprietor of the Boston Agricultural Warehouse, states as follows: Have you ever heard of a cure for a film on the eye of a horse or an ox? I was told of one eighteen or twenty years ago, and have been in practice of it ever since with perfect success.

It was brought to my mind by just having a proof of its successful application in a calf that had its eye hurt by a blow from another creature. A film formed over it, and it was thought its eye was lost. But I turned into its opposite ear, a great spoonful of hogs fat, and it was cured in 24 hours. I do not pretend to account for this, but I have seen it tried with success so often that I think it ought to be made public, if it has not been before. I learned it of an Indian.

In our last paper we published a receipt for the Rheumatism, which was simply this:—Take a strip of gum elastic, and tie it round the joints affected." This would not endanger life, and was well worthy the experiment. So we say. It was tried upon a gentleman of this place, who had resorted to almost every other remedy, and to his surprise had the desired effect. In fact, he was so much reduced by this disease as to lose the use of his limbs, and in making the experiment, he has not only been relieved of the pain and weakness so incident to its nature, but is finally gaining and enjoying nearly the wonted strength of his system. We recommend the remedy.—Lebanon Gazette.

Gumption.—This is a fine old Scotch word not generally to be found in the dictionaries, though it is worthy a place in the best. It has a great deal of meaning in it, and often expresses what nothing else can.

When I see a girl reject the addresses of a respectable young man, who owns a farm, goes to meeting, and pays his debts, for one who visits the theatre, and spends his money faster than he earns it, I think to myself she has not got much gumption.

When I see a young mechanic who wants a good wife, that can make a pudding, spit a turkey, and nurse his babies; dangling after a piece of affection, because she has been to a dancing school and can play on a piano, I guess he has not got much gumption.