THE EXAMINER.

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LOUISVILLE:::::::::::NOV. 27, 1847.

Little Delaware.

The "Blue Hen's Chicken"—a leading paper, with a queer name, but having a brave and catholic spirit,—informs us, that full and free discussions of slavery have taken place at *Wilmington*.

Lucretia Mott—a woman identified with every philanthropic enterprise—with kindred spirits—led in the discussions—says the paper referred to—

"Their whole conduct is so peaceful, so humane, that even those who are not convinced are forced to admire their self-devotion to what they believe the best interest and happiness of the human family. They were listened to by large, attentive, and orderly audiences, and, although no chairman or other officers were appointed, we have seldom seen better order observed.—This is creditable to our orderly city—we recognise the republican principle, that those who differ from us have an equal right to be heard with ourselves; and that no man is bound to hear what displeases him."

Slaves in Kentucky.

The National Era says:

According to the tables of valuation in Kentucky, the slaves numbered:

In 1846 - - -	185,583
In 1847 - - -	189,560

In 1840, the slave population, by the census, was 182,072. If the rate of increase should continue till 1850, as it was last year, the slave population of Kentucky will amount to more than 201,000 by the next census, showing an increase greater than for the ten years ending with 1840. Is it not time for Kentuckians to be moveing? Is the rapid growth of slavery among them a prospect to be contemplated with pleasure?

The hour is at hand. None of us want to see slavery taking deeper root among us. Few slaveholders desire to see the evil increased; a large majority of them want to, and ere long, *will*, if we mistake not their generous purposes, move for emancipation.

Stop, an you please!

The good people of Georgetown, South Carolina, mean to go far enough, though they evidently don't see *where*. Among the resolutions passed, is this:—

Resolved, That the Government of the United States cannot of right interfere with the social or domestic institutions of any State or Territory of this Confederacy.

Very well. We acquire territory in Mexico. By law it is free, and according to this resolve the Government of the United States could not recognize slavery in it. Certainly, if it cannot interfere to remove, it cannot interfere to establish.

Our friends must put on their specs. They did not mean to say what they have said, or if they did, they are not half so mad, politically, as some suppose.

The Circular Again.

The distinguished perpetualists who wrote the famous circular, published in No. 13, of the Examiner, say—

"You cannot but have observed the rapid progress of the anti-slavery spirit for some time past, and the alarming influence it has exerted on the politics of the country, as exhibited at Washington, and throughout the non-slaveholding States of the Union."

In our issue of Sept. 25th, we endeavored to show, that these perpetualists had deepened and extended the anti-slavery feeling of the slave States, and now we desire to show, that they have done the same thing, only to a much greater extent, in the free States.

The policy of the South—granting the position of the Carolina gentlemen, that abolitionism was all wrong—was, not to agitate the subject. The slave States were supreme over slavery within their separate borders; Congress had no power to disturb it where it existed, or create it where it did not exist. It was a fatal policy, therefore, to demand of the people of the free States—to demand of Congress, in any form or shape, as was done from the first, a guaranty *above* the Constitution.

But this was a blunder; bad, we admit, in itself, and bad in its consequences, taking the view of the perpetualists; but still it was not half so bad as the *measures* proposed by them, the *doctrines* they based upon those measures, and the *spirit* with which they urged and defended both.

1st. As to their measures.

From first to last, whether they related to home or foreign matters, they have been in extreme. Was a tariff deemed injurious to the South? Nothing short of its immediate and entire overthrow would satisfy them! Did the press and pamphlets of abolitionists anger them? Liberty of speech must be denied, and the whole Post Office converted, at once, into an inquisitorial system to arrest their circulation in the South! Were the officials at Washington tricked into the belief that Great Britain was seeking to get possession of Texas? Forthwith an effort was made to persuade France that her interest lay, in sustaining the United States, and upholding slavery in the Tropics! Turn which way we may—look at what quarter we please—we shall find, wherever the perpetualists had power, that they exerted it always in its extremest and most offensive form, by proposing and defending measures at once anti-American and ultra. Look at the partial list, as vouched for by the history of the past:—

1st. Nullification, with that terrible engine of tyranny, a *test oath*—an engine unknown in any free land.

2d. The denial of the right of Petition—a right once held inalienable in South Carolina, and always regarded as fundamental by freemen everywhere.

3d. A proposition to qualify, and restrict, liberty of speech—to deny to Southern men the privilege of reading what they chose, and to Northern men the right of circulating what they had printed.

4th. The extension of Slavery.

Next. As to the *doctrines* based upon these measures.

These have been, and *are*, ultra, and not only so! for the perpetualists have put them, invariably, in the most ultra and offensive form. The free States—the people in the free States—have never quarreled with the slave States, or the people of the slave States, for defending the patriarchal or peculiar institution. This was expected. For this, all parties were prepared. But none expected, or were prepared for the avowal of doctrines which despots defend, and even liberal Princes denounce. This was done. We could fill our paper with quotations illustrating this position; but let a few suffice, as they are fair samples of all, and come from men of high authority.

B. W. Leigh, of Va., referring to the institution of Slavery, said:

"The man who depends on his labor for support, is *unfit to enter into political affairs*."

J. C. Calhoun, on the same subject declared:—

"We regard slavery as the most safe and simple basis for free institutions in the world. It is impossible with us, that the conflict can take place between labor and capital, which makes it so difficult to establish and maintain free institutions in all wealthy and civilized nations, where such institutions do not exist. Every plantation is a little community, *with the master at its head, who concentrates in himself the united interests of capital and labor, of which he is the common representative.*"

George McDuffie, arguing in favor of perpetual slavery, avowed:—

"In the very nature of things there must be classes of persons to discharge all the different offices of society, from the highest to the lowest. Some of these offices are regarded as *degraded*, although they must and will be performed. Hence those manifold forms of dependent servitude, which produce a sense of superiority in the masters or employers, and of inferiority on the part of the servants. *Where these offices are performed by members of the political community, a dangerous element* is obviously introduced into the body politic. *Hence, the alarming tendency* TO VIOLATE THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY BY AGRARIAN LEGISLATION, which is beginning to be manifest in the older States where UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE prevails, *without domestic slavery*.

"In a word, the institution of domestic slavery supercedes the necessity of an order of nobility, and all the other appendages of a hereditary system of government."

F. W. Pickens, denying the first sentiment of the Declaration of Independence, said:—

"True, it is an abstract truths but like other abstractions, *it can have no actual existence*. I lay down this proposition as universally true, that there is not, nor ever was, a society organized under one political system, for a period long enough to constitute an era, where *one class* would not practically and substantially OWN *another class* in some shape or form.

"All society settles down into a classification of capitalists and laborers. The former will own the latter, either collectively through government, or individually in a state of domestic servitude, as exists in the Southern States of this confederacy. If LABORERS ever obtain the POLITICAL POWER of a country, it is, in fact, in a state of REVOLUTION."

Last. As to the *spirit* in which these measures and doctrines have been proposed and defended—

From the start, our friends, the perpetualists were bitter—fiercely and vehemently bitter—against the people of the Free States. No terms of reproach were too strong for them. No language of denunciation was too violent. If the Tariff, if slavery, if any, so called, *southern* measure, were under consideration, in Carolina, or at Washington, northern men, the northern people—were spoken of as "usurpers," "plunderers," "avaricious speculators," and "swindlers." Nor did Kentucky, even, escape their harsh assault. Who does not remember how Mr. Clay was hunted down by them? Who is not familiar with the fact that Ex-Governor Metcalfe was assailed by Mr. McDuffie, and every means resorted to, besides, to *drive* Kentuckians into the support of an ultra Southern policy? Who does not know, that the Carolina democracy refused to act with the Kentucky democracy, and that they spurned them "as spoil-seekers?" Towards all who questioned the justice, or propriety of their course—towards the North especially—they have turned with unrelenting and bitter spite, treating them as if they were a menial brood whose behoof it was to lick the hand that smote them!

Let one instance of this spirit be given.

In 1835 the citizens of Charleston and Columbia, and the people of the Parishes, in South Carolina, met in their primary assemblies, and declared that a dissolution of the Union must follow, if the Abolitionists were allowed to go on undisturbed. Mr. Calhoun speaking for them (see Niles' Register, September 5, 1835) averred that no other alternative was left. Now, though the resolutions of these primary assemblies were harsh and violent, yet the people of the North responded at once and promptly to them. Boston led. Philadelphia followed. The great city of New York closed. In one and in all, the ablest citizens took part—the ablest and the oldest—and in one and in all, "our Southern brethren" were assured by such speakers as Harrison Gray Otis, and through resolutions, sanctioned by such men as Judge Kent, Cornelius W. Lawrence, &c., *"that the people of the free States had no political right with the slavery of the Southern States, nor moral right, under any circumstances, to adopt violent or aggressive measures for the purpose of abolishing it"*. And how were they met? "If they are honest," said the leading press of South Carolina, in a taunting tone, "let them give us some guaranty besides the Constitution." "We demand of you," insolently exclaimed Southern members of Congress, "if you mean what you say, that you join us in denying the right of petition." Even *this* was granted, and then came new territory, and with it the extension of slavery!!

Now, with these facts (familiar to all, and part of our common history) before them, let intelligent and high-minded Kentuckians, or Virginians, or Southrons, imagine themselves citizens of Massachusetts or Ohio, or any Free State—and, as such hear harsh measures proposed, harsher doctrines avowed and both pressed in a spirit full of violence and contumely, and then ask how they would meet them? Why, in the very nature of things, such conduct must drive them *from* the South—drive them into the sternest opposition, *to* the South, and to an institution which demanded for its support acts so monstrous in their iniquity, and principles so despotic in their nature. *Such was the effect upon the Freemen of the Free States.* They could stand much. They could put up with Nullification as a theory of visionaries, and pardon angry insults as the result of over-excitement. But when wrong was added to insult—when the laboring classes were denounced as *serfs*, and slavery declared to be the *only* safe guard of liberty, when the right of petition was denied, and slave-extension decreed, a defiant spirit was awakened in the Free States, a spirit which shook off New Hampshire from her allegiance to South Carolina, which but lately has roused New York, to declare for freedom and Free-Soil,—and, on this point, will unite all into one firm phalanx.

Shall we ask who have been the *efficient* agents in this work? The *Abolitionists* have accomplished much; but, in our humble opinion, the *perpetualists* have done MORE. We honestly believe that they have, by the course they have pursued, deepened, *five hundred fold*, the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the Free States.

"Glorious Victory."

How often do we see these words placed at the head of accounts of bloody battles in which hundreds were killed and wounded, and whole cities ruined! The reception of the news of the victory is followed by joyful shouts, by the firing of cannon, and a thousand other manifestations of gladness. It is well to guard against being carried away by a one-sided view of things. At some of the feasts in ancient times, a skeleton was placed, pointing with its bony finger at the viands, to remind men of their mortality even in the midst of revelry. Wisdom urges us to take a similar course in other things.

The lofty self-devotion of some who have exposed their lives from pure love of country, has made their memories dear to mankind. But no one who has proper feelings will ever think of fighting for "glory." The true hearted man will regret the necessity which drives him to shed the blood of his fellow-men, as the benevolent officer weeps when called to execute the stern sentence of the law. The time will come, when men will look back and wonder how it was possible that human beings could ever seek for glory in butchering one another. They will view this as we now look on the custom of offering human sacrifices. The one is as barbarous as the other. The savage makes him an idol of wood, and offers up his enemies on the altar; the civilized man makes an idol of glory, and sacrifices his fellow-men to her. "Moloch, horrid king," was not more "besmeared with blood" than Glory has been.

In the sacrifices to Moloch, the cries of the victims were drowned by "the noise of drums and timbrels loud;" those who sacrifice to Glory have devised many plans to drown the cries of bereaved fathers and mothers, the shrieks of the widow and the orphan; and too often the shouts of "Glory" have risen above every other sound. Suppose that on the eve of a battle all who are to be affected by it should be collected on the field. In sight of those who are about to shed each others' blood for glory, are the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the wives and children, the friends and loved ones, whose lives are to be rendered miserable by the conflict. If, after the firing of a volley, all the woe it has caused should rise in one scream of agony, who would have the heart to fire again? Ah, it must be a great cause that requires the murdering of our brothers. The patriot warrior should be as pure in heart, as are the angels that surround the throne of God.

He, who makes widows and orphans for mere military fame should have no eagle painted on his banner. The carrion vulture that follows in his track should also lead him on to "Glory." If a material form were to be selected for the glory which mere military heroes have worshipped, the most horrible images that have ever visited the dreams of the sick would be too tame for the purpose. As the Grecian artist is said to have selected the most beautiful features from the most lovely females to form his master piece, so the most horrible lineaments from all that is hateful and disgusting, should be blended together in one appalling picture of infernal deformity to stand as a representative of Glory.—Her car should be drawn by jackals and hyenas over a road paved with human hearts. Her seat should be formed of the coils of the most loathsome and deadly serpents. The most disgusting birds of prey should flap their wings around her head. The blood of those whom she is devouring should gush from her mouth, and stream down her breast; and all around her should be masses of black and putrifying gore. The only light that attempts to pierce the thick gloom that surrounds her, should be the red glare from burning cities. Such would be a faint picture of Glory!

The Removal of Evils.

There is no evil that afflicts society which ought to be considered irremovable. Bad institutions have existed in all ages, but it does not follow that they are therefore to be immortal. There is no evil, there is no institution from which flows injuries to the world, that is so rooted in the nature of man, or of such monstrous dimensions, that it can resist all efforts to destroy it. Though an institution may arise before the awe-stricken fancy of persons like a Gibraltar; and though the enemies of truth and right may have firmly entrenched themselves within its defences, its overthrow should not be despaired of. Bring the right sort of energy to the task, and let a sufficient number of hands be employed in the labor, and the time-defying pyramids of Gizeh may be razed to their foundations.

There is a deplorable infirmity which afflicts too many well-disposed persons—people who deeply regret the existence of evils of great magnitude, and fancy that because of their magnitude it is useless to attempt their removal. Now, this is the very reason why they ought to be warred against—why they should be immediately attacked with vigor, and their extermination decreed. It is weakness and irresolution in an individual to fold his arms and refuse to make war on an evil because of its formidable extent. The heroism of a true-hearted man is vitalized in the presence of great obstacles, and his soul burns with irrepressible ardor to attack and overcome them. Such a man does not think that because an enterprise is surrounded with many great difficulties, he ought to content himself with sighing and uttering lamentations. Whimpering is a very poor substitute for work—it can accomplish no good, but well-directed labor is always followed by good results.

The old doctrines of fate and destiny are nuisances, which every enlightened mind ought to regret as debasing. They answered very well as foundations for the machinery of Greek tragedies, but they are unsuited to the hearts of champions who deem reforms practicable. The Musselman says that it is the will of God that things shall take place as they do, and will not lift his hand to avert any evil however threatening. Evils are the results of man's perverted nature, and it is the business of man to remove and utterly to extirpate all that former wrong-headedness and wrong-heartedness have introduced. Crime and oppression have always degraded and depressed society, not because it is the will of heaven that they should afflict the world—not because the Great Supreme needs them as means by which He can secure a greater amount of good to His creatures than would otherwise be within their reach, but because men have rebelled against His will, and have entailed on themselves the punishment which always follows a departure from or trampling on His laws. It is a very poor philosophy, indeed, which teaches that the evils that afflict society are necessary to whatever good society enjoys, and that because human turpitude in past ages has subjected us to vast penalties, we ought supinely to regret them, and not gird on our armor to attack and to overthrow them.

There are many very good people who tell us that such is the magnitude of African slavery, so wide and profound is its baleful shadow, that we ought to despair rather than undertake its removal. It is sheer cowardice to permit the vastness of an evil to appal the soul. The deeper and more deplorable it is, the greater is the necessity why it should be attacked. We despise the slavery of fear, and scatter to the winds that miserable prudence that induces timid men to crouch in the presence of an evil because it is great. The cause of emancipation in Kentucky is a noble and glorious cause, worthy to fire the souls of heroes, and worthy of the blood of martyrs. It cannot be promoted by regrets. It calls for able hands and honest hearts, and, thank God, there is a host of heroic men in our state whose souls are panting to expend their best energies in the great struggle which is approaching, on the issues of which hang the life or death of slavery. They are not appalled at the extent of the evil; on the contrary, their courage expands whenever they reflect on the vastness of the difficulties which they have resolved to overcome. All the signs of the times presage for these champions of truth and justice one of the most signal victories that ever won the smile of heaven, and filled the hearts of good men with joy.

Population of the Italian States.

Kingdom of the Two Sicilies,	Despotic	8,000,000
Dominions of the House of Savoy, including Sardinia,	Liberal	5,000,000
Papal States,	Liberal	2,700,000
Tuscany and Lucca,	Liberal	1,700,000
[The Duke of Lucca, a creature of Austria, has abdicated in favor of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, an ally of the Pope.]		
Parma,	Despotic	400,000
Modena,	Despotic	500,000
Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom (Austria.)	Despotic	4,700,000
		23,000,000

This is a population nearly equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland. The Italian States comprise about 18,000,000, and of these it will be perceived about 10,000,000 are under the government of Princes who have espoused the liberal cause.

Impulse—Reflection.

"I used," said Lord Sidmouth, speaking of the wars in which England had been engaged during his time—"I used to think all the sufferings of war lost in its glory; now I consider all its glory lost in its sufferings."

Steamboat Accidents! Fearful Loss of Life!!

The Tempest and the Talisman came in collision ten miles below Cape Girardeau, and some forty or fifty souls perished! The Talisman sunk; most of her passengers and crew were asleep at the time—it not being day-break when the accident occurred—and awoke only to find their bed beneath the waters!

The steamer Caroline, from Pittsburgh, for Pearl River, burst one of her boilers near Shawneetown; Mr. Peacock, a passenger, was killed, and four deck hands badly scalded, one of whom has died. The boiler was defective. The iron of which it was made was thin—we suppose being old, and, possibly, worn out by use in other steamers!

Now, let us ask, what legal steps will be taken to ascertain how these accidents occurred? Who will move on the subject? Here are some sixty people hurried out of existence, on the public highway, not by tempest, or lightning, or any uncontrollable cause, but by collision and the bursting of a boiler! If this was the result of carelessness, it is murder. There is no use in mincing the matter—it was that, and only that: and yet we shall have passenger-cards, and explanations, and the end of it, we fear, will be, that nobody was to blame!

This will not do. Every accident of this character ought to be thoroughly investigated; the cause fully and clearly stated; and if life has been carelessly sacrificed, the parties making that sacrifice should suffer. We trust the Western Press will look well to this matter. They ought to speak out upon it unitedly and strongly.

The Ball in Motion!

The people and papers of West Virginia are discussing, and beginning to prepare for, emancipation. A friend, who is deeply interested in Dr. Ruffner's efforts, and who was among the first to go for *County* action, writes us:—

"Letters are pouring in upon us from *East* Virginia praying us "not now, not now," while letters are coming to us from all quarters of *West* Virginia, which say, "now, now." There is, of a surety, no mistake in the feeling here. West Virginia is for freedom—nothing more nor less."

Glad of it, friend! But don't fear about the *East*. That cannot stand still—won't stand still—will go ahead for freedom as sure as the West does. Don't you hear the Norfolk Herald—aye, the Norfolk Herald—away down East among the slaveholders, and a sturdy fighter for them, talking about "musket-bearing freemen," "hardy, industrious, tax-paying" citizens, and is saying out aloud, and in church, too, that Virginia must have these, is "destined," that's the word used, (and who can control destiny?) "*one of these days*," to have them—and adding, besides, "THE SOONER (consistently with reason) THE BETTER?" Why, the Old East will start up, and *be* herself by the time West Virginia makes her demand.

Very true, respectable men here and there, and trusty planters all about, exclaim, "O don't, don't." That's natural. It is a sort of maiden coyness which would have us press on, yet not be too forward. They won't quarrel, depend on it, with the man, or men, who go for emancipation, nor hold back long even in *seeming* opposition to them. Just start the ice, let them hear the cracking sound, and the startling noise made by some wide fissure, as good honest heat thaws out the ribbed waters, announcing the break-up, and the sure coming of the spring-tide of freedom, and they will peal out the loudest cheers, and give the heartiest blows for action. Don't fear, then, their flurried opposition. Don't even hear their furious threats, which, at first, come thick and fast. They will be right, at the right time, and in the right way, and give an honest, helping hand.

Very true, also, the Press in East Virginia, a portion of the Press, at least, half suspicious, half afraid, not knowing exactly what to say or do, may put aside regret, assail, misrepresent even the movement in West Virginia. What then? Why they don't mean what they do or say. Now there's the Richmond Whig (that speaks out and out, always,) which acknowledges the receipt of *Dr. Ruffner's* address. Does he *denounce* it? Not at all! Does it sneer at his plan? Not a bit of it! It is very busy—it has no time to look into the matter—and so it pleads that "now" is not the hour, and that the measure may be put away *this* time. Hear it:

"We have not yet had leisure to peruse it, (that is Dr. Ruffner's address,) and, we, therefore, have reference to the peculiar nature of the subject itself and to the circumstances of the times, rather than to his manner of treating it, when we express our regret that Dr. R. has deemed it proper or necessary *now* to open its discussion at all."

Very fair, indeed! Kind and considerate withal! The Richmond Whig does not commit itself on the general subject. It has not had "*leisure*" to examine the plan—but it is "*the particular nature of the subject*," and the "*circumstances of the times*," which makes it say "not now." And pray, when will the particular nature of the subject change? When will it grow less difficult, less embarrassing? We need not be uneasy—the South need not disturb itself; if the home subject is left to it, as it will be, if the slave States, having alone the exclusive legal control, say, "we will cautiously, wisely look into this matter, and do justice, exact even justice, as far as the case will admit, to black and white." And as for the "*circumstances of the times*"—what are they? We like them. In Kentucky, and Virginia, our young men have a sort of palpable oppression about the chest, as if they longed for freer exercise, and that sort of open air, breathing which, makes a man feel fresh and strong, and our old men expect and *wish* them to take it. Will they harm us? Can they injure their native land? Never fear! They snuff afar off the glorious behests of liberty, and will have them. "*The circumstances of the times.*" What means the Whig? Presidential elections, political scheming, and matters connected with party success? Never mind these! One year more—less than that, indeed—will settle all these immediate matters, and without emancipators in Virginia or Kentucky meddling with them, and this being so, what is there in the circumstances of the times to dread?

We can tell the Whig, that the great danger is, not in controlling these circumstances, when it can be done—that the only danger, is, not in meeting the occasion as it ought to be met—that disaster, inglorious defeat, must follow and will follow that man, or that party, who falters, fears, equivocates, when either or both should be firm, courageous, and frank as well as courageous.

"*It is not proper or necessary now!*" When will it be either? Who shall determine? Vain conclusion! Idle as well as vain! It is not Dr. Ruffner—it is not this man or that who starts the discussion of emancipation—it is the spirit in the mass of our population—the deep earnest heart-impulse of the real voters, which demands, and *will have* freedom. Talk, then, of the peculiar nature of the subject! Tell us of the circumstances of the Times! Pretend to reason from either, that this West Virginia move is neither proper nor necessary! Why, necessity, a sense of right, "the felt and acknowledged wrong," demands that slavery should be looked into—discussed, acted upon, and such is the fast conclusion of the Press and People of West Virginia. Listen to the Wellsburgh, West Va., Herald in reply to the Whig:

"As might be expected from 'Eastern Virginia,' they regret that 'Mr. Ruffner has deemed it *proper and necessary* NOW' to open discussion upon a question of so much importance to their present system of *retrograding*. 'Now to open discussion.' 'Now.' 'The peculiar nature of the subject itself,' 'the circumstances of the times,' &c. 'Tis true there is something very *peculiar* about the subject, and there is also something in the *circumstances of the times*. East Virginia has the power in the Legislature. She has made heavy appropriations for Eastern improvements. She still wants the power, and she is now anxious for the improvements. These are the 'circumstances of the times.' The peculiar nature of the subject, if agitated in the West, may throw the balance of power west of the Blue Ridge. In that event, Mr. Ruffner's address would, to our friend of the Whig lose its *peculiarities*.

"'*Now to open discussion.*' Why this particular period? Is there anything *peculiar* in the inquiring West Virginian? Does he ask why it is that West Virginia has the greatest number of white inhabitants, and still remains in the minority in the Legislature? Does he ask why it is that West Virginia does not receive her proportion of improvements, &c; or does our Eastern friend see something *peculiar* in the probability of a Convention, on the census of 1850, that he so much fears the 'agitation of the mighty waters!'"

The Ball is in motion. It is rolling on, and if we are true to duty, it will sweep all before it.

A Visit.

The United States Steamer *Princeton* made a visit last month to Cogoletto, the birth place of Columbus. Her officers, and the party accompanying them, were heartily welcomed by the authorities. They visited the house of Columbus, and one of them thus describes it:—

It is a strong, well-built mansion, standing on the beach, inhabited by a revenue officer, and devoted on the first floor to the social purposes of a cafe, where the villagers, who have a few *soldi* to spend, assemble at times to talk over the glory of their great citizen.

While the party were standing in the room in which Columbus is said to have been born, it was proposed to erect a bust to him in the church where he was baptised, and which at that moment was ringing out a merry chime in honor of the strange visiters. The proposal was received with universal exclamations of joy; and on the spot the resolution was made to do it. The sindaco told the people, who received the joyful news with shouts of enthusiasm and gratitude. They had long desired to see some monument erected to Columbus; but the poor fishermen, who chiefly compose the population, had never felt able to do it, and no foreigners had ever proffered them aid.

The party afterwards proceeded to the town-hall, where they were shown an ancient portrait of Columbus. From thence they went to the church in which he was baptised, and examined a number of other objects connected with the history of the great discoverer. On leaving, the Princeton gave a gun for every State in the Union, and the salute was returned from the village cannons.

Ireland.

Unhappy land! There seems for it, during the coming winter, no hope of relief. Thousands of her people hunger now for food; who shall help them when earth is covered with her snow-blanket, and the chill of winter finds them without food? May God deliver the poor Irish from their troubles!

The better classes are forming themselves into societies, and the Catholic clergy are uniting to devise measures of *relief*. The latter were assembled in Dublin, when the steamer left, for this object. The Pilot reports their proceedings as follows:—

"Their Lordships have unanimously agreed upon a memorial, whether to her Majesty or the Government has not been, we believe, decided, setting forth the condition of the Irish poor, particularly in the South and West. They point to the prospect of coming famine, as well as to the sufferings induced by present destitution. They represent the necessity of prompt measures of relief, to provide against the future, as well as to prevent the spread of the distress which at present exists. We believe the memorial will also refer to the relations subsisting between landlord and tenant; and also, probably, allude to the effects of the Gregory quarter-acre clause; which, in the North especially, is depriving and will deprive of his land every small holder compelled to apply for relief under the poor-law. Their Lordships, we understand, have this important subject still under consideration.

"Their Lordships have unanimously decided on an address to his Holiness the Pope, expressive of their thankfulness for his favors toward Ireland, and his liberal sympathy for the Irish people in their distress. Their Lordships also, we understand, congratulate his Holiness on the wisdom of those allocutions in which he has enunciated to the world his comprehensive principles of reform and liberty, based upon religion and sustained by morality and peace. Their Lordships, too, concur unanimously in the wise policy of which his Holiness has given the example in his own states, and express an equally unanimous desire for the success of the great Pontiff's reforms."

The most appalling destitution exists in various counties. Eight hundred families in and around Miltown Malbay are without the means of getting food, except the precarious one of digging the potato fields a second time! In all the southern counties, notices are posted up, that whoever takes corn to market *dies!* No farmer dare sell his own. No teamster dare drive a load away. Several who have attempted it have perished, and it is avowed that the people will have corn at their own prices.

Mr. *Dahony*, in addressing the people of Tipperary, says:—

"The famine which swept away the people by thousands in Cork, Galway, and Mayo, *never reached the counties of Ulster*, where there are immense numbers of small farmers, but where they are protected by the salutary, wise, and benificent custom of tenant right, which we ask you to adopt. Will you in every locality in your county adopt that custom as far as you can do so without violating the law? (Cries of we will.) Will you take counsel together, how you can quietly and peaceably insist on the enforcement of that right? Believe me, that coming here to-day from a distance to hear speeches and cheer whatever sentiments may be agreeable to you, is not the way to secure your ends.—Your object can only be affected by each of you endeavoring in his own locality to carry out the resolutions of this meeting. Let each man teach those principles to his neighbor, show him the true way to independence and comfort, and say to him—"Here is your home; improve it, raise yourself and do not quit it." (Cheers.) * * The sole title that a landlord has to his property is the title that the law gives him. If that be his only title surely the law can abridge or nullify that title. Surely the law can say—'This property is to be yours, subject to the condition, that the tiller of the soil shall have a perpetuity as enduring as your own.' I wonder much at the landlords who say that the law cannot interfere with the rights of property.—This law has already interfered with a higher right of property than that of the land-owner. * * At present there being no other resource but land in this country, there are at least 5,000 persons looking for each farm that is to be let."

It is difficult to say what will be the result of things in Ireland. But this is certain, that Parliament will have to go to the root of the evil, and by a just legislation remove the ills which beset her, and crush her people to death. She has soil enough to support twice the number of people that inhabit it. She has resources enough, if developed, to furnish an abundance for all.—Why, then, are one half her people starving? How happens it that thousands upon thousands have not the means to buy the food on which they live? Some say sneeringly, "it is their fault." Not so! For in *Ulster*—in the North—where a just system of rent prevails, there is no distress—no suffering. The fault is with the laws—with Parliament, and we hope that body will prove English philanthrophy to be a real, substantive thing, by doing full justice to Ireland!

Specie.

The total exports of specie from the United States for the month of November, it is believed, will not fall far short of two millions of dollars, and will, of course, produce a corresponding effect on the money market and the operations of the Banks.

A Calculation Ahead.

The price of cotton—this is an important question, and an able writer in the Boston Advertiser is furnishing material for an answer. The stock on hand, in England, at mid-summer, was heavy; on Sept. 30th, 603,000 bales. The coming crop, if an average one, will run up to 2,200,000 bales; nine years ago, it was 2,177,835; an increase in a like ratio of former years would make the crop, this season, 3,200,000 bales. Supposing no increase from India, the following results are predicted:—

Supply of Cotton for Europe and the United States, for 1848.

		Bales.
Stock in the ports of Europe on the 31st Dec., 1847,		600,000
Crop of the U. States,	2,200,000	
Remains of the old crop, 31st August, 1847,	214,837	
		2,414,837
Receipts in Europe from countries other than the United States,		420,000
		3,434,837
Consumption of 1848.		
Of Great Britain, France, and other countries of Europe,	1,721,456	
Consumption of the U. States being 47,143 bls. beyond the quantity taken by our manufactures, from the crop of the last season,	475,000	
		2,196,456
Stock on hand 31st Dec., 1848,		1,238,381

Increased supply, and decreased demand! This has a bad look. It will, too, tell wofully upon the South. The following table will exhibit the result in another form, and with other facts:

	Consumed.	Stocks on hand in Europe.
	Bales.	*Bales.*
1845,	2,732,643	1,217,698
1846,	2,748,720	629,386
1847,	2,171,456	600,000
1848, (assumed)	2,196,456	1,238,381

Every man, in the South, should do all in his power to multiply the channels of labor—and to make labor in itself honorable. Artizanship, if we did but know it, is great: for it teaches a man to do for himself—to make himself. Labor, hard toil, is blessed—if we but earn with it honest independence, and the power to be not a sham, walking this earth, but a reality, feeling and giving life. But if this be not so—and cotton becomes a drug, as it may, and we have increased supplies and decreased demands for our great staples—there will be no poverty so hopeless as the poverty of the South! It will be well for wise men to look "deep" into this subject, and see, though it be afar off, "the end on't."

Virginia Rappahanock Association.

The Fredericksburg News honors us with a notice, a kindly one on the whole.

But why indulge in suspicions? Why suppose or charge us with being any body's instrument? Why do this, especially, when it admits it has found nothing to sustain the charge?

A Southern man can understand very well, why another Southern man should not, in urging independent State action on the subject of slavery, stop to refute slanders, or to notice charges of "delusion and fanaticism." We have not expected—we do not expect—to escape. We know how many Southern men feel on this subject, and we are prepared to hear from many of them harsh suspicion and unjust abuse. But the News has opportunities to know better, and it should (as we are sure it will) be the first to do one, situated as we are, the fullest justice.

As regards the "Rappahanock Association," we stated what they had done, as informed through a friend, and proceeded to carry out the principles they laid down. We made their action our text. The News says the "Statute law" of Virginia forbids any man to educate his slaves. We know that. Nor did we suppose, that any of the gentlemen named intended to disregard that law—still less was it our design to "hold them up" as "violators" of it. But the religious principles declared by that association would, if acted upon, change that law, and lead to the very results we urged. We ask the News to look at them, and say whether we are right or wrong.

Air-Road.

Don't stare, reader—for it is no quiz. It is a fact, fixed, though in air, and if you desire, you may travel over it. Seeing, is believing—in that case you would see and do it—then you could make your "affidavy;" and who would dare dispute that?

A Paris paper states that an iron wire going from Fort St. Lawrence, crossing the Rhone at a great height, and ending in the neighborhood of the Winter Garden, had been already arranged to show, in a precise manner, the curve necessary to be described, and to find out the power which would be needed to be applied to the vehicles to be used on this new road.

The experiments are really going on. Small pullies to which weights of a larger or smaller size are attached, pass over the iron wire above referred to, in its whole extent. The Projectors are making calculations as to the swiftness, the power, &c., all the elements which it is necessary to become acquainted with, before beginning such an undertaking. It appears from the experiments, as far as they are made, that the results obtained are satisfactory, and the projectors do not despair of being able to give to this new kind of road the desirable solidity, and to surround it with every thing calculated to secure the safety of those who are willing to try the journey. The writer in the *Debats* adds:—

"He who would have said half a century ago that a day would come when a bird flight might be taken from Croix Rousse to Brotteaux, passing from the left shore of the Rhone to the plateau which overlooks the city of Lyons, at the North, would have been looked on as a dreamer or a madman. Nothing, however, is more simple, at the present day, and we are not astonished that the project is about to be carried into execution."

Well—as to these bird-flights, we should like to see them—that's all, and maybe we shall.

Even So.

Two or three Virginia writers say, that the Annexation of Texas has injured the Old Dominion. Even in South Carolina, the papers plead strongly against the "emigrating tendency of the older Southern States to Texas." Vain, vain, this complaining! The fresh and fertile lands of the new, will sap the vigor of the old States, where slavery exists. Get rid of *that*, and there is not one now a "sufferer" that would not revive and flourish, grow fast and strong. Are we to sink every thing to the peculiar institution?

Commerce of Boston.—The following statement shows the value of the exports from the port of Boston to foreign ports, during the month of September:

To East Indies, - -	$189,464 82
To Africa, - - - -	11,135 36
To Europe, - - -	140,745 53
To California, - - -	13,256 54
To South America, - -	182,155 38
To Central America, -	5,188 44
To West Indies, - -	175,731 36
To Nova Scotia, - -	183,155 72
	$900,274 45

The value of the exports of domestics during the month was $144,962 43.

The value of the books exported was $995 27. *Journal.*

A New State.—A writer on the copper lands of Lake Superior, says that a new State is about to spring into existence, called Minesota, whose port of entry will embrace the western extremity of Lake Superior. Excellent coal lands lie between that harbor and the Red river settlement.

REVIEW.

William Motherwell.—There are few poets holding an equal rank in merit with Motherwell who are as seldom read, and as little known among us as is he. Even among those who have no slight pretension to literary attainments, his writings are either unknown or neglected, and indeed, in this part of our country, his very name is unfamiliar, and yet few men of his time unite more general information and more varied attainments in regard to the art of poetry, with a purer style, and a more thorough knowledge of our language and its appliances. Motherwell has never written an extended poem; the efforts of his muse are entirely fugitive, but they, each and every one of them, display genius of a high order. The unpopularity of his political opinions, and the important part which, as a journalist, he took in the great subjects of national interest, may possibly have retarded his fame as a poet, and done something to destroy his influence as an author. It is but very recently that Motherwell's poems have been reprinted on this continent,* and the editor of the volume referred to, very justly expresses his wonder at the fact, that such "a genuine literary treasure" should have so long escaped the notice of our publishers. From the preface to this edition, we glean the following history of our author:

Wm. Motherwell was born at Glasgow in 1797. His earlier education was for the law, and at the age of 21, he occupied the honorable office of Sheriff-clerk-depute. Some years afterwards, he united with this the editorship of the Paisley Advertiser, and at the same time conducted the celebrated Paisley Magazine. This was in 1828. Two years after this, he resigned his former occupations, and gave his undivided attention to the editorial department of the Glasgow Courier, an ultra tory paper, which he conducted with signal ability till his death, which was caused by apoplexy in 1835. In 1827, Motherwell published his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," and at once established his claim to high reputation as a literary antiquarian. In 1832, he first published a volume of his collected poetry, at Glasgow, and one year after his death there appeared an edition of Burns, which he had prepared in conjunction with Hogg. He left behind him a considerable amount of MS., and amongst other things, a work embodying the wild legends of the ancient northern nations.—It is sincerely to be hoped that this will be laid before the public at some time or other, for few, if any, of our present writers possess any thing like the knowledge, in this department of antiquarian research, which belonged to Mr. Motherwell.

A spirit of settled melancholy pervades all Motherwell's poetry. As in Maturin's Bertram, "a malady preys upon his heart, that medicine cannot reach, invisible and cureless." His finest pieces of pathos are all tinged with it. It is this that lends such beauty to those celebrated ballads of "Jeanie Morrison" and "My heart is like to rend, Willie." But this settled gloom of spirit is far from influencing his pure mind as a kindred melancholy sadness affected Byron or Shelley. While Byron's gloom led to misanthropy and bitterness toward all his race, and Shelley's to atheism and madness, Motherwell felt the barbed dart and acknowledged its sting, but it did not, as with Byron, make him a selfish and sullen worldling, cut off from his race and standing like a stag at bay, defying all mankind. Nor did it, as with Shelley, force him to a delirious and unnatural enthusiasm in all sorts of foolish things, and finally drive him to deny any God but a principle which he himself had created, but it seemed to serve as a strong tie to bind him to his fellows. He felt that he was not alone in his sadness, that there were other hearts as sadly tried and as deeply wrung with anguish as was his, and he showed that he could feel with, and for them. He stood, and braved his own sorrows like a true man, and he leaned down and whispered comfort and pardon even to him who had sinned against him. Hear him as he addresses the fair, but false girl who had first brimmed for him the cup of happiness and then dashed it from his hand just as the kindly draught was bubbling to his lip. She had sat with him on the 'brume bank' when "the wee stars were dreaming their path through the sky;" and he had gazed on her sweet face "till tears filled his e'e" and dropped down upon the white hand he had hoped to make his own.—But she, faithless as the fading flowers of spring, had

"——waled out anither
Her bridegroom to be"—

He utters no reproach, makes no complaint, urges no remonstrance, but only says:

"Farewell, and forever,
My first luve and last,
Thy joys be to come,—
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!"

Here is no bitterness, no selfishness; he wishes only her happiness; he willingly bows to the burden of his own sorrow. How bitter must have been her anguish when she read this sad but manly farewell; and how often will she remember his last prophecy and how deeply will she feel its truth!

"Ye'll get biggins and mailins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days."

Motherwell does not at all confine himself to the Scotch dialect in his versification. In fact, his versatility in language, as well as in style, is somewhat remarkable. He is equally at home whether he sits by his own fireside or plunges into the battle field with the Spahis of the desert, or cries "to horse," with the trooper and cavalier, or sings "wake, lady, wake," 'neath his lady-love's window; and wherever he goes and whatever he does, he compells you to follow and be with him. His is a master's mind, he speaks and you obey, daring not to question his power, though you know not whence he obtains it. If he sings of battle, you hear the clash of swords and the shouts of victory, and see the tall plumes waving; and riderless horses rush past you, and wounded men in litters; and the sounds of tumult are borne to your ear, and you cannot choose but grasp your weapon and on to the combat! If he walks abroad in the fields, of a May-morning, your foot treads the grass "wet with the shining dews;" you see the "opening flower and bursting bud," breathing forth their unceasing incense; you hear the blythesome song of the lark as he salutes the rosy morn—

"Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn"

till

"O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holyday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee."

Motherwell's battle-songs reminds us strongly of those beautiful pattern-ballads of Macauley. They have the same life-likeness of portraiture, the same earnestness of purpose. They tear away the mist that surrounds the heroes of story and of song, and present them to us as they were—"men of like passions with ourselves," but strong, fearless, noble men; men of heart and purpose and energy.—Does not this remind one somewhat of "King Henry of Navarre"?

"Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Tchassan Ouglou is on!
And with him to battle
The faithful are gone
Allah, il allah!

The tambour is rung;
Into his war-saddle
Each Spahi hath swung—
Now the blast of the desert
Sweeps over the land,
And the pale fires of heaven
Gleam in each Damask brand.
Allah, il allah!"
* * * * *
"Allah, il allah!
How thick on the plain,
The infidels cluster
Like ripe, heavy grain.
The reaper is coming,
The crooked sickle's bare,
And the shout of the Faithful
Is rending the air.
Bismillah! Bismillah!
Each far-flashing brand
Hath piled its red harvest
Of death on the land!
Allah, il allah!"

[We are compelled to defer the publication of the remainder of this article till next week.]

*Since the above was in type the author has been presented with a new and beautiful edition of Motherwell's Poems, which has just been issued from the press of Ticknor & Co., of Boston. Beside the matter contained in former editions it has also the posthumous pieces of Mr. Motherwell, and is by far the best edition ever issued from an American press. The same firm has also published in the same style, Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern. The works are to be had at Mr. Noble's in this city.

Farmers' Library.—Nov.—The November No. is out—and as usual, is full of good matter. It is the very book that ought to be on farmers' tables, and in the hands of their boys. Our