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What shall the Ladies do?

No subject at the present day is exciting more general attention than the sphere and rights of woman. Though public sentiment is divided as to how far this sphere does extend, there is but one opinion as to the fact, that in the present state of society the whole energies of the female mind are not generally brought into full requisition, and that all her powers are not rightly developed. As is usual in such a state of public sentiment, the more radical and ultra minds are disposed to revolutionize the political organization of the country, and demolish the existing fabric of society. On the contrary, conservative minds are unwilling to let go a single precedent, and use argument and sarcasm without stint in defending the time honored usages of the nation. The result of these discussions will undoubtedly be the elevation of the standard of female attainment, and the rendering available a large amount of latent talent. To one who cherishes a firm faith in the real progress of the race, the discussions, the bitterness, the extremes and the folly, which are always manifest in the heat of contest, are indicative of "a good time coming," when the oscillations of society shall cease, and the eyes of the world be directed to the true path of progress. Since some women have claimed the right to vote, all may have the right to speak more freely by tongue and pen of the wrongs which an abuse of power inflicts, conceded to them by the spontaneous verdict of all right minded men and women. Since some women are ambitious of the honors of congressional halls, and the dignities of the pulpit, the bar, and the professor's chair, all may have a wider sphere of action opened to them, and their walks of usefulness may be extended over a broad area. With these hopeful and liberal remarks with reference to an exciting topic, we wish to introduce a few lines in answer to the question, *what shall the ladies do?*

They may cultivate Rural Taste. This they can do without sacrificing any of the modesty which graces the sex; without coming in contact with the coarse, revolting side of humanity; without going beyond the precincts of their own homes; without neglecting a single duty. The ladies are allowed, on all hands, to possess a more universal and delicate appreciation of the beautiful than man. They love it for its own sake, and seldom mingle with it that critical, fault-finding taste which often characterizes the aesthetes of the sterner sex. From their infancy they have loved flowers; they played with them at home; they carried them to school; they crowned the Queen of May with a coronet of them; as the only means of adding to her beauty; they wear them at the bridal; they scatter them on the tomb. But how may we love to cultivate them! How may we feel any enthusiasm in watching the progress of a plant, and that intense enjoyment at the expanding of a favorite flower, which the artist feels when in their hair, to arrange bouquets for the centre table; but do they love to study vegetable physiology and botany, or to be seen at work in the garden? Mr. Coleman, in his European Tour, tells us of English ladies of rank who are familiar with horticulture and farm work; who pride themselves on their skill in cultivating superior plants, and who are not deficient in the mysteries of the kitchen, or in grace and intelligence. There are such ladies in our country, and their number is rapidly increasing—ladies whose love of Nature has survived the romantic fever of the boarding-school, has increased amid household cares, and ripened into a constant affection, which has become a part of their being.

The cultivation of a taste for floral and horticultural pursuits recommends itself especially to ladies in the country. It might be difficult to persuade those who are absorbed in the spring fashions, and the last debatable at the theatre or opera house, to listen to an argument on this subject. Unless city ladies are wealthy, it is quite out of the question to think of having a garden, a green-house or a lawn. Their rural pleasures are limited to a small stand of house plants, and an occasional visit to an horticultural exhibition. But country ladies have land enough at their command, and they have time enough, would they but improve it. The pleasure to be derived from a little flower garden is a sufficient motive to one who has ever seen the first expanding blossom on a long and tender nursed plant. But this is not half; it would infuse a new element of interest into many a tedious circle; give a new impetus to many a weary, toilsome life; restore elasticity to many a footstep, and the bloom to many a cheek. So many of our enthusiastic young ladies would not subside into the monotony of domestic affairs, and lose their vivacity and energy, did they spend two or three hours of each day in the open air. There is, too, something refining and ennobling in cultivating a love for the beautiful things in nature. It shuts out, as it were, all inferior objects of affection, and pre-occupies the mind and heart by its own sweet presence. It furnishes constant and varied subjects of thought; invites the mind to research, and opens to it new truths and beauties. It would subdue that restlessness and dissatisfaction which destroys the harmony of so many ladies' lives, revealing to them a life in nature more in accordance with the natural desire of the spirit, than battling in the conflicts of public life.

If these motives are not strong enough, ladies, think how much the culture of flowers would assist you in ornamenting your homes. Some of you have wrought all your leisure time for months to finish a piece of embroidery. You have toiled with sewing and eyes, day and evening, to produce some faint resemblance to a bouquet or cloth, which you cover with a glass in the open air. There is, too, something refining and ennobling in cultivating a love for the beautiful things in nature. It shuts out, as it were, all inferior objects of affection, and pre-occupies the mind and heart by its own sweet presence. It furnishes constant and varied subjects of thought; invites the mind to research, and opens to it new truths and beauties. It would subdue that restlessness and dissatisfaction which destroys the harmony of so many ladies' lives, revealing to them a life in nature more in accordance with the natural desire of the spirit, than battling in the conflicts of public life.

Now, in sincerity we ask, could not some portion of this precious time be spent more profitably in producing real flowers—in cultivating real plants! Would not the genuine leaf and blossom delight you more than their worsted semblances, reposing in lifeless greenness and fading colors on foot-stools and chair seats! The flowers are many-hued; they come at our bidding in spring, summer, autumn and winter; they are fragrant, beautiful, voiceful; they are grateful for attention, and repay the affection bestowed upon them by a proportionate profusion of bloom.

Believing, as we do, that the social well-being of the community is intimately connected with the progress of rural taste, we ask the attention of all ladies who are desirous of aiding in reform, to the consid-

erations thus briefly presented. Would it not contribute more to the sum of happiness to strive to woo men from the war of words to the calm pleasures of a quiet, lovely country home, than to mingle in a fight in which the conquerors are often the losers! But if you refuse the office thus offered, and reject the suggestions which we have advanced, do not complain that the avenues to usefulness are closed against you—that there is nothing which calls for your efforts, or promises you a reward.—*Country Gentleman.*

Woman's Prospects.

The following original views on this subject are from a late editorial in the *Tribune*:
Needle work has hitherto been the main resource of the thousands disqualified by delicacy of nurture or fragility of muscle for rough housework; and needle-work is now at its last gasp. The needle is soon sure to be consigned to the lumber-room, wherein our grandmothers' great wheel, "little wheel," loom and "swifths," are now silently mouldering. Twenty years more may elapse (though we think not half so many will) before the revolution will have been completed; but the sewing of a long, straight seam, otherwise than by machinery, is, even now, a mistake, an anachronism; and the finger-plied needle, though it may be retained a few years longer for button-holes and such fancy work, has but a short lease left. That ever a garment was sewed entirely by hand, without the aid of machinery, will be told as a marvel to our grandchildren, and received by them with wondering incredulity.

The *status quo*, therefore, with regard to woman's position is simply impossible. She must advance or sink back into a state of Oriental debasement and abject dependence. A wider scope must be accorded to her energies, or she must be content to remain a "withered" being. Society must either secure her opportunity of earning an independent subsistence or shield her from famine and shame with the protecting mantle of Polygamy and virtual Slavery.
The movements of our time, therefore, looking to a wider sphere of Industrial training, and effort for woman, are impelled by a terrible necessity. Places are made for her in the studio of the artist, the shop of the mechanic, behind the counter of the merchant, &c., because she cannot exist in the equivocal position to which Western Civilization has raised her. Unless she is to be the substantial equal of Man out of wedlock, she cannot be his equal in that relation. If she must marry to live, she will soon come to marry whoever will ensure her a living; any requirement on her part of fitness or sympathy in the relation must be regarded as an absurd and impracticable fashion. This point attained, the assumption that he who can support half a dozen wives has a perfect moral, and should have an unobstructed legal, right to marry that number, is not to be resisted. Nay; assuming marriage to be the sole condition wherein woman may live usefully and worthily, the polygamist becomes a public benefactor, especially of the dependent sex. 'The Woman's movement' of our day, thoughtfully considered, is, in spite of the vagaries of some of its advocates, essentially conservative—a change of position to meet a vital though noiseless change in the industrial and social elements of woman's allotted sphere, and as such should be regarded and respected.

What they Think and how they Talk "out West."

I see in the last *Farmer*, that Hetty Lee and Fanny have worked themselves into a controversy on the subject of "Woman's Rights." Now, I think that both parties are competent to the task before them; yet so strongly is every impulse of my heart and humble judgment committed to Hetty's side of the question, that, with her permission, I shall, very modestly, undertake to "leg" for her a little.

In the first place, every one admits that females are endowed by nature with superior moral, social and religious principles.

Secondly, if we are not already convinced of female ability in many literary departments, the host of fair authoresses are in a fair way to work conviction in the minds of the most obtuse.

Thirdly, when we have become convinced of woman's moral and intellectual capacity, nothing but man's love of power, and reverence for time-disgraced custom, can withhold from her rights which she is so eminently entitled to enjoy.

I have but little sympathy with that class of politicians, some of whom disgraced our late Constitutional Convention, by contending that as woman is kept in a state of dependence so is she lovely in the sight of man; and hence the better qualified to contribute to the sum total of human happiness. On the contrary, all history and experience prove that in proportion as woman is elevated in society, so is man exalted and dignified. If woman were admitted to the right of suffrage, what an impulse would be given to the moral reforms of the day. Then it would be interesting to the friends of temperance to witness the success of dealers in destruction, in obtaining legal license to destroy both souls and bodies of fathers, brothers, sons and husbands, of the fair daughters of the land. But enough for the present.

May Hetty Lee live to convince Fanny of the error of her ways, and may both of their days be so lengthened that they may vote for a President of the United States, who is in favor of *Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Men, and Free Women.*—*Corra't of the Indiana Farmer.*

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—The Maryland Legislature, at its late session, passed an act "to protect the property of the wife from the debts of her husband." This act declares that the property, real and personal, belonging to a woman at the time of her marriage, and all property which she may acquire or receive after her marriage, shall be protected from attachment for the liabilities of the husband, provided that no acquisition of property from her husband after coverture shall be valid, if granted to her in prejudice of the rights of his subsisting creditors. It is also enacted that it shall not hereafter be necessary to interpose a trustee in order to secure to a married woman the sole and separate use of her property; and, further, that all contracts made between persons in contemplation of marriage, shall remain in full force after such marriage shall take place.

This law certainly throws great protection around woman, and will inevitably tend to elevate her social position in the community, imparting to her an independent existence hitherto denied her in the marriage relation. We doubt whether all the objects ever aimed at by the women's rights conventions of the country could, if attained, impart to her benefits so excellent a character as most accrue from this beneficent enactment.—*Washington Republic.*

POISSON IVY.—A writer in the *Granite Farmer* positively asserts that the effects of poison ivy may be cured by eating a few, say four or five of the small green leaves of the pine.

Extract from the First Annual Report of the Syracuse Home Association.

A young widow with a sick and only child, visited. She came from Canada, where her husband died, and had been for the last three months occupying a room perhaps eight feet by ten—without furniture—subsisting on food obtained by begging from door to door. She had paid rent, and the few shillings she had brought were gone, and then was indebted for several weeks rent.

Another widow with seven children was reported. She had just recovered from a fit of sickness, during which she was turned into the street, and found temporary shelter in a room occupied by another family. A lady who had previously known and employed her in plain sewing, circulated a subscription paper, and obtained the means for building a shanty, which has been her home the past winter. Places were found for two of her daughters, and their wages live, in part, supported the family. Clothing and bedding was given them, and the children who were old enough went to school.

Another widow with five children was visited. She owned the small house which she occupied, and managed, though in feeble health, to maintain her family without asking relief from the county. Her children attended day school, but they needed better and warmer clothing to enable them to go to church and to Sabbath school and they enjoy this privilege. Another widow with four children was visited. Indeed the idea of comfort seemed foreign to her abode. Such articles of bedding and clothing as the case required, were bestowed.

One woman was visited whose husband had gone into the country to look for work, she had seven children, poor, poorly clad, and without stockings or shoes, and at the time, no provisions in the house but a pan of meal, which she was converting into porridge. Another with three children, one of whom was sick, was visited. Her neat shanty, bed and scanty wardrobe, betokened care and industry. Two children were at school. Both families were aided.

One visitor reported a family in extreme distress. It consisted of the parents and eight children. The father was in the last stages of consumption, stretched on a door which rested on a chair, and was covered with a heap of rags. Over his wasted form were spread some forlorn quilts. On the floor behind the doorless and smoking stove, enveloped in an old comfortable, lay a sleeping child, with its toil worn mother in a slumber so profound that she heeded not what was passing. On enquiry, we were informed that after a night of sleepless watching, she had gone out to washing, and returning with a violent headache had thrown herself down to rest. In the mingling twilight and firelight, and with feelings not to be described, the visitors survey the miserable apartment from which a fellow being was about to pass into eternity. It was a scene of squalid poverty, of almost unmitigated wretchedness. The sick man lay in a low lumpy cot to a few questions. His respiration was difficult, and he was evidently near death. He lingered about a week. The youngest child survived the father but a short time.

The case was reported of a woman whose husband was in the penitentiary for intemperance, leaving her, though sick and deformed with the rheumatism, the care of six children. They were in extreme want. A poor woman who needed the care and comforts suited to an invalid, walked a long distance to make known her necessities to one of the managers. The entire family, six in number, slept on the floor with scanty covering; and their destination of other comforts corresponded.

The Colored Woman's Sermon.

Some years ago, when in Canada, I was permitted to hear a colored woman preach two discourses to the colored people. She was a woman somewhat advanced in life, dignified in appearance, and dressed in a plain Quaker dress throughout. She was from Philadelphia, and had been sent over on a mission to the fugitives.

The discourses were principally devoted to the subject of family government, and the proper training of children for happiness and usefulness. Many excellent lessons did this aged female preacher communicate to the large congregation of colored and white people who assembled to hear. Her manner was simple and plain, and as to talent quite respectable; for, although her discourses were not ornamented with the flower and beauties of rhetoric, they showed that they came forth from a heart in communion with the Father of Spirits, and that felt the want of others.

One remark was deeply impressed on my mind, and which I have often thought of since, as I have seen the workings of society, and the great influence of prejudice over the human mind. She said "such was the prejudice of the white people against the colored, that they could not *work* together, nor send their children to the same school, nor unite in any good cause together. But," said she, "go to the bar-room and the *grog-shop*, where sinners meet for the service of sin and Satan, and there all colors are together, drinking, smoking, chewing, swearing, fighting, &c., and all distinction of color is forgotten."

When will the time come that all Christians shall stand up side by side in the common worship of a common Father in heaven! We believe in a common Father, a common Saviour, a common Salvation, in a common Heaven, as the ultimate home of all the good, and why should we allow our prejudice to prevent a co-operation with all the good of all colors and of all lands, in the elevation of humanity and the worship of God! "God has made of one blood all nations," and all who bear the impress of the Saviour are our brethren, whatsoever be their color or nation.—*Condorsport Pa. Journal.*

A PARAGRAPH ON THE SEXES.—Gerrit Smith says, in his letter to the recent Women's Temperance Convention, at Rochester:

"The Quakers are the best people I have ever known—the most serious and chaste, and yet the most brave and resisting. But there is no other people who are so little concerned, lest man get out of his sphere, or lest woman get out of hers. No people make so little difference as they do, between man and woman. Others appear to think that the happiness and safety of the world consist in magnifying the difference. But when reason and religion shall rule the world, there will be felt to be no other difference between man and woman, than that of their physical constitutions. No difference will then be acknowledged between man and woman, in respect to the intellect, the heart, or the manners.

The term 'putting your foot in,' it appears, is of legitimate origin. According to the 'Asiatic Researches,' a very curious mode of trying the title land is practiced in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who 'puts his foot in.'

The Sewing Women.

The agitation of the subject of improvement of the condition of sewing women in Cincinnati, has awakened a correspondent interest in the public mind at Louisville. A communication to the *Louisville Journal* demands that something must be done for, and by, the sewing women.

Eight, ten, and twelve cents are ordinary prices for making shirts and drawers, and last week a lady received but five cents a pair for making seven pair of drawers, thus obtaining but thirty-five cents for about three days' work.

Those who are capable of doing finer work often have to make vests, pantaloons, and shirts with linen bosoms and collars, for 25 cents, while 50 cents for such work is considered good wages. Small as these prices are, many days and weeks are lost by females in dull seasons, there being no work to be obtained.

To find a remedy for this state of things will be exceedingly difficult. To fix a scale of prices will but slightly affect the case. Constant employment at the rates adopted in Cincinnati, would probably draw a hundred thousand seamstresses to any city in less than a year. Competition in this, as in other branches of business, will bring prices down in spite of all combinations, whether of the benevolent or of the parties interested. The needle-women not only have to contend with a ruinous competition among themselves, but at this time thousands of sewing machines are being manufactured constantly. Each machine does the work of nine women, and does it better than it can be done by hand. That is, with three women to do the finishing of the garments, the machine and the three women will do more and better work than twelve women can do. There are, therefore, but two ways in which effectual and permanent relief can be given.

First, to raise the standard of quality for the other branches of business, and then to influence public sentiment so as to make it reputable and fashionable for them to seek such employment.

The other is to improve the morals, the industry and the economy of the male sex, and impose a heavy tax upon all single men.

Labor-saving machinery has increased the wages of the man of strong muscular powers from 10 to 25 cents per day to \$1.25, and so enhanced the value of mechanical employments as to give the skillful artisan a position in society almost princely.

But, alas for poor, unprotected females! those improvements which tend to elevate all other classes serve but to depress and degrade them. As the most of our females are now raised, if they happen to lose a father before they obtain a husband's help and protection, and are not possessed of wealth, so as to make them independent, they are apt to fall into the most abject poverty, if not the most degrading infamy.

This state of things need not continue. There are many employments now in the hands of men, for which women are eminently adapted. Not to speak of the medical profession and the editor's sanctum, or of labor merely literary, there are numerous honorable pursuits which might be placed almost exclusively in the hands of females. The lady shop keepers of Philadelphia, and those American preceptors, the female teachers of our land, will compare favorably with any of the sterner sex for efficiency in their respective callings. And in all that adorn or embellish the female character, it would be difficult to find their superiors among the wealthy and high-born dames of Europe or America.

If the industrial classes in society will bring their energies to bear in an effort to put females into all those avocations for which they are constitutionally fitted, a few years will suffice to effect a highly advantageous change.

The following illustrates one of the peculiarities of this "fast age":—"An old lady in Cincinnati had a large quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she was going herself, to buy supplies. She stipulated with the captain of a steamer that he should have her freight, providing he would not *race* during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came on board. After the second day out, another steamer was seen close astern (with which the captain had been racing all the time) and would very soon and then came up to the old lady's boat, and then fell back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued for nearly a day almost side by side. At last the old lady, partaking of the excitement, said, "captain, you ain't going to let that old boat pass us, are you?" "Why, I shall have to, madam, as I agreed not to race." "Well, you can just try it a little, that won't hurt." "But, madam, to tell you the truth, I don't." "Gracious! but do try it a little more—see, the old boat is almost even with us," and a loud cheer arose from the passengers on the old boat. "I can't raise any more steam, madam, on the old tar," and the knots are burnt out." "Good gracious, what shall we do; see, the old boat is passing us. Is there nothing else on board that will make steam?" "Nothing, madam—eh, eh, (as if a new idea struck him) except your bacon." "Throw in the bacon," shrieked the old lady, "throw in the bacon, captain, and beat the old boat!"

TOUCHING DELICACY.—There were many little occurrences which suggested to me, with great consolation, how natural it is to gentle hearts to be considerate and delicate towards any inferiority. One of these particularly touched me. I happened to stroll into the little church when a marriage was just concluded, and the young couple had to sign the register.

The bridegroom, to whom the pen was handed first, made a rude cross for his mark; the bride, who came next, did the same.

Now, I had known the bride when I was last there, not only as the prettiest girl in the place, but as having quite distinguished herself in the school; and I could not help looking at her with some surprise. She came aside and whispered to me, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes: "He's a dear good fellow, Miss; but he can't write yet; he's going to learn of me—and I wouldn't shame him for the world!"

Why, what had I to fear, I thought, when there was such nobility in the soul of a laboring man's daughter!—*Bleek House.*

A MAINE LAW DOG.—A few days since, a gentleman in this city, a strong temperance man, and the owner of a good dog, purchased a load of wood, and employed two fishermen to saw it. Having a decided love for strong drink, they found that their frequent journeys to the place, from whence the liquor was obtained, consumed so much time that they decided to procure a bottle and get it filled. Having done so, they took it into the yard where they were at work, putting it in a convenient place for future use. But Boss, who had kept an eye on their movements, was not to be deceived by the string which was tied over the cork, and he resolved to take the law into his own hands, having no faith in the use of moral suasion in this case, and placing himself near it, in the most decided manner, he forbade their touching the bottle again; nor would he allow the men to leave the yard until his master returned at night. The men reported him as being a dangerous beast.—*Cambridge Chron.*

Infant's Rights Convention.

A large and spirited meeting of infants was recently held in Nuremberg, at which they asserted their rights, and called for an immediate redress of the wrongs which had been inflicted upon them. The Resolutions they passed, however, are rather spirited, and present a list of grievances, that ought to be looked into.

WHEREAS, We have been brought into existence without being consulted at all in regard to our feelings or wishes, thus laying the immediate authors of our existence under the strongest obligations to see that our rights are protected and our wants supplied, therefore,

Resolved, That we claim the right to draw our nourishment from that fountain which nature has provided for our sustenance, and which is universally admitted to be the only source from which we can derive materials for a vigorous growth; and that the too common practice of cutting off our supplies from this source, to avoid the necessity of attendance on our wants, is inhuman, and unworthy a Christian mother.

Resolved, That we earnestly protest against the partiality sometimes exhibited by our mothers, in nursing lap-dogs, and making parlor companions of them, as though they were the real offspring instead of ourselves, while we are turned out to Bridget.

Resolved, That we claim as our right a place in the paternal bed, and deem it a very poor excuse for tucking us away with the nurse, that our mother comes home from parties late at night, and does not wish to be broke of her rest.

Resolved, That we are opposed to taking medicine, when it would seldom be required if we were properly taken care of by our mothers, and especially do we raise our voices against the practice of many nurses, who usually keep a bottle of paregoric or Godfrey's cordial, and force down our throats a dose in the evening, so that we may not disturb them in the night.

Resolved, That our being called cross and ugly, because we raise our voices against being stuffed with improper food, while the nourishment nature has provided is withheld from us, is a most outrageous slander upon our tempers.

Resolved, That in consequence of these and many other abuses to which we are subjected, most of us become sickly, and about half our number die before we are old enough to take care of ourselves.

Resolved, That our cry shall be—"War, war," and not—"Peace, peace," until our wrongs are redressed and our rights restored to us.

Voted, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in all the papers, from Maine to Texas.—*Odd Fellow.*

ANTI-BLIND CONVENTION AT HARTFORD.—A. J. Davis, Henry C. Wright, Mr. Garrison and others, as our readers know, (most of them at least,) recently held a convention of the above character at the above place. Mr. Garrison and others offered some very foolish and wicked resolutions, several foolish and wicked speeches were made, and the meeting exploded. None of the resolutions spoken of were passed, nor did any of the speeches spoken of prevail. On the contrary, certain good and pious speeches did prevail.

And, as from the pulpit and the press the prime movers of it are not likely to fail of due notice and condemnation, we would turn our thoughts in a different direction. Laying to the charge of Davis, Garrison, Wright & Co. as much blame as we please, after all let us ask in candor, are they the only ones in fault in this matter? Are there not certain interpretations of the Bible current—interpretations intrinsically absurd and impossible—so flatly opposed to the well ascertained facts of science—geology, e. g., and the principles of humanity and mercy, as to stagger independent thinkers as to the inspiration of the sacred volume? We have no doubt that the interpretations of the Word of God, made within the last few years, to tolerate and justify slavery, have shaken the confidence of the humane and benevolent in the authenticity of that Word. And here is where Mr. Garrison and his friends first stumbled, probably, in relation to this great subject. In the same way they stumble as to the Constitution of the United States. They take the absurd, monstrous pro-slavery interpretation of that instrument, usually put forth and maintained, as the correct one, and then they cast all aside. In both cases they are clearly wrong. But the question arises, who have led them astray? LOWER LAW INTERPRETERS, and LOWER LAW TEACHERS. We fully believe the truth of this statement. Nothing, no, not all other things put together, can make infidels as fast and as fatally as interpretations of the Bible favoring slavery. There is too much mercy and humanity in the breast of man, depraved as it is, to place confidence in a religion that upholds cruelty and oppression. And we are free to say, that if we knew the Bible supported slavery, with its untold crimes, horrors and evils, we would renounce that book at once. And this is the strongest language we can use to express our belief that the Bible, fairly interpreted, does not countenance slavery; but, on the contrary, is the great charter of emancipation.—What remains is to say, that a wrong interpretation of the Bible prevails as to the rights of slaves. When this Book was written, women had for ages been kept in the most profound ignorance and the most abject slavery. Hence the prohibitions in the way of her leading in Church matters in her then degraded condition. But to make these prohibitions apply to woman in an enlightened and elevated condition, is absurd. We pray then, that while on the one hand, our expounders will not pervert the Word of God in this matter, on the other hand let no true woman take the Bible as her enemy. Uncontroverted and incontrovertible history shows, that everywhere, every way, just in the proportion the Bible has been spread and embraced, the condition of woman has been not only improved, but transformed from that of a slave to that of a companion.—*Burlington Courier.*

Mr. Bryant, in one of his letters to the *Evening Post*, says:—

"When I was in Upper Egypt I fell in with an Italian who was employed to obtain sulphur from a mine among these mountains. They are incredibly rich, and he, in beds of ore of various metals and other mineral productions; but these cannot be worked for want of fuel. Egypt has no mines of coal; all that is used in her steamers and manufactures is brought from England. She has springs of mineral oil, the indication of beds of coal, and wherever they are to be found, the government has made excavations to a great depth and at great cost, but without success.—An Arab in wandering among the mountains near the Red Sea, not long since, found a little pool of quicksilver where it had flowed from the rocks. He attempted to scoop it up with his hands, but it slid through his fingers; he then drew it up into his mouth filled the bottle in which he carried water, and bro't it home. He was taken ill immediately afterward and died, probably from the effect of the quicksilver he had swallowed, so that the spot where he found it is still unknown, though diligent search has been made for it."

New York Heathen.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at one of the late religious anniversaries in New York, is reported to have said:

"To-day is the close of the anniversary, and the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions held its session in the forenoon, a society that has in charge the sending of the gospel to foreign heathen. You can find no heathen in India worse than in New York. The sediments of our Christian cities are worse than any you can find in any part of the world. When we take the gospel we should go with it, in the spirit of our Master, to those who need it. To take men who have been well brought up, in the knowledge of Christianity, to well furnished churches, where they have the easiest seats and the finest music, is not difficult; but where there are duties which are not agreeable, then you apply the force of Christianity and exhibit its divine power. There is no ordinary philanthropy that will incite men to work among the heathen in our cities. There has been an experiment in this work, and is there enough Christianity in the city to complete this work? I went one night with Mr. Pease around the miserable haunts of this city, and I saw enough. I thought what would it be, robbed of all its novelty and romance, if I should go with my family as Mr. Pease has done, down among these people. In this work we find our model in the New Testament. When Christ went where there were sick he healed them, where there was actual want he created bread, and came down to their physical condition. Take the gospel to the miserable outcasts of our city, and no man can preach it unless he does more. It is as though he made a mark in the sand, and the first tide washes it away. Preach the gospel, and the hunger of the man makes him forget it. There was a great deal more gospel in a loaf of bread, sometimes, than in an old dry sermon. If I go to a man and bring him in his want, or so much philosophy, he will not hear it; but, if I come down to him, and give bread, and clothes, and medicine, this will give him a correct idea of the Gospel—one which he can appreciate and understand. This work requires liberal contributions. Among these people there is a new generation every week by importation. A meal does not last for a week, and these children are fed daily. I commend this cause to your liberality and contributions."

I always think that if St. Peter should rise from the tomb and have a desire to see his successor, Pius IX, what a puzzle he would be. Suppose, then, that St. Peter was in Rome, and is in no little opposition to support a successor—for he was never there—well, I repeat, suppose he was at Rome once, and rising from his tomb, he should wish to see his successor, and should enquire of some people, "Will you oblige me by telling me where I may find my successor?" "Your successor—a poor man and a fisherman!" "Where?" "Peraps you would direct me if you know." "My dear friend, I never knew your successor." (Laughter.) Poor St. Peter! Well, suppose St. Peter, as he was a fisherman, should think that perhaps he might find his successor on the banks of the Tiber fishing, (laughter,) but on the borders of the Tiber he does not find Pius IX. (Laughter.) He perhaps would suppose that he was in prison, but he will find in the prison hundreds and thousands of Christians imprisoned by the command of his successor, but he won't find his successor there. But where is he? Suppose some friend speaking to him in Latin or Greek should say, "if you would know where your successor is, go to the Vatican and there you will find your successor."

Well, suppose St. Peter, without sandals on his feet, poor and miserable, should enter the great gate of the Vatican—Swiss guards with halberds stand around. Poor man he ascends the great staircase, and upon the great staircase is a dragon walking up and down with great loud strides, and afterwards the noble guards joyful looking, and they say to him "go, go, forth." This poor man at last after passing many Prelates and Bishops, so called, in order to speak to his successor, St. Peter, at last is introduced to the Pope himself. A great canopy of velvet with gold cords the throne. The Pope is dressed very rich. He is attired in a stole embroidered with gems and gold. Officious ministers bid him kneel down before the vicar of Christ—kneel before the successor of a poor fisherman and kiss his toe! I ask you my American friends, what would be the surprise of St. Peter to be ordered to kneel before his successor, and if he don't kneel he will be put in prison. He would answer, "This Rome is no more ancient Rome; this is not my successor; this is the pontiff maximus; this is Nero, Tiberius or Caligula." Now, my dear brethren, what is the Pope? I have not time to speak of the whole court of Rome, and will restrict myself to two words on Cardinals, because I know that in America you are not honored with Cardinals (laughter).—*Grazi.*

"PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS."—This new sect recently organized in Chester county, Penn., have published an exposition adopted at their yearly meeting, from which it appears they are composed mostly of those members of one branch of the Society of Friends who have been earnestly engaged in the reformatory movements of the day against slavery, intemperance, &c., and who conceive that they are hereby dealt with on that account. They hold that churches are merely human organizations, possessing only such powers as are conferred upon them by their individual members. They deem it a great mistake in Christian churches to demand of their members a uniformity of belief, and they denounce the parasitical spirit which frowns upon amendments, and which would cover society with a sanctimonious gloom. Their meetings are conducted very much like those of the Society of Friends, except that they are not ruled by elders, and have no ministers, overseers, &c. As a yearly meeting, this body disclaims all disciplinary authority over individuals or local societies. Individuals may at any time withdraw from the Society without being required to give reasons therefor, or being censured for so doing.—*Del. Co. Repub.*

A company of Chinese are about erecting a very large brick and stone ware-house in the city of San Francisco for the accommodation of the emigrants constantly arriving from their particular province. The leader of this company is an educated man, who has signified his willingness to give to the Rev. W. Speer, chaplain to the Chinese, the sum of two thousand dollars towards the erection of a chapel and school for the education of his countrymen, and thus aiding and assisting them in becoming Protestant Christians.

"Ghosts be hanged!" said Tom Hood. "No such things in nature. All laid long ago before the wood pavement. What should they come for! The colliers may rise for higher wages, and the Chartist may rise for reform; and Joseph Sturge may rise for health; and bread may rise; but that the dead should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can believe. Suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you came out of the grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him! If it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pick into him!"